

DECEMBER COURT

Opens First Monday in December and continues for two weeks.

The jurymen drawn for December court, opening the first Monday in December and continuing for two weeks, are appended:

GRAND JURORS.

- Frank Bowersox, Ferguson Isaac Bowers, Phillipsburg Charles Batchlor, South Phillipsburg James Dunlap, Rush James Eckenroth, Spring Matthew Goben, Harris John Gussalho, Snow Shoe Samuel Garner, State College George Haagen, Howard twp. William T. Hall, Miesburg Shuman Holter, Howard boro. Serenos Harry, Miles W. B. Haines, Miles P. A. Hoover, Taylor Peter Zahler, Harris John Meese, Bellefonte John T. McCormick, State College Walter O'Brian, Ferguson Edward Sharron, Taylor Alfred Thompson, Snow Shoe Daniel B. Weaver, Miles C. E. Wetzel, Spring Potter Walker, Snow Shoe

TRAVERSE JURORS—FIRST WEEK.

- H. L. Barger, Snow Shoe Isaac Beck, Half Moon P. L. Beeser, Bellefonte R. B. Barges, Gregg Samuel Charles, Boggs David Chambers, Snow Shoe Robert Cooper, Snow Shoe John A. Conifer, Snow Shoe Mfo Campbell, Ferguson William Crisman, Snow Shoe Harry Crain, Phillipsburg Harry Callahan, Rush Samuel Decker, Bellefonte F. D. Fye, State College George Frankenberg, Penn J. W. Fry, Ferguson George W. Giegerich, Potter T. M. Granley, Gregg G. H. Haupt, Bellefonte Joseph Heberling, Ferguson James Haines, Curtin H. H. Hewitt, Phillipsburg Charles Johnston, Liberty G. H. Kneely, Bellefonte William Kreamer, Bellefonte John Kennedy, Rush Harvey Lutz, Walker W. J. Manck, Walker Daniel Moore, Rush H. D. Meek, State College L. T. Munson, Bellefonte George R. Meek, Bellefonte William J. Musser, Bellefonte S. S. Miles, Worth W. D. O'Brian, Snow Shoe W. C. Patterson, State College W. W. Rupert, Walker Peier Robb, Jr., Curtin Lewis Russ, Phillipsburg Sol Schmidt, Philips William Stiver, Potter J. B. Shope, Snow Shoe Samuel Sheffer, Bellefonte W. E. Small, Miles William Summers, Unionville W. G. Talhelm, Huston H. B. Waite, Half Moon D. L. Welsh, Howard boro.

TRAVERSE JURORS—SECOND WEEK.

- Jerome Anman, Potter J. T. Atkins, Boggs James Black, Phillipsburg Herman Bowes, Liberty Samuel Budge, Snow Shoe John Bergin, Rush W. J. Burns, Rush Elmer Bryan, Boggs L. C. Bullock, Jr., Miesburg G. W. Bushman, Centre Hall Robert Bension, Marion W. M. Biddle, Phillipsburg Jonathan Condo, Marion Harry Cole, Phillipsburg Edward Crawford, Centre Hall T. F. Corl, Ferguson F. W. Corman, Walker G. Frank Dunkle, Phillipsburg Clayton Eters, College Newton Garver, Potter J. A. Hudson, Phillipsburg George B. Hughes, Spring Michael F. Hael, Benner George Hastings, Benner Charles Ketchline, Bellefonte E. K. Keller, Spring H. A. Lettsell, Phillipsburg Marcus Miser, Howard boro. John F. Merryman, Taylor Edward Marshall, Benner William Orr, Marion J. T. Runkle, Potter Herman Robb, Bellefonte Harry Resides, State College C. M. Sellers, Patton W. H. Steffen, Haines Frank E. Vonada, Marion W. H. Wilmer, College H. C. Woodring, Worth A. M. Watson, Snow Shoe

Two More Properties Sold.

Two more properties in Centre Hall were sold a short time ago. The one was that of Mrs. Lizzie Jacobs, consisting of house and lot and vacant lot, to John G. Dauberman. This place is located near Mr. Dauberman's slaughter house, and is also more convenient to his meat market. Consideration about \$1600.

Mrs. Jacobs, after disposing of her home, purchased the house and lot occupied for some years by J. A. Reesman, from E. G. Van Pelt, of Ithaca, N. Y., and will move into it next spring.

Haines Township Property Sold.

The administrators of the estate of Jacob Neldigh, late of Haines township, deceased, sold the following real estate: Tract No. 1, being the old homestead farm, to George B. Stover, of Miesburg, for \$72 25 per acre. Tract No. 2, timberland, passing with the farm. Tract No. 3, being 70 acres of timberland, sold to Motz & Stover for \$1255. Tract No. 4, consisting of 20 acres of timberland, was bought by I. W. Vonada, for \$100. Tract No. 5, also timberland, was sold to Samuel Kreamer for \$455.

After completing the erection of a wall for a new dwelling house, in Lewisburg, Byron Galt is back to Centre Hall again.

Ladies' gun metal shoes, button and blucher, \$2.50 at Yeagers.

How Long Do Dreams Last?

How long do dreams last? A German savant is investigating the matter. But there is scarcely a dot who could not give him points and has not dreamed centuries in seconds. The dream, it may be stated, comes in the few seconds before the awakening and has no relation to time or space. This is clear enough to the man who has ever been placed under an anaesthetic for a short while and found time and space eliminated.

As an experiment this writer was placed under a whiff of chloroform by a doctor. Absolute unconsciousness supervened, then a return of consciousness, the questions of the universe, up through layers of consciousness, with always the feeling, "Now I have solved it," and the "No" and the "Yes" alternating through centuries of thought, and then the quizzical face of the doctor, remembered after a million years. "How long have you been under?" The experimenter struggled up and saw the doctor with his watch in hand. "Ten seconds," the doctor said, and the dreamer had been outside time for a time that has no measure.—London Chronicle.

A Great Artist Enraged.

Alma-Tadema has told a story of the fate of two unsuccessful pictures of his student days. One of them was returned unsold by the committee of the Brussels exhibition in 1859. The subject was a house on fire, with people rescuing the victims. The artist's fellow students were asked into Alma-Tadema's studio and were invited to jump through the flames, the owner of it leading the way by leaping head first through the oily flames.

The other unsuccessful effort was a large sized square picture that came back again and again to its creator's easel until at last it was cut out of its frame and given to an old woman to use as a table cover.

The picture was praised by at least one person who appreciated its excellence, so Alma-Tadema used to declare, for the old woman was wont to remark that it was much better than those common oilcloth things that always let the water through, as the picture of Alma-Tadema's making was a good thick one, with plenty of paint on it.—Minneapolis Journal.

The Supposed Life on Mars.

Not only do the observations we have scanned lead us to the conclusion that Mars at this moment is inhabited, but they lead us at the further one that these denizens are of an order whose acquaintance was worth the making. Whether we ever shall come to converse with them in any more instant way is a question upon which science at present has no data to decide. More important to us is the fact that they exist, made all the more interesting by their precedence of us in the path of evolution. Their presence certainly ousts us from any unique or self-centered position in the solar system, but so with the world did the Copernican system the Ptolemaic, and the world survived this deposing change. So may man. To all who have a cosmopolitan breadth of view it cannot but be pregnant to contemplate extra mundane life and to realize that we have warrant for believing that such life now inhabits the planet Mars.—Professor Lowell in Century.

A Big Snowfall.

The heaviest fall of snow that ever took place in England occurred in 1615. The snow commenced falling on the 16th of January, 1615, and continued every day until the 12th of March following. It covered the earth to such a depth that passengers, both horse and foot, passed over gates, hedges and walls, which had been obliterated by the white sheet. On the 12th of March it began to decrease and so by little and little consumed and wasted away till the 28th of May.

A heavy fall occurred in Scotland in 1629, the snow falling thirteen days and nights with little or no intermission.

One of the heaviest falls on a single day occurred on the 21st of February, 1762, the snow in some places being from ten to twelve feet deep.

He Kept Count.

A famous animal trainer was talking to a reporter in New York. He said: "The secret of animal training is gentleness. Nothing sudden or brusque must be done. An unexpected cress may anger an animal more than a kick in the ribs. Sudden, brusque, unexpected things never go, no matter how well they are meant. Once I was showing in Scotland. We trainers supped one night with a Scotch admirer. The old man was the soul of hospitality, but I admit I was rather startled when he leaned toward me and said: "Stick in, man Conklin, stick in. Yer frien' Coot's twa waffins aheid of ye."

Translated.

"Habillments For Infants" is a sign in a clothing store in Boston. A western visitor, seeing it, stopped in amazement.

"What does that mean?" he asked his better acquainted fellow westerner. "That?" said the other. "Oh, that is Boston dialect for kids' duds."—Housewife.

Silenced.

Dad (severely)—And look here, Ethel, you musn't encourage that young man to stay so late every night. It's disgraceful. What does your mother say about it? Ethel—She says men haven't altered a bit, dad.

Don't try to take up all the room in the middle of the road. There are numerous travelers on the highway who need a little room themselves.—Atlanta Constitution.

Centre Reporter, \$1.00 per year.

An Eccentric Genius.

Among the geniuses none perhaps was stranger than the poet Baudelaire, who dyed his hair green, tried to strangle his father-in-law, used opium, tobacco and wine to excess and enjoyed perverted olfactory sensations. "My soul soars upon perfumes as the souls of other men soar upon music," he wrote. But what pleased him, strangely, were odors of putrefaction, vile smells which other men abhorred and the stench of disease which made others sick. And yet his poetry is among the most passionately musical of the literature of France. He was exceedingly superstitious, believing he would not succeed in an undertaking unless he left a house first with the left foot, and would count the number of gas jets along the streets, the numbers of cabs and numbers of doors. Adding these figures in his mind, he would consider the result an omen—multiples of three good, multiples of seven reassuring, while his bad number was seventeen. Curiously, once he was thrown out of a cab, the figures of which he added and found amounted to seventeen.

A Sharp Swindler.

A fashionable young lady once drove up in a handsome carriage to a private lunatic asylum situated a few miles from Paris and requested to see the proprietor. Her wish being acceded to, she informed the doctor that she desired to place her husband under his care to see if a cruel mania under which he labored—viz, "that he had lost a large quantity of jewels"—could not be removed. After some hesitation the doctor consented, and the lady drove away directly to a jeweler's in Paris and selected jewels to the value of several thousand francs and requested one of the shopmen to go with her in her carriage to procure the money for the goods she had taken. She drove with him to the asylum, and, arriving there, he was shown into a room. The lady then sought the doctor, told him of the arrival of her husband, and getting into her carriage, again drove away. The rest may be imagined, but the poor fellow was confined several days before it was found they both had been "sold." The lady was never heard of after.

Wagner's Portrait.

When Wagner was in England supervising the first production of his operas, the music enthusiasts commissioned the artist Herkomer to paint the musician's portrait, but Wagner was dashing about in such a state of frenzy that he repelled impatiently every attempt to get him to give a "sitting." Still, Herkomer stuck to him like a limpet, fed with him, walked and talked with him, watched him conduct his orchestra, write music and read books. At last, when every attempt to secure a "sitting" had failed, Herkomer rose early one morning, painted with frenzied speed all day, spent a short night in restless sleep, rose early again and painted furiously, till on the second evening he sat down exhausted—but with his picture finished. Wagner was called in and threw up his hands in amazement. "Ah!" he cried. "Wonderful! That is exactly how I would like to look if I could."

Why Kelly Didn't Sleep.

"One night I went in late to Father Dempsey's hotel. Every bed was full, and there were 200 men sleeping on the floor of the recreation room. Each one of them had a newspaper under him to keep off the dust of the floor. I pointed to one little Irishman and remarked that he did not seem to be resting well. "What's your name, my man? Father Dempsey asked him. "Thomas Kelly, your reverence." "You don't seem to be resting well, Mr. Kelly." "I'll get to sleep after awhile, your reverence," he answered. "I don't believe you will unless you change your bed. You're sleeping on a Westliche Post," answered Father Dempsey.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Caught the General.

One of the regular army officers tells a story of how the old stringent army regulations once went against General Scott. One wet afternoon that soldier was caught in the rain in Washington. He was in full uniform and was well known, so, no cab being near, he borrowed an umbrella. Arriving at his hotel, an underofficer approached him and calmly remarked: "General, you will consider yourself under arrest for eight days for carrying an umbrella while in full uniform."

His Solicitude.

"Is it a fact that your mother-in-law threw herself out of the third story window and you did nothing to restrain her?" "Excuse me, I went to the first story to catch her, but she had already passed."—Diavolo Rosa.

Riches.

It is not what we have, but what we can do without, that makes us rich. Socrates, seeing a large loaf of valuables pass one day, exclaimed, "I am most happy, for there are so many things that I do not want!"

The Maroon Monster.

Friend—I suppose you run down a great many people? Motorist—Well sometimes I run them up. Friend—Run them up? Motorist—Yes; last night I ran two men up a tree.—Chicago News.

A Change.

Mrs. Larkin—I want a little money today, Fred. Mr. L.—I'm very glad of that. Mrs. L. (surprised)—Why are you glad? Mr. L.—Because generally you want a good deal.

Read the Reporter.

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