

LOCALS

There were three funerals on Monday—W. B. Mingle, W. H. Lee, Mrs. William Krape.

Mrs. Maggie Harper, who just recovered from an attack of pneumonia, is now suffering from a closing of the tear ducts.

The officers elected by Progress Grange to serve during 1913 will be installed with appropriate ceremonies in Grange Acreaia, Saturday afternoon, 1:30 o'clock.

H. J. Mueller, the forester on Nittany Mountain, was taken ill ten days or more ago with typhoid fever but is recovering. Miss Bertha Myers, a trained nurse, is taking care of him.

Robert Meyer was home from Altoona long enough to eat his Christmas dinner with his parents, Prof. and Mrs. P. H. Meyer. He is employed by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company in the electrical department.

Mr. and Mrs. S. V. Hosterman and children, George and Frances, of Lancaster, and Mr. and Mrs. John S. Hosterman, and son "Jack," of Montrose, were at the home of Dr. G. W. Hosterman for a few days, having come here to say good bye to Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Shaw, who are now on their way to California.

S. S. Brown, of Milroy, has improved to such an extent that he is able to sit up every day. He is now at his Milroy home, having been at the hospital but for a few days. Mr. Brown, as was related in these columns, was injured as a result of falling through the trestle work of a trolley bridge.

Mr. and Mrs. James E. Stewart and sons Clem and Herbert, of New Bloomfield, came to Centre Hall just before Christmas, and were entertained by Mrs. Stewart's sister, Mrs. Lucy Henney. Mr. Stewart, owing to the weather conditions, was obliged to return to the hearth and anvil and prepare for a busy season of horse shoeing, but Mrs. Stewart and sons remained until the middle of this week.

O. H. Osman, formerly of Snow Shoe, but now a resident of Columbus, Ohio, if he is up with the news in Centre county, had the pleasure, if there is any in it, of reading his own obituary, for most of the county papers published his death notice. Mr. Osman, who is an undertaker, is very much alive, and said so by letter to some of the publishers. Since the obituaries were brief, and no disposition was made of his soul, the offense is the minimum.

The Watchman confirms its previous statement that the Nittany Furnace, along the turnpike near Bellefonte, will be dismantled, the actual work to begin about the first of April. The furnace was built in 1842, but was idle much of the time. The plant was owned by the Valentines until the eighties, and since then several parties started to operate it, but only for a short period at a time. The scarcity of ore in Nittany Valley and high freight rates are two factors that entered largely into the ultimate razing of the plant.

Working in the modern iron mills is extremely hazardous, for although great care is exercised by the employers and the workmen as well, injuries to workmen are quite frequent. Frank Hartman, of Millheim, is one who can attest to these facts, for while operating an electric crane in the Bessemer Steel Works, at Sparrow's Point, Maryland, he had the fingers on his right hand so badly crushed that it became necessary to amputate them. Mr. Hartman is now at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Hartman, in Millheim.

J. Witmer Wolf, of Ardmore, came to Centre Hall on Sunday morning in company with J. Emory Hoy, of Philadelphia, to attend the funeral of Mr. Mingle. The latter is a son-in-law of the deceased, and business engagements prevented his coming here with his wife and daughter immediately upon the announcement of the death. Mr. Wolf has been an intimate friend of the Mingle family since their coming to Centre Hall about forty years ago, and it was but natural that he should come here to be present when the body of his personal friend would be laid to rest.

Hon. J. G. McHenry, of Benton, Columbia county, who for two terms represented his district in the lower house at Washington, died of apoplexy. He was the originator of the Grange National Banks, and established fifteen or more of them. These banks, however, are Grange banks only in name. He was at one time reputed to be a millionaire, and the sole owner of the McHenry distillery, and later the president of the corporation with a capital stock of \$2,500,000. The heavy losses caused by the burning of the bond houses in which were kept the marketable product of the distillery occasioned financial distress, and a short time ago much of the personal property of the deceased was levied upon by the sheriff. Worries incident to these misfortunes had much to do in hastening his death.

LOCALS

The shirt factory looks to be more than talk.

And this is the first number of the Centre Reporter for 1913.

The holidays are over, and now there is no longer excuse for trains coming in several hours behind time.

Miss Mary Stump, daughter of Mrs. Elizabeth Stump, of Centre Hall, underwent an operation in the Bellefonte hospital two weeks ago.

R. B. Spangler, of Barnesboro, came to Centre Hall the latter part of last week and remained with his mother Mrs. Anna Spangler, until the middle of this week.

The first snow of the season came the day before Christmas and measured about four inches in depth. With all the dark spots on old mother earth covered with a white robe, Christmas was a most cheerful day.

The day after Christmas Charley Stump went south the second time to visit the old home at Fort Mitchell, Virginia. He expects to spend the winter months in Virginia and then return to Centre Hall in time for the rush of work with the opening of spring.

The week of prayer services begins on Sunday evening. The first service will be held in the Reformed church, and the sermon by Dr. W. H. Schuyler. Owing to the fact that the Lutheran church is undergoing repairs, the services announced on the program for the Lutheran church will be held in the Reformed church.

There were the usual number of Christmas services held by the various Sunday-schools and churches during Christmas week. Some organizations spent much time in training the children for the services, and in all the services were commendable. The Christmas services are very much enjoyed by the children who take an active part in them, and they are also heartily enjoyed by those who attend the spectators. The programs prepared by the various church boards carry out the real Christmas spirit, and when these are followed the frivolous is eliminated.

Aaronsburg.

George Hosterman, of Boalsburg, visited at the home of John Haines. Mr. and Mrs. Ebon Bower, of Bellefonte, spent a few days with Merchant E. A. Bower.

Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Stover spent some time with Mrs. Rebecca Charles at Hubersburg. Clarence Eisenhour, who is employed in Altoona, was home over Christmas.

Mrs. E. R. Wolfe and son, of Wolf Store, visited at the home of William Haines for a few days.

Miss Maybelle Boob, of Woodward, for several days was a guest at the William Wolfe home.

Leroy Mensch, a student in the Peabody University of Music, was home over Christmas.

Harry Homan, of Burnham, spent a few days with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Homan.

Wilmer and Jefferson Stover and Thomas Weaver made a business trip to Bellefonte on Tuesday.

John Ritzman and daughter Mildred, of Salona, visited the former's aged mother, Mrs. Anna Weaver.

William Weaver has come home to spend a few weeks with his parents. He works in Akron, Ohio.

Miss Ardenna Harman, who is employed in New York City, spent her vacation at her home in this place.

Miss Maggie Weaver, who has employment in Millinburg, was here for a week visiting her mother.

Gurney Wert, a student in a Philadelphia institution, spent a few days with his mother during the Christmas season.

Mrs. Lenker and daughter attended the funeral of Luther Kurtz at Millinburg. The deceased was a brother of the former lady.

Mrs. James Rupp and children, of Oklahoma, are visiting the former's mother, Mrs. Mowery, and other friends.

Mr. and Mrs. James Stover and Mr. and Mrs. Jefferson Stover, of Berrien Springs, Michigan, visited among relatives and friends last week.

Paul Stover and family, of Williamsport, and Miss Mary Stover, of Harrisburg, spent Christmas with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Stover.

Former Sheriff J. P. Condo, of York, visited his aged mother at the home of James Roush. The Roush boys accompanied Mr. Condo to his home.

Mrs. W. C. Mingle, of Akron, Ohio, has come to spend some time with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Earnest Stover. Her many friends are glad to see her again.

Mrs. (Dr.) Ward, of Bellefonte, came here to take the remains of her sister to Centre Hall for interment. The funeral was held Monday afternoon.

Louis and Charles Donat, of Wana-maker, Lehigh county, spent a few days at the home of their brother, Rev. W. D. Donat, at the Reformed parsonage.

Horace Stover, of Youngstown, Ohio, and sisters, Mrs. Electa Hawk, of Lock Haven, and Mrs. Edward Corman, and the latter's husband, of Scalp Level, spent Christmas with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. George E. Stover.

How to Grow Tall.

A man's organs and those of his bones which are not subjected to pressure grow continuously until he is forty years old—that is to say, the heart should become stronger, the capacity of the lungs increase and the brain should develop steadily until the fourth decade of life. Also one should wear a larger hat at the age of forty than at thirty. A man ceases to grow tall, however, at the beginning of the third decade, because after that time the downward pressure exerted by the weight of the body while in the erect position compresses the vertebrae or small bones in the spine, the disks of cartilage between them, the pelvis and the thigh bones, and this pressure overcomes the natural elasticity of the disks and the growth of these bones. However, a British scientist contends that were man a quadruped and therefore freed from the downward pressure produced by his weight upon his spinal column he would continue to grow in height for ten years longer than he does at present, since it has been found that bones not subjected to compression increase up to the fourth decade.—Chicago Tribune.

Pretty Names For Books.

The following are some of the curious titles of old English books: "A Most Delectable Sweet Perfumed Nosegay For God's Saints to Smell At." "Biscuit Baked In The Oven of Charity, Carefully Conserved For The Chickens of The Church, the Sparrows of The Spirit and The Sweet Swallows of Salvation." "A Sigh of Sorrow For the Sinners of Zion Breathed Out of a Hole In The Wall of an Earthly Vessel Known Among Men by the Name of Samuel Fish" (a Quaker who had been imprisoned). "Eggs of Charity Layed For the Chickens of The Covenant and Boiled With The Water of Divine Love. Take Ye Out and Eat." "The Spiritual Mustard Pot to Make the Soul Sneeze With Devotion."

The Wearing of Hats.

More or less of a modern habit is the constant wearing of hats. Even as late as 1759 Horace Walpole mentions as a matter of course that he never wears a hat. "Remember," he says, writing to a friend notoriously careless about his dress, who was expected home from Holland, "everybody that comes from abroad is supposed to come from France, and whatever they wear at their first reappearance immediately grows the fashion. Now if, as is very likely, you should through inadvertence change hats with the master of a Dutch smack in a week's time we shall all be equipped like Dutch skippers. You see, I speak very disinterestedly, for, as I never wear a hat myself, it is indifferent to me what sort of a hat I don't wear."

A Grand Scheme.

Mr. Higgins had a scheme for protecting his house against burglars during his absence from me, but in spite of that his friend Mr. Higgins met him recently looking very downcast. "What's wrong?" queried Mr. Higgins. "Oh, everything!" groaned Mr. Higgins. "You remember my scheme for keeping off burglars? Well, the secret of it was to leave a gas jet turned on, so that any burglar who entered would be asphyxiated by the fumes." "Didn't it work, then?" "Oh, yes, it worked well enough—too well. The burglar came in with a lighted match, and we haven't been able to find him or the house since."

The Privilege of Peers.

There is a curious case in Fortescue's "reports" relating to the privilege of peers, in which the bailiff who many years ago arrested a lord was forced by the court to kneel down and ask his pardon, though he alleged that he had acted by mistake, for that his lordship had a dirty shirt, a wornout suit of clothes and only sixpence in his pocket, so that he could not believe that he was a peer and arrested him through inadvertence.—Green Bag.

He Changed.

"Greynair's wife brought him home a suit of clothes, but I understand he mustered up the courage to tell her that he had made up his mind to change it." "Did he change it?" "Oh, yes; he changed his mind."

Hit It.

"You can't guess what sister said about you just before you came in, Mr. Highcollar," said little Johnnie. "I haven't an idea in the world, Johnnie." "That's it. You guessed it the very first time."

Domestic Bliss.

Mr. Wyborn—Ever since I married you I've drunk the cup of bitterness to the dregs. Mrs. Wyborn—Yes; imagine you leaving a drain of anything in any cup!

In the Same Class.

"I have a fishing boat and a chauffeur that are both in the same class." "How do you mean?" "I am always balling them out."

So It Does.

We are told that the "smallest hair throws a shadow." And so it does. It throws a shadow over your appetite when you find it in your food.

Inconsistency with ourselves is the greatest weakness of human nature.—Addison.

Laundry goes out next Wednesday.

Whence and Hither?

A sublime passage is Carlyle's vision of history as a stupendous procession forth-issuing from Cimmerian night and vanishing into pathetic and fathomless silence, which is given as follows in "Sartor Resartus": "Like some wild flaming, wild thundering train of heaven's artillery does this mysterious mankind thunder and flame in long drawn, quick succeeding grandeur through the unknown deep. Like a God-created, fire-breathing spirit, we emerge from the Inane, surge stormfully across the astonished earth, then plunge again into the Inane. Earth's mountains are leveled and her seas filled up in our passage. Can the earth, which is but dead and a vision, resist spirits which have reality and are alive? On the hardest adamant some footprint of us is stamped in; the last rear of the host will tread traces of the earliest van. But whence? O heaven, whither? Sense knows not, faith knows not, only that it is through mystery to mystery, from God to God."

Cruel but Necessary.

The Eskimos dread the winter and take early precautions to provide against famine. As the season approaches the great herds of reindeer migrate southward, and the walrus or the seal are all that remain for food. When an in wind is blowing the walrus is easily found on the outer edge of the ice packs. When it is blowing off the shore, however, the ice packs sail out to sea with the walrus on them. The natives then class their numbers in a list from the strongest to the weakest. The food that is in store is divided up, the weakest having the smallest quantity, the strongest the largest. Thus the mightiest hunters have strength to provide for the others. It is a cruel system, but nevertheless a necessary one. If all were weak, all would die; if some are strong, they will save many of the weak.

The Sea Lifts the Grindstones.

From the bottom of the Bay of Fundy come some of the finest grindstones in the world, and the manner in which they are procured is simple and ingenious, the stonecutters making the exceptional tide perform the hardest part of the work. When the tide is out, which happens twice every day, the workmen quarry the stones from the solid rock and fasten them to a big flatboat. Then in comes the tide, a mighty flood rushing in, as though the great ocean had suddenly changed its mind. A wonderful sight it is—rising often as high as a house! And now the men have nothing more to do. The tide lifts the boat, and up comes the stone with it. Boat and stone are then brought close inshore, where the stone is removed at leisure when the tide is out.—Argonaut.

A Fitting Reply.

Major Lomax of the United States army was visiting in Canada soon after the war of 1812. He was entertained in Quebec by the officers of one of the royal regiments. After dinner, speeches and toasts being in order, one of the British officers, having imbibed too generously of the champagne, gave as a toast, "The President of the United States, Dead or Alive!" The toast was accepted with laughter.

Major Lomax rose to respond, saying, "Permit me to give as my toast, 'The Prince Regent, Drunk or Sober.'" The British officer sprang instantly to his feet and in angry tones demanded, "Sir, do you intend that remark as an insult?" To which Major Lomax calmly answered, "No, sir; as the reply to one."

Don't Get Up In a Hurry.

Don't jump up the first thing your eyes are open. Remember that while you sleep the vital organs are at rest. The vitality is lowered and the circulation not so strong.

A sudden spring out of bed is a shock to these organs, especially to the heart, as it starts pumping the blood suddenly. Don't be in such a hurry. Stretch and yawn and yawn and stretch. Stretch the arms and legs, stretch the whole body. A good yawn and stretch are better even than a cold bath. Take time. It will keep you young and add years to your life.—Family Doctor.

Golf.

A writer in an English paper has this to say regarding the game of golf: "Golf is a great game, but shiver me nibbles! If I think it comes up to tid-dly-winks. It is played with a couple of farms, a river or so, two or three sand hills, a number of implements resembling dentist's tools, a strange language much like Hindustani, any old clothes and a large assortment of oaths."

Ove-heard in the Art Gallery.

They were making the usual round of exhibitions. "Oh," he exclaimed, "do look at that beautiful Apollo Belvedere!" "Sh!" she returned. "Don't say dear so loud. Everybody'll know we're just married."—Judge.

Sounds So.

"How oddly the man cleaning the machinery talks." "How do you mean?" "I heard him telling his helper to tave the waste."—Baltimore American.

Nose For News.

"That man is an inveterate gossip, and he has a perfect genius for sniffing out squally times in families." "Then his is something of a storm scenter."—Exchange.

Acrobatic Diplomacy.

Elihu Root once defined a real diplomat thus: "A real diplomat, you know, is a man who can stretch his arms across the sea without putting his feet in it."

Centre Reporter, \$1 per year.

NOTICE IN DIVORCE.

J. Irvin Lucas vs. Clara Lucas. In the Court of Common Pleas of Centre County. In Divorce A. V. M. No. 2, Sep. Term, 1912.

To Clara Lucas, whereas your husband, J. Irvin Lucas has filed a libel in the Court of Common Pleas of Centre County, No. 2, September Term, 1912, praying for a Divorce against you, now you are hereby notified and requested to appear on or before Monday, February 24th, 1913, to answer the complaint of your said husband, J. Irvin Lucas and to show cause, if any you have, why the said J. Irvin Lucas should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you and in default of such appearance you will be liable to have a divorce granted in your absence. ARTHUR B. LEE, Sheriff's Office, Bellefonte, Penna. Sheriff, December, 1912. (03)

NOTICE IN DIVORCE.

Sarah Braucher vs. Grant W. Braucher. In the Court of Common Pleas of Centre County. In Divorce A. V. M. No. 47, Sep. Term, 1912.

To Grant W. Braucher, whereas your wife, Sarah Braucher has filed a libel in the Court of Common Pleas of Centre County, No. 47, September Term, 1912, praying for a Divorce against you, now you are hereby notified and requested to appear on or before Monday, February 24th, 1913, to answer the complaint of your said wife, Sarah Braucher and to show cause, if any you have, why the said Sarah Braucher should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you and in default of such appearance you will be liable to have a divorce granted in your absence. ARTHUR B. LEE, Sheriff's Office, Bellefonte, Penna. Sheriff, December, 1912. (03)

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