

C. E. Social.

The Christian Endeavor connected with the Reformed church, at Centre Hall, will hold a social in that church, Wednesday evening, 25th inst.

Sale Bills.

If you have sale bills to print, no matter what size, call at the Reporter office for prices.

Penn. Average Corn Yield.

The average yield of corn per acre in the United States in 1907 was 25.9 bushels.

LOCALS.

Men's canvas leggings, 50c at Yeagers. The Milroy schools were closed last week on account of an outbreak of diphtheria among school children.

The end of the year is coming, and the Reporter kindly asks that its readers keep that fact in mind when setting bills.

William F. Floray is improving his residence by raising the rear portion of it. The work is being done by Carpenter Fiedler and assistants.

Amos Koch, of near Boalsburg recently got his fingers mixed up with a corn sheller, and as a result one of his index fingers was badly mutilated.

While operating a stove machine on his mill below Wolf's Store, Evans Yearick, of Madisonburg, lost two fingers by coming in contact with the saw.

Gregg township will lose one of its citizens next spring, at which time H. B. Haugh, of near Penns Cave, expects to move to near Livonia, having purchased the Wohlfort farm.

D. F. Luse, the latter part of last week, was in Pine Grove Mills and State College putting up hydrants for the two water companies beginning operations in those places and surrounding districts.

One of at least a half dozen persons who within the past week had their fingers cut off in some manner or other is Ira Gramley, of Aaronsburg. He was sawing wood and in some way got his hand too close to the saw, with the result that his little finger was cut off.

T. Roy Stover, George R. Brumbaugh and W. Rankey, of Altoona, were in Centre Hall Thursday, Friday and Saturday, and spent the greater part of the time hunting. They are employed in the Altoona car shops, and took a few days off especially to chase rabbits.

W. G. Hoffer, Democratic candidate for the Legislature in Van Wert county, Ohio, was defeated by but 112 votes after one of the hardest fought battles of the campaign in that county. Mr. Hoffer is proprietor of the Willshire Herald, and a native of Potter township, to whose name the Reporter would have been very glad to have affixed the title "Honorable."

George Shook, of Spring Mills, is about again after having been pretty badly shaken up by a vicious bull. Mr. Shook was watering the animal, and at an unexpected moment the brute made an assault, pitching his owner in the air, and then proceeded to lunge at him while he was lying prostrated on the ground. It was mere accident that Mr. Shook was not killed.

A short time ago a surprise party was given to Mrs. Clyde Dutrow, at her home east of Centre Hall. Besides the invited guests from about Centre Hall, a number of friends and relatives from Zion, State College and other points were present. Mr. and Mrs. Dutrow live on a well-kept and well-tilled farm, and have a most comfortable home, and just such a place where a surprise party would have a most enjoyable time.

Dr. George P. Ard, a son of Dr. and Mrs. W. P. Ard, of Woodward, has been appointed by the board of directors to the position of first assistant physician on the medical staff of the new state hospital at Spring City. Since graduating from the Jefferson Medical college, Dr. Ard has been a member of the medical staff of the Retreat Hospital for the Insane, at Retreat, which position he resigned to accept the one at Spring City.

John L. Ripka, a former Spring township boy and now superintendent of the Wintersport plant of the Pintec Compressing Company, which supplies the gas which the Penna. R. R. passenger coaches are lighted, received a letter from the general offices of the company in which was enclosed two checks. One for fifty dollars as the prize given annually for economy in operating, excellent service to the railroad and general physical condition of the plant; and one for twenty-five dollars for winning a prize during his first year as superintendent. Mr. Ripka divided the money among his employees.

One of Hook's Practical Jokes.

Theodore Hook forged 4,000 letters to 4,000 tradesmen and others requesting them to call on a certain day and hour at the house of a wealthy widow, Mrs. Tottenham, in Berners street, London, against whom he had conceived a grudge.

These people began to arrive soon after daybreak. The rush continued until nearly midnight. They came by fifties and hundreds.

There were 100 chimney sweeps, 100 bakers, fifty doctors, fifty dentists, fifty accouchers. There were priests to administer extreme unction and Methodist ministers to offer last prayers. There were fifty confectioners with wedding cakes, fifty undertakers with coffins, fifty fishermen with baskets of cod and lobsters. They pushed, quarreled and fought, and the police were called out to prevent a riot. Finally among the hoaxed ones came the governor of the Bank of England, the royal Duke of Gloucester and the lord mayor of London, each lured thither by some cunning pretext. A police investigation followed, but the perpetrator was not detected.

A Wonderful Bowman.

The Romans were very skillful bowmen, although they discarded the weapon in warfare, trusting to the charge and to hand to hand fighting. Many of the Roman emperors were famous archers. It is said that Domitian would place boys in the circus at a considerable distance from him and as they held up their hands with the fingers outstretched he would send the arrows between them with such nicety and accuracy of aim that he never inflicted a wound.

The wicked emperor Commodus boasted that he never missed his aim or failed to kill the wild beast that he shot with a single arrow. He would set a shaft in his bow as some wild beast was set free in the circus to devour a living criminal condemned to die. Just when the furious animal was springing on his prey the emperor would strike it dead at the man's feet. Sometimes 100 lions were let loose at once in order that he, with 100 arrows, might kill them. With arrows the heads of which were semicircular he would sever the necks of ostriches in full flight.

A Talent For Balancing.

The pleasant coffee room of the old Star and Carter at Richmond, which was burned down in 1893, was patronized by England's statesmen, politicians and writers. On Saturday evenings it was regularly visited by a middle aged gentleman of rather broad stature, with gray hair and a large shirt collar which formed a conspicuous feature in his attire. He would dine always alone at a particular corner table, and after dinner it was his humor to build up before him a pyramid of tumblers and wineglasses, which he topped with a decanter. Occasionally the whole structure would topple over and litter the table with its ruins. Then the middle aged gentleman would rise, pay his bill, including the charge for broken glass, and depart. The waiters knew him well. He was Thomas Babington, Lord Macaulay.

Curious Greetings.

A French journal has been looking into the question of how different races express the colloquialism "How do you do?" and presents some curious examples. The Koreans, for instance, do not give or imply any offense when they greet each other with the remark, "You do look old." Persians say, "May Allah preserve your beard and cover it with benedictions." Among a tribe of Fiji Islanders the correct form of salutation is to pull one's ear. A Caroline Islander kneels before his friend, whose foot he grasps and slaps himself vigorously in the face with it. In the Sudan a traveler was addressed by a native chief as "Mighty sun," the said chief finishing up with "Glory to thee, O splendid moon," the remark being accentuated by expectorating in the traveler's right hand.

Greatness.

There is a kind of elevation which does not depend on fortune. It is a certain air which distinguishes us and seems to decline us for great things. It is a price which we imperceptibly set on ourselves. By this quality we usurp the deference of other men, and it puts us, in general, more above them than birth, dignity or even merit itself. —La Rochefoucauld.

A Coincidence.

"I'm afraid, George," said his fiancée, "that you are going from bad to worse."

"Quite a coincidence," muttered George. "That's what Clara said when I threw her over for you."

Spurgeon's Complaint.

Mr. Spurgeon once complained that his deacons were worse than the devil.

"Resist the devil," said he, "and he will fly from you, but resist a deacon and he will fly at you."

Hope.

"There is no sweeter suffering than hope." So runs an old German proverb, melancholy text for hearts that bitter disappointment has cured and to whom all hope is but memory.

Not Entirely.

Joe Rose—Do you think the automobile is replacing the horse? Joe Rose—Well, not entirely, anyway. I haven't found automobile in my bologna yet. —Browning's Magazine.

"Of a Modern Genius. Going to compile his life and letters?"

"There were no letters. I'm going to compile his life and post cards." —Washington Herald.

Ladies' storm rubbers, 48c at Yeagers.

Flinty Plant Covers.

When Sir Humphry Davy was a boy about sixteen, a little girl came to him in great excitement.

"Humphry, do tell me my these two pieces of cane make a tiny spark of light when I rub them together?"

Humphry was a studious boy, who spent hours in thinking out scientific problems. He patted the child's curly head and said:

"I do not know, dear. Let us see if they really do make a light, and then we will try to find out why."

Humphry soon found that the little girl was right. The pieces of cane if rubbed together quickly did give a tiny light. Then he set to work to find out the reason, and after some time, thanks to the observing powers of his little friend and his own kindness to her in not impatiently telling her not to "worry," as so many might have done, Humphry Davy made the first of his interesting discoveries. Every reed, cane and grass has an outer skin of flinty stuff, which protects the inside from insects and also helps the frail looking leaves to stand upright.

Table Manners in Old France.

Could we restore for half an hour the dinner table of old France and obtain half a dozen instantaneous photographs of a royal banquet at any era between the reigns of Francis I and Louis Quatorze such a "cataract of laughter" would be heard as might disturb the serenity of Louis in paradise. The duchess, her napkin tied securely round her neck, would be seen mumbing a bone, the noble marquis surreptitiously scratching himself, the belle marquise, withdrawing her spoon from her lips to help a neighbor to sauce with it, another fair creature scouring her plate with her bread, a gallant courtier using his doublet or the tablecloth as a towel for his fingers and two footmen holding a yard of damask under a lady's chin while she emptied her goblet at a draft. During a feast of inordinate length it was sometimes necessary to substitute a clean cloth for the one which the carelessness or bad manners of the guests had reduced to a deplorable condition. —"An Idler in Old France."

The Midget Snakes.

"I see by your paper," says a correspondent, "that you want to find a man who can tell a snake story with the sound of originality to it. Here it is: Nearly forty years ago in the woods of Indiana I captured three snakes, each less than three and one-fourth inches in length, a combined length of less than ten inches, a little longer and a little larger in the middle than an old fashioned wool darning needle. Although these snakes were so small they would crawl around with their heads up and dart out their tongues like larger snakes. I put these reptiles in an eight ounce bottle, and they had plenty of room to crawl around on the bottom of it without crowding. These were not the kind of snakes generally seen in bottles, but genuine snakes. Among those who saw them was a minister of the gospel, and he had not been taking anything to make him see snakes either." —Emporia Gazette.

The Pirates.

The Chicago News fails to name the hero of this story, but has it that the visitor to the home of a well known Hoosier State author found his three youngsters romping in the hallway.

"What are you playing, boys?" he inquired.

"We are playing pirates," elucidated the smallest.

"Pirates? Why, how can you play pirates in Indiana? There are no seas bordering on this state."

"Oh, we don't need any seas. We are literary pirates, like pa."

And five minutes later a chorus of yells from behind the barn told that the hand that wields the pen can also wield the shingle.

Outside of His Practice.

"All that is the matter with you, sir," said the eminent physician after a thorough examination, "is lack of nutrition. You don't eat enough."

"I eat all I can hold, doctor," said the attenuated caller.

"Then you need to have your capacity enlarged, and that's a case for a surgeon. Five dollars, please. Good morning." —Chicago Tribune.

Overstudy.

Books are pleasant, but if by being overstudious we impair our health and spoil our good humor, two of the best pieces we have, let us give it over. I, for my part, am one of those who think that no fruit derived from them can recompense so great a loss. —Montaigne.

She Was Safe.

Little four-year-old Mabel was running downhill, holding her dress tight.

"Be careful," called her mother, "or you will fall."

"Oh, no, I won't," replied Mabel, "cause I'm holding tight to myself."

Not What He Meant.

Physician—Have you any aches or pains this morning? Patient—Yes, doctor; it hurts me to breathe—in fact, the only trouble now seems to be with my breath. Physician—All right. I'll give you something that will soon stop that!

Forbearance.

Bacon—Did you ever have any desire to go on the stage? Egbert—Oh, yes; only last week I did. Oh, the actor was vile! But I contented myself with shying an egg at him. —Yonkers Statesman.

I never listen to calumnies, because if they are untrue I run the risk of being deceived and if they are true of hating people not worth thinking about. —Montesquieu.

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