

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1911

S. S. CONVENTION

In Methodist Church, Sprucetown, Friday Afternoon and Evening.

The twelfth Sabbath School convention of the eleventh district of Centre county will be held in the Methodist church, at Sprucetown, Friday afternoon and evening. The program is as follows:

AFTERNOON—2 O'CLOCK.

Devotional Service, Mrs. H. W. Kreamer
Reading of Minutes
Bible reading and Bible study, Rev. H. A. Snook

Questions for discussion—
Should the factors that make character control the factors that make for education?
How can we impress the officers of Sunday Schools with their responsibility?
Who should be elected as officers, those whose interest, or those whom we wish to interest?
Should the officers remain in office indefinitely?

How can liberality be developed?
Are good story telling and nature teaching necessary qualifications to be a successful primary teacher?

The discussions to be opened by Rev. W. H. Schuyler, Ph. D.
The convention at New Castle, C. L. Gramley, County President, and Rev. S. A. Snyder

EVENING—7:15 O'CLOCK.

Praise Service, Miss Ruth Rossman
Roll Call
Reports of Department Superintendents—
Teacher Training Class, M. T. Zubier
Organized Adult Bible Class, G. L. Goodhart
Cradle Roll, Miss Orpha Gramley
Home Department, Miss Helen Bartholomew
Graded Sunday School Lessons, Rev. J. Max Lantz.

Address, Rev. F. W. Barry.

Rumberger-Smith.

Daniel Rhoads Rumberger, of Altoona, and Miss Nora Beatrice Smith, of Lamar, were married in St. John's English Lutheran church, in Lock Haven, Wednesday of last week. The young couple are now at home at No. 404 Twelfth street, Altoona, where the groom holds a position. The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Smith, of Lamar, and a school teacher by profession, having taught school in both Clinton and Centre counties, and is a graduate of Lock Haven Normal. The Reporter extends its best wishes.

LOCALS.

Some fine corn is being husked these latter October days.

This is October 26th, and there have been but few days of fair weather during the month.

Next Wednesday the rabbit may be hunted, as well as almost all the small game. Deer will have their liberty until the 15th.

Governor Glenn was in Clearfield before coming here on Saturday, and Sunday filled an engagement before the Y. M. C. A. in Johnstown.

Rev. J. M. Bearick, former pastor of the Centre Hall Lutheran church, assisted in conducting the services at the funeral of Mrs. Vonada in Georges Valley this (Thursday) forenoon.

The first number of the Centre Hall Lecture course was well patronized. Nearly every section convenient to Centre Hall was represented, and the expressions after the lecture were so favorable that future numbers will in all probability again attract them.

To convince his friends that he is a successful peanut grower, D. W. Bradford has on exhibition in the Reporter windows several peanut stalks loaded with nuts, the kind that at the county fairs would make the vendors say they were double-jointed and hump-backed. They are really fine in quality.

The walk leading from the railroad station to the lot of William Keller has been built of concrete, the work of construction was done as well as material furnished by Messrs. Mingle and Booser. While the present walk is first-class in itself and as well a decided improvement over the plank used heretofore, the grade made by the railroad company has the appearance of having been the work of an amateur.

The crop of bucks and does on the Seven Mountain is said to be large, so large that the mountain sides are not capable of giving them variety enough to eat, especially the epicures. Last week, dissatisfied with the picking in the mountains, a five-pronged buck, a large and fine one, accompanied by two does, were seen pasturing in a field where Willard Jamison lives, in the vicinity of Beech. The deer mingled with the cattle and were quite contented.

A boy eleven years old, son of Henry Potter, north of Beech Creek, was found dead in a field, lying alongside of a harrow. The boy began harrowing in the morning, and several hours after ward he was found with his neck broken. It is presumed he had the line around his neck and used his hands to lift the harrow when coming to an obstruction, and that the horses became frightened and ran away, dragging the youth to his death.

The next lecture comes on election night, which will give all first-class amusement between the time the polls close and the posting of the returns. Dr. Maguire is a show in himself in his description "With an Irishman through the Jungles of Africa." Former Governor Glenn expressed himself to the committee in this way: "Maguire is the funniest man I ever saw on the stage; he dances and sings, and acts like a wild man in imitation of the Africans."

DEATHS.

The death of Mrs. J. Frank Smith occurred Friday morning at about two o'clock. For two or more years Mrs. Smith had been a sufferer from an affliction of a dropsical nature, and for much of that time she was an invalid. Her disease was not unaccompanied by pain, but at times her sufferings were great. For the past few months there was an occasional bright ray of hope that she might recover, although this recovery was not looked for speedily. A few days previous to her death she took a chill, and pneumonia developed. Her constitution was so weakened by her other ailments that the end came speedily, and was a great shock to the community.

Before marriage, Mrs. Smith was Miss Mary Elizabeth Hosterman, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Hosterman, both deceased. She is survived by her husband, J. Frank Smith, now the Democratic candidate for register of wills, and five children, namely, Nellie, Calvin, Charles, Swengle, and John, all at home, who just now most need a mother's care, guidance and love.

Besides the husband and children named above two brothers, Dr. James K. Hosterman, of Crystal City, Missouri; and Thomas Hosterman, of Centre Hill, survive.

The deceased was a consistent member of the Lutheran church since her youth, and regularly attended the services when it was possible for her to do so. She was a woman of the most kindly disposition, and contented with her lot whether it was affliction or otherwise. Funeral services were held Monday morning, and conducted by Rev. Fred W. Barry, pastor of the Lutheran church, and Rev. S. A. Snyder, pastor of the United Evangelical church, to which latter denomination the husband belongs.

At the cemetery the rites of the lodge of Rebekah were used, Mrs. John H. Puff acting as chaplain, assisted by Miss Elsie Moore. The ceremony was pretty and impressive.

The age of the deceased was forty-four years, five months, and twenty-two days.

After an illness extending over a period of some length, Mrs. Harvey Vonada, of near Spring Mills, passed away Saturday afternoon. She had been afflicted with stomach trouble, thought to be due to cancer. Interment was made at the Georges Valley Lutheran church cemetery, the deceased having long been a member of the Lutheran church and attended the services whenever possible to do so, this (Thursday) forenoon, the officiating ministers being her pastor, Rev. Fred W. Barry, and former pastor, Rev. J. M. Bearick.

The husband and three children survive: John and Ammon, and Mrs. Adam Heckman, Spring Mills; Mrs. Frank Herman, Altoona; and Mrs. Scott Decker, Latcher, South Dakota. Five brothers and one sister also survive, namely, M. Luther and Jerry Zettle, of Brownsville, Wisconsin; George B. Zettle, Orangeville, Illinois; Fred Zettle and Oliver Zettle, Georges Valley; and Mrs. Stuart Ripka, Pleasant Gap.

Christian Dale Musser, thirty-two years old, died at his home in Jenkintown, where interment was made on Friday. He was the son of William H. Musser, Esq., of Bellefonte. A widow and three children survive.

Rebersburg.

Mrs. Detwiler, widow of the late Henry Detwiler, is seriously ill.

Mrs. Lester Minnich and son Stover are spending this week with relatives in Aaronsburg.

Rev. Bierly, of Millinburg, spent last week in this place, having come here on business.

Ex-Sheriff Brungart, of Centre Hall, was in this place this week in the interest of a nursery firm.

Charles Bierly is at present placing his saw mill near Smulton where he will operate the same.

Harry Corman who was employed at New York has returned home and will spend the winter in this place.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Miller and Lloyd Walker and family, all of Pitsaun, are guests in this place.

Mrs. Overcash, Mrs. Stephenson and Miss Florence Whitman, all of Illinois, arrived in this place last week. They were called here on account of the serious illness of their mother Mrs. Whitman, wife of Rev. Whitman.

The voters on whom J. Frank Smith fails to call will understand that it was impossible for him to do so, owing to the illness and subsequent death of his wife. Mrs. Smith had been ill for two years or more, and many times during the campaign he was obliged to hurry home on account of her serious illness. For almost a week prior to her death, like a devoted husband should do, he remained at her bedside. Taking this time from a five weeks campaign means much, but the Reporter hopes that not a single voter will stay away from the polls or refuse to cast his vote for him because Mr. Smith was not able to see him personally.

Centre Reporter, \$1 per year.

THE FINISH WAS EXCITING.

After the Pork Course Gave Out a Dessert of Cold Lead Ended the Feast and the Unwilling Host Vowed Never Again to Fool With a Bear.

A teamster in the employ of one of the big tanneries in the west had a laughable yet trying adventure with a bear while on his way from the woods with a load of bark. As he emerged from the woods with his team he stopped to give the mules a breathing spell and to eat his dinner, which he carried in a tin bucket. He had scarcely opened his bucket and begun to eat when a bear came out of the woods on one side of the road, only two or three rods in the rear of the wagon. Bruin sauntered along, paying no attention to the team, but the teamster, desirous of seeing what the bear would do, threw a bit of salt pork in his way. The bear stopped, smelled at the pork and gulped it down greedily. Then the animal, noting the source of the morsel, came toward the wagon and rose on his haunches as if to say that another bit of pork would prove acceptable.

The teamster laughed and tossed out a second piece, which Bruin devoured, and then he posed again. But the teamster wanted the rest of his dinner himself and paid no attention to the shaggy intruder. The beggar, seeing that the teamster was no longer aware of his presence, snorted sharply two or three times and walked back and forth across the road as if reconnoitering the situation. Presently he growled, but the teamster, thinking that the beast would go away if he got nothing further, continued his meal.

The bear ventured near and finally climbed up the load of bark at the hind end of the wagon. The man was unpleasantly surprised at this movement of Bruin's, as he was wholly unarmed.

Accordingly he threw a bit of pork into the road, at the same time yelling to the bear to direct its attention to the meat. The bear dropped down and went and picked it up, but as soon as it was swallowed and there was no more forthcoming he made another charge upon the wagon.

The teamster started the mules onward, but knew that he could not hope to escape with his heavy load of bark. An idea struck him. He would coax the bear or by feeding the lunch to him until they should come to a friend's house a mile or two along the road. Then he would get a gun and shoot the old fellow.

The teamster sat on the bark, facing backward, his big dinner bucket at hand. When the bear came up with the wagon and threatened to climb upon the load the teamster tossed out a piece of pork. The supply of this edible was limited, so he tossed the bear a slice of bread, which fell butter side up. Bruin nosed it, then licked the butter off and left it.

The next ice fell butter side down, and the bear ignored it. Boiled eggs and cheese fared the same. Bruin wanted pork. The teamster dealt this out in small bits, which failed to satisfy, and the bear was growing ugly and aggressive.

At length the teamster saw his friend at work in a field and called to him to run for his gun. The man seemed to realize the state of the case and set off on a dead run for his house, a quarter of a mile distant. But the supply of pork was out before he returned, and the poor teamster was in a sorry plight.

The bear climbed upon the load. The teamster tossed him the last piece of pork and then jumped from his wagon and tore down the road. Bruin, probably thinking that the teamster was fleeing with a stock of coveted pork, started after him. The terrified man had a fair start, but he stumbled over a stone and fell full length, and the bear was close upon him when there came the loud report of a gun.

The friend had come at last. The teamster rose and looked round. There lay his late pursuer in the road, dead. The teamster declared that never again would he fool with a bear.—Harper's Weekly.

They Bumped.

A true happening which has been made the subject of a cartoon occurred at a fashionable golf club near London. A young man interested in golf solely for the sake of the social atmosphere one day decided to play a round. So he sauntered leisurely down to the caddy house, where he met a certain peppery lord. Not knowing the gentleman and barely looking at him, the somewhat foppish youth asked, "Are you the caddy master here?" Without an instant's hesitation Lord — replied, "No, I am not, but I happen to know that he is not in need of any caddies this afternoon." It was some time before either recovered.—Boston Transcript.

Tongue Could Tell.

"Last night, George, you told me you loved me more than tongue could tell, and oh, George, that wasn't true!" "Why, darling, what do you mean?" "I mean that it wasn't more than my little brother's tongue could tell. He heard it all!"

All patterns are sure to be followed more than good rules.—Locke.

You are not experimenting on yourself when you take Chamberlain's Cough Remedy for a cold as that preparation has won its great reputation and extensive sale by its remarkable cures of colds, and can always be depended upon. It is equally valuable for adults and children and may be given to young children with implicit confidence as it contains no harmful drug. For sale by all dealers.

SIGNATURES ON CHECKS.

The Plainer They Are the Less They Appeal to Forgers.

"You ought to sign your check differently, Mr. Blank," said a Chicago bank employee to a depositor whose account runs well up toward \$100,000 a year.

"What's the matter with that check?" asked the customer, nettled that, as he thought, it should be intimated he didn't know how to draw a check.

"You misunderstand me," said the teller. "The check's all right. I was referring to your signature. It is just the kind that a forger takes delight in copying. If you will allow me the privilege of saying so, you're liable to meet with loss in that way at any time. Any good penman could imitate it so cleverly you'd hardly know the difference yourself."

"The plainer the signature the less likelihood there is of a crook trying to imitate it," he continued after the depositor had become interested. "In nearly every big forgery of which I ever heard, or in many of them at least, the signature imitated was that of a man who wrote with a flourish or who had some peculiar type of writing that ordinarily would appeal to the laity as hard to imitate. It is a fact that it is a rare occurrence for a big forger to attempt to imitate the signature of the man who writes a plain hand."

"Not long ago I had occasion to tell a friend of mine he stood a chance of having some forger get a good sized check in on him. My friend changed the style of his signature, and a few days later he was asked by a bank to inspect a check which had been presented for payment and to which his old style signature was attached. He had changed just in time. The forger had been practicing on the old signature, getting it down 'pat,' and had not ascertained that the new signature was being used."—Chicago News.

CAMELS ARE VICIOUS.

They Have Numerous Dislikes, the Chief of Which Is Man.

A peculiarity of the camel is his dislikes. Like he has none, save for the mimosa thorn and, perhaps, for dying. He hates red, and when, years ago, some genius of the British army equipped the squadrons of the camel corps with bright crimson saddles the animals so resented the outrage that numbers of them gave up the ghost in pure disgust.

The camel always, of course, hates man and sometimes displays his vindictiveness in no uncertain manner. A dignified and elderly British officer has been seen to foot it all round the camp in blue silk pajamas, with one slipper and a shaving brush, closely pursued by his own animal, with his long neck stretched to the utmost and his savage mouth open too near that sleeping suit to be pleasant. At length a fatigue party was summoned, who, with telegraph poles, young trees, railway ties and such cajoleries, prevailed upon the beast to desist.

As a mount the camel is said to possess distinct advantages. His gait is comfortable when one has learned to ride him, and for really long journeys, which must perforce be made at a slow pace, he is much less tiring than a horse. Besides, he carries with him all manner of things the rider is likely to need en route—canvas buckets of water, in which bottles stand to cool; a writing desk (not necessarily of the office type, but still an efficient substitute; a suncheon basket, rifles, telescopes, a mountain gun, if required, and other useful articles.

Long Arrow Flights.

There was a marvelous archery feat performed some years ago by Sir Ralph Payne Gallwey on the links at Le Touquet. Shooting with a Turkish bow, he covered a distance of 367 yards with his best arrow, thus breaking all records achieved in recent times. This performance, however, seems to have been exceeded with the old national weapon of yew. Neade, a famous archer under Charles I., states that the ordinary range of the bow was from 320 to 400 yards. The longest shot authentically recorded in England is that of a secretary of the Turkish embassy, who in 1794 shot an arrow 463 yards with the wind and 415 against it in the presence of several members of the Royal Toxophilite society, who measured the distance and preserved the arrow.—Pall Mall Gazette.

The Usual Motion.

To a judge at St. Joseph, Mo., an old negro once applied for a marriage license. It was not the province of the judge to issue such a paper, but, knowing the applicant's history, he asked: "Ephraim, were you ever married before?" "Jes' once, judge," was the reply. "Wasn't that enough?" "Mebbe, judge, but I want a new trial."—St. Louis Republic.

Sarcasm by the Way.

"Look out," said the woman with the determined look, "or that dog will bite a piece out of you." "Well," replied Pudding Pete, "rememberin' dat handout you passed me last week, I wouldn't blame de pup fur goin' in desperate fur a change of food."—Washington Star.

Pessimistic.

Optimist—A gran' mornin' the morn'! Misanthrope (grudgingly)—It's no a'tgether ill—(brightening) but, eh, mon, think o' the national debt.—London Sketch.

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Bed Blankets, 50c to \$5.00 pair. Direct from the mills.

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