

DEATHS.

MRS. H. F. BITNER.

On every hand there was an expression of sorrow when the announcement of the death of Mrs. H. F. Bitner, of Millersville, was made Saturday morning at Centre Hall.

Death came Friday night. The body was brought to Centre Hall Monday morning where interment was made at noon.

Rev. Whitmore referred to Mrs. Bitner in a most touching manner, and held her up as a true example of a Christian mother, and this he did by giving the best evidence—her devotion to her home, Christian training of her children, and devotion to the church of her faith.

Before her marriage, Mrs. Bitner was Miss Cora Murray, daughter of J. D. Murray, of Centre Hall, who survives her, as does also one sister, Miss Agnes.

She was the mother of four sons, all of whom survive, namely: Harry, city editor of the Pittsburg Press, Pittsburg; Laurence, in Shanghai, China, assistant manager for the D. Jayne Medical Company; Ralph and Linn, at home. The husband, Dr. H. F. Bitner, who has held a professorship in Millersville Normal School, also survives.

Before the remains were brought to Centre Hall services were held at Millersville, and various bodies connected with the Normal passed resolutions and presented a number of beautiful floral pieces.

Mrs. Bitner's age was about forty-six years.

SAMUEL BROOKS.

After an illness extending over a period of about two years, beginning with a nervous break down at the time of the death of his wife, died Sunday evening at the home of his mother near Pleasant Gap, aged forty-seven years.

MRS. GEORGE REISH.

After an illness of three weeks, Mrs. George Reish died at her home just south of the borough limits, Sunday morning.

The deceased is survived by her husband and four children, the mother's being the first death in the family. The children are: John B. Watson, town; Mrs. George Hettiger, Linden Hall; Mrs. Mary Ulrich, Millheim; William A., Salona. One sister, Mrs. Mary Elder, at New Kingston, also survives.

J. Milton Hookman died in Jewell, Kansas, aged fifty-three years. He went from Madisonburg in 1875, first locating in Illinois, and two years later located at the place of his death. He engaged in the mercantile business in Kansas. A widow, nee Miss Mary A. Grimm, with a daughter survive.

Mrs. Elizabeth J. Cessna, widow of the late George W. Cessna, died at her home in Altoona, aged fifty-six years. She was the daughter of Jacob McMonigal and was born at Bald Eagle Furnace.

Mrs. Harris, wife of Dr. William Harris, of the Northwestern University, Chicago, died in Philadelphia. Dr. and Mrs. Harris frequently visited in Bellefonte, where they are well known.

Mary A. Faust died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Cora McKinnon, Altoona. The deceased was born at Julian, where her husband died in 1885.

At the home of his father, Jacob Lutz, of Buffalo Run, John W. Lutz died after a brief illness of pneumonia. He was aged fourteen years, five months.

Hon. George A. Jenks Dies.

Hon. George A. Jenks died at his home at Brookville, Monday afternoon, aged seventy-one years. He was assistant Secretary of the Interior and solicitor general under President Cleveland, and in 1898 he was the Democratic candidate for governor in this state.

Economy is a virtue in prosperous times and a necessity in hard times.

Harris Township.

Mr. and Mrs. Cal. Wieland attended the Woodmen's banquet at State College last Thursday evening.

W. H. Stuart and A. E. Gingerich enjoyed the concert at Centre Hall Friday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. George Swabb, of Pine Grove Mills, visited here for a few days.

W. Armstrong Jacobs is ill at his home a Howard His son, J. N. Jacobs, visited him last week; his daughter, Mrs. John Leech, is with him during this week.

John Hook and B. A. Hoover are working at plastering a house, near Meeks church, this week.

Miss Annie Lohr spent a few days at her home at Centre Hall.

Judging from the amount of ice that is being stored away, everybody will be able to keep cool next summer.

The relatives from a distance who attended the funeral of Mrs. Riley on Monday were Mr. and Mrs. Charles Schaeffer, of Philadelphia; Mrs. Sara Rankin and daughter, Mrs. E. P. McIntire, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Kremer and son Andrew, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Everhart, of Altoona; John Everhart and son Benjamin, of near Franklinville; Mr. and Mrs. Harry Gates, of Baileyville; Mr. and Mrs. David Reed, of Pine Grove Mills; Mrs. Lucretia Johnson, of Sheffield, Ala.; Mrs. Annie Mitchell, of Washington, D. C.; James, William and Samuel Everhart, of "The Branch"; Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Weter, of State College, and Mrs. Maude Whitehill, of Lemont.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Schaeffer returned to their home in Philadelphia Tuesday morning.

Frank Sharp, of Altoona, has joined the company from the Mountain City who are enjoying life at the Hoover home, at Shingletown.

The Rebekah's will serve oysters and other refreshments Friday and Saturday evenings in the town hall, at Boalsburg.

Mrs. Katharine Riley died at her home in Boalsburg, 6th inst. She had been having bronchial trouble for several years, and lately heart failure. She was born on the old Sparr homestead, one mile southwest of Boalsburg, February 19, 1830, making her age almost seventy-eight years.

Her parents were John and Susanna Sparr. In July, 1859, she was married to James Riley. They commenced house-keeping in Stone Valley and lived there for two years, and then moved to Boalsburg. In 1870 they moved to Terre Haute, Ind. Mr. Riley died in 1878 and two years later Mrs. Riley returned to Boalsburg. She had two daughters, Mrs. O. W. Stover, Boalsburg, and Miss Sallie, at home; also one grandson, Riley Stover. One sister also survives, Mrs. Charles Schaeffer, of Philadelphia. Funeral services were held in the Presbyterian church Monday forenoon, her pastor, Rev. W. K. Harnish, officiating. Interment in Boalsburg cemetery, there being a large number in attendance. She was a life-long member of the Presbyterian church, and attended services whenever possible.

Although Mrs. Riley had but a small family of her own to care for, she was never idle, but devoted her time to helping others, and will be greatly missed in the community.

To Jail or by the Coats.

To make litigants pay costs in Northumberland county court, the commissioners had their attorney look up the insolvency act. He found a decision whereby the Supreme court decided that no person who had been fined and sentenced to pay the costs could avoid doing so without serving at least fifteen days in the county jail before making application for exoneration from the coats.

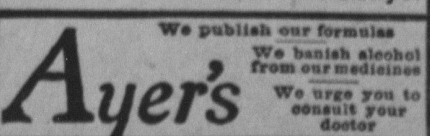
The attention of Judges Savidge and Auten was drawn to the decision, and they handed down an order complying with the law quoted.

Thirty-seven dollars pays six weeks' tuition on any instrument, singing and board at the old established College of Music, Freeburg, Pa. Young pupils well cared for. Terms begin May 4, June 15 and July 27. For catalog address HENRY B. MOYER. 3t

Pink label this week.

Coughs of Children

Especially night coughs. Nature needs a little help to quiet the irritation, control the inflammation, check the progress of the disease. Our advice is—give the children Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Ask your doctor if this is his advice also. He knows best. Do as he says.



If you think constipation is of trifling consequence, just ask your doctor. He will disabuse you of that notion in short order. "Correct it, at once!" he will say. Then ask him about Ayer's Pills. A mild liver pill, all vegetable.

Made by the J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

A CASTILIAN BRAVADO

Revolted Scene Pictured by a Spanish Novelist.

NERVE OF THE HAUGHTY DON

Striking Description of the Daring and Courage Displayed by the Old General Who Would Not Permit an Englishman to Outdo Him.

The realistic Spanish novelist, Valdes, in one of his most popular stories ("Sister San Suplice," translated by Nathan Haskell Dole) gives a description of a retired Spanish general's afternoon out which will illuminate many chivalric incidents in Spanish life and aptly illustrates the reckless daring and courage of which the average haughty don is liberally possessed. The scene is a sort of picnic grounds in the outskirts of Seville.

"Meantime the animation had been on the increase among the ruffians. The period of unmanly action had come. One of them climbed upon a table to make a speech, and then the others, by way of applause, threw sherry and manzanilla in his face. Another was trying to lift with his teeth a companion whom drunkenness had stretched out on the floor. He did not succeed. He merely tore his sack coat. Still others were committing absurd and extravagant actions, making a great noise and uproar.

"The count remained grave and silent, drinking one glass of sherry after another. But his eyes were no longer, as usual, incomprehensible and unfathomable, like those of a man tired of life. Though he did not speak or move about he seemed a different man.

"The Englishman had taken off his jacket and waistcoat and, rolling up his shirt sleeves, was exhibiting his biceps, which were really powerful, and trying to break empty bottles on his arm. Once blood had come, but he went on breaking the bottles without paying any attention to it. Then he asked the waiter to bring a bottle of rum and a large glass. He filled this to the brim with the liquor, and then slowly, without moving a muscle or even winking, he drained it to the bottom. Then he sat down at the table opposite the count and said solemnly: "You can't do that!"

"A flash of fury gleamed through the harebrained nobleman's eyes, but he succeeded in restraining himself, and, turning the rest of the bottle into the glass, he calmly ordered the waiter to bring him some pepper. He threw in a pinch of it, then threw into it his cigar ashes heaped up before him and, without saying a word, with the same scornful, contemptuous smile, drained the glass and, not content with that, bit it in pieces. We saw his lips spotted with blood. The company received with oles and shouts of triumph this proof of an unconquerable stomach, in which it seemed as though the national honor were concerned.

"Our neighbors in the other booths must have reached the same happy grade of temperature, for nothing was heard but extravagant shouts, the crashing of glasses, coarse laughter and swearing.

"The count was not yet satisfied with his victory over the Englishman. While he was swallowing with apparent calmness the glasses of liquor which were offered to him he did not cease to devour him with his eyes, carried away by a dull madness, which soon broke out. His eyes, which were the only part of his impassive face that moved, gleamed more and more ferociously, like those of a madman when a straitjacket has been put on him. The Englishman continued to boast of his strength. He was now thoroughly intoxicated and talking impudently enough to the others, who were not so drunk.

"So you are very valiant, are you?" asked the count, still smiling disdainfully.

"More than you," retorted the Englishman.

"Don Jenaro started to spring at him, but the others restrained him. Soon calming himself, he said:

"If you are so brave, why not put your hand on the table?"

"What for?"

"To pin it down with mine." "The Englishman without an instant's hesitation stretched out his huge, brawny hand. The count took out of his pocket a damascened dagger and laid his delicate, gentlemanly hand on the Englishman's, and without hesitation and with a ferocious grip he raised the point with the other and drove it through both into the table.

"The women uttered a cry of terror. All of us men ran to their assistance. A few left the place in search of help. In an instant our booth was filled with blood. From the wounds great drops of blood streamed, staining the handkerchiefs which we applied to them.

"A doctor who happened to be among the bystanders dressed the wounds provisionally with the few means at his disposal. The count smiled while they were dressing his hand. The Englishman was as sick as a horse, and soon the count was the same, and both were taken to such rooms as the establishment had to offer and went to bed. Every one left, commenting on the barbarism of the deed."

Hit Harder.

"Woman is considered the weaker vessel," she remarked, "and yet"— "Well?" she queried as she hesitated. "And yet" she continued, "man is the oftener broke."—Exchange.

Be rich in patience if thou in goods be poor.—Dunbar.

Why not advertise in the Reporter?

SCOTSMEN IN KILTS.

That is One Sight You Will Not See in Edinburgh.

A writer of the London Tatler has been in Edinburgh and reports as follows: There is one thing that always disappoints the visitor to Edinburgh, and that is a complete absence of kilts, or, rather, the absence of Scotsmen in kilts. If you meet a man wearing a kilt in the streets of the Queen City of the Forth it will be a grave mistake to suppose that he is the laird of Gormuck or some other equally famous highland chieftain. He is nothing of the sort. As a matter of fact, his name is Hodgkins, and he is employed during eleven months of the year licking up envelopes for a firm on the shady side of Lothbury avenue, London, E. C.

Another mistake which strangers are apt to make lies in supposing that the good people of Scotland talk Scotch. I shall never forget my surprise on the occasion of my first visit to Edinburgh, when a policeman at the corner of Frederic street, to whom I remarked pleasantly that it was "braw, brient nicht the night, whatever," told me to push off and stop asking him conundrums. Scotsmen do not as a rule talk at all. They possess the gift of silence to a really remarkable degree. I know a gillie named Donald, who lives in Perthshire, in whose society I have sometimes spent whole days stalking the elusive stag without his ever vouchsafing a single remark of any kind. I remonstrated with him once, pointing out that such silence as his almost amounted to taciturnity. He promised to try and cultivate a certain measure of garrulity, and after we had walked across the heather for five hours, during which time I could see that his brain was working feverishly, he suddenly turned to me and exclaimed, "Yon's a feurfu' earthquake they had in Jamaica!" after which striking effort he relapsed once more into his habitual attitude of respectful silence.

"OLD GLORY."

The Way This Name For the Stars and Stripes Originated.

The term "Old Glory," used to designate the flag of our country, is a favorite, and the expression is a very happy one.

It is said by those who claim to be well informed that the name originated with William Driver, captain of the bark Charles Doggett. This statement appears in a history of the Driver family, and from this we find the following facts:

Driver was a successful deep sea sailor and was at the time making his vessel ready for a voyage to the southern Pacific. In 1831, just as the brig was about to set sail, a young man at the head of a party of the captain's friends saluted Driver on the deck of the Doggett and presented to him a handsome American flag 19 by 38 feet in size. The banner was done up in strops, and when it went aloft and was flung to the breeze Captain Driver, says the tradition, then and there named it "Old Glory." The flag was carried to the south seas and ever afterward treasured by its owner.

Driver removed to Nashville, Tenn., in 1837 and there died in 1886. Before the outbreak of hostilities between the north and south Old Glory flew daily from a window in the captain's Nashville house, but when the rumors of war became facts it was carefully sequestered.

When the war broke out the precious flag was quilted into an innocent looking comfortable and used on the captain's bed until Feb. 27, 1862, when the Sixth Ohio marched into Nashville. Then the flag came out of its covering, and the captain presented it to the regiment to be hoisted over the capitol.

There it floated until it began to tear in ribbons, when it was taken down and a new one placed on the building. After the death of Captain Driver the first Old Glory was given to the Essex Institute at Salem, where it is still preserved and may be seen by the curious.—Kansas City Journal.

Too Much to Expect.

Camp Meeting John Allen, the grandfather of Mrs. Nordica, was for many years a picturesque figure among the Methodist ministers in the state of Maine. He was a good deal of a wag, and his utterances were much appreciated by both saint and sinner. At one time, having gone to Lewiston to attend a quarterly meeting, he was approached in the street by several young men who were evidently out for a good time. "Camp Meeting John," said the spokesman, "who was the devil's grandmother?"

"The devil's grandmother," replied the old man in the quick, sharp tone so characteristic of his speech, "the devil's grandmother—how do you expect me to keep your family record?"—Cleveland Leader.

Peanut Meal Bread.

Peanut meal has been for a long time a staple article in the dietary of the poor classes in Spain. Bread made from pure peanut meal is light and porous, but it is said to be unpalatable because of a persistent, poppylike taste. Rye bread containing 25 per cent of peanut meal cannot be distinguished from ordinary rye bread, while far more nutritious. Skim milk cheese is the only ordinary article of diet comparable to peanut meal in its percentage of nitrogenous matter.

All Alike.

Visitor (in country village)—Well, it's a simple thing to elect a man surely. Choose the cleverest man. Villager—There isn't one unfortunately.—Meg-gendorfer Blatter.

A bar of lead cooled to about 300 degrees below zero gives out when struck a pure musical tone.

Advertise in the Reporter.

Great Reduction Sale

ONE-HALF OFF

- 100 Children's Suits at 1-2 Price
100 Boys' Suits at . . . 1-2 Price
100 Men's Suits at . . . 1-2 Price
100 Boys' Overcoats at 1-2 Price
100 Children's Overcoats, 1-2 Price
100 Men's Overcoats at 1-2 Price

The Rush Is On

Montgomery & Co. Bellefonte

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

CHURCH APPOINTMENTS.

Lutheran—Union, morning; Georges Valley, afternoon; Centre Hall, evening.

Presbyterian—Centre Hall, morning and evening; Spring Mills, afternoon.

Reformed—Tusseyville, morning; Centre Hall, afternoon.

[Appointments not given here have not been reported to this office.]

SHEEP FOR SALE—A few extra good Shropshire ewes and ewe lambs for sale. Write or call over the Bell line.

JAS. C. GOODHART, Centre Hill.

Georges Valley.

A number of the men were at work shoveling snow from the roads Saturday, and they soon had the way opened up.

T. J. Decker, wife and son Wilbur spent Sunday afternoon with friends here.

The mail carriers were unable to get over their routes for several days last week, on account of the snow storms.

Rev. W. H. Warburton visited through the valley several days last week and was obliged to remain the entire week, as he was snow-bound.

Maynard Barger spent Saturday night at the Decker home.

Miss Mary Grove, teacher of the Decker school, remained in the valley over Sunday.

H. I. Foust will move to Spring Mills in the spring, onto the place now occupied by Charles Weaver.

GRAIN MARKET.

Table with 3 columns: Grain, Price, and another column. Includes Rye, Barley, Wheat, Oats, Corn.

PRODUCE AT STORES.

Table with 3 columns: Produce, Price, and another column. Includes Lard, Potatoes, Butter, Eggs.

Pink label this week.

SHOES!!

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

C. A. Krape Spring Mills - - - Pa.