

LOCALS

After an illness of several months, Miss Mary Potter is again able to be about.

Get the repairs for your mowers and binders. We can furnish you with anything you want in the repair line.—Weber, Centre Hall.

W. H. Meyer had the large porch to the front of his residence repainted. The work was done by Messrs. W. S. Slick and Magnus Duck.

Mrs. George Robertson, who had been at the parental home in Centre Hall for several weeks, returned to her home in Hartford, Connecticut.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry E. Homan, east of Centre Hall, attended the funeral of Mrs. Homan's stepfather, David Meek, at Tyrone, returning home on Monday.

The Y. P. B. will hold a regular meeting in their room on Thursday evening. All members are requested to be present, as there is business to transact that will be of particular interest to each one.

Samuel S. Rowe, assisted by William F. Floray, are shifting the machinery of the Reporter plant to its new headquarters. This issue is printed in the new headquarters, but all the other work was done at the old stand.

Misses Laura Mitterling and Nina Slick, compositors in this office, drove to State College on Friday, and while there witnessed the ball game between the Sophomore and Freshman classes, which resulted in a victory for the freshmen.

Rev. and Mrs. S. H. Deitzel, of Pleasant Unity, came to Centre Hall last week, having come to the county on a sad mission—to attend the funeral of the former's sister, mention of which is made under the proper head. Rev. Deitzel is the very acceptable pastor of a Reformed church at Pleasant Unity, having been the shepherd there for a number of years.

Aaronsburg.

One of our aged ladies, Polly Stover, is at present under the doctor's care.

Mrs. Mary Burd is spending a week with her friend, Mrs. Roundtree, at State College.

Mrs. Mary Bohn, of Oacoola, is the welcome guest of her niece, Mrs. Emma Wert.

Zwingli Haffley and Clarence Eisenhauer spent a week with friends in Altoona.

A. S. Stover, Esq., attended the funeral of Miss Regina Hubler, at Hurlersburg.

Mrs. Elsie Philips McKay and daughter Florence, of Philadelphia, are visiting the former's parents.

Harry Mensch, one of our industrious boys now living in Sunbury, spent a day under the parental roof.

Miss Rishel, daughter of W. F. Rishel, of Farmers Mills, is having a pleasant visit with James and Sadie Holloway.

Mrs. Margaret Kreamer and children, are visiting her aged parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Woods, near Boalsburg.

Mr. and Mrs. Johnathan Condo, of Howard, spent a few days with his aged mother, at the home of his brother-in-law, James Roushe.

Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Mingle and Mr. and Mrs. O. P. Adams attended the funeral of their cousin, Samuel Frank, at Rebersburg, on Friday.

Miss Marion Eisenhauer, spent a week with her sister, Mrs. Arthur Weaver, at Klondyke. Her little niece, Sara Weaver, accompanied her home.

Mrs. James P. Coburn, of Bellefonte, opened her summer residence here, where her many friends are always so glad to have her among them.

Thomas H. Harter, editor of the Keystone Gazette, and Mrs. Harter, of Bellefonte were guests at the home of the former's brother-in-law, Lewis Mensch.

Mr. and Mrs. George Weaver spent Sunday at Coburn with the latter's sister at the home of Thomas Meyer, and with Mrs. Weaver's brother, C. A. Weaver.

Mr. and Mrs. John Heller, of Williamsport, are circulating among their many friends, stopping with his sister, Mrs. Wm. Bower, and her sons, E. A. and Warren Bower.

Mrs. Wert will leave for Philadelphia the latter part of this week to visit her two sons, Gurney and Earl. She will welcome that grandson who came to the home of the latter son.

John Woods and daughters, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Klinger and children, of Boalsburg; Mrs. John Reed and daughter Bernice, of Milroy, spent a week with Mrs. R. Kreamer and Mrs. Albert Johnson.

Mrs. Jane Yearick Decker, who was a great sufferer from rheumatism and was cared for at the home of her sister, Mrs. Vonada, at Woodward, is again able to resume her duties as housekeeper at the Coburn home where she had been for many years.

Mrs. Ellen Kurtz, accompanied by her son Newton and grandson Speaker, of Millinburg, Mr. and Mrs. Krider, of New Bloomfield, came in their automobile to spend Saturday with their mother Mrs. Elvina Lenker and daughter, Miss Sue, where they were very pleasantly entertained.

THE CURSE OF MAR.

Every Part of It Was Fulfilled in the Course of 300 Years.

Curses do sometimes come home to roost. One of the best known is "the curse of Mar." The Earl of Mar was cursed prior to 1571, when he was elevated to the position of regent of Scotland. This was the curse:

"Thy lands shall be given to the stranger, and thy titles shall lie among the dead. The branch that springs from thee shall see his dwelling burnt in which a king was nursed—his wife a sacrifice to that same flame, his children numerous, but of little honor and three born and grown who shall never see the light. Horses shall be stolen in thy hall, and a weaver shall throw his shuttle in the chamber of state. Thine ancient tower shall be a ruin and a beacon upon an ash sapling shall spring from its topmost stone. Then shall thine honors be restored. The kiss of peace shall be given to the countess, though she seek it not, and the days of peace shall return to thy line."

In the course of 300 years every part of the curse was fulfilled. Then in 1820 the ash sapling duly appeared. Two years later George IV. restored the earldom, and later Queen Victoria kissed the countess.—London Cor. New York Sun.

SUMMER IN THE ARCTIC.

Between the Heat and the Mosquitoes Life Was a Burden.

Stefansson, the arctic explorer, writing in Harper's Magazine, tells of the discomforts of summer days in the far north:

July was intolerably hot. We had no thermometer, but I feel sure that many a day the temperature must have been over 100 degrees in the sun, and sometimes for weeks on end there was not a cloud in the sky. At midnight the sun was what we would say an hour high, so that it beat down on us without rest the twenty-four hours through. The hottest period of the day was about 8 o'clock in the evening and the coolest perhaps 4 or 5 in the morning. The mosquitoes were so bad that several of our dogs went completely blind for the time through the swelling of their eyes, and all of them were lame from running sores, caused by the mosquito stings on the line where the hair meets the pad of the foot. It is true that on our entire expedition we had no experience that more nearly deserved the name of suffering than this of the combined heat and mosquitoes of our Coppermine river summer.

Scott and Thackeray.

Sir Walter Scott once confessed to having a bad memory, but in dealing with the wealth of historical incident in his books he is remarkably accurate. On occasion, however, he is at fault. In "Ivanhoe" Wamba says, "I am a brother of St. Francis." The order of St. Francis was founded in 1206, but Wamba lived in the time of Richard I, 1189-99. In the "Heart of Midlothian" Scott errs in some of his references to Bedreddin Hassan of the "Arabian Nights." As Thackeray copied the same mistakes into "Vanity Fair," he is also at fault. One of Scott's most picturesque incidents is that in "Waverley," when Prince Charles Edward lends Flora McIvor out to the dance. "Whether Scott erred knowingly cannot be said, but a reliable authority has recently told us that "there is nothing so authentic as our knowledge of the fact that Prince Charles never danced at all."—Westminster Gazette.

Good Salesmanship Rewarded.

One evening just a few moments before closing time an elderly man and his wife entered a book store in New York city, according to an American publisher quoted in the Bookseller. Practically every one had left the floor, with the exception of one clerk. The lady wanted a particular kind of book for a most particular friend, and after the clerk had spent half an hour (during which time he had taken nearly every book out of the shelves) the husband became impatient, not the book clerk. He was as genial and agreeable as though he were selling a diamond necklace and was to receive the entire profit of the sale. Finally she secured just the book she wanted. The man was so impressed with the salesman that he offered him a position at \$20 a week more than he was then receiving.

Taking Tea Through a Reed.

The natives of Paraguay in drinking their mate tea do not pour it from a teapot into a cup as Europeans are accustomed to drink tea, but fill a goblet with the beverage and then suck it up through a long ornamented tube. The former is generally made out of a pumpkin or gourd, while the tube is a long reed, but with the upper classes it is often made of solid silver. Both reed and gourd are richly carved. The natives say that this tea is an excellent remedy for fever and rheumatism.

A Girls' School.

"We have 500 girls at our school, and today we vote to decide who is the prettiest girl."

"How many votes does it take to elect?"

"The decision usually goes to any girl who can get two votes."—Kansas City Journal.

A Tender Strain.

First Diner—What is that sad, low place the orchestra is playing? Second Diner—Don't know, but I hope it will have a softening influence on this steak.—Boston Transcript.

Vulgarity in manner defiles fine garments more than mud.—Plautus.

Brings results—a Reporter ad.

UNDERGROUND ULSTER.

Puzzling Relics of Ancient Ways of Living in Ireland.

Curious underground passages called "souterrains" exist in many parts of Ulster. They are built or dug a few feet below the ground and laid out with chambers and possible hiding places or boiling holes, according to more or less well defined plans. They are not large enough for a man to stand upright in. He would have to crawl on his hands and knees to explore them or to make use of them in any way.

Some districts are honeycombed with them. What could they have been used for? Not for living in, though primitive pottery has been found in them; not for the dead, though some Etruscan burial places were not dissimilar, because no bones have been found; possibly for refugees. Some of the souterrains are fifty to seventy feet long.

Irish and local tradition attribute them to the fairies, the good people, the Danes—like the Essex Dene-holes, which are probably only chalk pits—or, in rare instances, to the Picts. But the Danes referred to by the Irish country people are not the modern Danes, but probably the Tuatha de Dannan, a people who are said to have lived in Ireland before the coming of the Celts. They are the "faeries" and are said to have been of small stature, like "children," the country people will tell one. To superstition no doubt is owing the preservation of these most puzzling relics of some bygone way of living.—London Family Herald.

WOLF HUNTS IN LAPLAND.

Reindeer Must Be Protected as They Are the Nation's Wealth.

The Swedish Lapps are said to live entirely with, by and upon their reindeer. A Lapp who owns a thousand deer is a rich man, but as taxes are assessed upon the number of deer he is inclined to underestimate his herd.

The most dangerous enemy of the herd is the wolf, which can kill any deer. A band of wolves can make a rich Lapp poor.

When the snow is deep and soft and it is announced that wolf tracks have been seen in the neighborhood of the deer the swiftest runners on snowshoes prepare for an exciting chase.

The wolf may have a start of a mile or two, but the track it leaves in the deep, soft snow is so conspicuous that the hunters can follow it at their best speed. The wolf, though he may run swiftly, has but a slight chance of escaping his pursuers on their snow shoes.

Each hunter does his best to outrun the others, for the wolf belongs to the Lapp who strikes the first blow. As soon as the leading hunter is close enough to the wolf he gives it a heavy blow across the loins with his strong, spiked snowshoe staff. If there are other wolves to be pursued he kills it outright. If not, he disables it and waits till all the hunters have arrived before giving the death stroke.—Pittsburgh Press.

A Crank in the Commons.

Mr. Farmer-Atkinson was a curious psychological study. An astute man of business, he was founder and first president of the chamber of shipping of the United Kingdom. But in the house he proved a veritable "crank." One of his habits was to stalk in ghostly fashion from behind the chair, suddenly to utter some unexpected and irrelevant remark in a stage whisper into Speaker Peel's ear and then vanish. Poor Mr. Peel stood it patiently for awhile. At last, however, it got on his nerves. Old parliamentary hands remember the sensation that was caused one night when the speaker was obliged to appeal to the house for "protection" against these persistent annoyances. Soon afterward Mr. Farmer-Atkinson withdrew from public life on grounds of ill health, and Westminster saw him no more.—London Dispatch.

Round and Round.

It seemed a very difficult thing to make little Bessie understand that the earth revolved round and round. One day she came in from her playing and said:

"Mother, I believe the earth does turn round."

"What is it that has convinced you, dear?" asked the mother.

"I can see it whirl," said Bessie, "when I twist up my swing and then untwist."

"Isn't it you that whirls," asked the mother, "instead of the earth?"

"But," explained Bessie, "it goes after I stop."—New York Post.

Anxious For The Fun.

"Mamma, what would you do if that big vase in the parlor should be broken?" said Tommy.

"I should thrash whoever did it," said Mrs. Banks, gazing severely at her little son.

"Well, then, you'd better begin to get up your muscles," said Tommy gleefully, "cos father's broken he."—Exchange.

Spooning Parlor.

He—Is that new place that's just been opened on your street a tailor's shop or a public spooning parlor? She—A spooning parlor! What do you mean? He—Why, I noticed a sign in the window. "Hand Pressing Done Here."—Buffalo Commercial.

Silent Happiness.

Mother—Are you quite happy, Bertha? One of your neighbors said the other day he heard you and your husband quarrelling awfully. Bertha—Pure fabrication, mamma. We haven't spoken to each other for a fortnight.—Fleegende Blatter.

Something to sell? Advertise it.

Doctors report little sickness of a serious nature. J. H. Weber shipped several car loads of hay to market during the past week.

A delegation of members of the Masonic order attended the funeral of Samuel S. Frank, which took place at Rebersburg. The trip was made in auto cars.

Amos Dunkle, who since last fall has been doing carpenter work at Orviston, intends going to Akron, Ohio, where he has promises of plenty of work at good wages.

Misses Verna and Blanche Rowe have returned from Lock Haven, where they visited the former's sister, Miss Isabelle Rowe, a student in the Central State Normal School.

There is not as good prospects for a hay crop all over the country as there is in Penns Valley. Just across the mountain, in Millin county, the Democrat and Sentinel, in making up a report of the crop condition in that county, stated that the hay crop was barely normal.

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