

SEA WOLVES AT WAR

PIERCE BATTLE BETWEEN A SPERM WHALE AND SWORDFISH.

The Leviathan Kept on the Surface by Strategy While the Thrasher Stabbed Him to Death—Thrilling Combat Witnessed in the Pacific Ocean.

"Did you ever see a school of thrashers after a whale, with a swordfish assisting the sea wolves?"

Some of the party had witnessed the sight, others had not; all, however, were cognizant of the close association existing between the thrasher and swordfish, but the story was asked for.

"It was from the deck of the old brig Firefly, plying in the fruit trade between San Francisco and Tahiti, during the seventies that I saw this sea battle," said the shipping man. "We were off the Marquesas and lolling along with the equatorial drift, not enough wind blowing to keep the sails from slatting against the masts. The heat was something deadly in its intensity, and there wasn't enough energy among either crew or passengers to even read.

"Suddenly we were roused by a call from the lookout: 'Something coming up, sir! Two points off the lee bow, and at the break of the horizon!'"

"In a moment we were all on our feet, and leaning over the port taffrail. Far down near the horizon could be seen a flurry of foam and a jumble of dark objects. These would appear and disappear, with each appearance the white spray we had first noticed showing clear against the blue of the equatorial sky.

"Number of native canoes out after a whale, I make it," said Captain Turner, as he handed the glass over to me.

"I got a steady sight on the object, which were rapidly approaching us. With the second flurry of foam, as the black spot appeared on the surface I could make them out. It was a big sperm whale being chased by a school of thrashers.

"But the whale doesn't sound long enough to have thrashers after him," said the captain. "It must be natives in canoes and the swell hides them from the deck."

"To make certain I went aloft, in the fore rigging, and from the top could make out the fight distinctly. But, just as the captain had said, I was puzzled at the short lapses of time transpiring between the whale's fluking and his again appearing on the surface.

"The whale was headed straight for us, and working along at a rate that within half an hour would bring him, with the thrashers abreast of the brig, providing he did not change his course. This, fortunately for our excited curiosity, the whale did not do, and at a distance of less than 300 fathoms, the people of the Firefly were treated to such a sight as seldom comes, even in the varied incidents which go to make up a life at sea.

"We had all been offering conjectures as to why the whale did not sound to a depth the thrashers could not follow. When the big fellow had ranged just off our quarter the question was answered.

"Fluking high and bringing his tail down with a swash that would have crushed the life out of any thrasher caught beneath the blow, the whale attempted to sound. He could not have reached five fathoms deep, when, with a bellow of pain, he shot to the surface flinging his huge bulk high in the air. Simultaneously a cry went up from all of us. Dangling from the whale's belly was a swordfish, its sword embedded deep in the blubber. Twisting and throwing itself, the swordfish seemed endeavoring to work loose from the whale before the latter could again land its great body in the sea. This it succeeded in doing a fraction of a second only separating the fall of the swordfish and that of the whale into the ocean. This was sufficient, however, for the swordfish to gather depth and with another prod, keep the whale on the surface. Then with a rush the school of thrashers were upon the whale. Setting their teeth into its sides, half of the school would tear great chunks of blubber from the bellowing leviathan, while the balance of the school, with fearful blows, would thrash at the whale with their flukes, the swordfish in the meantime keeping up a steady stabbing from beneath, until at last, in sheer agony of pain, the whale would sound, dragging the swordfish, with its sharp saw tooth blade of bone sunk deep in the blubber with it.

"It seemed impossible, however, for the whale to reach any depth, impeded as it was by the twelve-foot swordfish hanging to it and with a bellow it would again come to the surface. Three times, while life remained in the whale did we see the huge bulk shoot out of the water, the white body of the swordfish hanging from its side.

"Stranger still, though, was the tactics used by the swordfish, to so wound the whale's blowhole as to incapacitate it entirely from sounding. Twice, when the whale had been stabbed at the surface and the thrashers had taken good hold, the swordfish, ranging close to the whale's head, threw itself out of the water and with its sharp-toothed sword endeavored to cut open the whale's blowhole. That the swordfish had succeeded in one of these attempts prior to our getting a close view of the fight, was evidenced by the scattering spray in which the whale sent forth its 'blow' on rising.

"The whale had hardly gone three miles astern of us, before its body, floating, still on the ocean, showed that swordfish and thrashers had conquered."

OLD GRADDLERS HAD APHASIA

A Demonstration in Nervous Pathology That Cost \$8.40.

Old Hardy Graddles, who had limped around in the Teton Basin for years on a muscle-tied foot, at last wearied of the wobbly exertion, went down to Salt Lake to have the defective member treated. He came back after an absence of a month, and his neighbors gathered about him to hear the strange tales which he would have to tell of experience in a great city. He described the Temple and the Tabernacle and the Dooley Building, and quite enchanted them.

"What was the finest thing you see?" finally asked Si Redee, in recapitulation.

"Well, men," said Hardy, "the best—reely the best—thing I see was a feller in the hospital. He in-trusted me a lot, an' I heard all about him. He had aphasia," speaking the last word with a proud deliberation. Redee looked at Watts, and Watts glared intently at Red Pete Ruble. The last mentioned broke the spell.

"What's that? A for'n country, ain't it? Seems I heard of it afore in a joggity."

"Naw," said Hardy, scornfully. "It ain't a place—it's a thing. Somethin' out o' gear, you know."

But they did not know. They were even worse confounded than before. "Like a Russian thistle, mebbe," said Pete, dubiously, still clinging to the geographical theory.

"No such. A man fergets how to talk or somethin'."

"Deef an' dumb man? I seen"—

"Naw. Naw. Man that kin talk jis fergets how. Fergets everythin'."

"It can't be did," declared Pete with decision.

Hardy looked at him pityingly. "Dog it all, I say it kin; I seen it here—I'll show you. Who's got a \$16 note?"

Among them they got together \$8.40, and Hardy said that he could illustrate to some extent, perhaps, with that amount.

"Now," he said, taking possession of the money, "you all know that you give me this money, don't you?" They did and said so.

"Well," rolling his eyes and assuming a rigid attitude, "I've forgot it. Forgot all about it. That's aphasia."

"Humph!" grunted Ruble. "Seems a fool of a thing, don't it? Gimme my \$2.40."

Hardy gazed at him in a stony, vacant way.

"Give me my \$2.40," Ruble repeated with some show of sternness.

"I—I—seems like I heard somethin' about a sum o' money some'ers," Hardy responded, in a hesitating way.

"There's a dollar and a half comin' to me," Redee uttered fiercely.

"Gents," said Hardy, sorrowfully, "I can't remember it. I'm sorry. I don't know what you're talkin' about. I've got that there aphasia."

They gathered around him, clamoring for their funds. They now began to understand. But they could not convince him.

"I'm sorry, as I say, gents," Hardy said, meekly. "But its scientific. It ain't my fault. On the subject of any money you might 'a' give me—an' mebbe you'd give me some, p'raps—my mind is like a blank sheet o' paper. I am a poor victim of a pe-cu-liar disorder, as you might say. Good-day."

He was a man of six feet, four inches, and, although along in years, he had been the hardest and best fighter in the Basin, even in his crippled time. They looked at him gloomily, therefore, as he walked away, and no man dared say him nay. Only Red Pete Ruble expressed the general sentiment when he made certain feeling and torrid remarks which imparted to the world at large the fact that he was utterly disgusted with science in all its forms.

Intensely Practical.



Harry Downton (to country sweetheart)—"Miss Milkyweigh, do you play and sing 'When the Cows Are in the Corn?'"

Miss Milkyweigh—"Lord bless you, no. I get the dogs and chase 'em out."

A Political Trip.

Should it be your one ambition to write a humorous verse, pick out some ancient subject and express in language terse. The editor may reject it, if the meter's out of joint;

A Lapse.

Employment Agent—"See here! How is this? You stayed two weeks in your last place. How did that happen?"

Domestic—"Sure, O! dunno. O! must av overslept meself."—New York Weekly.

Escaped by a Hair's Breadth.

Dubby (would-be novelist)—"I've just finished a new novel. If you have a moment to spare I'll show you the proofs." Wilby—"Oh, never mind about the proofs. I'll take your word for it."—Chicago Record.

HIS ADVICE---DON'T.

He Had Twisted the Lion's Tail and Had Evidence to Prove It.

The man sitting on a salt barrel had a hand on which only two fingers were left, and sizing him up for a veteran of the war I asked him if he hadn't been wounded by an exploding shell.

"No, not as I remembers of," he replied, as he held up his hand and turned it over and over.

"I thought that might have been the case, but you probably got caught in some sort of machinery?"

"No, not exactly machinery, sir. 'Gun explode in your hands?'"

"No; no gun didn't explode. I gave it up at that, but after a few minutes the man looked up and said:

"Stranger, you've seen a lion, I reckon?"

"Oh, yes."

"Seen 'em caged and looking as harmless as cats?"

"Yes; they generally look that way."

"That's the way I sized up one in a cage in a circus. He lay there, looking so sleepy and good-natured and harmless that I thought it was a swindle on the public and I'd try to rouse him a bit."

"And so you poked him?" I queried.

"No, sir, no poking. I jest, calculated to gin his tail about three twists and make him feel that life wasn't all beef and bones and sunshine. I waited for my chance and then I reached my hand in. How far is it from a lion's mouth to the middle of his tail?"

"Several feet at least."

"I thought it was about a rod, but I know better now. I hadn't more'n got hold of his tail when he got hold of me and was gulpin' down them missin' fingers. He wanted the hull hand and arm, but they beat him off. I thought at first I wouldn't explain matters, but then I thought I would. I look a good deal like a fool, don't I?"

"Hardly that."

"Well, you do, and that's why I explained. I was fool 'nuff to want to twist a lion's tail, and you may be fool 'nuff to want to poke one in the eye, and so my advice is—don't."

How They Love Each Other.



"Did you see that an evening parer said that I had created the part?"

"That was referring to your complexion, dear."

A Budget of Definitions.

Dude—Another name for a tailor's goose.

Diary—A continued story that ends before it's finished.

Hypphen—The one plausible excuse for breaking your word.

Nothing—A thing that isn't a thing because it's no-thing.

Dollars—Stamped coins made to represent financial circles.

Bachelor—A bird of freedom that some of the caged ones envy.

Drill—A bore—especially to the officer who trains raw recruits.

Cigarette—A rank concoction with a light on one end and nothing on the other.

Scruple—One-third of a drachm, although some men take a dram without any scruples.

Tales Out of the Boudoir.

"I didn't want to keep you waiting, Mr. Westend, so I came down just as I was," said Miss Darlington, sweetly, as she entered the parlor.

"Oh, what a whopper!" exclaimed her small brother. "You know you only had on"—

And then Tommy was violently hustled out of the room.

His Philosophy.

"And so, Pat, you think Dennis had the wrong side of the argument? But what reason have you to be so sure of this?"

"Faith, he hadn't another worrout to say after O! hit him wid me first brick."

Fools.

We hear of people every day Who overstep the rules. And, by their doings, show that they are various kinds of fools.

The woman in flesh colored tights Who dances, kicks and sings; The man that on the frail trapeze So perilously swings;

The brazen one who stands before A multitude, and twists A sily snake about her neck;

The tough with heavy fists, Who meets another in the ring, And pounds him till he dies;

The man that on a parachute Drops from the starry skies— These and a hundred others we Look at in speechless awe. And then declare them all to be The biggest fools we ever saw.

But, after all is said and done, Is the fool that thrills us so More foolish than the gaping one Who pays to see the show?"

The South appears to be booming frecks jst now. At Oxford, North Carolina, a cyclone transported through the air a two-story frame house, and set it down on a more sightly site, 200 yards distant from the point of embarkation, the family being at dinner and undisturbed by their little whirl. We may look out for this item again, when it has gathered its second wind. When it comes around the next time the house will probably be of bricks. Alabama modestly enters leading by her apron strings a woman who was struck by lightning without knocking a spawl off her cheek. The encounter occurred seven years ago and the woman has never mentioned it—in fact, she has not spoken since—but her eyes always blaze like blazes and shire with the intensity of an arc lamp just before a thunder storm. Georgia peeps in and exhibits a Macon woman who, in breaking an egg to make a pudding, ended at an early stage the career of a chick with four legs. Texas weakly attempts to rival Georgia by cackling and clucking about a Galveston woman who exhibits as a production of her own hennery a chicken in good health having two beaks in good working order for bugs and currants, and three eyes always on the lookout for provender. There are others.

The newspaper correspondents are funny fellows. They frequently astonish "the natives" of a locality by making it famous when the natives know how entirely bottomless is the paper tub upon which the fame of their locality is set afloat. The correspondents are funny in so many ways, too. Every man on Puget Sound and every boy in Tacoma, Puyallup and Stella-coom knows that Tacoma's pretentious hotel, the Tacoma, has been an elephantine consumer of cash; an unusually expensive luxury for the managers or owners; yet the correspondent gravely wires to the world at large that Dan Lamont, et als., have telegraphed for an optional lease on the Tacoma hotel! As if that lease has not been blowing about the country for years searching for some one to relieve the owners of some of their hotel deficits.

A Horrible Railroad Accident

is a daily chronicle in our papers; also the death of some dear friend, who had died with Consumption, whereas, if he or she had taken Otto's Cure for Throat and Lung diseases in time, life would have been rendered happier and perhaps saved. Heed the warning! If you have a cough or any affection of the Throat and Lungs—

Call on T. J. Keeler, Laporte; W. L. Hoffman, Hills Grove; B. S. Lancaster, Forksville; C. B. Jennings, Agt. Escott; Jno. W. Buck, Sunestown, and get a trial package free. Large size 50c and 25c

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Rates reasonable. CHAS. COLEMAN, Prop.

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January

Reminds us of FEW HEATING STOVES.



New Ranges, New Stove Pipe, New Stove Repairs, Coal Sieves, Coal Buckets, Horse Blankets, New Bedroom Suits, Apple-butter Crocks, Yardaniers, Feed Cutters, Stone Jugs, Easy Chairs, New Lamps.

THIS SOLID OAK ROCKER

Cane seat, is the greatest Bargain in Rockers.

We are giving it for \$2.25 to our customers.

Jeremiah Kelly, HUGHESVILLE.

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GRIST MILL Property

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I am Now Prepared

To Do All Kinds of Milling on Very Short Notice With W. E. Starr at Miller.

Please Give a Trial.

FEED OF ALL KINDS ON HAND.

W. E. MILLER, FORKSVILLE, PA.

N. B. All parties knowing themselves indebted to me will confer a great favor by calling and paying the amount due, as I need money badly at once.

Respectfully yours, W. E. MILLER.

January 1898!

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At Less Than Half Price.

Our stock is very large and prices will be no object. We here mention a few prices exactly as we intend to sell. This is no bluff or fake, but a FACT, that you can save nearly 40 to 50 per cent. by buying now: Men's suits at \$3.25, regular price \$6.50; Men's overcoats at \$2.75, are worth \$6.00; Boys' suits, 3 pieces, at \$2.75, are really worth \$5.50; Children's suits at 75c and \$1.00, are worth more than double. Men's pants in all wool and all different styles \$1.00, are \$2.00 and \$3.00 values; knee pants at big largains; Men's undershirts at less than half price; all wool socks 2 pair for 25c; heavy cotton socks 4 pair for 25c; the largest variety of boots and shoes in this section at prices to suit everybody. Rubber boots and shoes we sell cheaper than any other store in the county. We will make you such low prices in Ladies'

Coats and Capes

That you will surely be surprised. All we ask is to call and see them. We will be glad to give you our best prices. Ladies' coats in the latest styles at \$2.75, regular price \$7.00, we only have about 15 of these coats left in blue and black, rough goods; Ladies' plush capes at \$5.00, regular price \$9.00; extra long plush capes at \$7.50; a big variety of Ladies' coats at \$4.50 and \$5.00; Ladies' cloth capes at \$2.25, less than half price, they are heavy and good length. We have about 10 Children's coats, age from 4 to 12 years, in very fancy patterns and in the latest styles, at nearly half price. We cannot mention all of our goods but whatever you may need in our line we will sell accordingly. We will surely sell as we advertise as our stock is very large and we must sell.

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