

Democrat

Belleville, Pa., March 7, 1930

SUNSET'S PROMISE

There were clouds in the sky today,
With patience of blue;
There were showers of rain with the
storm.
But the sun broke through.
What a marvel, that sunset hour,
With its brilliance there!
Better still, the promise it gives
Of a morning fair.
Now the tints have faded to shades,
The pinks to old glows,
Yet the hope of a cloudless morn
The beauty still holds.
There were clouds in my life today
With moments of peace;
There were storms that broke over my
soul,
Yet there came release.
For the promise of God's great grace
And of deathless morn,
Broke through the clouds in my heart,
And peace was born.
Thank God that the clouds of life
Give sunset peace!
Thank God that his promise and love
Makes fears to cease.

—P. G. VAN ZANT

THE SHERITON BUCKAROO

You never hear of Sheriton baseball but you hear of Long Tom Gilligan, the Sheriton Buckaroo. Long Tom won his baseball glory the year I was captain; I'll have to admit that he, and no one else, was the hero of the big game with Ashford. The funny thing about it is—Long Tom wasn't a baseball player at all. He'd lived all his life on an Arizona cattle ranch; he didn't know any more about baseball than a rattlesnake knows about a pipe organ. But I'm getting ahead of my story. Peculiar—the way I met Long Tom that spring. I probably wouldn't have noticed him if it hadn't been that Sheriton had the weakest baseball team in fifteen years. I being captain was on a wide-eyed hunt for better material. That particular afternoon I happened to be standing at the edge of the running track behind the gym, chinning with Red Barrett, our yell leader. Red gets his nickname from his hair and the freckles that match it. A stocky youngster—Red—brimful of fun, with the world's most engaging grin and a cheery word for everybody. Believe me, I needed a cheery word that day. Spring practice just starting, and our squad green and awkward as new-born colts.

All at once Red's eyes left my face and fixed themselves on something behind me. His head cocked itself to one side—a habit of his when something tickled him.

"By the chin whiskers of Buddha!" he exclaimed. "It's alive!" I turned to catch my first glimpse of Tom Gilligan.

A queerer looking goof I never did see. He was tall—close onto six feet one—and so lean he couldn't have cast a respectable shadow. He had long, dangling arms that broadened into big, honest hands, and a face so bashful and good-natured and homely that right off you wanted it for a friend. For the rest, he was almost comically bowlegged and he walked with an oddish, sailor-like roll. His clothes cost money, you could see that, but the money went for material and not for style.

All at once the newcomer stooped and picked up something—a discus that somebody left. He looked around as though to make sure nobody was watching, then cut loose with an almighty heave. Say, I'll swear that discus sailed 120 feet!

"That guy's got a wing like a Big Bertha," I whispered to Red. "Let's talk to him. Pitchers are scarcer this year than ice cream at the equator."

No luck. Long Tom, blushing like a girl, confessed he hadn't played a dozen games of baseball in his life. Thomas Gilligan was his name, he told us, whereupon Red promptly handed him the monkey that everybody uses—the "Long Tom," one, I mean.

Long Tom Senior, the boy told us, owned a big cattle ranch in Cochise County, Arizona. This was the first time Long Tom had ever been away from home. He'd gone a couple of years to a little denominational college in Arizona, and then, to finish things right, his father packed him off to Sheriton.

We went and sat on the front steps of Long Tom's boarding house and talked—that is, Tom did. He chattered about his life down there—in the saddle most of the time—busting horses, roping shorthorn cattle, poisoning lobo wolves, playing hide-and-seek with rattlesnakes. Life on an Arizona cattle ranch, I judged, must be about as calm and peaceful as Saturday night in the front-line trenches. We chewed the rag for three hours.

"Nice kid," said Red, after we'd left him. And he was. But neither of us dreamed, at the time, that this gangling protégé of ours would carve his name in great big letters in Sheriton's hall of fame.

Day followed day and the Sheriton baseball squad didn't improve worth beans. They gobbled flies and snarled grounders and lined out sizzlers in practice, but get 'em in a game and they acted like bashful debutantes. They muffed easy chances and they batted with all the fire and energy of a small boy beating the family rug.

The worst of it was that the whole school cried for victory over Ashford. Ashford had a larger student body—a state supported agricultural college ought to be pretty big—and we'd all of us give a semester's allowance to beat them. This last fall, however, Ashford had intensified the rivalry a thousand times over. Here's what they did.

At our annual yell rally in the gym before the Ashford football game, we'd followed our usual custom of fetching out our big stuffed wildcat, property of the student body

and symbol of Sheriton's fighting spirit. We'd had that wildcat for twenty years; it was an animal sacred to Sheriton traditions. Well, just as we were about to trundle Mr. Wildcat onto the stage, the doors to the auditorium burst open. In dashed six husky Ashfordites, overpowered our guards, grabbed our wildcat and disappeared. Before we could stop them they jumped into an auto and roared away. The next day, on our home field Ashford wallowed us. And all through the game their rooters razed us about the wildcat. We could have consigned 'em all to everlasting fires without a murmur. As the weeks wore on, and searching party after searching party returned without the wildcat, and with Ashford lording it over us at every turn, you can imagine our fierce longing to win that annual baseball game. And Ashford's nine was her best in years.

Well, the baseball season started. We soon won a practice game or two, lost a couple more. Our intercollegiate schedule promised to be a walkaway—for the enemy. Already, with cheerful frankness, sport writers encoined us in the cellar. And with the same frankness they conceded Ashford the championship. All of which was poison to the men of Sheriton.

A kind of despair settled over the school when Berkeley beat us 7 to 1. It was our fourth straight defeat. That despair was heightened by the bulletins from Ashford. Word came that they were planning to make our game, in their stadium, the big event of their alumni homecoming. And no wonder. Ashford had been romping all over teams that had beaten us. You can imagine our chance with her on her home field.

Between the Berkeley game and a forthcoming Greek Lit exam I was feeling pretty blue that night. I tumbled into bed thinking nasty thoughts about Euripides, Aristophanes, Sophocles, and Minah—the former three being ancient Greeks and the latter Sheriton's latest, and by all odds rottenest shortstop.

Finally, about 1 a. m., after I'd just dozed off, I was awakened by a low, determined, caterwauling beneath my window. That was no tomat; it was Red Barrett. I crawled out of bed, pretty mad.

"What ho, Juliet!" I heard Red call impatiently. "Haste thee down to thy Romeo!"

On the front porch shivering in my bathrobe and slippers, I was a most ungracious host.

"Say, Brighteyes," exclaimed Red, excitedly. "Have you heard the latest? Ashford's planning a big curtain raiser for the Sheriton game. They're putting up a monster corral at one end of the field. Then they're going to stage a broncho busting stunt, the best rider in each class competing for the all-university championship. They say they've got a flock of bang-up riders. They're planning to pull a sensation that the Middle West'll never get over. Boy, it's the cat's meow! Won't we tan their hides for them?"

Now wasn't that a hot sketch—calling a fellow out of bed to tell him all about his own funeral? I got sarcastic. Who wouldn't? "It sure is fine," I said. "Splendid advertising for us. Just what we need. First they get a lot of good publicity by busting a dozen wild horses in a corral; then they beat us on the diamond; and then they go home and twist our wildcat's tail. Fine for us? Where do you get that stuff?" But you couldn't faze Red.

"We'll beat 'em at their own game," he assured me confidently. "We'll let 'em pull off their little stunt and then we'll send our champion out and he'll ride the socks off of every fiver in the corral. Don't you see, our trick is to wallop 'em at their own game. Then the newspapers will pan the life out of them and we'll even up on them for kidnapping our wildcat. Pretty dippy, what? Congratulate me!"

"Sure, I see," said I. "I see the lions and the den, and all right. But who's going to be the little Daniel? Not me, nor you, either. I never rode anything fiercer than a Shetland pony in a public park, and as for you, you couldn't drape a saddle on a Jersey cow. Belling the cat is great stuff, all right, but who's the little mouse that's going to do it?"

Red fairly withered me. "Join the day shift," he advised, sarcastically. "Use your head for once. Why, the man who'll clean up on Ashford for us is Long Tom Gilligan, of course!"

Long Tom Gilligan! Right then I got the big idea. "Great stuff!" I assured the grinning Red. I forgot all about my bathrobe and slippers. "Let's go and tell the old sport now." We roused Gilligan out of bed and, say, he was tickled to death! Real fighting blood in that youngster!

"Will I?" he exclaimed. "Will a cayuse chew oats? Why it'll be a three-ring circus. I'm plumb glad you fellows asked me."

Well, we sat on Long Tom's front porch and fathered ecstatic plans. Here's the way they finally pointed up: Just after Ashford's champion had been picked we'd send Red over to the Ashford stand. Red would challenge the winner in behalf of Sheriton. Ashford couldn't back out, and the stake would be set for Long Tom to mosey out and make a killing. If by any chance Ashford's mangot thrown but Tom stuck, sport writers would eat it up—the news would be telegraphed all over the country, and then Sheriton alumni could lord it over Ashford till Kingdom Come. It was a bearcat of an idea. We sat and fondled it and blew it up like a toy balloon.

Just as I got up to go, Long Tom crashed through with another high-powered idea.

"Fellows," he said, "did I ever tell you about Astronomy?"

"Just you dare try it," shuddered Red. "Astronomy has doomed more than one poor sinner to a second senior year. Being as you're a new-comer, young man, you've got to jall this time, but don't you dare make a break like that again."

"But listen," persisted Tom. "Astronomy's no study. He's the wildest, knock-kneedest, diabolicallest

cow pony in Southwest Arizona." Whereupon we marched right back and listened, with fervent interest, to glowing word pictures of the deeds of Astronomy. And as Long Tom enthused, so did we likewise.

It seems that this Astronomy horse was the Jesse James of Cochise County, Arizona. He wasn't very big, and he wasn't any Apollo Beveled-Ear to look at, but he held all the world's records for orneryness and daredevilry. And had one sterling virtue—he loved Long Tom. Long Tom could ride him to Gehenna and he wouldn't bat an eye, but let another buckaroo try to mount him and he'd kick up like Mt. Vesuvius on the Fourth of July. Tom told us a lot more stories about Astronomy's uncanny stunts until our hair stood on end. And he wound up with a calm reflective, "I know darned well my dad would slip him up here."

Well, I forgot all about the training rules. I stayed there and talked about all the rest of the night. When we left it was settled that Tom would telegraph his father to forward Astronomy by return mail. And that was that.

Soon afterward Long Tom heard from home. His dad, he told us, had walled off a section of a cattle car, and Astronomy, in company with a most unwilling attendant, was on his way to college.

Every day after that, we haunted the railroad yards. And one night the fussy little switch engine towed an extra long string, and bringing up the rear of it was a peculiar sort of car with horizontal bars instead of walls. Long Tom let out a yell and started for it lickety-cut.

By the time Red and I got there Long Tom was spouting baby talk at what to my mind will always stand out as the ugliest, decrepitest specimen of the genus horse that ever outraged human eyes. He was positively despicable.

He wasn't especially big, and he sort of bulged at one side from leaning too much on one foot, most likely. He was rusty colored, with a great wire scratch across one flank. His mane was tangled and frowzy, and part of it straggled between his ears and down over his eyes. Moreover, he was bowlegged, and there was a wicked, crafty look in his half-closed eyes that didn't appeal to me one bit.

I say this for Astronomy, though, he was genuinely glad to see Long Tom. He nuzzled the boy and whickered and stamped his feet. Red even declared he wagged his tail! Anyhow when Long Tom turned to me, a bit huskily, and demanded to know if Astronomy "wasn't the beautifullest horse in the world," I took a half hitch on my conscience and mumbled "yes."

The ten days to the Ashford game were darned long ones. You see, we couldn't tell anybody about our plan, not even the Sheriton fellows, because Ashford got the tiniest hint of it they'd very well likely call off the rodeo. Or at least they'd find some way of queering things.

We parked Astronomy in a nearby dairy barn and every morning at 6 o'clock Long Tom got up and took his pet for an exercising. Astronomy was still a little peeved over being transplanted, Long Tom said, and likely would take it out on somebody at the rodeo.

At nightfall, three days before the Ashford game, we started Tom off, a horse, for Ashford. You see, he couldn't very well ship Astronomy to Ashford without rousing suspicions; therefore he decided to cover the forty-five miles leisurely so that Astronomy would arrive there nice and fresh.

If there was any doubt in his mind Long Tom didn't show it that night. He grinned joyfully as he cantered off—as straight as the bronze statue of George Washington in the Sheriton squad. That boy surely could ride!

The day of the game our team was over-easy to sort of get used to the Ashford diamond. We practiced, lightly, from ten to eleven, then hunted up our eating place. I kept an eye peeled for Long Tom, and pretty soon I spied him. He was bubbling over with excitement.

"Everything's fit as a fiddle," he told me. "I got chummy with the stable man where they keep the stock. Stable man told me they have some pretty lively plugs on deck, but nothing dangerous. I told him, offhand, that I had another horse to add to the bunch. He accepted old Astronomy without a peep. Guess he thought I was an Ashford student or something."

"And Astronomy?" I inquired, anxiously. Long Tom winked. "A good lively horse like Astronomy doesn't need oats," he murmured. "However, I fed him a whole armful. Guess you needn't worry about Astronomy. So long. See you at the game."

We got out on the field about an hour early. As the rodeo was to come off before the game the stands were nearly full by that time. Our bunch was massed on one side of the stadium with the Ashfordites—twice as many of 'em—on the other.

That Ashford stadium, I'm here to tell you, is a wonderful piece of concrete. It's horseshoe shaped—we kid Ashford about that being an "aggie" school. One end of the stadium is open. Home plate is in the center, the diamond extends through the open end, and the outfield is outside the stadium. Well, that arrangement left quite a big empty space in the crook, and here Ashford had put up their monster corral.

Ashford opened the program with a parade by their band, playing that odious "Sheriton in the Dust" tune of theirs. Our gang came back and the yell that always drives them crazy. It's just three long "Moo-es!" like a sick cow, but we pack it full of insults. Well, we let them have it twice. And boy, they got even!

They halted their band right in front of a tunnel through the stadium. Then they struck up "Sheriton in the Dust" again and started to march. Behind them—it must have formed in the tunnel—came a solid phalanx. There must have been fifty in it, all giants. They carried the Sheriton wildcat. His big oak

mounting board was swathed with heavy wires; to these wires were fastened chains; the chains were fastened about the waists of those Ashford huskies.

Why didn't Sheriton rush 'em? In the first place, our gang was in the section clear across the field, and long before they could get across the Ashford rooters—and there were two of them to our one—would mass in front of the wildcat. Oh, we hadn't a chance in the world.

Ashford marched our wildcat back and forth a time or two, then set him on a stand over an aisle. Especially prepared, that stand was—conspicuous, yet with three or four rows of husky Ashfordites between the wildcat and the field. It was darned humiliating.

Pretty soon the rodeo started. The Ashford yell king announced that the fiercest mustangs ever raised on barbed wire and dynamite, the winner to be proclaimed champion of the school.

They leaped in the horses, and a disappointing lot they were. All looked pretty peaceable, especially old Astronomy. He just limped along nibbling unconcernedly at his halter rope, and not seeming to notice the crowd at all.

Well, the other four horses weren't much. They did kick around a bit—enough to transplant the freshman and junior champions from their saddles to the green grass. The sophomore and senior champs, however, stuck on their horses for ten minutes. As neither one was thrown, the committee got together and awarded the decision to the sophomore. He was a cocky, strutting sort of chap. I'll bet if I was a horse I'd of fixed him. On the whole, it wasn't a very exciting rodeo; even Ashford was a bit disappointed.

Then out marched Red Barrett. "Ladies and gentlemen," he shouted through his megaphone, "Sheriton, not Ashford, has the intercollegiate broncho busting champion of the year. Mr. Tom Gilligan, the premier cayuse tamer of Cochise County, Arizona, is with us this afternoon and will be delighted to show the Ashford champion how to ride. Ladies and gentlemen, I thank you!"

You can imagine what that speech did to the crowd. Ashford jeered and catcalled; Sheriton, not sure just what it was all about, raised a mighty bedlam and cheered Red and Long Tom.

A thousand people laughed when Tom crossed the field—he still moved with that comical sort of side. I prayed that he wouldn't lose his nerve.

Long Tom and the Ashford chap conferred. Evidently they decided the home man would ride first. And as the other four horses had done their bit, a hostler led out old Astronomy. Perhaps Long Tom had fixed it up; I don't know.

The Ashford chap burst out laughing as he strutted toward Astronomy. And, in truth, Astronomy did look more like an old lady's pet than a bucking broncho.

Meanwhile the Ashford baseball team was practicing—scooping up grounders with pretty confidence, whanging the ball to every corner of the field, making long throws with speed and uncanny accuracy. It looked bad for Sheriton.

The coolest individual in the whole stadium was Astronomy himself. He was unmoved by all the excitement. He didn't object to a saddle like the other horses had done. The hostlers didn't even bother to blindfold him. But when the Ashfordite climbed on his back—boy, you should have seen that horse!

First he reared on his hind legs, and waltzed around a bit. Sort of got the lay of the land, as you might say. Then he shifted gears, put his nose to the ground, and came as near to standing on his front legs as I imagine a horse can get.

Well, the gentleman from Ashford barely saved himself; he realized right away that he was riding something dangerous.

For five minutes Astronomy kept the crowd gasping. He tried everything that a wild horse does, plus a few civilized tricks of his own. He scraped the rider against the corral fence, jolted him, treated him to short, vicious dashes and quick stops that nearly sent him soaring—jerked him and jostled him with terrific lunges and racking sidewise leaps.

Well, suddenly Astronomy decided he'd given everybody his money's worth. He jumped straight up so high that it looked as though his feet cleared the level of the corral. He came down stiff legged and his rider sort of bounced up. That, apparently, was what Astronomy wanted. As the cocky soph got to the top of his bounce Astronomy hoisted violently with his hind legs. The Ashfordite sailed over Astronomy's head like an arrow from a bow. And Astronomy strolled calmly, modestly, back to his place in the corner.

The Ashford chap had no broken bones, but he was pretty well shaken up. He was in no shape for another whirl at Astronomy. They had to swing back a section of the fence because he couldn't climb over. Long Tom's exhibition was a marvel. He rode the first four horses one after the other—laughed at their tricks, encouraged them to try everything, let everybody see he was the boss. Long before he climbed on Astronomy the popular verdict was his. And the Sheriton stand was one cheering, yelling mass of triumph.

You could have heard a pin drop, though, when Long Tom approached Astronomy, patted his nose, and did a regular Bill Hart into the saddle. Astronomy reared up, then seemed to realize that he'd felt those legs before. He prouetted a bit, lifted his head and kicked up as though he was pleased over something. Then he began to show off.

He sidled over to the gatekeeper and put up one leg coyly, as if to shake hands. As the gatekeeper backed away Astronomy followed, hobbling along comically on three legs. And when the gatekeeper finally leaped the corral fence Astronomy shook his head disappointedly.

By this time the Ashford stands

smelled a mouse. Something was wrong. A wild horse doesn't tame down in a minute. So when Astronomy reared up, placed his front feet on the top rail of the corral, and stood motionless, head up like a performing horse in a circus, the storm broke. There was an ominous roar from the stands, fifteen or twenty thousand Ashford students made a rush for the corral.

Long Tom dug his heels in Astronomy's flanks. Astronomy wheeled, caught his stride, and soared over that six-foot fence as a bird soars over a treetop.

Long Tom snatched something from around his waist—it was a light rope. Swiftly he uncoiled it, and as he galloped toward the open end of the stadium he swung it round and round his head. All Sheriton was shouting for him to get away.

Of a sudden he swerved toward the astonished Ashford stand, swerved until he reached the running track at the very rim of it. Then, with a jerk, he released the rope. Uncoiling, that rope floated up and over the heads of the Ashford rooters, and the slipknot at its end settled around the Sheriton wildcat.

If there was any resistance you couldn't notice it; for Astronomy kept right on going. Those Ashford chains were still attached, yes—but to the base, not to the wildcat. The base stayed right where it was, but the wildcat, without pausing to ask questions, made one flying leap over the heads of the crowd and down to the ground.

Then the whole Ashford team rushed at the flying pair, and for a moment it looked as though they were caught. But Astronomy's training on the western plains won out—he kicked his way so carefully that nobody got within ten yards of him.

Our last glimpse of the fugitives revealed Astronomy far in the lead; Long Tom reeling in the rescued wildcat; and the whole Ashford baseball squad in hot pursuit.

Within five minutes there wasn't a person left in that stadium. Every Ashfordite wanted to catch Long Tom; every Sheriton man wanted to help him escape. And the rest of the crowd simply wanted excitement.

Well, by and by the Ashford team began to trickle back, one by one, but for the life of them they couldn't muster a quorum. And they couldn't find the umpire either. So, at 4 o'clock, the Ashford captain and I adjourned the game—sine die.

Excitement was white hot. All we talked about, at Sheriton, was Long Tom. We knew that Ashford was patrolling every road; it seemed unlikely that even a wonder horse like Astronomy could run that gauntlet. By noon of the third day we mourned the wildcat as lost. After lunch Red and I sat on his front porch, and for a half hour neither of us said a word. Finally Red looked up hopefully.

"Astronomy is the fastest animal," he ventured.

"So is an Ashford automobile," I snapped, and Red shut up.

And then, in the vacant lot next door, we heard a low whinny. There was Astronomy, and the gangling youth dismounting from his back was no other than Long Tom. But—no wildcat. Our hearts sank as we leaped the fence.

"Where've you been these last three days?" demanded Red.

"Mostly in Ashford," said Long Tom.

"How'd you escape the Ashford patrol?"

"Didn't use the road," grinned Long Tom. "Cut across country. You saw Astronomy leap that corral fence, didn't you? Jumping fence is the best thing Astronomy does."

"Why did it take you so long to get back?" I asked.

"Waited till some of the excitement blew over. Hid the horse in an old building and didn't start till last night."

"But you lost the wildcat," groaned Red.

"Did I?" drawled Long Tom. He reached under his saddle blanket and drew out a shapeless something. It looked like—by George it was—a wildcat skin.

"I didn't want him to be conspicuous," he explained, "so I took the stuffings out of him. He didn't object; I guess he knew what I was doing for."

And that was how Long Tom Gilligan became a Sheriton baseball hero. —From the Reformatory Record.

MANY TREES ARE STARVED BY UNFAVORABLE SEASON.

Millions of trees in country, town and city are facing starvation and premature death as a result of the unusual weather conditions which prevailed during the past eight months in many sections of the country, according to Martin Davey, well known tree expert.

"Trees manufacture their food in their leaves," Davey said. "It is a slow process and months are required to produce enough food to keep the tree healthy throughout the year."

"Last spring was unusually cold and the leaves were about a month late in coming out. The food manufacturing process was retarded. Then came the drought—there was no rain to speak of in many sections for over two months. Without water, the minerals from the soil and nitrogen from the air could not be converted into foods vital for plant life."

"Because of the drought, the leaves withered and fell last fall much earlier than usual."

"As a net result of the late spring, the drought, and the early falling of the leaves, the trees were able to store up only a fraction of the food required. Their vitality has been lowered; many have been so weakened that it is doubtful whether they can pull through the coming summer."

The effects of the bad season can be counteracted by properly fertilizing the trees. This should be done as soon as the ground thaws in the spring.

BY BUS IS THE SAFEST WAY TO TRAVEL.

During 1928, eight States and the District of Columbia classified their motor vehicle accidents according to the type of vehicle involved.

Taking into account both fatal and non-fatal accidents, the busses were found to be nearly seven times as safe as private cars. The danger of fatal accidents was shown to be four times as great in a private car as in a bus.

There are many reasons for this supremacy. In 45 States through certificates of convenience and necessity, which may be withdrawn for disregard of highway regulations, the busses are rigidly controlled; there is State supervision of drivers, who may be prohibited from driving common carrier vehicles for offenses against highway laws. The fact that the accident record of an operator is the basis of determination of the premium he shall pay on insurance is another factor.

For these reasons, and because one accident can destroy his most valuable asset, the good will which it has taken much effort to acquire, operators maintain schools in which the applicant for a position as driver must undergo rigid and disciplinary training in the technique of handling a bus on a highway crowded with other vehicles. Attractive bonuses are provided for operators who maintain a high safety record.

Other reasons which are factors in the efforts for safety are these: accidents mean repair costs; they add to the depreciation of an expensive vehicle; they mar the appearance, the beauty of which is a factor in attracting customers; and they interfere with the schedule which the operator has pledged himself to maintain.

Jimmy—"Rising nicely, ain't it?"

Mother—"Jimmy! What on earth have you been doing to Fido?"

Jimmy—"He's just e't three yeast cakes and drank a pan of sour milk."

POLITICAL ANNOUNCEMENTS

FOR CONGRESS
We are authorized to announce the name of CHARLES P. LONG, Spring Mills, Centre county, as a candidate for the nomination for CONGRESS on the Republican ticket at the May Primaries, Tuesday, May 20th. He respectfully appeals to the Republicans of the Twenty-third congressional district, Centre, Clearfield, Cameron and McKean counties, for their support and influence. P. O. Address, Spring Mills, Pa.

FOR STATE SENATOR
We are authorized to announce the name of Harry B. Scott, of Phillipsburg, Pa., as a candidate for the nomination for State Senator, representing the Thirty-fourth District, comprising Clearfield and Centre counties, at the Primary Election to be held on Tuesday, May 20th, 1930, subject to the rules governing the election of the Republican party.

FOR STATE COMMITTEEMAN
We are authorized to announce the name of Harry B. Scott of Phillipsburg, Pa., as a candidate for the election for State Committeeman representing Centre county, at the Primary Election to be held Tuesday, May 20th, 1930, subject to the rules governing the election of the Republican party.

We are authorized to announce the candidacy of James H. Hugg of Phillipsburg, Pa., as the Centre County Member of the Republican State Committee, subject to rules and regulations of the Primary Election to be held May 20, 1930.

CHAIRMAN COUNTY COMMITTEE
We are authorized to announce the name of Phil D. Foster, of State College, Pa., as a candidate for County Chairman of the Republican party in Centre County, Pa., subject to the decision of the voters of the party as expressed at the primary to be held on May 20th, 1930.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS

NOTICE.—In the Court of Common Pleas of Centre County No. May Term, 1930. Notice is hereby given that application for the appointment of a receiver to take charge of the assets of the estate of the late of John H. Thompson, deceased, will be heard on Saturday, March 15, 1930, at 11 o'clock A. M., under the "Corporation Act of 1874," and the supplemental act of 1875, and its supplements thereto, for the charter of an intended corporation, to be called the "VOLUNTEER FIREMEN'S ASSOCIATION OF RUSH TOWNSHIP," the charter and object of which is to furnish financial relief to such of its members who are injured while voluntarily fighting fire, by furnishing them periodic financial benefit for disability so sustained, and to make payment to the dependents of a member killed while voluntarily fighting fire; such payments to be determined by the by-laws of the corporation, and to be enjoyed by all the rights, benefits and privileges of the said Act of Assembly and its supplements. Proposed charter is now on file in Prothonotary's office.

EDWARD J. THOMPSON, Solicitor.
75-8-31

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Letters of administration on the estate of Anna T. McLaughlin, late of the borough of Belleville, county of Centre and State of Pennsylvania, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, all persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate are hereby notified to make immediate payment of such indebtedness, and those having claims will present them, properly authenticated, for settlement.
J. M. CUNNINGHAM
Administrator.
75-4-61

EXECUTORS NOTICE.—Letters testamentary having been granted to the undersigned of the estate of Minerva Tate, late of the township of Spring, county of Centre and State of Pennsylvania, deceased, all persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate are directed to make payment of such indebtedness and those having claims should present them, properly authenticated, for payment.
SCOTT TATE
ALVA HENDERSON
Executors of Minerva Tate, Dec'd.
Belleville, R. F. D., Pa.
William Groh, Attorney.
Belleville, Pa.
76-8-61

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.—The undersigned executrix of the estate of Charles C. Cochran, late of State College borough, Centre county, Pa., hereby notifies all persons having claims against said estate to present them, properly authenticated, for payment, and those knowing themselves indebted thereto are notified to make immediate settlement of such indebtedness.
MRS. MARY E. COCHRAN
W. Harrison Walker, Atty.
Belleville, Pa. State College, Pa.
75-7-61

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.—Letters testamentary upon the estate of Margaret Louise McManus, late of Belleville borough, Centre county, Pa., having been granted to the undersigned, all persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate are notified to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same must present them, duly authenticated, for settlement.
THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK
BELLEVILLE, PA.
James C. Furst, Atty. Executor.
76-7-61