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She Was a Bishop's Daughter

By DOROTHY BLACKMORE

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Alice Gregory and her husband were discussing their prospective guests for the ensuing week-end.

"There will be Tom and Grace," said Alice, beginning to enumerate by means of her pretty pointed fingers; "and Walter and Lucy. They shall have the two south rooms in the new wing."

"Are your guests all married couples?" asked her husband, with a creditable show of interest.

Mrs. Gregory gave him a withering glance. "Do I ever do anything so stupid?" she asked. "But—"

Her husband watched her wrinkle her brows and look seriously into space for a moment. "But—what, dear?" he asked.

"I'm afraid I've been just a little indiscreet this time in the selection of at least two guests," she confessed.

Jack Gregory laughed. "I can guess one—Edna Perry."

"Jack! How did you know? She's well, she's such an overgrown child, such an out-and-out tomboy for a girl who's been out two years that I tremble for the impression she may make on—well, on everybody," she finished.

"But—she's a bishop's daughter. That ought to cover a multitude of sins," Jack added, consolingly. "And who's the other?"

"Donald Moore. I am afraid it will be a little quiet here for him. He's so strenuous. I declare, Jack, I don't know what possessed me to ask him."

"For the polite reason that he's the minister's son and at home in his father's parish for the holidays. A very sufficient reason, dear."

Alice nodded. "Maybe—but what a combination; a minister's son and a bishop's daughter. A house party that doesn't go to rack and ruin with that sort of guests is a pretty solid function. I tremble now that I think of it."

Mrs. Gregory was almost in tears at the prospect, but her husband assured her that he would do all in his



"But—She's a Bishop's Daughter."

power to help her out. Their big country place was well provided for the entertainment of guests, strenuous and otherwise, he told her.

And so it was. There were lakes for skating; a stable full of horses and a variety of vehicles on sleighs for cross-country drives; there were hockey sticks and there were scarlet golf balls for those who could not withstand the snow-covered links; there were motors and there were the ballroom and billiard room and there were quantities of big open fireplaces for the lazy and indolently inclined. The Gregory country place was an amusement palace in itself and Mrs. Gregory's guests never suffered from ennui.

Most of this week's guests were expected on Friday, and Mrs. Gregory had received a telegram from Miss Edna Perry saying that that young woman had foolishly gone beyond Glenwind station to the next and would wait there.

"There's nothing to do but for you to go over with Tomkins in the big sleigh for her," Mrs. Gregory said to her husband.

Jack Gregory looked longingly at the big crackling logs in his own room. "All right, dear," he said, with a note of resignation in his voice.

"Don't worry; I'll father her while she's here, dear," laughed Gregory, as he rang for his fur coat and gloves. "I'll take an extra top coat, for it's getting beastly cold outside. So long, dear. I'll bring back the bishop's daughter in time for dinner."

"The others will be arriving at any time," Alice called as he left the room.

Jack Gregory had no trouble in finding his belated guest. She was sitting in the tiny suburban station talking freely with the station agent and one or two hang-on, and seemed to be having a political argument when he arrived, and seemed a trifle loath to leave it.

"I've had such a good time waiting for you, Mr. Gregory," she said, extending her hand and gripping his firmly. "We've had a jolly good discussion. Good afternoon," she added, to the station agent. And, with her ready smile and a glance at them all, she was out and wrapped in the great fur coat.

"I'm sorry to have put you and Alice to this trouble," she went on as Jack took his seat beside her, "but I simply forgot to get off until I saw the train pulling out of Glenwind."

"Don't mention the trouble, Miss Perry."

"It really was all father's fault," she said, laughing. "He was wrathful because I had refused to go for the week-end with him. He has a class to confirm and the stupid minister, knowing mother is abroad, asked father to bring me and remain as their guests over Sunday. Do you suppose I want to sit through a confirmation service and then entertain the minister's son all the rest of the day?" she asked, looking straight into the eyes of her host.

"Doesn't sound very exciting," Jack admitted, but his heart sank within him.

"Deliver me, Mr. Gregory, from minister's sons!" she went on. "It's about all I've had all my life, and when Alice asked me down for this jolly house party I just made up my mind to let father go to his old fogey minister and—"

"And you'd come to us," Jack broke in. "We're more than glad that you did," he added weakly.

Inwardly he was wondering what Alice would say if she could overhear this young woman's remarks. Incidentally, he was thinking that, though a bishop's daughter and all Alice might say she was, she was decidedly pretty.

Arrived under the great portico where she was out of the sleigh in no time, and once the great doors were open the girl was in the arms of her hostess, being kissed on both cold, rosy cheeks.

"A perfectly silly thing for me to do, Alice," she was saying in apology. "But—well, I've told Mr. Gregory why, and he sympathizes with me. Don't you?"

Jack nodded and escaped.

"I'll show you where you're to be and then you can get warm and comfortable, Edna, and forget all that hideous wait," Mrs. Gregory said as she led the girl up the staircase.

Nearly two hours later host and hostess stood with their guests in the great entrance hall by the stone fireplace. It was within a few minutes of dinner time, and Alice chatted with the handsome young son of the parish minister.

"It was jolly good of you to ask me, Mrs. Gregory, and by George, you saved me from a week-end of ennui," Donald Moore was saying.

"Yes?" asked his hostess, elevating her brows and watching the descent of the beautiful girl on the stairs.

"Father, you know, has to entertain the bishop whenever he's in town, and this happens to be the week. That isn't all—the old fellow is bringing his daughter, and—well, you know what they say of bishop's daughters!" The young man laughed.

Alice Gregory's spirits were sinking. "Oh—ah—yes, indeed I do," she stammered, as Edna Perry reached the last step.

Mrs. Gregory went hastily to her. "Dear, there are so many strangers to you here. I hope you'll enjoy yourself." She made the round of introductions and at last, her heart in her mouth, she presented Donald Moore, almost praying that he would not disclose his identity.

"Mr. Moore will take you in to dinner," Alice said as she left the two.

"Donald Moore?" the girl asked, as she extended her hand.

"That same. Are you—are you Bishop Perry's daughter?" he asked, breathlessly, for the beauty of the girl and her compelling personality had quite shaken his composure.

"I'm Edna Perry—yes," she said, a twinkle in her eyes.

And in spite of the qualms of the host and hostess and the prejudices of the young people for each other, they seemed to see no one else at all at the great round table.

The minister's son and the bishop's daughter found much in common—so much that at the end of a brief courtship their two reverend fathers were forced to congratulate each other on something dearer to their hearts than even a big confirmation class.

SHOT HIMSELF IN TRAIN WRECK

Passenger Pinned in Flames Commits Suicide.

FIVE KILLED IN COLLISION.

Five Men Killed and a Number Injured in a Head-on Collision on a Branch of the Grand Trunk Railroad Near Paris, Ontario—Fire Adds to the Sufferers' Agony—Orders Were Disobeyed.

Paris, Ont.—Five lives were lost, one man is missing and was probably burned to ashes and four others were injured in a head-on collision late Saturday night on the Buffalo-Goderich branch of the Grand Trunk when train No. 96, running from Buffalo to Goderich, met a light engine running east three miles northwest of Paris. The victims were all members of the crew of the passenger train. The wreckage caught fire and was consumed.

The second car of the train was a combination baggage and smoking car. It was badly shattered and immediately after the crash it caught fire from overturned kerosene lamps.

John Whitelaw, the express messenger, was pinned under the wreckage. He was badly injured, but still conscious. The train crew heard his calls for help and aided by passengers they worked hard to effect his rescue. The flames drove them back.

"If you can't help me soon, I'll end it all," he was heard to say.

It was impossible to check the flames, which were rapidly nearing Whitelaw. There was the sound of a revolver shot, after which the injured man's voice was heard no more. He undoubtedly ended his agony with the revolver which he always carried in his belt.

Mistaken or forgotten orders are given as the cause of the accident.

BOER GENERAL DEAD.

Piet Cronje Who Bravely Fought English Army.

Klerksdorp, Transvaal.—Gen. Piet A. Cronje, the noted Boer general died Saturday.

General Cronje commanded the Western army of the South African republics in the recent war. After numerous reverses the British Government sent out Field Marshal Lord Roberts and General Lord Kitchener, with thousands of fresh troops to put down the Boers. All their arrangements were completed by the early part of February, 1900. General Cronje and his Boer forces were too greatly outnumbered to withstand the avalanche which fell upon them.

Cronje was instrumental in frustrating the Jameson raid at Krugersdorp in 1895-96. He was a member of the Executive Council of the Transvaal republic and chief native commissioner. He was born about 1835.

WILL ARRANGE ARMISTICE.

United States as Mediator in Honduras.

Washington, D. C.—After an interview with General Bonilla at Ceiba, Honduras, Commander Davis, of the gunboat Tacoma, telegraphed to the Navy Department that he had been given to understand the revolutionary commander would agree to an armistice within a few days. With the acceptance of mediation the United States will formally undertake the task of attempting to bring the factious together. It is assumed that this government will suggest a neutral spot, possibly an American warship, on which representatives of President Davilla and General Bonilla can meet and endeavor to arrange a truce with ultimate peace in view. General Christmas and his forces have occupied Puerto Cortez.

GORILLA VS. BULLDOG.

A Fierce But Short Combat Watched by Town's Population.

New Iberia, La.—A battle to the death between a gorilla and an English bulldog, in which the gorilla was victorious, was fought here Saturday with almost the entire male population of New Iberia as spectators. Much money was wagered.

The dog and gorilla were placed in the pen at midnight; at 12:02:30 A. M. the dog was dead.

The dog leaped at the gorilla immediately after being placed in the pen. The gorilla caught the dog just as a man does a baseball, then bit quickly through the dog's skull into the brain, broke its back and tore it to pieces.

Forgot the Lord's Prayer.

Topeka, Kan.—At a session of the State Senate recently the Rev. F. Randall, the chaplain, requested the senators to repeat with him the Lord's Prayer. Only eight senators were able to join in its audible repetition. Since then the chaplain has distributed copies of the Book of Common Prayer of the Episcopal Church among the members.

Salt has recently been discovered on Sakhalin Island.

THE NEWS OF PENNSYLVANIA

Holidaysburg.—Miss Frances Brumbaugh was awarded \$1,650 damages by a jury in the Blair county court in her suit against George Kelchner, of Altoona, for breach of promise to marry. The jury was out for eighteen hours. Their prolonged deliberations were due to a difference of opinion on a letter written by the girl to her lover, in which she said: "Go home; I don't care if you never come back." Some jurors regarded this declaration as a temporary lovers' quarrel, while others asserted that it meant release of Kelchner from his marriage engagement.

Wernersville.—While bidding at the public sale held by Dr. J. D. Moyer, of the Mountain Sunset House, on South Mountain, Mrs. John Lerch reeled into the arms of Dr. Moyer and expired before she could be carried into the house. Death was due to heart failure. Only a few minutes before she had purchased several articles and was standing right in front of the auctioneer. A husband, five daughters and two sons survive.

Mahanoy City.—While engaged in blowing out old pillars at Tunnel Ridge Colliery, Anthony Kisslosky, John Drosok and Adam Savage were fearfully mangled by an explosion of dynamite. Kisslosky lost both eyes and ears and will die. All three were hurled many feet down a breast. One of the men accidentally fired a loaded fuse with his naked lamp while preparing to retreat before the shot.

Pottsville.—The killing of Walter Kamosky at Sheptonon resulted in the discovery by Coroner Donaghue's jury that the man worked under an alias in order to take advantage of another miner's certificate. Kamosky's real name was Sadio, and the jury found his death was the result of ignorance of mining rules. An investigation is in progress to find where the fraudulent certificate came from.

Pottsville.—Justice Peter Franks, of Palo Alto, was committed to prison on a charge of misdemeanor in office and embezzlement. Justice Freeman arranged the settlement of a financial claim through Franks, and alleged the latter so manipulated the case that the money never reached the claimant.

Pottsville.—Michael Manchur and Wallace Mollin, who boarded at a hotel kept by John Klick, at Branchdale, got into a row, interfering with the other guests. When Klick tried to eject them, it is alleged, they turned upon him with knives and inflicted stab wounds, which may prove fatal.

Huntingdon.—Howard E. Butz received notice of his reappointment for a fourth term as postmaster of Huntingdon. President Taft made the appointment not only upon the recommendation of Congressman Focht, but also upon a personal letter from C. P. Grandfield, First Assistant Postmaster General.

Altoona.—J. Morrison Lindsay, a Frankstown miller, was found dead near his home by a searching party sent out because he did not appear for supper. As there were no marks of violence, physicians decided he had dropped dead from apoplexy or heart failure. He was aged 65 years.

Mahanoy City.—Overcome by gas fumes near the mouth of Gilberton Colliery Slope, John Strange and John Good, miners, tumbled to the bottom, a distance of 150 feet. Good's body in its descent bounced like a rubber ball as it neared the bottom. Both men are likely to die.

South Bethlehem.—Announcement was made here by the officials of the New Jersey Zinc Company that the company had conceived a plan to pension all its employees who had been in the employ of the concern for twenty years. The pensions will range from \$18 to \$30 per month.

Scranton.—Doctors are puzzled by the case of Arthur Mills, of Euclid avenue, whose leg has grown two inches longer, as the result of a hip dislocation. It is since he has been up and around that the leg has been growing and it will make him a life cripple.

Mahanoy City.—Frank Marecek, aged 36, was crushed into a shapeless mass at Morea Colliery under a fall of rock that completely buried his body. It was necessary to dynamite the rock before the mangled body could be recovered.

Red Run.—The postoffice at this place was discontinued and patrons of the office will now be served by rural route from Stevens. This was one of the first offices in Lancaster county.

Reading.—A heater exploded in a trolley car between this city and Boyertown. Martin Stapleton, an employee, received a gash in the head. The passengers were thrown into a panic. The car was badly damaged.

Pittsburg.—A petition asking for a pardon for former Councilman M. L. Swift, convicted of bribery and sentenced to serve four months in jail, was forwarded to Harrisburg. Swift was connected with the recent Councilmanic graft scandal.

UNAPPRECIATIVE SERVANT.



"It is our nurse who has fallen. She knows well that we are not insured against accidents to working people."

"What next will the domestics of today invent to vex their employers?"

PAINFUL FINGER NAILS CURED

"I have suffered from the same trouble (painful finger nails) at different periods of my life. The first time of its occurrence, perhaps twenty-five years ago, after trying home remedies without getting helped, I asked my doctor to prescribe for me, but it was not for a year or more that my nails and fingers were well. The inflammation and suppuration began at the base of the finger nail. Sometimes it was so painful that I had to use a poultice to induce suppuration. After the pus was discharged the swelling would go down until the next period of inflammation, possibly not more than a week or two afterwards. These frequent inflammations resulted in the loss of the nail. I had sometimes as many as three fingers in this state at one time.

"Perhaps ten years later I began again to suffer from the same trouble. Again I tried various remedies, among them a prescription from a doctor of a friend of mine, who had suffered from a like trouble. This seemed to help somewhat for a time, but it was not a permanent cure; next tried a prescription from my own doctor, but this was so irritating to the sensitive, diseased skin that I could not use it. I began to use Cuticura Soap and Ointment. I had used the Cuticura Ointment previously on my children's scalps with good effect. I did not use the Soap exclusively, but I rubbed the Cuticura Ointment into the base of the nail every night thoroughly, and as often beside as I could. I had not used it but a few weeks before my nails were better, and in a short time they were apparently well. There was no more suppuration, nor inflammation, the nails grew out clean again. One box of Cuticura Ointment was all that I used in effecting a cure." (Signed) Mrs. I. J. Horton, Katonah, N. Y., Apr. 13, 1910. On Sept. 21, Mrs. Horton wrote: "I have had no further return of the trouble with my finger nails."

The Selfish View.

"Do you want cheaper postage?" "I don't know," replied the man who considers only his own interests. "I don't write many letters myself, and I don't see why I should be eager to make it easier for the men who send me bills."

Important to Mothers

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of **Dr. J. C. Watson**. In Use For Over 30 Years. The Kind You Have Always Bought.

The Glamour of the Show.

"When Dustin Stax was a boy he would work like a slave carrying water to the elephant."

"Yes. And now he works just as hard carrying diamond necklaces to opera singers."

Many Children Are Sickly.

Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for children break up colds in 24 hours, relieve feverishness, headache, stomach troubles, teething disorders, move and regulate the bowels, and destroy worms. They are so pleasant to take children like them. Used by mothers for 22 years. At all druggists, 50c. Sample mailed FREE. Address: A. S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

Naturally.

"Does your husband go in for golf?" asks the caller.

"No," she answers. "He goes out for it."

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AND KILL THE SYSTEMS
Take the Old Standard GUYTON'S TONIC CHILL TONIC. You know what you are taking. The formula is plainly printed on every bottle, showing it is simply Quinine and Iron in a tasteless form. The Quinine drives out the malarial and the Iron builds up the system. Sold by all dealers for 25 cents. Price 50 cents.

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It takes more than mushy manner to make one a minister of the bread of life.

Callous the bowels with harsh cathartics, and you'll need physic always. Help them gently, with candy Cascarets, and you'll need them rarely. Once learn the difference and you'll never take a harsher laxative than these.

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