

Bellefonte, Pa., January 27, 1911.

A Humble Hero.

Every student of history remembers Captain Perry's dispatch after the battle of Lake Erie, a sentence terse and yet glowing. "We have met the enemy, and they are ours."

Every one remembers the great and significant result of the fight, but few perhaps have heard of one humble worker who served his country just as truly there as if he had been on deck amid shot and shell, earning glory as well as the reward of a good conscience.

Just as the ships were going into action the mate of the Lawrence said to Wilson Mays, who was ill and unfit for service:

"Go below. Mays; you are too weak to be here."

"I can do something, sir," was the stout reply.

"What can you do?"

"I can sound the pump, sir, and let a strong man go to the guns."

Then he sat down by the pump and thus released for active service a man who had more muscle, and when the fight was over there he was found with a bullet through his heart.

Barred the Red Heels.

Once actors used to say that they were going "to study a part for performance;" now the saying is that one "gets up in a part," which may be one of the reasons why there were once more studied performances than there are now. As an example of how much can be safely left to the intelligence of even tried actors is the case of the Napoleonic play that Charles Frohman was once rehearsing. In the midst of the dress rehearsal an actress of supposed all around experience, cast for one of the Paris street denizens, one of the mob of revolutionists, was discovered gayly decked out in patent leather shoes with jolly red heels. "No, my child," said Mr. Frohman, "not red heels and a revolutionist too." "But they look ever so much prettier and give color to the scene." persisted the actress. "That may be," continued Mr. Frohman, "but the mob did not wear red heeled shoes; get your color with a red handkerchief or from your makeup table, but not with red heels."

Successful Trap Shooting.

Aim your gun a little above the shed protecting the traps. Give the call "Pull." Do not get rattled. Get your bird as it is going up or at its maximum height and then fire, aiming about six or eight inches ahead and a trifle below it. The tendency is always to shoot too high, not allowing for the speed of the descent. Above all things fire, even if you know you are going to miss. There is nothing so piete his machine. It appears that he disconcerting or fatal to the poise as had fallen asleep and dreamed about in his white dress, basted a half dozen Heed the Warning rown target to get altogether away without shooting at it lution of the difficulty was revealed to at all. When calling "Pull" put some ginger into it. "Bark it," an old trap shot used to say. Don't falter it. as though apologizing for being alive. It trap pullers. If you stand with your gun ready and mumble "Pull" three or four times before the target is thrown the chances are overwhelming that you will miss.-C. Q. Peters in Outing.

A Bird's Barbed Wire Fences. There may be seen along the roadides in Central America a brown wren about the size of a canary which builds

a nest out of all proportion to its aparent needs. It selects a small tree with horizontal branches growing close together. Across two of the branches it lays sticks fastened together with tough fiber until a platform about six feet long by two feet wide has been constructed. On the end of this platform nearest the tree trunk it then builds a huge dome shaped nest a foot or so high with thick sides of interwoven thorns. A covered passageway is then made from the nest to the end of the platform in as crooked a manner as possible. Across the outer end, as well as at short intervals along the inside of this tunnel, are placed cunning little fences of thorns with just space enough for the owners to pass through. On going out this opening is closed by the owner by placing thorns across the gateway, and thus the safety of the eggs or young is assured.-Brooklyn Eagle.

Penknives

Nowadays we use penknives principally for sharpening pencils. There was a time, however, when they were used primarily for doing something else. They used to be just what their name would indicate-they were "penknives." The ancients used pens made of goose quills, just as our forefathers did up to about a hundred years ago. The quill pen was made by hand, of course, and whenever the point of one would break or lose its elasticity it was up to the penman to put a new point or "nib" on the quill. This was done with a small knife, and hence we have the word that has outlived the quill pen a hundred years-"penknife." In the olden times the penknife was a necessary accessory of the writing desk. When the claspknife came in the smaller sizes took their name from the little desk knife, while the bigger ones were called "jackknives." "jack" signifying anything masculine or big and strong .-Kansas City Star.

Saw It In a Dream.

For many years ivory manufacturers were trying to devise a machine for turning out a billiard ball as nearly perfect as possible and at the same Star time avoiding waste. Among those who strove to perfect such a machine was Mr. John Carter of the firm of John Carter & Son. well known ivory manufacturers of half a century ago. whose premises will stand in Bishopsgate. One night after Mr. Carter had been striving to solve the problem for some time he suddenly awoke his wife by shouting out, "I have got it!" and rushed downstairs into his study, where he made a drawing of the last knife, for the want of which he had been so long waiting in order to com- area gratings the kitchen, brilliantly

Life on a Battleship. To the landlubber one of the pe culiar and ofttimes discomforting elements of life on a warship during target practice is the necessity for numerous baths. After each volley all the men on deck must take a bath. Sometimes there are four or five baths a day. This becomes quite monoto nous. The Japanese inaugurated this practice. A bath is taken before and after shooting to guard against pos sible infection of open scratches and cuts from the flying powder. When the big guns go off the landsman on deck is thrown into consternation. A horrible, sickening wrench makes one feel as if each limb were separately grasped and pulled in various directions, and it is a long time until he gets his "sea legs" again. Life aboard ship is not the ordeal that rumor has characterized it. The hardtack legend is erroneous. The sailors are well fed with the best viands procurable, and their bread, far from being hardtack, is as good as that which is served in any high class hotel or restaurant. There is a spirit of good fellowship among the men below decks. Each man has his separate duties definitely designated, and there are no petty jeal

No Place For His Talents.

ousies .- J. W. Aide in Leslie's.

At St. John's a man stowed away upon Harry Whitney's yacht, bound for an arctic hunting trip. He was discovered too late to return him to the little Newfoundland port, but Whitney det rmined to make him work his passage. He wasn't successful at this, however. The stowaway simply couldn't see any sort of work. Short of personal violence he couldn't be made to button his collar.

"By thunder," Whitney said one day, "I've a notion to leave you here at Etah." The stowaway seemed mournful.

"Bee-lieve muh, Mr. Whitney," he said emphatically, "you haven't made me so welcome on board your jiggered old yacht that I want to stay. But what could I do up here?" He swept his hand around at the Eskimo huts, half roof and the rest hole in the ground.

"What is your business, anyhow? Whitney asked curiously.

"I." said the stowaway, "am a se ond story worker."-Cincinnati Times

A Pathetic Banquet. Jacob A. Riis was discussing in New

York his experience as a police reporter. 'They were intense experiences. The pathetic ones had, indeed, such an intensity that they couldn't be used in literature. They'd seem overdrawn. For example, one cold and dreary Thanksgiving evening as I passed a famous restaurant I saw a little urchin standing before the area. Through the

The Arab Steed.

An Arab steed of pure breed would

probably be outpaced in a race by an

English thoroughbred, but in other re-

spects it outshines its western rival.

It is so docile that it is treated by its

owner as one of the family, and it has

at night without covering or shelter.

thick, furry coat, which is never

touched by brush or comb and which

A Woman's Letter.

Hailed as "the master of feminism,"

good his right to the title by the fol-

lowing bit of philosophy: "Is a wom-

an's hat meant to cover her head? Is

a woman's sunshade meant to shade

her from the sun? Are a woman's

shoes made for walking or her be-

The Jury Decided That Seven-up Wat **Purely Scientific.**

One of Mark Twain's old time stories concerned the game of seven-up, or old sledge. Some Kentucky boys were arrested for playing this game under the usual charge of playing a game of chance. When they were brought before the judge their lawyer claimed that this game was not a game of chance, but was a game of cience. The court, puzzled, asked for a suggestion, and the lawyer declared that if a jury of six gamblers well acquainted with the game in a scientific way and six deacons be impasseled with a pack of cards their decision ought to be determinative. So the story goes:

"There was no disputing the fairness of the proposition. Four deacons and the two dominies were sworn in as the 'chance' jurymen, and six inveterate old seven-up professors were chosen to represent the 'science' side of the issue. They retired to the jury

"In about two hours Deacon Peters sent into court to borrow \$3 from a friend. In about two hours more Dominie Miggles sent into court to borrow a 'stake' from a friend. During the next three or four hours the dominie and the other deacons sent into court for small loans.

"The rest of the story can be told briefly. About daylight the jury came in, and Deacon Job, the foreman, read the following verdict:

"'We, the jury in the case of the commonwealth of Kentucky versus John Wheeler et al., have carefully considered the points of the case and tested the merits of the several theories advanced and do hereby unanimously decide that the game commonly known as old sledge, or seven-up, is eminently a game of science and not of chance. In demonstration whereof it is hereby and herein stated. iterated, reiterated, set forth and made manifest that during the entire night the "chance" men never won a game or turned a jack, although both feats were common and frequent to the opposition, and furthermore in support of this our verdict we call attention to the significant fact that the "chance" men are all broke and the "science" men have got the money. It is the deliberate opinion of this jury that the "chance" theory concerning seven-up is a pernicious doctrine and calculated to inflict untold suffering and pecuniary loss upon any community that takes stock in it."" Heart Trouble. "Faint heart never won fair lady." "Faint heart has no business to try



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Justice at All Hours.

Despite their preference for a republican form of government, the French are in some respects a conservative nation. A Paris contemporary discovered that one of the doors of the palais de justice is left ajar throughout the night. This door has never been shut since March 4, 1618, when Louis XIII. ordained that it should remain perpetually open "so that my subjects may be able to seek justice at all hours of the day and night." However, an enterprising journalist who presented himself at the door in the small hours of the morning was promptly ejected by a watchman. And when he quoted the ordinance of 1618 the reply was, "If you don't clear off you'll find yourself coming in by the prisoners' door tomorrow."

A Financial Deadlock.

"Who is that man who has been sitting behind the bar day after day?" inquired the stranger in Crimson Gulch. "That's Stagecoach Charley. He's in a peculiar predicament. He went to town last week an' got his teeth fixed. Then he come here an', bein' broke, ran up a bill on the stren'th of his \$7 worth of gold fillin'. Charley won't submit to havin' the nuggets pried out, an' the proprietor won't let him git away with the collateral, an' there you are."-Washington Star.

The Trouble.

"Have you explained the germ system to your children? Everything should be on a practical basis these days."

"No." replied the old fashioned citizen. "It seems inconsistent to tell 'em not to believe in fairies and then try to get 'em to believe in microbes."-Pittsburg Post.

A Useful Reflection.

The optimist was reciting some of the numerous articles in his creed. Finally he came to the end. "Oh. there is one more, after all." he said. "On the days when I reflect how little I really amount to I cheer myself by remembering how much I expect of others."

Her Age. "I understand that heiress Jobbins

married was rather old. What was her age?"

"I guess as far as Jobbins was concerned it was heritage."-Baltimore American.

him.-I.ondon Standard.

in the smell from this here kitch-Brown Eyes and Color Blindness. en. It makes it taste just like roast Color blindness is one of the great turkey.' "-Detroit Free Press. hurts your confidence and rattles the drawbacks to a large percentage of men who would enlist in the United States marine corps. according to the recruiting officers.

"We have a box filled with different colored yarn," said an officer of that branch of the service. "We ask the prospective recruit to pick out green, for instance. If he is color blind he will invariably pick all the red yarn. an iron constitution, for it sleeps out We place it all back in the box again and ask him to pick out the red. In Nature protects the Arab horse with a nine cases out of ten out will come the green

"Another strange thing I have nofalls off at the approach of spring, ticed is that most persons who are when the body and legs, which had color blind have brown eyes. Once in been shaggy as those of a bear, again awhile a person with eyes of a differ- resume their graceful beauty and glisent color is afflicted that way, but as | ten in the sun like polished marble .-a general rule they are persons with London Chronicle. brown eyes."--Kansas City Star.

He Smoked.

"What a smell of smoke is about! Marcel Prevost endeavors to make Do you allow your hashand to smoke in the parlor?" "He doesn't, as a rule, but this morning"-

"You are very wrong to allow any exceptions whatever, my dear woman. You ought not to allow him to smoke under any possible circumstances, even

"But, my dear woman, this morning he simply had to smoke. His coat was on fire."-New York Journal.

Good Policy. Mrs. Stubb-Why, John, the last family that occupied this house left some old jars in the pantry. Mr. Stubb-H'm! Mary, that is a good policy. Mrs. Stubb-What is a good policy? Mr. Stubb-Why, when you move leave your family jars behind the legs."-Everybody's.

you.-Chicago News. Cooking a Hare.

"You've heard the recipe for cooking a hare? "Yes. First catch your hare." "No. First catch your cook."-Cleveland Plain Dealer.

He Would, Indeed.

Singleton-1 cannot understand why a man's wife is called his better half. Wedmore-You would if you had to divide your salary with one .- Boston Transcript.

Serious Business. Policeman-Hi! What are you doing

up that ladder? Husband (returning late)-Hush! I'm only seeing if my wife is already asleep .- Fliegende Blat-

Good humor and generosity carry the day with the popular heart all over the world.—Alexander Smith. A state is never greater than when all its superfluous hands are employed in the service of the public.—Hume.

"'Hi. Timmy?' the urchin cried, and MANY BELLEFONTE PEOPLE HAVE a second youngster turned toward him. DONE SO. "'Hi, Timmy, come an' eat yer crust

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Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria.

Her Preference. Miss Smith-Now, Madge, tell me, which would you rather be-pretty or good? Madge (promptly)-I would

Exchange.

rather be pretty, Miss Smith; I can easily be good whenever I like to try .-Punch.

Browning's Magazine.

A Day Off. Sunday School Teacher-Is your pa a Christian, Bobby? Little Bobby-No'm, not today. He's got the toothache .-

er's wife to her thirteen-year-old boy, "is something that has been handed down from father to son and in some instances highly prized." "I'd prize these heirlooms I'm wear-

ing," remarked the youngster, "a good deal more if they wasn't so long in

Thought For Others. "You should endeavor to do som

thing for the comfort of your fellow

men." said the philanthropist, "without

thought of reward." "I do. I buy um-

brellas instead of borrowing them."-

jeweled watch meant to tell her the time? Why, then, should a woman's letter be meant to convey her real thoughts?"-Exchange. The Heirloom. "An heirloom," explained the farm-