

HIS VIEW OF IT.



Smart—Do you think the colleges turn out the best men?
Wise—Sure. I was turned out in my sophomore year.

DOCTOR PRESCRIBES CUTICURA REMEDIES

"I wish to let you know of a couple of recent cures which I have made by the use of the Cuticura Remedies. Last August, Mr. — of this city came to my office, troubled with a severe skin eruption. It was dermatitis in its worst form. It started with a slight eruption and would affect most parts of his body, thighs, elbows, chest, back and abdomen—and would terminate in little pustules. The itching and burning was dreadful and he would almost tear his skin apart, trying to get relief. I recommended all the various treatments I could think of and he spent about fifteen dollars on prescriptions, but nothing seemed to help him.

"In the meantime my wife, who was continually suffering with a slight skin trouble and who had been trying different prescriptions and methods with my assistance, told me she was going to get some of the Cuticura Remedies and give them a fair trial. But as I did not know much about Cuticura at that time I was doubtful whether it would help her. Her skin would thicken, break and bleed, especially on the fingers, wrists and arms. I could do nothing to relieve her permanently. When she first applied the warm baths of Cuticura Soap and applications of Cuticura Ointment she saw a decided improvement and in a few days she was completely cured.

"I lost no time in recommending the Cuticura Remedies to Mr. —, and this was two months ago. I told him to wash with warm baths of the Cuticura Soap and to apply the Cuticura Ointment generously. Believe me, from the very first day's use of the Cuticura Remedies he was greatly relieved and today he is completely cured through their use. I have great faith in the Cuticura Remedies and shall always have a good word for them now that I am convinced of their wonderful merits." (Signed) B. L. Whitehead, M. D., 108 Dartmouth St., Boston, Mass., July 22, 1910.

He is happy whose circumstances suit his temper. But he is happier who can suit his temper to any circumstance.—Hume.

For COLDS and GRIP
Hicks' CAPSICUM is the best remedy—relieves the aching and feverishness—cures the cold and restores normal conditions. Its liquid effects immediately. 10c, 25c, and 50c. At drug stores.

Many self-made men forget to make themselves agreeable.

Garfield Tea overcomes constipation, sick-headache and bilious attacks.

It's difficult for people to generate advice that is foolproof.

WOMEN MAY AVOID OPERATIONS

By taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

The following letter from Mrs. Orville Rock will prove how unwise it is for women to submit to the dangers of a surgical operation when it may be avoided by taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. She was four weeks in the hospital and came home suffering worse than before.

Here is her own statement.

"Paw Paw, Mich.—"Two years ago I suffered very severely with a displacement. I could not be on my feet for a long time. My physician treated me for seven months without much relief and at last sent me to Ann Arbor for an operation. It was there four weeks and came home suffering worse than before. My mother advised me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and I did. Today I am well and strong and do all my own housework. I owe my health to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and advise my friends who are afflicted with any female complaint to try it."—Mrs. ORVILLE ROCK, R. R. No. 5, Paw Paw, Michigan.

If you are ill do not drag along until an operation is necessary, but at once take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

For thirty years it has been the standard remedy for women's ills, and has positively restored the health of thousands of women. Why don't you try it?

SERIAL STORY

ELUSIVE ISABEL

By JACQUES FUTRELLE

Illustrations by M. KETTNER

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SYNOPSIS.

Count di Rosini, the Italian ambassador, is at dinner with diplomats in the national capital when a messenger brings a note directing him to come to the embassy at once. Here a beautiful young woman asks that she be given a ticket to the embassy ball. The ticket is made out in the name of Miss Isabel Thorne. Chief Campbell of the secret service, and Mr. Grimm, his head detective, are warned that a plot of the Latin races against the English speaking races is brewing in Washington, and Grimm goes to the state ball for information. In a conservatory his attention is called to Miss Isabel Thorne.

CHAPTER III.—(Continued.)

Senorita Rodriguez laughed, and Mr. Grimm glanced idly toward Miss Thorne. She was still talking, her face alive with interest; and the fan was still tapping rhythmically, steadily, now on the arm of her chair. "Dot-dash-dot! Dot-dash-dot! Dot-dash-dot! Dot-dash-dot!" "Pretty women who don't want to be stared at should go with their faces swathed," Mr. Grimm suggested, indolently. "Haroun el Raschid there would agree with me on that point, I have no doubt. What a shock he would get if he should happen up at Atlantic City for a week-end in August!" "Dot-dash-dot! Dot-dash-dot! Dot-dash-dot!"

Mr. Grimm read it with perfect understanding; it was "F—F—F" in the Morse code, the call of one operator to another. Was it accident? Mr. Grimm wondered, and wondering, he went on talking lazily: "Curious, isn't it, the smaller the nation the more color it crowds into the uniforms of its diplomats? The British ambassador, you will observe, is clothed sanely and modestly, as befits the representative of a great nation; but coming on down by way of Spain and Italy, they get more gorgeous. However, I dare say as stout a heart beats beneath a sky-blue sash as behind the embellished black of evening dress."

"F—F—F," the fan was calling insistently. And then the answer came. It took the unexpectedly prosaic form of a violent sneeze, a vociferous outburst in a bench directly behind Mr. Grimm. Senorita Rodriguez jumped, then laughed, nervously. "I started me," she explained. "I think there must be a draft from the conservatory," said a man's voice apologetically. "Do you ladies feel it? No? Well, if you'll excuse me—"

Mr. Grimm glanced back languidly. The speaker was Charles Whitrop Rankin, a brilliant young American lawyer who was attached to the German embassy in an advisory capacity. Among other things he was a Heidelberg man, having spent some dozen years of his life in Germany, where he established influential connections. Mr. Grimm knew him only by sight.

And now the rhythmical tapping of Miss Thorne's fan underwent a change. There was a flutter of gaiety in her voice the while the ivory fan tapped steadily.

"Dot-dash-dot! Dash! Dash-dash-dash! Dot-dash-dot! Dash!" "S—t—s—u—t," Mr. Grimm read in Morse. He laughed pleasantly at some remark of his companion. "Dash-dash! Dot-dash! Dash-dot!" said the fan.

"M—a—n," Mr. Grimm spelled it out, while his listless eyes roved aimlessly over the throng. "S—t—s—u—t—m—n—" Was it meant for "stout man"? Mr. Grimm wondered.

"Dot-dash-dot! Dot! Dash-dot-dot!" "F—s—d," that was. "Dot-dash-dot-dot! Dot-dash! Dash-dot-dash-dot! Dot!"

"Q—a—j—e!" Mr. Grimm was puzzled a little now, but there was not a wrinkle, nor the tiniest indication of perplexity in his face. Instead he began talking to Raphael's cherubs, the remark being called into life by the high complexion of a young man who was passing. Miss Thorne glanced at him keenly, her splendid eyes fairly aglow, and the fan rattled on in the code.

"Dash-dot! Dot! Dot-dash! Dot-dash-dot!" "N—e—a—t," Mr. Grimm was still spelling it out.

Then came a perfect jumble. Mr. Grimm followed it with difficulty, a difficulty utterly belied by the quizzical lines about his mouth. As he caught it, it was like this: "J—s—n—s—e—f—v—s—t—s—f," followed by an arbitrary signal which is not in the Morse code: "Dash-dot-dash-dash!" Mr. Grimm carefully stored that jumble away in some recess of his brain along with the unknown signal. "D—s—s—f," he read, and then, on to the end: "B—f—l—s—g—s—v—e—f—w—h—e—s—g—s—e—s—."

That was all, apparently. The soft clatter of the fan against the arm of the chair ran on meaninglessly after that.

"May I bring you an ice?" Mr. Grimm asked at last. "If you will, please," responded the senorita, "and when you come back I'll reward you by presenting you to Miss Thorne. You'll find her charming; and Mr. Cadwallader has monopolized her long enough."

Mr. Grimm bowed and left her. He had barely disappeared when Mr. Rankin lounged along in front of Miss Thorne. He glanced at her, paused and greeted her effusively.

"Why, Miss Thorne!" he exclaimed. "I'm delighted to see you here. I understood you would not be present, and—"

Their hands met in a friendly clasp as she rose and moved away, with a nod of excuse to Mr. Cadwallader. A thin slip of paper, twice folded, passed from Mr. Rankin to her. She tugged at her glove, and thrust the little paper, still folded, inside the palm. "Is it yes, or no?" Miss Thorne asked in a low tone.

"Frankly, I can't say," was the reply. "He read the message," she explained hastily, "and now he has gone to decipher it."

She gathered up her trailing skirts over one arm, and together they glided away through the crowd to the stairs of a Strauss waltz. "I'm going to faint in a moment," she said quite calmly to Mr. Rankin. "Please have me sent to the ladies' dressing-room."

"I understand," he replied quietly.

CHAPTER IV.

The Fleeting Woman. Mr. Grimm went straight to a quiet nook of the smoking-room and there, after a moment, Mr. Campbell joined him. The bland benevolence of the chief's face was disturbed by the slightest questioning uplift of his brows as he dropped into a seat opposite Mr. Grimm, and lighted a cigar. Mr. Grimm raised his hand, and a servant who stood near, approached them.

"An ice—here," Mr. Grimm directed, tersely. The servant bowed and disappeared, and Mr. Grimm hastily scribbled something on a sheet of paper and handed it to his chief.

"There is a reading, in the Morse code, of a message that seems to be unintelligible," Mr. Grimm explained. "I have reason to believe it is in the Continental code. You know the Continental—I don't."

Mr. Campbell read this: "Stout man fed oajd near J5nsel-atst," and then came the unknown.

"That the ancient Israelites had a cheap and easy method of sending written messages which was in fairly common use is now an established fact," said George A. Reisner, assistant professor of Egyptology at Harvard, who for the last fourteen years has been conducting excavations in Egypt and Palestine. Professor Reisner just returned on the Campanian.

"No harm done," he called. "One of the officers present dropped his revolver, and it was accidentally discharged. No harm done."

There was a moment's excited chatter, deep-drawn breaths of relief, the orchestra swung again into the interrupted rhythm, and the dancers moved on. Mr. Grimm went straight to his chief, who had stepped down from the chair. Two other secret service men stood behind him, blocking the doorway that opened into a narrow hall.

"This way," directed the chief tersely.

Mr. Grimm walked along beside him. They skirted the end of the ballroom until they came to another door opening into the hall. Chief Campbell pushed it open, and entered. One of his men stood just inside.

"What was it, Gray?" asked the chief.

"Senor Alvarez of the Mexican legation, was shot," was the reply.

"Dead?"

"Only wounded. He's in that room," and he indicated a door a little way down the hall. "Fairchild, two servants and a physician are with him."

"Who shot him?"

"Don't know. We found him lying in the hall here."

Still followed by Mr. Grimm, the chief entered the room, and together they bent over the wounded man. The bullet had entered the torso just below the ribs on the left side.

"It's a clean wound," the physician was explaining. "The bullet passed through. There's no immediate danger."

Senor Alvarez opened his eyes, and stared about him in bewilderment; then alarm overspread his face, and he made spasmodic efforts to reach the inside breast pocket of his coat. Mr. Grimm obligingly thrust his hand into the pocket and drew out its contents, the while Senor Alvarez struggled frantically.

"Just a moment," Mr. Grimm advised quietly. "I'm only going to let you see it if it is here. Is it?"

He held the papers, one by one, in front of the wounded man, and each time a shake of the head was his answer. At last Senor Alvarez closed his eyes again.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ANCIENT ISRAEL USED INK

Writings of Bible Times Inscribed on Potshards Have Been Found in Samaria.

"That the ancient Israelites had a cheap and easy method of sending written messages which was in fairly common use is now an established fact," said George A. Reisner, assistant professor of Egyptology at Harvard, who for the last fourteen years has been conducting excavations in Egypt and Palestine. Professor Reisner just returned on the Campanian.

"We were excavating in Samaria, once capital of the northern kingdom of Israel, in 1908, when we came upon the palace of the Israelite kings. Last summer we found on the floor of one of the chambers of the palace a number of potshards and on these shards were written messages; they related to tithes or taxes paid to the king, and were written in an ink made of pure carbon or lampblack. These, perhaps, are the earliest specimens of Israelite work contemporaneous with the Bible. They were written in the reign of King Ahab."—New York Evening Post.

Would Chase Cats. The other night a New York town visited friends in a New Jersey town where police dogs help the local force in routing out burglars. These dogs are highly trained.

"In spite of that," said the man, "Max, which I believe is considered the best of them, cannot be trained to leave a cat alone. His job is to go around at night with a policeman and circle houses. If he finds a burglar at work he is trained to chase him out into the open, where the policeman can get at him. But if Max finds a cat on his trip around a house it is all off with his job. He chases that cat until pursuit is useless. I don't know what he would do if he caught a cat, because he is kept muzzled, but his nature tells him cats are to be worried and he annoys them all he can in spite of his training."

Rhodes' Art Fad. Although Cecil Rhodes was a busy man he got time for a certain amount of reading. He made it a rule, although very fond of good pictures, never to buy any for fear of developing a craze for collecting works of art, for with all his wealth he felt that he could not afford to spend so much money on a fad. The only famous painting that he owned was one by Sir Joshua Reynolds, supposed to represent a young married woman, which hung in the dining-room over the fireplace. As a boy he had taken a great fancy to the picture, and when he grew up and became rich he bought it.

TERMS.—The terms of subscription to the Reporter are one dollar per year in advance.

ADVERTISING RATES.—Display advertising of ten or more lines for three or five insertions, eight cents per inch for each issue. Display advertising occupying less space than ten inches and for less than three insertions, from ten to twenty cents per inch for each issue, according to composition.

Local notices accompanying display advertising five cents per line for each insertion; other wise, eight cents per line, minimum charge twenty-five cents.

Legal notices, twenty cents per line for three insertions, and ten cents per line for each additional insertion.

POLITICAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

DEMOCRATIC.

FOR SHERIFF. We are authorized to announce that Arthur B. Lee, of Potter township, is a candidate for the office of sheriff, subject to the rules and regulations of the Democratic primaries to be held September 30. paid

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONER. We are authorized to announce that John R. Lemon of Ferguson township is a candidate for the office of Commissioner, subject to the usages of the Democratic party. paid

FOR COUNTY TREASURER. I hereby announce myself a candidate for Treasurer of Centre county, subject to the decision of the Democratic primaries to be held September 30. J. MITCHELL CUNNINGHAM, paid

FOR REGISTRAR. We are authorized to announce that John D. Miller, of Walker township, is a candidate for County Registrar, subject to the usages of the Democratic party. paid

FOR RECORDER. We are authorized to announce that D. A. Dietrich, of Walker township, will be a candidate for the office of Recorder of Centre county, subject to the decision of the Democratic primaries of the county as expressed at the general primaries to be held Saturday, September 30. paid

FOR DISTRICT ATTORNEY. We are authorized to announce that J. M. Ketchum is a candidate for the office of District Attorney, subject to the usages of the Democratic party. paid

FOR PROTHONOTARY. We are authorized to announce that D. R. Foreman, of the Borough of Bellefonte, is a candidate for the office of Prothonotary, subject to the usages of the Democratic party. paid

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONER. We are authorized to announce that J. M. Ketchum is a candidate for County Commissioner, subject to the decision of the Republican voters at the primaries to be held Sept. 30, 1911. JACOB WOODRING, Port Matilda, Pa.

FOR REGISTRAR. We are authorized to announce that J. M. Ketchum is a candidate for County Registrar, subject to the decision of the Republican voters at the primaries to be held Sept. 30, 1911. HARRY E. ZIMMERMAN, Springtownship, Formerly of Benner township.

FOR REGISTRAR. We are authorized to announce that Edward J. Williams, of Unionville, Pa., is a candidate for the office of Registrar, subject to the decision of the Republican voters at the primaries to be held Sept. 30, 1911. EDWARD J. WILLIAMS, Unionville, Pa.

BOALSBURG TAVERN. BOALSBURG, PA. AMOS KOHL, PROPRIETOR. This well-known hostelry is prepared to accommodate all travelers. Bus to and from all trains stopping at Oak Hill station. Every effort is made to accommodate the traveling public. Livery attached.

OLD FORT HOTEL. EDWARD ROYER, PROPRIETOR. RATES: Proprietor \$1.50 Per Day. Location: One mile south of Centre Hall.

Accommodations first-class. Parties wishing to enjoy an evening given special attention. Meals for such occasions prepared on short notice. Always prepared for the transient trade.

AUCTIONEER.—The undersigned offers his services to those having personal property and real estate to sell at public sale. The record made during the past few years is a guarantee of efficiency. Dates taken during the whole of the year. Rates reasonable.

L. F. MAYER, Lemont, Pa.

DR. SOL. M. NISSLEY, VETERINARY SURGEON.

A graduate of the University of Pennsylvania's Office at Palace Livery Stable, Bellefonte, Pa. Both 'phones. oct.1.0911r

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B. Maltree, DR. SMITH CO., Centre Hall, Pa.

Centre Reporter, (1 a year, in advance).

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B. SPANGLER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, BELLEFONTE, Pa. Practices in all the courts. Consultation in English and German. Office, Crider's Exchange Building.

CLEMENT DALE, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, BELLEFONTE, Pa. Office N. W. corner Diamond, two doors from First National Bank.

Penn's Valley Banking Company, CENTRE HALL, PA. W. B. MINQLE, Cashier. Receives Deposits . . . Discounts Notes . . .

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Money to Loan on First Mortgage. Office in Crider's Stone Building, BELLEFONTE, PA. Telephone Connection.

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Manufacturer of and Dealer in HIGH GRADE . . . MONUMENTAL WORK in all kinds of Marble and Granite. Don't fail to get my price.

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