

A MEMORY OF THE PAST.

The Unalloyed Joy That Came With the Little Red Scarf.
"I was wandering the other day what one thing had given me the most pleasure in the world," said the village deacon. "I had to go back a long ways—clear back into the blessed Santa Claus days—but I recalled it. It was a scarf I found in my stocking one bright Christmas morning. I got a red one, and my brother got a blue one. I was a mighty proud boy that morning as I trudged downtown with that red scarf around my neck. I wore it every day until the birds began to sing in the springtime and the kids were hunting up their marbles. I don't now remember who gave it to me nor what became of it, but I do know that the memory of it still clings like a benediction.
"Since the days of that little red scarf I have had things of far more intrinsic value. I have worn lodge emblems of high degree; I have had a gold watch and chain; I once had a pair of shoes that cost \$5 and a necktie that cost twice as much as the little red scarf. Nay, more, I once tackled a plug hat. But among these things do I recall none that gave me such genuine and unalloyed pleasure, such a swelled up feeling, as did that little red scarf way back in the days when the wolf sat out in the road and howled. 'Tis the little red scarf days that stir the memory with 'it might have been.'—Osborn (Kan.) Farmer.

PLAIN JOHN SMITH.

How His Name Changes in Various Parts of the World.
John Smith—plain John Smith—is not very high sounding; it does not suggest aristocracy; it is not the name of any hero in die away novels, and yet it is good, strong and honest. Transferred to other languages, it seems to climb the ladder of respectability. Thus in Latin it is Johannes Smithus; the Italian smooths it off into Giovanni Smith; the Spaniards render it Juan Smith; the Dutchman adopts it as Hans Schmidt; the French flatten it out into Jean Smeed, and the Russian sneezes and barks Jionoff Smit-towski. When John Smith gets into the tea trade in Canton he becomes Jovan Shimmit; if he clambers about Mount Hecla, the Icelanders say he is Jahne Smithson; if he trades among the Tuscaroras he becomes Toh Qa Smitita; in Poland he is known as Iran Schmittwieski; should he wander among the Welsh mountains they talk of Jihon Schmid; when he goes to Mexico he is booked as Jontill F'Smitti; if of classic turn and he lingers among Greek ruins he turns to Ion Smitkon, and in Turkey he is utterly disguised as Yoe Seef.—Phrenological Journal.

Mystery of a Cookbook.

Somebody mentioned cookbooks. "It takes a good deal to make me wonder," said the publisher, "but I received a jolt in the culinary line the other day that set me thinking. In looking over the manuscript of a cookbook that had been submitted for our approval I was struck by this introduction to many of the recipes, 'Good for boarding house table.'
"Now, why that discrimination? Isn't anything that is good enough for a boarding house table good enough for any other table, and isn't anything that is good enough for any other table good enough for a boarding house table? Judging by the way those particular recipes read, they may result in some rather tasty dishes. Then why limit them to boarding houses?"—New York Globe.

His Successor.

Shortly after the death of one of England's greatest poets a devoted admirer of his visited the little Westmorland villages where the poet had lived and died to gaze reverently at his house, the little church and at some of his favorite haunts where some of his immortal poems were composed.
Seeing an old man a native of the village, the stranger entered into conversation with him, remarking sadly on the death of the poet, to which the old man answered kindly and encouragingly:
"Aye, aye, still I mak' na doobt but 't' wife 'll carry the bizness on."

Brief and Pithy.

An American law journal has quoted the charge to a jury delivered by a certain Judge Donovan as the shortest on record. The judge said:
"Gentlemen of the jury, if you believe the plaintiff find a verdict for plaintiff and fix the amount. If you believe the defendant find a verdict for defendant. Follow the officer."
But an English periodical caps this brief charge by quoting a shorter one delivered by Commissioner Kerr. He said to a jury:
"That man says prisoner robbed him. The prisoner says he didn't. You settle it."

Plagiarism.

At the literary club a sympathetic crowd surrounded the humorist, whose house had been robbed.
"They cleaned out everything," said the man—"everything, but, thank goodness, they didn't swipe from my desk the manuscript column of jokes for next week's paper."
"Perhaps they knew," suggested a sonneteer cynically, "that the jokes had already been swiped."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Liberality.

Little Jimmie, who had just received a box of mixed candy, passed it around to treat the family, saying: "Help yourself to all the chocolates you want. I don't like them."—Exchange.

Advertisements in the Reporter.

BRASS HORNS.

The Way the Thin, Seamless Tubes Are Bent Without Injury.
Saxhorns, so called after a famous Belgian family named Sax, who invented and introduced these instruments about the middle of the last century, are the mainstay of all modern brass bands. They are manufactured in many different sizes, from high soprano to the huge contrabass or bombardon, and the most important of the lot is the euphonium, which supplanted the now obsolete "serpents" and ophicleides. The tallest saxhorn ever made stands eight feet high and contains more than forty feet of tubing.
The advantage of seamless or "solid drawn" tubes for such instruments as trombones and horns is considerable, since, no matter how good the join may be, sooner or later the action of the breath will wear away the solder.
To bend these thin brass tubes without splitting or denting the metal was at one time very difficult, but, thanks to a most ingenious artifice, the operation is now both safe and simple. The tube is first washed out with a chemical substance, such as is used by plumbers to prevent solder from adhering where it is not wanted, and it is then completely filled with molten lead poured in from a ladle. Thus supported from within, the brass is easily and safely bent to the required shape, the lead being afterward removed by heat.—Pearson's.

A CURIOUS WORD.

Twists That May Be Given to "Ba" in the Chinese Language.
In the Chinese language the same word may be given several different meanings by the modulation of the voice. The same thing may happen to the English "Yes," which may be pronounced so as to mean "I assent to that," or "I am doubtful," or "Indeed?"
An eminent authority on philology gives an amusing illustration of these modulations in the Annamitic language, a monosyllabic tongue spoken by the people of Tonquin and Cochinchina.
In this language the syllable "ba" pronounced with a grave accent means a lady, an ancestor. Pronounced with the sharp accent, it means the favorite of a prince. Pronounced with the semi-grave accent, it means what has been thrown away. Pronounced with the grave circumflex, it means what has been left of a fruit after the juice has been squeezed out. Pronounced with no accent, it means three. Pronounced with the ascending or interrogatory accent, it means a box on the ears.
Thus the word "ba," in the order given above, is said to mean, if properly pronounced, "Three ladies gave a box on the ear to the favorite of the prince."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Two Previous.

A Richmond woman has in her employ a little dandy, Miss Cole. One day Miss Cole became confidential and told his mistress he was "goin' to the cemetery next Sunday."
"But, Miss, that's a long walk. You know it is more than five miles."
"Oh, missus, I ain't goin' to walk. I's goin' to ride."
"How is that, Miss?"
"I's goin' in a kerriage 't' my uncle's funeral."
All day Saturday Miss Cole could talk of nothing but the approaching affair. Sunday his mistress excused him, and she expected that on Monday she would be regaled with a full account of the funeral. But Miss Cole turned up with a most melancholy face. In answer to her inquiry he said:
"I didn't go, missus. He ain't dead yet."—New York Herald.

Decay of Building Stones.

The causes of decay in building stones are various and depend on the physical structure of the stone, its composition and the nature of the surrounding atmosphere. The most destructive agent to which the stone is exposed is rain or a moist atmosphere and also in a minor degree wind, frost and smoke. The air of large towns is usually charged with various deleterious acids. These acids are dissolved by the rain, which penetrates the stone in a greater or less degree, according to its physical structure, and combines with the constituents of the stone, causing it to decay, so that any contrivance that will check the admission of water will be most likely to succeed in arresting decay.—Building World.

Cab Hire.

The price that one pays for a taxi today is just a little different from what was paid for, say, the hire of a sedan chair in days of old. In the domestic accounts of "Miss Nell Gwyn" we read: "For chairing you to Mrs. Knight's and to Mrs. Cassell's and to Mrs. Churchill's and to Mrs. Knight's, 4 shillings. For chairing you yesterday and waiting eleven hours, 11 shillings 6 pence. Paid 13th Oct., 1675."—London Chronicle.

A Golfer's Tools.

One of the most striking features of modern golf is the variety of clubs used to persuade the ball into the hole. As a matter of curiosity I kept count of the different putters used by my partners and opponents in the course of a fortnight's play. The total number of species observed is over twenty.—London Post.

Diplomacy.

"Do you expect people to believe everything you tell them?" asked the constituent.
"Certainly," answered Senator Sorghum, "so long as I am careful not to tell them everything I believe."—Washington Star.

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A LINGUISTIC ESCAPE.

When Henry W. Longfellow Shocked Intellectual Boston.
In the original impression of Longfellow's poem of "Hiawatha" there were found in the seventh book the three lines following:
Straight into the river Kwaisind
Plunged as if he were an otter,
Dove as if he were a beaver.
How this offending preterit passed the proofreader without protest is one of those mysteries which have never been revealed. But the form certainly made its appearance and can still be found in copies of the poem which were regularly published and sold. Boston never received such a shock since the days when Fenimore Cooper insisted that it was only in the middle states that the English language was spoken in its purity. But that attack came from an outsider. Here the offender was of her own household, was, in fact, her favorite son. What means of suppression were resorted to will probably never be disclosed. A mysterious reticence has always been preserved in regard to this linguistic escapade. The biographers of Longfellow appear to be silent upon the subject. Measures of some sort must, however, have been taken at once. "Dove" was expunged, and the decorous "dived" assumed its place, and the whole transaction was so completely hushed up that no public scandal was created. Let him who possesses a copy of that first impression continue to cherish it. Whatever may be its worth now, the time will come when it will reach the value of the virtuous woman of Scripture, and its price will be far above rubies.—Professor Thomas R. Lounsbury in Harper's Magazine.

THE PALACE WAITED.

A Suggestion That Changed the Plans of a Pope.
At a time when there was great suffering among the people from lack of food and when famine in its worst form was threatening Pope Alexander VI had made arrangements for the erection of a magnificent palace. The best architects had been employed, and the plans had been submitted and accepted, and an accomplished builder had been sent for to come from Venice, a man whose work had won for him renown and who was known to be a just and upright man.
The builder had arrived, and at an appointed time he walked upon his holiness to receive the plans and make his estimates. "There is one thing yet to be done," said the pope. "There has been no proper inscription or legend thought of to be placed over the main entrance of the palace. It should be put above the great gate. You have had experience. Do you think of an inscription that would be appropriate?"
"If your holiness would pardon me a most appropriate at this time."
"You are pardoned in advance," said the pope, smiling. "Now, what shall it be?"
"Sovereign pontiff, let it be thus: 'Command that these stones be made bread!'"
The pope was visibly and deeply affected. He paid the builder munificently for his expenses of coming and going, and instead of building his palace he fed the hungry ones of his children.
Poverty Has Its Advantages.
A man on the wane of life observes that poverty has advantages and adversity its uses. If you are poor you can wear out your old clothes. You are excused from calls. You are not troubled with many visitors. Bored do not disturb you. Spongers do not haunt your tables. Brass bands do not serenade you. No one thinks of presenting you with a testimonial. No store-keeper irritates you by asking you, "Is there anything I can do for you?" Begging letter writers do not bother you. Flatterers do not flatter you. You are saved many debts and many a deception. And, lastly, if you have a true friend in the world you are sure to know it in a short space of time by him not deserting you.—Huntsville (Tex.) Post-Item.

The Origin of a Miserable Joke.

Confucius had just met William Penn at one of Cleopatra's 5 o'clock teas.
"William Penn?" he said. "William Penn? Seems to me I have heard of you, sir."
"Yes," said Penn, with a pleased smile. "I am the man who was night-liner than the sword."
"Ah, yes," said Confucius. "You are also the man who invented sleep, are you not?"
"No," said Penn; "I founded Philadelphia."
"Oh, yes," said Confucius. "I knew it was something of that kind."—Success Magazine.

The Important Item.

He—Here is a thrilling account of the way in which that daring woman climbed to the top of a mountain which is five miles high. Wonderful, isn't it? She—Yes. What did she wear?—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Well Bred.

"Do you speak the truth?"
"Not always."
"Why not always?"
"I hate to be impolite."—Nashville American.

Generous.

"My husband is the most unselfish of men!" exclaimed Mrs. Youngwife. "I gave him a whole box of cigars, and he only smoked one and gave all the rest away."
Paradise is for those who control their anger.—Koran.
Read the Reporter.

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