

THE RURAL SCHOOL TEACHER.

The National Government Finds Rural Schools in Hands of Unskilled Instructors.

Education in the public schools and especially in the country schools, is in the hands mainly of unskilled instructors, according to a bulletin issued yesterday by the bureau of education as the result of an investigation made by two of its experts.

Well, along in the early nineties Henry C. Mustin, a young midshipman at Annapolis, lean faced and square of jaw, built like a medium sized Hercules, quiet mannered, but a bulldog in the football field, interested himself in the study of optics.

One day years later, while stationed in Washington, Mustin called a few of his brother officers to the window near his desk on the second floor of a building in the navy yards.

Many of the states now have special courses in these studies for the benefit of prospective teachers and the federal bureau hopes to encourage the spread of the movement.

Appointed Justice.

On the second day of this year Governor Tener appointed W. Gross Mingle justice of the peace for the borough of Centre Hall. Since the appointment Mr. Mingle has decided to leave this place, and consequently will not lift his commission, which leaves the office vacant.

Aaronsburg.

Roy Stricker moved to Philadelphia, where he is employed.

Misses Mabel Boob and Elida Hosterman, called on their sister, Mrs. William Wolfe, on Saturday.

Mrs. George McCormick and son returned to their home at Potters Mills, after spending two weeks with her parents, E. G. Mingle.

Clarence Eisenhauser and Walter Orwig, who are employed in the Altoona shops, spent Sunday with their friends and families.

Mrs. Luther Wert started for Akron, Ohio, having been called there by her son Nelson, who moved his family out there last fall, on account of the serious affliction of his wife with rheumatism.

The scholars in the Aaronsburg school were invited to the chapel school last Wednesday evening, so the boys displayed their chivalry and took the ladies there. All enjoyed the visit there very much.

Wilson Haines, your correspondent regrets to say, is suffering from small-pox, and has been very ill. With a view of aiding in checking the spread of the disease, the school board closed the public schools, and all public meetings, including those of a religious character, have been recalled.

Rebersburg.

Mrs. Reed is at present visiting relatives at Millinburg.

The family of Rev. Bingham are at present afflicted with the measles. Quite a number of ice houses in this place have been filled this week.

Wm. Houtz is making preparations to move to Illinois in the near future.

Jack frost visited some of the cellars at this place during the recent cold weather.

C. E. Ziegler, of Spring Mills, quite recently placed a piano in the home of Wm. Bierly.

Charles Dobler has packed and crated his household goods and will in the near future move to Renovo.

One day the past week while Mrs. Best, an aged lady, of Smulton, was standing on a chair to adjust a window blind, she fell and fractured several ribs.

Clarence Brungart has advertised sale of his farm stock. He quite recently bought the meat market at Loganton and will move there this spring.

The Senior Class of the Rebersburg high school will hold an entertainment in the high school building on Saturday evening, February 22. All are cordially invited. Admission 10 and 15 cents.

The executors of the late Samuel Ertle advertise sale of personal property for March 11th. See posters and sale register.

NAVAL GUN TELESCOPES.

Device That Made Possible Accurate Long Range Firing.

It was about the year 1885 that the telescope was first tested in conjunction with the firing of a modern gun. The tremendous concussion broke the lens, however, so that in order to use it at all the telescope had to be detached from the gun before firing, thereby entailing a loss of several seconds in time after aim had been taken.

Later, to obviate this defect, the telescope was adjusted to the axis of the gun by a system of parallel arms moving up and down in unison with the gun, though detached from it. This of course was a great improvement, but there were still grave practical defects.

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LONG HAIRD MEN.

They Caused a Vigorous Protest in Massachusetts in 1649.

The following protest signed by Joseph Endicott, governor; Thomas Dudley, deputy governor; Richard Bellingham, Richard Saltonstall, Increase Nowell, William Hibbins, Thomas Flint, Robert Bridges and Simon Bradstreet was published in Massachusetts in 1649:

"Protest, against wearing long hair, of the governor, etc., of Massachusetts:

"Forasmuch as the wearing of long hair, after the manner of Russians and barbarous Indians, has begun to invade New England, contrary to the rule of God's word, which says it is a shame for man to wear long hair, as also the commendable custom generally of all the godly of all our nation, until within these few years:

"We, the magistrates, who have signed this paper, for the showing of our own innocency in this behalf, do declare and manifest our dislike and detestation against the wearing of such long hair, as against a thing unbecomingly and unmanly, whereby men deform themselves and offend sober and modest men, and do corrupt good manners. We do therefore earnestly intreat all the elders of this jurisdiction as often as they shall see cause, to manifest their zeal against it in their public administrations, and to take care that the members of their respective churches be not defiled therewith; that so, such as prove obstinate, and will not reform themselves, may have God and man to witness against them. The third month 10th day, 1649."

The Stranger.

A stranger knocked at a man's door and told him of a fortune to be made.

"Um," said the man. "It appears that considerable effort will be involved."

"Oh, yes," said the stranger; "you will pass many sleepless nights and bolsonne days."

"Um," said the man. "And who are you?"

"I am called Opportunity."

"Um," said the man. "You call yourself Opportunity, but you look like hard work to me."

And he slammed the door.—Pittsburgh Post.

Frenzied Arithmetic.

Three-year-old Amy, who had a very lively little brother, was being put through a lesson in arithmetic by her uncle. She had successfully added one and one, but stuck at two and one.

"Your mamma," said her uncle, "has two children. If she had one more what would that make?"

"Oh," cried Amy, "that would make my mamma cwaazy!"—Woman's Home Companion.

A Gentle Hint.

"I'm hungry," said the out of a job tragedian.

"Well," said the kind hearted (?) manager, "can't I give you something to appease your hunger?"

"Surely," said the actor. "I believe I'd prefer a few dates."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Mistaken Identity.

Mrs. Henpeck (to her pet dog)—Go and lie down there! Her Husband (coming hastily)—What did you wish, my sweet little wife?—Ellegende Blatter.

Laundry will go out from this office next Wednesday.

A FLIGHT FOR LIFE BRITISH AMAZONS

Dodging Death In the Path of an Onrushing Flood.

THE FURY OF A CLOUDBURST.

A Solid Wall of Water Swept the Canyon, Uprooting Trees and Tossing With Huge Boulders—Exciting Race In a Storm on Lightning Creek.

To understand what follows you must know something of the country where the incident occurred. Lightning creek, a famous trout stream of northern Idaho, rises among the glaciers of the Cabinet mountains and comes tearing down through narrow canyons heavily forested with pine and cedar. At all times the stream is swift. In the spring, when the ice caps are melting, it is a torrent.

July 3, 1906, a fishing party of five were hauled from the nearest railroad station to the end of the wagon trail on Lightning creek, where we made camp. The next morning the professor and myself decided to ascend to the head of one of the creek's tributaries. Shouldering our creels, we made our way through the timber toward the glacier, gleaming in the sunlight. Five miles from camp we came to a fall, where we began to fish. There were plenty of trout, but they were small.

"Let's see if there are larger ones above the fall," my companion suggested.

"Agreed," I replied, and we clambered up the steep rocky walls.

Our hopes were realized. We fished up the stream until past noon, when we sat down to lunch. By the time we had finished eating a tiny cloud had crept above the mountain top and hovered over the glacier. In a few minutes another cloud crept up and joined the first, then another and another until the mountain top was covered.

"It is time we were getting out of here," I said. "I believe we are in for a wetting."

As if to emphasize my words a flash of lightning quivered through the black mass, and in a few seconds the thunder rolled down the canyon with a roar like a battery of siege guns.

As we hurried down the creek the lightning became continuous and terrifying in its brilliancy; the roll of thunder was incessant. We made all the speed we could and had nearly reached the falls when the rain came in a downpour.

"Suppose we get under this spruce and wait until the storm is over?" my companion suggested.

"Suppose we get into more open country as soon as possible!" I rejoined and kept on.

Suddenly the lightning ceased, the thunder died away, and there was no sound save the dashing of rain. The sudden calm was startling, and I paused and looked toward the mountain. I saw a great column of fire shoot downward out of the clouds. The glacier shivered as though struck by some titanic force, split apart and crashed down into the canyon. There was a roar of thunder, and I saw the water pour from the sky as if all the windows of heaven had been opened.

"A cloudburst!" I cried. "Run for your life!"

Fear lent wings to our feet. We sped down the canyon, leaping fallen logs, tearing through dense underbrush, clambering over rocks, fleeing from the pursuing flood that roared down the canyon, uprooting trees and hurling great boulders before it as it came. A few rods below a small basaltic cliff, with some stunted fir trees growing on it, stood in an open space. To outrun the water was impossible; the cliff was our only haven.

I dashed up, with my companion at my heels. Behind us we saw a solid column of water that bore a tangled mass of drift and advanced with the speed of the wind. We had only time to seize upon a tree before the flood was upon us. It struck with a grinding roar; the rock trembled to its very base; the water surged over us; we were battered by the rushing logs, scratched by the drift, suffocated by the water, but we clung on desperately. In a minute, at the furthest, the flood swept on, leaving ruin in its wake.

About the cliff the trees lay piled in a tangled, broken heap. We crept down, drenched, bruised and bleeding, and made our way to camp. But the spot where the camp had stood was swept clean. We sank upon the water soaked ground to consider what we should do. In a short time we heard the voices of our friends. They had been fishing the main stream above where the branch entered and thus had escaped.

There was nothing left for it but to make our way back to the railroad station, where we arrived after dark. For months fishermen discovered articles of our camp equipage scattered along the stream.—Youth's Companion.

Emulation.

"Your first name is June, is it, little girl?"

"Yes, sir; only I don't spell it the way most folks do."

"How do you spell it?"

"J-u-n-e."

"Why is that, little girl?"

"Do you s'pose I'm goin' to let the Maes get ahead of me when it comes to spellin' names different?"—Chicago Tribune.

The safest way of not being very miserable is not to expect to be very happy.—Schopenhauer.

Advertisement in the Reporter.

Women Who Could Pull an Oar With the Best of Men.

WON FAME ALL OVER EUROPE.

Ann Glanville and Her Champions Not Only Beat Their Own Countrymen, but Went to Havre and Outrowed Half a Dozen Crack French Crews.

In the boat races that have from time immemorial been rowed on the Hamoaze, the estuary of the Tamar and the Tavy that forms part of the harbor of Plymouth, the women of Saltash have often distinguished themselves. In "Around and About Saltash" P. E. B. Porter writes of Ann Glanville, whose amazonian feats of oarsmanship made her famous all over Europe.

"Some sixty or seventy years ago the crew of Saltash women was often seen not only on the Hamoaze, but wherever aquatic sports were held. It was not often that Ann and the crew that she stroked were beaten in a match—never by other women.

"They competed for prizes at Hull, Liverpool, Portsmouth and Dartmouth, and it must not be supposed that a crew of men ever yielded the palm out of masculine courtesy, for, as a matter of fact, the men did not at all relish being beaten by a 'parcel of females.'

"In some of these contests Mrs. Harriet Screech, a daughter of Ann Glanville, who had fourteen children, rowed with her mother. As she was the youngest member of the crew she pulled bow oar, the least arduous post in the boat.

"Once this crew, rowing a match at Fleetwood in the presence of Queen Victoria, gave the men so sound a beating that her majesty asked to have Ann presented to her.

"However, the most famous event of Ann's life took place in 1850, when Captain Russell of H. M. S. Brunswick suggested to her that she and her crew should go to Havre to the regatta there and challenge the Frenchmen, a proposal to which she readily assented.

"When the Frenchmen heard of the challenge from les Anglaises de Saltash they shrugged their shoulders, for they scarcely regarded it as serious. And when the women appeared in their white frilled caps sprinkled with blue ribbons, in their short petticoats and white dresses, with blue neckerchiefs tied over the shoulders and crossed behind the back, they looked puzzled.

"The challenge of the Englishwomen created a stir not only in Havre, but for miles along the French coast and for many leagues inland too. And in England the greatest interest was aroused.

"When the day of the regatta came there was a vast concourse of people to witness the contest. Every quay, hilltop and bosquet from which a view of the course could be had was crowded. Every one was on tiptoe of expectation. Before the start the Saltash crew had a pull round to show themselves. Their steady stroke, the way in which they bent their backs to their work and the perfect ease and grace with which they pulled made the French open their eyes.

"Ann and her crew had not the best start possible, nor at first did they have the advantage. Five minutes after the start six boats were ahead of them. But they soon tested their opponents' nerve. Ann, who had the stroke oar, gave the word:

"Bend your backs to it, maidens, and hurrah for old England!"

"One by one, with a cheer from old Ann, they passed the six boats. At last they drove their boat, with the British color flying gaily at the fore, into the lead. It was a long course and a hard pull, but they soundly thrashed the Frenchmen. Ann and her 'maidens' beat them by 100 yards. The members of this famous crew were Ann Glanville, Harriet Hosking, Jane House and Amelia Lee. A man acted as coxswain.

"Mrs. House was so elated at the victory that on reaching the committee boat she plunged into the water, dived under the vessel and came up with a dripping and drooping cap on the opposite side.

"Ann Glanville died in 1880, at the age of eighty-five, dignified, vigorous and handsome to the last. Her character was summed up by a neighbor in these words:

"'Her was honest to a farthing, clean as a smelt and kind hearted as a queen.'"

Rose to the Occasion.

"Do you know, Miss Doodles," asks the earnest young man, "that if one were on Sirius the orbit of the earth would look just about the size of a finger ring?"

"I beg your pardon, Harold," she flutters. "I was musing for the moment and did not catch everything you said, but I heard you say something about 'serious' and a ring."—Chicago Post.

The Steering Committee.

Registry Clerk—It is necessary for me to ask the mother of the bride if she has nothing to say before I proceed with the ceremony. Voice of Mother (in background)—All I have to say is that if I hadn't had a good deal to say already they never would have landed here.

If it were possible to heal sorrow by weeping gold were less prized than grief.—Schopenhauer.

Advertisement in the Reporter.

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 Coronator, 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 or 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 15th 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 of the County of Centre, Jan. 14, 1913.

LEGAL NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that the following accounts will be presented to Court for confirmation FEBRUARY 26TH, 1913,

and unless exceptions be filed thereto on or before February 24th, 1913, the same will be confirmed to-wit:

The 2nd account of John Flack, guardian of Jonathan W. Bradley, helpless child.

The 4th Account of Essaki Center, committee of Harry Taylor.

The 4th Account of Dorsey E. Woodring, Committee of Jesse Newton Cowher.

D. R. FOREMAN, Prothonotary.

Jan. 24, 1913.

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 message of hope and good cheer from Mrs. C. J. Martin, Boone Mill, Va., who is the mother of eighteen children. Mrs. Martin was cured of stomach trouble and constipation by Chamberlain's Tablets after five years of suffering, and now recommends these tablets to the public. Sold by all dealers. adv.

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.