

The Image-Maker.
"No graven image shalt thou make;"
And yet, O Sculptor, for the sake
Of such an effigy as I—
The superscription like the face
Disfigured now, and hard to trace
Didst Thou thyself consent to do.
—John B. Tabb, in the Atlantic.

YAMATE THE SAILOR

BY THEODORE A. CUTTING.

The most skillful master of catboat-sailing that I ever knew was Yamate. Never, I think, was there a more adroit hand than his at sheet or tiller. He could sheer up close into the wind and bowl along as if it blew across his beam. Always, too, he knew the exact amount of sail to spread, and could carry more in rough water than any of his fellow fishermen.

Yamate was also the fittest of Japanese. I first saw him from the head of the pier at Monterey as I stood watching the salmon-boats return. There was a stiff offshore breeze, to which the foremost boats paid respect by single or double reefs of sail; but presently in came Yamate under full canvas, his boat rocking until the tip of the boom dipped the waves, his mouth curved in a gleeful grin, and his eyes dancing with the joy of swift motion.

He shot in close to the pier and drifted up to the landing without a stroke of the oar, where others had had recourse to an awkward tack, or even to rowing under a swinging boom that battered them upon head and shoulders.

It was during a run of salmon and smelt one year in June that Yamate's sailing was put to a test that taxed even his skill to the utmost.

There had been a gale, which for two days had put an end to all fishing; but upon the third all boats were out again. To the disappointment of the fishermen, however, the salmon had scattered. So few, indeed, were to be taken that most of the men drew in their hooks and began to cast for mackerel; others sought the rockfish grounds; and a few ran down the coast for smelt.

Among the latter were Yamate and Nakamura. The day was not very propitious for taking this fish, inasmuch as there was still a heavy sea from the recent wind-storm, which rendered a close approach to the shore dangerous. But Yamate, with his usual fearlessness, ran in to the very line along which the breakers formed, to cast his net.

down into the sea, and the next moment was bottom up, driving rapidly toward the rocks.

Nakamura, at best but a laborious swimmer, found himself under a lathorn of water in a heavy coat. His feet, moreover, had become entangled in the length of net.

From the loose-fitting over-coat he managed to get free, but from the seine about his feet he could not extricate himself. Indeed, it seemed but to tighten with his struggles. With his arms alone, however, he fought his way to the surface, and caught a half-breath. But upon the instant a new wave fell upon his head, and the last part of his inhalation was stinging brine.

Strangling and suffocating, he wore away his strength trying to get free from the net. More and more frenzied and confused became his thrashings. Not a single breath of pure air could he get; when it was not water that he sucked in, it was froth and spray. Soon he sank helplessly beneath the green surface; and then the long, sobbing inhalation that he took was from the depths.

Yamate's eyes, even while he steered his own craft to safety, were turned back toward his less skillful countryman; and when he saw the capsize, he immediately threw over his tiller, jibed his sail, and squared away into the breakers with the wind astern.

A great wave formed beneath him as he ran, and with the full spread of sail he kept pace with it, riding high upon it as it rolled in toward the rocks. At last, as if fretful of its load, the billow reared to a crest, and all but pitched the boat forward headlong.

But at the same instant it was brought to its knees by the rocks below, and crumbled into spray. In the smother of foam the craft still lived.

Close alongside lay the upturned keel of Nakamura's boat but of the capsize-fisherman Yamate could see nothing. All was white boiling water, which here sucked down and swirled away, and there bubbled forth again. Then the billow fell with a mighty crash upon a grim sandstone rock, and the whipped spray leaped twenty feet in the air.

His eye meanwhile swept the whole belt of breakers, where three already definitely formed waves were racing toward him. The first two were of moderate size, gathering height and momentum as they advanced; but the third and most remote sent a chill to his heart. It was far out, rising so high as to shut out the horizon, and looked to the troubled sailor like an unstable mountain ridge coming against him.

While the spell of that sight held him, the nearest of the three waves fell upon his starboard bow. Although he had mechanically forced over the tiller to meet it, the boat was not fully in position; and in consequence sea-water came over and against him.

Yamate did what he could to bring the craft properly up, and then, as the breaker passed, stood away as before. One favoring circumstance did not desert him—the breeze swept in from the sea without gust or lull. But for that he would before now have come to grief.

Up came the tremendous ridge of water, rising higher and higher, growing thinner and thinner. Already the crest was forming and glints of white were beginning to show. The wind caught away the comb and made of it streaming pennants of mist. So high and thin the water towered that it became translucent green, beautiful but ominous. Meaning the intervening billow was threatening the desperate Japanese sailor. It was perfectly able to overwhelm the boat if allowed to catch it broadside, and in the absence of its overtowering pursuer, it would have caused anxiety. But Yamate met and cut through it without taking aboard a drop.

So closely followed the mountainous mass of the great third wave that the Japanese did not attempt another tack. He sprang immediately forward, tore the mast from its step, and with all his might heaved it, together with sail and rigging into the sea. Then back he ran into the stern-sheets and again caught the tiller.

Down upon them came the smother of foam. The seething flood poured in upon the two fishermen from port, starboard and stem. Nakamura, as he lay limply in the bottom of the boat, was for a second time swallowed up by the sea.

Yet the craft did not completely fill, for Yamate held her true. The spare canvas at the prow, too, helped to cut a passage; and they came through.

Yamate snatched the oars and renewed the struggle. A very little wave would upset them now, so low in the water was the gunwale. But the worst was past. On lily swells met them, which lapped gently against the bows and rolled on.

Yet Yamate was glad of assistance from the Japanese fishing-boat that came in to lend a hand and to tow his water-logged craft beyond the line of danger.

State of Pennsylvania

KILLS WOMAN AND SELF.

Youthful Telephone Inspector Shoots 18-Year-Old Companion.

Reading. — While speeding along in a taxicab here Stella Rocktaschel, 18 years old, was shot and killed, and her companion, George E. Knaut, 20 years old, after directing the chauffeur to hurry to a hospital, turned the revolver that killed the girl upon himself and sent a bullet into his heart, dying almost instantly.

Whether there had been a quarrel, or the two had agreed to die together, has not been determined. Lewis Becker, the chauffeur, is unable to throw any light on the affair, but the police believe, however, that it was a case of deliberate murder and suicide.

Started For Girl's Home. The couple engaged the taxicab in the business section of the town shortly before 2 o'clock A. M., the young man telling the chauffeur to drive to the girl's home at 617 North Front Street. When the home was reached the young woman was startled by a revolver shot inside the cab. Simultaneously with the report the front window of the cab was shattered and the driver heard the whiz of a bullet over his shoulder.

A moment later Becker declares the man in the cab yelled excitedly, "Drive to the hospital!" Recognizing that something serious had occurred, Becker rushed the machine to the Reading Hospital. Just as he entered the hospital grounds there was a second shot inside the cab. Halting at the hospital door Becker summoned the night nurse, and she in turn called the internes.

Dead On Reaching Hospital. The young woman was found in a heap on the seat of the cab. Her face was covered with blood. There was no pulse, and it was found that she was dead. A bullet wound in the right side of the head, together with powder burns on the flesh, told how she had met her end. Fired at close range, the bullet had passed through her head.

A hurried examination of the man revealed that he, too, was dead, having shot himself through the heart. There was nothing the hospital physicians could do, and they immediately notified the police, who took charge of the bodies.

Knaut was a telephone inspector. Inquiry into the case developed that Knaut had asked several persons to lend him a revolver, saying he wanted to go to a masquerade ball. As there was no public mask ball here the authorities are of the opinion that the case was one of murder and suicide.

Miss Rocktaschel was a prepossessing young woman of lively disposition. She and Knaut had been friends for several years. Her father is George Rocktaschel, a Reading Railroad engineer, and one of the best known railroad men in this section.

Supposed They Were Engaged. Her mother said: "Why this thing occurred I cannot explain. Knaut and my daughter had always been good friends, and I understood that they were engaged to be married. I thought him a fine young man. Where they were I do not know, but I know that they were at no place where they should not have been."

From another source it was learned that Knaut and the girl were at a social gathering in the evening and that later they were in a saloon. It was from there that they went to a nearby street corner, where the taxicab was engaged to take them to her home.

TOOK HIS OWN LIFE. Farmer Adopts A Sure Method Of Ending His Troubles. Warren. — Charles E. Hull, of Grand Valley, despondent and seeking death, committed suicide by blowing himself to atoms with the aid of dynamite. He placed 15 sticks of the explosive in a hollow stump, attached a battery to it and sat on the stump while he touched off the improvised mine.

Where the stump was there is a hole big enough to bury a brick house. The only portion of Hull's body recovered was found in a tree two farms away.

For some time Hull had been brooding over financial losses. His farm was to have been sold by the sheriff. He hunted out a great box of dynamite which he had saved from blasting last year, and writing a note, he pinned it to a tree near his barn, then went to the woods, half a mile distant, to end his life in a manner which would leave no uncertainty as to the success of his suicide plan. The note which he left reads as follows: "On the day of the sale my troubles will be over." The sale was postponed.

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JAPAN'S WAR ON THE PLAGUE.

One Item the Killing and Dissection of 800,000 Rats a Year.

The plague in Japan first broke out in 1899, the cases numbering 230. The second visitation was 1902 and 1903, the cases numbering 71. The third outbreak occurred on August 24, 1905. From then until the end of March, 1906, the cases numbered 103. The means employed for fighting the disease are given by the London Illustrated News as:

- (1) Collecting and purchasing of rats at five sen a head (or rather body, for the whole carcass has to be delivered). To insure greater activity a ticket is given to every man who brings in a rat. This ticket is numbered, and may draw a maximum prize of yen 600.
- (2) The distribution gratis of rat poison on application. Ten cakes of poison to each house. Delivered to 3000 houses a day—30,000 cakes of poison at an average cost of about yen 75 a day.
- (3) Cleaning of houses and godowns (warehouses).
- (4) To prevent rats from reassembling in godowns extensive repairs are being carried on and all ground floors and walls rendered impenetrable. (In connection with this regulation the number of godowns considered in need of repair was 1618.)
- (5) The damming of holes in drains to prevent the rats getting out. This process was also carried out on the sea coast near the Kobe customs house.
- (6) Inspection of patients. Doctors from the sanitary department make a house to house inspection and where any sick person is discovered carefully investigate the nature of the disease.
- (7) Examination of dead bodies.
- (8) Injection of anti-plague serum in family of infected patient.
- (9) Strict isolation.

The rats killed in Tokio from 1900 to June, 1906, numbered 4,820,000, an average of more than 800,000 a year. The ratio between the number of rats infested and the number of cases serves to prove beyond a doubt that these little animals are the most active disseminators of the disease; and the thoroughness and care with which the inspection is carried on is evinced by the fact that over 100,000 rats may be dissected without finding a trace of infection, yet vigilance is never relaxed.

Never for one instant do the surgeons forget that the very next one may contain microbes enough to depopulate the largest city. The marvelous rapidity with which the examination is done can be imagined when one learns that from 2000 to 3000 rats are examined a day, according to the number brought in.

The cakes of poison supplied by the Government are made of sweet potato, red pepper and arsenic and are colored with methyl violet to prevent children eating them by mistake. The cleaning of houses is carried out most thoroughly twice every year, whole streets being taken at a time. Everything is brought out of the houses and piled up in the streets. Dirt, dust and refuse of all kinds are carted away and burned.

THE GREEN-EYED MONSTER. Adam—"I couldn't believe my eyes when I first beheld you!" Eve (wrathfully)—"So you were expecting some other woman, were you?"—New York Times

SORRY HE SPOKE. "Shop early," advised the husband. "What with?" inquired the wife. Then silence reigned. —Pittsburg Post.

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