## AMERICAN DEMOCRACY.

American Democracy, Round which our hearts entwine, Our heritage from Jefferson, Whose principles divine Have shaped the Nation's destiny, Shall steer our course aright, And lead us on, unerringly, Into sublimer light.

American Democracy, To which the Nation now Looks for the laurels of relief To ease her anxious brow. Should never more be handicapped By inharmonious strife-For peace within the party ranks Means power to the life

American Democracy-By greed and graft despised-Could settle all the grievances That error has devised If those in high authority Would be as true and just As Washington and Jefferson Were to their every trust.

American Democracy-To her hope lifts its hat-May no man who presumes to call Himself a Democrat E'er put his personal desires-No matter what befall-Above Democracy's demands-Above his Party's call.

-By National Democrat

## A MAN IN THE HOUSE.

Across the hedge, the Graham girl was moodily batting tennis balls against the side of the garage. On her face, distinguished ordinarily by good nature and excellent health rather than by any very happy arrangement of the features, was a look of intense irritation not unmixed with

The hedge was not high, privet primly cut to the height of one's waist—the Graham girl was overly tall—so that, every now and then, under pretext of retrieving a ball, she was able to glance across to where on the adjoining lawn, young Cyril Lucien St. Andrews Archibald Cyril Lucien St. Andrews Archibald sat in the shade of the wistaria arbor with an open volume of Rupert died out of her glance, and in its Brooke's poems on the knees of his progress.

Nina's look changed as she watched in its clumsiness. The irritation make a fuss over me! I ain't a girl!"

The bang of the door punctuated by the content of the cont

words of his dead countryman. On his face, serious and thoughtful and pinkly English, was a look of expectancy shot through with what the Graham girl, even on her side of the hedge, could plainly see was a sentimental smirk. At least, that is bourgeois Jim Devers, whom she had divorced a year or so after the boy's person of forceful, downright speech and few hesitancies.

Few hesitancies, that is, except in the presence of the young Englishman across the hedge. She had always been aware of the fact that as the only daughter of a wealthy father (Henry A. Graham, railroads, etc.) it did not become her to hesitate in any one's presence. But a month or so ago, when Cyril Lucien St. Andrews Archibald had come to the adjoining country house as tutor to Nina Carrington Devers' nine year-old son, she had known for the first time the tremors of extreme shyness and had be-come a prey to all sorts of new un-

certanties.
As for Cyril Lucien, he, too, had been interested. The boy, his charge, had been taken from a fashionable school after a bout with scarlet fever which had left him listless and drooping. A famous specialist, once a New Hampshire country boy himself, had ordered his mother to let the child run wild in "the real country, no Long Island estate stuff" until the beginning of the fall school term, and had recommended, after a shrewd glance at the small, disinterested patient, his own home village, where there were few summer people and where the fishing, he added wistfully, was exceptionally good. Tutoring, therefore had been but as fore, had been but an empty word, and Cyril Lucien, with time on his hands, had found that that time could be put to good account in the company of the girl across the hedge.

Being a shy person, he had greatly admired Mary Graham's superb confidence and forthrightness. Besides, the way she played tennis reminded the homesick lad of his own sisters in England so that he had falt at heme England, so that he had felt at home with her and greatly at his ease. But now that was all in the past.

A week or so ago, the young and lovely Mrs. Devers had arrived in person, presumably to superintend the running wild of her son. And being frankly predatory where men were concerned, she had, with a few careless flutters of her beautiful eyelashes made her son's trially lashes, made her son's tutor her devoted slave.

So that now, unconscious of the Graham girl's irritated watchfulness, Cyril Lucien was gazing like a mooncalf at the sun-flooded terrace of the sprawling, remodeled farmhouse, where shortly, as he hoped, his employer would appear, a vision of love-liness, and join him in the arbor. Then he would read to her from the thin volume on his knees.

"..........Would I were, In Granchester! In Granchester! "But Granchester, ah, Granchester!
There's peace and holy quiet there,
Great clouds along pacific skies, And men and women with straight

Lithe children lovelier than a dream,

A bosky wood, a slumbrous stream, And little kindly winds that creep ound twilight corners half asleep." making more every day.

Perhaps, he mused, it would be just want money for anything? Round twilight corners half asleep.

as well to leave out the next few lines. Brooke was a queer chap! But "In Granchester! In Granchester!" The words must be chanted like muthe first lightly touched like a violin string, and the last deep as an organ to be chanted like a violin string and the last deep as an organ to be chanted like a violin string and the last deep as an organ to be chanted like a violin string and the last deep as an organ to be chanted like a violin signed with refler. A request labored breathing of Skinny as he went on with his letter. "Say, Skinny," asked Carrington to be chanted like a violin string and the last deep as an organ to be chanted like a violin string and the last deep as an organ to be chanted like a violin string and the last deep as an organ to be chanted like a violin string and the last deep as an organ to be chanted like a violin string and the last deep as an organ to be chanted like a violin string and the last deep as an organ to be chanted like a violin string and the last deep as an organ to be chanted like a violin string and the last deep as an organ to be chanted like a violin string and the last deep as an organ to be chanted like a violin string and the last deep as an organ to be chanted like a violin string and the last deep as an organ to be chanted the last deep as an organ to be chanted like a violin string and the last deep as an organ to be chanted like a violin string and the last deep as an organ to be chanted like a violin string and the last deep as an organ to be chanted like a violin string and the last deep as an organ to be chanted like a violin string and the last deep as an organ to be chanted like a violin string and the last deep as an organ to be chanted like a violin string and the last deep as an organ to be chanted like a violin string and the last deep as an organ to be chanted like a violin string and the last deep as an organ to be chanted like a violin string and the last deep as an organ to be chanted like a violin string and the last deep as an organ to be chanted like a violin string and the last deep as an organ to be chanted like a violin string and the last deep as an organ to be chanted like a vio the first lightly touched like a violin string, and the last deep as an organ tone, beating time with his hand as

at her reflection in the mirror, and pondered idly on what gown she would wear that afternoon for the further enslavement of the young

man in the arbor. Her mirror gave back a satisfying naughtily arched over the contradictory coquetry of her eyes. Her red lips provocative, and curved always as if by secret laughter.

Occasionally should be a secret laughter.

Occasionally should be a secret laughter.

Occasionally she glanced away from her mirror, toward the window, and then a tenderly michievous smile would appear. She knew young Cyril Lucien was waiting for her there in the arbor, and that shortly, when she joined him, he would read aloud to her from one of his collection of the young English poets. She knew also that the Graham girl was stalking about on the other side of the hedge, casting malignant glances at the De-

she will have oodles of money, and advice of the specialist, bringing him the poor lamb needs a rich wife. I up here out of what had always made up here out of what had always made know his family is poor. And in England Mary Graham wouldn't be so bad-looking."

The wife out of what had always made preside up his small world. Still, there was affairs. no doubt but that he had improved in health since he had come. His eyes Carri

Feeling that this cryptic remark needed explanation, even to herself, she added: "I mean, she's quite the English type-raw-boned and out-of doorsy. She looks well on a horse, And of course the poor boy seemed quite smitten when I came up here first. Just the same, I think I shall wear the white crepe with the em-

broidered poppies." But because the day was warm, and ly want to do. Remember, your fath-she felt languid, she did not hasten er has never asked to see you." she felt languid, she did not hasten to cast off the primrose and mauve negligee, but continued to stare pensively at her reflection, complacent of its loveliness and at peace with the

world. She turned with irritated briskness, however, when the door of her room was rudely opened without any warning knock, and her small son, Carrington, entered, stumbling clumsily on the doorway, charging into several chairs that seemed suddenly to have entered into a malicious conspiracy

to impede his progress. Brooke's poems on the knees of his immaculate white flannels.

He was not, however, reading the contemplated her offspring in this detached manner, she found herself wondering just why Nature had played this supreme joke on her. For the boy had nothing at all of her daintiness and loveliness, but was, instead, an exact replica of his father, the divorced a year or so after the boy's

birth. The pugnacious look to the slightly snub nose, the stubbornness of the jaw, even the unruly shock of red hair and the faint sprinkling of freckles over the nose and on the cheeks, certain gestures, mannerisms, all were Jim Devers. This time she spoke her thoughts aloud.

Carrington," she said with a puzzled frown, "you grow more like your father every day!

about uncertainly, looked up eagerly. "How do you mean, I'm like him?" question without the customary correction. "I mean," she said, unconsciously speaking as one speaks to a grown person, "your looks, as well as your manners—or lack of them, rather. Why did you burst into my room just now without knocking Please put down that vanity case! know you are going to drop it."

He put it down clumsily, so that it tipped over a small silver vase in which a single wild rose had been nodding its lovely head. The rose had been the morning offering of Cyril Lucien on the shrine of his adored. Nina shuddered.

"Leave it alone, Carrington! Don't you see you are only making it worse? Just leave it! It doesn't matter. Sit down and tell me quietly what you wanted when you came in

But instead of sitting down, the boy shuffled to the window and stood looking out, restless hands playing with the tasseled cord of the shade. Nina waited silently. "Mother," he burst out at last,

where is my father?" Nina started. The peacefulness of her mood was now completely shattered, as though a noisy bomb had exploded in the quiet of her room. This sudden question about her former husband seemed to bring his turbulent, restless personality back into her life again, shattering quiet, making demands, stirring up old antagon-

"Carrington," she said at last, her tone very casual—too casual, perhaps, for complete sincerity—"I thought you understood. Your father and I were divorced when you were

"I don't see," he said, suddenly developing a small boy whine, "why I lead pencil, the wood of which had been nibbled away to release more doesn't he come here? Mother, what does my father do?"

"He is in business. He owns a string of grocery stores all through the country. He lives in Chicago.
Surely I've told you all this before!"

"Hi, Red!"

"Hi, Skinny!"

"No, you never did. You never told me anything about him. Has he got lots of money?"

In spite of her irritation, Nina laughed. "That's so like him! Just what he wood to sale about really what he wood to sale about really what he used to ask about people! But since you are interested, I can But since you are interested, I can assure you that he has 'lots,' and is here to go fishin' with me up at the making more every day. Do you falls before the summer people catch Even if

your allowance isn't due-"I don't want money," he interrupt-

tone, beating time with his hand as he read aloud.

"Oh, damn!" said the Graham girl viciously, as she threw down her racket and stalked away.

While upstairs in her own sittingroom the beautiful Mrs. Devers, in a many development of the boy turned suddenly to face her, a black frown on his intent little face. "I don't want to go with him! I want to go with Skinny."

"Is Skinny the boy in the village to the small ded wisely. "He'll get his time off now and come home, I'll betcha!"

He laboriously added the last words to the small ded wisely. "He laboriously added the last words to the small ded wisely." While upstairs in her own sittingroom the beautiful Mrs. Devers, in a
primrose and mauve negligee, gazed

"I don't want to go with him! I want to go with Skinny."

"Is Skinny the boy in the village you have been playing with?"

added, "His father's a drummer." | cil. His thoughts wandered. "Did Nina started in bewilderment. "I your Ma say you could come fishin' don't understand you, Carrington! I with me?"

you are talking about. I've let you play with the village boys when Mr. Archibald was around, and I have let you have them here. But you are talking about. I've let you with the village boys when Mr. "She said," he muttered, "that I couldn't go with you alone. My tutor will have to come alone. reflection, and she regarded it with complacence, as well she might. Her hair was dark brown with copper lights in the deep waves of it; her eyes were of a darker and richer brown than her hair; her eyebrows were delicate little arcs of black haughtily arched over the contradictory coguetry of her eyes. Her red tory coguetry of her eyes. Her red to the contradictory coguetry of her eyes. Her red to the contradictory coguetry of her eyes. Her red to the contradictory coguetry of her eyes. Her red to the contradictory coguetry of her eyes. Her red to the contradictory coguetry of her eyes. Her red to the contradictory coguetry of her eyes. Her red to the contradictory coguetry of her eyes. Her red to the contradictory coguetry of her eyes to the contradictory coguetry of her eyes. Her red to the contradictory coguetry of her eyes to the complex to

cult to put in words. Finally, he said: "At school it didn't matter. never thought of it. Lots of the kids' fathers and mothers were divorced. Up here every kid has a father. They ask about mine. Skinny's father takes him fishing when he's home." Nina had a flash of understanding. It was true that at the fashionable school her son attended, divorce was a commonplace. But now, thrust into enough to come up here." wers lawn.

"He is such a nice boy," she mused, "and I really must send him back
from other boys, She wondered if
she had been wise in following the advice of the specialist, bringing him er was second only to the local bank health since he had come. His eyes

> and he certainly was growing—in a most disconcerting fashion. She sighed. "I'm sorry, Carrington. In a few are too young to know what you real- automobiles!"

She was dismayed at the effect of this on the child. His independent, little-boy look faded. Suddenly he seemed only a baby about to cry. He turned away from her and made blindly for the doorway, but paused there for another last question. "Has my father got another wife,

or another boy like me?"
"No!" cried Nina hastily. "Carrington, do please stop swinging that door!" Then her voice softened. Son, come here a moment. I want

to talk to you." his contempt.

Astonished at her own mood, as well as her son's. Nina sat still, staring with unseeing eyes at the closed door whose noisy bang seemed to have shut her so completly out of her son's life. Why, she wondered impatiently, had she ever mentioned Jim Devers' name to him? Vaguely the thought came to her that she herself had been unconsciously sharing the child's loneliness, away from her friends and their determined pursuit pleasure, here in the sweet quiet the old-fashioned village.

It came to her now with a clearness that shocked her into resentment that she had been thinking how well Jim Devers would fit into such an environment—he had always been at best when surrounded by simple

things. ather every day!"

The boy, who had been shuffling about uncertainly, looked up eagerly. How do you mean, I'm like him?"

She passed over the form of the She could imagine him now, boy-

tangible cloak about her, she shrugged her shoulders impatiently and turned again to the mirror.

A short time afterward, wearing the emboidered crepe, Nina joined Cyril Lucien St. Andrews Archibald in the wistaria arbor, all traces of the recent disturbance banished from her face. But although the gown was a complete success, the sunshine golden and warm, and there was an adoring male beside her, incoherently and wistfully in love, she found it difficult to visualize the "peace and holy quiet" of Granchester that afternoon.

Jim Devers, turbulent, impetuous Jim, seemed crashing through the wistful beauty of the poem, shattering the dream, and laughing at the ruin he had made; while she walked beside him in her old half-angry, half-excited acceptance of his presence.

In the meantime, Carrington, still gloomy and thoughtful, shuffled with apparent aimlessness down the graveled walk to the big iron gates. Once outside, however, he squared his shoulders; his walk became brisk and purposeful; the frown left his face.

He ran down the road, shot off into a side path across a field knee-deep in clover, and arrived presently in the

dooryard of a neat little white house, green-shuttered and trim, with a rambling clump of out-houses at the back. He skirted carefully round the side of the house, on the watch for possible grown-up interference, and disappeared into the cool, shadowed would seem, in the throes of composition. A book of white, ruled paper lay before him, and he clutched a and more of the lead as the young composer worked on with a hand more heavy than expert. The greet-

Carrington seated himself on the handles of a wheelbarrow, and leaned over the boy on the floor, peering curiously at the paper before him.

"Whadya doing, Skinny?"

"Writin' to my old man. He's off on a trip. I'm tellin' him to come up here to go fishin' with me up at the

all the fish. He'll come all right if

I tell him to!"
Silence fell in the cool little retreat ed; 'I want a fishing pole."

Nina sighed with relief. A request labored breathing of Skinny as he

to the smudged document before him, style. Try it for a year.

"Yes," he answered gloomily. Then then meditatively chewed at his pen-

My tutor will have to come along."
Skinny allowed himself a shrill hoot of derision. "That sissy!" he yelped. "He's a man nurse—that's

what he is!" Carrington, stung by the implication that he needed a nurse, and still having no arguments to refute the

charge, remained silent.

"Say, Red," said Skinny at last, turning over on his back and pillowing his head on his letter," why don't struggling with an explanation, some-thing clear in his own mind, but diffiyou write to your old man and tell him to come up here while the fishin's good? Gee, I bet he'd come if you wrote! Say, Red, what's your father do anyway?" do anyway

Carrington did not hesitate. "He's got a store. In Chicago. A big one, maybe the biggest in the world. I guess he can't leave the store long

The effect of this on Skinny was electrical. He sat up and regarded Carrington with round eyes of envy. In his social world, the local store-keeppresident as a potentate and man of

"Gee!" he said admiringly. Carrington, surprised and delighted by the effect of his words, pushed his advantage still further. "Gee!" he were no longer too large for his face, advantage still further. "Gee!" he said with an easy relapse into Skinny's own style, "he's got everything in the world in that old store of his! years, when you are old enough to He's got fishing poles a mile long, I decide things for yourself, and if your guess, and"—he searched his imaginfather wants you to visit him, probation for further details—"and canably it can be arranged. But you dy! All the candy in Chicago! And

"Gee!" Skinny was more and more impressed. Carrington's mother's predicted. chauffeur, her car, Carrington's tutor, Growth his clothes, and the big terraced house on the hill he had accepted as the customary adjuncts of a world in which "summer folks" lived. But a father who owned a store was something above and beyond all these. This was something he could understand and respect.

All summer he had lorded his supremacy as a fisherman, a milker of cows, and the sole owner of a dog named Skip, over his small friend. Now he felt his superiority slipping. He made a last attempt to regain it by expressing a doubt.
"Automobiles, huh? Does he run
a garage, too?"

Carrington was letting his imagination run away with him. He intended to enjoy this minute to the full. "Automobiles!" he echoed contempt-

"Automobiles!" he echoed contemptuously. "Why, my father's got the biggest garage in Chicago!"
Silence, while Skinny digested this. When he grew up, he intended to own a garage himself. "Say," he said at lest "got him to come up here will last, "get him to come up here, will you?"

"Sure!" said Carrington confidently, still in his dream of a store-garage-owning parent. Then as reality crowded in, he added "Sure," but with no confidence whatever in his tone. Just then a mighty uproar in the yard jerked both boys to their feet. the sound of a wild scuffle punctuated by yelps that deepened into growls of amazing volume and

fierceness. Skinny rushed to the door. 'That's Skip," he yelled, "fightin' again! Let's beat it!" and he dashed outside. Carrington rushed, too. But before he joined the excited Skinny and the two dogs in the yard, he stooped and picked up something from the floor, which he thrust hastily into his pock-

Viewed as a combat, the dog proved a disappointment, because of the intruder's determination to run away and Skip's magnanimity in letting him, but the incident provided conversation until Carrington, with a murmured excuse about "having to see a fellow at the house," took his

departure.
The shadows were lengthening ove: the lawn when he arrived. Nina had gone into the house, but Cyril Lucien was still sitting, a beatific smile on his face, in the arbor. The book of poems had slipped to the ground, forgotten, while he went over again in his mind every word, every gesture of his adored. She had been troubled he thought. He longed for some danger to threaten her so that he could prove his love by doughty deeds. He toyed for a time with the idea of rescuing her from drowning, until he remembered that she was an accomplished swimmer-and he was not. Burglars, perhaps-

He was rudely awakened out of his

dream by Carrington, who blundered breathlessly into the arbor and stood before his tutor, legs wide apart, an eager, questioning look on his face.

"Say," he began, choking in his eagerness, "how do you find out where a fellow lives, if you know he lives in Chicago and you want to send lives in Chicago and you want to send a letter to him?"

Cyril Lucien pulled his soaring thoughts down to earth. "I say, old chap, don't begin your sentences with 'say.' It's beastly bad form, you Carrington ignored this. One had

to stand for just so much of that sort of thing before grown-ups ever answered a plain question. "How do you?" he insisted, blocking the tutor's exit determinedly.

"Is it one of your school chums?"

"No," the child answered, then, af-

ter a moment's thought, he added, "It's his father." 'In that case," said Cyril Lucien

'In that case," said Cyril Lucien absentmindedly, stooping to pick up Rupert Brooke, he's probably in your Who's Who. Or in the Social Register. They are both on the library table. Shall I look him up for you, old man?"

"No," said Carrington ungraciously and rushed away, leaving his tutor with a baffled sense of having in some way failed the child.

way failed the child. "Queer, unmannerly little chap!" he mused. "Not a bit like Her. The

father must have been an awful bounder! And he walked dreamily up to the (Concluded next week)

PREDICTION THAT PEOPLE WILL Children Romp Under Healthful Vio-SOON FLY TO WORK IN AIRPLANES.

Prediction that persons, in the not distant future will fly from their suburban homes to work in congested cities using individual airplanes or public service corporation ships, was made by William P. MacCracken Jr., Assistant Secretary of commerce for

Aeronautics. In an address at the sixth annual convocation of the Western Society of Engineers he suggested that development of aviation will bring about a change in the trend of surburban life and that city workers will be able to have their home within a 75-mile radius of the congested area. He said there seems to be no reason why Chicago's suburban area cannot with success be extended 78 miles north

of Milwaukee, Wis.

With 20,000 miles daily flying on fixed schedules over regular routes, "transport" flying in the United States leads the world, announced Mr. MacCracken who stated that several airplane lines are contamplating starting passenger service on fixed routes in the United States this summer and expressed an opinion that "undoubtedly" other companies will follow the lead of the National Air Transport, Inc., in obtaining contracts to carry express by airplane. National obtained a contract last winter to serve the American Railway Express Company in flights daily be-

tween Chicago and Dallas, Texas.
Mr. MacCracken believes that fog eventually will be overcome. Efforts to abolish this handicap in landing or taking off by use of radio beacons may be successful ,it was suggested, and attempts to disperse fog from overhead, or from the ground up, may be successfully carried out, too, it was

Growth of air mail is astonishingly rapid, Mr. MacCracken reported in the last six months of 1926 the air mail receipts were 75 per cent. in excess of the preceding half year, he remarked.

Constantly increasing use of aerial surveys for business projects, for industrial expansion and for engineering data, was pointed out and commended. Air taxi service is being developed more and more widely throughout the country and the operators are always ready, willing, and in most cases able men Mr. Mac-Cracken continued.

He predicted that there will be a great future in this country for sport flying, saying that clean, wholesome competition will develop and that this will increase national interest in aviation. All the reported development of branches of commercial aviation emphasize that it must have many more community airports, he pointed out, because unless radical me-chanical changes are made in the ships, it will not be practicable privately to maintain the large landing fields now required. Better airplots for a city mean better business for

that city he stated. A vast industry is bound to grow up around commercial aviation, he pointed out, and already there are signs that the present facilities for nufacturing equipment and supplies are, generally speaking, booked far ahead with orders. Detroit, Clevland, and Buffalo are striving hard to attain national leadership in commercial aviation. Chicago is favored, he said, by virtue of the trans-portation facilities already there and by reason of geographical location but should not "turn her back" on

this new form of transportation. Chicago has not yet decided if it will build a big airport on the lake front near the down-town district, a plan which was recommended at the convocation by Maj. P. G. Kemp, chairman of the Chicago Aero Commission.-Reformatory Record.

## Dowsing Rod Tells of Hidden Water Supply.

Cattle were dying of thirst on a certain farm in the west of England where the owner was faced with the necessity of selling his property and losing a considerable sum of money unless he found a good supply of water, says a writer in a London paper. After numerous attempts to sink wells, he hired a professional water

diviner. Thes men are usually paid on results, and charge a fee some-times as low as \$10. Not far from the farmhouse, the dowser's twig

ser walks over water, the point of

company destroys an average of 10,-The "Watchman" tells all the in a readable and interaction of said day. news in a readable and interesting protection for alligators has been begun in some southern States.

let Rays.

Paris.—An ultra-violet ray sun that is never clouded shines on an artificial sand beach in a basement of Paris. Children, wearing only a pair of trunks and smoked glasses, play there on their way to health. This city sea beach is a part of the Institute of Actinology, a clinic fight-

tuberculosis. Edouard Herriot, minister of public instruction, dedicated the beach at a little ceremony, while the young patients played in the sand.

The beach is 40 feet square, with the walls covered with bright aluminum for reflection, and the blinding mercury lamps above.

## NEW ADVERTISEMENTS

OUSE FOR RENT.—Phone Mrs. H. C. Valentine, 113 W. Curtin St., Bellefonte. Phone 337-R 72-13-tf

RANKLIN SEDAN.—Brand new 1927
Franklin Sedan, five passenger,
never used, just delivered. New
car can be purchased at an attractive discount from the regular price. Write or
phone Sim Baum, Bellefonte, Pa. 72-18-3t

GUERNSEYS FOR SALE.—A tine
Guernsey cow, a heifer and a bull
calf, all eligible to registry. These
animals are all in good condition and of
A I blood that might improve that of any
grade herd. Inquire of Cross and Meek,
Bellefonte, Pa., or phone Bellefonte 520-J

DMINISTRATRIX'S NOTICE.—Let-A DMINISTRATRIX'S NOTICE.—Letters of administration having been granted to the undersigned upon the estate of George H. Musser, late of Boggs township, Centre county, deceased, all persons knowing themselves indebted to same will please make payment, and those having claims against the estate must present.

MARIA C. WASHA C.

MARIA C. MUSSER, Administratrix, Bellefonte, Pa. 72-18-6t Gettig & Bower, Attorneys.

EXECUTRIX'S NOTICE.—Letters testamentary upon the estate of EloiseMeek, late of Bellefonte borough, deceased, having been granted to
the undersigned, all persons knowing
themselves indebted to same are requested to make prompt payment, and those
having claims against said estate must
present them, duly authenticated for settlement.

Mrs. WINIFRED B. MEEK MORRIS,
Executrix,
5420 Ellsworth Ave.,
Pittsburgh, Pa.

A MENDMENT OF CHARTER.—In the Court of Common Pleas of Centre County, Pa., No. 175 May Term,

County, Pa., No. 175 May Term, 1927.

Notice is hereby given that an application will be made to the Court of Common Pleas of Centre County, Pa., in the above stated matter on the seventh day of June, 1927, at ten o'clock A. M., or as soon thereafter as conveniently may be, for the approval and granting of an amendment to the charter of THE UNIVERSITY CLUB, as set forth in the petition therefor filed in the said Court to the above mentioned number and term, agreeably to the provisions of the "Corporation Act of 1874", and its supplements.

BLANCHARD & BLANCHARD.

BLANCHARD & BLANCHARD,

HERIFF'S SALE.—By virtue of a writ of Fieri Facias issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Centre County, to me directed, will be exposed to public sale at the Court House in Bellefonte Borough on

SATURDAY, MAY 21st, 1927.

The following property: All that certain Messuage, tenement and lot of ground situate, lying and being in the Township of Worth, (Now Port Matilda) County of Centre and State of Penna. bounded and described as follows, to-wit:

Beginning at a Post in the middle of what is known as the "Plank Road," now the State Highway, at the Southwest corner of the United Brethren Church lot situate in Port Matilda; thence along the line of said Church lot North 42 degrees West 231 feet to a post on line of Budd Thompson; thence along land of Budd Thompson South 50 degrees West 150 ft. to a post; thence along land of Jacob S. Williams South 42 degrees East 250 feet to a post in the middle of said Plank Road; thence along the middle of said Plank Road North 44 degrees East 150 feet to a post, the place of beginning. Having thereon erected a large two-story brick garage.

thereon erected garage.

Being the same premises which were conveyed to William W. Shultz by Jacob S. Williams by Deed dated August 28th, 1925, and recorded in Centre County in Deed Book Vol. 134, page 445.

Seized, taken in execution and to be sold as the property of William W. Shultz.

Sale to commence at 1.30 o'clock p. m. of said day. Sheriff's office, Bellefonte, Pa., April 26th, 1927.

SHERIFF'S SALE.—By virtue of a writ of Fieri Facias issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Centre County, to me directed, will be exposed to public sale at the Court House in Bellefonte Borough on

Saturday, May 21st, 1927. ... The following property:

diviner. Thes men are usually paid on results, and charge a fee sometimes as low as \$10. Not far from the farmhouse, the dowser's twig gave him a definite indication that water in plenty lay beneath his feet. Digging was begun, but after sinking a shaft about 100 feet down no water appeared.

Overwrought with anxiety, the farmer called the dowser a swindler. The twig has never failed me," the man replied calmly. "Go down farther. The twig has never failed me," the man replied calmly. "Go down farther. The twig has never failed me," the man replied calmly. "Go down farther. The history of the dowsing rodges back to ancient Egypt. The finding of new water supplies by this means has been practiced in England since the reign of Queen Elizabeth. It is said to have been introduced by German miners who were brought over to teach Cornishmen how to make their mines more profitable. A successful water diviner has a natural but obscure gift. Without his forked twig, made of hazel—although holly and blackthorn are also favored—he is helpless to discover the water. But in his hands, and his alone, it indicates by its almost life-like movements when he is over water. Holding the forked ends of the twig allowed to stick upward. As the dowser water way jerk downward, and the twig may jerk downward.

ser walks over water, the point of the twig may jerk downward, and actually point to the spot where the water is hidden. When a fresh blackthorn twig is used, its movement is often so violent that the bark peels off in the dowser's hands, and occasionally the twig breaks.—Exchange.

—Alligators are becoming scarce in Louisiana because of the demand for the skins from which suit cases and purses are manufactured. One company destroys an average of 10,-

Sheriff's Office, Bellefonte, Pa., Sheriff.