

**DEMOCRATIC CO. COMMITTEE—1905.**

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 " E. P. W. J. C. Barnhart, Roland  
 " W. E. Lewis Wallace, Millersburg  
 Bardsdale, William Hipple, Pine diem  
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 Marlon, J. W., Orr, Walker  
 Miles, E. P., H. F. McManaway, Wells Store  
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 " W. P. G. Edward Miller, Rebersburg  
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 " E. P. Fred Wilkinson, Munson Station  
 " S. P. John T. Lorigan, Retort  
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 " E. P. John T. Lorigan, Retort  
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 Union, John O. Peters, Fleming  
 Walker, E. P., Solomon Peck, Nittany  
 " M. P. John McAuley, Hubersburg  
 " W. P. John Cole, Zion  
 Worth, J. A., Williams, Port Matilda  
 H. S. TAYLOR, Chairman

**LEWISBURG AND TYONE RAILROAD.**

**WESTWARD. Week Days. EASTWARD.**

P.M.	A.M.	STATIONS.	A.M.	P.M.
1:58	8:40	Montandon	9:05	4:32
1:50	8:30	Lewisburg	8:55	4:22
1:42	8:20	Bethel	8:45	4:12
1:34	8:10	York	8:35	4:02
1:26	8:00	Millersburg	8:25	3:52
1:18	7:50	Millmont	8:15	3:42
1:10	7:40	Clinton	8:05	3:32
1:02	7:30	Paddy Mountain	7:55	3:22
9:16	7:20	Coburn	7:45	3:12
8:08	7:10	Zerby	7:35	3:02
8:00	7:00	Rising Springs	7:25	2:52
7:52	6:50	Penn Cave	7:15	2:42
7:44	6:40	Centre Hall	7:05	2:32
7:36	6:30	Grege	6:55	2:22
7:28	6:20	Linden Hall	6:45	2:12
7:20	6:10	Coke Hill	6:35	2:02
7:12	6:00	Lemont	6:25	1:52
7:04	5:50	Dale Summit	6:15	1:42
6:56	5:40	Pleasant Gap	6:05	1:32
6:48	5:30	Axemann	5:55	1:22
6:40	5:20	Bellefonte	5:45	1:12

Additional trains leave Lewisburg for Montandon at 5:20 a. m., 9:45 a. m., 1:15 p. m., 5:20 and 7:50 p. m., returning leave Montandon for Lewisburg at 7:40, 9:27 a. m., 10:08 a. m., 4:50, 5:42 p. m. and 8:12 p. m.

On Sundays trains leave Montandon 9:23 and 10:01 a. m. and 4:46 p. m., returning leave Lewisburg 9:25 a. m., 10:03 a. m. and 4:48 p. m.

W. W. ATTERBURY, J. R. WOOD, General Manager, Pass. Traffic Mgr.  
 GEO. W. BOYD, General Passenger Agt.

**CENTRAL RAILROAD OF PENNSYLVANIA**  
 Condensed Time Table. Week Days.

Read Down.	Stations.	Read Up.
No. 1 No. 2	No. 1 No. 2	No. 1 No. 2
A.M. P.M. P.M. A.M.	Ar. De.	P.M. P.M. A.M.
7:10 2:30 4:00	BELLEFONTE	9:20 5:10 6:40
7:21 2:41 4:11	N. York	9:31 5:21 6:51
7:32 2:52 4:22	Scranton	9:42 5:32 7:02
7:43 3:03 4:33	Hecla Park	9:53 5:43 7:13
7:54 3:14 4:44	Dunkles	10:04 5:54 7:24
8:05 3:25 4:55	ELLSBURG	10:15 6:05 7:35
8:16 3:36 5:06	Shydtown	10:26 6:16 7:46
8:27 3:47 5:17	Nittany	10:37 6:27 7:57
8:38 3:58 5:28	Huston	10:48 6:38 8:08
8:49 4:09 5:39	LAMAR	10:59 6:49 8:19
9:00 4:20 5:50	Clintondale	11:10 7:00 8:30
9:11 4:31 6:01	Kider's Spring	11:21 7:11 8:41
9:22 4:42 6:12	Mackeyville	11:32 7:22 8:52
9:33 4:53 6:23	Cedar Springs	11:43 7:33 9:03
9:44 5:04 6:34	Scranton	11:54 7:44 9:14
9:55 5:15 6:45	MILL HALL	12:05 7:55 9:25

(N. Y. Central and Hudson River R. R.)

**BELLEFONTE CENTRAL RAILROAD.**

**EASTWARD. Week Days. WESTWARD.**

P.M.	A.M.	STATIONS.	A.M.	P.M.
6:30	2:25	Bellefonte	6:30	10:30
6:15	2:10	Coleville	6:15	10:15
6:00	1:55	Morris	6:00	10:00
5:45	1:40	Stevens	5:45	9:45
5:30	1:25	Hunters	5:30	9:30
5:15	1:10	Philmore	5:15	9:15
5:00	1:00	Center	5:00	9:00
4:45	0:50	Wadell	4:45	8:45
4:30	0:40	Krumm	4:30	8:30
4:15	0:30	State College	4:15	8:15
4:00	0:20	Struble	4:00	8:00
3:45	0:10	Bloomersburg	3:45	7:45
3:30	0:00	Pine Grove Cr.	3:30	7:30

**TASTE TELLS ONE LITTLE.**

Unassisted by Sense of Smell, Onions and Potatoes Are Alike.

"Do you really think that you can distinguish the tastes of potatoes and onions?" was the unusual question that Prof. Burtis Burr Breese asked his psychology class at the University of Cincinnati the other morning.

"I have yet to see the individual who could tell them apart when they were reduced to the same consistency and when the sense of taste only was used."

At this point Miss Luella Latta, a member of the class, showed some evidences of doubting, and the professor asked her if she would not exhibit to the class exactly how discriminating her sense of taste was.

He explained that he did not have the potatoes and onions on hand, but that he had something far more decided in its taste and quite as familiar to most people.

Then Miss Latta was asked to step up to the rostrum and when she was seated Prof. Breese told her that she must not breathe through her nose—that is, she must rely altogether on the taste and that he was certain she would be unable to distinguish the three things that he then proceeded to give her separately.

She failed, quite as the professor predicted, and he then told the class that Miss Latta had not been able to tell watergreen from peppermint or peppermint from cloves.

"In fact," he said, "none of you can tell the difference simply by the sense of taste. The taste is aided greatly by the sense of smell. All you really taste is sweet and sour, salt and bitter."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

**YOU NEVER CAN TELL.**  
 "You think you do—but you don't."  
 —Barnard Shaw.

In the touch-and-go of the daily show  
 Where the virtues are highly prized,  
 We've a conscience sweet with the  
 mild conceit  
 That we're looking down with a  
 Jove-like frown  
 On the Turk or the Hottentot  
 While we spread our wings like the  
 perfect things  
 Which we think we are—but we're  
 not.

This nation of ours, as it tells the  
 Powers,  
 Is the land of the free and the  
 brave;  
 In God we trust, and we're awfully  
 just,  
 And we haven't the sign of a slave.  
 No peasants toll on our chainless soil,  
 As labor the sons of the Czar;  
 For we're not in the nooks of a  
 fierce Grand Duke—  
 We think we're not—but we are.

There's no great span 'twixt the Con-  
 gressman  
 And the humblest Mick in the  
 ditch;  
 We see no charms in a coat of arms,  
 And we don't bow down to the  
 rich.  
 We never graze with a thankful gaze  
 In the fields of the parvenu;  
 We never stare at a millionaire—  
 We think we don't—but we do  
 Wallace Irwin in Life.

**A Little Rebel.**  
 BY CLAIRE CARTER

It was May Brinley's wedding day.  
 In another hour she would be Mrs.  
 Joan Hargrave. How hard it was to  
 realize!

After the ceremony which made  
 them man and wife was over, she  
 and Jack traveled for four weeks;  
 then they came home to their own  
 beautiful home—her father's wedding  
 gift to her. Here a round of festivi-  
 ties awaited them, so that the young  
 people for three months had no single  
 evening to themselves.

"I am tired, May. Let us stay at  
 home tonight, darling," said Jack one  
 evening after dinner, as May was  
 about to leave him to make her toilet  
 for some party.

"Absurd, Jack! You're not growing  
 old already, surely! Besides, I prom-  
 ised Mrs. Armstrong we would come,  
 and I cannot disappoint her."

"I don't like Mrs. Armstrong, May.  
 I wish you were not so intimate with  
 her; and really, my head aches to-  
 night. Stay at home, like a good  
 girl."

For a moment May wavered. She  
 looked within the library, which  
 seemed so warm and inviting. Then  
 she remembered something that Mrs.  
 Armstrong had said about spoiling  
 men, and how easy it was to begin,  
 and how selfish they were.

So she ran up the stairs, calling  
 back over her shoulder:  
 "Come, Jack, we've no time to lose.  
 And as to your horrid prejudice, do  
 try and get over it."

Half an hour later he stood in full  
 dress, waiting the advent of the beau-  
 tiful girl, who all unconsciously to  
 them both, was steering her frail ves-  
 sel on the quicksands of married mis-  
 ery.

A year passed, and Mr. and Mrs.  
 Hargrave were still in the gay vortex  
 of fashionable life; but to the man's  
 spirit it had grown unutterably wear-  
 isome.

It was no uncommon thing for Jack  
 to spend his evenings with his books  
 and thoughts, while his young wife  
 went out alone.

"May, I wish you would give Mrs.  
 Armstrong up," he said to her one  
 evening as they sat at dinner.

"But, Jack, I have already accepted  
 an invitation to a dinner party there  
 for Thursday evening."

"Then write and decline. I do not  
 ask for this without good cause, lit-  
 tle girl; but things have recently  
 come to my hearing regarding this  
 lady, and I do not wish my wife's  
 name coupled with hers."

May answered nothing more, but in  
 her own heart her decision was unal-  
 tered. Of course she should go. She  
 had been married more than a year  
 now, and so far had always had her  
 own sweet will and way.

This time the latter was unexpect-  
 edly made easy to her, for as Jack  
 kissed her good-bye on Thursday  
 morning he said to her:  
 "I shan't be home to dinner to-  
 night, May. You had better dine at  
 mother's. By the way, this is Mrs.  
 Armstrong's night. You have sent  
 that regret?"

The first fear she had ever felt of  
 Jack crept into her heart at a new,  
 stern look she saw in his eyes, and it  
 drew her first falsehood to him from  
 her lips.

"Yes," she answered.

He stooped and kissed her more  
 tenderly.

"I'll make it up to you yet, darling.  
 Believe me, I did not ask it without a  
 good cause."

She stood quite still after he had  
 left her. She was half-tempted yet to  
 obey him; but—pshaw! What non-  
 sense it was!

So, at seven o'clock, the coupe stood  
 at her door, and in a bewitching din-  
 ner dress, she was driven to the house  
 her husband had forbidden her to en-  
 ter.

It was ten o'clock when she re-  
 turned home.

A light in the library showed that

her husband was at home. She hesi-  
 tated an instant at the door, and then  
 went boldly in.

Jack stood with his back against  
 the fire, his eyes fixed upon her—but  
 not her Jack. The sternness had  
 gone from his eyes, but no smile was  
 on his lips. Over his face was an ex-  
 pression of withering contempt.

"You have enjoyed your evening,  
 madam!" he said; "you had for it the  
 relish of your falsehood this morn-  
 ing."

Oh, how wrong she had been! She  
 was tempted to crawl up to him,  
 and creep into his arms and beg him  
 to forgive her, but she remembered  
 Mrs. Armstrong's advice.

"Yes," she said. "I had a charming  
 evening; but I am quite sleepy now.  
 Good-night! I am going to bed now."

"Why did you disobey me, May?"  
 he demanded.

"Because I do not propose to be a  
 slave to your caprice—because I have  
 had my own way all my life, and I  
 intend to have it."

"And I say you shall not have it!  
 Choose between Mrs. Armstrong and  
 me—between your unworthy friend  
 and your husband—between your own  
 will and our future happiness—on this  
 instant, choose!"

"I have made my choice; I abide  
 by it. When you are more reasonable  
 I will listen further. Now, good-  
 night."

He made her no answer. She lingered  
 a moment at the head of the stairs,  
 hoping he would speak again, but  
 all was silent.

In the early morning a servant  
 brought her a note. It was from her  
 husband, and ran thus:  
 "At nine o'clock I shall sail for  
 abroad, to be absent three months.  
 During that time my lawyer will con-  
 sult you in regard to our separation,  
 and make it as easy as possible. I  
 have known for a long time that our  
 tastes were diametrically opposed,  
 that all my sweet hopes of home were  
 wrecked; but not that you could defy  
 and outrage the love which I so freely  
 gave you. Do not think me harsh in  
 leaving you without a good-bye, but  
 I thought it would be less painful to  
 both."

With tear-blinded eyes she glanced  
 up at the clock. It was just eight.  
 She had one hour in which to act.  
 It was but the work of ten minutes to  
 order the carriage, make a hasty  
 toilet, swallow a cup of coffee, then  
 issue her commands to the coachman  
 to drive at any speed, but reach the  
 pier before the clock struck nine.

It was ten minutes past the hour  
 when the pier was reached, and al-  
 ready far out in the bay stood the  
 gallant ship.

With a loud cry of agony May real-  
 ized the whole, then the strain re-  
 laxed, and the fair young head fell  
 back upon its silken cushions in a  
 dead faint.

"A lady fainted!" was the cry which  
 reached a gentleman giving some di-  
 rections about the baggage which he  
 had countermanded being put upon  
 the vessel which had just set sail.

He turned quickly. There stood  
 his own carriage, and within it the  
 lovely face of his unconscious wife.

It was the work of an instant to  
 spring beside her and lift it on his  
 breast, trying to revive her with his  
 passionate kisses. At last the beau-  
 tiful eyes opened with a wild, incred-  
 ulous recognition.

"Oh, I am dreaming!" she mur-  
 mured. "Jack, Jack! don't leave  
 me!"

"No, darling—no! At the last mo-  
 ment my heart relented. I thought  
 perhaps I had misjudged you, or that  
 I had been too severe, and I ordered  
 my baggage to be taken off the steam-  
 er, and let it sail without me. My  
 wife, I thought you did not love me,  
 that you had chosen the world, be-  
 cause, my darling no true woman  
 finds it hard to yield to the man she  
 can respect and love; and surely,  
 May, you do not find me a tyrant."

But she can only sob out her plea  
 for forgiveness—a plea all too easy  
 to grant; and even tears are sweet  
 when kissed away by love's lips.—  
 New York News.

**AN AERO-HYDRAULIC MOTOR.**

An English Device, Said to Be a  
 Great Saver of Power.

The greatest discovery of the pres-  
 ent age, says the London Iron and  
 Steel Journal may be described as the  
 proved fact that force, like matter, is  
 indestructible, and that it is in the  
 application of force in its different  
 forms that invention has found its  
 evident field of operation. Therefore,  
 an appliance devised to the economi-  
 zation force and the full utilization of  
 every possible atom of energy must  
 lead to a more satisfactory result for  
 the same expenditure of power than  
 is possible when a greater or less pro-  
 portion of the force generated is al-  
 lowed to run to waste.

It is with this object of avoiding  
 any such leakage of power that Mr.  
 Corvisier's patent aero-hydraulic  
 motor engine has engrossed the skill  
 and inventive capabilities of the patentee  
 for a period extending over the last  
 25 years, and as a result he has been  
 able to produce a motor, which, with-  
 out the aid of fire, steam or electri-  
 city, will accomplish just the saving  
 of energy and full utilization of power  
 which has long been the desideratum  
 of those who understand the intricac-  
 ies of machinery.

In the ordinary hydraulic press the  
 small piston travels a relatively long  
 distance, while the large piston only  
 moves a short distance. If, therefore,  
 by a suitable arrangement of the nec-  
 essary parts the large piston can be  
 driven through a distance practically  
 equal to that of the small piston with-

out the necessity of increasing its  
 initial force, it is evident that an ac-  
 cumulator will be obtained giving a  
 very considerable gain in force and  
 speed. This is what has been accom-  
 plished by the invention above  
 referred to. It secures a great advan-  
 tage in economy, and is applicable to  
 the production of any kind of work.

In a steam engine the displacement  
 of the piston necessitates the filling  
 up at every stroke of an empty space,  
 while in a hydraulic press the volume  
 of displacement of the large piston  
 must be filled with an equivalent vol-  
 ume of water. It is, therefore, clear  
 that if the piston of a steam engine  
 or of a hydraulic press could be dis-  
 placed without the need of filling up  
 the space created by the displace-  
 ment, the gain would be considerable.  
 This highly desirable end is obtained  
 in Corvisier's patent by the employ-  
 ment of a piston of special construc-  
 tion, of construction entirely differ-  
 ent from that of any known piston,  
 the piston not being made of metal,  
 but of a pliable and deformable mat-  
 erial, such as a tube, sleeve, or the like,  
 of rubber, strengthened with layers  
 or backings of canvas, so as to adapt  
 it to withstand a high strain. Any  
 material will serve the purpose, al-  
 ways provided it possesses the com-  
 bined qualities of pliability and resis-  
 tance, and is capable of changing its  
 form and returning to it again, ac-  
 cording to the work effected. It is  
 said that the new motor will soon be  
 ready to be placed on the British mar-  
 ket. The possibilities of its useful-  
 ness are stupendous, and its general  
 adoption cannot fail to result in an  
 immense saving to manufacturers in  
 every one of the many important in-  
 dustries to which it can be applied.

The inventor claims that it is cap-  
 able of performing a twelve hours'  
 continuous work on a consumption of  
 150 gallons of water. Every engine-  
 er will be able to judge what a sav-  
 ing is meant by this. The aero-hy-  
 draulic motor bids fair to supersede  
 the use of steam power in a great  
 number of cases, thus doing away  
 with combustion and smoky chim-  
 neys.

**Twenty-six Tuskeges.**

There are at the present time, I  
 am told, twenty-six schools for ne-  
 groes in the South, which, though not  
 formally connected in any way with  
 the Tuskegee Institute, still, either  
 because they were founded by gradu-  
 ates of Tuskegee or because their  
 teaching force has been largely re-  
 cruited from there, maintain their  
 allegiance to the Tuskegee tradition,  
 work in its spirit and extend the  
 sphere of its usefulness.

Though beyond its gates, Tuske-  
 gee graduates are never therefore be-  
 yond sight and influence; it still exer-  
 cises over them a sort of parochial  
 control. The Rev. Robert C. Bed-  
 ford, secretary of the Board of Trus-  
 tees of the Tuskegee Institute, has  
 recently returned from a parochial  
 visit to graduates and former stu-  
 dents of Tuskegee. Since October  
 last he has traversed twelve States,  
 visited seven institutions conducted  
 by or with the assistance of Tuske-  
 gee graduates, and has brought back  
 detailed reports of more than two  
 hundred former students.

Of these reports those are most in-  
 teresting which come from graduates  
 who, with a rare devotion and under  
 difficulties which it is hard for one  
 not actually on the spot to compre-  
 hend, have established by their own  
 efforts independent schools. Nothing  
 in regard to these younger institu-  
 tions is more hopeful than the fact  
 that, in spite of the hardships under  
 which these schools have been estab-  
 lished, not one has been compelled  
 to close its doors, and all have had  
 to turn students from their doors.—Boston  
 Transcript.

**Adjusting the Rates.**

The stage route from the Boston &  
 Maine Railroad station at Meredith,  
 N. H., to Center Harbor and Sand-  
 wich is one of the few remaining links  
 of the system that formerly extended  
 all over New England. Forty years  
 ago John Little, of Laconia, N. H.,  
 was a driver on this route. One day  
 a fussy individual approached him  
 with numerous inquiries regarding  
 the route and wound up by asking the  
 rates of fare.

"Well," said John, "we charge \$1  
 for first class, 75 cents for second and  
 50 cents for third class passage."

The man looked over the stage and  
 inquired where the third-class passen-  
 gers were seated.

"Oh," said John, "sit anywhere; we  
 don't make any difference about that,"  
 and thinking that he had struck a  
 country crank, the man paid his 50  
 cents for a third-class passage.

Everything went smoothly until  
 they reached the foot of one of the  
 long hills which extend over nearly  
 one-half of the distance, when the  
 driver pulled up with the announce-  
 ment: "First-class passengers will re-  
 main seated, second-class passengers  
 will get out and walk, and third-class  
 passengers will get out and push."—Boston  
 Herald.

According to the figures compiled  
 by the Publishers' Weekly, the num-  
 ber of new novels and volumes of  
 stories published in the United States  
 in 1904 was 1,007, nearly 200 more  
 than were recorded in 1903. The num-  
 ber of new editions of fiction publish-  
 ed in the same period was \$14.

In France for the privilege of wear-  
 ing men's trousers the government  
 charges women a tax of about \$10.

Chyo is the master of the tattooing  
 art in Japan. Some of his pictures  
 are said to be marvels.

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**Old Fort Hotel**

EDWARD ROYER, Proprietor.  
 Location: One mile South of Centre Hall.  
 Accommodations first-class. Good bar. Parties  
 wishing to enjoy an evening given special  
 attention. Meals for such occasions pre-  
 pared on short notice. Always prepared  
 for the transient trade.  
 RATES: \$1.00 PER DAY.

**Spring Mills Hotel**

SPRING MILLS, PA.  
 PHILIP DRUMM, Prop.  
 First-class accommodations at all times for both  
 man and beast. Free bus to and from all  
 trains. Excellent Livery attached. Table  
 board first-class. The best liquors and  
 wines at the bar.

**Penn's Valley Banking Company**

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 W. B. MINGLE, Cashier  
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 mercial Travelers.....  
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**One of the Stages.**

Over in New Hope, Ark., last week  
 the farmers of Green county held a  
 meeting of the Educational and Co-op-  
 erative association for the purpose of  
 electing delegates to the state conven-  
 tion to be held in Hot Springs. Among  
 the prominent men in attendance was  
 Gen. N. Y. Crowley of Independence,  
 who is making the race for railroad  
 commissioner. While the session of  
 farmers was under way a New Hope  
 maid with musical talents in the bud  
 opened up a piano across the way and  
 began that process known as cultivat-  
 ing the voice.

"For goodness sake," exclaimed Gen.  
 Crowley, "what noise is that?"

"Gently, General," exclaimed Will  
 Burton of Caddo township, who had  
 just been elected one of the delegates.  
 "That noise is from a young lady who  
 is having her voice cultivated."

"Cultivated, huh," said the general;  
 "then it is evident the process of cul-  
 tivation has reached the harrowing  
 stage."—Memphis Commercial Appeal.

Italy's Industrial Advance.

Not many people in the United  
 States are fully aware of how rapidly  
 Italy is advancing in industrial impor-  
 tance. In some way northern Italy  
 has in the last ten years shown as  
 promising development in an indus-  
 trial way as is to be found anywhere  
 in Europe. The never-falling water  
 supply of the snow-topped mountains  
 is being utilized by the electrical en-  
 gineers in a way which promises to  
 convert northern Italy into a great in-  
 dustrial state. Nowhere in Europe is  
 there a population better fitted to aid  
 in an industrial development. The  
 people are dexterous, quick to learn  
 and industrious, and up to the present  
 time the general wage scale compares  
 favorably with that of any competitors  
 which they have to meet. The result  
 of these favorable conditions has been,  
 for instance, the development of the  
 silk industry at a rate which sounds  
 like statistics of American indus-  
 trial growth.—Reber's.

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