

THE CENTRE REPORTER

THURSDAY, MAY 7, 1908.

Democratic County Ticket.
 For Congress: W. HARRISON WALKER.
 For Assembly: J. CALVIN MEYER.
 For Sheriff: FRED F. SMITH.
 For Register: G. F. WEAVER.
 For Recorder: F. FIERCE MUSSER.
 For Treasurer: J. D. MILLER.
 For County Commissioners:
 C. A. WEVER,
 J. L. DUNLAP.
 For Auditors:
 J. W. BECK,
 JOHN L. COLE.

DEATHS.

MRS. GEORGE DALE.

Saturday at one o'clock in the afternoon, the last spark of life passed out of its temporal abode in the body of Mrs. George Dale, at Dale's Summit. Death was due to the ravages of time, the lady having attained the age of seventy-eight years. Interment was made at Shiloh, Rev. J. I. Stoneypher, pastor of the Lutheran church, officiating.

Besides the husband the following sons and daughters survive: Horace Christian, Rushville, Nebraska; Blanche E., wife of F. W. Musser, of Bellefonte; John S.; Willard and Miss Lillie, all of Dale Summit, the latter at home.

Mrs. Dale was a descendant of the "Moser" family who came from Seluykill county and settled on the present site of Penn Hall. Her father was Jonas Musser, and her mother's maiden name was Maria Durst. She was born at Penn Hall, her father being engaged in hotel keeping near where the well known J. B. Fisher's Sons business stand is now located, Major Fisher having purchased the property from George Musser, a brother of the deceased. There are now living of her brothers—Michael, Rushville, Nebraska; William, Jewell City, Kansas; Daniel, Freeport, Illinois; Charles, Pearl City, Illinois, and Benjamin, Orangeville, Illinois.

Mr. and Mrs. Dale lived happily together for over fifty-two years on the farm on which she died. Upon their marriage they moved to the Dale farm and have lived there since, a record not often made. She was a member of the Lutheran church, and was also an active worker in the organization of the Patrons of Husbandry, accompanying her husband in this work when officially and otherwise engaged in Grange work. She was domestic in character, her home and children being first to her, but was also kindly disposed to all who made demands upon her.

The Dale home was a most hospitable one, there was always a welcome there that was from the heart.

MRS. DAVID PETERS.

Sarah J., wife of David Peters, died at her home near the Nittany furnace, after an illness of over a year from dropsy and diabetes.

Deceased was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Brown, and was born at Howard, August 28th, 1851. When but a small girl she came to Bellefonte and had ever since that time made that place her home. Surviving her are her husband, two sons—William and Harry, at home, and one daughter Iva, wife of Elmer Heverly, of Duncansville. One brother Austin Brown, and two sisters, Mrs. Nancy Miller and Mrs. Ellen Meese, all of Bellefonte, also survive.

GEORGE H. WISTAR.

George H. Wistar, a prominent citizen of Howard, died at his home Wednesday morning of last week. He was born in Philadelphia, August 6th, 1846. When a boy in Girard College, Baiser Weber brought him to Howard, and for twenty years was associated with Mr. Weber in the mercantile business, and for some time as a partner. In 1886 he secured a position in the auditing department of the postoffice at Washington, and obtained frequent promotions on account of his ability as an expert penman and accountant. Last December his health failed and he returned to Howard.

MRS. EDITH BITNER.

Mrs. Edith Bitner, relict of the late Thomas Bitner, died at her home in Snow Shoe after an illness of about a month from a complication of diseases.

Deceased was born June 30th, 1879, thus making her age at the time of death twenty-eight years, nine months and twenty-four days. She leaves to mourn her death one son, John W. Bitner, and the following brothers and sisters: Harry and Samuel Gussallus, Mrs. Anna Beveridge and Ruth Gussallus, all of Snow Shoe.

HARVEY M. WITHERITE.

Harvey M. Witherite, an enterprising and well known citizen of Snow Shoe, died at his home in that place aged sixty-eight years. The deceased was a veteran of the Civil war, having served in Company E, 290th regiment Pa. Vol. Inf. For the past forty-five years he had been a resident of Snow Shoe.

When a woman seeks redress she goes to the modiste.

A man without a purpose in life is like a dog with no tail to wag.

The man who stands on his dignity should first understand himself.

NATIVE ESKIMO CLOTHES.

Light in Weight, Soft in Texture and Absolutely Cold Proof.

When winter set in and Eskimos began to visit the ship, it soon became apparent that they were much better clothed to meet the cold than were the white explorers, though the latter had everything that money could command in the way of "an approved arctic outfit." The Finnish boots, or "Finnskor," used by Nansen and other arctic explorers, were excelled both in lightness and warmth by the native boots. A single fur coat of deerskin made in Norway weighed as much as an entire Eskimo suit of outer and inner garments, with boots and mittens included, and was stiff as wet sailcloth, while the native garments were soft as a kid glove. A well made Eskimo suit—socks and boots, underwear, trousers and coat with hood—weighs ten or eleven pounds, about as much as your spring suit, and in it you could sit comfortably on a block of snow, with your back to the wind, fishing through a hole in the ice, with a temperature of 50 degrees F., as the writer has repeatedly done, feeling cold nowhere but on the face, the only part of the body that must be left uncovered. We found a deerskin shirt with the hair turned in warmer, lighter and more comfortable than a woolen, and a cap unnecessary when the hooded coat is worn. There was not an item of the arctic clothing that was not advantageously replaced by garments bought from the Eskimos. No one wore garments of European make if he was able to get his hands on the Eskimo equivalent.—V. Stefanson in Harper's Magazine.

SPEAKING PLAINLY.

The Judge's Request and the Counsel's Prompt Response.

A young and afterward distinguished attorney from an up country district of New York state was arguing his first appeal in the old general term of the supreme court. He had been in many legal scurrillages in justices' courts at home, but had never stood in the awesome presence of five sedate and learned judges of the supreme court in general term assembled. His embarrassment was great. He repeated himself and misplaced his words so often that it was quite evident that he must soon be routed by his own confusion unless something should occur to break the spell. Finally, and just as he was floundering the deepest in a chaotic jumble of language and ideas, the presiding judge interrupted with the following remark:

"Mr. Smithers, I believe it will be a great relief to yourself and to the court if you will address us in the same free and informal way that you doubtless use in addressing your local justice of the peace."

"Well, then," replied Smithers, "I wish that while I am busy alleviating your honor's dense ignorance of the law you would keep your confounded mouth shut!" The court laughed heartily and waved for him to proceed. He grew eloquent and won his case in the midst of hearty applause.—Bohemian Magazine.

Some of the Trials of Writers.

Professor Lounsbury of Yale calls attention to some of the difficulties of English grammar with which writers have constantly to struggle in their desire to avoid obscurity and be correct at the same time. In Harper's Magazine Professor Lounsbury takes up the use of "whose" as a relative pronoun referring to inanimate objects and justifies its use since nothing better can be devised. He discusses the use of the singular pronoun with the word "everybody," as in "There everybody met his friends." This is manifestly inadequate, and "his or her friends" is clumsy. Jane Austen, writes the professor, avoided the difficulty by using the plural pronoun, as in her sentence, "They say everybody is in love once in their lives." He thinks no satisfactory solution of this problem can, in the nature of the case, ever be reached.

A Feast of Kisses.

"I once visited the little town of Halmagen, in Roumania," said a strolling player who used to wander into the odd corners of the world, "but even I—and my hair is getting a little thin, and I wouldn't take first prize in a beauty contest—got enough kisses in one day to last an average lifetime. It seems that Halmagen from time immemorial has had an annual festival, and on this day the population of about eighty villagers come swarming in. Every young woman of the town, married or single, goes out on this day carrying a vessel of wine and a small garland of flowers. To every visitor they offer a sup of wine and a kiss."—St. Louis Republic.

Compulsory Education.

"I never thought him very bright, but he certainly has a splendid education."
 "Well, you see, he lost one of his legs, and he couldn't go into athletics, so he just had to study at college."—Houston Post.

Too Much Port.

Captain (to the man at the wheel)—Another port a-port, quartermaster, Lady Passenger—Goodness gracious! That's the second pint of port he has called for within a few minutes! How those captains drink!—London Telegraph.

The Eternal Tip.

It is as foolish to attempt to stop tipping as to oppose the ocean tide. Tips will never be suppressed. The word may be changed, but the thing will not disappear. It is so human to be generous.—Paris Journal.

There are also as good compliments as ever were fished for.

A HAPPY DRUMMER.

He Won the Applause of the Eccentric Hans von Bulow.

Hans von Bulow, the famous leader and composer, was one of the most eccentric members of a profession wherein eccentricity is common. It is related that one day, while walking the streets of Vienna, Bulow came upon a regimental band on its way to the castle. Immediately he ran to the middle of the street and joined the small boys about the drummer. Following the band, he kept bowing to the surprised drummer, applauding him at almost every beat.

"That is rhythm! Excellent! That's the way I like to hear it!" he continued to ejaculate, to the surprise of all and to the great delight of the small boys.

Persons in the street began to recognize the famous pianist and joined the procession, so that the band had one of the largest audiences to which it had ever played.

Bulow listened attentively to the end of the last piece and then made a deep bow before the drummer and his instrument.

"Thank you," he said. "That was refreshing! That puts my nerves in good condition again!"

It is said that when the drummer learned who his strange admirer was he was the proudest man in the regiment.—St. Louis Republic.

TESTING HIS TONGUE.

The Unhappy Experience of a Young Married Woman.

A young married woman in Brooklyn suspected that her husband was indulging in wine. She determined, however, to say nothing till she had confirmed her suspicions. In conversation with her bosom friend she said she would give anything to discover the truth. The friend mentioned that a man even slightly intoxicated cannot pronounce words of length. This gave the young wife an idea, which she proceeded to put into execution.

When the young women met again, the suspicious wife announced that the worst had been ascertained. She burst into tears and took from her hand bag a paper, which she handed to her friend.

"I gave him this," she sobbed.

The friend read from the list the following words: "Philo-progenitiveness, disproportionableness, pseudoaesthesia, phthisis, parochronism, hypochondriasis, photochromy, syncategorematic."

"And," added the unhappy wife, with a fresh sob, "the wretch missed nearly all of them!"—New York Tribune.

In a French Chateau in Winter.

It is not all bliss to be invited to a French chateau in midwinter, no matter how distinguished the host or how romantic and artistic the domicile. At least it isn't for the steam heated Bostonian, lapped in the luxury of summer warmth. A visitor to a distractingly lovely abode near Fontainebleau says he put in twenty-four hours of physical anguish there and simply came away wondering how his hosts endured the arctic temperature of the rooms. "If I meant to live in foreign lands," says this shivering person, "I would go through the chilling process which inures human flesh and blood in France. What do these people do to render the blood in their veins to course like fire and act like an eternal furnace?" That's a question Americans abroad might well like to have answered.—Boston Herald.

Heat of the Sun.

It has been computed that the temperature of the surface of the sun would be expressed by 18,000 degrees of Fahrenheit's thermometer, or between eighty and ninety times the temperature of boiling water. This is about five times the highest temperature that man is able to produce by artificial means. The light given off from the surface of the sun is reckoned as being 5,300 times more intense than that of the molten metal in a Bessemer converter, though that is of an almost blinding brilliancy. If we compare it with oxyhydrogen flame, the sun sheds a light equal to 146 times the intensity of the limelight.

Children's Favorite Toys.

A hundred and thirty-two schoolboys of Paris and seventy-two girls were invited to describe their preferences in the way of toys. Among the former thirty-one voted for a railway train, twenty-three for tin soldiers, ten for steam engines, nine for building bricks and eight for toy typewriters and mechanical horses. Forty girls—a solid majority—declared without hesitation that a doll was superior to any other implement of recreation. The super-child seems, happily, a long way off.—Fall Mall Gazette.

Napoleon as a Reader.

Napoleon was a reader—persistent, omnivorous, indefatigable. By the camp fire and in his traveling carriage. In his temporary staff office or his own bedroom his favorite volumes were ever kept within easy reach.—Reader Magazine.

Now and Then.

She—You love me, then? He—I love you now. She—Ah, well! I suppose if a woman can get a man to love her now and then she should be contented?—Fair Journal.

Very Considerate.

He—Did you tell your father, darling? She—I told him I was engaged, dear, but not to whom. He is not well, and I thought I would break it to him gradually.—Life.

In the long run the best way to make money backing horses is to drive a cart on a dump.

The debt a man owes to himself is always paid first.

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You can touch up your home by using Sherwin Williams paints, floor finishes and stains. Add a new piece of furniture to the parlor, dining room or kitchen, and you'll be surprised how great an improvement it will make. The place to get something good and at a reasonable price is at Rearick's Furniture Store.

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