

DEATHS.

JAMES RUNKLE.

In the death of James Runkle, at Tusseyville, Tuesday morning, Potter township lost one of its most aged and respected citizens.

He was a farmer by occupation, and lived all his life in Potter township. Surviving him are his wife, nee Catharine Spangler, and the following children: Mrs. Hulda Sullivan, York; Mrs. Mary Bodtorf, Newberry; Mrs. Lydia High, Lock Haven; Mrs. Alice Osman, Glen Iron; Wm. G. Runkle, Bellefonte; Jane and Hugh, at home; Mrs. Maggie Musser, Penn Hall; one son, Calvin, is dead.

Interment will be made Friday morning, services at the house at ten o'clock. Rev. D. Gress, of Centre Hall, and Rev. J. M. Runkle, of Williamsport, will officiate.

Mr. Runkle was ill about three weeks, his first illness being grip.

SAMUEL S. STOVER.

Samuel S. Stover, who for a number of years made his home with the Misses Annie and Lizzie Bible, east of Centre Hall, died Wednesday evening of last week, aged seventy-two years, three months and nineteen days.

Interment was made at Centre Hall Saturday forenoon, Rev. B. F. Bieber officiating.

One daughter, Mrs. Mazie Katherman, of Milmont, survives. Another daughter, Mrs. Sadie Shively, died about three years ago.

One brother, George Stover, of Altoona, survives, and was present at the funeral.

The dead brothers and sisters are: Daniel, Mrs. U. D. Osman, Mrs. Muslemann, William, Joseph, John and Mrs. William Emerick.

Mrs. Rebecca Musser, wife of Abraham Musser, of Aaronsburg.

Miss Marjory Lieb, daughter of J. M. Lieb, of Bellefonte.

Ellsworth Ira, son of John Herman, of Pleasant Gap.

A Spectacle on the Diamond.

A few days ago a half dozen or more teamsters from Bellefonte, hauling lumber from the McNitt-Huyett Lumber Company's yards, east of Centre Hall, for the Yeager-Davis Swing Company, emerged from the Centre Hall hotel in such a drunken condition that some of them were unable to mount their sleds.

On reaching the foot of Nittany Mountain some of the teams were unable to draw the loads to which they were hitched, whereupon the drivers began beating the brutes. It was a shameful spectacle, and was witnessed by Borough Constable W. H. Runkle, and unless he reports the affair to the court at its next sitting, the voters of Centre Hall will owe themselves an apology.

Signed Telephone Contracts.

Messrs. N. B. Shaffer and Harry E. Fye, east of Centre Hall; Robert M. Smith, Thomas Hoerster and Philip C. Frans, of near Centre Hall, have signed contracts with the Bell telephone company for instruments to be placed in their residences.

Notice for Methodists.

I will preach at Centre Hall Sunday, March 15, at 10:30; at Spruce-town, 2:30; at Spring Mills, 7:30. These services will conclude the work of the conference year. Our friends are kindly asked to see me about any unpaid subscriptions to benevolences or church papers, at that time or before. Let there be a good attendance at these services. Very truly, G. W. MOLNAY.

Marriage Licenses.

Reuben H. Munson, Phillipsburg. Annie B. Milliner, Phillipsburg. Thomas B. Weaver, Aaronsburg. Sara Bowersox, Aaronsburg. Lloyd E. Bartges, Coburn. Mazie Hatfield, Aaronsburg. Daniel P. Beam, Spring Mills. Tammie C. Hatfield, Aaronsburg.

LOCALS.

Mrs. John H. Puff has been confined to bed during the past week.

Mrs. S. W. Smith is in Phillipsburg, the guest of her sister, Mrs. L. R. Morgan.

John Frazier, southeast of Centre Hall, has been seriously ill during the past ten days.

Rev. J. R. Eckrist was returned to this charge again by the conference that just adjourned.

Postmaster George M. Boal, last week, was to the Bellefonte Hospital, and had removed from the back of his shoulder a growth which annoyed him for a number of years.

While he has not been at his office since returning home, he is getting along splendidly and is about the house all the time.

LOCALS.

John Q. A. Kennedy will have a sleigh Tuesday, March 31st.

Mrs. George O. Benner Saturday went to Martha, her former home.

Mrs. Mervin Arney and daughter, Miss Pearl, are ill, but are reported as improving.

Mrs. Kate Dale, widow of the late J. C. Dale, of Centre Hall, has been seriously ill during the past week. Mrs. Minnie Richards is also ill.

State Treasurer Berry will, in all likelihood, be nominated for the legislature by the Delaware county Democrats. He is an out and out temperance man, and if elected will aid the cause of local option.

Miss Candace and Andrew McCormick, after a visit to their grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Reesman, and sister, Miss Bertha, and brother, Master Bobbie, returned to Joliet, Illinois, Monday morning.

The fact that the farmers in lower Georges Valley have liberally subscribed toward the construction of a rural telephone line, has awakened the residents in the upper portion of that valley, and now they too are canvassing that district with a view of building a line, to Centre Hall.

The fact that this is done, a side line will extend down Penns Creek. A. Walter, of Millheim, is the delegate-elect to the Lay Electoral Conference of the Central Penn. annual conference of the Methodist church, which meets in York, Friday, March 20. W. W. Spangler is the reserve delegate-elect to the same conference.

This conference has equal lay and ministerial representation in the General Conference, which will meet in Baltimore, Md., next May.

CHURCH APPOINTMENTS.

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

Presbyterian—No services. Pastor still ill.

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

Reformed—Centre Hall, morning, communion, preparatory service, Friday evening; Tusseyville, afternoon, com., preparatory service, Saturday afternoon.

Peculiar Effects in Some of the Polish Bronze Reflectors.

Now and then mirrors of a curious kind are seen in Europe. They are called "magic mirrors" and are of Japanese origin, made not of glass silvered, but of cast bronze, polished on the face and bearing on the back raised patterns, inscriptions, symbolical designs, crests or pictures.

When exposed to a bright beam of light from the sun or from an electric lamp they reflect in the light from their polished face the image of the pattern on their backs.

This is a purely optical property and has of course nothing in common with the fortune telling magic crystals of the astrologer or the alleged magic mirrors of necromancy, yet it long puzzled the scientific optician and even now is little known or believed. The researches of various scientific men have established the fact that the phenomenon is due to minute differences of curvature in the polished face, differences so minute that they do not affect the ordinary use of the mirror as a looking glass and that can be detected only by delicate optical tests.

The only remaining mystery has been as to how these delicate differences of curvature were produced in exact correspondence to the pattern on the back. The makers themselves are often in ignorance of the magic property and do not know which of their mirrors possess it and which do not. The mirrors are cast in molds and afterward polished by hand, and it is held by scientific men that the difference of curvature is caused by the metal's yielding unequally under that pressure of the tools used in scraping and polishing, the thin parts naturally bending more than the thick. This accounts for the mirrors' becoming magic.—Chicago News.

Book Auction Back in 1732. John Montgomerie, governor of the province of New York, died on July 1, 1731. In the New York Gazette of May 8, 1732, is the following advertisement, the first of the kind:

"On Thursday, June 1, at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, will begin to be sold at public auction a collection of valuable books belonging to the library of his excellency John Montgomerie, Esq., late governor of New York, etc., deceased. A catalogue of the books may be seen at the Coffee House in New York, with the conditions of sale."

This is also the first instance where the word "auction" appears, "vendue" being the term in general use.

Heavier Ammunition. "Is this the man we are to initiate tonight?" asked the illustrious conductor.

"It is," replied the outside guard. The illustrious conductor walked around the 350 pound candidate, inspected him carefully and turned to his assistant. "Put the goat back," he said, "and bring me a mule."—Chicago Tribune.

He Gets Too Many. "My, John, you haven't a particle of tact!"

"What have I done now?" "Asking Mr. Hamfat to dinner and telling him you will give him a good roast! And he a second rate actor!"—Baltimore American.

One Way. Husband—I don't know how much of an allowance to give you. Wife—You know how much you can afford, don't you? Husband—Why, yes. Wife—Then give me as much more as you can spare.—Illustrated Bits.

JOHNNY'S CAREER.

The Same That Was Started by the Cornell Widow.

Sheer nonsense rhymes and jokes without apparent reason or object are frequently used to fill the pages of the Cornell Widow. If anything more foolish than the "Man of Glegledorf" verse has ever been written, the Widow wishes to state that her bump of credulity was imported from Missouri and must be shown:

There was a man from Glegledorf Who, to save his barber's fees, Would wet his hair and let it freeze, And when 'twas frozen break it off.

The Widow claims the credit of originating the nonsense rhymes which dealt with the cleverness and precocity of the bright little lad who carelessly slaughtered his mother, father and immediate relatives. These poems, if so they may be called, appeared in the Widow in October and November, 1900.

The same year they were collected and published in pamphlet form under the name of "The Johnny Book." Johnny started his career by "a tragedy" as follows:

Johnny hung his little sister. She was dead before they missed her. Johnny's ails up 'r tricks. Ain't he cute?—he's only six.

Next we find that— Johnny with his little ax Dealt his brother orful wacks. He don't care if mamma kicks. Ain't he cute?—he's only six.

Later development of the little romp shows that— John has gone from bad to worse. Now his father's in a hearse. Smear'd him with a load of bricks. Ain't he cute?—he's only six.

And so on until finally— Johnny saw a buzzsaw buzz Like a bike and thought it wuz. Johnny's corpse is full of nicks. Ain't he cute?—he's only six.

These verses terminated the Widow's connection with John, but papers all over the country took up his instructive and edifying career and pushed it to a finish. Still another verse which started in the Widow office and traveled all over this country and part of others was the bit of "Eb and Flo" doggerel. In this we discover that— Flo was fond of Ebenezer— Eb, for short, she called her beau. Task of "ides of love!" Great Caesar! You should see 'em, Eb and Flo.

By itself this beautiful bit could hardly claim a place in a volume of great American poets, but when it traveled far and wide and received an extra verse at each resting place it became a pursuing nightmare. — From "Humorous College Journalism" in Bohemian Magazine.

Women the Greater Dreamers. A Vienna doctor has published the following figures: Thirteen men out of a hundred are against thirty-three women dream during their sleep. The number of men who dream frequently is 27 per cent; that of women is 45 per cent. As a general rule, it may be said that the weaker sex has twice as much tendency to dreaming as the opposite sex.

The cerebral phenomenon under consideration is absolutely unknown to 9 per cent, and 14 per cent dream only very rarely.

It seems idle to add that the same doctor noted, what is perfectly well known, that almost all our dreams are suggested more or less directly by the incidents of the material life of every day.—Boston Advertiser.

Thrifty Paganini. When Paganini was asked many years ago to play at Vauxhall Gardens he inquired how many persons the place would hold.

"That is impossible to say," said the manager. "It is a large, open space." After some reflection the great violinist inquired, "How many will the large, open space contain when quite full?"

"Perhaps 20,000." "Ah, 20,000 people! And you ask how much?"

"Four shillings each." "Four shillings each! Twenty thousand at 4 shillings make 80,000; 80,000 shillings, 44,000. Well, I will play in one concert for 43,000, and you may have the other thousand."—St. Louis Republic.

Poles of the Earth. The circle of the earth's daily rotation upon its axis being the greatest at the equator, the consequent greater action there of the centrifugal force during the period when the earth was a yielding mass produced a bulging out of the surface in the equatorial region, with a consequent flattening at the poles.

Thus we have an oblate spheroid, with the length of the axis of the poles about twenty-six and a half miles less than the equatorial diameter.

A Literal Youth. "Why, Johnny," said Mrs. Muggins, "what are you doing here at home? Is Willie's party over?"

"None," blubbered Johnny, "but the minute I got inside the house Willie's father told me to make myself at home, and I came."—Harper's Weekly.

Helping Her. "You loved her very much?"

"So much that when her first husband died I married her that I might share her grief and so lessen it."

"And how did it work?" "Fine! I'm sorrier now for his death than she is."—Houston Post.

Incredible. Customer (looking over his bill)—You have made two mistakes in this bill, once in your favor and once in mine. Waiter—In your favor? Where?—Lustige Blatter.

Produce much, consume little, labor diligently, speak cautiously.—Chinese Proverb.

The sale season is on, and horses are selling at top figures.

NIAGARA FALLS

Fate of a Schooner That Was Used as an Experiment.

SHE WAS DASHED TO PIECES.

A Thrilling Sight From the Time She Struck the Seething Rapids Into the Mighty Falls Tore Her Into Splinters—A Pair of Tough Geese.

The following story of the first public excursion to Niagara Falls was written at the time by an eyewitness: "The schooner Michigan was the largest vessel on Lake Erie at that time. She was too large, in fact, to enter the various harbors on the lake, and, being somewhat decayed in her uppers, the owner, Major Frazer, got the idea that she would answer the purpose of testing the fate of a vessel that by accident might approach too near the cataract and also the fate of living things that might be caught in the rapids. The proprietors of the large public houses at the falls on both sides of the river and of stages and steamboats made up a purse to purchase the schooner, aware that they would be amply repaid by the spectators that the exhibition would attract.

"For several days previous to Sept. 6, 1828, the day for which the affair was fixed, which was Saturday, the stages and canalboats came to Buffalo crowded with people. On the night of Sept. 5 wagons filled with country people rattled through the village in unbroken procession all night long, and on the morning of Sept. 6 Buffalo itself seemed to be moving in one mass toward the point of attraction. Five steamboats had been advertised to leave Buffalo Saturday morning. They were the Henry Clay, William Penn, Pioneer, Niagara and Chippewa. The Chippewa was appointed to tow the schooner Michigan to the Niagara river. I was a passenger on her.

"As soon as we got well under way the scene became interesting. The other four steamers came plowing along in our wake, crowded to the guards with passengers and bands of music playing. The Chippewa towed the big schooner to Yale's landing, where our passengers went ashore, as did those of the William Penn. The passengers of the Henry Clay and Pioneer landed on the American side. Yale's Landing was three miles above the falls, and the crowds of people were taken from there on down the river in wagons of all kinds. The hour fixed for towing the Michigan from Yale's Landing to the rapids was 3 in the afternoon.

"This task, an extremely hazardous one, was entrusted to the oldest sailor on the lake, Captain Rough. With a yawl boat and five sturdy oarsmen the old captain got the schooner under way. They towed her to within a quarter of a mile of the first rapids and within half a mile of the tremendous precipice itself—as near as they dared approach. They cut the big vessel adrift, and she passed majestically on, while the oarsmen of the yawl had to bend their every nerve and muscle to remove themselves from the peril of being drawn down by the rushing waters. Indeed, such had been the fear and apprehension of the men that they cut the towline before the time he had set. If they had obeyed the reckless old captain, he, the yawl and its crew would have preceded the Michigan over the falls.

"The high grounds on both shores of the river were lined with people as the Michigan, unguided by human agency, approached, head on, the first rapid of the seething descent, apparently keeping the very course that a skillful navigator would have guided her in. The American ensign streamed from her bowsprit and the British jack floated at her stern. The vessel shot the first rapid unhurt, still head on, making a plunge, shipping a sea and rising from it in beautiful style. In her descent of the second rapid, the water momentarily increasing in velocity and tumult, her towering masts went by the board, giving the spectators a startling representation of the crashing of a vessel's spars in a shipwreck at sea. She swung around and presented her broadside to the dashing and foaming water, and, after remaining, as it seemed, stationary for a moment, swung around until she was headed upstream.

"Passing the third rapid she bilged, but carried her hull to all appearances whole as she tossed and groaned between Grass Island and the British shore to the Horseshoe fall, over which she was drawn stern foremost and hurled into the thundering abyss. She was dashed to fragments before she struck in the seething waters below. Immediately after she went over hundreds of people hurried below the falls. The river was covered with fragments of the vessel. Nowhere could be found as much as two boards nailed together, and her great timbers were broken into bits like firewood.

"There were aboard the Michigan when she started on her trip toward the falls a wild bull buffalo from a western prairie, two bears from the Lake Superior regions, two foxes, a raccoon, a dog, a cat and four geese. When the vessel left Yale's landing in tow all these were let loose on the deck except the buffalo. He was inclosed in a pen. The two bears got enough of the trip when the vessel began the descent of the first rapid, and they climbed down the side next the Canada shore, plunged into the swift water, breasted its powerful sweep successfully and reached the shore. They were

so exhausted when they got on land that they made no resistance to being captured. The bears, before they abandoned the ship, climbed the masts of the vessel and, as it was presumed, from that outlook saw what their finish would be anyhow and then determined to take the chances of getting to land, slim as they were. The raccoon ran up a mast and remained there until the mast fell. He was never seen again. The foxes ran frantically up and down the deck and went over with the schooner, as did the buffalo bull and the geese. Not a trace of foxes or buffalo was ever found. Two of the geese swam ashore half a mile below the falls. The other two met the fate of the buffalo and the foxes."

HIT HIM IN TWO PLACES. The Way Cicero Treated His Devoted Admirer Petrarch.

In the early autumn of 1358 Petrarch suffered an accident which may be narrated in his own words. "You shall hear," he writes to a friend, "what a trick Cicero, the man whom I have loved and worshiped from my boyhood, has just played me. I possess a huge volume of his letters, which I wrote out some time ago with my own hand because there was no original manuscript accessible to the copyists. Ill health hindered me, but my great love of Cicero and delight in the letters and eagerness to possess them prevailed against my bodily weakness and the laboriousness of the work. This is the book which you have seen leaning against the doorpost at the entry to my library. One day while going into the room thinking about something else, as I often do, I happened inadvertently to catch the book in the fringe of my gown. In its fall it struck me lightly on the left leg a little above the heel. 'What! My Cicero,' quoth I, bantering him, 'pray what are you hitting me for?' He said nothing, but next day as I came again the same way he hit me again, and again I laughed at him and set him up in his place. Why make a long story? Over and over again I went on suffering the same hurt, and, thinking he might be cross at having to stand on the ground, I put him up a shelf higher, but not till after the repeated blows on the same spot had broken the skin and a far from despicable sore had resulted. I despaired it, though, reckoning the cause of my accident of much more weight than the accident itself. At last, when the pain was too much not only for my wit, but for sleep and rest, so that to neglect the thing any longer seemed not courage, but madness, I was forced to call in the doctors, who have now for some days been fussing over this really ridiculous wound, not without great pain and some danger to the wounded limb, and they insist, though I think you know just what reliance I place on their prognostications either of good or evil. So this is how my beloved Cicero has treated me. He long ago struck my heart, and now he has struck my leg."

—From H. C. Hollway-Calthorp's "Petrarch."

GUIDEPOSTS IN FRANCE. A Striking Feature of the Roads Throughout the Country.

A feature of the roads of France is the ever present guidepost. These guideposts consist of an iron plaque about two feet long and a foot high securely mounted on sturdy posts or fastened to some substantial wall. They are painted in white and blue and show without any possibility of mistake not only the commune or township in which they stand, but the next important place in either direction as well as the distances between all the chief points upon that route. Thus you will find if you are traveling on a road which leads to Paris that the name of the metropolis will appear on the sign-board, although it may be several hundred kilometers distant.

In addition to these guideposts the Touring Club of France has put on the chief roads a series of signs and symbols to indicate to motorists and bicyclists what sort of a road they are approaching. The sign "routier," which translated into good United States means to "let up," has caused many a motorist who is unfamiliar with the road he is traveling to slow down and to find shortly after the sign had been passed that it was well that he paid attention to it because of a steep grade or some abrupt turn. There is no excuse, in view of the symbols and signboards, for any one motoring in France to get on the wrong road or to come unexpectedly into trouble.—Frank Presbrey in Outing Magazine.

Shakespeare's Last Illness. According to a tradition handed down by Ward, the vicar of Stratford, Shakespeare's last illness was a fever brought on by a "merry meeting" with Drayton and Ben Jonson. Another authority, Halliwell-Phillips, says that the great poet died of typhoid, caused by the filth and bad drainage about New Place. Like nearly everything else about Shakespeare, the question of the character of his last illness can be answered only conjecturally.

At the Wind's Mercy. "Scroggins is always boasting about his new balloon."

"That's all it's good for." "What's all it's good for?" "To blow about."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Use For Them All. "You have three pairs of glasses, professor."

"Yes; I use one to read with, one to see at a distance and the third to find the other two."

There is nothing worse for mortals than a vagabond life.—Homer.

Why not advertise in the Reporter?

Advertise in the Reporter.

The Family Physician

The best medicines in the world cannot take the place of the family physician. Consult him early when taken ill. If the trouble is with your throat, bronchial tubes, or lungs, ask him about taking Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Then take it or not, as he says.

We publish our formulas We banish alcohol from our medicines We urge you to consult your doctor

Ayer's

Bilious attacks, sick-headaches, indigestion, constipation, dizzy spells—these are some of the results of an inactive liver. Ask your doctor if he endorses Ayer's Pills in these cases. The dose is small, one pill at bedtime.

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

The flame from Family Favorite is steady, white and without soot. Does not char the wick and burns to the last drop without wick adjustment.

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Made from genuine Pennsylvania Crude Oil by a triple refining process, carefully, absolutely uniform.

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Kulp's and Steven's Single-comb White Leghorns bred from Heavy Layers, purchased direct from Breeders.

Chas. A. Cypher's Model Incubators, Brooders, Poultry Foods and Supplies for sale.

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ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Letter of Administration on the estate of Samuel T. Brooks, late of Spring Twp., deceased, having been duly granted to the undersigned, he would respectfully request all 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. WM. S. BROOKS, a.p.r. Administrator, Linden Hall, Pa.

HOUSE AND LOT FOR SALE.—A house and lot owned by Mr. Henry Meyer, located at Tusseyville, is offered for sale by the undersigned. The house is two stories high, and there is also on the premises stable and all necessary outbuildings, etc. For further particulars apply to A. B. LEE, Tusseyville.

DAY-OLD CHICKS FOR SALE.—Barr'd Plymouth Rocks and S. C. White Leghorns. Orders booked now. Also eggs for hatching. D. ROSS BUSHMAN, Centre Hall, Pa.

THRASHING OUTFIT FOR SALE

The undersigned offers for sale a complete Thrashing Outfit, comprising a Frick Traction Engine, 12 H. P., Geiser Separator, size 30x46 inches, good as new and has a wind stacker.

Birdsell CLOVER HULLER good as new, with self-feeding attachment. CHAMPION

Steam-Power HAY PRESS in running order. Size of bales 14x18 in. WATER TANK, tank pump and hose, all in good condition.

The hay press can be purchased separate; the thrashing outfit must be bought as a whole. These machines were run last season and did the best kind of work. Good reasons for selling. Apply to W. H. Cummings, (COLYER) SPRING MILLS, R. F. D.