

DEATHS

By falling through the trestle work of a railroad bridge across Logan Creek, at Bellefonte, Elmer Miller lost his life. He was crossing the stream at about 8:30 in the evening, and was carrying a number of packages for a neighbor lady, when he made a misstep. When picked up it was found that his neck was broken. Mr. Miller was just a little over forty-nine years of age, and was married, his wife before marriage having been Miss Sarah Bathurst. The surviving children are: Mrs. Frank Macky, of Niagara Falls, N. Y.; Mrs. Preston Garbrick, of Bellefonte; Alice, Agnes, David, Ellen, Alfred and Zebulon, all at home. He also leaves three brothers: George, James and William, of Bellefonte.

Mrs. Amelia M. Stover, wife of L. H. Stover, died of paralysis, at her home at Coburn, aged sixty years, four months and fifteen days. Deceased was a daughter of the late Reuben and Margaret Harter, and was born and raised at Millheim. She leaves to survive a husband and two sons, Harry Frankenberg, of Gregg township, and George Frankenberg, of Penn township, also the following brothers and sisters: C. W. Hartman and J. H. B. Hartman, of Millheim; William M. Hartman, of Williamsport; Mrs. Lizzie Harshberger, Mrs. P. P. Leitzell and Mrs. A. F. Harter, of Millheim, and Mrs. Anna Breon, of Rabersburg. Interment was made in Fairview cemetery at Millheim.

Mrs. Susanna C. Krise, wife of Rudolph Krise, died at the family home in Mt. Pulaski, Illinois, on Thursday, of last week, aged eighty-one years, five months and ten days. Mrs. Krise, whose maiden name was Rimey, was born near Bellefonte, and for a number of years after her marriage lived near the Pleasant Gap station, from whence they moved to Illinois. Mr. Krise, heraged husband, survives her.

Harry Stanley Heaton, the twelve-year-old son of Emory and Blanche Heaton, died at their home on Verona hill, of tuberculosis, with which he had been afflicted for some weeks. In addition to his parents he is survived by one brother, Henry, and two sisters, Annie and Bessie. Interment was made in the Fairview cemetery in Curtin township.

Mrs. Catharine Margaret Fox died in Bellefonte aged fifty-eight years. There survives the husband, Henry Fox, and these children: Mrs. Glenn Kennedy and Mrs. Charles M. Donald, of Bellefonte; Mrs. A. S. Gibbonney, of Reedsville; Mrs. Charles P. Brackbill, of Bellefonte, and James, at home.

Bernice, son of Mr. and Mrs. John Tate, on Nittany Mountain, died last week, interment being made at Pleasant Gap on Thursday. He was aged about seventeen years and death was due to pneumonia, from which he had suffered for some time.

Robert Larimer died in Clearfield at the age of sixty-three years. He was a son of Gibson Larimer and was born at Pleasant Gap. He was a printer by trade. William and Rosh Larimer, of Bellefonte, are brothers of the deceased.

LOCALS

Peter B. Jordan, of Colyer, was one of Potter township's farmers to call at this office on Tuesday.

John C. Rossman shipped several car loads of cattle and hogs from the Centre Hall station to the east.

Dr. H. F. Bittler publishes letters of administration, D. B. N. C. T. A., on the estate of the late George Durst.

Mrs. Martha E. Confer, of Pottery Mills, spent last week at the home of her nephew, William Kern, at Oak Hall station.

If you have a property to sell or rent, advertise it in the Reporter. When a prospective buyer reads your advertisement he at once gets busy because he feels that the advertiser means business.

Wallace Horner, chief assistant at the Centre Hall meat market, has set up housekeeping in the Herlicher house. He was just married recently, and one new couple has been added to the population of the borough.

The street talk is that A. C. Ripka purchased the Moore property in Centre Hall, and that his son, Emory E. Ripka, will occupy it by the first of April. The latter Mr. Ripka is a salesman for the Hamilton Brown Shoe Company, and lives in the Geles property, Centre Hall.

Messrs. William H. Stewart and Harry C. Bailey, both of Bousburg, were among the Reporter's callers on Monday, both having come to Centre Hall on business. Mr. Stewart is a merchant, and does an extensive business, and in next week's issue of this paper will have an important announcement. Mr. Bailey is one of Harris township's prosperous farmers.

RED TAPE IN FRANCE.

It Entangles One Even in Getting the Gas Turned on in a Flat.

France is at once the paradise and the inferno of bureaucracy. For example, I wanted the gas to be turned on in my flat. A simple affair! Drop a postcard to the company telling the company to come and turn it on. Not at all! I was told that it would be better to call upon the company. So I called. "What do you desire, monsieur?" "I am the new tenant of a flat, and I want the gas turned on." "Ah! You are the new tenant of a flat, and you want the gas turned on. M. Chose, here is a new tenant of a flat, and he wants the gas turned on. Where should he be led to?" "About a quarter of an hour of this, and then at last I am led by a municipal employee sure of his job and his pension to the far distant room of the high employee appointed by the city of Paris to deal with such as me. This room is furnished somewhat like that of a solicitor's managing clerk.

"Good morning, sir." "Good morning, sir." "It appears, sir—M. Bennay, fourth floor, No. 4 Rue de Calais, sixth arrondissement, is it not?—that you want the gas turned on. Will you put yourself to the trouble of sitting down, M. Bennay?" "I sit down. He sits down. "Ah! So you want the gas turned on! Let us see, let us see." "Hundreds of such applications must be made every day. But the attitude of this ceremonious official might be put into words thus: "A strange and interesting application of yours, to have the gas turned on? Very remarkable! It attracts me. The case must be examined with the care and the respect which it deserves."—Arnold Bennett in Metropolitan.

JOYS OF A RUSSIAN HOTEL.

Nice Lofty Rooms With Sealed Windows and Smoke Laden Air. Writing of the great Russian city of Odessa in Harper's, Sydney Adamson tells of the somewhat primitive arrangements of even the modern hotels. "For our ignorance of Russian we had the privilege of paying over twice the legal fare for our drive to the hotel. The porters obligingly arranged the matter and quite cheerfully kept the difference. How like the rest of the world! We felt at home at once. The large, lofty bedchambers and corridors of the hotels make it just possible to live in rooms that have double windows sealed with putty, which are never opened from the beginning of the winter till the spring thaw is in the air.

"As there are no open fires the only ventilation is from the slightly better air of the corridors. A framed notice on the wall informs the visitor of all the privileges he is graciously permitted to pay extra for, among them the joy of being clean at the rate of 10 kopecks for a jug of hot water or 50 kopecks for a bath. But the greatest mystery of all was a samovar at 25 kopecks. In time it was discovered that your true Russian, having a taste for much tea or other warm refreshment, rings for a lighted samovar and prepares his own beverage if he is not fortunate enough to possess a wife to do it for him.

"With the lady managing a fiery, fuming samovar and her lord smoking innumerable cigarettes, with perhaps a visitor to help, one can easily imagine—not forgetting the hermetically sealed windows—the atmosphere in which some worthy Russians go to bed."

River Bed Patterns. Ideas for the colors in the best Scotch tweeds are found in the bed of the river Garry, in the Pass of Killiecrankie, said Thomas Welsh in a paper read before the textile congress at Hawick, Scotland, recently. Granite, porphyry and jasper are found there in rich reds, grays and greens, beautifully mottled and mixed in finely contrasted colors. "Heather mixtures," he said, "were asked for by sportsmen, who inquired for colors which resembled their shooting grounds. The first order of tweeds sent to London in bulk was six pieces of black and white check made in Peebles."—Argonaut.

Curious Result of a Tax. A curious thing happened when the English auctioneers were taxed. At first it was a year, the duty was raised to £10 by Peel, but he relieved them of the necessity of taking out a license for beer, spirits, etc., when they sold these articles at auction. The consequence was that everywhere the auctioneers carried on the sale of beer and spirits for themselves until the abuse was stopped in 1864.

Cutting Him Short. "Little one," he began, "you are too pretty to be shooting biscuits in a beannery. You ought to be on the stage." "Been there," snapped the waitress briefly. "What'll you have? Gimme the particulars of your ten cent order."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Economy. "I would suggest giving our new mayor three cheers," announced St. Waffletree at the first meeting of the new town council. "Make it two cheers," suggested Hiram Waffle. "Remember, we are pledged to economy all along the line."—Washington Herald.

Introduced Himself. She—I beg your pardon, but I can't remember having met you before. He—Oh, yes. Last night at the ball some one trod on your toe. That was me.—Flegende Blatter.

Laundry goes out Wednesday, February 5.

JOLTED HER DIGNITY.

The Matron, the Mules and a Spectacular Procession.

They tell a story in army circles in Washington, wherein a young matron of much dignity and a string of army mules were the principal actors. It appears that this young woman has quite a regal air, a circumstance that added much to the humor of the situation in which she found herself. Also, it should be added, it is her custom to investigate pretty thoroughly any new phase of life with which she comes in contact. Accordingly, on the occasion of her visit to an army post in the west, she had everything about the post carefully explained to her.

One day, when her host and hostess were out of the house, this young woman thought it well to go to the corral to inspect the army mules. She went among the animals, carefully examining each one. She happened to wear a costume of very light color that quickly attracted the attention of the animals, which were accustomed, like all army pack mules, to be led by the whitest animal among them. They slowly wobbled their ears as they noticed the unfurled white parasol of their visitor.

The young woman finished her inspection and took her departure. As she left the corral, she heard steps behind her. Glancing back, she saw a mule following her, while all the rest of the animals were falling into line behind their leader.

She was not afraid. Indeed, she deemed fear quite beneath her dignity. But she was startled, to say the least, and quickened her pace. The mule immediately in her rear increased his pace, too, and marched steadily along with his nose just touching the back of the white parasol.

Then it was that the occupants of the long row of officers' quarters were astonished to witness the spectacle of an extremely dignified woman coming up the avenue, at a gait that might be termed a compromise between her dignity and a desire to run, with a string of army mules behind her, the head of each just touching the tail of the one in front of him. The young woman's steps are said to have exceeded the prescribed army stride by about two feet. Her dignity was decidedly "not on straight." There were about twenty-five mules in the procession.—Youth's Companion.

JUSTICE AND JOLLITY.

They Mixed Punishment and Merriment in the Good Old Days. The milkman who waters his milk and the grocer who adulterates his butter are not, after all, the products of our modern civilization. These men, it appears, have an ancestry of a respectable antiquity. Witness an edict which an antiquary has discovered in the archives of Puy-de-Dome:

"Whosoever shall have sold watered milk, in his mouth shall be set a tube, and into the side tube shall be poured the watered milk till the doctor or barber there present shall assert that the culprit cannot swallow more without being put in danger of his days. Whosoever shall have sold butter containing turnips, stones or any other foreign substance shall be seized and attached in a very curious manner to our pillory of Pontet.

"Then the said butter shall be placed on his head till the sun shall have melted it completely, and in the meantime the children and meaner folk of the villages shall insult him with such outrageous epithets as shall please them, subject to the respect of God and his majesty.

"Whosoever shall have sold evil or rotten eggs shall be seized by the body and exposed in our pillory of Pontet. The said eggs shall be given to the children of the villages, who shall by way of joyful diversion throw them in the face of the culprit, so that all may be full of merriment and laughter."

Justice had a humorous way with it in those good old days.—Paris Cor. London Telegraph.

A Kindness to the Fish. Ethel, who was ten years old, was studying her geographical reader and learned that fish are placed in brine before they are dried and prepared for sale. After explaining that brine is very strong salt water the teacher asked why the fish were placed in it. Ethel's face was illumined with sudden understanding, and she promptly replied: "Because they are used to salt water."—Youth's Companion.

Economizing. "I think I saw your little boy chewing tobacco as I came in the gate." "Yes; that was Johnny." "Mercy! Do you permit him to chew?" "Well, you see, that was an almost new plug of tobacco his father left when he died, and it seemed a sin to waste it."—Houston Post.

A Nice Lovable Girl. Jack—The college girl I am engaged to picked me up on grammar before a week had passed over our heads. Tom—You got off light and easy. The college girl I knew corrected my English while I was proposing to her.—Boston Transcript.

Your Blessings. Ef you'll stop courtin' yo' troubles fer awhile mebbe you'll have time ter disklaver dat you've had enough blessings fer a good sized lifetime.—Atlanta Constitution.

Strong minds suffer without complaining; weak ones complain without suffering.

Centre Reporter, \$1 per year.

OCEAN DERELICTS.

Floating Perils That Drift With Winds and Currents.

A MENACE TO EVERY VESSEL.

These Vampires of the Sea, Some of Them Wholly Submerged, Are Dreaded by All Mariners—Methods of Locating and Destroying Them.

Today, according to Popular Electricity, there are about 2,000 derelicts in the waters of the world—floating perils that go where wind and currents bid them. Every sea is made hazardous by their presence. They have crashed into ocean liners and into junks of the China sea. To them all vessels are alike—something to be destroyed. They crash against them in the dead of night, when inky blackness hides their coming. Wrecks themselves, they seem to strive to drag all others to their own fate.

So they go drifting on the seven seas. More particularly they seem to swarm eagerly in the gulf stream. From Cape Hatteras reaching north to the Grand banks of Newfoundland is the "graveyard of the Atlantic." It is a rolling waste where many ships are buried. It is a place where derelicts borne by the sweep of the gulf stream and the counterchurn of the Labrador current dart about like angry sharks, eager to fasten their maws on the hull of some ship.

In the hydrographic office at some seaport the wireless is sounding. A message is coming through the void. It is a message of peril coming from a steamship. It warns that a derelict has been sighted squarely in the path of ocean travel. For days the men at the station have been waiting for word of this derelict. Its position on the chart that all hydrographic offices keep has not moved for a week. They have lost track of it. Its driftings are as a mystery. The station men have been unable to wire back over the sea warning captains of its whereabouts. Any moment they may hear that it has attacked and wrecked.

But now the derelict has come into the light. The Baltic has sighted it and sent a warning humming over the sea. Now the men at the station are quick to act. At a word from their chief they relay the message to the commander of the revenue cutter Seneca, lying by. The Seneca has been waiting for this message—waiting for the derelict's whereabouts to be revealed. And now, knowing them, it gets up steam and sails forth, a purger of the seas, on destruction bent.

Of derelicts there are two kinds—those that float observed and those that float unobserved. Most people imagine that wrecked ships are ultimately driven ashore and that vessels reported sinking at the time of abandonment go down soon after. That is not true. Abandoned ships breed vampires of the deep. For months they float. Water-logged, half sunken, pitched and torn by storm, they yet somehow seem to survive. They will live in gales that send the stanchest vessels to the bottom. Only time can destroy them—that is, unless electricity takes a hand.

Too heavy to rise to the surface and yet not water soaked enough to sink to the bottom and remain there, they crawl along just under the riding swells. Their abiding place is nowhere. From the untraveled tracks of the seas they may be carried by a storm directly in the path of navigation. Whether they go no word goes before them. They descend unobserved, quietly, grimly. Not until they have struck is their presence known. Then they take their toll. They destroy a ship, and from it another of their kind is made. It is their way of multiplying and spreading the breed. That is why it is so important that they be destroyed.

But now the Seneca has steamed into the province of the derelict. High in the mast the lookout is casting his eyes on all sides. If he is not alert the derelict may attack those on board the Seneca. Self preservation is strong in a vampire.

But now the tip of a submerged mass rises above a distant swell. Caught in a sudden pitch of the sea, the derelict has revealed itself. From the lookout's nest the cry sounds. The speed of the Seneca is reduced. It moves slowly toward its quarry. And now the work of harnessing electricity for the destruction it must do begins. From the magazines are brought mines charged with sixty pound burdens of gun-cotton. From the storehouses are brought insulated electric cables and a hand magnet. A small boat is lowered, and the mines are taken on board. Then the boat rides over the sea toward the derelict, a risky ride if the swells are running high.

And the next comes the work of placing the mines where they will create the greatest explosions. If the wreck is submerged the task is more difficult. More mines must be used. Exquisite care must be employed in their placing. Finally the explosive charges are connected by means of the insulated electric cables, and the wrecking party draws off to a safe distance. The man with the hand magnet provides the necessary current, the detonators of fulminate of mercury explode, the primers of dry gun-cotton are dealt a harsh blow, the explosion is sufficient to loosen all the heavy powers of the masses of wet gun-cotton, and then the derelict flies apart, its back broken, its sides flying through the air, a scraping and rending of planks, the sudden splash as they hit the water again—the sound of a vampire dying.

Centre Reporter, \$1 a year, in advance.

COURT PROCLAMATION.

Whereas the Honorable Ellis L. Orris, President Judge of the Court of Common Pleas of the County of Centre, having issued his precept bearing date the 21st day of December, 1912, to me directed for holding a Court of Common Pleas, Orphans Court, Court of Quarter Sessions of the Peace, Oyer and Terminer and General Jail Delivery, in Bellefonte, for the County of Centre, and to commence on the

FOURTH MONDAY OF FEBRUARY being the 24th day of February, 1913, and to continue two weeks.

Notice is hereby given to the Coroner, Justices of the Peace, Aldermen, and Constables of said County of Centre, that they be then and there in their proper persons at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of the 24th, with their records, inquisitions, examinations, and their own remembrances, to do those things which to their office appertain to be done and those who are bound in recognizances, to prosecute against the prisoners that are to be shall be in jail of Centre county, be then and there to prosecute against them as shall be just. Given under my hand at Bellefonte, the 14th day of January in the year of our Lord, 1913 and the one hundred and thirty-sixth year of the Independence of the United States of America.

ARTHUR B. LEE, Sheriff.

Sheriff's Office, Bellefonte, Jan. 14, 1913.

HOUSE AND LOT FOR SALE. The undersigned offers for sale her house and lot on Main street, in Centre Hall. Dwelling house contains eight rooms, and has just been remodeled throughout and has all the modern improvements—heat, light, bathroom etc. There is also a large stable in good repair on the premises. Also a large store room, now occupied by F. V. Goodhart furniture dealer. The property is a very desirable one in all respects. For further particulars inquire of MRS. SAMUEL W. MOORE, Centre Hall, Pa.

Farm Machinery Gasoline Engines Fertilizers Binder Twine Repairs for Machinery

The undersigned is prepared to furnish anything in the above, lines at most reasonable rates. Farm machinery includes a full line of hay tools, etc.

YOUR PATRONAGE IS SOLICITED.

H. C. SHIRK Centre Hall, Pa.

When in need of good MEN'S FOOTWEAR We sell the Ball Band Heavy GUMS and ARCTICS at the lowest prices. Hood Rubbers-first quality Light weight rubbers, the best to be had. Also the best makes of Men's, Boy's and Children's Shoes at lowest prices Winter is here; you will need good footwear. Don't forget that the best is to be had at the store of C. F. EMERY, Centre Hall

LADIES' "FITZ-EZY" SHOES will cure corns! SOLD ONLY AT YEAGER'S SHOE STORE BELLEFONTE

Here is a remedy that will cure your cold. Why waste time and money experimenting when you can get a preparation that has won a world-wide reputation by its cures of this disease and can always be depended upon? It is known everywhere as Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, and is a medicine of real merit. For sale by all dealers.

Winter is here and we have on hand Good Heavy Underwear Extra Heavy Hose Rubbers—Light Weight and Heavy Also, a few more Bed Blankets in Cotton and All Wool, in Fancy Plaids Robes and Horse Blankets Dress Goods in all the plain and fancy weaves for Coats, Suits; Serges for Coats. All Overs and Laces and wide insertion to match. Call and see. We will save you money.

H. F. ROSSMAN SPRING HILLS, PA.

FIRE, LIFE and ACCIDENT INSURANCE Consult us before placing your risks. W. H. Bartholomew & Son Centre Hall, Pa.

Now owned by Ralph S. Harmon See page 36-37