

THURSDAY, MARCH 7, 1907

TRAIN SCHEDULE

Trains leave Centre Hall on the Lewisburg and Tyrone Railroad, P. R. System, as follows:

EAST.....7:17 a. m. and 2:35 p. m. WEST.....3:15 a. m. and 3:38 p. m.

CHURCH APPOINTMENTS.

Reformed—Union, morning; Spring Mills, afternoon; Centre Hall, evening. Lutheran—Centre Hall, morning; Tusseyville, afternoon; Spring Mills, evening.

SALE REGISTER.

SATURDAY, MARCH 9, one o'clock, Centre Hall, K. Wilson: One horse, 2 shoats, 25 chickens, buggy, also harness, double harness, sleigh, household goods, lot of house plants, and a great variety of articles not mentioned. Also a good sewing machine.

SATURDAY, MARCH 9, one o'clock, Malinda Attributer, near Union church, one mile west of Farmers Mill: One-horse wagon, buggy, sleigh, harness, one shoat, chains, etc., etc.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 13, G. R. Meiss, Colyer. Thursday, March 14, 9 o'clock—D. W. Bradford. (See adv.)

THURSDAY, MARCH 14, 10 a. m.—John H. Strouse, one and a half miles south-west of Linden Hall on the Thomas Meyer farm: Ten head of horses; 6 cows, 2 heifers, will be fresh about time of sale; 3 horses, cattle, 12 head sheep, 2 brood sows, 5 pigs and shoats. Full line of farm implements. National separator, hay loader, corn binder. Implements all good as new.

MONDAY, MARCH 25, one o'clock, one mile east of Penns Cave on the old Emerick farm, B. B. Miller: Good family horse, good cow, top buggy, harness, 40 barrels Plymouth Rock beans, household goods, and many small articles.

TUESDAY, MARCH 26, one o'clock, two miles east of Howard C. V. Smith: Two horses, one a good driver, 6 years old, and not afraid of sun or buggy, harness, 40 barrels Plymouth Rock beans, household goods, and many small articles.

TUESDAY, MARCH 26, ten o'clock, one mile northeast of Farmers Mill, Daniel Jaap: Four horses; 7 cows, most of them fresh by time of sale; 6 head young cattle; 15 shoats; 2 brood sows, 19 good pigs; lot of farm implements and household goods.

SATURDAY, MARCH 23, 12:40 p. m.—one mile south-west of Union Hill, James C. Gooding: Two-year old sorrel colt, 7 fine milk cows, 2 yearling heifers, 2 heifer calves, 32 chickens, 12 head sheep, 2 brood sows, 15 shoats, 2 brood sows, young Chesterwhite boar.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 27, James I. Lytle.

PUBLIC SALE.—There will be sold at public sale at the residence of the undersigned at Colyer

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 13, 12 O'CLOCK the following live stock: One sorrel team, weight 2800, both single line leaders; sorrel team, weight 2500, general purpose horses also good loaders; roan horse, weight 1500, good single line leader; bay horse, weight 1100, good single driver.

James Foust and son Elmer, who are employed at carpentering at Burnham, were home for a few days.

The Locust Grove Sunday school will organize Sunday afternoon. They will begin holding services regularly in April.

Mrs. Charles Bartges and Mrs. Sowers, of Spring Mills, Wednesday of last week, were guests at the homes of Mrs. Henry Hough and Miss Ella Decker.

PUBLIC SALE.—There will be offered at public sale at the residence of the undersigned, one mile south west of Old Fort,

THURSDAY, MARCH 14, 9 A. M. the following farm stock, implements, etc.: 5 horses, consisting of bay horse 6 years old, bay mare 4 years old, with foal; bay mare 12 years old, with foal, bay mare 13 years old, sorrel horse 3 years old, and a yearling colt; 2 short-horn milch cows, some fresh, and some will be fresh by time of sale.

Among the building operations during the coming summer will be a new dwelling house to be erected by Frederick K. Carter on the lot purchased by him some time ago from Oile D. Stover. The structure will be brick-cased.

Married in Their New Home. Mrs. Della M. Brungard and Emory J. Brungard were married at their newly furnished home, No. 499 Hawthorne avenue, Williamsport, Tuesday evening of last week, by the Rev. Mr. Bickle, pastor of St. Paul's Lutheran church.

Post Cards. A new line of Souvenir Post Cards—all kinds and at all prices. The local views are the prettiest yet offered for sale at this office.

Postmaster Harter. Thos. H. Harter was nominated by the President to be postmaster at Bellefonte. He is the second editor of the Keystone Gazette to fill that position, James A. Fiedler, the founder of that paper, having been postmaster under Harrison's administration.

There was a bitter contest for the postmastership, but Harter proved the champion.

Mrs. A. P. Luse has been ill during the past few weeks.

Transfer of Real Estate.

Emma S. Barto to John O. Harpster, Dec. 29, 1906, land in Ferguson twp. \$500.

May Johnston, admx., to Jas. J. Shannon, April 21, 1906, land in Rush twp. \$200.

A. F. Shope, et. ux., to Robt. O. Gill, et. al, Feb. 12, 1907, land in Phillipsburg. \$2400.

A. S. Brown to Osceola Lumber Co., Feb. 15, 1907, land in Rush twp. \$445.

W. H. Boney, et. ux., to Howard twp. poor, Feb. 23, 1907, two lots in Howard twp. \$45.

Jas. W. Yothus, et. ux., to Thaddeus Yothus, Dec. 11, 1906, 30 acres in Huston twp. \$210.

Boro of Milesburg to E. J. Eckenroth, Feb. 21, 1907, lot in Milesburg. \$550.

Robt. M. Gibson's exrs. to Wm. H. Martz, Jan. 18, 1907, 1/2 acre in Pine Grove Mills. \$1700.

Jennie K. Reifsnnyder, et. al, to John M. Reifsnnyder, Dec. 14, 1906, house and lot in Millheim. \$125.

Annie M. Gette to Jas. Prichard, Dec. 29, 1906, lot in Phillipsburg. \$229.

W. R. Shope, et. ux., to M. D. Garman, Feb. 23, 1907, 91a, 129p in Bogge twp. \$750.

Susan Kreamer, et. al, to Emanuel Bower, Sept. 7, 1906, lot in Millheim. \$50.

W. C. Halt, et. ux., to Isaac Halt, Jan. 25, 1907, 39a, 15p, Huston twp. \$156.55.

Hannah Bush, et. al, to John S. Bush, Jan. 28, 1907, 150 acres in Union twp. \$3000.

Harriet Stover to J. G. Weibel, Feb. 16, 1904, two lots in Milesburg. \$35.

Georges Valley.

A number from this vicinity attended Mr. Burrell's sale.

Sunday Rev. Snyder preached his last sermon for this year to a large audience.

Quite a few gathered at the home of James Foust Saturday evening to hear the graphophone.

Mr. Elmer Stump has gone to spend a few weeks with Mr. Stump's parents, near Tusseyville.

James Foust and son Elmer, who are employed at carpentering at Burnham, were home for a few days.

The Locust Grove Sunday school will organize Sunday afternoon. They will begin holding services regularly in April.

Mrs. Charles Bartges and Mrs. Sowers, of Spring Mills, Wednesday of last week, were guests at the homes of Mrs. Henry Hough and Miss Ella Decker.

The Earning of the Dollar.

With possibly few exceptions, the parents might be entrusted to sit in judgment as to what this environment should be, so as to facilitate toward a certain end or purpose.

We should be willing to concede to them this right without question, until we have very convincing evidence to the contrary.

The question is: How are we to prepare the proper environment for the child who shows but little predisposition for books, or detests confinement in the schoolroom?

The percentage of these is quite large. Must the husky lad, with the disposition to get up and dust, be confined to the limits of a city lot, thirty by fifty feet, or a floor space up in the air of the same dimensions?

Will we, in consequence of legislative requirements, calmly acquiesce to a theory that would prohibit from honorable endeavor and that drives to questionable practices in shady places, we revolt against any system that aims to abridge the natural rights of the child.

External disadvantages in the shape of poverty, strenuous toil and hardship, combined with the lack of taking advantage of the facilities afforded in the schoolroom, are often worth more in moulding and perfecting character in the child than would all the schools and colleges, with which he is surrounded, succeed in effecting.

The fiber that, by its narrow circles of growth, reveals the adverse circumstances attending its growth, is generally the material we rely on when the stress of the occasion calls for strength, backbone and the power of endurance—a leader to command and a power for the extermination of the wrong.

In this discussion the writer wishes to be understood as being very much in sympathy with modern educational methods, which aim to equip our children with a liberal practical education.

The inherent powers are induced to unfold; the power of thought is strengthened and the idea is trained to shoot. The physical nature also gets a proper stimulus with the view of enabling the child to do as well as to think.

However, he does not lend his support to a plan that has for its object the establishment of a sort of despotism that aims to strangle the instinct which, early in the child's existence, prompts to do and to earn, and thus later on become self-supporting and a factor among the forces that help adorn and beautify nature, and carry on the progress of the world.

The forces of despotism may never be expected to stand before the armies of a free country, notwithstanding the theories of our sociological reformers to the contrary.

"In the sweat of thy brow thou shalt eat bread."

A STALLION'S WRATH

BLIND FURY IN A BATTLE ROYAL WITH A BUCK.

The Enraged Equine's Attack Only Ceased When His High Antlered Foe Lay a Mangled, Mangled Mass That No Longer Breathed.

At about 2 o'clock in the morning, at that mystic hour when nature seems to send a message to all her animate children, preparing them for the advent of dawn, the white stallion got up, shook himself, stepped softly down to the brook's edge for a drink and then fell to cropping the grass wherever it remained green.

The forest, though to a careless ear it might have seemed as silent as before, had in reality stirred to a sudden ephemeral life. Far off from some high rock a shrill bark barked sharply. Faint, muffled chirps from the thick bushes told of junks and chickadees waking up to see if all was well with the world.

The mice set up a scurrying in the grass, and presently a high antlered buck stepped out of the shadows and started across the open toward the brook.

The dark buck, himself a moving shadow, saw the stallion first and stopped with a loud snort of astonishment and defiance. The stallion wheeled about, eyed the intruder for a moment dubiously, then trotted up with a whinny of pleased interrogation.

He had no dread of the antlered visitor, but rather a hope of companionship in the vast and overpowering loneliness of the alien night.

The buck, however, was in anything but a staid mood. His veins ached with the arduous penance of the rutting season, he saw in the white stranger only a possible rival and grew hot with rage at his approach.

With an impatient stamping of his slim fore hoofs he gave challenge, but to the stallion this was an unknown language. Innocently he came up, his nose stretched out in question, till he was within a few feet of the motionless buck.

Then, to his astonishment, the latter bounded suddenly aside, like a ball, stood straight up on his hind legs and struck at him like lightning with those keen edged, slim fore hoofs.

It was a savage assault, and two long red furrows, one longer and deeper than the other, appeared on the stallion's silky white flank.

In that instant the wanderer's friendliness vanished and an avenging fury took its place. His confidence had been cruelly betrayed. With a harsh squeal, his mouth wide open and lips drawn back from his formidable teeth, he sprang at his assailant.

But the buck had no vain idea of standing up against this whirlwind of wrath which he had evoked. He bounded aside, lightly, but hurriedly, and watched for an opportunity to repeat his attack.

The stallion, however, was not to be caught again, and the dashing ferocity of his rushes kept his adversary ceaselessly on the move, bounding into the air and leaping aside to avoid those disastrous teeth.

The buck was awaiting what he felt sure would come—the chance to strike again—and his confidence in his own supreme agility kept him from any apprehension as to the outcome of the fight.

But the buck's great weakness lay in his ignorance, his insufficient knowledge of the game he was playing. He had no idea that his rushing white antagonist had any other tactics at command.

When he gave way, therefore, he went just far enough to escape the stallion's teeth and battering fore feet. The stallion, on the other hand, soon realized the futility of his present method of attack against so nimble an adversary.

On his next rush, therefore, just as the buck bounded aside, he wheeled in a short half circle and lashed out high and far with his steel shod heels.

The buck was just within the most deadly range of the blow. He caught the terrific impact on the base of the neck and the forward point of the shoulder and went down as if an explosive bullet had struck him.

Before he could even stir to rise the stallion was upon him, trampling, battering, squealing, biting madly, and the fight was done. When the wanderer had spent his vengeance and paused, snorting and wild eyed, to take breath he looked down upon a mangled shape that no longer struggled or stirred or even breathed.

Then the last of his righteous fury faded out. The sight and the smell of the blood sickened him, and in a kind of terror he turned away. For a few hesitating moments he stared about his little retreat, and then, finding it had grown hateful to him, he forsook it and pushed onward on the edge of the stream between the black, impending walls of the forest.—Charles D. G. Roberts in Century.

Lincoln and the Bible.

Mr. Lincoln, as I saw him every morning in the carpet slippers he wore in the house and the black clothes no tailor could make really fit his gaunt, bony frame, was a homely enough figure.

The routine of his life was simple too. It would have seemed a treadmill to most of us. He was an early riser. When I came on duty at 8 in the morning he was often already dressed and reading in the library.

There was a big table near the center of the room. There I have seen him reading many times. And the book? We have all heard of the president's fondness for Shakespeare, how he infuriated Secretary Stanton by reading "Hamlet" while they were waiting for returns from Gettysburg.

We know, too, how he kept cabinet meetings waiting while he read them the latest of Petrolum V. Nasby's witticisms. It was the Bible which I saw him reading while most of the household still slept.—William H. Crook in Harper's Magazine.

A cat never cries over spilled milk.

ART OF CONVERSATION.

Modern Methods and Manners Have About Destroyed It.

In olden times the art of conversation reached a much higher standard than today because of the complete revolution that has taken place in the conditions of civilization.

Formerly people had almost no other way of communicating their thoughts. Knowledge of all kinds passed almost wholly through the spoken word.

There were no great daily newspapers, no magazines or periodicals of any kind. People were not in so much of a hurry as they are today.

The great discoveries of vast wealth in the precious minerals, the new world opened up by inventions and discoveries and the great impetus to ambition have changed all this.

In this lightning express age, in these strenuous times, when everybody has the mania to attain wealth and position, we no longer have time to reflect with deliberation and to develop our powers of conversation.

In these great newspaper and periodical days, when everybody can get for one or a few cents the news and information which it has cost thousands of dollars to collect, everybody sits behind the morning sheet or is buried in a book or magazine.

There is no longer the same need of communicating thought by the spoken word.

It is a rare thing to find a polished conversationalist today. So rare is it to hear one speaking exquisite English and using a superb diction that it is indeed a luxury.

We are not only poor conversationalists, but we are poor listeners as well. We are too impatient to listen. Instead of being attentive and eager to drink in the story or the information, we have not enough respect for the talker to keep quiet.

We look about impatiently, perhaps snap our watch, play a tattoo with our fingers on a chair or a table, hitch about as if we were bored and were anxious to get away and interrupt the speaker before he reaches his conclusion.

In fact, we are such impatient people that we have no time for anything excepting to push ahead, to elbow our way through the crowd to get the position or the money we desire.

Our life is feverish and unnatural. We have no time to develop charm of manner or elegance of diction. "We are too intense for epigram or repartee. We lack time."

Life is becoming so artificial, so forced, so diverse from naturalness, we drive our human engines at such a fearful speed, that our life is crushed out. Spontaneity and humor and the possibility of a fine culture and a superb charm of personality in us are almost impossible and extremely rare.—Success Magazine.

Cause of Certain Dreams.

"Every dream, like every laugh or tear, has its cause," said the psychologist. "Every well known type of dream has a cause equally well known.

You dream, for instance, that you are in church or at the theater or on the street with hardly any clothes on you, and you nearly die of shame. The bed coverings falling off is the cause of this dream.

You dream that a dog has bitten you or an enemy has given you a stab with a knife. Some slight pain—a cramp, a touch of rheumatism—is behind all such dreams.

Innumerable persons dream of flying. Time and time again they dream this dream. It is because the respiration of sleep, the great, deep, billowy breaths, rising and falling rhythmically, are so akin to flying that they bring visions of it to the sleeper's mind.

An uncomfortable position in the bed causes dreams of painful effort of unendurable hard work, like mountain climbing or the lifting of heavy weights. I say nothing of the mental causes of dreams, since we all know well enough that the things we talk or think about awake are apt to be talked and thought about that night in sleep.—New York Press.

Off the Malay Coast.

Sailing up the coast in a native craft, you may almost fancy yourself one of the early explorers skirting the lovely shores of some undiscovered country.

As you sprawl on the bamboo decking under the shadow of the immense palm leaf sail—which is so ingeniously rigged that, if taken aback, the boat must turn turtle unless, by the blessing of the gods, the mast parts asunder—you look out through half closed eyelids at a very beautiful coast.

The waves dance and glimmer and shine in the sunlight, the long stretch of sand is as yellow as a buttercup, and the fringes of graceful casuarina trees quiver like aspens in the breeze and shimmer in the heat haze.

The wash of the waves against the boat's side and the ripple of the bow make music in your drowsy ears, and as you glide through cluster after cluster of thickly wooded islands you lie in that delightful comatose state in which you have all the pleasure of existence with none of the labor of living.—"In Court and Kampong" by Hugh Clifford.

The Siberian Tchukchis.

The Siberian Tchukchis are totally different in appearance, language and customs from the Alaskan Eskimo. They are fairly well disposed, as a rule, excepting during their drunken orgies, which take place on an average once a week.

It is not safe on these occasions to venture abroad, for rifles are discharged indiscriminately in all directions and occasionally into the huts. The strangest custom of this strange tribe is what is called the kamitok or putting to death (with their free consent) of the aged and useless members of the community by strangulation with a walrus thong.

Kamitok is never practiced on women. The shamans or medicine men are practically kings of the place, and woe to the luckless Tchukchid who incurs their displeasure.—London Graphic.

A man of broad views is simply one who agrees with us.

Closing Out WE ARE GOING OUT OF BUSINESS and expect to have all goods sold before April 1st. To do this a great many goods are being sold for less than half what they cost wholesale. BIG MONEY IN YOUR POCKET by coming at once and buying goods for your next year's supply. Also have to offer at private sale, to anyone desiring to purchase A Farrell Store Safe, almost as good as new, and \$250 worth of store fixtures in the shape of stove, scales, show cases, peanut heater, beef slicer, Bowser Self Measuring Automatic Oil Tank with tank in cellar and drawing device upstairs, etc. Prices low. Ripka's Cash Store SPRING MILLS, PA.

Spend a Pleasant Half Hour looking over the most complete line of Wall Paper Patterns ever assembled, and at all prices, [with] A Special Discount of 33 1/3 Per Cent. Special attention PAINTING given to Have your house painted by an experienced man and use pure lead and oil for work and material speaks for itself. Do not take an uncertainty for a certainty. P. R. Auman SPRING MILLS, PA.

Attention! A full line of Ladies' Underwear in muslin and cambric. Skirts trimmed in lace and embroidery. Corset Covers, Night Gowns. Also a special line of Embroidery in Swiss, Nainsook and Muslin. Lace and Insertions. Insertions for Waists and Skirt fronts. Call and see. H. F. ROSSMAN SPRING MILLS, PA.

Wanted Lard, Side Meat, Onions, Chickens, Fresh Eggs. Highest Cash prices paid for same delivered to Creamery. Howard Creamery Corp. CENTRE HALL, PA.

FOOTWEAR Rubber Footwear Line Complete for Men, Ladies and Children. Prices satisfactory to all. C. A. KRAPE Spring Mills, Pa.

S. H. KNEPLEY Blacksmith and 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. Special attention given to Resetting Tire AND Rimming Wheels. Satisfactory work is guaranteed. Call to see me.

PIANOS and ORGANS... 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. Terms to suit the buyer. Ask for catalogue and prices. C. E. ZEIGLER SPRING MILLS, PA.

Rheumatic Pains Relieved. B. F. Crocker, Esq., now eighty-four years of age and for twenty years Justice of the Peace at Martinsburg, Iowa, says: "I am terribly afflicted with sciatic rheumatism in my left arm and right hip. I have used three bottles of Chamberlain's Pain Balm and it did me lots of good." Sold by The Star Store, Centre Hall; F. A. Carson, Potters Mills; C. W. Swartz, Tusseyville.