

LOCALS.

It was three below plus storm on Saturday morning.

The W. C. T. U. will meet with Mrs. G. O. Benner on Saturday evening.

Talk about high prices! You can buy a Sunday newspaper for fifteen cents in Centre Hall.

Old King Winter has been using his bush with artistic effect on our windows this week.

Mrs. J. C. Karstetter, of Rebersburg, was admitted to the Lock Haven hospital last week for medical treatment.

The teachers' district meeting will be held next Monday evening, at Centre Hill, providing the weather is favorable.

Mrs. Edward Riter attended the funeral of her brother-in-law, Bernard L. Brown, in Bellefonte, Wednesday of last week.

Mrs. W. A. Krise suffered an apoplectic spell last Wednesday afternoon which made her condition quite serious for a time.

J. A. Sweetwood is slowly recovering from injuries sustained to his legs a few weeks ago when caught under falling timber.

Jacob B. Sprow, of near Centre Hall, was unfortunate a short time ago to lose a valuable horse through colic. The beast was a pet and will be hard to replace.

Rural mail carriers William Keller and Jasper Wagner, from the local post office, were unable to make their rounds Monday and Tuesday owing to the drifted condition of the roads.

A valuable horse belonging to Henry E. Homan was badly kicked on Sunday evening by another horse which became loose in the stable. The kicked animal sustained an ugly gash on the hip.

The extremely cold weather beginning of the week froze up water pipes in many homes in Centre Hall and in quite a few places bursting of pipes occurred which occasioned considerable hardship and inconvenience.

David L. Kerr, one of Centre Hall's oldest residents, and a veteran of the Civil war, continues to remain in poor physical condition. For a year or more he has been unable to leave his home. Mr. Kerr is past eighty years of age.

"Townsend Twins" is the name of a book that is missing from the Grange library. The party holding same will please return it at once for it is necessary to return all books to the State Library Commission at this time.

Gardner Long, who farms the Woodheiser farm near Spring Mills, was a caller at this office on Wednesday and enrolled as a Reporter subscriber. Mr. Long, in the spring, will move onto his father's farm, the Samuel Long farm, near Farmers Mills.

Andrew Crozier, of Bellefonte, was one of a party from Millin county who attended the Yoder horse sale on Friday. Mr. Crozier is a native of Penns Valley, having been born and reared on what is now the W. E. Tate farm, west of Centre Hall.

Two jolly sledloads of young folks braved the zero weather on Friday night, the one party being entertained at the Jacob Sharer home, east of Centre Hall, while the other went to Bellefonte, the objective point being the home of Mrs. Mary Smith.

School children in the borough schools were required to suffer from the cold beginning of the week when the thermometer was dangerously close to the freezing point during the early hours of the morning session. Part of the time the grammar grade had its recitations in the high school room in order to escape the chilly western blasts.

The twenty-second annual meeting of Group Six Pennsylvania Bankers' Association will be held in Altoona, Monday of next week. John D. Meyer, cashier of the Second National Bank, Altoona, is secretary and treasurer of the association. Ten banks in Centre county and located at Bellefonte, Howard, Millheim, Philipsburg, State College and Snow Shoe are members of Group Six.

It has been definitely decided that the word "agriculture" in exempting that class from the workmen's compensation act, includes dairymen, poultrymen, horticulturists, and stock raisers, although the compensation board ruled about a year ago that persons engaged in such business not incidental to farming would come under the act. The term agriculture has been given its widest meaning when finally defined by the Compensation Board.

John R. Stoner, son of Mr. and Mrs. David Stoner, and Miss Mary A. Kline, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Milton Kline, both of Tusseyville, were united in marriage at the local Evangelical parsonage on Tuesday evening by Rev. F. H. Foss.

Saturday evening, February 3rd, at the Lutheran parsonage at Aaronsburg, Velma M. Miller, of Rebersburg, was united in marriage with Frank J. Burd, of Aaronsburg, by Rev. M. D. Geiser. Mr. Burd is the farmer for Mrs. Luther E. Stoner, of Aaronsburg, and expects to continue with her for another year.

Rev. E. D. Keene Dead. Rev. E. D. Keene, a native of Millheim, where he was born in 1849, died at his home in Wrightville, York county where he was serving a United Evangelical charge. The body was brought to Millheim on Wednesday and burial will take place there this (Thursday) morning. A number of relatives living in Millheim survive.

STATE AGRICULTURAL NOTES. It is estimated that ninety per cent. of the corn raised by Pennsylvania farmers is fed on the farms of the State.

The Lancaster stock yards carried on transactions in cattle, hogs and sheep during the past year amounting to \$10,146,000. This is an increase of \$4,000,000 over 1915.

Much of the corn that was husked and placed in cribs in the fall is of an inferior quality and reports indicate the condition is only about 94 per cent. of that of other years.

An increase of over 4,000 mules in the State during the past year and a decrease in the number of horses are shown by figures of the Bureau of Statistics of the Pennsylvania Department of Agriculture.

Reports from all sections of the State say that during the past two months the grain and grass have been well protected by a blanket of snow and that some places the ground is not frozen thus giving the late sown grain a splendid chance.

Report of Fourth Month of School.

Primary school.—Number enrolled, males 18, females 24, total 42. Per cent. attendance, males 91, females 82, total 87. Those present every day during month are: Reuben Garis, James Lutz, Wilbur McClellan, Clifford Meyer, John Meyer, Elwood Smit, Elizabeth Breon, Helen Brown, Alma Lutz, Dorothy Packer, Estella Ruble and Margaret Rudy. Those present every day during term are: Reuben Garis, Clifford Meyer, John Meyer, Elwood Smit, Elizabeth Breon, Helen Brown, Alma Lutz, Dorothy Packer and Estella Ruble.

Intermediate Grade.—Whole number in attendance, males 12, females 25, total 37. Average attendance during month, males 11, females 21, total 32. Per cent. of attendance during month, males 94, females 85, total 90. Names of pupils not absent during month: Franklin Ruble, Joseph Ruble, Albert Emery, Theodore Breon, George Lutz, Helen Runke, Florence Zittle, Miriam Foss, Vivian Foss, Lottie Keller, Mildred Wolfe, Vivien Packer. Those not absent during the term: Franklin Ruble, Joseph Ruble, Albert Emery, Theodore Breon, Florence Zittle, Lottie Keller, Vivien Packer.

Grammar grade.—Number in attendance during the month, males 18, female 18. Per cent. of attendance during the month males 94, female 94. Per cent. of attendance during the term, males 97, females 93. Those in regular attendance during the month: Pearl Ruble, Gertrude Ruble, Esther Wagner, Grace Fye, Beatrice Kresmer, Helen Lucas, Ethel Frank, Hazel Ripke, Ernest Frank, Shannon Boyer, Frederick Moore, Reuben Zettle, Frederick Lucas, Harold Keller, Isiah Emery, William Sweetwood, Newton Crawford, Albert Smith, Harold Breon. Those in regular attendance during the term: Gertrude Ruble, Beatrice Kresmer, Helen Lucas, Frederick Moore, Frederick Zettle, Harold Keller, William Sweetwood, Albert Smith, Harold Breon.

Linden Hall. Sledding parties are numerous in this section. Tuesday evening several sleds loaded of young people from State College and Shiloh were entertained at the William Brooks home. Friday evening a sled load from Boalsburg came to the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Noll where they had a good time.

John Horner has rented the Dr. Kidder farm and will move there from the Hess house on the 1st of April.

Mrs. Lewis Swartz, of Hubersburg, spent a few days last week at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Ross.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Floray are the proud parents of a little daughter.

Henry Potter left last week for a trip to Florida where he will spend the next few months.

Mrs. Leslie Noll expects to leave next week for Cleveland where she will visit her mother.

Just when the weather bureau would have us believe that the cold wave was broken, the "blower" was started anew and did high class work all of Sunday night and Monday.

How's This? We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by him.

HARRISBURG NEWS LETTER.

(Continued from first page)

tees two years ago as they were so busy then with Governor Brumbaugh's bluff for local option to let a little thing like fairness to the mining population get on the political page.

After Hess resigned as Chairman of the Committee on Mines and Mining for the reasons above stated which everybody accepted as perfectly proper, Speaker Baldwin appointed as his successor Mr. Ramsey from Delaware County. Delaware County lies south of the city of Philadelphia and is perhaps farther away from the mining regions than any other county in the State; which from the point of view of Penrose and the corporations is a perfectly good reason why he should sit on the job to smother legislation that might give the citizens who follow the most precarious of all occupations a small share of the protection he desires, but some fine day the mines worker will get onto the tricks of Penrose and the corporations.

In Memoriam. In sad but loving remembrance of dear father, Jonas Bible, who departed this life three years ago today (Feb. 7, 1914).

Three years ago our hearts with sorrow, Laid a peaceful soul to rest, Sweetest thoughts shall ever linger, Round the grave where you are laid.

Father, dear, how we miss you; Never shall your memory fade, Sweetest thoughts shall ever linger, Round the grave where you are laid.

But you are gone to live with Jesus, All your sufferings now are o'er, And if faithful we shall meet you, Over on the shining shore.

Oh, father thy gentle voice is hushed, Thy warm true heart is still, And on thy pale and peaceful face, Is resting death's cold chill.

Thy hands are clasped upon thy breast, We have kissed thy loving brow, And in our aching hearts we know, We have no father now.

But sweet is the memory That shall never fade If others forget you Never shall we.

WIFE AND CHILDREN.

The Schedule Crank.

The man who is living his life on schedule time deserves to be an object of pity. I know of one creature who is so precise in his appointments that he is actually living a month in advance of himself. You say to him, "Whatcheragonado tomorrow noon, Bill?" and he'll consult his little vest-pocket engagement book and inform you that he is filled up as far as next Wednesday at 10 p. m. (meaning engagements, of course). Then you say, "I wanted you to lunch with me tomorrow at twelve." "Let me see," says he, "I have a fifteen-minute canceled engagement at that time, so I'll accept your invitation; meanwhile you'll excuse me, dear boy, for I have a directors' meeting on at 4:23, and leave for Gopunk, N. J., at 5:48, but I'll be on hand at twelve sharp!" And he records it in his book. This schedule crank has everything prearranged except his funeral, and if he happens to have a previous engagement, I'll wager he'll disappoint the mourners by postponing that!—"Zim" in Cartoons Magazine.

Inebriate's Dignity.

"There was old Judge Rembottom," stated the landlord of the Pematia tavern. "The drunker he got the more dignified he became. One day he was leaning against the sign post out here, the picture of dignity and it lit up like a lighthouse. In trying to turn around he tripped himself, fell off the walk and rolled under a motor car. Instead of scrambling out he stayed under there and slid all around on his back in the mud, carefully examining the under side of the machine. Then he crawled forth, arose and gravely remarked: 'Ah! I understand it all now, and wabbed off down the street, perfectly satisfied that he had fooled the innocent bystanders completely.'"—Kansas City Star.

To Get On Well With Others.

"In order to be satisfied even with the best people we need to be content with little and to bear a great deal," says the wise Fenelon. He finds that there must be a mutual, loving forbearance. Frequent silence, habitual recollection, prayer, self-detachment, giving up all critical tendencies, faithfulness in putting aside all the idle imaginations of a jealous, fastidious self-love, all these will go far to maintain peace and union. How many troubles would be avoided by this simplicity! Happy is he who neither listens to himself nor to the idle talk of others."

No Wonder It Was Different.

"Do you notice anything different about the milk this morning, dear?" asked a young wife. "Why, yes, now you mention it!" replied her lord and master. "It's more—more—that is, it tastes—'Quite so!' she cried, with a triumphant ring in her voice. 'Our last milk was so thin that five days ago I tried a new milkman. He had such splendid milk, George, that I took in a supply for a whole fortnight! I've been wondering every morning when you'd notice it!'"

CYRUS BRUNGART JUSTICE OF THE PEACE CENTRE HALL, PA. Special attention given to collecting. Legal writs of all classes, including deeds, mortgages, etc.; marriage licenses and hunter's licenses secured, and all matters pertaining to the office attended to promptly. oct. 1916 pd

NOT BURGLARS, BUT A DOG

Odd Discovery Made by Detective in New York Mansion Solved Great Mystery.

"For the past few nights," said an electrician who was called to a Fifth Avenue mansion to look for wire trouble, according to a New York correspondent of the Pittsburgh Dispatch, "just as the family got into bed every burglar alarm in the house went off at first. On the second night the burglar alarm did the same act. So they called me in. After going all through the house I located the trouble by chance. And now what do you suppose caused this state of affairs? As I was seeking the cause of the bother, while walking across the drawing room, of went all the bells. I took up the flooring and discovered a nail had been driven directly between two of the wires, scratching the insulation, and when the loose board was walked upon the nail pushed down, made a short circuit and the bells rang merrily. Over this loose board and nail had been placed a tiger-skin rug. On this a massive St. Bernard dog made a comfortable bed. When he would move about during his slumbers his great weight pressed the nail down, closing the circuit and arousing all the inmates of the house in terror. This would never have been discovered if I hadn't accidentally stepped on the right spot, and I would have been dumfounded until today."

COMPARISON IN MEN'S FAVOR

Writer Asserts That the Female Sex Is Far Less Conventional Than the Male.

The reader may differ from me, but I believe that woman is much less conventional than man, writes W. L. George in the Atlantic Monthly. She does all the conventional things and attacks other women savagely for breaches of convention. But you will generally find that where a man may with impunity break a convention he will not do so, while, if secrecy is guaranteed, a woman will please herself first and repent only if necessary. It follows that a man is conventional because he respects convention; woman conventional because she is afraid of what may happen if she does not obey convention. I submit that this shows a greater degree of conventionalism in man. The typical Englishman of the world, wrecked on a desert island, would get into his evening clothes as long as his wife alone in such circumstances, would wear a low cut dress to take her meal of coconuts, even if her frock buttoned up in front.

Uses of the Line Telephone.

A man was telling us that down in the country he stopped at a house that had a line telephone, and while he sat there, it rang, and forthwith there was a rush to it, notwithstanding the number of rings indicated another house, the Columbus (O.) State Journal observes. But that made no difference, for they were just as much interested in what their neighbors were saying to each other, or what the dealer had to say to any one of them. They never for a moment questioned their right to listen or the propriety of it. That was one thing they had the telephone for—to listen to what the neighbors were talking about. And it was not such a bad thing as it seemed, for it tended to rule out all mean and unkind talk and establish propriety and courtesy as the rule of the telephone. At any rate, it saves everyone on the line from the sad effect of scandalous talk. There is nothing that so contributes to the morality and kindly bearing of a neighborhood as a line telephone.

Men Who Are Winners.

The men who win (and this does not mean simply success in money getting) are the men who are human, open minded, with very little of the preening peacock fuss-and-feathers in their make-up, and do not declaim from the housetops, neither do they insist on being it. They do not act and talk as though they were nine feet high. Their force is plain and quick, simple and direct. They live on time and not on credit. Their promises are trusted; and presently the world at hand, comes their way and says to them, "If you please."

Ways of the Opossum.

The opossum is a night prowler, usually preferring moonshine for its forays. When ready to bear young the opossum makes a nest of dried grass in the hollow of a tree and produces twelve or thirteen blind, naked little ones, about half an inch long. These she places with her fore feet, and here each little one clings to a teat. Here they remain until about two months old. When caught the opossum feigns death, meanwhile watching an opportunity to escape. From this comes the Americanism "playing possum."

Took No Chances.

"Well, well," said one canny old farmer to another as they left the church after listening to a charity sermon preached by a famous divine, "and he's a wonderful man entirely! He got all the silver I had in my pocket. It's a terrible thing to go to hear a man like that." "Eh, man," said the other, "it's a'fore that! But I had heard him a'fore. So 'e'er I ganged to the church I tuk all the money out of my Sunday breaks!"

TRULY A WONDERFUL THING

Remarkable Instances of the Instinct of Homing Pigeons Told by Two Veracious Citizens.

The following should be appreciated by our friend the angler, who must be weary of having his statements doubted. At the monthly meeting of a certain homing society one of the members related an interesting experience. He had, he said, recently sold a couple of "queakers"—very young pigeons—to a man whose cote was 200 miles away. He sent them off by train, and was astounded to find them back in the old cote a couple of days later! There was a painful silence, broken at length by the president's "Wonderful!" "You doubt my word?" demanded the narrator of the story. "Not a bit of it!" was the reply. "It's a strange coincidence, that's all. I sold the very same man a sitting of eggs in the middle of June. Before the end of the month those birds had hatched out and had flown back to me! Homing instinct's a wonderful thing!"

HAVE RESERVE TO DRAW ON

New York Newspaper Gives Good Advice to Those Who Must Fight for a Living.

A bank account is the ammunition needed by every worker in the battle for a livelihood. And this kind of preparedness can have no opponents. Those who are at the front of the fight for a living must have further supplies to depend on than just those on their persons at present. There must be a source of supply to be drawn on in case of need. Workers, you should prepare yourselves toward the time of need. Whatever may be the national policy, preparedness should be your personal policy. "Safety first" must be your motto, and there is no safety in living from week to week, just waiting from one day to another. Your only safety lies in having some money put by for that rainy day, which may come at any time.—New York Evening Telegram.

Room With Personality.

The walls of the room were prepared in faded gold, like an old man's memory of a sunny day when his heart was young, and the cretonnes at the windows, once brave and gay in their coloring, were blurred, and dimmed, like memories of the short, bright hours of youth, flaming out, one after another, almost painfully distinct, which the hand of time has woven into one indefinite pattern, with all the passionate joy and sharp regret washed out. The restless feet of youth had stamped out the designs in the carpet, and had worn a path straight through the heart of the big, peaceful room to the open front and the wide, pulsing world without. Like the incarnate spirit of the room, the little hostess sat in the stiff, high-backed chair of her great-grandfather, fluttering her ivory-tinted hands among the fragile china that had been the wedding present of her great-grandmother, while the youth of long ago smiled wisely down on her out of their narrow, black frames on the wall.—The Countryside Magazine.

Thrill of Being Wet.

There is something rudimentary and fundamental about having water splashed down upon one, and getting completely and deliciously wet. Not damp, not moist, but wet, wringing wet. You yourself when a child never enjoyed anything so much as your first drenching in an unforeseen and unavoidable rainstorm—the thrill of being wet, the cool drive of the water on your nose, into your sleeves, and down your neck; and the joyous shush of soaked, water-logged boots. Even the tedium of being rubbed with alcohol, bundled up, and warned you would catch your death, did not diminish the event. You voted it better than the time you fell off the boat-dock; it lasted longer.—Atlantic Monthly.

To Reduce Flesh Safely.

If one really wishes to reduce the flesh without injury, careful diet is absolutely necessary. Milk, eggs, fish, fowl and fresh fruits are good, and you must have lots of water, air and sunlight. Bicycle riding is better than walking, and dancing also helps to reduce. Eat only simple, light foods without fats, greases, oils, starches and gravies. Shun all liquors and hot drinks—and eat nothing after five o'clock in the afternoon. Do not sleep over seven hours at night and avoid an afternoon nap as you would the plague. The juice of a lemon, taken in a glass of hot water with a teaspoonful of rochelle salts at night is also good.

Hungarian Faces.

I have never seen such interesting photographer's show windows as there are in Budapest. Partly this is because the photographers are good, but partly it must lie in the Hungarians themselves—such vivid, interesting, unconventional faces. These people look as if they ought to do the acting and write the music and novels and plays and paint the pictures for all the rest of the world. If they haven't done so, it must be because, along with their natural talent, they have this indolence and tendency to flop and not push things through.—Arthur Ruhe in Collier's Weekly.

BROUGHT TO LIFE BY LIGHT

Poppy Seeds, Twenty Centuries Old, Sprang Into Brilliant Bloom When Uncovered.

Some years ago there was seen in a silver mine of Laurium a curious instance of the resuscitating power of light after many years. The silver mines of Laurium were abandoned more than 2,000 years ago as unworkable, and were filled for the most part with the slag from the workings of the miners. It was discovered, however, that this slag contained plenty of silver, which could easily be rendered available by up-to-date appliances. Accordingly it was removed to the furnace, and, when next the mine was visited, a wonderful transformation was found to have taken place. Instead of a heap of rubbish, the mine had become a gorgeous flower garden. The entire space was covered with a brilliant show of poppies. This is a curious vegetable life, it is asserted, belonged to the age in which the mines were worked. Twenty centuries old, therefore, were those poppy seeds; yet, when the removal of the slag allowed the light to fall upon them, they sprang into life and bloom under its influence.

Delicious Pilaff.

There are some dishes upon the Turkish bill of fare which the returned Westerner never wholly ceases to regret. Pilaff is one. It is a food as national with the Turk as the potato with the Irish, as the cabbage with the German. It takes a multitude of forms, but its basic quality, its quality of being pilaff, is derived from rice being cooked in such a way as to preserve each grain firm and distinct. The rice is unpolished, and, in the cooking, takes on a gelatinous coat. Sometimes, it is boiled in mutton fat, a rich, smooth, inviting dish. Sometimes bits of roast mutton are mingled with it, when it becomes a meat pudding of delicious flavor. It is cooked with small currants and pine nuts, fragrant and spicy. It is stuffed with dates and flavored with orange peel; but, whatever its form, it is one of the treasured memories of a visit to the near East.

Naval Emblems.

A basket slung from the mainmast head is a sailor's sign to notify that the cargo has been loaded or discharged, as the case may be, and that the ship is ready to start on her next trip. A generally mysterious emblem is a besom lashed to a mainmast or bridge railing. This is to signify that the vessel is for sale. Occasionally a dark blue stripe may be seen running fore and aft on a vessel, as a matter of fact this is a sign of recent bereavement. Blue is the sailor's mourning, and the stripe of this color takes the place of the black margin or band used by the landman as a notification of death.

Sermons in Ungainly Things.

No, it isn't hard to brighten up your life if you try to see beauty in commonplace things. There's very little that couldn't seem beautiful, if you pick out the best points and ignore the disagreeable ones. There isn't a swamp that hasn't some beautiful flowers growing in it, and there are mighty few unpainted, weather-stained barns that haven't got a swallow or two keeping house under the eaves. If you open up the dullest gray oyster you may find a pearl in it, and if you look at a buzzing, biting mosquito in the right kind of a light you will see what gauzy, chifony things its wings are.

THE MARKET.

Table with 2 columns: Commodity and Price. Includes Wheat (new), Corn, Oats, Barley, Rye, Butter, Eggs.

PRODUCE AT STORES

Table with 2 columns: Commodity and Price. Includes Butter, Eggs.

Advertisement for Louis Dammers, Philadelphia Eyesight Specialist. Includes a portrait of a man and text describing his services and location.