

Bellefonte, Pa., February 27, 1925.

THE BEND IN THE ROAD.

By Bertha Gerneaux Woods. "Wait till the bend in the road, my dear," Grandmother'd say, and our eyes would Down the road with its saffron dust

Stretching robin-like. Fair things must Be waiting us well we know: Maybe a glad little brook, a view Of jewel weeds or a thatch of fern, Something sweet when we made the turn

Grandmother's long since taken her way Up to the region of fadeless day, Yet even now when my heart grows sad, And spring itself cannot make me glad, Her voice comes back with its old tim

cheer:
"Wait till the bend in the road, my dear! And so I do. And the wayside dust Seems less blighting; some dear thing

Be awaiting me joy to lend Just as soon as I make the bend!

IN THE ROOT CELLAR.

For the first few years after home-steading on the Marias river, the Blair boys, Fred and John, raised a few stock and just enough grain for feed while waiting for the railroad to build near enough to make grain farming profitable.

Among other crops they planted the second year five acres of mangel-wurzels, or stock beets. The fresh soil produced so bountifully that the young ranchmen found themselves, early in the fall, with a crop of a hundred tons or more of the roots to harvest and store for winter.

On the south side of a little hill near their corral, they constructed of sod and cotton-wood poles, a long pit or root cellar, and in it stored most of the roots before freezing weather

The cellar was sixteen feet wide, eight feet from roof to floor, and nearly forty feet long. Part of the south wall was built of sod, while the north side was dug into the hillside. There was a big storm door at the east end, and at the foot of the steps was another opening inward. The roof was of poles and sod with a small ventilator at one end.

To save labor, the boys filled the cellar by driving the loaded wagons to the upper side, and after removing the end gate, dumping the mangles through an opening in the roof on that side.

There were three of these openings in the roof, and when the cellar was filled they were covered temporarily with slabs and rough boards, remaining so for six weeks. In fact, there was a heavy fall of snow before either of the boys were reminded of the condition in which they had left the openings in the cellar roof.

Tramping out that way the next morning, Fred noted a deep depression in the snow near the back end of the cellar roof; and after scraping away the eight or ten inches of snow, he found that the boards which had covered one of the openings in the roof had fallen in or had been pushed aside

The beets, which had reached almost to the roof here, had been pushed away as by the foot of a horse or along the south side. cow. Presumably one of the farm animals had stepped through, and in scrambling around to get out had his head around in the direction of the kicked the boards away. The snow quarry, And at that instant Fred covered any tracks that may have

Only a few of the beets had been frozen, but Fred went to work at once and repaired the damage. He put sufficient hay and earth at the three places to protect the contents of the cellar against frost.

There were heavy snows that winter, and once the sheep had to miss a feed of sliced roots while the young settlers were shoveling a path to the cellar door.

Early in March a stiff Chinook wind took away most of the snow. One bright afternoon when the snow had melted in patches, John took the team and wagon up the river three miles to a grove of cottonwood for a load of wood. He left his younger brother to get out feed for the sheep and cattle alone.

More than two-thirds of the mangels had been fed, leaving the front part of the cellar empty. With two boards for a solid track, Fred was wheeling the roots from the back end, dumping them near the door where

they were to be sliced.

He had moved half a dozen barrow loads when he suddenly became aware of a scraping noise as of the stirring about of some animal, and a moment later he heard a wheezing cough. The sound seemed to come from a rear corner of the cellar. The light from the open door was too dim to show anything distinctly in the far end.

Thinking possibly a badger had worked through into the cellar, for he could conceive of no larger animal getting in when the doors had been closed all winter, Fred slipped out to go for a gun and lantern. He carefully closed and fastened the doors.

His brother had taken the larger gun; but Fred found the .22 caliber repeating rifle, which was large enough for any small game. He hastily pushed four cartridges into the magazine, and taking the lantern daylight encounter. from a nail by the door, he returned

to the cellar at a run.
Inside again, he closed the door securely. It was dark as a pocket, and he hastened to light the lantern.

With the light in one hand and the gun in the other, he scrambled up the of salt grass hay. incline to the top of the pile of beets. Turning on one Pieces of sod lay on the roots here, and Fred recognized the place where he had stopped the hole in the roof him begin to roll. The bear had unthe day after the snow.

the beets and the roof.

After he had set the lantern on a little mound of roots, Fred picked up a beet and hurled it into the dark cor
By a superhuman effort he wrench-

ment, and thought he detected a move-

ment over against the wall.

He pushed the light gun over the apex of the pile of beets. Lying flat, with the light shining over his shoulder, he drew a bead on the furry outline in the corner and fired.

Instantly the furry object—a huge paw—came up into the glare of light, and the gloom in the corner suddenly became animated.

There was a whining grunt, and be-fore the man could shift his position, he was confronted by the great domed head of a grizzly bear, the glowing eyes and gleaming teeth scarcely three

yards away.
Fred involuntarily drew back. In haste he overturned the lantern which rolled down right in front of the bear, turned bottom side up and went out.
Instantly it was dark as pitch. The

boy, as he felt his way down to the solid door, could hear the roots rolling about, and a heavy body scrambling

When his feet touched the solid ground, he turned and ran toward the door. He forgot about the center post -there were six of them-and ran plump into one.

collision almost knocked the breath out of him, and he stood for a moment groping about. In the dark-ness and confusion he had lost all sense of direction. Behind him, then, he heard the big

beast roll down the bank of roots, and presently the pad-pad of jarring feet. He stood perfectly still, hugging the post, while the bear passed a few feet away, sniffing along the sod wall.

His eyes were now becoming accustomed to the darkness, and presently Fred could see a faint streak of light which he knew must be at the door, though it was not in the direction he thought the door should be.

By this time the bear was almost between the boy and the door. Guided by a keener sense, the animal had doubtless detected the light. He sniffed at the tiny crack and scratched at the boards with his claws.

The next moment Fred heard a crash and a rolling about as the bear upset the "cutting-box" near the door. With a disgusted grunt, the beast started back toward the rear of the cellar, this time keping near the wall. Coming opposite the post where Fred stood, tensely quiet, the bear caught the scent of man and swung his head around. Fred felt the breath in his face, and knew that the animal had reared, standing not more than a yard from him.

In a personal encounter in the dark, the beast would have all the advan-tage. Smarting from the tiny wound in its leg, and angered at its rude awakening, the bear would likely

prove an ugly opponent.

Dropping the useless gun, Fred dodged about so as to miss the two remaining posts and ran toward the dim light that marked the door. He covered the half dozen yards in three or four jumps.

At the door he ran his hand along the crack until it touched the latch. With one movement he unfastened the door and pulled it toward him. It opened a bare two inches and stopped, blocked by the over-turned root-cut-ter and a hundred pounds of beets that were in the hopper of the machine.

There was not time to move the obstruction, for already Fred could hear the thud of big feet near at hand. Following the example of his adversary, he shrank back against the wall and retreated on hands and knees

The beast paused for a moment to sniff at the narrow crack, then swung quarry. And at that instant Fred felt that the shrewd animal could scent him out as unerringly as he could sight a badger in broad daylight. Barely six feet separated the two.

Seeing that he could no longer hope to elude his pursuer by keeping quiet, Fred sprang to his feet and ran along the wall toward the rear of the cellar. He stumbled over an uneven place and fell sprawling.

A snarling whoof! warned him that the bear was almost upon him. With a quick twist of his body Fred rolled over twice, which carried him away from the wall and out of the path of

the beast. With a cat-like spring he was on his feet again, and with outstretched hands groping for the center post which he knew must be within a few steps. He touched one with his left hand and swung around to the other

Here the boy's previous experience with the post gave him an advantage over the beast. Shifting to one side, Fred judged the post to be between him and the approaching bear. He made a noise to attract the animal's

Taking advantage of the short respite gained by his ruse, Fred backed off until he could feel the scattered roof underfoot. Then on hands and knees he went up the sloping pile till he could touch the roof, and crawled back against the north wall where there was barely room for him to squirm between the top of the beets

and the roof. He could hear the big back scrape against the roof poles, as the bear crawled up over the beets near the south side where there was more

Then the sniffling and clawing of the great beast as it tore away at the roots in an effort to get at its victim chilled the heart of the luckless boy. It was vastly more terrifying than a How he longed for a light-torch,

bonfire—anything. As if in answer to his wish, as Fred crowded closer to the wall, his hand touched something that warmed him with a thrill of hope. It was a wisp

Turning on one side, he thrust his hand into a pocket for a match. As he did so, he felt the roots beneath dermined them with a few strokes of

the day after the snow.

The roots had been pushed back to the rear wall when dumped in, but they rolled down gradually, leaving considerable space between the top of the beets and the roof.

derinined them was the huge paws!

Before he could get his hand free and catch anything Fred slipped and rolled half a yard. The next instant he felt something sharp as a knife rip the state of the roots.

a beet and hurled it into the dark corner which the rays from the lantern lighted but dimly. He waited a mo-

wards with elbows and knees till he was beyond reach of the wicked claws

for a time at least. A few sweeps of the great forearms and the remainder of the little ridge of beets where Fred lay would topple down.

Blood was oozing from the scratch on his arm, and the sleeve hung in tat-ters. Turning on his back, he reached the other hand into his pocket for a match.

With the long twist of dry grass in his trembling hand, he drew the match across his thigh, and touched the tiny flame to the fuel.

There was a sudden flare, which threw a weird light over the interior of the root cellar. The big beast, thoroughly abashed, sat back in his haunches with a shock.

Swinging the torch, scattering sparks as he went, Fred slid down again to the floor, and started for the

door. He knew the bear would come at him again as soon as the light failed. Before he reached the door the flimsy torch was two-thirds gone. He glanced frantically about him for more dry material, but not so

much as a straw did he see.

he could at once find something that would burn quickly, they would be in darkness again in a few seconds.

The sight of his tattered coat sleeve gave him an idea. He laid the stub of burning hay on the floor, jerked the coat from his back. With a deft turn he had it in a long roll, with the torn

lining held above the fast receding

flame Fred heard the bear rumbling toward him again. It seemed that the cloth would never catch from the flickering blaze on the floor. He had no hope of again escaping the beast in the dark. All seemed lost as the slowly approaching giant loomed in the fading light.

Then the tide turned again. A tiny flame grew suddenly into a glare as the ragged coat caught fire. Whirling it around his head, the hopeful boy fanned it into a galaxy of sparks and flame, which effectually discouraged

his enemy.

A few backward steps and Fred reached the door. Aided by the light, he had little difficulty in swinging the root-cutter away and opening the door, though he did it all with one hand, holding the burning garment in

the other. John had just driven up with a load of wood, when his brother, hatless, coatless and excited emerged from the cellar.

The two of them uncovered a space in the roof and shot the bear in the

Real Estate Transfers.

Lewis Stine, et al, to Adolph Roty tract in Philipsburg; \$7,500.

Harriet E. Hartsock to J. R. Zeek, tract in Patton Twp.; \$600. May Gramley, executrix, to P. J. Meyer, tract in Gregg Twp.; \$2200.

P. J. Meyer, et al, to May Gramley, tract in Gregg Twp.; \$2200. Stewart H. Wolfe to Thomas Everett, tract in Miles Twp.; \$2,025.

tract in Rush Twp.; \$1.

Lucas, tract in Liberty township;

\$1,200. Bellefonte Cemetery Association to Mrs. Henry C. Quigley, tract in Belle-

fonte; \$75. Edward W. Kane to Mary J. Kane, tract in Spring township; et al, \$1. James R. Holloway, et ux, to trustees of St. Peter's Reformed church,

tract in Haines township; \$450. J. A. O'Neil, et ux, to Lloyd L. Houtz, tract in College township;

\$1,200. Rebecca P. Lyon to Charles F. Harrison, et ux, tract in Bellefonte; \$10,-

G. E. Miller, et ux, to F. Q Hartman, tract in Millheim; \$100. W. J. McMullen, et al, to F. Q. Hartman, Inc., tract in Millheim; \$1. Winburne Fire Brick Company to Highland Clay Products Co., tract in Rush township; \$1.

William Robison to Budd Robison, tract in Worth township; \$500. William B. Ripka, Admr., to J. K.

Confer, tract in Gregg township; \$3,-Gertrude Beightol, et bar, to Bea-trice Richard, et al, tract in Rush

township; \$3. Helena B. Brown, et al, to W. W. Bicket, tract in Bellefonte; \$9,000.

John L. Zimmerman to Robert S. Zimmerman, tract in Walker township; \$2,000. Philipsburg Gains Coal and Land Co., to William M. Reese, tract in Rush township; \$100.

R. B. Bigelow, et ux, to Charles C. Bigelow, tract in Philipsburg; \$1,000. Anna Tyson, et bar, to Alice Naomi Poorman, tract in Ferguson township;

Journalism at Penn State.

So much interest has been display ed in journalism by students at The Pennsylvania State College that additional courses have been added, making it possible for a student to "major" or specialize in the profes-A record enrollment of 120 started in the beginner's or elementary course with the opening of the second semester last week. This is a 25 per cent. increase over last year's en-

rollment in the same course. The community newspaper is the subject of one of four new courses offered by the department of English in the school of liberal arts, which supervises journalistic instruction. Other courses are newspaper reporting and correspondence, the special fea-ture article, the development of the newspaper, editorial writing and policy and the ethics of journalism.
Professors W. F. Gibbons and H. G.
Baker, teachers and former newspapermen, have charge of all instruction in journalism. Many Penn State graduates have entered the profession

Early Advertising as

Practiced in Old Rome The restored ruins of Pompeii still show wall inscriptions and regular election campaign posters which often are signed by women. The same ruins tell us also about business advertising in ancient Rome. The show windows of Rome during the oldest time cannot be compared with their parallel in our modern trade world. For a long time it was impossible to buy the necessary glass, which was tremendously expensive. Besides, the window glass was milky and dim and often iridescent, at any rate not sufficiently clear and transparent, writes H. Doelling

for the Milwaukee Journal. The Roman retailers therefore were content to exhibit their goods in an open stall in front of their homes; the shop itself was built into the home and served merely as a storeroom. The only means of advertising was the voice; he who barked loudest got the most customers!

in Frankfurter Zeitung as translated

Only after trade received a new stimulus by the conquests in the Orient and Occident did the Romans begin to adopt the business tricks of their tributaries, the Ponters and Asiatic Greeks. They installed regular show windows in their shops. Their goods were safe from theft behind bronze grates and were provided with price tags and annotations. The merthe goods they furnished and their own names.

Sees Resin as Basis

of Diamond Formation Similarity between the X-ray pictures of the lattice structure of dia-Jena chemist, that diamonds originated from this material under enormous pressure and possibly heat, during long periods of time, according to the Berlin correspondent of Industrial and

Engineering Chemistry. Diamonds have long been known to be pure carbon in crystalline form, but what the original carbonaceous mate- hire." rial was out of which they developed has been a subject of dispute. Resins contain hydrogen as well as carbon, diamond formation, the hydrogen was literally slowly squeezed out of the raw material until at last nothing but pure crystalline carbon was left.

Father of Mail Service Mail coaches were introduced into England in the year 1784 by one John Palmer of Bath. This worthy gentleman suffered much inconvenience from the mail leaving London on Monday and not reaching Bath until Wednes-H. B.Allen to O. P. McCord, et al, day. He traveled the country advo-Roman mails, as established in the Third century, by which it seems possible that letters might have reached Rome. from England in three or four days if relays of galloping chariots could cover a thousand miles at 14 miles an hour.

Way to Judge Age

A moving picture man delights to ell of a proposal that happened while he was directing one of his latest pictures. It seems that a young writer and laid his heart at the feet of the leading woman and had been coldly turned down.

"Perhaps it's best, after all," he renarked, acidly. "After all, a man of wenty-five would soon tire of a woman who hovers around thirty-two."

"But I'm not that old," gasped the woman. "Whatever led you to believe that I'm thirty-two?"

"Well, perhaps you're not," admitted ne young man, "but it certainly struck me that you must be somewhere near the freezing point."-Los Angeles Times.

Drilling Holes in Glass

Drilling holes in glass is not so very difficult. The old method utilized a discarded triangular file, ground to a sharp point and used in a brace with a slight pressure. The point of contact was moistened with turpentine. The more recent way and one that is quicker is to use a brass or copper tube with thin walls instead of a file. says Popular Science Monthly. The tube is placed in a brace and drilling is accomplished with powdered carborundum as a cutting agent. A guide of wood keeps the tube properly cen-

Odd Headpiece

The superb bird of paradise is one of the most remarkable of all that famous group, says Nature Magazine of Washington. It is only nine inches long, velvety black with purple and green metallic ornaments, including a large bright metallic green pectoral shield and another large forked velvety black erectile shield on the back of the neck. It lives in New Guinea.

Couldn't Be Fooled

Alex had donned his first pair of trousers, and his grandmother was pretending she did not know him. "It's Alex, grandmother," he insisted earnestly.

"Oh, no! It can't be Alex because Alex wears rompers."

But it is Alex, grandmother, because I was there and saw mother pa them on me."

PLEASANT GAP.

Ray S. Melroy and wife visited in Altoona on Saturday.

Ira Viehdorfer, of Pine Glenn, was seen on our streets last week. William Hoover spent the week-end

visiting with relatives in Altoona Floyd McKee and Arthur Hines were week-end visitors in Altoona. Mrs. Robert Sterrett and baby Dor-othy are visiting at the J. C. Mulfinger home.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Wolford and two children, of Clarence, visited here last week.

Harry Corl and wife, of Trafford City, were here last week with grand-mother Bilger.

Roscoe Treister visited over the week-end with friends in McClure, Snyder county. Emeline Noll, of Philadelphia, spent Sunday with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Noll Jr.

Samuel Cross spent Sunday at his home, and before leaving said "you

of Philadelphia, were Gap visitors on Sunday. John the 2nd is as frisky and cheerful as a ward politician; a

genuine chip of the old block. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Bender, of Lancaster, took in the 94th birthday anniversary of the venerable Mrs. chants indicated on their shop doors Bilger, and had a most enjoyable time

among a host of old-time friends. This is an unusually busy time among the moving fraternity. Most all are securing new locations. Several of our families found homes in Bellefonte and a few are moving into

country locations. Mrs. Edna Storch and Martha Wion, of Bellefonte, visited at the Ward mond crystals and of decaterpene, a Showers home on Thursday. They resinous substance, is the basis for the claim advanced by Herr Decker, a seemed delighted with their brief soseemed delighted with their brief sojourn here.

Our hustlers of the Methodist congregation are to be congratulated, as they expect to liquidate all claims of their energetic minister, by Saturday night, prior to his going to the annual conference in the early part of March. This is the proper thing to do, since "The laborer is worthy of his

Some of my self righteous prohibition friends are wondering why I, contain hydrogen as well as carbon, and the theory of the German scientist assumes that, under the conditions of knows me knows that I have been, all my life, an extremely temperate man. You know, that according to the Divine record, the Lord wasn't above stimulant is a great invigorator. I, Wallace Breon and family, near of course, take it for medical purpos- Spring Mills. es, and find it an excellent thing. The prohibitionists have been forced to admit that whiskey has a certain medic-

inal value, since doctors prescribe it. minor improvements going on that in the work of the store our people anticipate having an early spring; a number of pavements are motored down from Altoona, Monday. Andy Horvath, et al, to John Bodenshok, tract in Snow Shoe township; \$1,290.

Cating reform, and was set down as a bore. But the system of flying mails he was able to inaugurate lasted until the days of railways. Still, it was not believed town from Attonia, Monday undergoing a general cleaning process, adding materially to the general appearance of our up-to-date town. Nevel's mother. While in town they ship; \$1,290. Lewis E. Bolopue, et ux, to A. N. much better than the system of the sation. Diseases are frequently engendered or produced by a neglect of proper cleanliness. The practice of up from Mifflinburg and spent the observing cleanliness is not only es-sential to comfort and health, but will Mrs. Eisenhauer. While in town they be the means of saving us from many a doctor's bill, and will likewise so espelical church. tablish the constitution that we will require but little medicine. If the peo-

It has been truly said: That "an speedily recover her wonted health. open confession is good for the soul." I am willing to admit, as I am growing older, from time to time, and not hide-bound or ungracious, I once in a while accept a small nip from a friend, who assures me that his horizontal refreshments are strictly pure and unadulterated, because he gets it from his own bootlegger, who has a reputation for dealing only in the pure article; the kind, if judiciously used, will cause hair to grow on your forearm. Now, to be candid, I am gradually begin-ning to agree with the rabid prohibitionist! I am for strict law enforcement, or a return to good liquor. However, I fear by the time we return to good liquor the secret of its successful manufacture will have been forgotten, and a thing of the past; possibly will never again be resurrected. What's the matter with Pleasant

Gap? When our fish hatchery was established they named it the Bellefonte Fish hatchery. The corporation is adjacent to Pleasant Gap and should be named the Pleasant Gap fish hatchery. Why not call the Rockview penitentiary the Bellefonte penitentiary And again, the government is about to establish an extensive airplane plant, and have it named the Zion air plant when in fact, it is much closer to Pleasant Gap than Zion. The Gap, in population, more than doubles Zion; why this uncalled for discrimination? They evidently have it in for us, for unknown reasons. We have one of the most prosperous villages in the State. The judiciously managed Whiterock quarries now give employment to nearly three hundred men and all our men can get work right here at home; our lumbering interest will give employment to many for who has been ill, but is considerably some time to come, and we expect to improved at this writing. illuminate our entire town at an early date, with up-to-date electric lights, during the most if not all night. We are still in the ring and on the map

signs of bravery and pluck. Such per- for a while longer. sons do not grow sick at the sight of a dead cat, or halt at the first little obstacles that rises in their pathway. Their lips remain stiff—that is, do not tremble or turn pale. Was the successful business man right in bidding his son to keep a stiff upper lip? or would it not have been the thing to have said: "I perceive from the flexibility of your upper lip that you eith-Marks, Clarence.

er have not nerve enough to do the business, or your nervous system is out of fix. Rest yourself a few days, eat sparingly of the plainest food, and take a few nux pills. If your lips stiffen up under the treatment you may venture to go ahead, but if not you may as well seek employment where a flexible lip is no detriment." "Keep a stiff upper lip my boy, and you'll get there," said a successful Allegheny business man to his son, who was complaining of the tide set-ting against him. It is an acknowledged fact that a stiff upper lip is necessary to succeed in any business where effort is required.

It would not be a difficult matter to fill a volume five times the size of Webster's Unabridged dictionary with selections from the written and spok-en thoughts of those who are gifted with genius, and have given expressions of sublime sentiments calculated to elevate and educate, stir the soul to its inmost recesses, send the blood throbbing and rushing through the veins, kindle anew the fire of patriotism in the breasts of young and old know there are few places like nome.

Mr. Hoover's Sunday school class will be entertained this (Friday) evening, at the home of Mrs. Edgar Sommers.

anke, sunday and comfort in time of trouble and comfort in time of trouble and comfort in time of trouble and a consideration. Topics in keeping with the death of the old century and the birth of the new; the advent of the new year, following the disappearance of its predecessor; selections relating to the seasons, months, and holidays; poetic and prose profusions that are humorous, pathetic, patriotic, religious, sentimental, heroic, martial and pastoral interspersed with the most striking of Shakespeare wisdom, ax-ioms, wit and advice. When you write demonstrate for the benefit, pleasure and delectation of all; write as though you were talking and your sentiments will be understood and appreciated by all intelligent readers.

AARONSBURG.

Mrs A. J. Irey had as a guest, Sunday, Miss Lizzie Keen, of Millheim. Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Crouse and J. H. Crouse spent Friday of last week in Sunbury.

Henry Mowery has gone to State College, where he is the guest of his youngest daughter, Mrs. Hoy. Mr. and Mrs. Sumner C. Musser and two children, of Coburn, were guests

Sunday, of Mr. Musser's parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. E Musser. Mr. and Mrs. George Weaver had as a guest one day during the past week, Mrs. Weaver's sister, Mrs.

Thomas Meyer, of Coburn. Mr. and Mrs. Breon and Mrs. J. G. drinking a little wine, and neither am Eisenhauer spent Saturday afternoon I; and I believe at my age a little with Mrs. Breon's brother-in-law, Eisenhauer spent Saturday afternoon

Paul W. Krape, of Philadelphia, spent the week-end with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Krape. Mr. Krape nal value, since doctors prescribe it. is serving as a juror this week. In It is evident from the amount of his absence Harry Roush is assisting

> Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Grove and two bright little daughters motored

gelical church. Mrs. William Guisewite, while in ple mean what they say, we look for vast improvements in the general appearance of the Gap in the early pearance of the Gap in the early members. Her friends trust she may

Rev. W. W. Moyer, of Boalsburg, delivered a splendid and inspiring sermon, Saturday evening, in the local to make it appear that I am measly Reformed church, at which time a vote was taken extending a call to Rev. Gass, of Howard. Up to the present the writer has not heard the

results. Mr. and Mrs. Showers, of Lock Haven, came over Saturday morning, remaining until Sunday. They came to visit Mrs. Showers' parents, Mr. and Mrs. George E. Stover, who have both been ill, though at this writing they are much improved and again are seen about as usual.

CENTRE HALL.

Crowded out last week. Boyd Magee, of Philadelphia, visit-

day.

ed at the home of Mrs. George Emer-Miss Estella Hosterman and Roberta Smith visited in Coburn over Sun-

J. S. Boozer made a business trip to Harrisburg the beginning of the James Durst has been with his

daughter, Mrs. Harry Harper, for a week or more. James Smetzler went to the Centre County hospital for an examination,

on Wednesday. Mrs. E. L. Bartholomew and daughter, Mary Helen, of Altoona, were in Centre Hall on Saturday and Sunday. Mrs. H. W. Kreamer, who spent several weeks at the home of S. S. Kreamer, in Lewistown, returned

Mrs. W. Gross Mingle, of Philadelphia, spent a week with her father, Capt. George M. Boal, at the home of are still in the ring and on the map as it were.

From time immemorial thin lips and nostrils have been regarded as for several weeks, expects to remain

Marriage Licenses.

Joseph E. Kachick, Clarence, and Elizabeth Debrosky, La Jose. John Tourchick Jr., and Elizabeth Starvack, Bridgeport, Pa. Daniel E. Cardyko and Stella S.