

LOCALS

The first day of spring was a most beautiful one.

C. P. Long, of Spring Mills, advertised auction. See elsewhere in this issue.

George Michaels will move to the Alexander McCoy farm, at Potters Mills, from near State College.

How could potatoes see to grow if they didn't have one or more eyes under ground?

Miss Eliza M. Moore has gone to State College for a visit. She had been in Centre Hall nearly all winter.

Mrs. A. E. Person, of Phillipsburg, New Jersey, arrived in Centre Hall last week for a short stay. Mr. and Mrs. Person are now keeping house.

D. R. Sweetwood and J. Frank Bible went to Illinois, Tuesday, the former returning to her home, and the latter to work on a farm near Symerton.

Messrs. R. U. Bitner and George S. Weaver, both of Spring Mills, were callers Tuesday morning, having come to town the beginning of spring to transact business.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Baney, of Penn Hall, and Miss Rosie Kretzer, of Old Fort, attended the funeral of a little son of Mr. and Mrs. John Baney, at Howard, last week.

By the provision of the will of the late Miss Lizzie Snyder, the Reformed church of Centre Hall becomes the owner of the Snyder dwelling house in Centre Hall, the value of which is about \$1000. Abner Alexander and Mrs. Elmer E. Royer are also beneficiaries under the same will, as are also a number of relatives.

The handsome residence located on the corner of High and Spring streets, Bellefonte, known as the Thomas R. Reynolds property and occupied by Emil Joseph, was sold to Mrs. J. Y. Dale, of Lemont, and her son, Dr. David Dale, of Bellefonte, who will make that their future home. The price paid is said to have been \$10,000.

This is the last issue in March and the Reporter suggests that each subscriber take a glance at the label on the paper with a view of ascertaining to what date subscription has been paid. If you are paid in advance it will make you feel good to know it, and if in arrears, it will have the same effect on the Reporter if a check is sent at once.

James A. Keller, accompanied by his son-in-law, Frank M. Fisher, of Penn Hall, drove to town Monday, and while here made a visit to Penna Valley Bank, in which institution he is interested. Mr. Keller is now making his home at Penn Hall instead of Centre Hall, having made the change the first of the year, and his Monday's trip was but the second time he was in town since.

Messrs. Potter and Crawford, of the Potter-Hoy Hardware Company, of Bellefonte, accompanied by the latter's daughter, Miss Grace, were in Centre Hall Saturday afternoon and evening. Their stay was prolonged somewhat by an accident to the auto in which they were traveling, but a second machine was telephoned for and the trip over the mountain was made with safety.

In an effort to avoid passing an automobile, Mrs. James Spicher, of Cresson, and Mrs. H. J. Lambert, of Centre Hall, urged the horse they were driving Sunday as they rounded the turn near the Old Fort and in so doing the speed caused the vehicle to overturn, throwing the occupants out but inflicting no injury, and greatly damaging the buggy. The horse was captured, hitched to another buggy, and the journey to Colyer continued.

Mrs. George Zeigler, of Farnville, Virginia, after visiting her cousin, John F. Zeigler and Mrs. Alice S. Bartsch, at Altoona, is spending a few weeks among relatives in this county, among them being her husband's brother, John W. Zeigler, of Rebersburg; E. H. Zeigler, of Madisonburg; Johnathan Krape, of Aaronburg; Mrs. C. R. Neff and Mrs. S. A. Krape, of Centre Hall. Mrs. Zeigler is a typical lady of the "Old Dominion" state, in speech and manner exemplifying the spirit and refinement of the Southern people. Her stories and anecdotes of the natives are quite interesting. This is her first visit to Pennsylvania but her impressions of the people and beautiful homes and farms seen in this valley are very favorable.

All the children of the late John Spicher attended the funeral, and it was the first time they had all been together for a number of years. The sons are variously engaged, two of them—Korman and Calvin G.—being in the mail service, the former in Philadelphia and the latter in Wilkingsburg; Charles F., is in Anderson, Indiana, and is employed in a large wire mill, and James, a railroad engineer, is located at Cresson. None of the sons, it will be seen, followed the vocation of the father. Robert W. Zerby, a son-in-law, and children accompanied Mrs. Zerby on the sad mission, and Mrs. James Spicher and children also accompanied Mr. Spicher. The children and grand-children all remained over Sunday.

Aaronburg.

Mrs. Clark Herman returned to her home at State College, after a few days' visit with her brother, A. S. Stover, and family.

Miss Eva Meyer, of Philadelphia, and Dr. D. K. Musser, of Bellefonte, spent the Sabbath at the home of Dr. A. S. Musser and family.

Harry Bower and wife, Fred Stover, Misses Sara Guisevite and Josephine Edmunds spent the Sabbath at the Bressler home, near Madisonburg.

Herbert Hosterman and family, of Buffalo, N. Y., are the guests of Mrs. Hosterman's parents. Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Mingle, until the first of April, when they will move to State College.

Misses Tammie Stover and Sallie Weaver spent a day last week at the home of Joe Meyer, at Millheim.

Thomas Hull visited his sister in Williamsport, a few days last week.

Ebon Bower and Miss Ethel Stover, of Bellefonte, visited his parents, Merchant and Mrs. E. A. Bower, over Sunday.

Miss Jennie Gramley spent a day last week with friends at Coburn.

Frank Rupp, of New York City, is visiting his sisters and brother and helping to get the household goods ready for the sale, Saturday.

John P. Condo and family have moved to York. They will be missed by their friends here.

Mr. and Mrs. Herjman Jackson, of Madisonburg, were guests of John Durt on Sunday.

Spring Mills

Harry Corman, of Cresson, spent a few days with friends in this place.

Lester Condo left on Monday for Vicksburg, where he will spend the summer with his uncle, Mr. Kleckner.

D. W. Corman, east of town, sold his gray team to William Heckman, of Penn Hall.

Samuel Long, of near Farmers Mills, expects to move to town today (Thursday).

Mrs. James Hanna, mother of Mrs. C. E. Royer, has been seriously ill ever since the funeral of her brother, Samuel Leltzel.

This town was well represented at the sales of Samuel Long and Win. Stover.

James Leltzel, Jr., and family moved to Barber, Union county, on Tuesday.

James Houser moved from the Snyder farm to the Burrell farm last Thursday. The farm he now occupies was purchased from the Burrell estate.

Samuel Condo made a business trip to Howard last week.

Mrs. G. W. Wolf is now in the Eastern cities purchasing her millinery goods for spring and summer.

Woodward.

Samuel Orndorf, wife and daughter Edna, of Madisonburg, spent a few days with the former's mother, Mrs. Wise.

Among those on the sick list are: S. M. Mo'z, Mrs. Adam Sheeley and Emory Odom.

Clayton Boob and family, of Millburg, spent Sunday at the J. L. Kreamer home.

Mr. Kennelly, of Spring Mills, is visiting his daughter, Mrs. Adam Sheeley, who had been quite ill last week.

Charles Wolfe and wife and Miss Stella Stem, of Aaronburg, visited James Von Neida's on Sunday.

Mrs. W. P. Ard had business in Coburn on Monday.

Irvin Smith and family were Sunday visitors at the home of James Von Neida.

Miss Edna Wolfe is suffering from the mumps.

Herbert Hosterman, wife and baby Isabel arrived from Buffalo, N. Y., last week. April 1st they will go to State College, where they have bought a restaurant.

C. W. Hosterman is visiting his son, Wesley, at Conemaugh.

Georges Valley.

F. W. Zettle lost a valuable horse last Wednesday. One of W. T. Lingle's horses died the same day.

F. W. McClellan and three children spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. James Foust.

J. C. Barger, who is employed at Lock Haven, spent a few days with his family here.

Miss Abbie Barger, of State College, is home for a few weeks.

Miss Mae Zettle spent Sunday with her friend, Miss Gertrude Lingle.

W. W. Krisher has moved from the H. I. Foust property to the Auman property, in the mountains. C. J. Ripka will move into the house vacated by Mr. Krisher.

A number of people in the valley are suffering from the grip.

Mrs. D. C. Lingle spent Sunday with Mrs. J. T. H. Foust.

E. W. Zettle dined at the M. Y. Barger home on Sunday.

The April Delineator marks another step in the progress of the foremost of women's magazines. In enlarged form, sumptuously illustrated, it offers a fascinating table of contents. Commander Robert E. Peary, U. S. N., describes "The Most Dramatic Event of My Life," and William Estabrook Chancellor considers the question, "Where Shall We Live?"

Common sense doesn't mix very well with a love affair.

WEBSTER AND CHOATE.

The Latter a Rapid Fire Maxim, the Former a Thirteen Inch Gun.

"Probably no educational institution in our country has ever graduated two more eminent and eloquent lawyers than old Dartmouth college gave us in Daniel Webster and Rufus Choate," says a writer in Our Dumb Animals.

"It was my privilege as a member of the Suffolk bar to attend many years ago the trial of one of the most important cases of the year in our supreme judicial court at Boston.

"On the two sides were arrayed some half a dozen of our most eminent lawyers. Daniel Webster and Rufus Choate, as it happened, were on the same side.

"A hostile witness was put on by the other side, some of whose evidence was of the utmost importance to Webster and Choate, if it could be obtained, and Choate undertook the task of obtaining it. No man at our bar had more profound skill in cross examination, and the questions he put to the witness were like the fire of a Maxim gun, but in every instance he failed to get the evidence he wanted and finally sat down in despair.

"Then Webster, who had been sitting in his great armchair, apparently about half asleep, as though taking no interest in the case whatever, slowly arose to his feet, put his great eyes on the hostile witness, asked him in the most serious tone a single question and brought instantly the required answer. Then as quietly he sat down and apparently went about half asleep again. It was a scene photographed on my mind, never to be forgotten.

"The difference between Webster and Choate cannot better be explained as it rests in my mind than to compare Choate to a Maxim gun raining bullets of eloquence wherever he chose and Webster to a great gun that can send out a thirteen inch shell to penetrate an ironclad.

"It was wonderful to listen to Choate. I remember a case in which an ordinary lawyer would have simply said to the court that he moved a postponement of the case because witness So-and-so was sick, but in this case Choate arose and commenced by saying that his important witness was on a bed of sickness and perhaps a bed of death and so went whirling up almost to the skies on this simple motion, to the great interest of everybody that heard him.

"Our old chief justice, Judge Shaw, one of the greatest lawyers of his time, was a plain, practical man, and looked in his old age as he sat on the bench somewhat like a Chinese idol, and he used to frequently cut off Mr. Choate's eloquence by calling him back to the plain facts."

The Reconciliation.

The doctor was soon at the child's bedside. Remedies were administered; then the agonized pair watched the fight for life—skill and vitality on one side, fierce disease on the other. When at last the struggle ceased, the gray dawn of day was looking in at the window. Life had won. The child slept.

"She is all right now," said the doctor, shaking the man's hand, which had gripped his, and feeling his heart grow warm under the look of mute gratitude the woman turned upon him.

When he had gone the two stood side by side at the baby's crib, listening to her regular breathing. Then, with one accord, they turned and kissed each other. And in that kiss the icy barrier between them melted away. —Atlanta Constitution.

The French Guide is a Public Pest.

Paris has produced a species which is the lowest embodiment of sentient being. It is the "guide." The guide is an evolutionary "throwback," a reversion to type. You must go deep into the muck heap whence the race has risen to find his prototype—back of the ape, back of the tiger, back of the snouting hog, though he partakes of the nature of all of these, to the dim ages when nameless troglodytes treaded in cold lethargy the primordial slime. Somewhere in that category belongs the Paris guide. Intermittently these ghosts of dead decencies squeak and gibber in the streets of the city.—Collier's.

A Long Spell of Duty.

A Scotsman had come to London on his way to India and for a few days had time to amuse himself by slight-seeing before his departure, says Oscar Ramsay in his "Reminiscences." He had been much struck with the appearance of the mounted sentinels of the horse guards, Whitehall, and bore them in remembrance during his eastern sojourn. On his return after a period of thirty years, on passing the horse guards, he looked up to one, and seeing him, as he thought, unchanged as to horse, position and accouterments, he exclaimed, "Ood, freend, ye hae had a lang spell on't sin' I left."

Mutual Surprise.

They stood beneath the mistletoe. She was justly resentful of what he had done.

"How dare you kiss me?" she exclaimed. "I never was so surprised in all my life!"

"Neither was I," he replied contritely. "I thought it was your younger sister." —Chicago Post.

Forbidden Fruit.

"Your luncheons are always so successful, Mrs. Penrhyn-Paget. Do tell me how you select your menus."

"Oh, you see, the doctor has given me a printed list of things I mustn't eat, and I choose the dishes from that." —Woman's Home Companion.

A kindness done to the good is never lost.—Plautus.

Read the Reporter.

SOOTHING THE WAVES.

Oiling the Waters When the Seas Are Running High.

When the captain of a wave beaten ship pours oil upon the waters he does not empty a barrel of kerosene over the side. He has somebody stitch up three or four cotton bags, which he fills first with oakum and then with oil, usually equal parts of fish oil and kerosene. The bags are then tied tightly at the tops and pricked all over with a sail needle to permit the oil to exude and are hung from the boat davits and weather chains to drip their contents on the raging billows. The bags must not be allowed to get empty, but must be refilled every two hours. For six bags ten gallons of oil are used in thirty hours. Sometimes if it is very cold the oil congeals and will not run out through the holes fast enough, and the mouth of the bag is then loosened to let it escape in that way. Its effect is magical on a rough sea. A huge comb will arise, threatening to bury the laboring vessel under tons of water, but will strike a patch of oil no larger than a common dining table and subside in an instant into a smooth, round swell, which the ship rides like a cork.

The use of oil is also a valuable aid in wearing ship in a gale and high seas. A few gallons of paint oil over the lee quarter enable the vessel to perform the maneuver in perfect safety without taking a drop of water on board. When a boat ships so much water that it is impossible to get the oil bags slung in position without running the risk of being swept overboard an ordinary bed sheet saturated with paint oil tied to a rope and allowed to float will soon calm the seas sufficiently to permit men to move about the decks safely. Paint oil is agreed to be the best to use, rape seed oil and porpoise oil rank next, but kerosene is not satisfactory unless mixed with some other oil.—New York Press.

THE SUMMIT OF FUJI.

When Morning Breaks Over the Very Top of Japan.

Suddenly a spark, a flame and then a burst of fire, and, lo and behold, the rosy morning is awake once more on Fuji's pearly crest while Japan, below, is yet enveloped in the filmy mists of night.

The pilgrims fall on their knees and bow their heads to the ground in adoration, and with much fingering of rosaries the plaintive cadence of their prayers rises like a lamentation to the heavens above.

At Benares, the sainted city of the Hindoos, as the sun rises each morning across the holy Ganges the prayers of the bathing multitude are as the roaring of the sea. But even this, one of the greatest and most stirring religious spectacles of the world, is not more picturesque than that little band of pilgrims 'twixt heaven and earth, high up in the blue profound, on the very top of Japan, kneeling in praise before the great orb which is the emblem of their empire.

Never to have seen sunrise from the summit of Fuji is never to have really seen Japan.

The kindly nature which made this lovely land has surpassed all its other efforts in the lavish profusion with which it has scattered its favors around the sacred mountain. Rippling rills and roaring rivers, dancing cascades and thundering waterfalls, feathery woods and deep forests there are on every side, but of all these glories the most enchanting are the lakes which lie embosomed like flashing jewels among the hills.

Of them all Shoji and Motosu are the most beautiful, the latter excelling in the exquisite sapphire blue of its waters and its dainty, delicate beauty all other lakes in Japan and challenging comparison with the fairest waters of the world.—Herbert G. Ponting in Metropolitan Magazine.

Gestures.

"It will help actors in gesturing correctly," said a playwright, "to remember that all gesticulation is an inheritance from our simian ancestors. We show abhorrence best by the same movements with which we would repel a wet dog. We show affection by the movements with which we would receive a loved physical object. We move our heads from side to side to signify 'no' because that was the way our monkey ancestors avoided a proffered and undesirable morsel of food. We nod for 'yes' because that was the way our monkey forbears reached for an acceptable morsel."

A Hypocrite.

Little Willie—Say, pa, what is a hypocrite? Pa—a hypocrite, my son, is a man who publicly thanks the Lord for his success and then gets mad every time anybody insinuates that he isn't mainly responsible for it himself. —Chicago News.

Then He Went.

Mr. Sapphedee—Enthusiasm is a fine thing. Now, I am always being carried away by enthusiasm. Miss Cautique—Yes, but the trouble is it doesn't carry you far enough.—Philadelphia Record.

Letting the Cat Out.

"What would you do if papa should die, Charlie?" asked the father before a room full of company.

"Send away the ugly nurse girl and get the pitty one agin'!"—London Tit-Bits.

Safety Sandwiches.

Parson—Oh, Mrs. Hostess, how did you slice this meat in your sandwiches so evenly? Mrs. Hostess (delighted)—Oh, easily! We used my husband's safety razor.—Judge.

Advertisements in the Reporter.

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