Howard, Howard Moore
Millheim, Pierce Musser
Milesburg, James Noll
South Philipsburg, Joseph Gates
Unionville, P. J. McDonnel, Fleming
State College, D. G. Meck
Benner, N. P., John F. Grove, Bellefonte

"S. P., John Grove, Bellefonte
Boggs, N. P., Ira Confer, Yarnell

"E. P., W. J. C. Barnhart, Roland

"W. P., Lewis Wallace, Milesburg
Burnside, Willham Hipple, Pine Glenn
College, Nathan Grove, Lemont
Curtin, R. A. Poorman, Romola
Ferguson, E. P., W. H. Fry, Pine Grove Mills

"W. P., Sumner Miller, Penna. Furnac
Gregg, N. P., Josiah C. Rossman, Spring Mills

"W. P., John Smith, Spring Mills

"W. P., John Smith, Spring Mills

"W. P., John Smith, Spring Mills

Haines, E. P., L. D. Orndorf, Woodward

"W. P., Ralph E. Stover, Aaronsburg
Halfmoon, Emory McAfee, Stormstown
Harris, John Weiland, Boalsburg
Howard, George D. Johnson, Roland
Huston, Henry Hale, Julian
Liberty, E. P., W. F. Harter, Bianchard

"W. P., Albert Bergner, Monument
Marion, J. W. Orr, Walker

Miles, E. P., H. F. McManaway, Wolfs Store

"M. P., George B. Winters, Smullton

"W. P., George B. Emerick, Centre Hall

"S. P., George H. Emerick, Centre Hall

"S. P., John T. Lorigan, Retort
Snow Shoe, E. P., Lawrence Redding, Snow Sho

"W. P., James Culver, Moshannon

Spring, N. P., C. M. Heisler, Bellefonte

"S. P., John T. Lorigan, Retort
Snow Shoe, E. P., Lawrence Redding, Snow Sho

"W. P., James Culver, Moshannon

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11 45 8 38 12 20 9 10 12 29 11 80 7 30 6 50. 10 40 9 02. P. M. A. M	Jersey Shore Arr. W'msport Lve. W'msport Lve. Arr. Reading Ry PHILA NEW YORK (Via Philad.)	ve 2 rr. 2) 8 4 4	16 40 25 36 36 30 P	7 20 6 50 11 30 7 30

A Japanese Game. A game popular with both grown people and children in Japan is played as follows:

One hundred well-known proverbs are selected, each divided into two parts, each part printed on a separate card. The host has the hundred first halves, which he reads aloud; one by one. The hundred second halves are to the other players, who place their hands upward upon the "Tata mi," or thick mat of rich straw on which they sit. As the first half of any proverb is read the holder of the second half throws it out, or, if he sees it unnoticed among his neighbors. seizes it and gives him one of his own. The player who is first "out" wins. It is a very simple game, but it affords a great deal of amusement to the players, for the quick-sighted and keen-witted are constantly seizing the cards of their duller and slower neighbors. This leads to much laughter and good-natured teasing.

Impudence.

Rear Admiral Wilde, at a banquet given in his honor in Boston, desired to illustrate in some way a certain sort of humorous and harmless impudence that is found at its best in

"There was a young man," said Admiral Wilde, "and he desired to pay his addresses to a certain young lady. So, in a frank and honorable way, he called on the young lady's father, described his circumstances and prospects, and asked if he might be regarded as a suitor.

"'Well,' the father said, 'I have no objection to you. You seem to be an honest, industrious, healthy enough young fello. I guess you can begin to pay your addresses if you want to. Understand, though, that I put out the lights at 10 o'clock."

'All right, sir,' said the young man, 'I'll be carefu! not to come around before that time."

Professor Wentworth and John J. The stories told at the expense of Prof. Wentworth, commonly known as "Bull" Wentworth, and for years connected with the Phillips Exeter acad emy, are legion. The following, how-

ever, is one of the best: It was the custom on opening day for each instructor to take the names of pupils of his classes.

"Now," said Prof. Wentworth on one occasion, "I want every boy to give his full name. If your name is Wilfiam Henry Smith say William Henry Smith, and not W. H. Smith nor William H. Smith."

The list was nearly completed satisfactorily when the name of John Jay Brown was given. The professor's chance had come, and he roared out: "John J. Brown; John J. Brown; will any one tell me how to spell J?"

"Yes, sir," said the boy, "J-a-y," and Prof. Wentworth laughed with the rest.-Boston Herald.

Tiger Flesh in Demand.

Evidently tiger flesh is a popular article of diet with the Chinamen of the Straits. A young but full grown tiger was shot by a Malay and was brought in to Teluk Anson for the

usual government reward of \$25. The skin, which was beautifully smooth and soft, was soon disposed ship's officers on their approach to head foremost into the chill water, of, and the meat was sold in town at forty cents a catty.-Penang Echo

Yearnings. Jest a little cradle in a wagon passin'

But it wort o' hurts me in my feelin's; wonder why? We ain't had no children, Mandy Jane an' me, that's sure, Tho' we've often wished the stork

would linger at our door: Kind o' looked an' waited till the years had passed away. An' her brown locks an' my black ones both had turned to gray, Went on jest believin' that our dreams 'ud all come true, Kep' so busy hopin' th' warn't time

"Tain't no doubt, it's lonesome settin' roun' a grim ol' house. Jest us two ol' people, evenin's, quiet as a mouse:

fur feelin' blue.

Seems like that a feller'd like to have a couple of boys Stompin' roun' the kitchen, an' a-mak-

in' lots o' noise: With a pair o' girls a-chatterin' in their foolish way, Gigglin' waitin' fur ther comp'ny,

prinkin' up; an' say-

Some folks worry at it, but it kind o' seems to me That's the sort o' life our Maker meant this life to be.

When your courtin's done an' over, where's your youth to go. When there ain't no children roun' you keepin' life aglow? Tho' the fires o' love have smoldered,

embers heat the ash When you ketch your boy's eyes dartin' love's first lightnin' flash. Say you're old an' getting doty, why,

the sight'll start Jest a reg'lar dancin' measure in your dim ol' heart.

An' you feel that life is sweeter when you see love's fire Buttin' fears an keers an' doubtin's on a fun'ral pyre.

Jest a little cradle in a wagon passin' by, Yet it brings the tear drops an' a long-regrettin' sigh; Jest a little cradle-my, I wonder

who it's fur? Mighty happy father, him, an' happy mother, her. Wish 'em all the blessin's that I'm ask fur fur myself.

Tho' the Lord has laid me kind o' useless on the shelf: Hope they'll live the 'lotted time o' hearty ol' threescore. Hope they'll fill that cradle up a

dozen times, or more! -Paul Laurence Dunbar.

Run Down In The Fog

There was fog to starboard and fog to port, fog ahead and fog astern. fog above and fog below. I should have said that there was fog to windward and fog alee, had there been air enough stirring to make those quarters possible of identification. But a dead caim brooded over the ocean, and the clammy mist of the Grand Bank blanketed everything.

Eyen in the bow of Harvey Hilton's dory, beyond the scalp heap of mottled cod, the fruit of half an hour's labor with hook and line, there lurked little clinging wraiths of vapor, which disappeared as you moved your head nearer, but took indistinct and evanescent form as you bent father away. In short, it was the thickest. darkest morning the fisherman had ever seen in his twenty years' experience on every bank in the North At-

To a landsman it might have seemed dangerous enough for the crew of the Moonstone at the dawn of June 24th to put forth singly into the mist. But the sturdy Gloucester men had been too thoroughly hardened by the dangers of their calling to be frightened by a little fog.

Each fisher, as he pushed off from the Moonstone, carefully noted by his dory compass the direction he was taking. Besides the compass, he had also a small horn with which to answer signals from the vessel's larger one, and to warn approaching craft of his position.

Harvey Hilton's dory had been the fourth swung out from the starboard nest; and in accordance with the directions of the "first hand" he pulled for an anchorage a half-mile off

the starboard bow of the schooner. His nearest shipmate was two hundred yards away. A mile to port lay the dory fleet from the Alice, a sister vessel, plainly visible from the Moonstone in the clear air of the day before. These were but two of the scores of craft from North Atlantic fishing ports that lay at this time within a twenty-mile circle on the

lower end of the Grand Bank. While the boats of the entire fleet were being swung overboard by the tackles on that fog-smitten June morning, twenty miles to the eastward a huge ocean greyhound, which we will call the Aldebaran of the Royal Purple Line, was rushing west toward New York, bent on establish-

ing a record. clipping two or three hours from the his lips after his last despairing fastest time in which the passage be- blast, he leaped headlong overboard tween England and America had ever as far as he could to the right! been made. A fair wind astern, While still in the air in the middle smooth seas and clear weather had favored the hope of all on hoard, and crash, as the steel tore through his

this gloomy wall of fog. The liner's still she cut the water at a rate not far from fifteen miles an hour. Early that morning her passengers were awakened by the ominous, oft-recurring roar of the great steam siren, warning all lesser craft to beware of the ocean monster that was approaching through the semi-darkness.

At twenty minutes past four Harvey Hilton, after a quarter-hour o. quick, unhestitating rowing, guided by an occasional glance at his compass, which had been placed on the thwart before him for ready consultation, took in his oars, threw over the anchor, baited his hook with a good sized clam, and dropped his heavy sinker over the side.

Not four minutes from the time his line touched the water a thirty-pound cod was flapping his tail against the bottom of the dory, and the fisherman's hook was soon on its way for another prize forty odd fathoms down. Five minutes later another handsome fish lay beside the first. So it went for thirty minutes, as fast as he could throw out, haul in, gaff the cod over the dory's side, rebar, and throw out again. It was the best fishing he had found in many a day; and if his good luck continued, he would be able to load his boat and row in to the Moonstone long before any of his mates.

It was about ave o'clock when he first heard the whistle of the Aldebaran far to the eastward, at first merely a low, hoarse rumble rolling over the surface of the sea.

Who-o-o-o-oo! Who-o-o-o-oo! Hilton had heard that sound so many times before during his years on the fishing banks that he ordinarily paid but little attention to it. But somehow this morning it made him feel one foggy dawn six years back, when devoted his energies to pulling in another cod.

No one could tell just where the place as in another. It was as well to take the thing philosophically and keep on about his business. What likelihood that the high iron prow ing aloft on both its sides, was feet now occupied by the broadside of his dory! Nearer and nearer, louder and

louder came the shriek of the siren. Who-o-o-o-ooo! Who-o-o-o-ooo! In outbursts, faint hollow pippings from with now and then a louder peal round. from the bell or crank-horn of some prow amid the fragile invisible flo-

The Aldebaran was now fairly upon the Bank, and rushing across it at half-speed. Additional lookouts were stationed forward to give quick warning of any mast or boat they might spy through the thick mist. Shorter and more frequent rose the waiting blasts of the steam-whistle, while the dories replied in notes that sounded low and feeble beside the metallic roaring of the huge leviathan.

Harvey Hilton's uneasines, had been increasing as the whistle grew louder. He stopped fishing sudden'r, could. leaving a heavy cod half pulled in, and rose to his feet, vainly striving to pierce the mist in the direction of the approaching peril. He lifted his horn to his lips and threw all the strength of his lungs into one warning, appealing blast. But just before liner's lookouts, a blast from another within hearing? quarter had caused them to signal sheered straight toward Hilton.

The fisherman heard the rushing of the water before the stem, and knew just how it would look, even before he sprang forward and seized the anchor-rope, intending to haul his dory ahead.

In an instant, however, he dropped the line, convinced of the futility of his endeavor. It was too late now to attempt to shift his position. Again he set the horn to his lips and blew with all his might. Perhaps the steamer might not touch him, after

Vain hope! A straight, black knife-sharp edge of steel cleft the mist asunder not a dozen yards away!

In one fleeting second Hilton saw at its base the snow-white sprayfeathers rising from the bubbly foam; saw the iron plates of the swelling hull, dull salmon color below the water line and jet black above it; caught a glimpse of the white face. and blue, staring eyes of a Norse lookout, with his clustering yellow beard and blue seaman's shirt open at the neck, peering down at him over the bow twenty feet above; and then, with a hoarse, inarticulate cry, the horn still clutched in his right Thus far all had been propitious for hand just as he had snatched it from

of his leap, he heard the splintering it was a great disappointment to the dory. An instant later he plunged

the Grand Bank to run suddenly into feeling that he would never rise alivo. Then, before he could collect his speed was of necessity checked, but thoughts, he had the sensation of be ing rolled and tumbled up and down along the side of a rapidly moving wall that bruised and battered him, making no more account of him than if he were merely a piece of wreck-

Sucked in close to the vessel's side by the action of the water, thrust out again by striking against the iron wall stunned by the roar of the waves and bewildered by the rapid motion, Hilton could at first hardly comprehend what was happening. He was a plaything in the swirl of the steamer-sundered billows.

Twice while he was being swept along the steep, straight side, when his head came uppermost and his eyes were for a moment clear of the smarting brine, there came a vision of faces looking down upon him, one the red, weather-beaten countenance of an officer in a vizored cap with gold braid round it, the other the startled visage of a man in a gray soft hat.

Then Hilton was whirled suddenly feet uppermost, until he feared blindly that he was never to breathe again. Presently he found himself as suddenly out of water to his shoulders. his back to the ship's side.

The Aldebaran was nearly six hundred feet long, and at her present speed it took between twenty and thirty seconds for her entire length to pass any given point. So for that period of time Hilton was whirled and hammered along her side. Fortunately his head did not once strike the hard steel, or he would have been stunned into an insensibility that could have had but one result.

After the shock of the first surprise had passed away, the hope came to him that perhaps he might uneasy. An unpleasant shiver ran escape, after all. Then a horrible down his spine as he remembered dread laid hold upon him. The steamer's screw! He did not know one of those ocean monsters had how many revolutions it was making passed so close to the stern of the a second, but he did know that if it schooner that it had splintered her touched his body, as he was swept out main boom. Ugh! He shrugged his past the stern, the slightest flick of shoulders at the thought, and then its curved blades of tempered steel would slice him in two as if he were à potato!

Could he pass it in safety, all steamer would cross the fishing might yet be well. If not! He was grounds, and he was as safe in one now almost under the liner's quarter. time with his face toward the stern. Fifty feet away he could see the turmoil made by the revolving blades. He heard the dull reverberation of miles away, with the spray feather- the beaten water. He saw the liquid bosses rising above the surface, and pointed straight at the fifteen scanty Again he was whirled upright, this calculated how far beneath must be the blades, the sweep of which was causing that commotion.

Fainting with terror, he was borne in toward the fatal spot, and gazing the intervals between its discordant into the depths with fascinated eyes imagined that he saw the flashes of the horns of the scattered dorymen. light, as the knives swept round and

He closed his eyes, fancying that anchored schooner, told that the fleet | already he felt the slicing steel. was taking the alarm. All feared the Then he found himself dancing up headlong, irretrievable ruin that and down like a cork in the air filled might be wrought by that merciless billows. He opened his eyes again.

Twenty feet overhead a round black stern was disappearing in the mist. The rushing died away as the ship sped on. Again the wailing blast of her siren set the air vibrating. More and more remote it sounded.

Hilton paddled feebly, surprised to find his arms and legs uninjures. But what hope of life was there for him now, alone in the fog in the steamer's wake! Would it not be better for him to give up and sink at once, than prolong his misery by making a vain struggle? No! he would keep affoat as long as he

Then an idea came to him. Tightly clutched in his right hand was the horn that he had blown just before plunging overboard from his dory Somehow he had unconsciously retained his grip on it despite the terrible handling he had received. Was the sound reached the ears of the it possible that any one might be

Lifting it to his lips, which were in such a way that the great ship just above the surface, he blew it faintly again and again. A blast not far to the left answered him. It was the man whose horn had been heard by the steamer's lookout just before he could see it through the fog. Hilton was run down. Again the Thrusting the horn into his pocket, swimmer blew, and again the other replied. Hilton shouted faintly, and was rewarded by hearing the hasty dip of oars.

Two minutes later the prow of a dory appeared through the fog, and In a short space the sinking fisherman was pulled, swooning, aboard the boat of one of his mates .-Youth's Companion.

Jollying Her. The rich young man was making

his first call. "What induced you to call on me in preference to the other girls?" asked the beautiful maid.

"Alcohol brought me to this," replied the young man. It seemed that she increased an inch in height. "Sir," she flashed, "do you mean

to say you had to be intoxicated before you came here?" "Of course not. My automobile runs by alcohol."-Detroit Tribune.

An automobile recently covered the twenty-five miles from San Jose, Cal., to the Lick Observatory, on top of Mount Hamilton, in an hour and fifty

The Indians of the Choctaw tribe, in Indian Territory, have formed a good roads association.

Damascus is to have an electric works and an electric railroad.

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BELATED MISSIVE OF LOVE.

Tender Message Waited Twenty Years for Delivery.

Although belated more than twentyyears, a love letter appointing a tryst has been discovered and forwarded to the person addressed, Alonzo Birdsall, a motorman, who lives in Darby. Birdsall was born and raised near Bay City, Mich., and there he met, wooed and won his wife, who was a Miss Parkinson.

Her parents and his people occupled adjoining farms, but, owing to a temporary feud, the young people's love did not run smoothly. They courted on the sly, and, to facilitate meetings, used to leave letters for each other in the hollow of an old elm tree. One day death visited the Birdsall family, and the feud was suddenly terminated. In the excitemen? Miss Parkinson totally forgot a letter she had just left in the tree.

The barriers removed, the lovers married, and about ten years ago moved to Philadelphia. Last week Birdsall received a letter from his brother, which explained that in chopping down the old elm he had found a note, which he enclosed. Although weatherbeaten and discolored, the writing was legible. It ran: "John, Dear-Meet me at the willows tonight. Ellen."-Philadelphia Record.

Delicacy of the Japanese. The Japanese have a malted preparation known as ame, which is a kind of candy or barley sugar, made by the action of barley malt on glutinous rice. Midzu ame, or liquefied ame, a syrup, forms the subject of an article by Prof. Storey and Mr. Rolfe, published in the Bulletin of Bussey Institution. Harvard un versity. The preparation of ame dates back many centuries, and it is interesting to compart it with most of the more modern wort. Prof. Storey also describes some experiments made with popcorn, which bear out the opinions of previous investigators that popping is caused by bursting of the starch grains

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