

HUNTER DIES ON WATCH.

H. M. Krebs Found Dead by His Companions After Being on Guard for Half an Hour.

Henry M. Krebs, a wagon maker of Pine Grove Mills, was found dead in the Seven Mountains by his companion hunters on Thursday. He had been stationed on a crossing, and when the chasers came to his post, their calls brought no answer. After a brief search he was found lying face downward, and on turning him over was discovered to be dead. Only about a half hour lapsed between the time of separating and the finding of the dead body. The gun had been stacked against a tree. It is evident that death was caused by paralysis, he having suffered facial paralysis about two years ago. He was brought to his home by Dr. J. Baker Krebs, and Frank Bailey, on Thursday evening. The funeral was held on Monday forenoon, and interment was made at Pine Grove Mills. The officiating minister was Rev. W. K. Harnish, pastor of the Presbyterian church, of which church the deceased was a member, assisted by L. Stoy Spangler. There survive a wife (Adda Sasser-man) and three children, namely, Lucy, Catharine and Maudella. The brothers and sisters surviving are Dr. J. B. Krebs, Northumberland; Milton T. Krebs, Mrs. Olive Roush, and Mrs. Ira Bailey, all of Pine Grove Mills.

Lad Fell Into Hot Lard.

On Friday of last week, Harry Haney, a lad of five years, made a narrow escape of his life. The youth, full of activity, was on the scene when his grandfather, C. J. Finkle, of Spring Mills, was butchering, and was observing all the operations. Toward evening a kettle of lard was taken from the fire and set aside to cool before rendering it, and in some manner the boy fell backwards into the kettle. The grandfather, ever watchful, was close at hand, and observing the youth had lost his balance, caught him in time to avoid sinking deep into the boiling lard, but not soon enough to prevent serious burns on his back. The clothing was quickly removed, and Dr. H. S. Braucht sent for, who dressed the burns, and now the child is getting along splendidly. Harry is a son of Mr. and Mrs. William Haney, who also live at Spring Mills.

Spring Mills.

Mrs. Mary Breen went to Mill Hall for several weeks.

Miss Anna Cummings went to Mill Hall on Saturday, and will be gone for a few weeks.

Little daughters came to gladden the homes of Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Shook, last week; and Mr. and Mrs. Jasper Wagner.

Ralph Barges, who spent a few weeks with his father at Akron, Ohio, has returned to his uncle, C. C. Barges, for the winter.

Mrs. Emma Hazel is at Madisonburg helping to care for her sick brother, Ellis Schaffer, who is very ill with pneumonia.

C. E. Royer, S. G. Walker, and H. B. Herring, auditors for Gregg township, met on Tuesday to audit the accounts of the township.

Word was received on Friday of the death of Dr. Charles Leitzell, of Derry, who died in the hospital at Pittsburgh, of softening of the brain.

Misses Sara Fisher and Miriam Long, students at the West Chester, and Selingsgrove Institutions of learning, spent Thanksgiving at their homes.

The community was very sorry to hear of the death of Mrs. Katherine Catherman, of Scranton. She was the oldest daughter of Michael Shires, and was born and raised in this vicinity. The family have the sympathy of their many friends.

Potters Mills.

Clayton McKinney and friend were here from Altoona last week hunting. Miss Annie Love is slowly improving from the effects of a fall.

J. A. Slack will make sale of stock and implements December 24th.

G. H. McCormick and family visited in Aaronburg Saturday and Sunday.

Clyde Bible spent part of his Thanksgiving vacation with relatives here.

Rev. J. Max Lantz will begin revival services at Sprucetown on Sunday evening.

J. F. McCoy has returned to Philadelphia after spending several weeks at his father's home.

Mrs. Jane Musser is visiting her sister, Mrs. Slack, at her home near Red Mill.

"The Regulars" returned on Saturday from their two weeks hunt with four nice bucks.

Michael Croyle is here from Philadelphia. He came for a few days hunting with the Regulars.

Mrs. Corman and child, of near Milesburg, spent Sunday with Mrs. Catharine Armstrong.

W. W. McCormick and wife left for Scranton on Monday to attend the funeral of their niece, Mrs. Catherman.

When you have a bilious attack give Chamberlain's Tablets a trial. They are excellent. For sale by all dealers adv.

Some Popular Quotations.

In spite of Scott's popularity few people remember that from "Old Mortality" we have "a sea of upturned faces," and Byron is never thanked for "flesh and blood can't bear it." The "most humorous and least exemplary of British parsons" is known to have thought "they order things better in France" and "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," but we seldom credit him with "I saw the iron enter into his soul." Yet that keen image of grief, so often on our lips, may also be found in the "Sentimental Journey." Cowper is comparatively little read, the immortal "John Gilpin" always excepted. Therefore we may be forgiven if the source of "hand and glove" or "her dear 500 friends" has slipped our memories. The same may be said of Rogers' "To know her was to love her," Congreve's "Married in haste and repent at leisure," Farquhar's "Over the hills and far away" and Southey's "March of Intellect." Sir Phillip Sidney, who was poet, philosopher and, best of all, hero, should share a better fate. How many can tell that it was he who first said in English, "God helps those who help themselves?"—Cornhill Magazine.

Flowers Instead of Boots.

M. Max Reinhardt, the famous producer of wordless plays, endured poverty in his youth, and of those lean years many stories are extant. "Once in Berlin," said a German actor, "Reinhardt, who was playing with me in a cheap stock company, turned up at the theater with a magnificent mauve orchid in his buttonhole and on his feet a pair of atrocious boots with their soles tied on by means of twine."

"I ventured to take Reinhardt to task. 'Tut, tut!' I said. 'To wear a costly flower like that, along with such shocking boots!'"

"Reinhardt frowned and answered contemptuously:

"For \$3 I could buy a pair of commonplace, machine made boots in any shop in town, but for the same sum I can get at a florist's whom I alone know three of these marvelously beautiful orchids."

Funny Blunders.

The following is surely the funniest vote of thanks uttered for a long time. The speaker with evidently the best intentions in the world nervously bumbled along through various sentences complimentary to the lecturer and finally flickered out feebly thus: "And so I propose a vote of thanks for the lecture to which we have so ably listened." The audience was so wearied that it did not notice the fatuous remark, and only the lecturer smiled.

It is fit to be placed beside another muddle headed sentence made in conversation to a north London clergyman. A man had been pressing his views energetically on a certain question when suddenly he paused and, looking at the clergyman, said briskly, "And now, sir, what is your humble opinion?"—London Tit-Bits.

Indian Names.

The finest Indian names are those which belong to the cloud clan. All these names are derived from meteorological phenomena. They are the hardest of names to translate from Indian into English. The great cloud clan Sioux, whose name was really E-lipse, was always known to the whites as Hole-in-the-Day. A certain cloud clan girl, whose name was derived from the beautiful phenomenon of the slow advance of the approaching raincloud, was known to the whites as Walking Rain—a pretty name, but one requiring explanation to a tenderfoot.—Exchange.

Old Times in New York.

In 1780 New York city maintained an official who would whip a servant, either free or slave, for the master, charging a shilling for the job. Petty thieves were branded for life with a "T" on the cheek. Mrs. Johanna Young and another woman convicted of grand larceny were driven all over the city in an open cart, then stripped to the waist and given thirty-nine lashes apiece in public and then banished. "whereupon," says the record, "they went to Philadelphia."

Neglect and Cruelty.

"So you want a divorce?" said the lawyer.

"Yes," replied the woman with tear-stained cheeks. "He has been guilty of neglect and cruelty."

"In what respects?"

"He neglected to feed the bird while I was away and he says the cruellest things he can think of about Fido."—Washington Star.

His Choice.

"Are you fond of music?" asked a stranger of the young man at the concert who was applauding vigorously after a pretty girl had sung in a very painful way.

"Not particularly," said the young man frankly, "but I'm exceedingly fond of the musician."

In After Years.

Smith—When Green was courting that young widow a couple of years ago he declared he couldn't live without her. Jones—And did he marry her? Smith—Yes. And now he is trying to get a divorce on the grounds that it's impossible to live with her.—Exchange.

Quite Different.

He—But I thought you'd forgiven me for that and promised to forget it? She—Yes; but I didn't promise to let you forget I'd forgiven it.

The noblest motive is the public good. —Veergil.

Speed of a Hare.

Some motorists in the Belfast Northern Whig tell a very interesting story that illustrates how fast a hare can run. At a certain part of the tour the way rift straight for about two miles, with banks and hedges on either side. Just about the beginning of this stretch a hare started out from the side and dashed along in front, right in the center of the road. Its ears were laid back, but every few seconds it raised first one ear and then the other, evidently to hear if the great racing enemy was coming too near. The speed of the motor was increased until it reached twenty-six or twenty-seven miles an hour. If increased further it would have run down the hare. The race continued for almost a mile and a half. At last an open gate into a field appeared, and through this the animal dashed. The motor was slowed down, and from the slope of the road the men could see the hare running at full speed right across the large field. Evidently it had not been tired by its mighty efforts to keep ahead of the automobile.

The Famous Old Willow Ware.

You may know a plate of old willow ware by its decoration: On the right there is a mandarin's country seat. In the foreground there should be a pavilion, in the background an orange tree and to the right a peach tree. The place is inclosed by a fence, and through the estate there should wander a brook, and in this brook there is an island high at the left side, with a cottage on it. Over the brook there is a bridge, and on it there should be three figures. The willow tree, the famous willow tree, is at one end and a gardener's cottage at the other. Two birds are high in the air above the picture. The whole is supposed to tell the romance of the mandarin's daughter, who is one of the figures on the bridge. The others are her lover and the mandarin himself. The birds are turtledoves, into which the lovers were changed by the gods that they might escape the wrath of Father Mandarin, who pursued them.

A Poet's Homely Face.

The poet Rogers was afflicted with a notably unpleasant, endeavorous countenance, which, with all his intellectual power, was a mortification to him. To hide his annoyance he joked about his ugliness incessantly and deceived his friends into supposing him indifferent to it. He once turned to Sydney Smith, who, with Byron and Moore, was dining with him, and said:

"Chantrey wants to perpetuate this miserable face of mine. What pose would you suggest that I should take?"

"If you really wish to spare the world as much as possible," said the wit, "I would, if I were you, be taken at my papers, my face buried in my hands."

Rogers laughed with the other persons present, but he shot a malignant glance at the jester and, it is said, never fully forgave him for the bonnet.

A Primitive Partnership.

There are three partners in a boat in a Yorkshire fishing village who will not accept a check because the bank is too far away. They have two miles to walk to get their money orders cashed. Only one of the three is able to read and write, and he draws the money, and then the three sit at a table and divide it.

"One for you," says the leader, and places a sovereign in front of one partner. "One for thee"—and another sovereign is put in front of the other partner. "And one for me"—and he places another at his own corner.

And so he goes on, "One for you, one for thee, and one for me," until the sovereigns are equally shared, then the silver and even the pence are divided in the same way.—London Mail.

His First Chance.

A certain railway magnate is anxious to have his young son acquire a working knowledge of husbandry, including the art of carving, says the Cleveland Plain Dealer. The other day the youngster had a practical lesson when asked to preside at the table and distribute a roast chicken.

He gave his mother a drumstick and the next to his father. Each of the sisters he helped to a wing. And then he sliced up pretty nearly all the breast for himself.

"It's my first chance to get all the white meat I want," he said, "and I'm just going to try how it tastes."

Strange Young Man.

"Didn't I see your daughter with a strange young man last night?"

"You certainly did. When he asked daughter to go with him for some ice cream he asked her mother to go along, and he went home at 10 o'clock without any hints, and he wears sane socks and doesn't seem to think he knows it all. He certainly is a strange young man!"—Houston Post.

Gallant.

"That pea will never come to perfection," remarked a young woman walking through a garden with Sydney Smith.

"Then let me lend perfection to the pea," said he, gallantly offering her his arm.

Where to Get It.

"A simple look is all I crave," said the sentimental young man to the belle.

"Then you'd better consult your mirror," she replied tartly.

Not Either as Yet.

"Er—I want some sort of a present for a young lady."

"Sweetheart or sister?"

"Er—why, she hasn't said which she will be yet."

Gifts That Delight the Man

SUGGESTIONS

the wide variety you can only know by seeing.
Each gift appropriately boxed for Christmas.

New Neckwear

Wide variety of colorings, 25c to \$2

Gloves

Unlined and lined, in mochas, buckskins, real cape and kid. Fleeced and fur lined. 50c to \$4

Shirts

Winter quality, fine feel and luster. 50c up to \$2

Handkerchiefs

Plain and initial, silk and linen.

Bath Robes

in soft, comfortable wool or toweling. \$4 to \$10

Sweaters

All wool, in roll collars and plain coat styles. \$1.50 to \$8

Pure Silk Stockings

in all colors. 50c

Umbrellas

in various handles and fabrics. \$1 to \$5

Raincoats

to resist severest storms. \$5 to \$25

Cuff Buttons & Tie Pins

25c up to \$1

Many other Gifts, too numerous to mention.

GIVE US A CALL

Montgomery & Co.

BELLEFONTE

Cool October Nights Are made pleasant by Warm Bed Blankets

Just recently we laid in a supply of excellent blankets—some are cotton and others all wool. Come in and inspect the quality of these and be convinced of their "comfortableness" and wearing qualities. Moderately priced, too.

Many New Dress Goods

All shades of Poplin, pretty patterns in Percales and Ginghams, and other dress goods. Outing Flannel in large variety.

KREAMER & SON

Centre Hall, Pa.



Made famous by its dependability. The solid top and side ejection keeps guns and powder away from your eyes; helps quick, effective repeat shots. Recoil, shot, noise and fumes matter can't get into the action. The mechanism is strong, simple, wear-resisting. The double extraction pull any shell instantly; two special safety devices prevent accidental discharge while action is unlocked, and an automatic recoil block makes long firing harmless. All Marlines are strongly made, finely balanced, accurate, best loading guns, and are the quietest and easiest to take down and clean. Illustration shows Model 24 grade "A" 12 gauge; it has all the features that make for a perfect gun. Send three stamps postage today for our 136 page catalog describing the full Marlin line. The Marlin Firearms Co. 43 Willow Street New Haven, Conn.

It pays to reload your shells! Your empty fired shells are the expensive part of factory ammunition. They're as strong and good as new, and it's easy to reload! Merely de-cap and re-cap shell, insert powder, crimp shell on to bullet. You reload 100 28-40 S. & W. cartridges (burying bullets) in 32 hour at total expense 77c; casting bullets yourself 88c; new factory cartridges cost \$2.50. Free—Ideal Hand Book tells all about reloading all rifle, pistol and shotgun ammunition; 160 pages of valuable information; free for 3 stamps postage. The Marlin Firearms Co. 43 Willow St., New Haven, Conn.

If you are troubled with chronic constipation, the mild and gentle effect of Chamberlain's Tablets makes them especially suited to your case. For sale by all dealers. adv.

FOR SALE—Space for advertising in the Centre Reporter. If you want to advertise do so in a newspaper, not on fences. The Reporter reaches many homes in Penna and Brush Valleys and all other sections of Centre county. Be wise—advertise. THE CENTRE REPORTER, Centre Hall.