

A FISH-CHOWDER FEUD.

From the galley companion came the noisy clanging of the supper-bell. Twelve men hurriedly dropped the trawls they were baiting and crowded into the narrow fore-castle. Tom Denie, the thirteenth man, was rather more leisurely.

His way across decks to the fore-castle took Tom past the galley, and at the companion hatch he stopped to sniff.

"Fish-chowder again!" he grunted in complaining and soulful disgust. "Fish-chowder all the time! Nothin' but fish-chowder on this old tub!"

Even as he stood there, mumbling his complaint, Evie Bishop, the trawler's fat cook, came puffing up the companionway with a big flat basket filled with heavy crockery mugs on his arm.

Tom glared savagely at the cook. Then he sniffed the odor drifting up from the galley and glared harder.

"Fish-chowder!" he snorted again. "All the time it's fish-chowder on this here craft! What's the matter with yer, Evie? Can't you make nothin' but that eternal fish-chowder?"

Now fish-chowder—his particular variety of fish-chowder—was the pride of fat Evie Bishop's simple heart. Any one who maligned that chowder touched Evie on the cheek.

"The boys seem to relish that chowder pretty much," said Evie with cold and crushing scorn.

"Well, I don't," snapped Tom. "I've ott chowder till I'm ashamed to look a decent fish in the face."

"There's them as says they couldn't never git enough of that chowder," Evie declared with pride.

"Well, that ain't me," growled Tom. "Seems to me it's time we had some thin' else for supper once in a while."

"What's the matter with the chowder I make?" Evie demanded, and his tones made the question a challenge.

Tom shrugged his big shoulders and threw out his hands, palms upward, in a despairing gesture.

"What ain't the matter with it would be a simpler way of puttin' it," said he.

The blood surged into Evie's thick neck, and thence to his leathery cheeks.

"Don't you go to malignin' my vittles," he said hoarsely. "That's a good chowder. I've been told by any quantity of folks that my chowders was the best they ever ett. It's only ignorammerses like you that ever finds fault with it—folks that ain't never been used to nothin', anyway—block-headed ignorammerses, that can't even read," he emphasized his most telling shot.

With his nose high in the air, he swept grandly past Tom Denie and into the little fore-castle.

Tom waited there until Evie, grinning maliciously at the way his shot had gone home, came out of the fore-castle again.

In a moment Tom's big fingers were gripping tightly the cook's left forearm.

"Say, yer wanter take that back that yer jest said about me—about my bein' ign'run't," he hissed.

"Huh! I do—do! Yer can't even so much as read," the cook taunted again.

"You eat them words of yours—you eat 'em right now!" bawled Tom, giving the arm a more excruciating twist.

Evie still had the big coffee-pot in his hands. Now he lifted it quickly and turned a good pint of the scalding fluid onto the back of the hairy hand that was twisting his arm.

With a yowl of rage Tom caught up an iron capstan bar. What he might have done with it there is no telling, but at that moment the skipper, attracted by the uproar, came poking out of the cabin.

"Here! What's goin' on here?" he roared. "No fightin', now. What's the trouble between you two? Drop that bar, Tom! Drop it, I say! And you, cooky, stop a menacin' of him with that coffee-pot. Now you git into yer galley; and you, Tom, go into the fo'castle and git yer supper."

"I'll git that darned cook before I'm done," Tom threatened to the men about the table. "Jest went and scal't me, he did."

The fishing was good that trip. In five days' time they were running for T wharf with a full fare. They swept past the lightship just after dark.

Tom Denie, tumbling aboard after the last of the mooring-lines were fast, almost collided with Evie Bishop, just coming out of the galley. For a moment they glared at each other. Then the cook spoke.

half-choked oaths and thudding blows. The cook drew first blood on Tom's nose, but a moment later he spat forth two of his front teeth. Then a bolt of lightning, or a cannon-ball, or a mule kick, or something of the sort caught him full on the jaw.

When the whole solar system had ceased to sparkle before his eyes and he scrambled weakly to his feet another bolt of lightning—or was it a 14-inch shell?—caught him once more.

Tom stooped and pulled the cook to his none too steady pins.

"Now yer can buy me the feed. I'm hungry for a good feed," said he.

"Yer'll get it as soon as we can git to Cotter's," declared Evie.

Cotter's in Dock square was well-nigh deserted when they got there. Tom was rubbing his battered nose, and looking at Evie with a new and decidedly respectful interest.

A waitress brought them red-bordered napkins and laid a bill of fare before each.

Tom picked him up, blinking at it solemnly.

"Anything you want, yer know," Evie invited.

The respect in Tom's eyes grew. Also he grinned across the table at his companion—a grin that lost somewhat in effectiveness by reason of Tom's badly split lip.

"Yer're a game little man," declared Tom, whacking the table with one mighty fist. "Yer put up a peach of a fight. I wouldn't 'a' believed yer had it in yer. I know a game one when I see him, Evie; and that bein' the case, yer'll not be findin' me bleedin' yer any. Just bring me—"

Tom paused. He wrinkled and unwrinkled his heavy brows as he scanned that bill of fare. Evie noticed he was holding it upside down.

"Bring me some of this and a cup of coffee," said Tom pointing a pudgy finger at random to a line on the page.

And to the unbounded credit of Evie Bishop, let it here be stated that he did not so much as change a muscle of his face when the waitress set before the open-mouthed Tom a large and steaming bowl of—fish-chowder!

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GAVE AWAY HARD-LUCK PIN

Hotel Clerk Who Got It Not Afraid of Ominous Warning That Accompanied It.

The superstitious among his fellow clerks at the McAlpin was a little "teery" of R. G. Elbert, the room clerk, when, after enviously admiring the big scarfpin they had just seen Col. J. Harry Behan of Washington present him, they learned that every previous owner of the pin had killed somebody, by accident or otherwise.

Colonel Behan, who drove his automobile over here, has not escaped the ill-luck engendered by the possession of the pin, which is a dark stone, on which is carved a head that might be that of a Viking or a Hindu demon.

Colonel Behan did not murder a man, but six months after the pin came into his possession his automobile struck an old man in Washington with fatal results. He told Elbert that he had since given the pin to three or four other persons, and that each had returned it to him after a spell of nervous prostration. He offered the pin to Elbert, but the latter hesitated. Yesterday Elbert jokingly remarked that he would take that pin and the risks accompanying it if Colonel Behan was really in earnest. The colonel took the pin from his tie and passed it over.

According to the story that goes with the pin, it was at one time the property of an Indian prince. Elbert says he is not superstitious, but he isn't going to walk under any ladders.

—New York Times.

The Value of Good Clothes.

Eccentricity is not to be desired either in dress or manners. It is only another name for vanity. Still, there is something to be said for those of us whose circumstances often require us to wear garments not out after the prevailing mode. Good clothes, however, made in any fashion except the "latest extreme," have a marked effect upon the mental condition of the wearer. Even Emerson deigned to discuss the moral effect suitable clothes had upon certain temperaments. He says: "If a man (or woman) have not firmness and have keen sensibilities, it is perhaps a wise economy to go to a good shop and dress irreproachably. One can then dismiss all care from the mind, and may easily find that performance an addition of confidence, a fortification that turns the scale in social encounters." You have all heard the experience of the woman who declared that the sense of being well dressed gave her a feeling of inward peace which religion was powerless to bestow.—Suburban Life.

Formation of California Coast.

The geologists tell us a strange story of the California coast. Ages ago its mountain peaks, mere reefs in a great expanse of sea, rose to such a height that Santa Barbara channel was a vast valley over which roamed the elephant, camel, lion, saber-toothed tiger and other animals whose fossil remains are scattered over the country and some of which are found on the islands.

Then the land again sank beneath the sea and again rose, and marine fossils are found in abundance along the shores and on the mountain tops many miles from the sea. Numerous gold hunters have been surprised to find the skeletons of whales at an elevation of 2,000 feet and two miles inland.

INHABITANTS OF THE MIND

Always in the Child, or Youth, or Man, Accompanied by the One He Knows Above All Others.

Real men and women are not the only people. Our minds are inhabited as truly as any other country. Every child has his invisible playmate, to whom he talks more freely than to his parents, and with whom he goes upon strange adventures—a tiny Columbus with whom he embarks upon the waters of the bathtub to discover a new land, or a roving De Soto, with whom he ships through the garden gate, unattended and unafraid, always before he is three years old, bent upon an excursion into the wilderness which lies across the brook in the field or in the woods. If you are the father or mother of this child you never can understand that—how the timid baby who was never before out of your sight could have gone so far alone.

Why, when you found him, stained with his travels, very tired, almost nodding, he was still confident, preoccupied, and bent upon a farther pilgrimage into the unknown. It is because he was not alone. He was accompanied by another whom he knows better than he will ever know father or mother—one of those companions of his own fancy, about whom he never tells you or anyone else.

These people grow up like other people. The little child has his familiar, and the young man has his "ideal," always a woman—not the one he marries, nor even the one he might have married, but one whom he never saw in the flesh; a veiled and inscrutable presence who never forsakes him. And when he grows old, and the wife he did marry grows old, she remains young, fairer than the lilies, sweeter than honey-dew upon the leaves of June.—Corra Harris, in Harper's Magazine.

MOTHER HAD FORESEEN IT

Sammy Was There With the Expected "Break," Just as Had Been Looked For.

Upstairs in the nursery Sammy was receiving final instructions from his earnest young mother as to his behavior at the dinner party that evening.

Sammy was not going to be present during the whole of the feast. His activities were confined to the latter coffee-and-fruit part of it. Nevertheless, his mother knew from past experience that this would give her young hopeful ample time in which to disgrace the family.

"Remember, dear," she said, "Dr. Fung Sang Haug is a Chinese gentleman and your father's friend. He may be dressed in a way that you will think funny, but, Sammy, you will be a good little boy, and not stare at him or say anything, won't you?"

Sammy vowed that he would be a model of virtue and politeness.

When the time arrived, he was ushered into the dining-room, and beheld the worthy Chinaman in all the magnificence of silks and pigtail. For a long time he confined, by a mighty effort, his attention to an apple, but at last he just had to speak.

"Mother," he said, in a penetrating whisper, "if the gentleman wasn't a friend of daddy's wouldn't he be funny?"

Another Way of Putting It.

In a police court an inspector was giving evidence of the arrest of the prisoner.

"I went to No. 27," he said, in a dignified staccato fashion that came from long practice, "where I saw the prisoner in bed. I said: 'I have a warrant for your arrest for burglariously entering the premises at —,'"

and so on.

At the end of the inspector's evidence the magistrate asked the prisoner:

"Any questions?"

"Yes, sir," said the prisoner, and he intimated that the inspector had not given his evidence correctly. "I'm sure," he said, "Mr. Jackson—the inspector—don't want to say only what is true. Didn't you come to my room—turning to the inspector—and say: 'Now, then, Ginger, 'op out of it—I want yer?'"—London Answers.

Wise Generation.

Many are the errors which have been committed in the world, and which a child would not commit now, so it seems.

The present generation sees clearly; it wonders at the errors; it laughs at the lack of understanding of its ancestors, not perceiving that those chronicles were writ with heavenly fire, that every letter in them cries aloud, that a penetrating finger is pointed thence at it—at the present generation; but the present generation laughs and begins proudly, self-confidently, a series of fresh aberrations, at which its descendants will hereafter laugh in their turn.—Gogol.

Suez Canal a Disappointment.

In some respects the Suez canal was a disappointment. It was to cost eight million pounds, and be wide enough to take two vessels at any point. The bill at the end of ten years actually came to 16,633,000 pounds and the canal was only wide enough for the passage of a single vessel except at certain sidings. For political reasons De Lesseps avoided the direct route and gave his canal an eastward turn when a few miles from the old town. And many visitors expressed surprise that the "Suez" canal never went to Suez at all!

MARRIAGES OF THE CHINESE

Are No Longer a Dreaded Ordeal Since Western Methods Have Been Adopted.

No longer need the poor little Chinese girl look forward with dread to her wedding day, says a writer in the Strand. Today she can marry the man she loves and not walk blindfolded into matrimony with the man who has been chosen as her husband from earliest childhood.

Until the revolution in China in 1911 it was the general custom in the East for the parents to allot their daughters husbands from babyhood, and with the consent of both families a huge party would be given and the children be considered engaged. But it was not permissible for either the future bride or groom to know of the arrangements made on their behalf. The families might even drift apart, leaving the young ones in total ignorance of the existence of each other.

Between the ages of fifteen and eighteen the Chinese girl was told that she was to be married soon, and arrangements would be made for the wedding, but the young bride never became acquainted with her future husband till after the ceremony, when her thick, beautifully embroidered, but impenetrable veil was removed. Then would she behold for the first time the husband to whom she was tied "for better or for worse," knowing that she must resign herself to her lot and endeavor to live her life through with a man whom perhaps she could never like.

Many a young Chinese bride has been known to attempt suicide, often attaining her freedom through that one open gate—death. But such a thing has not been heard of since China adopted the forms of modern civilization. The Chinese gentleman has learned the art of courting and winning his bride, and the happy couple enter into their matrimonial compact with open eyes. The Chinese are gradually adopting our methods, and the marriage service is no longer a dreary and almost weird ordeal. In fact, in the matter of dress, as well as in customs, the Chinese are becoming very Europeanized.

His Ashtray.

Cover a small box lid inside and out with tapestry and proceed to line it with glass. This means that five pieces of glass must be cut, one large piece from the bottom, and four oblongs for the sides. Any paint and window glass store will supply you with these pieces of glass, just as they formerly cut them for the passe-partout work that was the rage a number of years ago. Glue carefully put along the edges of the glass will glue it to the bottom of the box and the pieces of glass to each other. There will, of course, be a rough edge at the top. This edge should be covered with tarnished gilt galleon. Cover the wrong side of the galleon with glue and proceed to bind the edge with it, half of the width of the galleon going inside the tray and half upon the tapestry outside the tray. It is a pretty little novelty which would look well in a man's den, and the tapestry will be sufficiently dark to please his masculine taste.

Monster of the Delta.

A 320-pound shovel-nose sturgeon, a decided rarity in New Orleans, attracted a large crowd in front of Kolb's German tavern Sunday afternoon. This big fish was caught in the Gulf of Mexico a short distance off the coast, in a seine. It measures about six feet in length, has a narrow body and five rows of bony shields which extend from the gills to the tail. The striking peculiarity of this fish is its sucker mouth, a round gristle projection about five inches in length, beneath a broad snout. The snout is about eight inches in length and is used to burrow in soft bottoms for mollusks, which form the sturgeon's principal food.

The eggs of the sturgeon are used in Russia to make caviar. The bladder is used in the manufacture of isinglass. The fish is coarse and is cut into steaks for broiling.—New York Sun.

Great Work Completed.

The Jura mountain tunnel has been completed after three years of uninterrupted work. It is a five-mile tunnel and has been cut through the Jura mountain from Moutiers, France, to Grächen, Switzerland. The cost was \$5,000,000 of which \$2,000,000 was contributed by the Eastern railroad of France. The tunnel will shorten the traveling distance between Paris and Milan and Paris and Bern.

Medical.

Case After Case.

PLENTY MORE LIKE THIS IN BELLEFONTE.

Scores of Bellefonte people can tell you about Doan's Kidney Pills. Many a happy citizen makes a public statement of his experience. Here is a case of it. What better proof of merit can be had than such endorsement?

Mrs. Jessie Dunlap, 249 E. Lamb St., Bellefonte, says: "About five years ago, I was troubled by a painful back. My kidneys were weak and I had dizzy spells. Doan's Kidney Pills were recommended and I got a box at Green's Pharmacy Co. They soon gave me relief and two boxes fixed my kidneys up in good shape. I have not been troubled since."

Price 50c, at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mrs. Dunlap had. Foster-Milburn Co., Props., Buffalo, N. Y. 60-4-1t

House With Glass Floors. George R. Howe of Norway, Me., is planning to build on a hill in that town a fireproof house, entirely of artificial stone, steel and glass. The floors and stairways will be of solid glass, while electricity will be used to a great extent to eliminate possibility of fire.

Size of Zeppelins. Zeppelins vary in diameter and length, but most of them are of large size, being almost as big as battleships. The Deutschland, for example, is 485 feet long and 46 feet in diameter, with a capacity of 25,000 cubic yards, and a lifting power of 44,000 pounds.

Some authorities say the flounder is only a codfish with a flattened head.

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