Tempus Fugit. Do not stop to kiss your wife-Hurny!

There's a car! Drop fork and knife, Hurny!

When you go to get your lunch, Push and struggle with the bunch, Anything will do to munch,

If you wish to catch a train One may never come again, Hurry!

Hurry!

If you are a second late And you find they've shut the gate, Climb the fence-but never wait, Hurry!

Now remember, life is brief, Hurry! Even though you come to grief,

Hurry! Save a minute, time is cash; Grab your hat and make a dash, Don't care if you come to smash, Hurry!

-From the Bohemian.

In the Midnight Watches.

8-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-

D-8-8-8-8-8-8-8-8-8-8-8-8-8 The soft dusk of an early autumn evening was falling when the doctor at things till you're brought face to SNIFF KISSES THE FIRST ONES. came from the sick room into the spot- face with 'em. If it's got to come less kitchen where Mary Catherine as of course it has some time, I

asked, anxiously. "Is he real bad in the cellar, and Mary Catherine will off?"

The doctor gave a little reassuring nod as he seated himself in a chair He sighed heavily. "I'm resigned, near her own.

"The fact is, Mary Catherine," he might not carry to the invalid in the sleep, if I were you," he advised. room beyond, "your father has never what real illness it. He hasn't any standard of his own for comparison, and consequently, when he's a trifle indisposed, as he is now, his imagination gets away with him. It's a cold-a simple, old-fashioned cold, a man who is on the wrong side of seventy to work as he does. But there's nothing in any way serious. He'll be as good as new in a few days. But you can't make him think so. He firmly believes that this is sive. Cephas yawned frequently, and joys of kissing, said the professor, bethe beginning of the end, and you can't possibly get the idea out of his head. End!" The doctor chuckled delightedly. "I'd give a good deal to roused him. have half the constitution he has

now!" Mary Catherine gave a sigh of resaid. "This afternoon I was real Eben!" he declared. worried."

"Naturally, naturally," laughed the doctor. "He makes a fuss out of all likely to be worse at any minute." proportion to his ailments. I've left come, why, let him think so for a day or two. It won't last longer, I warrant von."

He picked up his hat and medicineshoulder. A moment later the rumble of wheels told of his departure. Hardwhen a voice called queruously from the bedroom:

"Mary Catherine, where are you?" Mary Catherine hurried into the presence of the invalid. He lay in the high-posted bed-a well preserved old man with huge frame and small, dark in. eyes that looked at one piercingly from beneath their bushy white brows. There was something plaintive in them as he turned eagerly to his daughter.

"What'd he say?' 'he asked, curtly. "He says you're going to be all right in a day or two, father," was the cheerful response.

tradicted. "Or if he did, he was try+ snore in." in' to deceive you. That's somethin' I ain't goin' to do. I'm goin' to be out an' out with you. Sit down.'

Mary Catherine sat down on the Mary Catherine, he went on. "It's been comin' on this good while. I've for this world."

"O sho, father!" his daughter depreciated.

"I ain't long for this world," he repeated with some warmth, as if daring ony one to dispute him. "I guess come. I feel it in my bones this is goin' to be my last sickness." "You'll feel different in the morn-

ing," Mary Catherine declared. "No, I sha'n't. Im a sick man-a terrible sick man. I cal'late it's pneumony or the beginning of a gen'ral. break-up. I sha'n't ever be any better. Doc, he's always hopeful, 'cause that's his business, but he can't fool me. He stuck that glass tube of his under my tongue, an' that's just what he did to Rance Moulton when he had the pneumony. I don't know how long I shall be rational, so I want to tell you now that my will's in the

cedar chest." "What are you going to have for supper?" inquired his practical daugh-

"I hain't got any appetite," he returned, gloomily. "Just some gruel the chair, a grim smile curving his facturers continue to neglect this maran' tea, I guess. But before you get lips. It grew more pronounced as he kes

Cephas Blake'll come over an' watch | patchwork coverlet. with me tonight."

have a watcher, I'll sit up with you." he ruminated. "No, I ain't goin' to have you broke of your rest," he objected. "You'll

every two hours." Mary Catherine rose reluctantly. 'Perhaps you won't need a watcher." sleepy after you've had your supper."

in sickness." Thus it came about that two hours | chest. later Cephas Blake was ushered into the sick-room, where a dim light showed but faintly the rugged outlines of the face of the pillow. Cephas was nearly as old as the invalid, but

unlike him, he was small and wiry. . "Good evenin', Eben!" he said, tiptooing to the bed, "Sorry you're unthe weather. Never had an idea of such a thing till Mary Catherine ran out?"

over a little while ago." "Have a chair," said the sick man. And, as the other drew one forth and sprawled comfortably in it, he as a series of vigorous shakes. continued, "I'm a sick man, Cephas,

I guess my race is most run." way," Cephas began, but the other cut him short.

"You can't ever tell how you'll look guess it might just as well come now. "How'd you find him, doctor?" she The last of my potatoes is dug and marry Sam Hallet soon after I'm gone, so that leaves her well provided for." Cephas. I'm perfectly resigned."

said lowering his voice that his words | chair. "I should try to get a little "Sleep!" the man on the bed snext-

in his life been sick enough to realize er, scornfully. "I guess I sha'n't get plained, is a kiss that is a smell, and much sleep! My head's nigh bustin'." not a smack. "Try a powder, then. Maybe that'll

ease you some." After a time Mary Catherine went ticed by the moderns. to bed, and the silence became opprespresently began to nod. He was cause the kiss to them meant only drifting into a comfortable doze when an examination of the head-particua complaining voice from the bed larly the heads of babies-by the deli-

as?" it inquired, with some asperity. against the heads, and eventually some Cephas pulled himself together with woman accidently kissed a man "I'm glad it's no worse," she an effort and sat up. "Course not,

get asleep," Eben explained. "I'm down the ages.

some powders for him. You might to sleep," the watcher said, dogged- these days, said Prof. Hopkins but begive him one every two hours as ly. But nevertheless almost immedlong as they last. And I'd humor him, jately he was nodding again. His unif I were you. If he gets any com- der jaw dropped; there came from "Blessed be the sniff kiss." The sentifort out of thinking his time has his throat an unmistakable gurgle. Eben sniffed disgustedly.

"Hey!" he called. "Hey! What you doin' now?"

case and went out at the back door, his sleepy eyes. He stared about it, they would have told something calling a cheerful good night over his him for a moment, as if trying to collect his napping wits.

ly had the sound of them died away asked. "Time for one of them powders?"

"No!" Eben snapped. "You were asleep!" 'I wasn't either," contradicted Cephas, vigorously.

"I hain't snored a mite." "Hain't ye?" said Eben. twas the best imitation ever I list-

"Yes, you were. You were a-snor-

ened to." "Maybe I might ha' lost myself for a minute," Cephas admitted, "but I

sha'n't again.' "If I have a watcher," said Eben.

"I want one to watch, not to show "He never," the old man flatly con- me how many different keys he can

Cephas looked hurt. For a time he held himself upright to the chair. Yet the rally was but short lived. Gradually the stiffness of his pose reedge of the bed. "I'm a sick man, laxed. He sank lower in the chair. Again his jaw dropped, and again he sent forth a series of guttural gurgles been failin' all summer. I ain't long which surpassed all former efforts. Eben, who had dropped into a doze himself, was rudely awakened. He sat up in bed, staring at the man

in the chair. "Don't it beat time," he burst out, "that a man can't be sick peaceable I can tell pretty well when my time's in his own house! Hey there, Cephas! What you doin'? Just 'lost yourself' again, I s'pose! Lost yourself pretty thorough this time, ain't ye?" His voice had risen to a shout, but Cephas snored on. An angry light appeared in Eben's eyes. He came

out of bed with a bound. "I guess you need the bed more'n I do," he said, under his breath. "Next thing I know you'll pitch head first out of that chair and break your

neck." another chair and began jerking them on. Then he lifted Cephas, and laid him gently on the bed. Cephas's eyes | The same should be the case with the did not open; his grunts and gurgles | traffic in old horses .- Lancet.

went on noisily. There was an extra blanket on the foot-board of the bed, and Eben, wrap- tinues to expand as more good roads ping this about him, sat down in are built, but American motor manu-

it, I wish you'd go over an' see if glanced at the recumbent form on the

"I guess I'll have to put off dyin' "Why, if you think you need to till I can find some decent watchers,"

Mary Catherine coming downstairs have enough to do waitin' on me day early the next morning, paused at the times. You go and get Cephas. I door of her father's bedroom, and ought to have some one here, for like caught from within the sound of enough I'll be worse in the night, and heavy, regular breathing.

besides, I've got to have powders "Guess I wen't disturb 'em now," she observed, and it was not until breakfast was on the table that she pushed open the bedroom door. The she suggested. "Perhaps you'll feel sight which met her eyes brought a gasp of astonishment from her. On "I don't cal'late I shall close my the bed lay Cephas Blake, fully dresseyes tonight," he replied. "You get ed and still snoring lustily, while in Cephas. I've heard he was real handy a chair by the bedside her father dozed peacefully, his chin sunk on his

"Why, father," she cried, "you must be feelin' better!"

The old man started up and grinned sheepishly.

"I am," he said, "a good deal, I've slept pretty well, and I should a' slept more if Cephas hadn't snored go. Goin' to get breakfast?" "It's on the table. You comin'

"Yes, I'll be out as soon as I can

get him woke up," he said. He went to the bed and gave Ceph-

"Come!" he shouted. "Come, it's time to get up! Breakfast's ready, "Now, I shouldn't look at it that and I guess you must be most starved after your night of watchin'."-Youth's Companion.

Prof. Hopkins of Yale Gives History

of the Habit from Old Times. That kissing had its origin in smelling was the assertion of Professor Hopkins of Yale before the American Oriental Society, in annual session at Philadelphia. The Professor took the platform as one of America's foremost Cephas squirmed uneasily in his experts on the kiss, and the range of his osculatory knowledge may be gathered from the title of his paper, which was "The Sniff kiss" it may be ex-

The evolution of the kiss was traced in eloquent language by Professor He shook the powder from its paper | Hopkins, and a large audience favored out on the invalid's tongue and held the speaker with frequent and enthusia tumbler of water to his lips; after asite applause. But it was observed nothing more nor less. Maybe he's this he resumed his sprawling atti- that the applause was rather lame a bit worn out, too. It takes hold of tude in the chair, and sat there in while the professor dwelt on "nasal preoccupied silence. There was no kissing" and that it grew steadily in sound to break the stillness except volume the more the lecturer dwelt the ticking of the clock in the kitchen. on kissing with the lips, as it is prac-

The ancients knew little about the cate sense of smell. In the lecturer, "You ain't asleep, are you, Ceph- the smellers got to rubbing their noses the experiment so good that she did it again, and there and then started "Because I sha'n't be easy if you the kiss on its resounding mission

The "sniff kiss" was not exactly a "You needn't worry. I ain't going kiss to commend to polite society in cause of its being the daddy of all kisses in a closing outburst he said ment almost roused the audience to cheers.

"The early peoples," declared Professor Hopkins, "knew nothing of the Cephas started up guiltily, blinking kiss in any form. Had they known of of it in the mass of records that has come down to us, for surely an act "What is it? What's wrong?" he which conveys such pleasure could not have been forgotten.

"Gradually, with the sniff kiss there came also a caress, a touching usually of the head. Gradually, also, the endearment came to be applied to others than children. The rubbing of noses, which was persisted in by some tribes, was probably an intermediate process in the evolution.

"With the development of the genuine kiss, the sniff kiss disappeared, never to reappear. It had served its purpose and soon was forgotten.

"Thus the sniff kiss proves the mother and father of all kisses. Blessed be the sniff kiss."

Professor Hopkins based his argument that the genuine kiss was discovered by a woman in an epic of ancient India. This epic treats of love, the gang fled. and in it it is written: She laid her mouth to my mouth,

And made a noise which gave me

pleasure. Additions to the epic in later years, it was said, described variations in the natural kiss, but that all these separate descriptions made pointed reference to the "noise-which-gave-me pleasure" kiss. Finally the lecturer declared that in ancient India the for of entirety was not "kiss me,"

but "smell me." In the lively discussion that grew out of Professor Hopkins's paper the Rev. Mr. Chandler, of Madura, India, and Professor Haupt, of Johns Hopkins University, laid emphasis on the fact that the root of the Hindoo word for kiss is the same as that for the word smell.

Traffic in Old Horses.

The keeping of a rat pit, of a cock pit or of a bull ring were all profit-He snatched up his clothes from able occupations. They involved gross cruelty, however, and were very prop. erly put an end to in this country.

The Brazilian automobile trade con-

STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA.

Parts.

The miners released from their late imprisonment in the flooded mine at Foustwell are improving at the Windber Hospital, although all suffered the expected temporary re-

Thomas Gessler, a young Media boy, was run over at Moylan by a large delivery wagon of a Phildelphia department store. His right leg was so badly injured that it had to be amputated.

Cynenius and Frank Irwin and George and Joseph Jacobs, of Norristown, were sent to the House of Refuge for setting fire to Oak Street School, in that borough.

The prohibitionists of Wayne County met at the courthouse and elected a County Committee, consisting of H. A. Olives, chairman; H. A. Dexter, treasurer; C. H. Allen, secretary. Treasurer Dexter's statement showed a balance of \$4.03 in the treasury.

The Salem Methodist Camp-Meeting grounds in Wayne County have been discontinued as an outdoor place of worship. It has been in use since 1818

At Riddelsburg furnace a Broadtop locomotive through mistake shifted a car upon which eight men were working into a short high tressle. Before it could be stopped the car shot over the end of the trestle, killing three Italians and injuring two others.

An unknown German boy, neatly dressed, was killed on the Pennsylvania Railroad below Bristol. Deouty Coroner Rue took charge of his body. Nothing could be found on him to identify him.

Clark Phillips and James Tonzi, laborers in the Standard limestone quarry, near Lewistown, were seriously injured by a fall of stone. Phillips' skull was fractured and Tonzi's right leg crushed.

The People's Street Railway Company, at Nanticoke, will extend its line from that place to Benton, Columbia County, and already the greater part of the right of way has been secured. The line will go by way or Shickshinny and Huntingdon Mills.

Richard Spahr, of Mechanicburg, who has received a West Point Military Academy appointment from Congressman Marlin E. Olmsted, of Harrisburg, is at Fort Myer, Virginia, for examination

Carnill Rose, an Italian, was murdered by Carman Marcoria, a fellowcountryman, at Thorndale, a station east of Coatesville. Marcoria was arrested by Constable Gray and was given a hearing before Squire Johnson and committed without bail. Apparently without any provacation Marcoria committed the deed. The Italians were siting on a bench conversing when suddenly Marcoria jumped to his feet and fired two shots into Rose's body.

A source of graft by justices of the sace, of Pottsville, in the duplicating charges, which cover the same offense, was discovered by District Attorney Reed, which may lead to prosecutions, the multiplication of these charges causing a corresponding increase in fees. The District Attorney has balked this plan by pinning together all these charges and will bunch them on one indict-

ment. Though Henry Fredericks, aged 17 years, of Pottsville, has his left arm sawed off and is otherwise maimed, in addition to there being a deep cut in his left side through which can be distinctly seen his heart, in its palpitation, the surgeons say he has a chance for retovery. The accident occurred at the Williamson colliery. Fredericks tripped over a plank and fell full upon a huge saw. He was removed

to the Miners' Hospital. Heart broken by the death of her aged husband, Mrs. Andrew Romans, of Lyon, prayed that she, too, might join him in death. Three hours later her wish was granted. She was induced to lie down and never awakened from the sleep which then came. They were married fifty-three years

ago. Theodore Wenos was held up by three highwaymen in Springfield. They shoved revolvers against his breast and ordered him to hand over all his valuables. He had \$200 in an inside pocket and a five dollar note in his trousers. He gave the highwaymen the latter bill and begged to be released. He was kicked and struck with a club after which

The trustees of the Moravian Church, Nazareth, elected J. L. Rosenberry as organist of the church to succeed Ellis Schneebeli, son of former Congressman Schneebeli, over whose occupancy of the position there has been so much trouble. Mr. Rosenberry was formerly an organist

at Bangor and at Stroudsburg. George F. Baer, president of the Reading Railway, will be invited to make the principal Reading Day address at the Jamestown exposition.

April was the greatest building month in the history of Reading. permits for 209 new structures, representing half a million dollars, having been issued.

Building Inspector Orner, of Altoona, prosecuted Silverman Brothers, managers of the Grand Theater, a vaudeville and picture show house, for keeping it open when it did not comply with the safety law require-

C. F. Savage, assistant secretary of the Harlem Branch of the Young Men's Christian Association, of New York, has accepted the invitation to become general secretary of the Pottstown Association. Mr. Savage is 28 years old and is a graduate of Brown University.

The Eleventh Avenue Opera House, Altoona, was abandoned as a theater, after many years of successful operation. The big audience present rose at the close of the show and, led by the orchestra, sang "Auld Lang

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A TRUE MOUSE STORY. "Molly, mamma wants you in the

parlor. Hurry." "Oh, dear! I was just finishing Agatha's apron." Molly held it up with pride as she spoke, but big sisters are unappreciative.

"Well, put it away. I am to brush your hair and put on you a clean apron. Mrs. Warren wants to see you.'

"Very well, when I thread my needle and stick it in." Molly unwillingly folded up her doll's spring sewing, which lay scattered all about. But she was an obedient little girl: and when Sister Bess had finished making her toilet, she went at once downstairs.

Just as she shook hands with Mrs. Warren something dreadful happened. She distinctly felt something move in her pocket! It gave a little jump, and then was quiet. Then it jumped around, until Molly was nearly frantic. She was sure a mouse had gotten in her pocket, and at the thought she uttered a scream that brought mamma to her side.

"What is the matter, what is the matter?" cried mamma. "It's a mouse! It's a mouse! I

feel it in my pocket! O-o-o!" Demure little Molly actually screamed with fright. Mamma grasped the pocket and

held it. "Now, darling, it will not trouble you any more," she said. A funny look came into her face, and she began to laugh. Then she put her hand in the pocket, and drew forth-a

spool of thread! "Here is your mouse," she said. Molly suddenly checked her tears and began to laugh too.

"Why, it has been unwinding ever since I left the nursery," she exclaimed, catching sight of the thread trailing along the floor. "I wonder where the beginning is!"

"Run and see, and wind it up carefully as you go," said mamma. With tears still wet upon her April

face, Molly retraced her steps, winding all the time. And where do you think she found the end of her thread? Why, in the very needle she had stuck in Agatha's apron, and laid away in her little work basket. -Holiday Magazine.

HER MISTAKE.

Driver of Overloaded Dray-"That hoss too old? Why, bless ye koind heart, lady! he ain't a day older'n I am, an' I ain't but fifty-one." Old Lady-"Dear me! you don't say so!, I beg your pardon."-Judge.

LAUNDERED.

"All arrivals are immediately washed," explained the turnkey.

"And if they resist?" "They are also ironed."-Washington Herald.

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