

THE CENTRE REPORTER

THURSDAY, JANUARY 17, 1907

TRAIN SCHEDULE

Trains leave Centre Hall on the Lewisburg and Tyrone Railroad, P. R. R. System, as follows:
EAST.....7:17 a. m. and 2:36 p. m.
WEST.....8:15 a. m. and 3:36 p. m.

CHURCH ACTIVITIES

Presbyterian—Centre Hall morning and evening.
Reformed—Tusseyville, morning; Centre Hall, afternoon.
Lutheran—Georges Valley, morning; Union, afternoon; Centre Hall, evening.
Evangelical—Egg Hill, morning; Tusseyville, afternoon; Centre Hall, evening.
[Appointments not given here have not been reported to this office.]

SALE REGISTERS

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 13, G. R. Meiss, Colyer Thursday, March 14—D. W. Bradford.
THURSDAY, MARCH 21, 10 a. m.—John H. Strouse, one and one-half miles south-east of Linden Hall on the Thomas Meyer farm: Ten head of horses; 6 cows, 2 heifers, will be fresh about time of sale; 8 head young cattle, 12 head sheep, 2 brood sows, 8 pigs and shoats. Full line of farm implements. National separator, hay loader, corn blinder. Implements all good as new.
Tuesday, March 26—Daniel Daup.
James C. Goodhart, stock sale, Saturday, March 23.
WEDNESDAY, MARCH 27, James I. Lytle.

Smith, the Photographer

W. W. Smith, the Photographer, will be in Centre Hall Friday, January 25.

Found Under the Rocks

Six weeks ago three men were killed at one of the quarries of the American Lime Company, Bellefonte, one of whom was only partly covered by the thousands of tons of rock that fell. The body of the second Italian, George Borango, was secured Wednesday of last week. The workmen are in hopes of finding the other unfortunate man's remains almost any day.

Moving the Spicher House

Prof. C. R. Neff, of Millheim, purchased the Spicher house, on the south side of the Boalsburg road, and will have it rolled to the north side of the road near Barge's woods where it will form the rear part of a handsome brick-cased house contemplated to be erected at that point.

The Neff farm will be or has been divided between the two brothers—Prof. C. R. and Charles B.—the latter to occupy the old homestead and the greater portion north of the road, and the former the part south of the road. The Spicher house in question was erected about forty years ago, but was never occupied.

Transfer of Real Estate

Thos. Foster, et. al., to Catharine Tressler, Oct. 23, 1906; lot 41 in State College. \$250.
Geo. B. Simler, Jr., et. ux., to Chas. Smith, Dec. 23, 1906; in Phillipsburg. \$650.
Mary W. Linn to Fannie Barnhart, April 2, 1906; 2 1/2 acres in Spring twp. \$195.
Carrie V. Gruver to I. Bert Sweeley, Dec. 31, 1906; 119 acres, 113 perches in Howard twp. \$6500.
Wm. H. Hollingswood to Harry C. Fulton, Jan. 5, 1907; bottling works in Phillipsburg. \$2000.
Andrew A. Walker to Wm. G. Runkle, Jan. 8, 1907; lot 108 in Bushs addition. \$1.
Louise Bush to A. A. Walker, Dec. 1, 1906; lot 108 in Bushs addition, Spring twp. \$450.
Phillip D. Foster to Robert Sloteman, Sept. 12, 1904; lot in Spring twp. \$6.28.
Thos. J. Sexton to Salina Sloteman, Jan. 5, 1907; lot 9 in Harrisonville, Spring twp. \$1.
J. F. Gates, atty-in-fact to Lois M. Gates, Jan. 4, 1907; 2 1/2 acres in Ferguson twp. \$128.
W. Harrison Walker, trustee to E. Griffith, May 10, 1904; 1 acre, 65 perches in Boggs twp. \$25.

LOCALS

Merchant H. F. Rossman has signed a contract to have a Bell telephone placed in his store, and Postmaster Chas. A. Krape will have a phone installed in his dwelling house.
Another Italian, Carmina Fornicola, was injured in the lime quarry at Bellefonte. He had one eye blown out, his nose crushed, and received other injuries. He was taken to the hospital, where it is thought he will fully recover.
The post office at Middleburg, the county seat of Snyder county, got into the third class list with the beginning of 1907, and will be entitled to a thousand-dollar postmaster, with an assistant and office rent, paid by the Post Office Department.
There is money in tobacco farming in Lancaster county. Harry M. Weaver, of Earl township, delivered only one-half his crop at East Earl station last week, receiving a check for \$195.15 in payment. A \$4000 tobacco crop from one farm is something to boast of.
Emil Meurer, the tobaccoist of Tusseyville, who was bitten recently by one of his pet rattlesnakes, is now able to sit up and take notice at the Titusville Hospital. To guard against future snakebites C. C. Meurer, a brother, has killed the entire collection of reptiles, which included 24 rattlesnakes and three blacksnakes.

THIEF STEALS COLLIER'S PAY

Deludes Money's Guardians Into Fake Errand and Takes \$3000.

Two thousand dollars, intended to pay the employees of the Puritan mine, was stolen Friday from the engine house, where it had been placed temporarily, and the thief made his escape.

General Manager George Scott, of the Colonial Company, with headquarters in Philadelphia, drove from Phillipsburg to Puritan with the money on the morning mentioned and while he was making an inspection of the mines he left the money in charge of the engineer and fireman, who locked it in a tool box.

Scarcely had Mr. Scott left the engine room, when a supposed miner rushed in and said that Mr. Scott wanted to see the engineer and fireman in the mine. When they returned from what proved to be a fool's errand the tool box was open and the money gone.

It is supposed that the robber lay in wait for Mr. Scott, but the opportunity for holding him up did not present itself, and he secured the money by a clever ruse.

Keith's Theatre

A bill of strength, quality and charm is on at Keith's Chestnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, this week. The greatest racing feature in vaudeville is Ned Wayburn's, the Futurity Winner, in which there are twenty great players, three thoroughbred race horses and gorgeous scenery. The return of the Elinore Sisters, matchless mirth-makers, is hailed with delight. A treat in song is furnished by Edith Helens, who has the highest voice range in the world. Melville Ellis, the English entertainer, is a special feature, while Nita Allen & Co. are an added attraction, presenting Will Cressy's comedy, "In Car Two—Stateroom One."

DEATHS

PHILIP B. CRIDER

Philip B. Crider, one of the well-known business men in Centre county, died in Bellefonte, Thursday morning of last week. His age was eighty-five years and one day.

He was a native of Clinton county, where under Messrs. Rich and Hilliard, he engaged in the manufacture of woolen goods. Later he became a farmer, and then launched in the lumber business. Twenty years ago he and his only son, W. F. Crider, established a business in Bellefonte.

In 1844 he was united in marriage to Miss Catharine Miller, of Clinton county, by whom he had three children, only one of whom survives, Fountain W., of Bellefonte. Mrs. Crider died in September, 1885.

S. MILLER McCORMICK

S. Miller McCormick, one of the most prominent attorneys at the Clinton county bar, was found in a dying condition at 6 o'clock in the bath room of his home on Main street, Lock Haven, Thursday morning of last week. He was conveyed to his bed but died a few moments afterward. The cause of death was due to heart disease. Mr. McCormick figured prominently in the county, state and national politics. He was a life long Republican and was born and raised in Clinton county. For twenty years he held the position of City Solicitor of Lock Haven. He was sixty-one years of age.

MRS. ABIGAIL MILLER

Mrs. Abigail Miller died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. David Schrack, near Booneville, Wednesday morning of last week, of infirmities of age, aged eighty-one years, seven months and twenty-seven days. She is survived by two sons and two daughters, W. S., of Rebersburg; James, of Kansas; Mrs. J. S. Fisher, of Rochester, N. Y., and Mrs. David Schrack, at whose home she died.

Her funeral took place Sunday, and burial was made at Rebersburg, Rev. Bixler officiating.

MRS. J. B. HOLLOWAY

Mrs. J. B. Holloway died Friday morning at the home of her daughter, Mrs. D. W. Trester, at Burbank, Ohio, aged ninety-six years. She is survived by five sons and one daughter as follows: Rev. H. C. Holloway, of Harrisburg, formerly pastor of the Bellefonte Lutheran church; C. A. and T. M., of Akron, Ohio; J. B. and Mrs. D. W. Trester, of Burbank, Ohio, and Dr. L. M., of Salona.

SAMUEL D. BATES

Ex-Senator Samuel D. Bates, one of best known residents of Lewisburg, died last week. Deceased was seventy-three years of age, the last forty of which were spent in Lewisburg. He served in the State Senate from 1888 to 1892. He was also a veteran of the war of the Rebellion and very popular with the Grand Army men.

WILLIAM WOHLFORT

William Wohlfort, son of George Wohlfort, died at the home of his parents, near Wolfe's Store, Wednesday evening of last week. He was buried from his late home Saturday forenoon, burial being at Sugar Valley, at Brungard's church cemetery.

MERELY A MASTERPIECE

Not a "Message" in Lovely Diction For the Junior Lecturer.

A man who wanted to lecture called at a bureau presided over by two managers.

He aroused their interest with a lecturer's art, says the Lyceumite, but unfortunately the senior member was just starting on a trip and would not return for at least a month.

The senior partner called the young man to one side and exacted a solemn promise that he would not visit another bureau or read his lecture to anybody until after he had given this particular manager a reading and a chance to make him an offer a month hence.

The interest of the junior member, however, was at white heat, and he kept sending for the young lecturer, insisting that he come down to the office and read his lecture. The young man refused with as much tact as possible, but this only increased the anxiety of the junior.

At last the young man told of the promise made the senior partner. Instead of quieting the junior manager, the announcement made him the more anxious, and finally the young man consented.

The reading ended, the junior partner said:

"Now, your reading this has saved us all much valuable time. I'll tell you frankly, my boy, it won't do. There's no message in it; it is loosely constructed; the diction is poor. It won't do. Burn it and try again."

When the senior partner returned he called up the young lecturer and soundly berated him for breaking faith.

"How do I know you have not been to every bureau in town? You promised me on your honor you would read the lecture to nobody—not even to my partner."

The young man protested that he had not done so.

"Why," exclaimed the senior manager, "of course you have! He tells me that you came down here to the office two weeks ago and read him the entire lecture and that he told you it was no good."

"Yes," replied the young man; "after much persuasion I did read him a lecture which he told me was no good, but it was not my lecture—it was Wendell Phillips' 'Lost Arts'."

THE ANIMAL KINGDOM

Wild dogs never bark and so always bite.

A gray horse lives the longest, a black one the shortest.

A con's fur is so thick that it can rob bees without being stung.

A blue eyed cat is always deaf, but all deaf cats are not blue eyed.

An Asiatic squirrel climbs a tree like a telegraph pole climber. It has large horny scales on its tail for the purpose.

The flying fox or tropical bat will pass the night drinking from the vessels in which cocoa is distilled and go home intoxicated in the early morning or sleep it off at the foot of the trees.

The big snowshoe rabbit or northern hare is something of a dresser. It wears a white coat in winter and a gray one in summer, the better to conceal itself from its enemies by looking as the ground looks in the two seasons.

Hard on Beggars

The philanthropist, handing the beggar a dime, said:

"The world is in a bad enough way, dear knows, but I am not one of those men who say that it goes back instead of forward. Take your case, for instance. You are practically unmolested, aren't you? A few months is the most you ever get for begging. And do you know what would have been done to you in the fifteenth century? The first time they caught you begging they'd have whipped you at the cart's tail. The second time they'd have slit your right ear and bored a hole in your left ear with a hot iron. Catching you a third time, they'd have put you to death as a felon."

"Gee," said the beggar, "who'd 'a' think it?"—New York Press.

It Is Woman's Way

When a woman undertakes to decapitate a fowl or anything with an axe she grasps the tool close to the head, raises her chin, squints both eyes, clinches two rows of teeth and hacks straight down, missing her aim by about two inches. That was sufficient for a Batavia lady to sever her left thumb. She was not a fainter, and, replacing the thumb, which had been chopped at the first joint, bound the parts together and has excellent promise of its complete restoration. The game is not always lost when "thumbs are down."—Detroit News-Tribune.

Timely Precaution

"Maria," said Mr. Quigley, entering his home in some excitement, "I want you to promise me not to look at the papers for the next three months!"

"What for?" wonderingly asked Mrs. Quigley.

"I have just been nominated for a public office," he faltered, "and I don't want you to find out what kind of man I really am."—Chicago Tribune.

Shrewd Game

"All about the terrible wumpy—er—wumpy!"

"Eh?" asked the inquisitive old man.

"What did ye say, sonny?"

"I didn't say it," replied the boy.

"Buy a paper an' see."—Minneapolis Journal.

Always Growing

"Binks is always growing that he doesn't have justice done him."

"Yes. When he gets a halo he'll probably say it isn't a square thing."—New York Times.

Read the Reporter.

MALE DRESS REFORM

IT IS HOPELESSLY HAMPERED BY THE STIFF WHITE SHIRT.

The Way This Garment Interferes With Both Health and Comfort. Some of the Absurdities of the Present Masculine Style of Attire.

The necessity by which men feel coerced of proving to the world that they wear white shirts lies at the basis of all the difficulties of the dress problem. Until the garment becomes extinct it is hopeless to attempt the reform of men's dress on the lines of health and comfort.

It will of course ultimately disappear, for it is but the mark of a stage in the evolution of dress, just as the vermiform appendix is a useless evolutionary remnant in the body. But the question is whether we ought to await the slow course of evolution or to use our common sense and abandon the ancient garment at once.

Why do we wear white shirts? Ages ago it was only the wealthy who could afford to clothe themselves in linen. The possession of linen underwear was then a mark of social position, and there was an obvious advantage in making public display of it.

We may put down three-fourths of the discomfort of the hot summer to the account of the starched shirt. It prevents the very process devised by nature to keep the body cool—the evaporation of sweat. In so far as it hinders this natural process in summer, the white shirt favors disease. But in winter it is a fruitful cause of illness.

In winter the mere wearing of a white shirt would no doubt leave a man no better and no worse if he were content to wear it for his own satisfaction. But the curious law of evolution comes in and compels him to wear it in such a way as to do himself physical injury.

Wherever evolution is at work it leaves vestiges—literally, footprints. Probably it is millions of years since the vermiform appendix became a useless organ, but it still survives. All evolutionary survivals appear to be harmful. The appendix is the seat of appendicitis. In the inner corner of the eye there is the remnant of a once useful third lid, which now only lodges dust and causes irritation.

The lord chancellor's wig was once a comfort in ancient drafty legislative chambers and now merely serves to make a sensible man look ridiculous and give him headaches.

People who drew up laws were long ago paid according to the number of words, but the multiplicity of words now only causes confusion. So the white shirt that was once a badge of wealth and culture, being no longer of value for that purpose, is only a cause of discomfort and disease.

It is necessary to cut a piece out of the vest and the coat, just over the most important organs of the body, in order to prove to our neighbors that we wear white shirts. Consequently in the winter time we expose the lungs and the air passages to the cold wind and the cold rain.

From the point of view of health nothing could be more stupid. Bronchitis is one of the most deadly of all diseases in this country. Bronchitis is simply inflammation of the bronchial tubes. This inflammation is excited by a chill, a chilling of that part of the body left exposed in order to show that we wear white shirts.

The white shirt, in fact, might appear in the tables of the registrar general as the cause of so many deaths, perhaps 100,000 a year.

And does it really improve a man's appearance? By virtue of the association of ideas it certainly does. Usually men who do not wear white shirts are not given to cleanliness. The man who wears a white shirt washes his face and hands and brushes his clothes; hence when we see a white front and white cuffs we experience that pleasant sensation produced by general neatness of the person and clothing. But that a few square inches of white cloth over the chest makes a man look better is an absurd conclusion.

The case for the white shirt has not a leg to stand upon. The garment is uncomfortable, unhealthy and unbecoming. And as it has lost the only useful function it ever possessed—that is, its symbolism of exceptional wealth—we ought to discard it altogether. The difficulties of this course are very great no doubt. What we want is an "antiwhite shirt society," which would agree to wear, from some rearranged date, a dress designed wholly with regard for comfort, health and beauty.—T. F. Manning in London Gossip.

Making Love Up a Tree

Billing and cooing among the Fijians is a curious feature in their social customs. It is decidedly against the rule to do any courting within doors. The gardens or plantations are the spots held sacred to Cupid, and the generally approved trysting place of lovers is high up among the branches of a breadfruit tree. You may often walk around a plantation on a moonlight night and see couples perched forty feet from the ground in the breadfruit trees, one on each side of the trunk, a position which comes fairly within the limits of a Fijian maiden's ideas of modesty.

Lord Rosebery's Definition

It is to Lord Rosebery that we are indebted for the most modern definition of memory. "What is memory?" said a friend one day to him. "Memory," replied his lordship, "is the feeling that steals over us when we listen to our friends' original stories."—London Bystander.

Friendship is a good deal like your credit. The less used the better it is.—Siloan Springs (Ark.) Herald and Democrat.

Subscribe for the Reporter.

FROM THE ANTILLES

Chamberlain's Cough Remedy Benefits a City Councilman at Kingston, Jamaica. Mr. W. O'Reilly Fogarty, who is a member of the City Council at Kingston, Jamaica, West Indies, writes as follows: "One bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy had good effect on a cough that was giving me trouble and I think I should have been more quickly relieved if I had continued the remedy. That it was beneficial and quick in relieving me there is no doubt and it is my intention to obtain another bottle." For sale by—The Star Store, Centre Hall; F. A. Carson, Potters Mills; C. W. Swartz, Tusseyville.

Buy Oil from the Barrel

Don't pay \$1.50 a gallon for canned oil, which ought to cost but 60 cents a gallon. Ready-mixed paint is half oil and half paint. Buy oil fresh from the barrel, and add it to the L. & M. paint which is semi-mixed.

When you buy L. & M. paint you get a full gallon of paint that won't wear off for 10 or 15 years, because L. & M. Zinc hardens the L. & M. White Lead and makes L. & M. paint wear like iron.

4 gallons L. & M. mixed with 3 gallons Linseed Oil will paint a moderate sized house.

Actual cost L. & M. about \$1.20 per gallon.

Sold in the north, east, south and west.

C. S. Andrews, ex-Mayor, Danbury, Conn., writes, "Painted my house 19 years ago with L. & M. Looks well today."

Sold by Rearick Bros., Centre Hall.

Bad Stomach Trouble Cured

"Having been sick for the past two years with a bad stomach trouble, a friend gave me a dose of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. They did me so much good that I bought a bottle of them and have used twelve bottles in all. Today I am well of a bad stomach trouble."—Mrs. John Lowe, Cooper, Maine. These tablets are for sale by—The Star Store, Centre Hall; F. A. Carson, Potters Mills; C. W. Swartz, Tusseyville.

Buy

BUCKEYE

Stock and Poultry Food.

Stock Food. Condition Powders. Worm Killer. Gall Cure. Louse Killer. Poultry Food and Cow Vigor.

The most reliable Stock and Poultry Food on the market. Your money back if results are not satisfactory. Does not cost as much as other foods on the market. Give it a trial and save money. Sold in packages or bulk.

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On sale at the Creamery. Distributors for Progress Grange No. 96.

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...Wood Worker...

Attention is here called to the fact that I have located opposite the School House and am prepared to do...

GENERAL BLACKSMITHING & WOOD WORK.

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Satisfactory work is guaranteed. Call to see me.

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POTTERS MILLS, PENN.

Is ready to do all kinds of work in his line at moderate prices and promptly.

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Robes made from all kinds of furs, correctly sewed and handsomely lined.

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It Quiets the Cough

This is one reason why Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is so valuable in consumption. It stops the wear and tear of useless coughing. But it does more—it controls the inflammation, quiets the fever, soothes, heals. Ask your doctor about this.

The best kind of a testimonial—
"Sold for over sixty years."

Made by J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass. Also manufacturers of
SARSAPARILLA PILLS. HAIR VIGOR.

We have no secrets! We publish the formulas of all our medicines.

Hasten recovery by keeping the bowels regular with Ayer's Pills.

TO OUR CUSTOMERS

In looking over our stock making ready for Spring Goods, we find we have on hand a few Boys

OVERCOATS and a few BED BLANKETS which we sell AT A BARGAIN

H. F. ROSSMAN SPRING MILLS, PA.

Shoes!

My Fall line is complete in Leather and Rubber Foot wear. Pleased to have you call before completing your Winter Footwear. I can give you the best rubbergoods on the market.

C. A. KRAPE Spring Mills, Pa.

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The LESTER Piano is a strictly high grade instrument endorsed by the New England Conservatory Boston, Mass., Broad Street Conservatory, Philadelphia, as being unsurpassed for tone, touch and finish.

The "Stevens" Reed-Pipe Piano Organ is the newest thing on the market. We are also headquarters for the "White" Sewing Machine.

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EXECUTOR'S NOTICE—LETTERS TESTAMENTARY on the estate of Israel Wolf, late of Miles township, deceased, having been duly granted to the undersigned he would respectfully request any persons knowing themselves indebted to the estate to make immediate payment and those having claims against the same to present them duly authenticated for settlement.

GEORGE N. WOLF, Executor, Clement Dale, Spring Mills, Pa.

Attorney.

Centre Reporter \$1.00 a year.