

Mutiny and Piracy

By CLARA TAYLOR

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Aunt Hannah Snow, wife of Captain Jabez Snow of Kennebunk, was almost as good a sailor as her husband. She had gone with him to the West Indies on seven voyages and had acted as mate and second mate. She could mend a sail, steer her trick, make or take in sail and use a quadrant as well as any one, or at least as well as any mate that ever sailed with the Hannah Snow, as the brig was named. Captain Snow ran between Boston and the West India islands, and the shippers of Boston came to know his wife and the way she could discipline a crew and handle the craft.

On a certain date the brig was loading in Boston for a quick market. Extra help was put on to get the cargo aboard, and Captain Jabez signed a bond to get that cargo to its destination within a certain number of days, barring hurricanes, waterspouts and other acts of Providence. The bond had not been signed more than an hour when he broke his leg. Nothing was surer than that he could not carry out his agreement, and a great financial loss as well as many weeks of vexatious delay stared the couple in the face. They must either find a captain to take charge of the brig or forfeit the charter and pay a good round sum, and Captain Jabez was wondering if a man could be found when his wife broke in on him.

"Jabez, you have broke your leg, and I don't want to be cross with you, but you seem to forget that I am still on earth."

"No, I don't," he replied, "but I don't see what you can do in this case except to get me back home and nurse me."

"Well, I see where I can do something else, and I'm goin' to do it too. I'm goin' to take the Hannah to the West Indies and back and save our charter."

"Have you lost your senses?" "Not a bit of it. If I couldn't make that voyage I wouldn't be worth my salt. I know all the crew, and I'll have Bill Henderson for mate. We'll slip down there and be back agin before your leg has begun to knit. There needn't be any more talk about finding a captain."

When Captain Jabez thought the matter over he was inclined to think that his wife could do all she said, but the consignees had to be consulted. When Aunt Hannah went to them and stated the case they did not raise a single objection, and it was settled that she was to be Captain Hannah Snow for the voyage. It was only after the brig had left port that the mate's meanness came to the surface. He had sailed with the craft on several voyages and was a neighbor of the Snows at home. When the accident happened to Captain Jabez the mate naturally hoped to get command for the voyage. He would have been distressed if any other captain had come aboard, but to be walked over by a woman, even though she was the captain's wife and a neighbor, was too much.

Aunt Hannah saw that he was in the sulks. "Look here, Bill Henderson," she said, "it won't do you the least mite of good to go on biting your tongue over this. I can captain this brig as well as Jabez, and I'm going to take her out and back."

"You'll have her at the bottom before we strike the gulf stream," he replied.

"You never mind where I'll have her, but 'tend to your knitting. We are to crack on and make the best time we can."

A day later she found the mate carrying too little sail, and an argument ensued. Later on she came on deck from her watch below to find him chumming with the men. Two or three other things happened to put her out of temper, and she exercised the privilege of a captain by "breaking" the mate and sending him to the fo'castle. When she would replace him with the next best man, the sailor refused to take the place. The crew was with the mate. Aunt Hannah expressed her mind freely, and as a consequence the crew refused to obey. The brig was brought to the wind, sail taken off, and the woman was laughed at. She was told that not a man would do duty until the mate was reinstated.

"Then it's mutiny, is-it?" she replied. "Very well. I'll let you know that you've got the wrong pig by the ear. I'll lose brig, cargo and everything else in the world before I'll give in."

For a day and a night the brig made no progress, and as the weather was fair she incurred no danger. The crew saw that the woman did not intend to give in, and it angered them. There was one among them who had read dozens of pirate books and always longed to sail under the black flag. Things had never come right for him before, but now he took advantage of the temper of the others to broach the subject. He was a good talker, and he held out such an alluring picture that even the mate, who was above the average man in intelligence, agreed to go into the pirate business with the others. This decision was communicated to Captain Hannah, who was wandering about unconcernedly.

"Waal, Bill, that's all right," she retorted. "There's a rum and sugar loaded bark comin' our way, and you might begin on her. I've got a black shawl which I'll give you for a flag, and you just lay to, board that bark and give 'em fits."

"I'll either turn pirate or comsrand this brig," stoutly asserted the ex-mate. "Then it is a pirate you'll become, for you'll never git command here." So a signal of distress was set on the brig, and when the bark came up and was hoisted by the crew of the Snow in their own yawl. They might have committed some foolish act and had to smart for it but for the woman left aboard. Just before they reached the bark she hoisted her black shawl as a signal and a warning. The crew of the stranger saw that something was wrong, and when the "pirates" attempted to board they were met with captain bars and belaying pins. Some were seized and flung into the sea after being well thumped, and when the bark resumed her voyage and the yawl returned to the brig with the discomfited "pirates" they were met at the gangway by Captain Hannah and an ancient fowling piece and told to shear off. They felt it wise to obey, and for seven long hours they floated within a cable's length of the brig and took turns begging Aunt Hannah's pardon and entreating her forgiveness. When they were half dead with thirst and hunger she invited them aboard, or, rather, permitted them to crawl over the rail and promise all sorts of good behavior in future.

The brig had lost valuable time, but to make up for it Providence gave her a gale from the right quarter and she moved along quickly. She overran her time by a day, both going and coming, and never, after having their hurts attended to, was there a more willing mate or crew. Occasionally Captain Hannah had something to say about mutiny and piracy and broken heads, but she made no note of it in the log book, and perhaps she never told Captain Jabez. At least, when she had finished the return voyage, and he asked her how things had gone, she replied: "I can't find the least mite of fault, and if you don't git around purty soon me'n the old brig and them Boston shippers will have no use for you."

It recalled the Honeymoon. Here is a quaint little story told of a young couple upon their wedding trip, crossing from Dover to Calais. Jenny had grown tired and sickly on deck, and James had led her to the saloon below, lovingly wrapping her up in a Scotch plaid in a snug looking corner. He then went and fetched her some eau de cologne and was not less lavish of endearing words until—until he found he had made a mistake.

His wife had moved to another corner of the saloon more free from drafts, and an elderly woman with just the same sort of plaid had taken her place. Realizing the condition of affairs, James dropped the cologne bottle and fled. Later he induced his wife to go and apologize to the woman he had unwittingly lavished tenderness upon, and Jenny went.

"My dear," said the elderly woman tearfully, "don't apologize. It was nice to be called such sweet names. It reminded me of my honeymoon time. It's many a long year since my John had a tender word for me."

John never meant to be unkind and probably did love his wife. Only, like too many other married men, he fancied that the love which made for itself speech without measure before marriage had no need to break silence afterward.—London Tit-Bits.

The Giant's Chair. In Dolgelly, in the north of Wales, there is a mountain celebrated in folklore, poetry and song as Cader Idris, or Idris' Chair. The hollow, conchlike excavation on the top of the mountain has given the peak its name. According to the Welsh bards, the depression was caused by the giant Idris long using it as a chair. There is a local tradition in north Wales that whoever passes the night in the Giant's Chair will be found in the morning either dead, crazy or endowed with the highest poetical aspirations. Idris is variously represented in Welsh tradition as a prince, magician, sorcerer and astronomer, the only thing on which all authorities agree being his immense stature. The "Lake of the Three Pebbles," which lies at the foot of the Giant's Chair, contains three large blocks of stone, which Idris is said to have once poured out of his boots. The smallest of these stones will weigh a ton and a half.

Why Prussia is So Called. The modern name of Prussia is derived from Boruss, or Foruss, who conquered the country about 320 B. C. Little is known concerning Prussia and its people till the tenth century except that that portion of the Baltic shore which is now included in the kingdom of Prussia was formerly inhabited by Slavonic tribes akin in customs and languages to the Lithuanians. They came in occasional collision with wave after wave of the great Teutonic race as it flowed down from the icy north, receiving their first knowledge of Christianity from Bishop Adalbert of Prague, whom they martyred in 997. In the middle of the thirteenth century the Teutonic knights, on their return from the crusades, undertook the conquest and conversion of Prussia. The Borussa element mingled with the followers of the Teutonic knights, and consequently with the Poles.

Tridacna Shells. Tridacna shells are very commonly used in churches in Europe for holy water basins and even fonts. The largest perhaps are those in use at St. Peter's, Rome. These shells attain a weight of 500 pounds (the two valves together), the animal itself sometimes being twenty pounds in weight. The word "tridacna" is from the Greek tridaknos (eaten at three bites), but who could eat a twenty pound animal at three bites?—St. Nicholas.

FRUIT AND FLOWERS

TREES AND HEAT.

How the Influence of Forest is Felt at a Distance.

The growth of the tree itself also helps to cool the air. When the leaves take carbonic acid gas from the air they break it up and force its carbon into new chemical compounds, which are then stored away as new material in the tree. So with water and the other substances upon which the plant feeds. But the elements are less at ease in these new compounds, and heat is required to force them to make the change. When we burn wood for fuel we are simply getting back again the heat which was used to bring about this change. So we may say roughly that the air about the tree during its lifetime has been deprived of as much heat as would be given off if the whole tree were burned.

The effect of the cooler air of the forest is felt to some distance in the open country. During the day in calm summer weather, when the air is warmer than the treetops, it is gradually cooled by contact with the cooler leaves and twigs. In cooling it becomes heavier and falls toward the ground. A rising current of warmer air is formed to supply its place, and so the colder air flows off along the surface into the open country and causes local breezes. At night the air currents are reversed. The air in the forest is then warmer than the air outside, because the cover checks the radiation of heat, and so the colder air moves from the open country toward the woods. In these ways the influence of the forest is felt at a distance.—Gifford Pinchot.

THE ITALIAN GARDEN.

A Delight to the Eye When Harmoniously Developed.

Fancifully clipped shrubs and trees, as occasionally seen in the gardens or on the lawns of small places, generally strike a note of discord with their surroundings and represent only a whim of the planter. Rarely do they add any real beauty to the scene. But it is pointed out by Professor Waugh, in his "Landscape Gardening," that in a consistently developed Italian garden, judiciously placed among harmonious surroundings, these clipped plants may become beautiful and dignified. The clipped hedges of the Italian villas are a most delightful part of the compositions. In some of these sculptured columns are set at regular distances, fit-



IN AN ITALIAN GARDEN. (Grounds of H. H. Hunnewell, Massachusetts.)

ting snugly into the mass of the hedge plants, and thus the architectural effect is accentuated and improved.

The introduction of stairways, balustrades, urns, fountains and statues in a much frequented garden, supporting the articles to be in themselves pleasing, must always be a satisfaction to the human habitues. The eye delights in them all. So that when we have quite laid aside the attempt to deceive the senses into a feeling of rural solitude and are working along professionally artificial lines nothing gives greater pleasure than well executed and well disposed architectural and sculptural features. This proposition needs no argument or explanation. It is self evident, but none the less pregnant for its obviousness.

Doesn't Believe in Drying Off. A good authority on the rose does not believe in drying off the tea roses. His method is to let them bloom out naturally as much as they choose to do, and this gives the plants all the check they need in midsummer. A rose dried off, as was generally done in the past, takes a long time, well into the winter, before it gets to working freely again.

CUTTINGS AND GRAFTS

The tent caterpillars are getting an early and liberal start in some of the young orchards. A torch in time saves many a limb.

Regardless of the care taken in its preparation, bordenaux mixture sometimes injures foliage, especially when the application is followed by wet weather," say the horticulturists of the Ohio experiment station.

A new apple, claimed to be of rare beauty, is the Barringer, grown in the Hudson river valley, an early winter sort. It is yellow, washed with mixed red, splashed and striped with crimson.

A Florida frost proof orange orchard is under an immense shed, covered with canvas in cold weather and heated by a spray of warm artesian water having a natural temperature of about 70 degrees.

Hogs or sheep in orchards are useful in destroying windfall apples infested with the apple maggot.

Pinch off suckers from fruit and ornamental trees.

THE FIRST STEPS.

When the Baby Begins to Stand and Attempts to Walk.

Children usually begin to stand on their feet about the tenth month and with assistance take a step or two. By the twelfth month they learn to take a few steps alone, and two months later run about. This, however, depends a great deal on the child's strength, which in turn is gauged by the nutrition. Children nourished by patent foods are usually far behind the healthy breast fed infant. It is the muscular, not the fat, children, who are the most forward in this respect. Do not urge the child to stand on his feet nor encourage walking too soon. Let the child follow his own impulse. The majority of children are ambitious in this respect, and just as soon as they feel the muscles and bones strong enough to bear their weight they will surely make the effort. If urged while the bones are soft, bow legs are the result.

Children who are slow to walk are generally late in teething too. Ordinarily the healthy breast fed infant will commence to cut his teeth at six months and in some cases a trifle earlier. Children brought up on patent foods are often as late as the twelfth or fourteenth month. The reason for this difference is that some of these foods do not nourish the bone matter, or, in other words, do not contain the bone making elements to such a degree as the mother's milk.—Marianna Wheeler in Harper's Bazar.

WASHING MADE EASY.

One Way to Get Your Clothes Clean Without Rubbing Them.

It is possible, it is claimed, to wash clothes, and to wash them well at that, without rubbing, no matter how soiled the garments may be. This is the method as described by one who has tested it.

Take half a bottle of household ammonia and put to it an equal part of spirits of turpentine. To a medium sized boiler of clothes you would want two or three cook spoons of this.

My method of washing, with scarcely any labor, is as follows: Put the clothes to soak overnight or not, just as you wish. I do not. On the washing morning take the clothes just as they are if you have not soaked them previously and lay them in your boiler. Cover with cold water and add half a bar of soap shaved fine, three cook spoons of the ammonia and turpentine preparation, according to the size of the boiler. Let them come to a boil and boil for ten or possibly fifteen minutes, then take up and rinse thoroughly and blue as usual. You will find that no rubbing is necessary. Even a very dirty binding will need scarcely a rub. I never use a wash-board now. A few rubs between the hands will settle any extra soiled spots. The terrors of wash day will have departed. The clothes will wash themselves while you are at breakfast.—Boston Globe.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

The white deposit in the tops of fruit jars can be removed by boiling the tops in strong soda water.

White spots may be removed from varnished furniture by the use of a polish consisting of equal parts of alcohol, olive oil and elder vinegar.

Warm plates and dishes by pouring boiling water over them. There is not the chance of their cracking and becoming brown as when they are put in the oven.

Alcohol sometimes causes bluish stains to appear on the lamp of a chafing dish or teakettle. Simply rubbing with a cloth moistened with ammonia is said to remove the discolorations.

When your tablecloths are worn out beyond mending, cut square pieces from the best parts of them and hem neatly. They will make nice napkins for the children's school lunches or for the little ones to use at the table.

A Girl's Companion.

The skin of the ermine was once used to line the robes of judges and magistrates as an emblem of purity, perhaps because of the fact, which we are told, that the little animal which originally wears it will lie down and allow itself to be captured before it will go through the mud. If the purity of an ermine's fur is so precious to its owner, surely our girls ought to take an equal care to keep their hearts and lives unspotted from the world. There are companions and ways of amusement which, while not absolutely bad, leave just a little stain on the snowy whiteness of a girl's character. There are small carelessnesses that take a trifle of the freshness from her good name. As you love the priceless purity of your sweet young girlhood shun these things. Resolutely refuse to pass through them, no matter what pathway of pleasure you may have to forsake.

Hollow Eyed Girls.

"For girls who are nervous and hollow eyed and troubled with insomnia," says an authority, "here is a cure. It is simple and never fails to work:

"It is this: Don't go to bed too early. Sit up and read or work around your room. Do anything and everything, but do not try to sleep. Nervous people do not need much sleep, and if you go to bed at 12 o'clock you will be slept out by 7. I never sleep more than seven hours, and I think I owe my shapely figure and my good features to the fact that I have never formed the habit of staying in bed ten and twelve hours. I would cry if I thought I were wasting half of my life in sleep. The years are too precious. Don't sleep too long unless you are exhausted. Be up and doing."



FOR YOUNG FOLKS.

THE SLIDING GLASS.

How to Make a Tumbler Move by the Application of Heat.

Place an inverted glass upon a marble top table that is slightly inclined by putting a couple of blocks under two of the legs. Before doing this the edges of the glass should be thoroughly wet. The glass will then remain motionless on the table whose inclination is but slight.

Now allow the flame of a candle to come against the glass, and the latter



MAKING THE GLASS SLIDE.

will then start to move, as if under the influence of some mysterious mechanism.

This is what takes place: The air contained in the glass at the commencement of the heat expands under the influence of the heat and raises it slightly, but the water with which the edges have been wet prevents its escape, and the glass, no longer resting directly upon the marble, slides down the incline of the slab.

CAKE SHOP.

A Good Game, With Plenty of Fun, to Play in the House.

Did you ever play the game of "cake shop?" It is a good game to play in the house on a rainy afternoon or in the evening when you have a party of your little friends present. There is plenty of fun in it too.

When some one calls out, "Let's play 'cake shop,'" somebody else is sure to cry, "I'll be buyer!" and to run out of the room at once, closing the door behind her, for the buyer must not know about the cake in the shop until she comes to get it. While she is gone the other children decide what sorts of cake they will represent, one crying "I'll be chocolate!" another "Jelly!" and the rest whatever they choose.

When this is done they form a circle and call in the buyer. She, not knowing which child will respond, calls out, perhaps, "I want some jelly cake!" and the one in the circle who is "jelly cake" runs from her place and tries to get to a part of the room that has been named the "cake box." If the buyer can catch her, she does so, and "jelly cake" then stands aside until the leader is put out and a new game is formed.

Those "cakes" in the "box" remain there, but have the right to run back to the circle at any time. If, however, one is caught in the act, she at once becomes "buyer."

A Boy's Conscience.

Every boy, no matter how hasty or wrong headed he may seem, has in his heart a teacher who can always show him the way to do right if he will listen to what it tells him. Where the voice comes from or who gave it power to speak in a boy's heart one cannot say here. But it is there, and although he may refuse to listen to the voice of his mother or to any outside voice telling him of the right and wrong of his actions, he cannot altogether disregard the still, small voice which is always with him and which sometimes he cannot refuse to hear. Perhaps the voice may be very faint at first, but if we try to listen it will surely come and speak louder and clearer in the heart of every boy who wishes to find a higher, better way than he has ever known before.

Origin of Turkey.

The original name of turkey was Oococcoo, by which it was known to the Cherokee Indians, says the Boston Globe. The pilgrim fathers in roaming through the woods in search of Thanksgiving game for their first Thanksgiving spread heard the Oococcoo calling in the familiar tones of our domestic fowl, "Turk, turk, turk." These first Yankee hunters, mistaking this frightened cry of the bird for its real

song, immediately labeled it "turkey," and turkey it is to this day.

This is one explanation of the name turkey. But some will try to think today that a bird by any other name would taste as sweet.

The Poor Ducks.

"Well, Glen," said Mrs. White to her four-year-old boy, "mamma has brought you three pair of little white duck trousers."

"Duck trousers," exclaimed the child in surprise, "what will the poor 'little ducks wear now?'"—Chicago Little Chronicle.

The Author.

I'm going to write a book
And write it right away,
I've pen and ink and paper,
So I'll begin today.
But now what troubles me is this
I don't know what to say.

Let Her Pass.

The mistletoe above the door
Expectant swains were viewing,
A maid passed through, but she was more
Than thirty. Nothin' doing!
—Philadelphia Press

His Placid.

The Christmas cynic's here again
To irritate the soul,
He says that he gets neckties when
He needs a ton of coal.

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