

PRaises VIRTUE OF SILENCE

Habit of Carrying Domestic Troubles to Outsiders Is Deplored by Writer.

One pretty sensible girl, who truly loved her young husband, who as truly loved her, came near wrecking their happiness through her uncontrolled tongue. She had always been in the habit, and a very proper one it is, of telling her mother everything in her girlishness.

Now that she was a married woman, she ought to have discriminated between what concerned her husband and what concerned herself alone. She had no business to tell her mother of confidences which passed between him and herself, and he had no idea that she would not appreciate this fact until she happened to relate "what mother said when I told her thus and so."

"Why, you didn't tell your mother that!" he cried. His tongue angered her and she retorted in a sudden flame: "Indeed, I did. I shall always tell my mother exactly what I please." "Very well," he commented coldly. "I shall understand now just how far I can trust you." Months and many heartburnings were required before this breach was healed.

A tender and petted girl is altogether too fond of feeling for consolation to mother or sister, when some fancied slight has been offered her by the adored one, who has recently sworn a thousand times that he will think of her comfort and happiness and that only, "till the sands of the desert grow cold." And then he goes off some morning and forgets to kiss her good-by, or he comes home at night without the egg-beater that he solemnly promised to get. And perhaps a foolish mother or sister says he is a brute—and you can easily see what a train of evils might follow in the wake of this tiny little train of circumstances.

Don't tell anybody of your domestic troubles, big or little. They grow in the telling. The first lesson that the wise wife should learn is to hold her tongue.—Leelle's Weekly.

SAID BY WITS OF THE PAST

Memoirs of London Merchant Told of Many Good Quips He Had Heard.

The late John Richard Clayton of the firm of Clayton & Bell, glass painter of London England, had some good stories of his experiences with the pre-Raphaelite brethren.

He was once sought out by the painter. He called on Rossetti in his studio and listened to the brilliant diatribes of the young man against whom they called the slothfulness of modern painting. Sloshy was the term they applied to all the art of that day, and they did not spare Sir "Sloshus" Reynolds himself. Clayton was fond of telling how he noticed that the studio was hung all round with photographs of the works of the great masters; but he was astonished to see that they were all either on their sides or upside down. After a pleasant talk he ventured to inquire the reason of the strange hanging. Rossetti affected to be puzzled at Clayton's discovery.

"Why," then Rossetti shouted: "Here, Hunt, Millais, here's a fellow who knows the way these sloshy things should be hung."

The motifs occasionally demanded of him which he could not refuse made him wince, and he smiled grimly once when a member of the Arts club, of which he was one of the oldest and most esteemed members, declared that "if you accept that kind of order the firm of Clayton & Bell will be known as Satan & Hell!"

Table Manners of the Past.

Modern table manners compare favorably with those of the past. Mrs. Hannah Woolley, author of "The Gentlewoman's Companion," the standard seventeenth century book on etiquette, found it necessary thus to warn her readers: "Gentlemen, discover not by any ravenous gesture your angry appetite, nor fix your eyes too greedily on the meat before you, as if you would devour more than was your throat would swallow."

In carrying avoid clapping your fingers in your mouth and licking them after you have burnt them. Close your lips when you eat, and do not smack like a pig. Fill not your mouth so full that your cheeks shall swell like a pair of Scotch bagpipes. It is very uncomely to drink so large a draft that your breath is almost gone, and you are forced to blow strongly to recover yourself."

**Jealous Minister.**  
"Why did you and that young minister quarrel?" asked the friend.  
"He was nice enough in many ways, but he was so horribly jealous and unfair," said the fair damsel to whom the young divine had been paying serious attention.

"Jealous, perhaps—and naturally," smiled the friend. "But unfair?"  
"Yes. Every time I would make an engagement for a moonlight walk or an afternoon stroll with some other man he would pray for rain."—The Pathfinder.

**Would Be Worth Seeing.**  
A young woman from the east was conversing with a Kentuckian about tobacco and tobacco raising. She was very pretty and a good conversationist, and the young man from Kentucky was vastly interested in her until she gave him a sudden shock by announcing:  
"I should love to see a tobacco field; especially when it is just plugging out."—National Food Magazine.

According to Passport.

Prince Metchersky, who is a journalist by profession, was commissioned by the czar to investigate certain agrarian troubles. The prince went to Roumania and there obtained one of the permits necessary for taking live stock across the frontier. Then he went to a Russian frontier post and presented the document to the official as his warrant to pass. The official could read but little in Russian and knew no Roumanian, but the big document, with coat of arms and seal, greatly impressed him, and he cheerfully put the Russian official stamp on it. His investigations ended, the prince went back to Moscow and at the first opportunity presented the passport to the governor, saying:

"With this document I entered Roumania and traveled about for five months; yet you must admit that the description of me is scarcely correct or flattering."

The amazed governor read that the prince was "one black sow, full grown, with one ear partly torn away."

Got Even With the Lawyer.

Many years ago there lived in Camden, Me., two neighbors, Dr. Huse and Judge Thayer. The doctor had occasion to sue a man and of course employed his neighbor, the judge, as his counsel. After a session of court he met the judge and asked about his case. The judge said it was continued. Meeting him again after another session and asking again about his case, the same answer was given.

As it cost \$2 or \$3 each time it was continued, the doctor thought by the time it was settled, after paying the judge, he would get nothing.

Some time afterward the judge was afflicted with a felon and, of course, employed his neighbor, the doctor. After suffering awhile he met the doctor and said: "Doctor, this thing is getting along very slowly. I have walked the floor nights for a week. What are you doing to it?"

The doctor, who stammered, loudly replied, "Co-co-continuing it, by George!"

Attended to Beforehand.

When Judge Stewart of Vermont presided at the trial of a negro charged with the murder of another of his race he admitted afterward to friends that he had serious doubts of the prisoner's guilt until he began to pronounce sentence. The negro had pleaded not guilty and repeatedly on being questioned had asserted with much emphasis, "I didn't do it!" The evidence was not convincing, and the judge was surprised when the jury brought in a verdict of guilty. His doubts vanished when, after reminding the negro that he had been tried by a jury of twelve men, etc., he said: "It is my duty to warn you that your days on earth are numbered, and it behooves you to avail yourself of the little remnant of time allotted to you to make your peace with God."

Just there the negro broke in with the exclamation, "Ah done dat already, judge, befo' Ah went out ter kill dat niggah!"—New York Sun.

Important Postscript.

William H. Taft when he was president never overlooked an opportunity for a joke. In the closing months of his administration Henry L. Stimson, then secretary of war, wrote Mr. Taft a very urgent request that he give a friend of Stimson a certain federal position.

Mr. Taft wrote to Stimson as follows: "My Dear Stimson—I am sorry I cannot do anything for your friend in response to your letter of today. I would like to accommodate you, but it is impossible. Sincerely yours, WILLIAM H. TAFT."

Under that he write: Turn over.

Then Mr. Stimson read on the other side of the paper:  
"I couldn't do today because I gave the fellow the job yesterday."

The Skin on Boiled Milk.

What causes the formation of the skin on the surface of boiled milk and of hot cocoa that is made with boiled milk? Dr. Porcher of Lyons, France, says that it is the result of the disintegrating of the lime caseinate in the milk. Heat separates the lime and the casein, and the lime combines with carbonic acid from the air to form a thin film of "carbonate of lime." This film supports the undissolved casein in the milk as well as some coagulated albumen and fat.

The Amateur Photographer.

An amateur photographer was showing some snapshots of Italy.  
"And these leaning buildings—what are they?" he was asked.  
"They are some buildings in Pisa," he replied. "That perfectly straight one near them is the famous leaning tower."

A Misunderstanding.

She-I was rather disappointed in that gentleman to whom you introduced me last night. He—indeed! How so? She—Why, you spoke of him as a bridge expert, and he turned out to be nothing but a famous engineer.—Boston Transcript.

**Abnormal.**  
Inspector—Any abnormal children in your class, Miss Pedagogue? School-teacher—Yes; one of them has good manners.—Life.

**Another Mrs. Malaprop.**  
"No, she wouldn't listen to reason," said Mrs. Twickenbury. "She was in a most indicative mood."—Christian Register.

Do not allow idleness to decelerate you, for while you give him today he steals tomorrow from you.—Old Saying.

The man who profits by his own mistakes is naturally tempted to keep on making more

Cadet Life at West Point.

Briefly, at 3:45 p. m. the academic work is over for the day and drills for all classes occupy the hour from 4 to 5, followed by a dress parade at 5:25, excepting Wednesdays and Saturdays. This is the schedule from Sept. 1 to Nov. 1 and from March 15 to June. On Saturdays academic work ends at 12:30, and with the exception of inspection at 1:50, the afternoon of the cadet is free until 6:25 supper call. His amusements are much like those of college students generally. Football is perhaps the most popular organized sport. Games are played on the West Point grounds with teams from many colleges, and the season closes with the annual army-navy game, when the West Pointers meet the midshipmen from Annapolis on Franklin field, Philadelphia. Basketball follows during the winter months, many contests with teams from other schools occurring during the season, and then in the spring comes baseball of course.—Popular Mechanics.

Woman and Her Hat.

A woman cannot stick a hat on her head as you stick a stamp on a letter. There is an ingenious machine that sticks stamps on letters at the rate of several thousands an hour. But nobody has invented a machine for sticking hats on the heads of women.

A man can buy a hat in five minutes, but no woman would dream of buying a hat in less than an hour. Often a woman will acquire a splitting headache in the attempt to find one hat to suit her out of a hundred, and not seldom she carries away the headache without a hat on it.

The hat hunt is only a small part of the daily agony of shopping, and yet a man would rather cut his throat than engage in a hat hunt as a dispassionate spectator. Men prefer to hunt the fox or the stag, the tiger or the lion, the grizzly or the grouse. A tiger hunt is not nearly so perilous as a hat hunt.—London Opinion.

Profits in Waste Paper.

The sale of waste paper used to afford perquisites for government officials. When John McCulloch of Dictionary of Commerce fame was appointed comptroller of the stationery office in 1841, he discovered that the proceeds from the sale of government waste paper were divided among his subordinates, who thus more than doubled their official incomes. The new comptroller prohibited this practice on the ground that all moneys derived from such sales belonged to the exchequer. Some of the officials disregarded this prohibition and continued to sell waste paper and pocket the proceeds. When this came to the ears of McCulloch they were prosecuted for "systematic appropriation of public property." For many years past the stationery office has made over £10,000 a year from the sale of waste paper.—London Mail.

Jenny Lind's California Debut.

At Monterey, Cal., formerly a part of Mexico and ceded to the United States during the Mexican war, is the first public building built in California and now a broken down, weather racked ruin of adobe. In this building Jenny Lind made her first California debut, and when the gold the enthusiastic miners had thrown upon the stage after her performance was gathered up it was found to fill two five-gallon oil cans—about twenty pounds of gold and equal in value to about \$5,000. Another curious building is a police station which is built within the braces of an oil derrick and for unique buildings certainly establishes a record.—Health Magazine.

Wise Old Doctor.

Patient (abed and very sick)—But, doc, if physicians never agree on anything, what's the use of calling any two of them for this consultation you propose?  
Old Family Doctor—I'll fix that all right. I'll just go out and get a couple of these young fellows running around in the same make of automobile. When you get 'em agreed on that they generally think alike in everything else. Take it from me, the three of us will find out what's the matter with you in about ten minutes.—St. Louis Republic.

Thoughtless Expression.

"You say in this story," commented the copy reader, "that the heroine buried her face in her hands."  
"Well," asked the story writer, "isn't that all right?"  
"No. You can't have an ideal heroine with such large hands as that."—Washington Star.

She Didn't Believe It.

"Disease," said the doctor, "always attacks the weakest spot."  
"Oh," the patient's wife replied, "that can't be true. If it were, my husband would have brain fever or something like that instead of liver trouble."—Exchange.

Regained His Nerve.

Hubbard—Stimpkins has got over his nervous prostration. Peace—How can you tell? Hubbard—Why, I met him on the street last night, and he wanted to borrow \$20.—Luck.

What Puzzled Her.

"I understood the text all right," remarked Aunt Ann Peebles after the sermon was over, "but the preacher's explanation of it puzzled me a good deal."—Chicago Tribune.

Young America Getting Wiser.

"Procrastination is the thief of time."  
"Is he the fellow, pa, who takes away the years from a woman's age?"—Boston Herald.

Lending your last dollar may merely prove that you have more money than brains.

Cured His Drinking.

Jones, a Boston manufacturer, employed Hobbs as a salesman. Hobbs was a hustler who brought business when he worked, but who had a habit of sacrificing two or three days a month getting drunk and sobering up directly after getting his pay. He was always in debt. One day Jones called Hobbs in and said that he would keep him in his employ only on one condition.

"What's that?" asked Hobbs.  
"It's this," said Jones. "Every week I shall take \$5 of your pay and put it aside. Every month I shall deposit the money in a co-operative bank. You are not to touch that money as long as you remain unmarried and work for me."  
"But my debts. How can I spare?"  
"Pay 'em somehow, and let me see that bankbook every month."

That was all—no lecture on the evils of drinking, no aphorisms. The other day Hobbs brought the bank book to Jones and showed \$800 on deposit. And his only comment was, "And I don't even get thirsty when I look at it."—Exchange.

Heating a Brook.

How to keep a brook running freely and water power working smoothly in a temperature of 50 degrees below zero has now been demonstrated on the Yukon, in Alaska, by some ingenious American engineers. A mining company that used water power to develop electric power, obtaining the water through a ditch many miles long, decided to try to operate through the winter. At the beginning of the winter the engineers let the water in the ditch freeze an ice coat a few inches thick. Then the water in the ditch was dropped a foot, so that the cover of ice made a protection for the stream, with an air space between the ice and the water. This kept out much of the cold, but was useless without some heating of the water. Accordingly wires were strung along the ditch, and at regular intervals electric heating coils were placed in the bottom of the ditch. By this means the water was heated by electricity manufactured by the water at the water wheels.—Saturday Evening Post.

An Enemy's Courtesy.

When the crusaders under King Richard of England defeated the Saracens the sultan, seeing his troops fly, asked what was the number of the Christians who were making all this slaughter. He was told that it was only King Richard and his men and that they were all on foot.  
"Then," said the sultan, "God forbid that such a noble fellow as King Richard should march on foot!" and sent him a noble charger.  
The messenger took it and said: "Sir, the sultan sends you this charger that you may not be on foot."  
The king was as cunning as his enemy and ordered one of his squires to mount the horse in order to try him. The squire obeyed, but the animal proved fiery, and the squire being unable to hold him in, he set off at full speed to the sultan's pavilion. The sultan expected he had got King Richard and was not a little mortified to discover his mistake.

Why Hollow Trees Live.

In forests and private parks one may often witness the remarkable sight of a very old tree with a trunk consisting of nothing but a hollow shell and yet bearing branches that are covered with foliage. It would seem to be impossible that the dry bark, in some cases only held together by an iron band, could go on producing leaves year after year in the manner in which it does. The explanation, however, is quite a simple one. In very young trees the sap carrying portion is in the center. It is a series of bundles of minute cellular tubes scientifically known as "vascular bundles." As the tree gets older this series of bundles forms a ring which gets bigger and bigger as the circumference of the tree increases. In course of time the center withers and decays since it is no longer needed to supply the branches with nourishment.—London Graphic.

Beautiful Leicester.

Leicester has learned how to make herself beautiful from unpromising materials. She has no suitable building stone handy, and therefore out of red bricks, put together by cunning architects, she has constructed a city unlike any other in England. A local art school has fostered the spirit of beauty, and thus Leicester has triumphed over her limitations. She has been described as a rosy red town set in a mass of greenery. Even the lamp-posts have been designed by a sculptor who is not ashamed to let them bear his name.—London Chronicle.

Might Have Been Worse.

"Too bad," said the optimist to the man next to him on the bus, whose hat had been blown into the river, "but it might have been worse."  
"I can't see how," replied the hapless one, with a stare.  
"Why, it might have been my hat."—Yonkers Statesman.

Acquiring a Title.

"So you are going to leave us, Mrs. Rusher?"  
"Yes. We are going to move to Kentucky for a few weeks until my husband gets to be called 'colonel,' and then we shall go to Washington to live."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Plenty of Argument.

Miss Watt—Do you belong to any debating society, Mr. Wilkins? Wilkins—Well—er—a small one. I am married.—Boston Transcript.

It is better to begin a good work in the evening than not at all.

When Monday comes in at the door, religion frequently flies out at the window.

No Fancy Shaves For Him.

The weather was warm, and Pat decided to shave on the back porch. Mrs. Casey, across the way, observed this. "Pat," she called, "shure an' Oi see ye air shavin' outside."  
"Begorra," he responded, "and did ye think Oi was furried?"—Judge.

Turkey as "The Sick Man."

Now a collector of old prints comes forward with the proof that the expression, "the sick man of Europe," so persistently applied for years to Turkey, really dates back to the seventeenth century, when John Sobieski drove back the Turks from the gates of Vienna. He shows an old engraving with the Turk on his sickbed in the center and the doctors representing all the nations of Europe gathered about him. As has been the case ever since, they cannot agree as to the treatment. All want to make an end of the Turk, but the Spaniard wishes to apply a bomb, the Pole wishes to give him steel, the Prussian would stifle him with his cloak, etc. Change the names and costumes of the doctors and this cartoon of nearly three centuries ago would answer for any of the numerous congresses that have since then attempted to settle the vexing eastern question.—Argonaut.

Our Limitations.

There are noises louder than thunder which we cannot hear, the roar that lies on the other side of silence, writes Frank Harris in "Unpatried Waters." We men are poor, restless prisoners, hemmed in by our senses as by the walls of a cell, hearing only a part of nature's orchestra and that part imperfectly, seeing only a thousandth part of the color marvels about us and seeing that infinitesimal part incorrectly and partially.

One Who Knew It.

A very old lady, who was on her deathbed and in a penitential mood, said, "I have been a great sinner more than eighty year and didn't know it." An old colored woman who had lived with her a long time exclaimed, "Lor, missus, I knowed it all the time!"—Exchange.

His Awful Dream.

Sydney Smith had been ill, and a friend having called to see him inquired what sort of night he had passed. "Oh, horrid, horrid, my dear fellow! I dreamed I was chained to a rock and being talked to death by Harriet Martineau and Macaulay!"

Don't Wait Too Long.

Do not place too much confidence in the saying, "It is never too late to mend." A big patch is sometimes as conspicuous as a hole.—Youth's Companion.

Strong Hint.

Balladist—Don't you think if I'd cut out one of my four songs it would improve my act? Stage Manager—Yes, about 25 per cent.—Brooklyn Life.

IT SAVE YOU MONEY.

Dr. Howard's Dyspepsia Peppin. Regular price 50c. Murray and Bitner Price 25c.  
The special half price sale of Dr. Howard's specific for the cure of constipation and dyspepsia by Murray and Bitner means the saving of a few dollars on every family's yearly bill for medicines.  
Each 50 cent bottle (Murray and Bitner sells it for 25c.) contains sixty doses of a medicine that is pleasant to take and which can be depended upon to cure the worst case of constipation, dyspepsia or liver trouble.  
This remedy is not an ordinary medicine. It is the favorite formula of a well known physician, and has the endorsement of hundreds of eminent in their profession, who prescribe it in all cases of constipation, dyspepsia or liver trouble, knowing from experience that it will make a complete and lasting cure.

FOR SALE AT ONCE—22 ACRES fine land situated near Spring Mills, thorough tract of a large brick house, large barn and all out-buildings.  
17 ACRES, part mountain land, situated near Centre Hall, thorough tract of a good house.  
J. H. D. BARTHOLOMEW, Insurance and Real Estate, Centre Hall, Pa.

HOUSE TO RENT—The undersigned offers for rent her home opposite public square, or Centre Hall, Pa. MRS. MAGGIE SWABO, or RICHARD BROOKS, Centre Hall, Pa. (0.9 p.3)

HENRY F. BITNER, A. M., Ph. D. SCRIVENER AND CONVEYANCER  
Deeds, Mortgages, Bonds, Wills, Leases, Conveyances, and other legal papers carefully prepared at short notice. One year experience in law of fee. Terms reasonable. Bell phone 17-3.  
MURRAY'S DRUG STORE, CENTRE HALL, PA. 4r-12-1y

OVERCOAT FOUND—Convicted rain coat Owner can inquire at this office, and by paying cash price in this ad, the coat can be secured. M. E. U.—Centre Hall.

FOR RENT The postoffice flat, containing five rooms; also garden—JOHN C. ROSSMAN, Centre Hall, Pa. (0.8)

POSTS FOR SALE—The undersigned offers for sale a lot of chestnut fence posts. H. W. DINGLES, Centre Hall, Pa.

CLOVER HAY WANTED—Several tons of clover hay wanted, top price for first quality.—J. H. WEBER, Centre Hall.

Stops Falling Hair  
Hall's Hair Renewer certainly stops falling hair. No doubt about it whatsoever. You will surely be satisfied.  
Forecasting Democratic Victory.  
From the Altoona Tribune, Republican.  
When the democratic party nominates a local ontionist for governor of Pennsylvania in the end of the license liquor traffic in this state is near.

Sale Register.

MONDAY, MARCH 2, 12 o'clock, one mile east of Pottery Mills, by Wm. Wagner. By Ezer A. Harnberger; seven horses and colts, six cows, six young cattle, lot of hogs, and a full line of farming implements, all of them new.

TUESDAY, MARCH 3, one o'clock, one mile east of Pottery Mills, by John D. Lingie; two horses, two cows, bull, 2 shorthorn calves, 2 pigs, and 2 chickens, also a full line of farming implements, all of them new.

FRIDAY AND SATURDAY, MARCH 6th and 7th, on the Lee farm and at Centre Hall, by the ex-auctioneers of Dr. George L. Lee; farm stock, implements, and household goods.

TUESDAY, MARCH 10, one o'clock, two and one-half miles east of Centre Hall, by C. C. Homan; farm stock and implements, six horses and colts—Bay mare, 12 years old, weight 1,200, extra good brood mare; brown mare, 14 years old, works in all harness, weighs 1,200; bay mare, 17 years old, an extra good family horse, works in all harness, weighs 1,200; brown horse colt, two years old, will mature at 1,500. Percheron and will make a fine brood mare; bay mare, one year old, will mature at 1,200. Percheron colt, one year old, will mature at 1,500. Percheron and will make a fine brood mare; bay mare, one year old, will mature at 1,200. Percheron colt, one year old, will mature at 1,500.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 11, 12 o'clock, two and one-half miles west of Centre Hall, by C. C. Homan; Black mare, 12 years old, 3 years, 4 years, 10 years old, in foal; bay mare, 16 years old; bay horse, 19 years old, colt, two years old; colt, one year old. Eight milch cows, and one white heifer, fresh in April. Four heifers, fine bull. One brood sow, six shoats. Lot of chickens, six or more young ones. Bay mare, one year old, separator, top buggy, full line of farming implements and harness. L. F. Mays, auctioneer.

THURSDAY, MARCH 12, ten o'clock, one-half mile west of Centre Hall, by C. C. Homan; four horses, three cows, 3 bul, 4 h-hfers, lot of hogs, 15 sheep, lot of Plymouth Rock chickens, 200 lbs. of butter, 200 lbs. of lard, 200 lbs. of sugar, 200 lbs. of flour, 200 lbs. of meal, 200 lbs. of corn, 200 lbs. of oats, 200 lbs. of hay, 200 lbs. of straw, 200 lbs. of wood, 200 lbs. of coal, 200 lbs. of lime, 200 lbs. of plaster, 200 lbs. of cement, 200 lbs. of brick, 200 lbs. of stone, 200 lbs. of sand, 200 lbs. of gravel, 200 lbs. of pebbles, 200 lbs. of shells, 200 lbs. of bones, 200 lbs. of horns, 200 lbs. of hoofs, 200 lbs. of manure, 200 lbs. of compost, 200 lbs. of fertilizer, 200 lbs. of lime, 200 lbs. of plaster, 200 lbs. of cement, 200 lbs. of brick, 200 lbs. of stone, 200 lbs. of sand, 200 lbs. of gravel, 200 lbs. of pebbles, 200 lbs. of shells, 200 lbs. of bones, 200 lbs. of horns, 200 lbs. of hoofs, 200 lbs. of manure, 200 lbs. of compost, 200 lbs. of fertilizer.

SAURDAY, MARCH 14, one o'clock P. M., one mile southwest of Spring Mills by Daniel Ripka; one black horse, fine single lead; six young cows, two years old, 4 years, 6 years, 10 years, in time of sale; extra fine Jersey heifer, in calf; large grade Guernsey bull, eight months old; Chester white brood sow, will have pigs by time of sale. Farm implements—Johnson self rake, American cultivator with wheel and horse and tractor, 2-horse wagon, wind-ladders, 3-wheeled spring wagon, McCormick power Centre Hall corn planter, grain drill, spike-tooth harrow, 2-horse mowing machine, cradle, spreader, cutting bench, horse gear, flynets, milk cans, and some household goods.

MONDAY, MARCH 16, 10 a. m., one-half mile southwest of Centre Hall, by Daniel Ripka; four horses—a black mare in foal, five milch cows some will be fresh by time of sale; eight shorthorn and Jersey calves, 12 pigs, 2 chickens, 4 birds, 15 months old; 2 heifer calves, four months old. Five shoats. No. 12 De Laval cream separator, full line of farming implements. L. F. Mays, auct.

TUESDAY MARCH 17, at Old Fort, by William Fredford; Fair grey h-race, weigh 250; gray mare, 8 year old, in foal, weighs 1700; gray mare 10 years old, in foal; bay mare, 10 years old, 3 years old, a good driver; bay mare, 15 years old; bay gelding, 2 years old. Gray colt and sorrel colt, one year old. Three-month-old foal, selected Holstein 5 bul, 10 heifers, 9 calves all Holstein and in good shape. 42 shoats, and one brood sow. Also a full line of farming implements. L. F. Mays, auct.

THURSDAY, MARCH 19, ten o'clock, two and one-half miles east of Centre Hall, by Henry E. Homan; three work horses, a two line colt, nice good milch cow, 12 cows, 12 pigs, 2 shorthorn bul, 5 young cattle, 12 ewes, ram, 2 brood sows, lot of shoats, also a full line of implements, tools, etc. L. F. Mays, auctioneer.

FRIDAY, MARCH 20, ten o'clock, three miles west of Centre Hall, by Wm. Wagner; 2 horses, 7 cows, 9 young cattle, shorthorn bull, about 20 hogs; also full line of farming implements. HARRY RAKE, auct.

SATURDAY, MARCH 21, one o'clock, on the Lingie farm, one and one-half miles west of Centre Hall by John D. Moore; 1 horse, 4 cows, 5 young cattle, brood sow, 2 shats. Also some farming implements, and some household goods. Harry Grove, auct. one.

MONDAY, MARCH 23, ten o'clock at Tusseyville, by Adam F. Heckman; Five horses, nine cows, seven young cattle, three shorthorn calves, 10 pigs, also a full line of farming implements and a lot of household goods. De Laval cream separator, 4 horse power gasoline chopper, complete and in excellent condition.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 25, 12 o'clock sharp, one-half mile east of Old Fort, by John Bender; 2 horses, 2 cows, 3 milch cow, bull, 4 h-hfers, full line of farming implements, horse chop, new top buggy. H. F. Grove, auct.

THURSDAY, MARCH 26, one o'clock, 3 miles west of Centre Hall, by E. Clayton Wagner; Mrs. Rebecca Cummings Wolf; lot of household goods.

FRIDAY, MARCH 27, all day, by George W. Howe, near Linden Hall. Farm stock and implements.

MONDAY, MARCH 30, ten o'clock, on the Grove farm on Spring Creek two miles west of Spring Mills, by George A. Hettinger; Four cows, one calf, fourteen calves, thirteen young cattle, thirty hogs, two brood sows, also, a full line of farming implements.

TUESDAY, MARCH 31, one mile east of Old Fort, by William Fredford; 15 young cattle—four grade Holstein and one grade Guernsey heifers, grade Holstein bull, three shorthorn bul, this stock is all in good condition and profitable to buy. Fifty head of hogs ten weeks weigh 125 pounds each; 12 milch ewes 12 pounds each thirty to forty weeks old. L. F. Mays, auctioneer.

THURSDAY, APRIL 2, one o'clock, three miles west of Centre Hall, by E.