

DEATHS.

James Harris Holmes, an old veteran and one of the well known men of Centre county, died at his home in State College. He took sick while attending the annual reunion of the Centre County Veteran club, on the Bellefonte fair grounds in September, and had since been confined to the house most of the time.

He was born near Jacksonville, and was a little past seventy-seven years of age. Prior to the Civil War he engaged in farming, but at the opening of hostilities he enlisted under Captain Snyder in Company D, Fifty-first regt. P. V. Early in the history of State College he invested in real estate and at the time of his death owned one of the finest business blocks in that borough. Nine children survive, viz.: Dr. Edwin Holmes, of Harrisburg; J. Laird, Irwin, James and Hamill, of State College; Mrs. Emily Martin, of Pittsburg; Mrs. Mary Deal, of State College, and Miss Mabel, at home. He also leaves one brother, John, of Howard.

The death of Sidney Theodore Muffley occurred at his home in Philadelphia. He was born in Centre county, December 3, 1840, and spent the early years of his life in his native county. When the War of the Rebellion began he enlisted in the Tenth Pennsylvania regiment but was later transferred to the 184th. He was taken prisoner during the war and served a term in Libby prison. Mr. Muffley was engaged in the work of chemist and assayer during recent years, and was the inventor of a process which had for its object the liquidizing of metals, and which will doubtless entirely supersede the old process of smelting. His remains were interred at Annapolis, Maryland.

The village of Aaronsburg lost one of its oldest and best known citizens in the death of Thomas Frank. He had been in feeble health for months and his death was the natural result of the wearing out of his once strong constitution. He was born at Aaronsburg and was seventy-five years, ten months and two days old. For many years he kept the old hotel at Aaronsburg, and was widely known for his hospitality. For a number of years past he had lived a retired life. His wife died only a few weeks ago, but surviving him are one son, Edward, in North Dakota, and a daughter, Mrs. James Breen, of Aaronsburg.

A man by name of Isaac Horner, who said his home had been at North Georgetown, Columbia county, Ohio, came to the home of Isaac Orndorf, at Woodward. He was invited to stay and after dinner while sitting on a chair was stricken with paralysis and died instantly. Deceased was born in Union county but had lived in Ohio during the past seventy-four years. His age was eighty-six years. Funeral services were held Sunday forenoon a week, and interment was made at Woodward.

Mrs. John Biddle died at her home at Buffalo Run, after being confined to bed but ten days from a general breaking down of her system. She was aged seventy-five years and ten months. She was the second wife of John Biddle, who survives her. She also leaves one brother, Jeremiah Way, of Stormstown, and two sisters, Mrs. Malinda Allen, of Ohio, and Mrs. Sarah Smith, of Unionville.

William A. Crist, who up until a few months ago was general manager for the Berwind-White Coal Mining Company, died of heart disease at his home in Johnstown. He was born in Clinton county, but when a young man located at Osceola Mills, this county, where he became interested in coal mining learning the work in every detail. His widow survives.

Miss Emma Johnson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Johnson, died at their home at Eagleville, as the result of an operation for appendicitis. She was aged only sixteen years and her untimely death has cast a gloom over her large circle of friends. Surviving are her parents and two sisters, Bertha and Martha.

David Johnston, a native of Centre county, died at his home in Stroudsburg of heart disease. He was aged sixty-three years, and was born at Stormstown. His wife died thirteen years ago, but three children survive; also two brothers, one being Collins Johnston, of Bellefonte.

Mary Agie, the three-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Williams, of Boudsburg, died Wednesday of last week of pneumonia. Besides her parents two brothers survive.

Red Cross Christmas Stamps are on sale at this office. All for charity.

Tablets, all sizes, at the Reporter office.

THE WHEATFIELD.

Where the Billowing Golden Waves Stretch From Sky to Sky.

Take a look at the wheatfield that has been brought up to perfection as it stands, yellow as gold, with the sheen of the sea, billowing from sky line to sky line like an ocean of gold, where the wind touches the rippling wave crests with the tread of inviolable feet. In California, in Oregon, in Washington, in Dakota, in the Canadian northwest, you may ride all day on horseback through the wheatfields without a break in the flow of yellow heavy headed grain—no fence lines, no meadow lands, no shade trees, no knobs and knolls and hills and hollows of grass or black earth through. From dawn till dark, from sunrise, in a burst of fiery splendor over the prairie horizon, to sundown, when the crimson tinge hangs like a huge shield of blood in the haze of a heat twilight, you may ride with naught to break the view between you and the horizon but wheat—wheat. It is like the gold fields. It goes to your head. You grow dizzy looking at it. You rub your eyes. Is it a mirage? The billowing yellow waves seem to be breasting the very sky. You look up. The sky is there all right with the black mote of a meadow lark sailing the azure sea. He drops liquid notes of sheer mellow music down on your head, does that meadow lark, and that gives you back your perspective, your sense of amazing reality. You are literally, absolutely, really, in the midst of a sea of living gold. It is you and not the lark that is the mote. You begin to feel as if your special note might be a beam that would get lost in infinity if you stayed there long, and so you ride on and on, and some more on, and by and by come out of the league long, fenceless fields with an odor in your nostrils that isn't exactly like incense—it's too fugitive, too fine, too subliminal of earth. It is aromatic, a sort of attar of roses, the imprisoned fragrance of the billions upon billions of wheat flowers shut up in the glumes of the heavy headed grain there. And that's the odor of the wheat.—Agnes C. Laut in Outing Magazine.

A CHINESE STORY.

The Way a Mandarin's Wise Wife Decided a Baby Case.

Two women came before a mandarin in China, each of them protesting that she was the mother of a little child they had brought with them. They were so eager and so positive that the mandarin was sorely puzzled. He retired to consult with his wife, who was a wise and clever woman, whose opinion was held in great repute in the neighborhood. She requested five minutes in which to deliberate. At the end of that time she spoke, "Let the servants catch me a large fish in the river, and let it be brought here alive." This was done. "Bring me now the infant," she said, "but leave the two women in the outer chamber." This was done too. Then the mandarin's wife caused the baby to be undressed and its clothes to be put on the fish. "Carry the creature outside now and throw it into the river in the sight of the two women." The servant obeyed her orders, flinging the fish into the water, where it rolled about and struggled, disgusted no doubt by the wrappings in which it was swaddled. Without a moment's pause one of the women threw herself into the river with a shriek. She must save her drowning child. "Without doubt she is the true mother," she declared, and the mandarin's wife commanded that she should be rescued and the child given to her. And the mandarin nodded his head and thought his wife the wisest woman in the Flowery Kingdom. Meanwhile the false woman crept away. She was found out in her imposture, and the mandarin's wife forgot all about her in the occupation of donating the little baby in the best style she could find in her wardrobe.—Bystander.

White and Red Wines. White and red wines owe their difference to the fact that, while the former is permitted to ferment without the grape skins, these are allowed to remain in the case of the latter. The color of the grapes makes no difference whatever to the color of the wine which they produce, for the juice of all grapes is as nearly as possible colorless. For instance, the grape which yields champagne is almost black in outward appearance.

Over the Telephone. "Is this Dr. Smith?" "Yes." "Well, this is Mrs. Jones. I wish you would come over as soon as convenient. My cuckoo clock has a little throat trouble."—Harper's Weekly.

His Mentor. From the time a boy sits under a street corner electric light playing with toads until he is blind and toothless he has to account to some woman why he didn't come home earlier.—Atchison Globe.

Not Like His Parent. "Do you think Mr. Skinnum's baby will take after its father?" "Not at all. The other day they persuaded it to cough up a nickel it had swallowed."—Exchange.

Doing Good Service. Bill—Is that watch your father gave you ten years ago still doing good service? Jill—Yes. I pawned it again today for the twentieth time.—London Opinion.

It never occurs to fools that merit and good fortune are closely united.—Goethe.

Advertise in the Reporter.

THE GAMING PASSION

Incidents In Actual Life That Outstrip Fiction.

A COLD BLOODED MONARCH.

Louis XV. and the Dead Man at the Card Table—A Woman Who Gambled on Her Deathbed—Lord Denison's Play While His Bride Waited at the Altar.

If the full story of the card table could be written it would surely be the most startling revelation of human cupidity ever published, and almost every page of it would be marked by some incident which would outstrip fiction.

When Louis XV. was at the card table the fascination of the game made him absolutely dead to all externals and even to decency and humanity. On one occasion when he was playing for heavy stakes one of his opponents, overcome by excitement, collapsed in his chair in a fit of apoplexy. His majesty affected to ignore the incident until some one exclaimed, "M. de Chauvelin is ill!" "Ill?" retorted the king, casting a careless glance at the stricken man; "he is dead. Take him away. Spades are trumps, gentlemen!"

Equally weird is a story Goldsmith tells. When the clergyman arrived to prepare a lady parishioner who had a passion for gambling for her approaching death the lady after listening for a short time to his exhortation exclaimed: "That's enough! Now let us have a game of cards." To humor her the parson consented to play. The dying woman won all his money and had just suggested playing for her funeral fee when she fell back and expired.

In the early years of last century a whist club composed largely of clergymen used to meet in the back room of a barber's shop in a Somersetshire town. On one occasion, so the story runs, when four of the club members were acting as pallbearers at the funeral of a reverend brother, some delay occurred, and the coffin was set down in the chancel. One of them produced a pack of cards and suggested a rubber. The coffin served the purpose of a table, and the players were deeply immersed in the game when the sexton arrived to announce that everything was at last ready.

Mazarin's passion for gambling was so strong even in death that he played cards to the very end, when he was so weak that they had to be held for him, and the "merry monarch" spent his last Sunday on earth playing at basset round a large table with his great courtiers and other dissolute persons and with a bank of at least £2,000 before him.

The curious fascination cards possess for their devotees is illustrated by the following story of Lord Granville, at the time ambassador to France. One afternoon when he was about to return to Paris he repaired to Graham's to have a farewell game of whist, ordering his carriage to be at the door at 4. When it arrived he was much too deep in the game to be disturbed. At 10 o'clock he sent out to say that he was not ready and that the horses had better be changed. Six hours later the same message was sent out, and twice more the waiting horses were changed before he consented to leave the table after losing £10,000.

An equally remarkable story is told of George Payne, the great turf plunger of seventy years ago. On one occasion he sat down at Limmer's hotel to play cards with Lord Albert Denison, later the first Lord Londesborough. Hour after hour passed. The game proceeded all through the night and long after day dawned, and it was not until an urgent message came to tell Lord Albert that his bride was waiting for him at the altar of St. George's, Hanover square, that the cards were at last flung down. It was Lord Albert's wedding day, and he met his bride £30,000 poorer than when he left her on the previous day.

"One of the most romantic of gambling stories is told by Mr. Threlton-Dyer of a plainly dressed stranger who once took his seat at a faro table and after an extraordinary run of luck succeeded in breaking the bank. "Heavens," exclaimed an old, infirm Austrian officer who had sat next to the stranger, "the twentieth part of your gains would make me the happiest man in the world!" "You shall have it, then," answered the stranger as he left the room.

A servant speedily returned and presented the officer with the twentieth part of the bank, adding, "My master, sir, requires no answer." The successful stranger was soon discovered to be the king of Prussia in disguise.

The most costly game of cards on record was probably that in which the late George McCulloch, chairman of the Broken Hill Proprietary company, once took part. A syndicate of seven had been formed to finance the famous Broken Hill silver mine, and Mr. McCulloch was one of the seven. One day, while sitting in a shanty at the foot of the hill, McCulloch offered a fourteenth share in the mine to a young man named Cox for £200.

Cox would only offer £120, and after much haggling it was decided to settle the dispute by a game of euchre. If Cox proved the winner he was to have the share for £120. If he lost he was to pay £180 for it. He won and for the absurd sum of £120 became owner of the share which a few years later was valued at £1,250,000.—London Tit-Bits.

The beginning of excellence is to be free from error.—Quintilian.

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Bulletin

THE STEEL COACH—A TRAVEL SAFEGUARD

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