

PUBLIC SALE OF HOUSE AND LOT—The undersigned, the surviving executor of Daniel E. Weaver, deceased, will sell the real estate of said deceased on the premises one-half mile south of Spring Mills, Pa., **SAURDAY, AUGUST 1, 2 p. m.**

The property consists of one and three-fourth acres of land, thereon erected a good two-story house, stable and other outbuildings. There is good fruit on the premises; also cistern and well of water. Terms will be made known on day of sale.

GEORGE S. WEAVER, Executor.

HOUSE AND LOT FOR SALE—The undersigned will offer at private sale a two-story dwelling house, four rooms upstairs and three down stairs, summer kitchen, stable and quarter acre lot, located on Church street, Centre Hall, and known as the John Neff property. This property is in good condition. House is weatherboarded and painted, and needs no repairs. Good fruit, and running water. This property must be sold and will be offered at a very reasonable price and on easy terms.

W. A. SANDOE, Agent, Centre Hall, Pa. June 25, 1904—64.

PUBLIC SALE OF PENN'S CAVE—Will be sold at public sale at the Court House in Bellefonte, all the land, certain messuages, tenement and tract of land situated in Gregg Town, Centre county, Pa., three miles north of Spring Mills, on the Lewisburg and Tyrone railroad.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 12, 1904, 10 A. M.
(Tract No. 1 sold July 1.)

TRACT NO. 2, PENN'S CAVE. Beginning at a stone in the public road leading to Farmer's Mills, thence along said road and land of George Long north 61 1/2 degrees east 20 perches to stones, thence north 25 1/2 degrees east 20 perches to stones, thence south 61 1/2 degrees west 48 perches to stones, thence south 25 1/2 degrees east 20 perches to the place of beginning, containing 6 acres neat measure, together with all the privileges in and under the ground as well as any hollow or can be reached by entering into said cave, thereon erected Penn's Cave Hotel, stable and outbuildings.

DESCRIPTION OF PENN'S CAVE

Penn's Cave is a beautiful summer resort, situated three miles from Spring Mills, on the Lewisburg and Tyrone railroad. The Cave itself is a subterranean cavern fully one-fourth mile in length, the interior of which surpasses description. The walls and ceiling are decorated with myriads of stalactites and the projecting irregular rocks are studded with stalagmites. Penn's Creek, which empties into the west branch of the Susquehanna, rises about five to forty paces, the entire length of the Cave. The cave ends abruptly, the outlet being only large enough to carry away the water. The entrance of the cave is gained by ascending numerous easy steps. The Cave has been guarded against vandals ever since its discovery, more than a hundred years ago, and thus remains in its natural beauty.

Penn's Cave Hotel is a frame structure 30x52 ft., three stories in height with twenty-five rooms, kitchen, five bath, stable, etc. The buildings stand immediately over the Cave.

The location is strictly rural; the climate is all that could be desired, hunting and fishing nearby. This property will be sold at a price that should enlist the interest of speculators. It is peculiarly suited for a well-appointed summer resort, a gentleman's place or home for a club. The tract contains six acres of land, and is also situated to give every needed access to the cave proper. The description is not adequate. The place must be seen to be appreciated.

Terms: Ten per cent of purchase money to be paid on day of sale, the balance of one-third of purchase money to be paid on confirmation of sale, one-third in one year, and the balance in two years, with interest, the deferred payments to be secured by bond and mortgage on the premises.

LEWIS KORMAN, Adm'r.
JESSE LONG, Farmer's Mills, Pa.
Orvis, Bower & Orvis, Adm'r's, Bellefonte, Pa.

TIMIDITY AND TALENT.

A Book of Courage Is the Death of a Great Deal of Ability.

A great deal of talent is lost to the world for the want of a little courage. Every day sends to their graves a number of obscure men who have only remained obscure because their timidity has prevented them from making a first effort and who, if they could have been induced to begin, would in all probability have gone great lengths in the career of fame. The fact is that to do anything in this world worth doing we must not stand shivering on the brink and thinking of the cold and danger, but jump in and scramble through as well as we can. It will not do to be perpetually calculating risks and adverting nice chances. It did very well before the flood, when a man could consult his friends upon an intended scheme for a hundred and fifty years and then live to see its success for six or seven centuries afterward. But at present a man waits and doubts and hesitates and consults his brother and his uncle and his first cousins and particular friends till one fine day he finds that he is sixty-five years of age; that he has lost so much time in consulting first cousins and particular friends that he has no time left to follow their advice.—Sydney Smith on "Courage In the Use of Talent."

Danger In Nightmares.

"I believe that dreams sometimes kill," said a prominent specialist on nervous diseases the other day. "Of course I don't know that they are fatal, but I have every reason to think so. I had a woman patient whom I was treating for a number of complications, including a weak heart. She could not bear any excitement, and I often warned against exposing herself to sudden fright. She complained of having nightmare and said she often woke up in a state of terrible fright so weak that she could not call for help. One morning she was found dead in bed with an expression of abject terror on her face. I have no doubt that she died from fright produced by a nightmare."

Blazed Her Way.

There is a story about Alaska and its people in which is mentioned a man who chose a bride from among some of the Indian tribes up toward the Chitoot pass. He took her to a large city, Montreal, perhaps, and left her in a splendid hotel while he went out to see some one about a dog. She missed him sadly. She sat at the window looking out on the street four stories below. Solitude became intolerable. She decided to find her husband. There was an elevator, but she didn't care for it. Softly as moosehins could carry her she issued forth. When she had gone out, a bellboy saw queer marks on the balusters and doorcasings. The Indian bride had blazed her way with a tomahawk so that she could find her way back. The Indian bride was merely living up to her education, for it is very necessary to know how to blaze a trail in Alaska.

Men Crotchety at Breakfast.

"If waiters had their way, men would not be permitted in a restaurant before the dinner hour, or at least before lunch," said the proprietor of a cafe on Upper Broadway.

Why? Simply because they are so cross at breakfast. No, it isn't the question of tips altogether, although I never saw a waiter refuse a quarter. But the fact is men are crotchety before they get their breakfast. If they have to wait five minutes, it seems an hour to them, and even the morning paper seems to lose its charms unless breakfast is on the table. There is no meal in the day where the waiters get so many 'kicks' as they do at breakfast, and the men are always more ill tempered than the women.—New York Press.

A Lincoln Story.

Abraham Lincoln had a rule for evading difficulties. At a cabinet meeting one day, it is related, Mr. Seward jokingly remarked, "Mr. President, I hear that you turned out for a colored woman on a muddy crossing the other day." "I don't remember," answered Lincoln musingly, "but I think it very likely. I have always made it a rule that if people won't turn out for me I will for them. If I didn't, there might be a collision."

Not the Same.

"Come along," said Mr. Nupop, fresh from his interview with the janitor. "We'll have to look at flats elsewhere." "But why can't we take this?" demanded Mrs. Nupop. "It's like heaven here, and"—

"Not much it isn't, and that's the trouble. They take children in heaven."—Philadelphia Press.

Cheering Her Up.

Molly—I was so cross at the party last night! Kate Green had on a dress exactly like mine.

Polly—Yes, but how it must have disgusted her to see you with a dress like hers! That ought to make you happy, I should think.

Serious.

The Burlesque Queen—Send for the police! I've been robbed!

Her Manager—Diamonds gone again?

The Queen—No, no! This is serious. Some one has stolen all my press notices.

An ounce of 'I'll try' is better than a ton of 'I can't.'

The pugilist wants but little here but always wait for base ball.

FARM AND RANCH BELLS.

The Various Processes That Enter Into Their Making.

Cow bells that chime on the western plains, sheep bells that tinkle on the big American sheep ranches, bells for grazing horses and mules and, according to Popular Mechanics, all kinds of bells for the farm and ranch are made in one factory, which stands on a hillside street in a little town in Connecticut.

The metal for the bells is received at the factory in large, flat sheets of thin iron direct from the rolling mill and is passed under a steam driven cutter, which turns out the properly shaped pieces like patterns for a double bladed ax. Then a ring for a clapper is fastened into the center of each piece, and it is spanned with a little iron strap for a handle. Finally the piece is bent down into the familiar bell shape and its sides riveted together on the anvil.

The bell is now in shape, but it still lacks tone and color. These are gained by a coating of brass and a bath in a fiery furnace. In nests of four or five the bells, ranging in size from the little three inch sheep bells to the seven inch cow bells, are placed, with a mixture of charcoal and brass filings between them, in plumbago crucibles, the lids of which are held in place by a plastering of wet clay. These are then immersed in the fire. Within the crucibles the brass spreads itself in a thin coating over the imprisoned bells, and the bell obtains its clear note. All that needs to be done afterward is to burnish the bells, which is done by throwing them with a few leather scraps into a big revolving cylinder, in which they polish themselves.

The Men in Line.

The land forces alone of Europe number "on the war footing" 25,000,000 men. Even Spain has an army larger than our own.

Standing side by side 25,000,000 men would make a continuous line from Calais across Europe and Asia to Beijing.

Parading up Broadway at the usual pace, infantry in files of twenty, cavalry ten abreast and field guns two abreast, this force would pass city hall in about seven and a half months, parading eight hours a day, Sundays excepted.

On the continent soldiers are carried standing in fourth class cars containing forty men each. Very small freight cars we should call them. To mobilize these men at once would take 625,000 such cars in about 50,000 trains. At a mile headway the trains would reach twice around the world.—New York World.

Ingrawing Toe Nails.

To relieve ingrowing toe nails cut a V shaped piece out of the center of the nail, as deep down to the quick as possible, and press in all around the toe and as much as possible under the ingrowing part some good yellow soap. In the course of a few days, or so take the pointed end of a small penknife blade and scrape out all the soap and if possible insert the blade under the ingrowing part and with a dexterous twist turn the edge of the blade upward and pare off as much of the ingrowing part as possible. Then press in some more soap and a small piece of absorbent cotton between the nail and the overlapping flesh to keep the nail from pressing on the same. In the course of a few weeks the flesh under the ingrowing part will become so callous that no pain will be felt, and the nail can be trimmed regularly once a week.—American Queen.

In the Olden Days of Crinoline.

A woman tells this of the old days of "cages."

A man—an artist and a very shy person—walked out with the woman he delighted to honor and asked her to marry him. In stepping closer to her, as the occasion seemed to demand, early in the walk he got his foot through her large and expansive hoop and was too modest to make any attempt to remove it. She was equally timid, so they took their walk, settled matters (she consenting) and came home with his foot still held in her hoop. History does not state how it was finally removed. I only know the story is true, and the pair today are old married lovers.

A Raw Oyster.

Although the actual amount of nutritive material in a raw oyster is small, it comprises all classes of food substances in a peculiarly assimilable form. Generally speaking, the raw mollusk consists of four-fifths water. The danger—a remote one of the oyster containing living typhoid fever germs may be obviated by the use of lemon juice. The oyster is rendered tough and indigestible by boiling.

Altogether Too Inquisitive.

Burgess—What a humbug Doliver is! When I asked him if he had read my article about "The Epochal Era," he said he had and that it was the finest thing he had seen for years, but when I came to question him I found he didn't know the first thing about the article. What do you think of that?

Yerrow—I think it should be a lesson to you to let well enough alone next time.—Boston Transcript.

Only Half the Truth.

Wife (during the quarrel)—Yes, and people say you only married me for my money.

Husband—People are wrong, my dear. They overlook the fact that you also had considerable real estate.—Chicago News.

The real need of the times, according to the princess in every family, is some method by which the earning capacities of fathers may be doubled.—Ath-ison Globe.

To Say Nothing of Powder.

Geraldine—Women are just as honest as men.

Gerald—That isn't so. A man will put up a sign, "Look Out For Paint," but did you ever know a woman to do it?—Brooklyn Life.

It sometimes cost more to accept a favor than to reject it.

HE FOLLOWED THE KING.

It Was a Long Chase, but the Consul Was Tenacious.

A consular vacancy occurred in one of the group of islands of the south Pacific," said a Pacific coast federal judge. "I commended a friend for the vacancy. He was appointed, and, as it was imperative he should reach his post at the earliest possible day, he sailed from San Francisco with the understanding that his commission should follow him and that he should take the oath of office before a local magistrate after he had arrived. Well, the new consul sailed, and it was six months before the state department heard from him. He reported there was no local magistrate and inquired of the secretary if he could not take the necessary oath before the king. The secretary wrote him in the affirmative, and it was several months later when another letter came, this time by sailing ship, after going around the world. It contained the graphic information that the aforesaid king had in the meantime gone to an adjoining island and taken to the brush. Should the consul follow him? Again he was given an affirmative answer. The archives of the state department will show that he eventually located this south sea island king in the brush, was sworn in and, after the lapse of nearly two years from the date of his appointment, was fully qualified to enter upon his consularship."

Wetting a Wheel.

Once when Chief Justice John Marshall was driving in Virginia he found that the tire on one of his wheels was loose and kept slipping off. He didn't know a great deal about common affairs, for he had not lived much with the common affairs of life, but he did know that water would tighten a tire on a wheel. So he came to a little branch and drove into it and got one little section of the wheel wet, then drove out and backed his horse, and the same part of the wheel went into the water again, and he pulled back and kept seeping backward and forward, all the time getting the same part of the wheel wet. While the judge was bothering himself about how to get the wheel wet a negro came along and, seeing the situation, told him to back into the water again. He did so, and the negro took hold of the spokes of the wheel and, turning it around directly, had it wet all around. Judge Marshall said, "Well, I never thought of that." The darky replied, "Well, some men just nat'ly have more sense than others anyhow."

Elephant Love.

A pathetic story of intelligence and affectionate solicitude of an elephant comes from the Midnapur district in Bengal.

A wild tusker and a younger animal had done great damage to crops, and the head man of the district, Baba Ganjan Lal Mallu, attempted to kill them. He shot the larger animal in the leg, disabling it, but not sufficiently for any one to approach it.

For a month the animals lingered in the district, the smaller one ministering to the wants of its wounded companion, and by furious charges kept the villagers at a safe distance.

Twisting its trunk about that of the stricken brute, it uttered the most mournful cries, fanned the wound and gave every evidence of acute distress. When the wounded elephant died, its companion disappeared and has not been seen since.—London Express.

How Trees Differ as to Their Roots.

Trees whose roots are of the same length and fiber do not thrive as well as those which are unequal, because they develop better when their roots reach for nutriment in different strata or depths of the earth. The oak could not thrive in soil where the pine would thrive luxuriantly. This is owing to the nature of the trees. One requires the most solid nutriment. The pine requires light, sandy soil and the atmospheric conditions of sunshine and rain. The oak, maple, elm, hemlock, birch and beech all require warm and clean soil. Trees are noted for picking out the attractive places, and where there are flourishing forests may be found the best land and the soil always productive.

A Satirical Reward.

There was perhaps more satire than gratitude in the reward bestowed by a French lady on a surgeon for bleeding her—an operation in which the lancet was so clumsily used that an artery was severed and the poor woman bled to death. When she recognized that she was dying, she made a will in which she left the operator a life annuity of 800 francs on condition "that he never again bleed anybody as long as he lived."

The Second Fiddle.

"Mr. Henpeque, let me introduce you to the Count de Dieppe."

"Ah, eet eeze honor to meet a musician. I hear, sar, zat you an' your family play ze music."

"Why, I don't know the first thing about music."

"But I hear eet all around zat you play second fiddle to your wife!"

She Tipped Him Off.

Mrs. Meekins—What a frightful brute that Mr. Blood must be! His wife tells me that her-mother is afraid to open her mouth in his presence.

Mr. Meekins—Is it possible? Why, he must be a regular terror. (Musingly.) I wonder how the fellow manages it.—Kansas City Journal.

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It sometimes cost more to accept a favor than to reject it.

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And almost anything you may want in my line. If not in stock I will get it for you. Come in and let us show you our goods, as it costs nothing to show goods. Many thanks for past favors.

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The area of good lands at low prices will soon be a thing of the past. Write the undersigned for further particulars and accompany him on a trip. Excursion rates (one fare plus \$2.00) are given west of Chicago on the 1st and 3rd Tuesday of every month. Fare deducted from price of land to those buying as much as a quarter section (40 acres).

The Pennsylvania Central to Chicago and the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul from there will take you to Ipswich, S. D., and other points where these lands may be had.

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Cholera Infantum.

Very Remarkable Cure of Diarrhoea.

"About six years ago for the first time in my life I had a sudden and severe attack of diarrhoea," says Mrs. Alice Miller, of Morgan, Texas. "I got temporary relief, but it came back again and again, and for six long years I have suffered more misery and agony than I can tell. It was worse than death. My husband spent hundreds of dollars for physicians' prescriptions and treatment without avail. Finally we moved to Besenue county, our present home, and one day I happened to see an advertisement of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy with a testimonial of a man who had been cured by it. The case was so similar to my own that I concluded to try the remedy. The result was wonderful. I could hardly realize that I was well again, or believe it could be so after having suffered so long, but that one bottle of medicine, costing but a few cents, cured me." For sale by C. W. Swartz, Tusseyville; F. A. Carson, Potters Mills.

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H. F. ROSSMAN,
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