

Bellefonte, Pa., November 19, 1915.

LOVE THAT LIVES. [By William Visscher.]

After dinner, in Arthur Johnson's "smoke-house" the two cronies sat: Major Tom Bob Hart, bachelor, ex-soldier, and relic of romance; his companion, Arthur Johnson, little more than half the age of the major.

Toward the end of a specially good cigar the major had sat for some minutes, "lost to the world"-apparently.

"Major, I'll bet a horse that you are thinking, this minute, of some prehistoric love affair. Ah! you sly old pirate!

"Arthur, boy, you like me, don't you?" queried the major, in a voice tull of pathos and touched with solicitude.

"Who does not, major, that knows you?"

"Well, I'm glad of that. You are just the kind of a friend I like to have. You are fond of me without having any very good reason for it.

"In this way you remind me of a sweetheart I had once-got her yet, as to that. But her husband and I are friends.

"Often she and I call each other 'Honey,' which is a common expression of friendly affection in the South, where we both came from.

"Now it may seem funny to you, but that little woman doesn't know that I am homely."

"Is she blind?" the younger man promptly and bluntly asked.

"Of course she's blind. Blind as a bat, and yet her eyes are as good as anybody's. She is simply a living exemplification of the trite old saying that love is blind.

"I'll tell you just how it was, and I'll test your credulity right at the start. Make you smile, too.

"I was a handsome boy.

"Gee! but you do laugh, don't you? And yet I had tried to prepare you for it. Well, I was handsome. That sweetheart of mine and I grew up to love each other, just naturally, and in fact we didn't know it until too late.

"When the war came I went. Before the storm of patriotism was over. a great, big man, who was not nearly so practically patriotic-or idiotic-as I was, came along there and told my sweetheart things that I had not thought to tell her. Moreover, he was accumulating gold while I was not gathering anything more substantial than glory, but I was fairly windrowing that. It has melted like the snow forts of boyhood.

"Those who had the direction of her ways directed her toward him and he gathered her in. He has her yet.

"After the storm went down, strange as it may seem, there was no calm for me-perhaps there was too much calm.

nen I didn't see her at all. At last

ONLY ADVERTISING OF VALUE Must Be Absolute Truth Is the Unvarying Experience of American

The only kind of advertising that has any real value is that based on the truth, so that when the convention of the Associated Advertising Clubs of the World, in session at Indianapolis, reaffirmed "truthful publicity" as their slogan they but formulated the

Men of Business.

unvarying experience of the business world. Lincoln's famous remark to the effect, that "you can fool some of the people all the time, and all of the people some of the time, but you cannot fool all the people all the time," is peculiarly applicable to the publicity field; the attempt to fool the people by means of dishonest advertising is cu-

mulative in its retribution and the advertiser who tries it spells his own ultimate confusion. This is by no means a mere assumption, for statis-

tics prove that the public is quick to detect the fraudulent variety; faint earmarks of insincerity and mendac-

ity soon become conspicuous warnings, and the truthful advertisements bring results out of all proportion to those which fail to keep faith with the buyer. Even without the laws here and there aimed at the dishonest practice of the fake advertiser, the business world is learning quickly that the success won by the trickster is a transi-

tory one, while the firm foundations are those that are built upon truth and sincerity.-Philadelphia Ledger.

FISH KNOCKS OUT FISHERMAN Gives Man Black Eye and Breaks Its

Own Nose-Will Be Kept as Trophy.

It was a starlight night and "Joe" Rivers' good launch Yankee lazily slid through a succession of oiled waves. Biff! and Skipper Jerry Shively at the wheel measured his full length of six feet five upon the deck. Bang! Something careened off the spokes of the wheel and lay fluttering in the scuppers.

"Who did that," bellowed Jerry as he arose to his feet and glared down upon the cowering crew.

"Something from overboard," timorously replied William Askerson, able seaman. "Seen it come aboard." A few turns of the wheel and the

Yankee settled back to its course, while the crew began to search and finally came upon the fluttering thing in the scuppers.

It was a flying fish, and not a large one at that. But it had sent a man who weighed over 250 pounds to the mat for the full count of ten and had given him the blackest of eyes in the

bargain. The flying fish and the black eye were brought into port here one day last week by Mr. Shively, who proposes to keep the first and is making

sweetheart, then came long spells | ter. The flying fish had its nose broken in the encounter and only lived a few minutes.-Los Angeles Times.

WHEN THEY MET

By KENNETT HARRIS.

The light struck Britherby's glasses at such an angle that they presented nothing but a flashing blank to Grallup. Behind the glasses Britherby's eyes at the moment were resting on the Janeway bungalow across the street, but Grallup did not know that and he stiffened indignantly and passed his new neighbor with a studiously averted gaze.

The next time they met neither took the least notice of the other. Grallup remarked to his wife that that fellow who had bought out Korker's equity evidently was a cut or two above Bibberly Heights-or thought he was.

Britherby, a day or two later, was talking to Morfew, whose house is be tween Grallup's and the former Korker place.

"Who's your distinguished neighbor on the north?" he asked. "The nabob of the place, I presume. I think J made a mistake in not asking his permission to butt in here. He seems to resent it."

"Nonsense!" said Morfew. "That's Billy Grallup. Nothing of the nabob about Billy. Great chap, Billy. You'll like him when you know him."

"I don't believe I'd want to know him," said Britherby.

Morfew meant to ask Grallup what he had been doing to his face, but forgot it and so the feeling between Britherby and Grallup remained and grew. In course of time they were introduced and acknowledged the introduction as coldly as politeness allowed. After that they bowed scrupulously when they met.

It was early last fall that the passive hostility of the two men became active to the verge of tragedy.

One still, calm night, somewhere about twelve o'clock, Grallup was aroused from an uneasy slumber by the bark of a dog.

"Confound it!" exclaimed Grallup. "I wonder whose darned dog that is I wish I was within good shotgun range of it-and had the shotgun."

A quick succession of staccato barks seemed to answer his thoughts with defiance. Grallup got up and leaned out of the window, listened a minute, closed the window and said something improper.

"I might have known it," he continued, savagely. "He's about the only man in the suburb who would maintain a nuisance like that."

He tried to ignore the noise, but the closed window had.only slightly dulled it and it was too maddeningly irregular. He bounded cut of bed and into his slippers, threw a coat over his shoulders and, stopping only to take a couple of croquet mallets from a closet "At first I frequently saw my old every effort to rid himself of the lat in the hall, hurried out of the house and ran down the street toward Brith erby's. The barking had stopped, but he knew where to go. He was almost at Morfew's when he was aware of a ghostly white-clad figure hastening toward him. The next moment he was face to face with Britherby, who was in pajamas and

RAY-O-LIGHT OIL.

RAY-O-LIGHT OIL

And International Action Milk and Kerosen

YOU discriminate in the choice of your milk, yet to the uninitiated all milks look and taste about the same. But you know differently. You realize that some cows yield better, creamier and more healthful milk than others and that methods of caring for and keeping milk differ.

You know about milk-that's why you're particular; but are you equally well acquainted with kerosene? If you are, your choice is certain to be

ATLANTIC Razoliaht

Why? Because it's refined and re-refined by oil experts, by men who know how to use methods that get every little bit of good out of the finest crude petroleum Mother Earth yields.

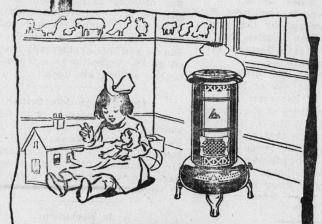
Atlantic Rayolight Oil is made right — it's a pure kerosene. It burns without smoke or smell, it doesn't char nor spoil wicks, but it does yield an intense heat and a brilliant light, and it burns slowly and economically.

Ask your grocer for it by name, because now, for the first time, you can buy kerosene whose makers you know and

upon whose goodness you can implicitly rely. What's more, its price is identical with ordinary kerosene.

Atlantic Rayolight Oil is wonderfully useful for purposes other than lighting or heating -a few drops in the water when washing windows or mirrors will give them a beautiful polish.

How do you use it? Maybe



Get a PERFECTION

Smokeless Oil Heater

and say good-bye to that breeder of colds — a bleak, draughty hall.

it dawned upon my opaque heart and brain that I was in love with that little woman, and always had been. Sometimes I thought I would try to steal her. But I thought better of it. and she-Heaven bless her!-wouldn't if not surpassed, by the raid of a have thought of it at all.

"I did the next worst thing, however. I told her that I loved her, al. to the rear of the bank premises, with ways had and always would. To my utter astonishment, dismay, and happiness, thereby perplexing me more than ever, she confessed-that she had loved me in the old days, and-but she loves her husband.

"The other day I was telling her that she was the only woman I had ever loved and that she was always a pearl. She said:

"'Ycu're a dear old fellow, but you must not talk that way."

"'Oh! That's all right,' I said. 'I am old and homely enough to be a privileged character.'

"She leaned over, her elbows on the marble between us, hands to her face, and looked searchingly and inquiringly into my eyes. Then as if deeply bewildered and amazed, she said:

"'N-o-o! Are you homely, Honey?" "'Yes, indeed, picturesquely homely. Don't you see that I am old, and wrinkled, and bald, and stooping, and lame, and querulous, and fidgety, and-"

"'No,' she exclaimed, 'I only see my gallant boy sweetheart, and his patient, knightly, hidden soul. I remember the flash of your sword in the sunlight that morning when, as the boycaptain that you were, marching with your men to the war, you saluted the cheering village girls in passing. The gleam of that blade has always kept you and your eyes before me.'

"Say, my son, I have clung to a spar amid the crawling canyons of the ocean, until dashed breathless and unconscious upon a long stretch of white beach on an arid island of the seas; I have faced the fierce sirocco and foremost focal fire of battle, time and again, and felt its fiery breath blow back the brown locks that then were mine; inspired by a something whose achievement might be borne to her, I have poured out a stream of impassioned eloquence before an audience of heroes and statesmen, until they climbed to chairs and tables yelling: 'Old man, you're a king!' But nevereven in the deepest intensity of any instant at such times as these have I had such satisfaction and triumph, or more of a yearning for more of life, than when my old sweetheart leaned over and said, with the light of love in her eyes and its music in her voice: "N-o-o! Are you homely, Honey?" -San Francisco Argonaut.

A man with a grouch is his own punishment.

Sheep Made Much Trouble. The exploits of the proverbial bull in the china shop have been emulated,

sheep on the Rugby (Eng.) branch of Lloyd's bank. The sheep dashed intwo drovers in hot pursuit. Gaining entrance to the kitchens, it made a terrific clatter among the pots and pans, and then leaped through a window and turned on a water tap. The drovers were capsized in the struggle which ensued, and the sheep bolted through another door and got into the main office. A dozen bank clerks, aided by rulers, induced the animal to return to the kitchen, where it was eventually cornered, trussed up, and ignominiously carried away, after having kept the bank staff busy for nearly

two hours.

Roped and Tied.

The men engaged in cutting off the ends of protruding ties on the elevated railway at New York were explicitly instructed for the sake of innocent passers-by on the street below never to allow a piece of tie to fall to the street without a rope attached to it.

One day, as the end of a tie was sawed off, the man on the job threw the rope, tie and all, into the street. "Hy, there, what er you doin'?" yelled an indignant foreman.

"Ye told me not to let anything drop to the street widout a rope attached," rejoined the man in a surly tone. 'Well, ain't I obeyin' orders?"

Refractor for University.

The astronomical observatory of the University of Michigan at Ann Arbor hopes ultimately to possess a 24-inch refractor, thanks to the generosity of R. P. Lamont of Chicago. This telescope was ordered in 1911, and the latest report of the Jena glassmakers was that the crown disk had been made, while a mass of flint glass sufficiently large for the flint disk had been produced. The completion of the latter disk would require some months, even under normal conditions, and the war will probably cause further delay. Meanwhile the mounting has made good progress at the observatory shop.

Good Flour From Old Wheat. Wheat thirty-four years old has just been threshed, and it made exception ally good bread. The wheat was grown and harvested in 1881 by a farmer near Grantham, Lincolnshire. England, who swore he would not sell it until it reached a certain price. That price was still a secret when the

on the market. bringing a good price. | then."-Chicago Daily News.

carrying a baseball bat. For an instant they glared at each other in the moonlight. Then Britherby spoke: "So you thought it was about time to do something, did you?" he snarled. "I should think it was, myself. A man who will keep a dog like that I've got my opinion of, anyway."

"What are you talking about?" demanded Grallup. "I'm after that infernal dog that's been barking his head off in your yard all night, if you want to know. Do you mean to say it isn't your dog?"

"I never owned a dog in my life," said Britherby. "I thought it was your dog and I was going to take the liberty of killing him-and you, too, if you offered any objection."

"I had much the same idea," said Grallup. "But if it isn't your dog. whose-

Furious barking interrupted him. It came from the rear of Morfew's house. "So it's his dog!" said Britherby. "Now, what do you think of that!"

"I think as you do," said Grallup, grimly. "Morfew's a good man in some respects, but this is an outrage. I suppose he's lying there snoring!" "I'll tell you," said Britherby, pois-

ing his club. "If you'll stand by me I'll batter his door down and if he doesn't get up and kill the beast, we will."

"I'll just go you on that proposition," said Grallup.

They pounded until Morfew came to an upper window and asked them what the dickens they wanted.

"We want you to come down and do something with that dog of yours," said Britherby.

"You've no business keeping a brute like that around," supplemented Grallup severely.

"Have you two been drinking or are you just plain crazy?" asked Morfew. "Routing a man out of his rest at this time of night! That's not my dog, you lunatics. I don't own a dog." He slammed down the window. The two laughed. Then Britherby shivered.

"You'd better come back with me," suggested Grallup. "I've got some medicine that's good for that and you

can wear my overcoat home." "Thanks, old man," said Britherby. "Any other time I'll be delighted, but I guess I'll get back to bed now." He held out his hand and Grallup

grasped it cordially. "Good night, old chap," said Gralfarmer died. The grain was then put lup. "I'll see you in the morning,

7-19

These heaters are invaluable — their uses are manifold. They keep every part of the home comfy — yes, especially that spot that for half the year nothing seems to make habitable. The initial cost of a Perfection Smokeless Heater is small and, if Atlant.c Rayolight Oil is used, its upkeep is little. It's appearance is handsome and you can get one at almost any dealer's. **Funeral Director.** H. N. KOCH Funeral Director Successor to R. M. Gordner. STATE COLLEGE, PENNA. Day and Night Service. 60-21-tf. Bell and Commercial Phones.

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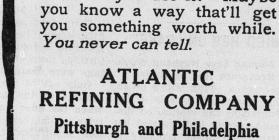
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