

Thrice-a-Week World, 60c.

The Thrice-a-Week New York World will be mailed all Centre Reporter subscribers for sixty-five cents, paid in advance. The World will be discontinued every year upon expiration of subscription.

Peculiar Accident.

A horse belonging to James Kimport, at Linden Hall, ran into a wagon tongue with such force that injuries were inflicted necessitating the killing of the animal. William McClintic had ridden the horse to Linden Hall, and while there the animal tore loose and started to run home. In the vicinity of the home of R. C. Palmer, the brute met Newton Yarnell, who was driving two horses hitched to the wagon. The runaway horse made no attempt to turn to right or left, but dashed right between the two animals, striking his shoulder against the end of the tongue, crushing it.

LOCALS.

Butcher Dauberman is beginning to ship dressed pork. As a rule he has a good market.

Farmer William Homan is off hunting for game with the Pine Grove Mills "Fleet Foots."

R. D. Foreman is erecting an addition to the rear of his residence, the second story of which will be fitted up for a bath room.

"Give children plenty of pure sugar, taffy and butterscotch and they'll have little need of cod-liver oil," says Dr. Woods Hutchinson in the Christmas Woman's Home Companion.

John Bubb, of near Potters Mills, was a caller Tuesday morning. He is comfortably located on the south side of Potter, and is one of the Reporter's many prompt paying subscribers.

About three weeks ago Mrs. W. K. Harnish, of Lemont, took two of her children to Philadelphia, and at the Presbyterian hospital had an operation performed on each which proved very successful.

North Dakota is rapidly increasing in population, especially in the section of country in which Centre county farmers have located. Adams is a new county just formed, and is the county in which Lott R. Evans now lives, Gilestrap being the pestholes.

Small pigs are so plentiful this fall that the owner considers himself lucky to be able to sell at any price. Last fall farmers almost felt like taking off their hats to a hog of any size. Strange that conditions should change so quickly.

Spring Mills.

After having a week off attending institute, the teachers resumed their work Monday morning.

Elias Heckman, of Orangeville, Ill., is here visiting his many friends and relatives. Mr. Heckman went west in his younger days, but is still hale and hearty.

The Penn Hall hunting club, composed of W. C. Meyer, C. E. Zeigler, H. W. Weaver, W. H. Sinkabine, Cleve Gentzel, A. F. Mark, George Shook, Jr., Clarence Stover, Arthur Grove, Albert Burrell and James Sheesley, who had been camping in Poe Valley for a week, returned from camp on Saturday, with two fine deer.

Rev. W. H. Bierly, of Millmont, was seen in town Saturday.

C. F. Long last Thursday made a business trip to Pittsburg.

Foster Walker, who had spent the summer in the west, arrived in town Friday.

Among those who attended the installation services at Centre Hall, Sunday, were, T. M. Gramley and wife, C. E. Zeigler and wife, D. M. McCool and wife, W. O. Gramley and wife, C. A. Krape and wife and W. H. Smith. T. M. Gramley spent Friday at State College.

A union Thanksgiving service will be held in the M. E. church, Thursday evening.

Bishop R. Dubbs, D. D., LL. D., of Harrisburg, will give a lecture in the Y. M. C. A. meeting, Sunday evening, at 6 o'clock. This will be a treat for every one attending.

F. E. Bowersox, last week, bought a farm near Millinburg, and will retire from the blacksmithing business in the spring. Samuel Stitzer purchased Mr. Bowersox's residence and blacksmithshop, and will be his successor.

Miss Orpha Gramley, who is engaged in teaching school in Phillipsburg, spent a few days at her parental home, last week.

Woodward.

Miss Florence Yearick, of Sewickley, is spending a few days with her father.

Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Yearick and baby Virgil visited the lady's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Catherman, at Laurelton, Saturday and Sunday.

Charles Sampson, of Milton, spent a day with his grandmother.

Mr. and Mrs. Kepner, of Millersburg, spent the greater part of last week at the hotel.

Frank Galswite and family, of Fiedler, spent the Sabbath with Daniel Benner.

Wm. Mingle and sister, Miss Nellie, of Aronsburg, accompanied by another lady and gentleman, spent Sunday at the home of C. W. Hosterman.

A Wonderful Dog.

I had a news stand at Port Jervis, N. Y. I owned a common shepherd dog which was a very intelligent animal and was of great assistance to me in the newspaper business, running across the street with papers in his mouth to customers. He attracted much attention, and he got me many new customers, for everybody liked him, he was such a business dog.

I was sick one day and not able to sell my papers. My dog came in my room where I lay in bed. He fumbled around in my pants pockets and took the keys to my news stand and ran out of the house, and the first thing I knew he had the newspaper stand opened up and doing business.

He was very clever in making change, changing five and ten dollar bills without a single mistake, working the cash register with his paws, and everything ran smoothly until a man came up and passed him a lead quarter. My dog got mad and lost his temper entirely, and I was forced to interfere. With much trouble I managed to pull them apart.

If this dog had not had such a quick temper I would have started him in business for himself. This dog is still living.—Boston Post.

Crushed by Beecher.

Henry Ward Beecher was once approached by a young man who considered himself very clever.

"Do you know, Mr. Beecher," said he, "I've been thinking that I would settle down. Now, I like your preaching, but when I go to your church and see such men as old S. and others, grasping scoundrels and hypocrites to the core, sitting there in full membership, why, the thing is just a little too much for me, and really," he added, "I cannot join."

"Well, you're right," said Mr. Beecher. "Every church has such men, and I fancy Plymouth is not free from them, and until you spoke I have always wondered why the good Lord permitted it. Now I understand."

"Ah," gurgled the young fellow, "I am glad I have thrown light on the question! What strikes you as the reason, Mr. Beecher?"

"Well," replied the great preacher, "it is permitted in order to keep just such fools as you out of the churches."

The Nearest Approach.

An English tourist visited Arran and being a keen disciple of Isaac Walton was arranging to have a day's good sport. Being told that the clew, or horsefly, would suit his purpose admirably for a lure, he addressed himself to Christy, the highland servant girl. "I say, my girl, can you get me some horseflies?"

Christy looked stupid, and he repeated his question. Finding that she did not yet comprehend him, he exclaimed: "Why, girl, did you never see a horsefly?"

"Naa, sir," said the girl, "but a wanse saw a coo jump over a presh-pee."

Grandfather's Portrait.

A villager, intensely conceited and ignorant, but quite wealthy, was persuaded to have his grandfather's picture repainted.

The artist, not having been decently treated by the villager, drew the portrait almost in a nude form. Rolling it up, he told the man not to look at it before the coming New Year. On that day the villager ordered the picture to be hung up that he might pay it his New Year respects. As it was being unrolled he frantically waved his hands and shouted: "Wait! Wait! The old gentleman is not ready, for he is not yet dressed."—From the Chicago Tribune.

The Worth of His Money.

Not seldom in highland districts the attendance at church during unpropitious weather is but scanty. One minister, finding himself on a bolsterous Sunday confronted with but one solitary audient, who happened to be a well-to-do character, took him to his confidence, with a view to complete him. "Will I go on with the sermon, John?" John answered gruffly: "Of course." Getting into the pulpit and leaning over it, he asked, "Will I give you the Gaelic sermon or the Scotch one?" "Gie's baith. Ye're wad paid for 't," said John, more gruffly still.—Dundee Advertiser.

Bituminous Coal.

Shortly after the adoption of bituminous coal as a fuel in England a royal proclamation was used forbidding its use and authorizing the destruction of the furnaces of the users, who were characterized as evil doers. Scarcity of fuel, it seems, shortly compelled the resumption of its use. In the reign of Elizabeth bituminous coal was again prohibited during sessions of parliament lest the health of the members suffer thereby.—London Telegraph.

The Richest.

That country is the richest which nourishes the greatest number of noble and happy human beings; that man is the richest who, having perfected the functions of his own life to the utmost, has also the widest helpful influence, both personal and by means of his possessions, over the lives of others.—John Ruskin.

A Philosopher.

Frances Willard once wrote to a friend who had just lost a daughter: "Dear Sister Anna, how much richer are you than I! Here I sit alone without a child to die, while you are mother to an angel."

The Hat Scale.

A fifty dollar hat is a conceit. A thirty dollar hat is a confection. A two dollar hat is a sin and a shame and a perfect justification for going home to mother.—Pittsburg Post.

Even an upright piano may develop into a downright nuisance.

The Danger of Soap.

When a man goes to some thermal springs to "boil out" all the old Satan that is in him he quickly learns one of the more important lessons of life and civilization—that is, he acquires a supreme contempt for soap. When he takes his first tub, at 99 to 102 degrees, twenty minutes in the water to soak, the attendant gives him a terrible scrubbing, using a sharp soap and a loofa. After that first bath no more soap is used. The man continues to soak daily in water of the same temperature for twenty minutes and is rubbed with the loofa, but no soap. "Soap," the expert attendant will tell you, "clogs up the pores of the skin. Our object is to keep 'em open. We cure all diseases by giving the pores a chance to breathe and excrete." Your hands chap? Wherefore? Because when you last washed them you neglected to rinse them thoroughly. You left the pores clogged with soap. Your complexion is muddy. Wherefore? You forgot to wash the soap off your cheeks. Hereafter rinse, rinse, rinse. Keep on rinsing. Continually rinse.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Grotesque Spanish Honor.

There is a story about the Duke of Wellington that illustrates the fantastic idea of honor held by many Spaniards, contrasted with the practical common sense of Englishmen. When the duke was co-operating with the Spanish army in the peninsula against Napoleon he was desirous on one occasion during a general engagement that the general commanding the Spanish contingent should execute a certain movement on the field. He communicated the wish to the Spaniard personally and was somewhat taken aback to be told that the honor of the king of Spain and his army would compel him to refuse the request unless Wellington, as a foreign officer graciously permitted to exist and fight on Spanish soil, should present the petition on his knees. The old duke often used to tell the story afterward, and he would say, "Now, I was extremely anxious to have the movement executed, and I didn't care a twopenny damn about getting on my knees, so down I jumped!"

A Dog and His Name.

"There was a dog case which excited much attention in Berlin some years ago," said a former resident of that city. "A citizen complained to the authorities against a neighbor who, he said, to annoy him, gave his name to a mongrel cur. 'He calls my name,' he said, 'and when I turn around he laughs and says he was calling his dog.'"

"What's your name?" asked the magistrate.

"My name is Schulz."

"And do you call the dog Schulz?" he asked the other man.

"Yes, your honor, but I spell it with a T—Schultz."

"Call him without the T," commanded the magistrate, trying to look serious. The man did so, the dog came to him and an order to change the name or be fined followed."

The Water Bottle's Shape.

Three useful purposes—and probably many more than three—are served by making the familiar water bottle of such a distinctive pattern. In the first place the narrowness of the neck prevents the entry of much dust that would inevitably settle on the water were the entire surface exposed; in the next place the same narrowness prevents excessive and rapid evaporation of the water, and in the third place the shape of the neck makes it a capital handle, thus doing away with the necessity for a separate handle fastened to the body of the bottle, a course that would render it much less convenient and more liable to be broken.—Pearson's.

The Sequel to the Joke.

Many years ago a visitor to Edinburgh was being shown over the high court of justiciary. He made some remark concerning the dock and its duties, and in reply the official jokingly said the visitor might one day be sentenced to be hanged in that very room. The sightseer was the notorious Dr. Pritchard. Two years had barely passed when in the dock he had so closely inspected he was doomed to death for poisoning his wife and mother-in-law.

A Superior Brand.

Mrs. Jenkins—My little boy's got the measles.

Mrs. Tomkins—So has mine; he got it from the grocer's children.

Mrs. Jenkins (disdainfully)—Oh, my little boy got it from the clergyman's children.—London Tit-Bits.

The Visible Signs.

"The Goits have been doing some mountain climbing in Switzerland."

"There! Guesed it the minute I set eyes on them the other day."

"How could you tell?"

"They had such a peaked look about them."—Baltimore American.

The Art of Talking Back.

"I hardly know how to answer you," said she when the widower proposed.

"I would not let that worry me," said he soothingly. "That is something a woman learns perfectly soon after marriage."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

The Support.

Teacher—Who was it supported the world upon his shoulders? Tommy—Atlas, sir. Teacher—Who supported Atlas? Tommy—The book don't say, but I 'spect his wife did.

That is the best government which desires to make people happy and knows how to make them happy.—Macaulay.

Some men spend all their lives doing good, and others making good.

Just a Reminder!

Christmas Is Coming...

'Twill soon be here and the thought that is uppermost in your mind is what to give for a present so that it will be acceptable, useful and valuable.

RUGS, PICTURES, PARLOR STANDS, ROCKERS, A LARGE VARIETY; DRESSERS, TABOURETTES, FOOT STOOLS, HAT RACKS, SEWING MACHINES, WASH MACHINES, CLOTHES TREES, HALL TREES, MIRRORS, DESKS, BISSEL'S CARPET SWEEPERS, AND EVERYTHING THAT GOES IN THE FURNITURE LINE.

Special efforts to secure anything you may desire from catalogues of factories.

Select your gifts early and have them delivered when it suits you.

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Rearick's Furniture Store Centre Hall, Pa.

SHOES!!

We are now ready to supply your needs in Footwear for school girls and ladies, boys and girls, and for the little ones. There will also be some left for the older ones to make you comfortable and happy.

C. A. Krape 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.

SALE REGISTER.

MARCH 17, Tuesday, ten o'clock, George W. Bradford, Old Fort—Large number of horses and cattle, farm implements, etc.

MARCH 25—John H. Beeson, near Centre Hall, farm stock and implements.

MARCH 24, Tuesday ten o'clock, two miles east of Centre Hall, W. M. Grove: Farm stock and implements and household goods. H. H. Miller, auctioneer.

Holiday Gifts...

AT THE OLD PRICES

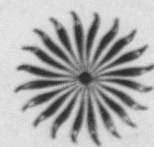
No Advance Prices Here

- Suit Cases and Bags—all sizes. Trunks—large sizes and steamers. Pajamas and Night Robes—cotton and domets. Shirts—with and without cuffs, white or fancies. Handkerchiefs—cotton, linen, silk, initial. Umbrellas—cotton, gloria and silk. Neckwear—in the greatest variety. Gloves—the best made, mocha, kid, fur, and wool, for Men, Women and Children. Hats—soft and stiff. Clothing—for Men, Boys and Children. Pennants—State, High School, Academy. Hosiery—Men, Women and Children, wool and silk. Cuff Buttons, Studs, Collar Buttons. Ingersoll \$1.00 Watches and \$1.00 Chains, Sweaters, Big Neck, V-Neck and Button.

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