

A Fight In Tropical Waters

By DONALD CHAMBERLIN

I was at anchor in my yacht one night near the mouth of the great Saqui river, in Santo Domingo. I had put in there in obedience to storm signals and was waiting for the storm to come and go. But it did not appear. The night I speak of was clear, and there was a full moon. Of course it was hot. It is always hot in that region.

There were rumors of negro insurrections and revolutions in Haiti, which is the western part of the island and not far from where I was lying, and I was not enjoying my stay, for, being at no great distance from either shore, I did not know when a party of lawless negroes would come aboard for murder and loot.

Unfortunately during the day we had heard of a dance that was to take place at the house of one of the small planters living in that region, and the whole crew asked me for leave to go. I preferred that none of them should leave the yacht, but reluctantly consented that half should go in charge of the quartermaster, leaving me the other half. They had not been gone long before I saw a boat coming with a single man in it, who told me that some negroes were looting his house and begged me to send a force to drive them off. I could not refuse such a request, and my men all wished to be permitted to go. I sent four of the five, retaining one man, Erickson, who was not very well and therefore perfectly willing to remain with me.

The second detachment had not been gone long when, passing the stern deck disatisfied with myself for letting my crew leave the yacht unprotected, I saw a boat evidently well loaded with human beings leave the north bank of the river and pull directly for me. I smelled danger at once and called to Erickson, who was in his bunk in the forecabin, to bring up an armful of weapons and ammunition.

He soon came up the companionway staggering under his load and distributed them in different parts of the yacht. When the approaching boat came near enough to distinguish her crew and I could see that they were all black, it flashed across me that the information that had been given my men as to the dance and the story about the attack on my visitor's home were simply ruses to get my men away in order that a party might come out and loot the yacht. I took position with a repeating rifle astern and ordered Erickson to place himself further forward. If I fired I would pick a man in the bow, and he was to fire at a man in the stern.

When the boat came within range I ordered the men to keep off, but they paid no attention to the order, pulling right along. All but the helmsman had their backs to me and every oarsman was busy with his oar; consequently I had the advantage of them, for they could not both row and fight, while I could pour lead into them ad lib. The boat was a yawl and there were eight oarsmen in her, each man pulling a single oar.

I gave a second order before firing, and still not being obeyed I took aim at the bow oarsman as near as I could distinguish him from the others and fired. My shot was followed by one from Erickson. We could not see just what damage we had done, but it was evident that we had thrown them into confusion. They stopped rowing and some of them were evidently ministering to wounded men, while others were jabbering at each other in a lingo we did not understand. At least we were not near enough to do so.

Not wishing to hurt any more men than necessary, I ordered them to turn about and pull away. But the steersman, who was evidently their leader, was yelling at them to pull for the yacht, for most of them gave way I fired again and saw a man fall backward. Erickson duplicated my shot but apparently did no damage. Seeing that our enemy was bent on rushing us, I dropped my rifle and picked up a couple of hand grenades, calling to Erickson to do the same.

I had scarcely changed my weapon when by a spurt the blacks came up and rounded alongside. Both Erickson and I met where they touched the yacht and each tossed a hand grenade into the boat. A terrible havoc was produced, but I did not stop to see just what damage was done, for I heard oars pulling with a quick stroke on the other side of the yacht. Shouting to Erickson to defend that side, I ran to the other side, carrying an armful of weapons with me.

I saw another boat coming which I did not doubt was an auxiliary force to the one I had been opposing. With out waiting to hail them, I fired a shot at them. I don't think I hit any one, but in another moment I heard a halloo and the sound of oars in another direction. This I knew to be some of my crew returning. The boat on my side changed its course and pulled away as fast as it had come. The boat on the other side in which most of the men had been disabled had already dropped off, seeing Erickson's arm raised with another grenade.

When I got my crew together again I put them in our small boats, with hawsers attached to the yacht, with orders to pull down the river. They did so, and when day broke we hoisted sail and put out to sea. I had had enough of that island, and I have never visited it since.

Banking in England.

The system of credit in England is different from that in this country, and the mere fact that a man has an account in a bank serves to give him standing. One cannot open an account with a bank in England merely by carrying money to the bank and depositing it. He must have two first-class references before a bank will accept his account, and when reference is given it means that the person giving it would endorse or stand for the person to whom it is given. A reference in England means more than a mere phrase. Checks on banks in England cannot be obtained for the mere asking, and a man must have an account in order to get checks from any bank. They cannot be picked up on bank counters or in public places. Private accounts in English banks are not accepted unless they are paid for, the general charge being \$50 a year. There are one or two banks in England which discriminate so carefully in the accounts they accept that when a person is fortunate enough to be permitted to open an account with them he can get credit in any city in England or on the continent of Europe.

Word Painting.

Mrs. Bradley, when questioned by a fellow traveler in the Pullman car in regard to her home, launched forth into a rather long and detailed description of its charms. Her little girl, Grace, who had been reading when she began to speak, soon closed her book and listened with great interest.

"It must be very pleasant," remarked the chance acquaintance, somewhat perfunctorily, when Mrs. Bradley finished, and Grace, her eyes gleaming with enthusiasm, said: "Oh, it must be perfectly lovely! What place is it, mamma?"

"Why, our own home, of course," answered the mother, somewhat embarrassed.

"Oh, dear," said Grace, sighing, "how much better it sounds than it looks!"

Exchange.

Helped the Glass Man.

She entered the hardware store and said to the clerk:

"I want a pane of window glass ten inches by twelve and I want a man to come right over to my house and set it."

"Very well, ma'am," said the clerk, and calling the proprietor to tend the front of the store, he accompanied the woman around the corner to her house, and around the house to the back porch, where she took the mop, smeared in a perfectly good pane of glass with it, reached through the hole, unlatched the window and said:

"Now go in through the window and unlock the door for me; after that you can put in the new pane and my husband will pay you tomorrow. I left my keys at home when I went calling this afternoon."—Newark News.

Main Records.

Records of winters in the past bring to light some accounts of excessive rains, for in 1909 a gauge kept at Monumental, in California, registered 133.54 inches. Only at Glenora, Ore., with a record of 167.29 for a single year, has this rainfall record been exceeded in records for the United States. The heaviest rainfall for a single month ever recorded in the United States was at Helen Mine, Cal., in January, 1900, when 71.54 inches fell. Campo has the record for the heaviest downpour ever recorded in California for a single day. This was eleven and a half inches on Aug. 12, 1891, and all of this fell within eighty minutes. This is far below the American record, however, which is held by Alexandria, La., with a record of 21.4 inches in a single day.—Argonaut.

Direct Question.

At a reunion of the Adams family chicken croquettes gave out, so the maids carefully neglected the younger children. After vainly trying to attract the attention of his mother, one of the little boys at the lower end of the table called out in a loud tone of voice, "Mother!"

"What is it, Albert?" she replied.

"Do you think," went on the child, "I should have liked the croquettes if I had had one?"—Lippincott's.

Cannae.

Cannae, where Hannibal won his greatest victory over the Romans, is situated on the opposite side of the peninsula from the city of Rome, on the river Aufidus and about six miles from its mouth. It was from this battlefield that Hannibal sent to Carthage three bushels of gold rings from the fingers of the Roman knights slain in the battle. Cannae is about 200 miles from Rome.

Verbal Vagaries.

"Circumstances alter not only cases, but words as well."

"Explain yourself."

"When the captain of a vessel ships a cook he hires him, but when a house wife ships her cook she fires her."—Boston Transcript.

Veto Powers.

Wigg-Young: Blynes thinks he is a born leader. Wagg—Oh, many a fellow who thinks he was born to command marries a woman who was born to countermand.—Philadelphia Record.

An Easy Way.

One of the easiest and most effective ways of escaping the hardships of prison abuses is found in the simple old process of keeping out of prison.—Chicago Record-Herald.

The more we deny ourselves the more the gods supply our wants.—Heraclitus.

BROWN'S FIVE DOUBLES

By M. QUAD
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At the age of thirty and still unmarried William Brown made a visit to a western state. Up to the day he left home he had never been out of the state of Vermont. His adventures began in Chicago. He was sitting in the office of a hotel when a grim faced man entered and walked up to him and began:

"You infernal scoundrel, but I feel like killing you where you sit!"

"What do you mean?" asked Mr. Brown in great astonishment.

"Why, you meanly apology for a man, how dare you ask that question?" shouted the stranger. "If you think you have got safely out of that affair you are mistaken. I'll have revenge on you if I have to live a thousand years to do it!"

It was a long time before William Brown could get to the bottom of things. Then he discovered that he was supposed to be Henry Williams, who had been hanging about a certain village fifty miles away for several months and who had become engaged to the village belle, borrowed money right and left and proved himself to be a bad man in many directions. The man who was talking to Brown was the girl's father, and he had been looking Chicago over for a week before the Vermonters' arrival. The first thing, of course, was a prompt denial. The next was for Brown to prove his identity.

When Brown had established his identity he went his way, consoling himself with the thought that not more than one man in the world could look near enough like him to be a twin brother, but three days later he found that it was a mistake. He was in Evansville to see a certain person and was talking business in the man's office when he was arrested on a warrant made out in the name of Richard Roe, which charged him with having passed counterfeit money on a hired stable man two months before. He lay in jail for three days, and then his case came up for examination. Brown was in a fair way to be convicted when a dentist saved him. It was remembered that the drummer had had a tooth pulled before he started on the drive. The dentist had also found two or three others which needed fillings. The minute he looked into Brown's mouth he declared that he could not be the man.

Brown's third adventure was more funny than serious. A day or two after leaving Evansville, as he was riding in a passenger coach, a woman boarded the train at a station and came along down the aisle and greeting him with:

"Well, well, Mr. Jackson, but who would have thought of seeing you here! How's Nancy and the children? When is she coming up to see us all?"

"I beg your pardon," said the traveler, "but haven't you made a mistake?"

"A mistake in what?"

"Madam, my name is not Jackson, but Brown, and I never saw you before!"

"What! What?" she cried as she turned on him. "Well, did I ever! You sit here and tell me that I don't know Tom Jackson as well as I do my own father! Have you gone crazy? Are you running a way from Nancy?"

"It is as I told you, madam. I may look like Tom Jackson, but I never saw nor heard of him or you before!"

Brown's last adventure was the most serious one of all. He had spent a day and a night at Lafayette when he was arrested on a charge of attempted robbery and felonious assault. It was claimed that he was one of a trio who had assaulted a merchant in his store in a village six or eight miles distant. The three men had entered the store in the evening when the merchant happened to be alone and had knocked him down as the first step toward getting the cash. He had proved a tough nut, however, and had driven the gang off in a battered condition. William Brown exactly fitted the description of one of the trio. Of course he vigorously denied the charge and raised a strong doubt, but when he was placed in line with twelve other men the merchant walked straight up to him and said:

"You are the man who entered the store first and asked me to change a twenty dollar bill for you."

"You are making a serious mistake," replied Brown. "I can prove that I was in Terre Haute the night you were assaulted."

He secured a lawyer and sent for witnesses at Terre Haute.

When the trial came on Brown had ten witnesses from Terre Haute and was lucky enough to find two men who had at a certain hour been his companions all the way to Lafayette. Such was the weight of evidence in his favor that he was acquitted by the jury.

A month later Brown resumed his home. The right man was caught, and when the merchant was called upon to identify him he did so as promptly as in the other occasion and added:

"What's your name this time, Brown or Black? Your lawyer was a sharp one to drum up all those witnesses, but I think we'll land on this time."

He was not talking to Brown, but to Brown's double, the fifth one turning up inside of a month, but he wouldn't admit his mistake even when Brown wrote to him from Vermont. To this day he believes that the man he first picked out and who was acquitted was the man who got ten years in prison when rearrested.

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Over-specializing Specialists.
A technically trained engineer has constantly to combat a tendency toward narrowness of view point if he desires to cultivate a wide mental horizon. He has to avoid a complete absorption in detail to the exclusion of the larger relations of his work if he will advance along broad lines, and still he must not neglect details which are essential. The man with the capacity to see the unusual and the significant, the chap with imagination and enterprise enough to look at the relations of his own duties to the welfare of the concern as a whole is the one selected to go higher when the inevitable changes of industrial life come.

Over-specialization often leads to undue emphasis upon the importance of individual tasks in given departments, to a lack of interest outside immediately vital responsibilities, to long-continued employment at stated compensation perhaps, and not seldom to final replacement before middle age is past by men with less experience in single grooves, but with better comprehension of interdepartmental relations and the ability to make effective use of men with limited ideas. Power.

Brazil's Wonderful Tree.

The most marvelous tree in the world is the Carnahuba palm, which grows in Brazil. Its roots produce the same medicinal effect as sarsaparilla. From parts of the tree wine and vinegar are made. Its fruit is used for feeding cattle. Of the straw, hats, baskets, brooms and mats are made. It is also used for thatching houses. The pulp has an agreeable taste, and the nut is sometimes used as a substitute for coffee. Its stems afford strong, light fibers and serve also for joists, rafters and other building materials. It yields a saccharine substance, as well as a starch resembling asago. Of the wood of the stem musical instruments, water tubes and pumps are made. From the stem a white liquid similar to milk of the cocoanut may be extracted. Moreover, salt is extracted from the tree and likewise an alkali used in the manufacture of common soap.

The final test of Alfonso's popularity is found in the fact that after ten months without having a bomb thrown at him he is still popular.

An English scientist says that kissing tends to alleviate the sense of smell. The man who has had just one drink before going home knows better.

The courts have decided that cotton futures contracts are perfectly legal, despite the objections of statesmen who have lost money footing with them.

No need to try to prove that marriage is a failure in Cincinnati when the latest bride in that city is a lady with ten children and fourteen grandchildren.

According to a modernist in art, gay colors bring joy to the home. Perhaps the same never seen the old man try to get into one of those red flannel undershirts after the second washing.

Canada has a new claim upon the longevity records for the 2,800 men called out in the Penian raids of 1895 and 1870 30,000 are applying for the bounties recently provided by the government.

Having a horror of "black chimney legs," the kaiser has forbidden the wearing of trousers at court balls, but as a special favor the American ambassador is permitted to retain his. We ought to meet the kaiser halfway and send a Scottish American to Berlin.

Hancock and Gwinnett.

Probably John Hancock is the best known signer of the Declaration of Independence. That is because that patriot was not ignorant of the value of advertising. One has to stand some distance from a framed copy of the Declaration to be able to read that name, which has passed into our language as a synonym for "signature."

There are many signs of the Declaration who are remembered, many who are forgotten. It is not altogether easy to imagine a man named Button by his parents as a patriot and a man of influence. His name was enough to single him out in that sober company. But his fame rests secure on something else. History takes account of men for various reasons, but Button is important because he was apparently cautious about signing his name. His autographs are more valuable today than Hancock's because so few of them are in existence. Perhaps it was hard work for Button to sign his name.—American Boy.

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