

GETTING ACQUAINTED.

When Henderson stepped into the big dining room of the golf club, which had been converted into a dancing hall for the occasion, and saw Florence Tracy standing opposite the door he made up his mind that he wanted to know her.

"Introduce me to the girl over there talking to Matthews," he commanded. "Don't know her," responded the other man. He turned and stared at the girl for a moment.

"Say, Filkins," he said, "if you don't know the girl in white who has just been dancing with Trenton I want you to make it your business to get to know her so that you can introduce me."

Henderson eagerly followed in Filkins' wake, with his eyes fixed on the willow creature who was the object of his admiration. Thus he just escaped climbing up Filkins' broad back when that unreliable person stopped in front of a pudgy blond creature and with a beaming smile introduced Henderson.

"That wasn't the girl I wanted to meet!" he exploded to Filkins a few minutes later. "Nice enough girl, I don't doubt, but not the one. The girl I want to know is the tall girl who stepped out on to the veranda just as you turned around then. Now, do you know her?"

Filkins shook his head. "No, I don't," he admitted. "But I think she's Mrs. Peterson's sister and is visiting her. I'll try to find out for you."

"No, I'll do my own pioneering, thanks," said Henderson.

Three times during the course of the evening he discovered men who knew the young woman in question, and three times did he and the mutual acquaintance wander about vainly in search of her.

"I've met her and danced with her, and she is a peach," he announced. "You just wait here half a second and I'll cut her out of the bunch as she comes down and introduce you."

Once more Henderson waited patiently but vainly. When all the guests had departed Filkins gave a sigh of mingled weariness and disappointment. "Honest, old man," he said, "I didn't mean to give you the wrong steer, but she must have gone out the other way."

Henderson from that moment set his teeth and made up his mind that he would achieve Florence Tracy's acquaintance even though the heavens fell. With this purpose in view he attended three lawn parties—festivities which he loathed—and a church bazaar.

One evening on his way home he saw her sitting in the front of the car with a girl whom he had once known, but never liked, and had consistently avoided for years. Wandering past them with a bland, slightly embarrassed but wholly humble and propitiatory smile upon his face, he was met with such an icy stare from the girl he had once known that he hastily bolted into the forward car without attempting to renew the acquaintance.

However, several days later, when he had almost given up hope of accomplishing his object, he woke from a superstitious nap on the evening train just as it was pulling into the station. In spite of the fact that his vision was somewhat blurred with sleep he suddenly became aware that Miss Tracy had just stepped into the aisle from a seat about half-way down the car.

Trying to look as much as possible like a man who has just been sitting with his eyes closed to rest them, he stumbled into the aisle. Then he glanced back as he did so, actuated by the suburbanite's instinct for gathering up stray packages. In the rack just above the seat which Miss Tracy had been occupying his eyes fell upon a small, dainty parcel. Instantly he was wide awake.

He dashed back to the seat, secured the parcel and then dropped off the platform of the car just as the train was pulling out of the station. Determined to see the thing through, he hailed the village taxicab and ordered the driver to follow the automobile which was carrying Miss Tracy swiftly out of sight.

As Miss Tracy stepped out of the car in front of her sister's house Henderson, hat in one hand and parcel in the other, stepped out of the taxicab. Somewhat heated but perfectly game, he advanced toward her and held out his bedraggled offering.

"If I am not mistaken," he said suavely, "you left this in the train."

Miss Tracy looked at him in surprise. Then her eyes fell to the parcel. She half advanced her hand as if to take it, but withdrew it again.

"It was good of you to bring it," she said hesitatingly, "but you are mistaken. It isn't mine. Why did you think it was?"

Henderson laughed shamefacedly. "I must have wanted it to be yours."

Then the whole story of his efforts to get acquainted with her came out.

ITALY'S LUCKY TRAMPS.

The State Shelters Them and Food and Drink Come Easy.

Assuredly the tramp in Italy is a man to be envied! Save for a coat to his back and shoes to his feet there are few things which he need worry about as he passes from village to village in that country of blue skies and sunshine. Food he can find in the vineyards and on the fig trees, drink is obtainable almost for nothing, so plentiful is wine, and shelter is provided for him gratis by a benevolent government.

"I was often struck during my recent journey in northern Italy by the delightful public dormitories which are erected by the roadsides throughout the country, especially in the valleys leading from the Mediterranean coast to the hill towns of Liguria. I visited a dormitory publico on the highway near Camproscio, in the Nera valley, and surely no wayfarer could desire a more charming resting place. The authorities have placed it under the shade of the olive trees, so that, however hot the sun may be, the footsore traveler can obtain his much needed siesta in a perfectly cool place. It looked so attractive, standing there in the shade, that I myself was almost tempted to escape from the sunshine and seek refuge beneath its hospitable roof."—Wide World Magazine.

SCOTCH TERRIERS.

Their Origin and the Conditions That Made Them a Necessity.

In ancient times each district in the highlands had its "todhunter," whose duty it was to see carefully to it that the then flourishing firm of fox, otter and company did not do a too prosperous business in lamb and poultry. Sometimes these todhunters were of "the laird's men," sometimes they were supported by the whole community of small farmers and graziers, but always they were local dignitaries. There was honor and considerable profit in their office, and in time it came to be more or less hereditary. Their duty was simple. They waged a war of extermination against the vermin, which, however, was a very different matter from the good old English sport of fox hunting.

In the rough country horse and hound would have been worse than useless, and Reynard made his den in such rocky ground that he could not be dug out. The sole solution was a dog small enough to follow the fox or otter or badger or wild cat into his lair, strong enough to bring him out dead or alive and game enough to do both. A dog developed from this necessity, and that dog was the ancestor of the present day Scottish terrier.—William Haynes in Outing.

Water at Meals.

There is a very popular fallacy abroad—namely, that a person should never drink water with his meals. There is one and only one danger in this. That is the temptation to wash down half masticated food with water. There is one distinct advantage in the digestion of food when water is taken with the meals. As food is swallowed it goes to the stomach in a lump about the consistency of a bread dressing.

One can see that it requires a great length of time for the digestive juices to penetrate the mass and come in contact with the food particles. If the food is diluted with water the digestive juices can easily have access to it. In this and in other ways water keeps the digestive tract clean. If people drank enough water there would be no operations for appendicitis.—Kansas Industrialist.

Why Animals Fear Man.

The universal antipathy of animated nature for man can scarcely be explained as the teaching of experience. Man has played his role of universal meddler for too short a time to have impressed himself on the memory of each individual line. There must be something in his attitude of mind that communicates itself to them and induces its proper automatic reflex. The mouse that runs over the lion's foot and gnaws at his bone goes to earth like a flash when man comes near. The bee hangs in the air and then goes on because man stands by her favorite foxglove. Even the witless snake starts in its sun smitten sleep and is moved by a feeling in the air to seek its den.—London Nation.

News About Two Great Men.

Even Franklin himself would be surprised from a freshman's essay: "Franklin's education was not by himself. He worked himself up to be a great literal man. He was also able to invent electricity. Franklin's father was a tallow chandler." This followed: "Sir Walter Raleigh was put out once when his servant found him with fire in his head. And one day after there had been a lot of rain, he threw his cloak in a puddle and the queen stepped dryly over."—Everybody's.

Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Hood's Sarsaparilla for Spring Troubles.

Diseases and ailments are peculiar to itself. It is a grand good medicine for cleansing the blood, expelling humors, relieving that tired feeling and restoring the appetite. It accomplishes its wonderful results in curing boils, scrofula, eczema, and rheumatism, and in building up the system, at this season, because it combines the utmost values of the best remedies known—just the remedies that physicians prescribe for these purposes. We believe it to be the most effective preparation of roots, herbs and barks ever made. Get Hood's Sarsaparilla today. In usual liquid form or tablets called Sarsatabs.

"Since taking Hood's Sarsaparilla my weight has increased from 117 to 140, which goes to show that I have an excellent appetite and am in the best of health." Mrs. Rose E. Prince, Bushville, N. Y.

Dickens' Humanness. The best part of Charles Dickens, the great novelist, was the humanness of him, coming out in the tender pathos with which he streaked the funny side of life. Primarily a humorist, he was, like many another humorist, a humanist too. Dickens came out of that low London life, one-third grotesque, one-third pitiful, one-third heroic, which he pictured in his writings. He had lived the struggles of Oliver Twist, of David Copperfield and of Phillip in "Great Expectations." That was the reason why he was able to lay hold of people's hearts when he described those death less persons.—New York Mail.

Tit For Tat.

Mrs. Jenkins was standing before the mirror arranging her thin hair when her baldheaded husband entered the room. "Say, Emily," he began, "why don't you do your hair the way you used to?" "Why don't you?" reported Mrs. Jenkins.—Lippincott's.

Unconsciousness.

"She's the most unconscious girl I ever saw." "Well, why shouldn't she be? She's pretty and knows it. She's clever and knows it, and she's good and knows it. What has she to be conscious of?"—Exchange.

Friendly Suggestion.

Borem—That five-year-old boy of mine gets off some good things. This morning at breakfast he said—Knox (interrupting)—He should have them copyrighted. Borem—Why? Knox—To keep you from reproducing them.

Be useful where thou livest that they may both want and wish thy pleasing presence still.—George Herbert.

Shoes.

Shoes.

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TREASURER'S SALE OF UNSEATED LAND FOR NON-PAYMENT OF TAXES FOR 1910 AND 1911.

Agreeable to the provisions of law relating to the sale of unseated lands for the non-payment of taxes, notice is hereby given that there will be exposed to public sale on or about the following tracts or parts of tracts of unseated lands in Centre county, Pennsylvania, for taxes due and unpaid thereon, at the Court House in the Borough of Bellefonte, on Monday, June 10th, 1912, at 1 o'clock p. m., and to continue from day to day, if necessary, by adjournment, until all are sold.

Table with columns: Acres Per., Warrantes, Owners, Taxes. Lists various land parcels and owners across different townships like Ferguson, Haines, and Burnside.

Table with columns: Parcel Number, Owner Name, Amount. Lists parcels and owners in townships like Miles, Patton, and Rush.

Table with columns: Parcel Number, Owner Name, Amount. Lists parcels and owners in townships like Union, Walker, and Worth.

Table with columns: Parcel Number, Owner Name, Amount. Lists parcels and owners in townships like York, Adams, and Lancaster.

JOHN D. MILLER, County Treasurer.