

The Grand Old Hymns.

We are with Prof. Morgan, of Brooklyn, in his idea that it is about time to do away with rag-time music in the churches. Some of the Sunday school song books used today are utterly ridiculous, both as to music and sentiment. Selection after selection is so silly as to almost profane the worship. Every church ought to sing its church songs, the good old hymns that will last as long as religion itself, and the Sunday schools are the places where the children should learn and love them.

The above is from the Democratic Watchman, and represents the opinion of this paper expressed on various occasions in times past. Of course, the churchman may have little or no regard for the expressions of the country newspaper on such subjects, but the best of them would be all the better if they would be willing to take the good advice oftentimes found in the columns of their home paper.

LOCALS.

A fine crop of ice was housed last week.

This is February 6th, and the days are noticeably longer.

T. B. Buddinger and family, of Snow Shoe, have gone to Florida to remain until the May days.

Jacob Walker and Benner Walker, west of Centre Hall, attended the funeral of the former's aunt, Mrs. Rachael Walker, near Yarell.

Dr. C. S. Musser has sold his home in Aronsburg to ex-Sheriff John P. Condo. Consideration \$3200. Mr. Condo will take possession of it in the spring.

"Lumber business is very dull," writes C. N. Kryder, of Covington, Virginia, "but that does not matter, we must have the Centre Reporter, so here is one dollar for another year."

Nelson E. Robb, who was recently advanced to the position of purchasing agent for the United Telephone Company, will, in the near future, move from Bellefonte to Harrisburg.

A stretch of country about Centre Hall enjoyed sledding for a week or more when the roads were nearly or altogether bare, and on the east wheeled vehicles were best suited to the roads.

The iron railings placed on the new bridge in Millheim were furnished by Messrs. Hosterman & Stover, the hardware dealers. The railings afford safety to the traveler and add to the general appearance of the structure.

By a decree of the court two turnpikes—the Bellefonte and Boalsburg and the Boalsburg and Agricultural College—were declared free of tolls. This action was taken after the necessary proceedings for condemnation of turnpikes had been gone through.

Al. Walters, cashier of the Millheim bank, has decided to do his part in relieving Millheim in the matter of scarcity of houses, and consequently will erect a new dwelling house opposite that of his own on Main street. The location is a very desirable one.

The Crystal Palace Cafe, in Bellefonte, which was formerly owned by Jesse Cox, changed hands and will hereafter be conducted by Charles Moerschbacher. Mr. Moerschbacher expects to make some improvements in the near future. The consideration is stated as being \$4,000.

John Neese, who for several years had been in the Centre Hall Roller Flouring Mills, owned by the Weber Brothers, will go back to the mill again, but not in Centre Hall. He went to Neshaug Station, a small town in New Jersey, beginning of this week, and it is there he will go to work, and in the spring he will take his family with him.

Mrs. Charles Beury, of Philadelphia, nee Miss Ella Fischer, daughter of Rev. W. E. Fischer, D. D., of Shamokin, with her husband are on a pleasure trip to South America. They will also stop at Cuba, Colon on the Panama Canal zone, and other points. On their wedding tour the young couple encircled the globe, stopping for some time with Mrs. Beury's sister, in China.

Rebersburg.

Daniel Moyer, of Osceola, is visiting friends and relatives in town.

Rev. H. C. Bixler, who had been ill, is again able to be out.

Floyd Gramley, a student at Pennsylvania State College, is spending some time with his parents.

A very violent storm passed over this section Saturday and Sunday, causing the roads to be very much drifted.

Milfred Garrett is the proudest man in town since the arrival of a baby girl at their house.

Most all the citizens in town finished filling their ice houses last week, and are now ready for the summer.

Jerome Moyer, who was seriously afflicted with rheumatism, is slowly improving.

Scott Stover left Saturday for State College, where he will be employed at his trade, that of carpentering.

Harvey Zellers and wife, of Sugar Valley, spent a day this week with their daughter, Mrs. Edwin Frank, in South Rebersburg.

AN ODD SUPERSTITION.

British Fishermen Balk at the Name of Graham.

One of the most curious of British fishermen's superstitions, the one which perhaps to this day has the strongest hold upon them, is that connected with the name of Graham. No fisherman will go to sea if he has heard this name mentioned, nor will he do any manner of work upon that day. He will refuse to sail in a boat with any one bearing the name, and a house painter from Newcastle called Graham, who had been sent to do some work in one of the large houses, found his life made so unbearable by the villagers that he incontinently returned to the town, leaving his work uncompleted. The women who bait the lines in the winter will unbait every hook and rebait the whole length—the labor of hours—if they hear it mentioned. A local tradesman bearing this unfortunate patronymic is never referred to save as "Puff," another, an innkeeper, is known as "Lucky Bits." No rational explanation is to be found. On one of the most intelligent fishermen being questioned on the subject he laughed the idea to scorn. Why, his daughter was married to a Graham. But, he added, a strange thing happened two years ago when he was off at the herring fishing and had not been home for some weeks. Having received a letter at Shields to say that his son-in-law was ill, he hailed a passing boat which had come from the north, asking if they had heard how Jack Graham was. "And, wad ye beleev't, no sooner had as eyed the words than theor was a crash, and the mast went over the side!" None of the crew spoke to him for the rest of the day.—New York Post.

HABITS OF SPIDERS.

"Do These Insects Sleep?" Is Not an Easy Question to Answer.

The question, "Do spiders sleep at night?" is not easy to answer. I have made a careful observation of the sleep of ants, and that could readily be done by watching colonies in their artificial formicaries. It is almost impossible to deal with spiders in the same way. I would answer, however, in general terms that spiders sleep, as all animals do, and doubtless parts of the night are spent in slumber. Many species, however, prey on the night flying insects, and so must be awake in order to catch their prey. If you will watch the porch or outbuildings of your home on a summer evening you will be likely to see an orb weaving spider drop slowly down on a single thread in the gathering dusk of the evening. From this beginning a round web will soon be spun, and either hanging at the center thereof or in a little nest above and at one side is the architect, with forefeet clasping what we call the "trap line" and waiting for some night flying insect to strike the snare. In this position spiders will sometimes wait for hours, and it is just possible that they may then take a little nap. They might easily do that and yet not lose their game, for the agitation of the web would rouse the sleeper, and then it would run down the trap line and secure its prey. Some species of spiders do the chief part of their hunting at night, and there are some who chiefly hunt during the day; but, as a rule, these industrious animals work both day and night.—St. Nicholas.

Suffered For His Chickens.

In London as far back as 1791 a city ordinance was passed to suppress the early morning cries of the street hucksters. This law was so severe that a person arrested twice for the same offense could be imprisoned for ten years. There is one record of a man lingering in prison for ten years. When his time was up he was asked what his crime was.

"For selling chickens that squawked," was the reply.

In the confusion of the trial the fact was not brought out that the chickens and not the man were responsible for the din that aroused the wrath of the disturbed citizens.

Wanted Money Too.

Ned, walking with his father, saw him give a beggar 5 cents and inquired into the matter.

"What did you give that man 5 cents for, papa?" asked Ned.

"So that he might eat bread, my boy," said the father.

That evening at the supper table it was observed that Ned declined to eat any bread, in any shape.

"Aren't you eating bread nowadays, my boy?" his mother asked.

"No, mamma."

"Why not?"

"So papa'll give me 5 cents."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Might Start a Forest.

A lady told a party of friends that she had quarreled with her husband and had planted a tree in memory of their first falling out.

"What a splendid idea," whispered another lady in her husband's ear; "if we had adopted that plan we might have had by now a fine avenue of trees in our garden."

Blind to Them.

"Never be critical upon the ladies," was the maxim of an old Irish peer, remarkable for his homage to the sex.

"The only way that a true gentleman ever will attempt to look at the faults of a pretty woman is to shut his eyes."

According to Rules.

Sentry—You can't leave. Soldier—But I have the captain's oral permission. Sentry (importantly)—Let's see it!—Il Motto per Ridere.

Mark Twain says that England is the home of wit and America is the home of humor.

A "CURE" FOR CUSSING.

The Penitent Scotsman Found His Load a Heavy One.

A clergyman in Scotland observed with much perturbation that a member of his congregation was greatly given to the use of strong language. Over and over again he remonstrated with the man to give up the bad habit. In time the man himself came to see the error of his ways, and desired no less earnestly to break himself of the use of bad language. The difficulty, however, was to find a method of doing so. One day the clergyman hit upon a happy thought.

"Get a bag," he said to the man, "and every time you swear put a pebble into it. At the end of the month you will bring that bag to me. I will count the pebbles and see what the effect has been."

The man accepted the idea with alacrity. He got a bag, and, religiously, every time he swore what Mr. Gilbert in the "Pinafore" calls a "big, big D," he duly put a pebble into it. At the end of the month he went to the clergyman, taking the bag with him. It was not an easy task, for, as any one might see, the bag was very full and very heavy. He went into the clergyman's study and put the bag on the table.

The minister looked up with a serious expression. "This is very serious, my friend. I am sorry to see you have so many pebbles in the bag."

"Foot, minister!" exclaimed the man cheerfully; "this is only the 'devil's'—the 'damns' are all at the dike side in another bag. They were over heavy to bring up!"—Excelsior.

A CLEVER TRICK.

The Way Lord Cochrane Once Won an English Election.

When Lord Cochrane was a candidate for parliament in Houniton he refused to give any bribes. As his opponent gave £5 a head, Lord Cochrane suffered defeat. The latter, however, sent the bellman round the town announcing that all those who had voted for Lord Cochrane would receive 10 guineas apiece if they called on his agent. In those preballot days of course it was known how each man voted, and the happy minority marched off to the agent, each getting his 10 guineas. Naturally enough, the majority began to think they had made a mistake, and they resolved to rectify that mistake at the first possible moment. In due course an opportunity came. There was another election. Lord Cochrane stood again, and the voters, remembering his lavish methods, asked him no questions, but returned him with a roaring majority. Then they conveyed a delicate hint to the noble lord asking what he proposed to give them for this distinguished service. "Not one farthing!" roared his lordship. The unhappy men reminded him that he had paid 10 guineas a head to the minority at the previous election. A complacent grin brightened the face of the member as he gave this explanation: "The former gift was for their disinterested conduct in not taking the bribe of £5 from the agents of my opponent. For me now to pay them would be a violation of my own previously expressed principles."

Identified.

Tommy made himself the hero of a story, which the Boston Record prints, when he called for "that one about the boy who ate the ribbons and it made him sick."

Aunt Ethel was puzzled. "I know of no such story," she said, after searching her memory vainly.

Nothing she could suggest answered the description. Tommy cannot read, but he thought he could find the book. He found it. They read one thing after another, until in the midst of the "Night Before Christmas" Tommy gave a whoop of glee. Aunt Ethel was reading:

"He rushed to the window and threw up the sash."

"That's it! That's it!" cried Tommy.

"You see, it's just as I told you!"

A Dutch Ironclad.

It is of interest to note that, according to some authorities, the Dutch were the first in the modern period of history to build an ironclad and that during the siege of Antwerp by the Spaniards in 1585 the people of that city built an enormous flat bottomed vessel, armored it with heavy iron plates and thus constructed what they regarded as an impregnable battery. This they named Finis Belli. Unfortunately the vessel got aground before coming into action and fell into the hands of the enemy. It was held by Alexander of Parma to the end of the siege as a curiosity, but was never employed by either side in any action.

A Handy Measure.

If you have a pint jug and wish to measure off half a pint with tolerable accuracy it is useless to try and do so by guessing when the jug is half full. A better way is to tilt the jug until the contents just reach to the upper end of the bottom of the vessel and just touch the lip at the lower end of the mouth. In this way the space in the pint jug is practically cut into two equal portions, each half representing the space taken by half a pint.—London Graphic.

Man is Wiser.

Gerryman (at the mirror)—Put a monkey before a looking glass, they say, and he will look behind it. Miss Sharpe—But a man knows better. He knows he won't find anything funnier there than the face he sees before him.—Boston Transcript.

All affectation is the vain and ridiculous attempt of poverty to appear rich.—Lavater.

Centre Reporter \$1.00 a year.

Announcement...



We wish to announce to our many patrons, and to those who have not yet become so, that we are now able to accommodate you better than ever in the way of having a more complete line of Furniture. Since we have more room, we will keep more lines to select from, and are making an earnest effort to supply our customers with the best for the least money. When you want a piece of Furniture, don't hesitate, but come at once, and we shall make it worth your while.

Rearick's Furniture Store Centre Hall, Pa.

To those who wish to do Their Spring Sewing:

- New Goods
- Muslins, Shirtings,
- Calicoes, Lancaster
- Ginghams and
- Bates Dress
- Ginghams.

Also the Largest and Finest Lot of Laces, Embroidery, Insertions and Trimmings

Call and See

H. F. ROSSMAN Spring Mills - - - Penn.

Wanted

Lard, Side Meat, Onions, Chickens, Fresh Eggs.

Highest Cash prices paid for same delivered to Creamery.

Howard Creamery Corp. CENTRE HALL, PA.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE—LETTERS TESTAMENTARY on the estate of Mary Ann Evans, late of Potter township, deceased, having been duly granted to the undersigned she 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.

MRS. J. B. STROHM, Executrix, Spring Mills, Pa.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

Bulletin

THE EASE OF TRAVEL TO-DAY

It has just turned a century since the first boat was propelled by steam. There was not a complete locomotive in existence then nor a mile of railroad track. But the pendulum of time has swung rapidly forward within the last two generations. The railroad, the telegraph, and the telephone have revolutionized the commerce and the industry of the world and have made neighbors of remote people.

First of all in this work of upbuilding, expansion, and development comes the railroad. It is the medium of exchange, the agency of transfer, and wherever it has gone prosperity has followed.

The Pennsylvania Railroad has built thousands of miles of track and equipped it with the best rolling stock. It has constructed or absorbed branch lines and consolidated them with its main stem, thus bringing industrial and manufacturing interests in direct touch with all the centres of trade and affording the people the facilities of travel in all directions. Travel is no longer a dread, its a pleasure. Comfortable cars by day or night drawn by the best type of locomotives over a roadbed maintained at the highest degree of excellence, eliminate as far as possible the annoyances of travel and make it recreative rather than burdensome. Tickets are sold at the lowest rates consistent with good management and under conditions most accommodating to the passenger. The schedules of the trains are designed to meet the wishes and requirements of the greatest number of travelers, and the equipment both as to vehicles and employes, is kept at the highest state of efficiency.

It is the object of the management to encourage travel by making it easy. Interchange is the life of the social system. Travel is a tonic to the tired—the lens of observation to all.

The Pennsylvania Railroad sells tickets good for a mile as well as for a trip around the world. It will plan a trip for you or provide the tickets for one of your selection.

It is a fine thing to have a great transportation agency like the Pennsylvania Railroad at your command.

Stuart & Wieland's GREAT Annual Cash Sale

Boalsburg = Penn'a

The Great Annual Cash Sale at our General Store will begin

Friday a. m., Jan. 24

This sale is just what it is here advertised to be—A Sale of All Classes of Goods at Greatly REDUCED PRICES. FOR CASH ONLY

SELTZ SHOES

\$4.00 Shoes now selling for	\$3.25 Cash
3 00 " " " "	2.25 Cash
2.25 " " " "	1.80 Cash

This stock will be closed out entirely, and we are offering the greatest Bargains as long as the goods last

...Felts and Rubbers...

\$3.50 Value now go for	\$3.00 Cash
3.00 " " " "	2.50 Cash
2.50 " " " "	1.75 Cash

THESE GOODS ARE JUST IN SEASON

Lancaster Ginghams, were 9c; now 8c, cash PRINTS that sold for 8c, now 7c, cash.

All-Wool BLANKETS

A \$6.50 and \$7.00 Blanket now \$5.50 Cash — These are real all-wool blankets —

A Heavy Cut in Cotton and Horse Blankets, and Spreads

Pantaloons THAT SOLD FOR \$3.00 are now \$2.40, CASH \$2.25 are now \$1.75, CASH

The Goods mentioned here are only a small part of the Cash Bargains that we are offering. There is not a line of stock in our store that the Cash Sales do not apply to, but it must be remembered that THESE GOODS ARE FOR CASH AND CASH ONLY. All goods charged in the books will go AT THE OLD RATE, AND NO EXCEPTION.

Alfalfa for Chickens.

Choice alfalfa, in bales of from 80 to 100 pounds, is offered to poultrymen at one cent per pound, f. o. b. Centre Hall station.

This is the third cutting, and was stored in October. It is as green as grass, and is readily eaten by fowls. The poultryman acquainted with his business knows the value of alfalfa as an egg producer.

Terms spot cash. S. W. SMITH, Centre Hall.

Birthday, Stork, Art, Poses, Comic Cards, etc.,—more than one hundred kinds.

EGGS FOR HATCHING

Kulp's and Steven's Single-comb White Leghorns bred from Heavy Layers, purchased direct from Breeders. Early orders booked for Day-old Chicks.

CHAS. D. BARTHOLOMEW o. a. p. r. i. a. Centre Hall, Pa.

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.