

DEATHS.

MRS. ELLEN MOORE.

At the age of seventy-five years, Mrs. Ellen Moore died at the home of her daughter at State College, Friday. Interment was made at Lemont. Mrs. Moore and her husband, now deceased, for many years were residents of College township, and engaged in farming on one of the Thompson farms, below State College. The funeral services were conducted by Rev. W. K. Harnish, assisted by Rev. W. H. Schuyler.

HARRY SHIRK, JR.

Harry Shirk, Jr., son of William B. Shirk, died at the home of his father in Atlantic City, the latter part of October, aged twenty-eight years. Mr. Shirk had been in New York during the last few years of his life, and when he was stricken with his last illness—nervousness, with which he lay for over a year—he was on the auditing force at Madison Square Garden.

Mrs. Diana King, wife of Abraham King, died Sunday morning of last week of heart failure, at her home in Millheim, aged sixty-one years, eleven months and twenty-two days. She leaves to survive her husband and five sons: Archy, of Aaronsburg; Newton, of Karthaus, and Simon, Boyd and Wallace, of Millheim.

John A. Hetzel, son of Mrs. Anna Hetzel, died at his home at Aaronsburg, of stomach trouble, aged thirty-three years, eleven months and sixteen days. He left to survive a widow and one daughter.

New Year Cards.

A beautiful line of New Year Post Cards, colored and embossed, are on sale at this office. Prices: 2 cards, 5 cents; 6 cards, 12 cents; 12 cards, 20 cents. Sent by mail to any address.

Thanksgiving Services at Spring Mills.

A union Thanksgiving service will be held in the Methodist church, Spring Mills, in the evening. The sermon will be by Rev. Daniel Gress.

LOCALS.

Keep in mind—the Thanksgiving supper in Grange Arcadia.

H. A. McClellan, of near Tusseyville, advertises sale for March 29th.

Miss Glass, Miss Flock and Miss Laurie, of Bellefonte, were guests of Miss Edna Murray on Sunday.

Dr. and Mrs. G. W. Hosterman are spending Thanksgiving with their son, John S. Hosterman, at Moutrose, Susquehanna county.

Among the sick in Centre Hall are Landlord James W. Runkle, Constable W. H. Runkle and John Gregg, son of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Gregg.

Mail orders for Christmas cards are coming to the Reporter. The assortment is as pretty as can be found anywhere. Don't wait until Christmas, buy now, and have them ready when the time comes.

Mrs. A. Miles Arney and children are at the home of Mr. and Mrs. B. H. Arney, in Centre Hall. Mr. Arney expects to be here today (Thursday) from Niagara Falls to eat his Thanksgiving dinner at the parental home.

Resnick, the furniture man, advertises Christmas goods, while his suggestion that useful presents be bought appears in a paid advertisement it is nevertheless a suggestion that can safely be acted upon by purchasers who wish to please the recipients.

Jewett Brooks is seriously ill of typhoid fever at the home of his father at Pleasant Gap. He had been living with his brother Cloyd Brooks, west of Centre Hall, and Saturday on his way home became suddenly ill, and later the disease named developed.

The W. P. S. horse, cattle and poultry powder is advertised in this issue of the Reporter, together with the names of the persons who have the agency for its sale. W. P. Slaughterbaup, of Harrisburg, is the manufacturer, and he claims a superior article.

The December American Magazine is really extraordinary in importance and interest. The recent financial flurry, and the whispered denunciations of the President, make Miss Tarbell's defence of Roosevelt, in her new series "Roosevelt vs. Rockefeller," a timely contribution of great significance.

W. C. Hipple, of Baltimore, Md., is being entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Edward W. Crawford, in Centre Hall. Before returning home he will visit his old home at Pine Glenn. Mr. Hipple is manager of the Crystal Ice Company's plant, which has a capacity of a hundred tons per day, and also has an interest in a smaller plant in that city.

The Christmas number of Everybody's Magazine is one of the biggest and best that the publishers have ever put out. It is rich in notable and significant articles, and in stories that are worth while. Its most important offering, in view of the recent financial crisis, is "What caused the Panic?"—an authoritative and timely discussion by Lyman J. Gage, Thomas W. Lawson, Prof. W. G. Sumner, Stuyvesant Fish, James J. Hill and Byron W. Holt.

Harris township

Mrs. Edward Rummel, of Trenton, New Jersey, who before her marriage was Miss Maude Campbell, of Bellefonte, visited her grandmother, Mrs. Hannah Wooster, last week.

Mrs. Maude Williams and her children spent Wednesday and Thursday of last week with her sister, Mrs. Lee Segner, at State College.

Miss Gertrude Wieland enjoyed a few days with her sister, Mrs. J. M. Garberic, in Clearfield.

Rev. David Young Brouse, of Newton Hamilton, visited his brother William, in Boalsburg.

Mrs. Annie McWilliams and sister, Miss Belle Goheen, of Rock Springs, visited the Goheen families in Boalsburg Tuesday and Wednesday of last week.

A number of state road surveyors are having headquarters at the Boalsburg tavern this week.

Amos F. Musser with his wife and little son Lawrence, of Centreville, visited his sister, Mrs. John Charles, from Saturday till Monday.

Clyde P. Wieland was one among the number of men who were appointed as viewers on the turnpike leading from Lemont to State College. The road was found to be in a bad condition.

Quite a number from here enjoyed Pennsylvania Day at State College.

Mrs. H. S. Harro, with her children and Mrs. John Kline, grandmother of Mrs. Harro, came from their home in Bellefonte to Boalsburg, last Friday, where they were the guests of Mrs. Charles.

The ladies of the Lutheran Missionary Society will hold their annual meeting in the Lutheran church, Sunday evening. All who are interested in mission work are cordially invited to be present.

Mrs. Emeline Hess, of Bellefonte, spent last week with her sons, E. W. Hess, of near Shingletown, and N. E. Hess, of Ferguson township.

Mrs. E. P. McIntire, of Altoona, visited in Boalsburg. Her mother, Mrs. Sarah Rankin, returned with her to her home, where she will spend the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. James Poorman departed Tuesday morning for a visit to Nebraska and other western states, where they expect to remain until spring time.

George Hosterman visited friends in Union and Snyder counties last week.

Mrs. Mervin Kuhn and little daughter Mildred, of Rebersburg, visited here recently.

Misses Margaret Mothersbaugh, Nan Leech and Margaret Musser visited in Altoona.

Misses Margaretta Goheen, of Boalsburg, and Margaret Stuart, of State College, expect to visit, in a few days, with Mrs. Emma Stuart and family, at Bellevue Station, Pittsburg.

Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Kimpfort were among the guests at the reception at the home of Capt. W. H. Fry, of Fairbrook, given in honor of their son and wife, Mr. and Mrs. George McClellan Fry, Friday evening.

Frank Sharp and Elmer Taubelm, of the Mountain City, are here for some sport in the mountains, being guests at the Hoover residence, in Shingletown.

Mrs. George Boal has made preparations for an elaborate dinner Thanksgiving Day.

Mrs. Murray Leitze and daughter Pauline, of Sunbury, are visiting here this week.

A jolly party from State College were at the Boalsburg tavern Saturday evening, where refreshments were served, consisting of chicken and waffles, ice cream and cake and other delicacies. Covers were laid for thirty-five.

The first snow of the season fell during Saturday night and Sunday, being six inches in depth on the mountain. Monday morning there was an exciting time in Boalsburg when it became known that the tracks of a large bear were discovered by Michael Segner near his house, on the outskirts of town. His son Dorsey—a plucky young lad—at once shouldered his gun and followed the track onto the top of the Tussey mountain, but being fatigued he returned home. A number of other hunters took up the chase. Some claim to have seen the bear, but last reports are that Bruin is still at large.

The Riley hunting party returned on Saturday with one deer. O. W. Stover was the lucky man.

The vaccination law was enforced here this week, and has caused quite a disturbance, unpleasant feelings resulting on the part of some of the parents and children towards the teachers, who feel it their duty to comply with the law, however unpleasant it may be.

Miss Laura Keller, of Tusseyville, and her sister, Mrs. Ira Rishel and son Oscar, of Boalsburg, visited for a period of ten days with friends in Sinking Valley, Tyrone and Altoona.

Mr. and Mrs. Foust, Edward Hunter and Miss Lucy Geist were recent visitors from Altoona.

Misses Maude Bailey and Margaret Knox, of State College, enjoyed a day with the Misses Goeben.

Rev. J. I. Stonecypher visited Mr. and Mrs. Ulrich, at Bellingsgrove.

The centipede has more legs than a man, but he doesn't do so much kicking.

A HIDEOUS DREAM.

I had a horrible dream a few nights ago. I dreamed that I was the sub-editor of a religious weekly. There is nothing unusual in that, of course. The horrible part comes later. My editor, just out for a holiday—editors generally are, you know—instructed me to write to several people of eminence and ask them to tell me their favorite prayer. (I record this little story in all reverence, you understand.) Well, many of the eminent people replied, including a lady novelist of great fame. The lady wrote:

Dear Sir—In reply to your esteemed favor, I have much pleasure in informing you that my favorite prayer is, "Give us this day our daily bread."

I placed it at the head of the column, but the paper to bed and went there myself, feeling pleased. Next morning when I opened my copy of the religious weekly I found that three letters had been dropped from the lady novelist's favorite prayer, which, to my consternation, now read as follows: "Give us this day our daily ad." I woke up screaming—Kebble Howard in Sketch.

Classed as an Antique Also.

A charming hostess of one of the "big houses," as they are called by those who are welcomed into them, has the added beauty of prematurely white hair, says the Washington Star. That which seems to her contemporaries an added charm may appear to the crudely young a mark of decline, at least so it appears in one instance of which the hostess herself tells with enjoyment.

The lady is a connoisseur of antiques. At one of her teas a debutante rich with the glow of youth, but sadly constrained by her sense of her own novelty, was handed a cup of tea. The cup was beautifully blue and wonderfully old. The hostess, desiring to lighten the strain on her youthful guest by a pleasingly diverting remark, said, "That little cup is 150 years old."

"Oh," came the debutante's high strained tones, "how careful you must be to have kept it so long!"

Trades That Kill.

One of the most dangerous of trades, according to the Pilgrim, "is the covering of toy animals with skin, chamol leather being used, for instance, for the elephants, calfskin for the horse and goatskin for the camels. This covering must of course fit without a wrinkle to look natural, so the wooden model is first dipped into glue, then sprinkled with chalk dust; then the skin is put on. The chalk is so fine that it fills the air and is drawn into the throat and lungs. A year of this sort of work often results in death. Another very injurious toy is the rubber balloon. The fumes and solvents used in reducing sheet rubber to the necessary thinness while retaining its strength and the dyeing of the brilliant yellows, greens and purple are most of them poisonous.

A Swelled Head.

A typical Englishwoman, when some one spoke the other day of a certain man having a "swelled head," looked dazed. "Really? You don't mean it!" cried the Englishwoman. "I'm very sorry." A day or so later the Englishwoman, happening to meet the wife of the man in question, observed that she was so sorry to hear that Mr. Blank was ill.

"But he isn't!" cried the wife. "He was never better in his life."

"Is that so?" said the Englishwoman. "Why, what could Mrs. Dash have meant the other day when she said he was suffering from a swelled head?"

His Narrow Escape.

A jolly steamboat captain with more girth than height was asked if he had ever had any very narrow escapes.

"Yes," he replied, his eyes twinkling, "once I fell off my boat at the mouth of Bear creek, and, although I'm an expert swimmer, I guess I'd be there now if it hadn't been for my crew. You see, the water was just deep enough so's to be over my head when I tried to wade out, and just shallow enough—he gave his body an explanatory pat—"so that whenever I tried to swim out I dragged bottom."—Everybody's.

Horrible Example.

"My dear," said Mrs. Strongmnd, "I want you to accompany me to the town hall tomorrow evening."

"What for?" queried the meek and lowly other half of the combine.

"I am to lecture on the 'Dark Side of Married Life,'" explained Mrs. S. "and I want you to sit on the platform and pose as one of the illustrations."—Chicago News.

A Financial Pessimist.

Gaye—Yes, he is what you might term a financial pessimist. Myers—What's a financial pessimist? Gaye—A man who is afraid to look pleasant for fear his friends will want to borrow something.

Accidental.

Alice—How did you come to meet your second husband, Grace? Grace—It was purely accidental. He ran over my first one with a motor car and afterward attended the funeral.

A Crash.

"John, what was that awful noise in the bathroom just now?"

"Don't worry, my dear," replied John sleepily. "It was merely a crash towel falling."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Opinion.

Opinion is a light, vain, crude and imperfect thing settled in the imagination, but never arriving at the understanding, there to obtain the tincture of reason.—Ben Jonson.

Read the Reporter.

Read the Reporter.

Judged by Their Cats.

"No, ma'am," said an Irish maid of much experience as she returned to a New York intelligence office the other day "I didn't engage with that family. I didn't like the looks of their cat."

"Of their cat!" repeated the owner of the office in amazement. "Why, Katie, I'm sure they wouldn't keep a cat that was in any way dangerous."

"Not dangerous, no, ma'am, but a restless, unhappy looking creature that didn't speak well for the family," replied the girl. "I always judge a family by their cat—if they have one. A sleek, comfortable pussy who comes up and rubs against you means a quiet, good natured family and one that's not worrying about ways and means, but a nervous, unfriendly looking cat reflects a household which is on the verge of nervous prostration or financial ruin or some other horrible trouble."

"I've been living with families and studying their cats for twenty-five years, and I've never known the sign to fail. A family that can't make its cat happy is one to make any servant miserable."—New York Press.

Psychologically Explained. Mrs. Flaherty, who earns her living and maintains two clean little rooms in an uptown tenement by going out to do washing and day's work, has been a widow for many years, and entertains a strong prejudice against marriage for any but the young. "Tis all right at that time o' life," she maintains, "but not for old people with gray hairs. Then 'tis unsuitable and the height o' foolishness." Holding these opinions as she does, it was a severe shock to Mrs. Flaherty to learn that one of her best customers, a widow of threescore and ten, was about to be married for the second time. Almost tearfully she confided her sentiments to another patron.

"Think of it! Her a-flin' all them fine clothes and takin' as much pride in it as if she was to be a bride of twenty instead of an old woman that'll never see seventy again! Why," and her voice dropped to an awed whisper, "at her time o' life I believe 'tis the ravin' o' death is on the woman!"—New York Times.

A Scotch Excuse.

A canny Scot was brought before a magistrate on the charge of being drunk and disorderly. "What have you to say for yourself, sir?" demanded the magistrate. "You look like a respectable man and ought to be ashamed to stand there."

"I am verra sorry, sir, but I can't up in bad company fra Glasgow," humbly replied the prisoner.

"What sort of company?"

"A lot of teetotalers!" was the startling response.

"Do you mean to say teetotalers are bad company?" thundered the magistrate. "I think they are the best of company for such as you."

"Beggin' yer pardon, sir," answered the prisoner, "ye're wrong; for I had a bottle of whusky an' I had to drink it all myself!"—Reynolds' Newspaper.

Strong Soup.

In the life of William Stokes, written by his son, it is told how Stokes was sent over to Dublin during the great famine to show the people how to make soup. Stokes asked a starving beggar why he did not go and get some of the soup that was being freely distributed.

"Soup, is it, your honor? Sure, it isn't soup at all!" "And what is it, then?" inquired Stokes. "It is nothin', your honor, but a quart of water boiled down to a pint to make it strong!"

This is the soup maigre which Hogarth caricatured in his picture of the French troops at Calais.—London Standard.

Mixed Liquors Barred.

Rory MacSnory was the village blacksmith and one of the most powerful singers in the choir of the kirk at Auchleuchries. To show off his voice to full advantage he would vary his style from bass to alto and from alto to treble in the same hymn.

The minister had long observed that Rory's methods were upsetting the general melody of the congregation's singing, and at length he resolved to bring the culprit to book.

"Hymn 34," he announced, "and a' thegither. And, Mr. MacSnory, if ye're tae sing tenor, sing tenor, or if ye're tae sing bass, sing bass, but we'll hae nae mair o' yer shandygaff!"—Dundee Advertiser.

The Reason.

All sorts and conditions of men have excellent reasons for their position in life. Illustrated Bits tells of a tramp who had no illusions about the cause of his own condition:

Mrs. Finehealth (at hotel entrance)—No. I have no money to spare for you. I do not see why an able-bodied man like you should go about begging.

Lazy Tramp—I s'pose, mum, it's fer about the same reason that a healthy woman like you boards at a hotel, instead of keeping house.

A Rebuff.

"Do you think your father would like me as a son-in-law?"

"Yes, I believe he would."

"Oh, joy! I"—

"Papa and I never agree about anything, you know."

Feminine Nerves.

There are nervous women; there are hypernervous women. But women so nervous that the continual rustle of a silk skirt makes them nervous—no, there are no women so nervous as that!

Error of opinion may be tolerated where reason is left free to combat it.—Jefferson.

Subscribe for the Reporter.

Subscribe for the Reporter.

SHOES SHIRTS
We have on hand a large number of the celebrated Keith's Konqueror Shoes for Men. Price \$2.50 & \$3.00
A full line of Men's and Boys' Shirts at 50 cents and \$1.00.
Kreamer & Son, Centre Hall

Lend Us Your Ear, Mr. Farmer! You will never regret it.
TELEPHONE SERVICE IN YOUR HOME
A Protection
A Convenience
A Necessity.
Rates very reasonable. Let us explain our Co-operative plan to you. Telephone, write or call upon the manager.
PENNSYLVANIA TELEPHONE CO
Contract Dept., Bellefonte, Pa.

A nice line of Men's fine
...SHIRTS...
Ladies' Neckwear, Ribbons, Laces, Embroideries and Insertions.
F. E. WIELAND, Linden Hall

...The Index...
Bellefonte, Pa.
BARGAINS
BARGAINS
In order to make room for our Holiday Goods.
H. F. ROSSMAN
SPRING MILLS, PA.

CHURCH APPOINTMENTS.
[Appointments not given here have not been reported to this office.]
Presbyterian—Centre Hall, morning; Spring Mills, afternoon.
Lutheran—Tusseyville, morning; Centre Hall, afternoon; Spring Mills, evening.
Reformed—Union morning communion, preparatory service Saturday afternoon. Spring Mills, afternoon; Centre Hall, evening.
TIMBER FOR SALE.—The timber on eighty acres of land, consisting of chestnut, pine and other timber. A good place for a stove mill. Situated one mile southeast of Pottery Mills. For further information call on or address J. O. STOVER, Reedsville, Pa.
DUNLAP THE BARBER.—I am obliged to increase the cost of shaving and hair-cutting, owing to the increase of general expenses, and consequently on and after the first of January, 1908, the rate will be the uniform price of 10 and 15 cents. C. L. DUNLAP, Spring Mills, Pa.
FARM AT PRIVATE SALE.—The undersigned offers at private sale the farm known as the James A. Sweetwood farm, in Potter township, located one mile east of Centre Hill, containing EIGHTY ONE ACRES and one hundred and forty perches. Thereon erected a house and barn. For further information apply to W. M. GROVE, Agent, Spring Mills, Pa.
Why not advertise in the Reporter?

...The Index...
Bellefonte, Pa.
We now have in stock the largest and best selected line of goods for Gifts that this store has ever known.
It consists of Books of every description, Box Papers, Novelties in Brass and Leather, Fancy Toilet Sets, Traveling Sets, Manicure Sets, Billbooks, Card Cases, Desk Sets, Book Racks, and a complete stock of the Dennison Seals, Tags, Etc., for making up an attractive package.
Then too, we have our usual big stock of well selected TOYS.
...The Index...

STEVENS
IN CAMP OR FIELD—AT MOUNTAIN OR SHORE
There is always a chance to enjoy some shooting TO SHOOT WELL YOU MUST BE EQUIPPED WITH A RELIABLE FIREARM; the only kind we have been making for upwards of fifty years.
Our Line: RIFLES, PISTOLS, SHOTGUNS, RIFLE TELESCOPES, ETC.
Ask your Dealer, and insist on the STEVENS. Where not sold by Retailers, we ship direct, express prepaid, upon receipt of Catalog price.
Send for 140 Page Illustrated Catalog. An indispensable book of ready reference for men and boys shooters. Mailed for 4 cents in stamps to cover postage. Requested Ten Union Manager forwarded for 45 cents in stamps.
J. STEVENS' ARMS & TOOL CO. P. O. Box 4007 Chicopee Falls, Mass., U. S. A.