

AARONSBURG.

Messrs. Newton and Kreider Kurtz, accompanied by their wives of Millinburg, toured through Penns Valley narrows, and called on Mrs. L. R. Linker.

William Walter and sister, Miss Sadie, of Woodward, were guests on Sunday of friends at Aaronburg.

Mr. and Mrs. Brown are visiting the former's sister, Mrs. Sarah Harper, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Guiseville.

Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Crouse, Henry Krape, Mrs. Lenker, and Miss Sue Lenker, last Thursday visited friends in Millinburg, making the trip in the former's Overland car.

Mr. and Mrs. Reinbeck and daughters Grace and Eleanore returned to their home from Altoona on Saturday.

Miss Verna Bradford from Wolfe Store has returned to her home at Wolfe Chapel.

E. R. Wolfe, the intermediate school teacher, had no school on Monday. He attended the funeral of his aunt, Mrs. J. C. Morris at Rebersburg.

Those who moved in or out of Aaronburg in September: Mrs. Julia Kreamer, the widow of the late deceased Enoch Kreamer, from Wolfe Chapel to her brother Benjamin Stover; Edwin Stump into his remodeled home; Arthur Weaver from Klonyke to the George King home; Albert Johnson to Altoona.

Miss Jennie Hull is visiting her aunts, Mrs. Pricilla Bell and Mrs. Eveline Bell on South Thomas St., Bellefonte.

Mrs. Herman, who had her home with her brother, Leonard Stover, at Coburn has come to spend the winter months with her daughter, Mrs. Zingli Hasley.

Quite a few attended the Lewisburg fair last Thursday. Some went by train, and Harvey Crouse and W. H. Phillips, Clyde Stover and J. W. Foster made the trip in an auto.

LINDEN HALL

Mrs. J. H. Ross returned from a week's visit with her daughters in Altoona.

Mrs. Love of Oklahoma is spending a few weeks at the J. H. Ross home.

Edward Carper returned to Clairton after spending a few weeks at the home of his parents.

Mrs. Agnes Meyers of McElhattan is visiting old friends in this place with headquarters at the J. H. Welby home.

Samuel Heilman, Jr., of Lebanon county, oldest son of S. W. Heilman, arrived here Tuesday on his way to State College where he entered the freshman class.

Dr. and Mrs. Smith stepped at the J. M. Ross home on Friday on their way to Altoona from a trip to Atlantic City, and other eastern cities. They left here in their car Saturday for home.

Ralph Seaton left Saturday to enter a railroad office at Lykes, Clearfield county, as a clerk.

Mrs. P. Bliss Meyer and children Elizabeth and Ross of Kenbridge, Virginia, arrived Friday morning for a visit at the home of the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Ross.

Mrs. Alpheus Wolf returned to her home in New Jersey on Saturday, after spending the summer with relatives in this neighborhood.

Mrs. J. W. Keller entertained at dinner, on Wednesday, Mrs. Arnold and daughter of Altoona, Mrs. Frank Homan and Mrs. Adam Cramer of State College, and Mrs. F. E. Wieland.

Ned Keller left Tuesday for the University at Selins Grove, to resume his school work.

REBERSBURG

Lester Minnich left on Thursday for State College where he is employed.

Jacob Bower, an aged gentleman of Coburn, is visiting in this vicinity.

Mrs. William Kreamer of Millheim and Mrs. Blair of Philadelphia are spending this week among relatives in Rebersburg.

Dr. and Mrs. Scott Burd of Bellefonte were called to this place to attend the funeral of Mrs. J. C. Morris, who was a sister of Mrs. Burd.

The remains of Mrs. Calvin Morris were brought from Warren to this place on Saturday and buried on Monday in the Union cemetery.

James P. Frank and Mrs. Samuel Frank, who were visiting for several weeks at Harrisburg, have returned home.

Samuel Bodorf, an aged gentleman who resides two miles west of this place, is seriously ill with no hope of recovery.

Mr. and Mrs. Jenkins of Bellefonte are this week guests at the home of J. N. Meyer.

Highway Officials Indict.

State Highway Commissioner E. M. Bigelow, deputy commissioner Joseph W. Hunter and assistants Arthur S. Elay, E. A. Jones and S. D. Foster were indicted by the grand jury of Northumberland county on charges of neglecting to repair highways in the county. Members of the Shamokin and Mount Carmel motor clubs were the complainants.

DEATHS.

Although ill for some weeks the news of the death of Mrs. J. C. Morris was a shock to her many friends in and about Rebersburg. Her death occurred last Thursday at the Warren hospital, and was due to pleuro pneumonia. Interment was made at Rebersburg on Monday.

Mrs. Morris before marriage was Miss Carrie Belle Wolf, a daughter of Henry Wolf, and was born and raised at Wolfe Store. There survive her husband, and three children: Robert B., who is the head of the department of physics in the Southern Manual Training School, Philadelphia; Harry W., principal of the Bellevue High School, Bellevue; and Mrs. John Myers. There survive also three sisters: Mrs. Henry Royer and Mrs. Burd, wife of Dr. W. S. Burd of Bellewood, and Mrs. Perry Stover, in West Virginia.

She was a member of the Lutheran church and was actively engaged in church work.

George A. Vonada died suddenly last week at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Robert Auman in Penn township of heart failure, aged sixty-seven years, one month and one day. Mr. Vonada, in company with his wife, drove to the Auman place in the forenoon and Mr. Vonada was in the act of taking off his coat preparatory to eating dinner, when he fell to the floor and died almost instantly.

He leaves to survive a widow and the following children: Clyde, of Miles township; Mrs. Andrew Shawver and Mrs. Robert Auman, of Penn township; Mrs. Mary Rote, of Lewisburg; Mrs. Irwin Shawver, of Wolfe Store; William, of Spring Bank; Nathan, of Madisonburg; Reuben and Mrs. Ida Taylor, of Spring Mills; and Jay, of Fiedler. Funeral services were held Thursday morning, conducted by Rev. M. D. Geesey and interment made in the St. Paul cemetery.

George W. Wagner, postmaster and merchant at Rosencrans, in Sugar Valley, died at the age of seventy-three years. He was a member of Company E, Seventh Cavalry.

Aged Preachers in Germany.

The shamefully inadequate provision made for the support of the aged ministers of the gospel of most denominations in this country is in marked contrast to the superb provision made for them in Germany. There, it is stated, the young minister gets a minimum salary, usually \$500 and a parsonage. This salary is increased every few years until at sixty-five the minister, even if he has changed his parish, receives \$2,500, the largest compensation permissible, to which is to be added the use of the parsonage and certain fees given him. At sixty-five the minister can withdraw on a pension if he shall so elect or if the parish shall so desire, or he can continue by general consent five years longer. On withdrawing he receives as a pension for the rest of his life two-thirds of his last and highest salary. On his death his widow receives an adequate pension for the remainder of her days and also each of her children until their sixteenth or eighteenth year.—Christian Herald.

The Idea of Suggestion.

Richard Mansfield once said that when he was a lad in London he often nearly starved. There was a certain bakeshop where he would go and feast upon the odors coming from the door. That boyhood notion gave him the idea of putting those lines in his play, "Beau Brummel," about "dining on the names of things"—a suggestion he used with powerful dramatic effect.

This idea of suggestion has done many a good deed. About ninety years ago a thirsty man walked up Wall street—I understand the habit of getting a thirst no longer prevails there, or maybe it is only the manner of allaying it—and pumped a tin cup full of water from his own well. "Not so good as I used to get from my father's well," or something to that effect he remarked to his wife. "A pretty idea for a song," said she, and so he sat down and in an hour wrote "The Old Oaken Bucket."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Votaries of Church Bells.

The church bell has its votaries. Tennyson sang of "the mellow lin-lan-lone of the evening bells." And do you remember that experience of "Henry Ryecroft"? "I once passed a night in a little market town where I had arrived tired and went to bed early. I slept forthwith, but was presently awakened by I knew not what. In the darkness there sounded a sort of music, and, as my brain cleared, I was aware of the soft chiming of church bells. Why, what hour could it be? I struck a light and looked at my watch. Midnight. Then a glow came over me. 'We have heard the chimes at midnight, Master Shallow! Never till then had I heard them. And the town in which I slept was Evesham, but a few miles from Stratford-on-Avon. What if those midnight bells had been to me but as any other and I had reviled them for breaking my sleep?'—London Chronicle.

A car load of New Idea manure spreaders was just unloaded at our warehouse. This machine is not an experiment, but has withstood every test. It is a "new idea" in manure spreaders, but it is also an "ideal idea." Every machine guaranteed to do its work right.—J. H. Weber, Centre Hall.

Illicit Gold Buying.

Most people have heard of I. D. B. (illicit diamond buying), a crime which in South Africa is punished with penal servitude on the breakwater at Cape Town.

The Rand, however, has the lesser known offense of I. G. B. (illicit gold buying). Considering that in the Rand mines only a few pennyweights of gold go to a ton of quartz, it is obvious that the miner does not get much chance of stealing the precious metal. When does the gold thief get his opportunity? The pieces of quartz are ground into dust by powerful hammers known as "stamps." Water then washes the dust over inclined plates coated with amalgam. The gold instantly combines with the mercury in the amalgam, afterward being easily separated by chemical process.

It is of this gold laden amalgam that the dishonest employee will scrape off portions which, though small, will amount up to a good bit of gold in time.—Pearson's Weekly.

Well Qualified.

The drapery magnate was bombarding the applicant with the usual questions.

"Speak French?"
"Yes."
"Good salesman?"
"Yes."
"Can you tell a good lie?"
"Oh, yes!"
"Well, I'll give you a start."

The young man got on famously for a few weeks, until one fine morning a dainty Parisian dame approached him and sweetly stated her requirements in the native tongue. The poor young man was flabbergasted, not comprehending a single word. Five minutes later he was facing his indignant employer.

"This is scandalous, sir. When I employed you did you not tell me that you could speak French?"
"True," mildly replied the culprit; "but did you not also ask me if I could tell a good lie?"—London Tit-Bits.

Significance of Small Duties.

Don't object that your duties are so insignificant. They are to be reckoned of infinite significance and alone important to you. Were it but the more perfect regulation of your apartments, the sorting away of your clothes and trinkets, the arranging of your papers—"Whatever thy hand findeth to do do it with all thy might" and all thy worth and constancy. Much more, if your duties are of evidently higher wider scope; if you have brothers, sisters, a father, a mother, weigh earnestly what claim does he upon you on behalf of each and consider it as the one thing needful to pay them more and more honestly and nobly what you owe. What matter how miserable one is if one can do that? That is the sure and steady disconnection and extinction of whatsoever miseries one has in this world.—Thomas Carlyle.

Rocheport in Court.

Henri Rocheport went to court of tence. It is said, as plaintiff, defendant or witness than any other man in Paris. Partly this was because of his articles, partly because of his continual dealings with the picture dealers, with whom he often disagreed. In his later years, moreover, he was often called as a "witness" by parties in political suits, not because he had any pertinent testimony to present, but because he had a happy faculty when on the witness stand of making the government, the police and all that set appear a set of fools or scoundrels. The French code of procedure allows a witness much more latitude in "telling his own story" than does ours. And Rocheport's stories, whether relevant or not, were sure to have a sting in them for the folk in authority.—New York Sun.

Musical Marvels.

It has been said of Dr. Hans von Bulow and Rubinstein that, if every note of music worth preserving had been destroyed, they could between them have reproduced every line of it. Von Bulow once gave a series of twenty piano recitals without a line of music and striking approximately 1,250,000 notes, each of which had to be retained in its exact position in his memory; and Verdi once, for a wager, played faultlessly an entire opera, drawn by lot, which he had composed four years earlier and of which he was not allowed to see a note.

Nice For the Cows.

Retired Haberdschler (late of London)—Now, then, 'Eary, I'm goin' to have a large party 'ere next week, and I shall expect an unlimited quantity of milk, cream and butter. After that the cows can 'ave a rest till me and Mrs. P. returns from the continent.—London Punch.

London Juries.

England has been investigating its jury system and finds that charges of unfairness against juries are no new thing. One old bishop remarked, "London juries are so prejudiced that they would find Abel guilty of murdering Cain."

Vindictive.

Ethel—Yes, I know Billy is very wild, but I'm going to marry him to reform him. Kate—I told that boy a dreadful punishment would overtake him.—New Haven Register.

He Got On.

Millyuns—When I married your mother I was earning \$10 a week. Two years later I bought out my employer. Daughter—And put in a cash register.—Town Topics.

O' all work producing results, ninetenths must be drudgery.—Bishop Philpotts.

Badger Dairy Feed—Weber. Centre Reporter, \$1.00 a year.

THINGS HE DIDN'T KNOW.

They Were Many, but That Didn't Keep Him From Giving an Opinion.

A well known architect was summoned as a witness in a Long Island court in a suit over the cost of a building. The lawyer whose duty it was to cross examine started in to attack the credibility of the witness.

"Do you know how much a hundred these bricks cost?"
"I do not."
"Do you know how much this cement cost per bag?"
"No."
"Do you know how expensive sand is down here?"

"I can't say that I do exactly."
The lawyer looked at the witness with fine scorn.

"And yet you pretend to come here and qualify as an expert. How can you give any kind of an opinion on how much this building ought to have cost when you don't know the prices of the material it's made of?"
The witness looked at the lawyer with a flash in his eye that boded ill.

"Well," he said, "I don't know the price of needles nor the price of thread nor how much cheap cotton material costs, but I don't hesitate to express a solemn opinion that that suit of clothes you're wearing cost about \$5.50."—New York Post.

CROOKED BILLET INN.

London's Oldest Public House and Its Romantic Interior.

The Crooked Billet, an inn which stands upon Tower hill, boasts itself, says the London Graphic, as the oldest public house in London. How far back its history goes it would be impossible to say. The records are wanting, but there is every reason to believe that the inn dates from the time of Henry VIII. Certainly no London inn is more romantic in the matter of sliding panels and concealed doors, secret rooms and underground passages—one of these reputedly leads to the Tower—and thick walls richly carved.

In the principal reception room are to be seen some magnificent oak panelings, a quaintly carved freize above the door and a no less richly carved mantelpiece. The ceiling is covered with a number of strange devices, with a female head—believed to represent Queen Elizabeth—in the center. The windows looking out upon the street are fastened with shutters clamped with huge iron bars.

There is a tradition that Oliver Cromwell once lived (or lodged) at the Crooked Billet. The place was known in those days as "the old house at the bottom of the Minories."

Choate and Depew.

At an annual dinner of the St. Nicholas society Ambassador Joseph H. Choate was down for the toast "The Navy," while Senator Depew was to respond to "The Army."

Depew began by saying: "It's well to have a specialist. That's why Choate is here to speak about the navy. We met at the wharf once, and I never saw him again till we reached Liverpool. When I asked how he felt he said he thought he would have enjoyed the trip over if he had had any ocean air. Yes, you want to hear Choate on the navy."

Choate responded: "I've heard Depew hailed as the greatest after dinner speaker. If after dinner speaking, as I have heard it described and as I believe it to be, is the art of saying nothing at all then Dr. Depew is the most marvelous speaker in the universe."

Returned the Compliment.

Shortly after the workmen had finished the landlord took especial pains to show to each tenant the bill for doing over his flat. The householders regarded that attention in different lights, according to the improvements they had fought for and got. Some looked frightened, thinking it portended a raise in rent, some apologetic, others defiant. The third floor right man was noncommittal. Three days later he called at the landlord's office and showed him a slip of paper. It was a bill for six shirts, some socks and ties, a hat and a blue serge suit.

"What's this got to do with me?" the landlord asked.

Few Russians Wear Hats.

The male population of Russia wearing hats is in the great minority as compared with the vast number who purchase the Russian cap. The seasons are practically winter and summer, so that the transition from the cloth cap to one of fur, the straw hat coming in for slight attention during a brief period in midsummer. The student class, which aggregates many thousands, and the official class, which is still more numerous, with those in the city who wear a uniform cap with an official or semiofficial cockade, constitute a vast army of people who do not wear hats.

Measuring Him.

Wife—James, do you know that you are a very small man? Husband—How ridiculous! I am nearly six feet in height. Wife—That makes no difference. Whenever I ask you for money to go shopping you are always short.—London Tit-Bits.

Going Too Far.

Reader—He tore his hair and rent the air. Hearer—There you are! We even have to rent the air now. It's time we had a change of government.—Pathfinder.

Do not flatter yourself that friendship authorizes you to say disagreeable things to your intimates.

One peach doesn't make a summer girl, but one apple once made a fall.

If you are in the market for a good

FOUR-HORSE FARM

situated in Penns Valley consult me at once for particulars.

Also have for sale 5 Nice Homes situated in different parts of Centre Hall.

Buyers and Sellers will do well to consult me as I keep posted on market.

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A large bolt for 10 cents.
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THE CENTRE REPORTER

DOES YOUR STOVE NEED REPAIRS?

It will not be long until the chilly blasts will make the stove the means of comfort. Is your stove ready to make fire in, or does it need repairs. See to it now, before the rush season will mean delay.

Probably you are thinking of a new stove for the coming winter. We handle the

World-Famous Red Cross Stoves and Ranges.

Come in and let us talk it over.

T. L. SMITH
CENTRE HALL

Fall and Winter Shoes and Rubbers

The Celebrated Goodman, Fairfield and Selz Shoes, also a full line of Selz Royal Blue Rubbers for men, women and children.

Sweaters and Trousers

A full line of Sweaters for cool days. Corduroy pants for school boys pants. A full line of work shirts, overalls and heavy trousers.

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Samples of Carpet—Carpet cut to suit your room, on short notice.

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Strong line of Work Shoes for Men and Boys, all prices.

Rubber Boots and Shoes for wet weather

Fancy Jersey Sweets etc.

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"Separator", that's all.

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