THE STORY OF LIFE.

Only the same old story in a different strain: Sometimes a smile of gladness, and then

stab of pain: Sometimes a flash of sunlight, again the

drifting rain. Sometimes it seems to borrow from the rose its crimson hue; Sometimes black with thunder, then changed to a brilliant blue;

Sometimes as false as Satan, sometimes as Heaven true. Only the same old story, but oh, how the

changes ring! Prophet and priest, peasant, soldier and

scholar, and king: Sometimes the warmest hand clasp leaves

in the palm a sting. Sometimes in the hush of even, sometimes in the mid-day strife;

Sometimes with dove-like calmness, sometimes with passions rife, We dream it, write it, live it-this weird,

wild story of life. -Boston Transcript.

ANTOINETTE AND AUGUSTA.

Since the day Augusta was born, Antoinette Harper had lived only for her; lived for her as an infant, as a little girl, as a schoolgirl. And then Augusta's father died, and Antoinette was a young widow. And some way, everything was suddenly different.

James Ponsonby Harper had been a somber man, and sixteen years older than his wife. She had been eighteen and he thirty-four when Augusta, their only child, was born. And now Augusta herself was eighteen, and her father had been dead six months.

Antoinette had been happy, as far as she knew, with Augusta's father. She had loved him affectionately, respected him, looked up to him. James Harper had just the right sobering effect on Antoinette, her parents had said, through all their married life.

And naturally then, when he went away, the sobering effect went with Every one was astonished at what happened, and Antoinette herself was more astonished than any one else. It was as though James Ponsonby Harper had been a piece of chiffon hung between his wife and the world, not hiding her, but dulling her. And when the piece of chiffon passed from before her, all the colors of her personality shone out like a brilliant painting unveiled. Every one was startled to see how blue her eyes were, how golden her hair, how red lips, and how full of life her words.

"Antoinette!" her mother exclaimed when they were going out together to a bridge party one afternoon. "don't sparkle so. You are dazzling!" Antoinette turned to her, a bright

picture under her new hat. "You look so lovely," her mother continued. "But can't you quiet down, only a little? You are positively

Antoinette looked hurt, like a child

who has been scolded by mistake.
"My darling," her mother tried to speak casually, "I want you to be happy, of course. But—James—such a short time ago. Oh, forgive me!" For her daughter had burst into Mother-I can't mourn."

The words were somewhat shocking. Antoinette's mother was a sensible woman, and a modern woman, After all, she thought, why should she not be thankful her daughter was happy, and was so young-locking at thirty-six, and so pretty? After all. why should she try to crush | Antoinette asked. her daughter into the world's idea of a widowed mother?

Antoinette raised a tear-stained countenance that weeping had only made more beautiful. There was something about her round, girlish face that made her mother think of a bough of rain-washed apple blossoms

against a blue sky.

"But, Mother, why am I like this?
Why am I not like other," she hesitated at the word "widows" and said: Why am I not like other women whose husbands have gone? I am so feel! I feel like something suddenly let free. My heart dances like something golden-like those spring daffodils out there." Her head dropped into breaths. "Perhaps it is all my fault, claimed. -we thought an older man like James it was-not natural for you to be

Antoinette was hot with indigna-

"Yes-you chose him, yourself. But, Antoinette, now that Augusta is the table without being told. And, daughter about men."

and life-loving woman herself. Her ently to be there eyes were very wistful. "Life is, my Of course, now dear, very short," she said. Her voice hesitated, then went on. "Antoinette, ence in a new light. Naturally he I saw Jimmy Brown kiss Augusta was there to see Augusta. Augusta

Antoinette drew back, startled. "You are sure it was Jimmy?"

though she were making a discovery sionally, men in the for herself word by word as she spoke. "But Mother," she said, While her husbar "Jimmy Brown is only a year younger than I am! I still like—young people the age of Jimmy Brown— myself!"

Tangled in her own thoughts, she became silent, staring out at the win-

Her mother was quite still a mo-Antoinette, the ruth is, you have never had a chance to be a young girl yourself. You were only eighteen when Augusta was born."

"Jimmy Brown doesn't seem so young to me." "He is not so young," her mother "He is much too old to be answered. about with Augusta. You must tell her so at once, and tell him."

"But," Antoinette was struggling to understand something in her own mind, groping for a clew to that strange empty feeling, as though something had knocked the breath out of her. "But, Mother—I can never explain to Augusta about Jimmy Brown.

"Why, of course, you can. She is better with younger boys—Harold Warren, for instance. She has always been friends with Harold."

"But, after all," said Antoinette, with bent, puzzling brows, "Jimmy Brown is only seventeen years older than Augusta, and my husband was sixteen years older than I." Her mother went to the little dress-

'Dear me, Antoinette, we are ever so ate. We must be going."
As they stepped into the car at the

curb, a tall, dark girl came hurrying down the walk, chatting with a companion. The tall, dark girl was Au-

"Mother," she called, "I'm going for ride with Jimmy Brown.' "No," prompted Antoinette's mother

in a whisper. "He asked you to go too, Mother," added Augusta, "but I see you are off already to your party." Color flowed surprisingly into Antoinette's face. "Isn't Harold War-

ren coming out this afternoon?" she temporized. "I've put him off until next week." "Then go with Jimmy Brown, of

course." The motor whirred away, leaving the two girls looking after it. "Do you think Mother is beautiful?" asked Augusta, speculation and ad-

miration mixed. "Yes," was the ready rejoinder.
"And she simply fascinates every man, and she doesn't even know she does it! All the young college boys just hang on her words. Harold Warren is right, Augusta, when he says you will never be able to get married with your mother in the houseunless you take him. It's some situation to have such a stunning mother so near your own age."

"Near my own age? How could a mother be near her daughter's age!" Augusta replied, visibly nettled.

But the companion did not notice Augusta's irritability. She giggled. "Well, she is." she said, "and you will soon look older, being so dark, and she so fair.'

slowly,

"Don't be foolish," swered. To tell the truth, the idea had never entered her head before. All this she noted, and then unexpect-

home with Jimmy Brown. Antoinette father. There was a quick mist of tears. "I know," she sobbed. "I loved him. I did love James. But, waited a little nervously. But when waited a little nervously. But when the two came laughing into the yellow light of the sitting-room, all the and Jimmy to a motion picture theavague apprehensions of the afternoon tre. And she sat staring at the dusky faded, and the three of them were as opening of the window into the sum-

When he hesitated, she threw the

long silk scarf she was wearing in a loop over his head. "Come, Augusta, we will drag him to the dinner table," she laughed; "he shall not escape."

self-consciously, half-way down the hall to the dining-room, she realized it was not Augusta who was "dragging" him. was hanging back, and there was a little questioning, uneasy look about

At the expression of her daughter's ashamed to look happy. And it is not only the way I look but the way I the scarf. The scarf seemed to burn her fingers as the blood suddenly burned her ears.

"Oh, you children tire me out," she said, catching at something tactful her bent arms on the back of the chair. "And I try so hard to mourn." take part in your foolish games."

Her mother's voice was full of short "Old woman like you!" Jimmy exed a moment before she dared to

throwing the scarf over Augusta's ing sound. Harper would sober you. And perhaps head and drawing her toward him. it was—not natural for you to be "There, there," Antoinette called

catching both ends of the long, brilliant length of silk, with their two tion. "But I loved James. I loved heads knocking together in the loop him dearly. I chose to marry him of it, "I'll drive you both along before me. The maid had set a third place at

grown up, you must realize that a still puzzled with the thoughts of the mother can sometimes influence her afternoon, Antoinette realized that the maid had sufficient reason to do Augusta grown up! Of course, the so, for Jimmy Brown was just as young girls nowadays were very sophisticated, but her daughter grown up? Was life as short as that? She so, for Jimmy Brown as not. She the picture of Jimmy Brown on the top of the desk. And her head went down into her shielding arms. caught at her mother in a panic.
"Tell me, am I old?" she cried. "It many a difficult moment since she and account had been alone. She had acseems only yesterday Augusta was learning to walk. Is life—so short?" Augusta had been alone. She had accepted him gratefully, with never a arning to walk. Is life—so short?" cepted him gratefully, with never a Her mother was still a vivacious thought as to how he came, so persist-

Of course, now that the subject had had so many beaux. The house fairly swarmed with boys still in college, with young men out of college and trying their hand at business for the Antoinete's reply was slow, as first time, and there were even occasionally, men in the middle thirties, like Jimmie Brown. will. But what did he do to you to make you cry like this?"

While her husband was living, and especially on account of his being older and sober, Antoinette had always made it a point to keep the house merry for Augusta, to encourage her became silent, staring out at the window with perplexed, introspective eyes.

young friends, both boys and girls. It had never occurred to her, through all these years, until today, that perhaps How like her father Aug

she encouraged these young people ed, so quiet and sure! "I am the same ment. Then she smiled, and her voice just as much for her own pleasure as was easy and light. "Of course, you still like young people," she said. "Why shouldn't you? I think it is one of Augusta's friends had made a right that you should." And she stood up to hide her startled eyes. "Why every one had laughed at the time. But now in this new way of looking at things, the remark no longer seemed amusing. She recalled the exact words:

"Augusta, you certainly are out of luck with such a good-looking mother! Every man who ever comes to see you will fall for her! And as for Jimmy

Brown-" Every word of this came back now to Antoinette as she sat looking keenly at Jimmy Brown across the table Augusta was not attentive. She was all the worldly-wiseness of the girls credence to the lie? of her age had given place, for the moment, to a particularly appealing Her mother went to the little dress-ing-table and began tucking her hair of her set to be. Perhaps Augusta's own free will to take or to leave neatly under the brim of her hat. contemporaries, perhaps the real flap- was another chance, a chance to take To her mother now she was so evidently but a young girl masquerading in sophisticated clothes and a sophis-

ticated vocabulary. quite sure that Jimmy did not see the same way. Augusta as grown up, either. His family had lived in the house next door since before Antoinette was marhelped her to school the first day she the truth and take her own last had ever gone to school. He had chance? Or should she lie now and teased her, spoiled her, and even give Augusta the chance? spanked her. And now he still looked feeling his manner conveyed to her-Brown was in love with her!

And how could Antoinette tell Augusta a thing like this? For there speak. But how could any one ever to in time." be absolutely sure about such a thing sider Augusta grown up, if Jimmy did whom did he come to see?

"Mother wouldn't—why, Father has only been—why, I don't know what you mean!"

All this she noted, and then the again—again—all the she was discomfitted at his glance, and let her own eyes drop. A wave of confusion swept her. She was awkwar

over to herself.

lowed she lay awake and made her clay to her fingers. It did not occur plans. She and Augusta would go to her to question her right to mold away somewhere. They could go to him to suit her wishes, to suit Au-Europe for a year, perhaps. Then she gusta's wishes. What mother but has need never try to tell Augusta this thus leagued herself with her daughhaffling, complex thing about Jimmy nothing to tell, they would go away-Augusta, in fact and then there never would be any- have done the opposite—how very thing to tell.

> But events moved too swiftly bevond her planning. For what are human plans, when human life itself is but a shadow on a sundial?

It was the next midweek that she found Augusta crying alone in her room. Antoinette had come home unexpectedly early from an engagement, breaths. "Perhaps it is all my fault, claimed. "Why, you've got twice the move. Augusta was crying with long, mine and your father's she said. "We pep of this flapper," he mocked, heart-broken sobs. It was a terrifyheart-broken sobs. It was a terrify-

"Augusta," her mother stumbling up the steps and throwing open the door into her daughter's room.

Augusta sat at her desk, her face buried in her crumpled sweater sleeves. At sight of her mother she made an effort to control her grief. "What is it?" Antoinette begged, bending over Augusta's slim, hipless figure. "What is it?"

In a quick frankness Augusta did not answer in words, but pointed to What could he have done to make Augusta cry like this? Why hadn't

she taken her mother's advice and told Augusta everything?

"Jimmy Brown!" Antoinette exclaimed. "I will send him packing." Augusta raised her head, entirely startled out of her sobbing. "Mother.

won't you just please keep out of this!" she demanded. Antoinette's face went white, and there was a queer sinking feeling about her heart, as though she were going to faint. "I will keep out of it," she said. "Since you ask me to, I

eyes ruddenly hard. "Oh, he didn't do anything. It was what he said." "But, Augusta, after all, you are Jimmy is—you can't take seriously what Jimmy says, because you are so

How like her father Augusta look-

age you were when you were married," she said. "Every one think "Every one thinks I am old enough to marry Jimmy- ex-

cept you and Jimmy." Her dark eyes logical and understanding, Augusta looked certainly at this moment to know her own mind. What if she were right? Antoinette realized that she herself was now the one who was crumpled and unsure.

'Every one thinks you are old enough to marry Jimmy—except Jimmy and me?" she repeated questioningly after her daughter.

"But Jimmy doesn't want to marry me, and that's that," Augusta said. Yet Antoinette could see the light of evasive questioning in her daughfrom her daughter. He was explain- ter's face. She could see that one ing some new scientific invention. word of encouragement would make that hope flare up. For who is not not interested. In contrast to his willing, even those who are many earnest absorption in his subject times older and wiser than Augusta, Augusta did look like a little school- to believe what they wish to believe, girl. She was obviously hungry, and if only some other person will give

As she stood there, looking down upon her daughter's dark head, all greediness. Antoinette, who knew the possibilities of the situation re-every expression of her daghter's face viewed themselves in Antoinette's so well, who read every faint. half- mind. She was clearly conscious that formed line, could not see her as she herself had been robbed, in a way, grown up. however, much so in out- of her youth at the proper time. And pers were grown up, but not Augusta. the love of a young man, to take the love of a man her own age, her own temperament, whom she believed now that she had always cared for in an unacknowledged way, and who had And Antoinette, watching them, was probably always cared for her also in

And as for Augusta, she was yet so young—she would have many chances. But she herself would have ried. He was a big boy of seventeen no other chance—this was her last when Augusta was born. He had chance. Should she then tell Augusta helped her to school the first day she the truth and take her own last

She remembered how Augusta's quite a generation older than she. He weeping had sounded from the stairwas big, over six feet, and forceful, way. The sharp memory of that and was not talking to Augusta as to a sound decided her, decided her against person his own age. He was talking logic, against reason, against fairness to her as to a child, as though he were itself; she knew she would never do -Antoinette puzzled over the exact anything to make Augusta unhappy. What her daughter wanted she would as though he were some one older—in get for her, as far as she could. Jimher family. But that Augusta was my Brown liked Augusta already—he misinterpreting his manner was also should like her more, that was all. quite plain. To sharpened eyes it was Then, after he did, after he had learnevident that Augusta thought Jimmy ed to love Augusta, what she was Brown was in love with her!

be a lie—then it would be the truth. She stood up, so young-looking and was a vague, shadowy reason in her pretty, above her dark, sober daughown mind that would seal her lips on ter. "Why, I don't doubt that Jimmy this subject. Of course, if she were absolutely sure either way, she reasoned, it would be unavoidable to be unavoidable

"Snce I was three years old I have —until it had been said. And when expected to marry Jimmy," Augusta it had been said, it was too late to said. "I really can't remember anyspeak. Yet, if Jimmy did not con-thing else. But he has always been so much more important than I. so not come here to see Augusta—and much older. Sometimes, especially she was certain he did not—then just lately, Mother, I have even thought it was you he liked."

her answer surely. He had beautiful Mother. And-now that we are Augusta anuth, the idea gees, steady and dark, with little speaking of it—I want you to know the belt. I am not old-fashioned in my ideas. I know nowadays women do marry

Antoinette was making it awkward by not replying. And alwas trying with difficulty to clear up for them a situation beyond her years

There was no doubt in Antoinette's mind from that day on. She knew what her daughter wanted And she faded, and the three of them were merry together as though they were all of an age.

"I'll never be able to tell Augusta to influencing Jimmy Brown, did not mothers every day angle for suitable mothers every day angle for suitable matches for their daughters? Through the long night that fol- felt in her heart that Jimmy was but ter, tacitly even if not openly! While as yet there was really how many, who knows, against their own hearts also? And how many many have taken their own chance instead!

After this decision, there followed another, and many another night of wakeful planning for Antoinette. Over and over in her mind she revolved the situation. There was, she thought, only one way out, only one way to make sure that Jimmy Brown would cease what she thought was only a helf-conscious interest in herself, and turn to Augusta. But that way was a trap for her. Yet, if it were really a trap, had she not been trapped ever since Augusta was born? Was the only way out for her to be only Augusta's mother, to seek no life for herself? Since her preferences, her tastes, her interests clashed thus strangely with her daughter's, she must give them up. She must drop back with the people who had been her husband's contemporaries, she must get older quickly, cultivate older tastes, feel older, look older, be older! As well as she could she threw of the depression of such thoughts and sat about her plans to make Jimmy Brown see how charming Augusta really was.

Concluded next week.

Cultivate Good Mind.

formed. Hate thoroughly, and you will be a martyr to neuralgia. glands sows the seeds of cancer. Be malicious and cruel, and you'll get ly enhancing its usefulness.
neuralgia. Be a fault-finder, a nagneuralgia. Be a fault-finder, a nag-ger, a scold and asthma comes. It is the body. An ill thought doesn't stay in the mind; it hits the body somewhere. It has been noted that extreme disgust will produce catarrh. Augusta dashed her head up, her It is not always possible to ward off duty as a stand, and the front be external causes of disease, but we covered. ought to be able to control our minds. Poison in the mind means poison in the body-suffering, and a shortening

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

DAILY THOUGHT. Don't give a rap when they chaff with you: Don't care a snap when they laugh at

Every idea the world ever gained.

tion

Was scouted and hooted and jeered and profaned. The multitude never takes stock in a no-

Until it's established or plainly in motion. The price of ambition is heavy with hurt, You can't find a new way to fashion a shirt.

Build ships, houses, motors-make pepper or light, Without finding millions to say it's not

right. They'll check and retard you and discount the facts.

They'll sneer at your blue-prints, your models and tracts. They'll bruise and abuse you until you succeed,

But they'll pay your own price, when you have what they need. Copyright, 1917, by Herbert Kaufman, Breat Britain and all other rights reserved.

The grand coutouriers, the little dress-maker of Paris, have had their openings. The much-talked-of, elaborately hidden secrets are out, and lo, fashions have changed but little! A line is modified here, a bit of pleating gives new irregularty to skirts, everything is softer, a little lacier, a trifle more feminine. But there is a development, rather than a revolution.

A more general fulness is one of the important changes that have made the new frocks so delightful to see and to acquire. Plaits no longer march in steady line about skirts. but form interesting groups of threes and fours to break up the plainness and the straight lines. Pleats have decreased in numbers and increased in originality. Pleated ruffles swirl up at one side.

Closely related to the plait motif is the fulness that is gained by a fluttering jabot, a silken cascade, a flowing bit of drapery, or the allure of floating angel wings. Jenny softens the side of an afternoon frock with a length of sudden fulness.

Bows, after a tentative season or so of doing duty holding sleeves to-gether, or fluttering hither and you on dresses, become enormous, and loop themselves nonchalantly whereever they find a bit of silk that is at E. loose ends. Premet uses several bows, all different sizes, on the same frock, with an impartial hand.

Sleeves are most important in the scheme of existence, but unimportant in the scheme of decoration. Which means that they must exist, but you mustn't notice them. And when the blouse is of contrasting color, the sleeves are more than apt to match the skirt.

Straight and diagonal lines and geometric forms are used, rather than curves. Clear-cut and interesting are the zigzag harlequin designs embroid-Then, after a while, the girl said lowly, "Augusta, do you suppose it is a hard situation for your mother, on their change of expression she read to the angle of the change of expression she read to the change of the diamond bow at the right side near

Patou fashions a fitted yoke for Patou fashions a fitted yoke for pleated skirts. Worth repeats the oriental girdle. The green dress with the metallic Incrustations has the wrapped and tied girdle that Doeuillet works as the pressed at the primary to be held September 20, 1927. In the warm dusk Augusta came astonished. She thought of Augusta's though she understood that Augusta wrapped and tied girdle that Doeuillet the metallic Incrustations has the

> Belts appear upon almost every model, in one form or another. The harness belt, narrow, buckled, still is a high favorite. Buckles do much to make this life a decorative one.

> Coats, although seemingly endless in variety, really settle down into the straight coats that are apt to have a box pleat back and the coats cut wide enough, in the fashion of Vionnet and Patou, to wrap over to close at one side. Furs are much used on the soft, luxurious coats for formal wear, but the ever-ready, slim silhouetted topcoats often keep to the furless mode.

It is simple then, to buy clothes for next season that are in the tune with the best designs of the Openings. Look for these details of line, of belt, of hem, by which you may know these new-coming fashions from Paris.

—Wannamaker.

Have you ever thought of discarding the old-fashioned shoe bag, on closet or wardrobe door-which is often an awkward thing at best and not always coniderate of one's evening slippers and such things—in favor of the newer style boxes, divided into compartments, each of which is large enough to contain a pair of shoes neatly and comfortably placed in it? These boxes may be good-looking objects, quite decorative, in fact. the room with hangings of chintz, they may be covered with the same fabric, inside and out, and so will take their places inconspicuously, wherever they may be put.

Some of these boxes are long and narrow, the width being slightly more than the length of an ordinary pair of shoes, with rows or tiers of compartments, one above the other, holding eight or ten parts of shoes in all. Such a box, with a hinged cover, or just a curtain of the chintz to hang down in front to conceal and protect the shoes, may be set under a window Worry produces indigestion and and the top used for a receptacle for dyspepsia; the gastric juices are not a magazine or two, or any little thing of that sort which one may like to drop down in some convenient spot. voilently jealous, and the upset to the If it is built strongly enough, it may do duty as a seat, as well, thus great-

space available for the shoe box; in impossible to disconnect the mind and that case, it may be built somewhat on the order of many a city skyscraper, tall and narrow, two compartments wide and five or six high, according to choice. Again, the top may do

It would be an easy matter, if one should not care to cover such a case of compartments for shoes with chintz of life. Have a "good" mind, and or cretonne, to make it of plain wood you'll have good health.—London Tit- and then stain it to match the woodor cretonne, to make it of plain wood work of the room.

September Weather as Forecast by A. S. Kirsch, Barr Twp. Astrologer. Hard Winter Indicated.

This Venus year is certainly keeping up its reputation for daily rains in the spring and heavy rains during practically the entire year. There will likely be some drought in places during the fall as the New Moore and Argust 27 and 28 december 1971. Moon on August 27 and September 25 are in sign Virgo. During this year there is danger of blight and also rotting of grapes and fruit. Warm weather is indicated for September since the Moon changes on 4th and 17th are near the node and the Full Moon on 11 close the Equa-tor. This Full Moon is similar to the one in September last year, being on the Equator and nearest the Earth the followng day after Full Moon in sign Pisces, indicating that some places will have sultry, cloudy, rainy weather with thunder and floods. A Mercury equinox is in force first half of September. Buckwheat in wet sections will be hard hit and cutting in some places delayed until middle of September.

Jupiter is nearest the Sun this year and weakens animal life on this earth and when the other planets are set rght, anytime within a few years will bring an epideme, and a rather severe winter with it, with deep snow fall. Usually both come the same year. Jupiter was nearest Sun in 1915 and Saturn in 1916 and hard winter and severe epidemic was delayed until 1918 when we had a double-decker on account of two planets in perhilion. -Mountaineer Herald.

-The "Watchman" is the most readable paper published. Try it.

POLITICAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

PRESIDENT JUDGE.

We are authorized to announce that W. Harrison Walker, of Bellefonte, is a candidate for nomination on the Democratic ticket for the ofice of President Judge of the courts of Centre county; subject to the decision of the voters of the county as expressed at the primaries to be held on September 20th, 1927.

To Democratic Voters of Centre County :-I am a candidate for the office of judge of your courts, subject to your decision at the primaries September 20, 1927.
Sincerely yours.
W. D. ZERBY

FOR SHERIFF. We are authorized to announce that Harry E. (Dep.) Dunlap, of Bellefonte, will be a candidate for the nomination on the Democratic ticket for the office Sheriff of Centre county, subject to the decision of the Centre county voters as expressed at the primaries to be held on Tuesday, September 20, 1927.

We are outhorized to announce that Elmer Breon, of Bellefonte borough, will be a candidate for the nomination on the Democratic ticket for the office of Sheriff of Centre county, subject to the decision of the Centre county voters as expressed at the primaries to be held on Tuesday, September 20, 1927.

FOR PROTHONOTARY.

the Democratic voters as expressed at the Primary to be held Tuesday, September 20,

We are authorized to announce that

FOR TREASURER.

We are authorized to announce that Ly-

We are authorized to announce that D. T. Penree, of State College Boro., will be a candidate for the nomination for County Treasurer subject to the decision of the Democratic voters of the county as expressed at the primary to be held September 20, 1997. ber 20, 1927.

FOR RECORDER.

We are authorized to announce that Sinie H. Hoy, of Beliefonte, is a candidate for aomination on the Democratic ticket for the office of Recorder of Centre county, subject to the decision of the voters of the county as expressed at the primary to be held Tuesday, September 20, 1927.

We are authorized to announce that D. Wagner Geiss, of Bellefonte, Pa., is a candidate for nomination on the Democratic ticket for the office of Recorder of Centre county, subject to the decision of the voters of the county as expressed at the primary to be held Tuesday, September 20th, 1927.

We are authorized to announce that D. A. McDowell, of Spring township, will be a candidate on the Democratic ticket for the office of Recorder of deeds of Centre county, subject to the decision of the Democratic voters as expressed at the primary on Tuesday, September 20, 1927.

COUNTY COMMISSIONER
We are authorized to announce that John
S. Spearly will be a candidate for the
nomination for County Commissioner on

the Democratic ticket subject to the decision of the voters of the party as expressed at the primaries on September 20th, 1927. We are authorized to announce that John W. Yearick, of Marion township, will be a candidate for the nomination of County Commissioner, subject to the decision of the Democratic voters as expressed at the primaries to be held September 20, 1927.

Republican Ticket.

PRESIDENT JUDGE We are authorized to announce that M. Ward Fleming, of Philipsburg, Pa., is a candidate for nomination for President Judge of the Courts of Centre county subject to the decision of the Republicany voters of the county as expressed at the primary to be held September, 20, 1927. We are authorized to announce that James C. Furst, of Bellefonte, Pa., is a candidate for nomination on the Republican ticket for the office of President Judge of the Courts of Centre county; subject to the decision of the Republican voters of the county as expressed at the primary to be held September 20, 1927.

We are authorized to announce that Arthur C. Dale, of Bellefonte, Pa., is a candidate for the nomination on the Republican ticket for the office of President Judge of the courts of Centre county, subject to the decision of the Republican voters of the county as expressed at the primary to be held September 20, 1927.

TREASURER.

I hereby announce that I am a candidate for nomination as the Republican candidate for Treasurer of Centre County, subject to the decision of the voters of the party as expressed at the primaries to beheld Sept. 20, 1927.

Your influence and support is earnestly solicited.

JOHN T. HARNISH Boggs Township.

PROTHONOTARY. We are authorized to announce that Roy Wilkinson, of Bellefonte, Pa., will be a candidate for the nominaton on the Republican ticket for the office of Prothonotary of Centre county, subject to the decision of thee Republican voters as expressed at the primary to be held Tuesday, Septmber 20, 1927.