

OUR EXPERIENCES WITH PIRATES

By Wardon Allan Curtis

I WAS reading in the paper the other day," said the storekeeper, "that piracy was by no means extinct in the east. The article said that piracy is quite prevalent among the Chinese, Malays and other eastern races, and that many native vessels and a few European ones are plundered every year."

"I had some experience with those piratical fellows while in the Arethuse on the Tonquin station," said the Rhode Islander who had been in the French navy, "and but for me one of our finest vessels would have been lost."

"It was on a beautiful spring afternoon that our fleet came to anchor off the mouth of the Gumbew river, where we had been sent to investigate piratical outrages reported to have occurred in that vicinity."

"We had heard that the head man of the district had been killed by the pirates, so we were glad when a whole fleet of little boats came out of the river bringing messages from him and presents of all kinds of fruit, vegetables and poultry. I don't know why, but when I saw that procession of natives come up over the ship's side, with their baskets, I couldn't help fearing treachery, and I said as much to the admiral."

"The natives ran around the vessel, handing fruit to the crew and making friends, but I wouldn't have anything to do with 'em, and stood by the foremast talking to the admiral, who was eating a banana. All of a sudden there was a chorus of yells, the ship was ablaze with flashes of glistening steel, and every one of those natives stood with a long snaky knife, a creese, they call it—pointing at a sailor's throat. The creeses were made of limber steel, and those creeses had wound 'em around their waists inside their breech-clouts."

"The admiral and I skipped up into the cross-trees of the foremast at the first alarm, and there we sat and watched the natives bind the crew and stow 'em below decks."

"The admiral hoped the rest of the fleet would notice that something was wrong, but it didn't, and, when night fell, the natives hitched on their little boats and the Arethuse began to creep slowly to the shore. Only two natives stayed aboard, and they stood side by side on the forecastle beneath us, to keep us from getting down."

"We must attack them at once," said the admiral, "and, if we overpower them, discharge all the guns and alarm the rest of the fleet."

"Just let me arrange it," said I. "There was a coil of rope on the cross-trees, fastened around a little roller-and-crank arrangement used for raising ammunition. I took the end of this rope and put it through a pulley high above us. Then I tied it around my body."

"I want you to set me and this rope swinging like a pendulum across the ship," said I. "Let the rope out a foot every time I get to the end of the swing, and when I yell let it out six feet."

"Gradually I neared the two men directly under me. Swish, swish, swish, swish; still they didn't hear me. "My feet swung by within two feet of their heads, and, as I completed the end of the swing and was high in the air, I gave a yell, the rope slackened and I came back with terrible force just on the plane of the two natives. The blow swept them off the forecastle into the sea."

"In two minutes we had the Gatlings working on the little boats ahead, and in a few minutes more the water reddened and the air shook with the discharge of the great guns. As a reward the admiral ordered me a lieutenant; but I was already a lieutenant in the Rhode Island militia, and was only in the French navy to learn French, so I declined. Then he said I could have all the jewelry on the natives we had shot, and they all wore big gold earrings."

"Did you make much out of that?" asked the storekeeper. "Crocodiles ate all but one of the natives, and his earrings were plated ones, and were made by a Connecticut firm," said the Rhode Islander who had been in the French navy.

"I've met them 'ere Malay pirates, too," said the ex-sergeant of the Devonshire Blues. "I wasn't in the army then, but belonged to a little theatrical and circus company what 'ad been playin' in Australia. We was bound for Injy in a little sailin' vessel and got becalmed in Torres straits. The sailors at once began to talk about pirates, and sure enough about four in the afternoon along come a mess of 'em and attacked the ship. We fought as well as we could, but werry soon they boarded and drove us into the cabin and shot at us whenever they got a chance, and we treated them the same."

"There was one of 'em who could talk Henglish, and he got our clown terrible 'ot by makin' fun of our fat woman, who was engaged to be married to the clown."

"After awhile we 'eerd the pirates choppin' on top of the cabin, and pretty soon there was a 'ole there and they threw in a fire-pot. We put it out, and blowed off the pirate's end what looked in to see 'ow it worked."

"Can't scare 'em fightin'," said the captain. "Them fellers believe that the time for 'em to die is all arranged by fate, and they ain't afraid to die; but if you could work on their superstitions—"

"I can," said the clown. "There's that hehphant we 'ave in the show. I'm the front legs and Smith the hind legs."

"Them fellers 'ave seen 'erds and 'erds of hehphants," said the captain. "Well, they never saw a devil. Johnson can put on his devil's rig. I just

want to get 'old of that Henglish-speakin' willain that sits there on the ladder goin' up the mast, makin' fun of Sally Jane."

"Johnson put on his devil's clothes and he was awful. The clown and Smith got into the hehphant, for the clown wanted something to do, and with a big burst of red and green light we opened the cabin door and out pranced the devil and the hehphant."

"Some of the pirates leaped overboard when they see the devil, but most of 'em stood their ground until they see that there hehphant take arter that Henglish-speakin' pirate, climb knock 'im off the cross-trees. Then, with yells of wild fear, they took to their boats and fled for 'ome."

"My first and only experience with eastern pirates—" said the book agent. "Selling books to the pirates?" asked the Rhode Islander who had been in the French navy. "Sunday-school books, I suppose."

"I was selling books. It was the 'Lives of the Three Mrs. Hudsons,' which the board of foreign missions recommended as an excellent thing for eastern trade. But as the heathen hardly ever read more than the title they imbibed the idea that Rev. Gephosphat Hudson was a polygamist, and so contracted an erroneous opinion of Christianity. In the end I was ordered to stop selling the books, and was left stranded in Siam."

"I naturally began to look about for some way of making money. It wasn't long before I hit on a scheme. It was to smuggle a lot of fine diamonds into the United States. Diamonds are cheap in Siam, which is one of the principal diamond countries of the world, and, by avoiding the 33 per cent. revenue tax on 'em I would make a big profit on 'em in the United States."

"We purchased a peck of uncut diamonds and a few quarts of rubies and emeralds, and disposed of them around inside a collection of stuffed birds, and snakes in alcohol, and plaster-of-paris images of heathen gods, made by the merchant's oldest boy on Saturday. Then we chartered a schooner, and, with six Lascars and one American beside myself, set sail for America."

"We had kept our doings a secret, though the merchant had told his wife, and, as we left the land, I didn't suppose there was a person in the kingdom of Siam outside of his family who knew anything about our little project. But to fool anybody who might think our vessel was too lightly loaded, the hold was full of empty boxes and barrels."

"But we hadn't gone far from land when I discovered that the merchant's wife had blabbed; for 64 of the empty barrels contained pirates. They had smuggled themselves aboard at the wharf—an old trick of eastern pirates—and, as soon as we were away from land, out they swarmed; tore open all the stuffed birds, drank the alcohol the snakes was in, ripped open the snakes, smashed the heathen gods, and got the peck of diamonds and the several quarts of rubies and emerlids."

"The crew and I were expecting to be killed every minute, but the pirates were only common land-thieves, who didn't know anything about running a ship, and so they didn't dare kill us. They gave us orders to 'bout ship and land them at a little village on the coast, and then we could go where we pleased. We were about to do this when we perceived an American man-of-war not far away."

"In spite of our efforts, however, the man-of-war overtook us and sent two boats' crew aboard. I was scared as I could be, but was quickly relieved by seeing those pirates swallow the diamonds and other precious stones. The sailors carefully searched the vessel, but there was nothing wrong, besides, they had been looking for a vessel with a crew of eight, and this one had 72 aboard. It wasn't the one they were looking for, so they went away and we were out of danger."

"While we had been running away from the man-of-war, we had gone so far that the pirates had lost all reckoning of where we were, so instead of turning around, we just yawed a little and went on, my project being to put in at some port in the East Indies and turn the pirates over to the authorities. But the pirate chief smelled a rat."

"It's about time we saw land, isn't it?" asked he, suspiciously. "I reckon so," said I; and just then I perceived a dim, bluish cloud lying low on the south-east horizon. "That looks like land dead ahead," said I.

"So it does," said the pirate with a relieved sigh. "I was beginning to think you were playing a trick on us and were going south instead of north."

"I was glad that the chief had caused me to notice the cloud, for I could see that a big storm was brewing. As it was, we didn't get the sails in any too soon. In half an hour we were in a regular typhoon, and the schooner was dancing and jumping like mad. In no time at all those poor landlubber pirates were deathly sick, and the chief and a couple of others rushed to the side of the vessel. The best diamonds I had were gone."

"Let the vessel rip," I shouted, calling all the crew except the man at the wheel. "The those pirates and throw 'em in the cabin. The diamonds will all be in the sea in ten minutes."

"We had no trouble in binding the pirates, they were so sick, and when the storm ceased, which it did in half an hour, I had all the diamonds in my possession—except those the chief and two others had swallowed—and the pirates were in the barrels again with the heads nailed on tight."

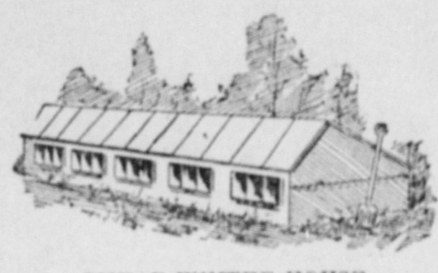
"What became of the pirates?" asked the storekeeper. "I sold 'em as slaves to one of the rajahs of Borneo," said the book agent. "I didn't want to bother with having 'em arrested as pirates. Besides, you see, there would have been no money in it."—Saturday Evening Post.

POULTRY & BEES

WINTER HEN HOUSE

Especially Adapted for Localities Where the Snow Does Not Cover the Ground Too Deep.

In regions where the snow does not cover the ground too deeply, a cheap, low structure can be built after the plan shown in the cut, that will answer the purpose very well. Stakes are driven into the ground and rough boards nailed to these to a height of three feet in front and two feet in the rear, leaving spaces for low, wide sash in front. A long and a short roof is put on, with roof doors in the front, short roof. These are made with overlapping



CHEAP WINTER HOUSE

edges to secure tightness against the wind and rain. The attendant stands outside and through these roof doors cares for the fowls, securing the eggs from nests that are within reach, putting in water and scattering grain in the litter. The whole structure is covered with tarred or resin-sized paper, the edges being securely tacked or battened with laths. The roof is covered in the same way.

Select a dry location, and put in three inches of gravel upon the ground and keep a thick layer of chaff upon that, and the inmates will scratch away merrily for grain all winter long. Make the building any length desired and part off with boards—or with netting if only females are to be kept in the pens—before the roof is put on. Roosts can be put up just out of the fowls' way when on the floor. With care to make the roof tight, such a building, while it costs but little, will prove very satisfactory.—Orange Judd Farmer.

OATS AS HEN FEED.

Although Nearly Perfect as a Balanced Ration But Few Poultrymen Know Their Value.

It is surprising how opinions among poultrymen differ as to the value of oats as feed. Some poultrymen never feed whole oats, and some make whole oats the principal part of their feed. Yet, as every scientific farmer knows, oats are nearly perfect as a balanced ration. Some complain that their fowls will not eat oats if they are fed to them, but this is nothing against oats. Wild mustangs of the western plains will not eat corn till they are taught to do so, but that is no argument against corn. It is a fact that at first fowls not accustomed to oats as a feed do not seem to like them, but later they even come to prefer oats above other grains. Hens that have been accustomed to eating oats for a few days and then both oats and corn have been thrown to them, and they have eaten the oats before touching the corn. Oats may be fed in any quantities to fowls without detriment, but should not be fed to the hens when they have been kept so long without food that they are ravenous. In such cases they will peck their crops so full that the water subsequently taken will cause a swelling of the crop and puncturing of the membrane that lines the crop. Birds have been killed in this way. Where hens have access to oats at all times they never eat enough at one time to bring on trouble as indicated. One man that has 40 hens feeds five bushels of oats per month, besides other things. But the fowls are given an unlimited supply of commercial grits and cut-bone to help work up the oats in the gizzard. Oats as a feed are of great help in the production of eggs.—M. G. Thurston, in Country Gentleman.

Inexpensive Turkey Remedy.

I have seen mention of turkeys being lost on account of bowel trouble. Several of us have lost turkeys from the same cause, but we think we have hit upon a sure cure for it, and the cost is comparatively nothing. We did not lose a turkey after using the remedy. Get five cents' worth of venetian red, such as painters use, and mix it in the food and water for the turkeys, keeping all other water away and compelling them to drink the "medicine." This seems simple enough, but it does the business, and may save some of your readers a good many dollars. I have a fine flock of turkeys that were all taken with this trouble, but after using this remedy they all recovered and are all right now.—William Britton, in Ohio Farmer.

Packing Eggs for Shipping.

In packing eggs to send to a distance the farmer or packer should be sure that the packing is sufficiently firm to hold the eggs in place. Poor packing means large percentage of breakage. The cases should be held firmly in place by shavings of the kind commonly used for packing, and there should be enough of them to keep the mass rigid. The broken eggs besmear the whole eggs and make them entirely unsalable except they be first cleaned. This costs money in the market, where they are not likely to receive attention without full pay for all time expended and sometimes a little more.—Farmers' Review.

PRINCESS OF WALES.

How She Manages Her Sandringham Kennels and Personally Looks After Her Pets.

The princess of Wales has an aristocratic love of fine animals. She is greatly interested in all full-blood stock from the brood of white Brahmas given to her 30 years ago by the queen, to the cream-white horses which draw her to Windsor on days of great state.

One of the things which the princess loves best about Sandringham, her country home, is that there she has a kennel of dogs in which there are many of the finest of all the best breeds of England. And it is the daily delight of the princess to visit the kennel alone, or in company with her husband, to frolic with the dogs or carry them the noonday meal of dainties for which they soon grow to watch.

The plan of the princess' kennels is a good one, when there are several select breeds to be kept separate. There is a large building fitted up with small dog-houses which are in turn inclosed in different rooms, each one of which is as big as an ordinary barn, so that each breed has a barn of its own fitted up with kennels. Then all are so arranged that they can be opened into each other and thrown into one.

The dogs play about in their own separate apartments or barns in bad weather, or run out into the little yards provided for them. But once a day, when the princess visits them, or when company comes to Sandringham, then the doors are all thrown open and the dogs rush out into the big light room which is known as "the



THE PRINCESS AND ONE OF HER PETS.

kitchen." When their meal-time is over, and they are no longer under inspection, they return to their own separate kennels in answer to the call which the hound master gives, and are in separate barns once more.

All of the dogs are admirably trained and when they are placed on sale, as becomes necessary once in awhile when their numbers become too great, they are eagerly bought by hunters and dog seekers who wish something very intelligent in the dog species. The pups, of which there are many, are specially intelligent for that breed—usually considered so hard to teach—and they have deservedly become the pet dogs of English royalty. The pup that sports himself about the morning rooms of the queen is said to understand all ordinary dog commands in three languages, German, French and English.

When the princess of Wales goes out to the dog kitchen to feed her dogs, she wears a big apron of white muslin or of light dotted stuff. The apron is plainly made, except for a few tucks, and a neat bib; and is big enough to keep a gown from all harm. As the princess always wears a tight-fitting black dress in the house, the apron strings are tied around as neat a waist as can be found in England.

These aprons, by the way, are part of the present which the princess gets every year from the sales and bazars which she opens. And they are also from the fairs which she helps support by buying generously of their stock and so adding not only patronage, but real money also.

A soft felt hat and a pair of dog-skin gloves complete the outfit which would not seem dressy for the wife of a gentleman farmer, and which any lady with a country home might well imitate.

In the basket which the princess carries there are pieces of stale bread broken into "catching" size for doggie's mouth, and scraps of cake and bits of sweets. Nothing very rich ever goes in the dog's basket; for it is the pride of the master of the kennel that he keeps his charges in good health; and that at the annual dog shows they are found to be of just the right weight, neither too fat nor too thin.—Chicago Democrat.

Trying on New Shoes.

One would hardly believe there are special times and seasons for trying on new shoes, but it is so. Larger shoes are required in summer than in winter, and it is always best to try them on in the latter part of the day. The feet are then at the maximum size. Activity naturally enlarges them or makes them swell; much standing tends to enlarge the feet. New shoes should be tried on over moderately thick stockings; then you can put on a thinner pair to ease your feet if the shoes seem to be too tight.

Demand Next Nursemaids.

Mothers should insist upon their nursemaids being scrupulously clean in their person, and neat and tidy in their appearance at all times, and particularly should they see to it that their finger nails are never too long, and are perfectly clean, as in the event of their accidentally scratching their charges serious results, of which blood poisoning is not the least, might ensue.

Boils and Pimples Give Warning.

AN UNFAILING SIGN THAT NATURE IS APPEALING FOR HELP. When Nature is overtaxed, she has her own way of giving notice that assistance is needed. She does not ask for help until it is impossible to get along without it. Boils and pimples are an indication that the system is accumulating impurities which they are an urgent appeal for assistance.

A warning that can not safely be ignored. To neglect to purify the blood at this time means more than the annoyance of painful boils and unsightly pimples. If these impurities are allowed to remain, the system succumbs to an ordinary illness, and is unable to withstand the many ailments which are so prevalent during spring and summer. Mrs. L. Gentile, 2004 Second Avenue, Seattle, Wash., says: "I was afflicted for a long time with pimples, which were very annoying, as they disfigured my face fearfully. After using many other remedies in vain, S. S. S. promptly and thoroughly cleansed my blood, and now I rejoice in a good complexion, which I never had before."

Capt. W. H. Dunlap, of the A. G. S. R. K., Chattanooga, Tenn., writes: "Several boils and carbuncles broke out upon me, causing great pain and annoyance. My blood seemed to be in a riotous condition, and nothing I took seemed to do any good. Six bottles of S. S. S. cured me completely and my blood has been perfectly pure ever since."

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