

Thirty-five Years Ago.

September 28, 1882.—It is said that a New York party has negotiated for the Peter Hoffer farm, on Pittsburg mountain, with a view of putting up a large hotel for a summer resort. The price to be paid for the farm is \$10,000.

Picnics have been very numerous hereabouts this summer, a few almost every week, all passing off pleasantly and affording enjoyment to the participants.

One night last week thieves broke into the store of Jacob Strohm, at Centre Hill, and were disturbed by a light struck by Mrs. Strohm in her bedroom in their residence close by, she having occasion to get up. The thieves left before getting any booty.

John Hogan, of Gregg, while working on the house of P. S. Dale, at Spring Mill, on the 19th, accidentally fell from the building and broke his shoulder.

David Solt, of Pleasant Gap, aged thirty-three years, was found dead in bed on the morning of the 18th, his death being due to epilepsy.

The ninth annual picnic of the Patrons of Husbandry was held on the old picnic ground, on top of the mountain, near Centre Hall, on Thursday, Sept. 21. At high meridian, the crowd, without any exaggeration, numbered close to 6000. The following list of officers was announced: President, L. Rhone; vice president, W. F. Reaich, Geo. W. Campbell, William Dale, John Alexander, John Hunter, I. C. Reaich; secretaries, W. A. Kerr and George Taylor. Bands were present from Farmers Mills, Pine Hall, and Lemont. Ex-Governor Curtin spoke for nearly an hour on the propriety of the farmers organizing in behalf of their interests.

**BOALSBURG.**

Miss Annie Lohr is spending some time with relatives in Centre Hall.

Rev. and Mrs. Ritzman, of Muncy Valley, visited Mr. and Mrs. John Keller from Friday until Saturday.

Mrs. James Jacobs, of Wilkesbarre, Delaware, spent the week end at the Mrs. E. E. Brown home.

S. E. Weber and sister, Miss Annie, spent Wednesday of last week at the J. H. Weber home in Centre Hall.

Miss Elizabeth Gettig, of Braddock, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Harry Isler.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Fisher and son, after spending the summer months here returned to their home in Danville on Thursday.

Mrs. M. A. B. Boal, Mrs. Wm. Goheen and Misses Cathryn and Anna Dale attended a W. C. T. U. meeting at Unionville last Wednesday.

Miss Annie Lohr lost a crescent shape pin set with an amethyst stone, on Sunday between the Lutheran church and the S. E. Weber home. Miss Lohr would appreciate it very much if anyone finding it would return the same to her.

The Boalsburg schools opened on Monday with Miss Margaretta Goheen teacher of the High School; Miss Ruth Smith, of Centre Hall, teacher of the eighth grade; Miss Rosalie Mc. Cormick, of Hublersburg, teacher of the Grammar room; and Miss Margaret Bligaman, of Beavertown, teacher of the Primary room.

**Aaronsburg.**

Potato raising is the go. Many rotted tubers are being found.

Mrs. E. F. Haffley is visiting friends in and around Bellefonte.

Herbert Hosterman, of Buffalo, New York, visited his mother in this place for a short time.

Mrs. Victor Stover and baby returned to their home in Akron, Ohio, last week.

Mr. and Mrs. John Hosterman, of Millheim, spent Sunday at the John Haines home.

Mr. and Mrs. George Beaver and baby, of Youngstown, Ohio, are visitors at the George Stover home.

Mrs. Leo Haines, of Sunbury, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Crouse.

Mrs. Jane Sylvis entertained at Sunday dinner Mr. Mechtly, from Altoona, and Miss Strawver, of Millheim.

William Bohn, who holds a good position in Youngstown, Ohio, is a welcome guest of his cousins, Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Stover.

Mr. and Mrs. James Miller, daughter, and Mrs. Lucy Russell, all of Lewisburg, were entertained for a day at the William Gulswite home.

Henry Mingle, son of E. G. Mingle, of Aaronsburg, and Miss Ruby Borell, of Akron, Ohio, were united in marriage at that place, Friday, August 31st. The groom is employed in the Firestone Tire & Rubber Co., in Akron.

**Centre City and Dies in West.**

Issac P. Reiz, born in Centre county, November 30 1851, died at his home near Madison, South Dakota, Aug. 21st. He went west with his parents in 1873.

The primary election will be held Wednesday, September 19th.

**WHEN FATHER TELLS A JOKE**

Mother Sees Nothing Funny in It and Daughter's Glance is Expressive of Her Pity.

When a man hears a joke which his primitive sense of humor classifies as "the funniest thing he had ever heard" he hurries home to hear the glad tidings to his wife. Father produces the great discovery, but mother's countenance remains untroubled by so much as a smile, observes the New York Evening Sun. Nine wives out of ten will gaze blankly into that interesting emptiness to which woman's eyes are continually traveling over her husband's shoulder. The tenth and cruelest creature will wither her spouse with a penetrating stare which registers: "I see nothing—absolutely nothing—funny in that."

Disgusted and baffled, the husband tells the same joke to his daughter. Her only indication of amusement is a pitying uplift of the eyebrows and a subsequent absorption in her knitting.

With his finger on the last unbroken string of hope father approaches his nearest masculine relative. At last success is his, for his son or his son-in-law or his uncle roars, and slaps him on the back. Father bows to imaginary audiences and compliments his fellow man on his perspicacity and his fortunate possession of a sense of humor. He pities "those women—those poor defective women."

**THAT EXTRA TEN MINUTES**

It is Good Business to Be Willing to Give a Little Time Over and Above Hours Paid For.

She had been promoted three times within the year, and when I asked her what her secret was she laughed and said:

"Oh, I guess it's just that extra ten minutes."

I laughed, too, for I knew what she meant. It was her mother's favorite bit of preaching.

"Sell your time for all you can get for it, my dear. But never hesitate to give an extra ten minutes."

It is good business to sell your time—which means your brains and your work for all you can get for them. But it is also good business to be willing to give ten minutes over and above the hours you are paid for, when your work requires it.

A few minutes' overtime will often clear up your desk, leaving no odds and ends for next morning. It will make a success of a job that would only just scrape through if you quit on the dot.

It will prove both to yourself and to your employer that you care for your work; that you'd rather do it well. That you prefer to sacrifice a little for the sake of excellence.

The successful employer is usually the discriminating employer. Your extra ten minutes may prove to be your best investment.—Exchange.

**The Thoughts of Worldly Men.**

The thought of worldly men are forever regulated by a moral law of gravitation, which, like the physical one, holds them down to earth. The bright glory of day, and the silent wonders of a starlit night appeal to their minds in vain. There are no signs in the sun, or in the moon, or in the stars, for their reading. They are like some wise men who, learning to know each planet by its Latin name, have quite forgotten such small heavenly constellations as Charity, Forbearance, Universal Love and Mercy, although they shine by night and day so brightly that the blind may see them; and who, looking upward at the spangled sky, see nothing there but the reflection of their own great wisdom and book learning.—Charles Dickens.

**Where France Excels.**

The French are past masters in the art of draping fabrics. A Parisienne has truthfully said that French taste is distinctly feminine and as clear as the Gallic language itself. It possesses the genius of curves, the secret of what is graceful and the intuition of what brings about harmony. These characteristics are all to be found in French art, French industries and French creations.

It is in France that we find the work of the most skillful hands, the most artistic jewelry, the richest clothes and the most beautiful hats. In foreign countries the idea of ugliness or bad taste is never associated with the woman of France.

**Important Discovery.**

Of all liquids, scientists have found that mercury has the greatest specific gravity; but another has recently been discovered which is also so heavy that stones of all kinds—granite, limestone, quartz, etc.—float in it. It is saturated aqueous solution of tungstic acid. Its specific gravity is 3.3, whereas that of ordinary rocks does not exceed 2.7. Only a few precious stones have a specific gravity greater than that of this liquid, for which reason it is proposed to employ it for the separation of such stones from masses of broken rocks.

**Woof! Woof!**

Gladys—Maribel fears that if her four suitors meet they'll fight.

Lucille—Do they all love her so desperately?

Gladys—Tisn't that. Her school-days' sweetheart is Jack Shepard; Bjork, the titled foreigner, is a great Dane; Chauncey Bright is a diamond setter, and Captain March a West Pointer.—Town Topics.

Centre Reporter, \$1.50 a year.

**HE DIDN'T GET THE CIGAR**

Mr. Brown's Neighbor Thought He Was Doing Him a Little Kindness, but Found He Was Mistaken.

My suburban neighbor, Mr. Brown, is convalescing from a four months' illness. Just now, he is a very handy man about home and splendid as an errand and delivery boy, says a writer in the Milwaukee Wisconsin. Last Saturday, his wife sent him into town to get a case of strawberries. The returning interurban car was very crowded and Mr. Brown put down his case of precious berries at the rear of the car. When he neared the homeward station, he started back for his burden and found it well covered by someone's big suitcase. As he pulled this out of the way, a neighbor greeted him with these words:

"Well, Brown, you have a big load today."

Thinking he meant the berries, he answered, "Yes," shouldered his case and started off the car and up the homeward road. His neighbor picked up the heavy suitcase and followed him. Three blocks up the road and four more, through the woods walked the two neighbors, each with his heavy load. At last they reached the terrace leading up to Mr. Brown's house. The neighbor put the suitcase up on the walk and said with a tone of relief:

"Well, I suppose, I get a cigar for this?"

"For what?" asked Mr. Brown. "Why, isn't this your suitcase?" gasped the neighbor.

A neighborly kindness had gone astray.

**TRAVELING STONES ARE ODD**

Cause for Their Conduct Found in Fact That They Are Composed of Magnetic Iron Ore.

In Nevada there are found "traveling stones" from the size of a pea to six inches in diameter. When distributed upon a floor or other level surface within two or three feet of one another, they immediately begin to travel toward a common center and there lie huddled like a clutch of eggs in a nest.

A single stone, removed to a distance of three and a half feet, upon being released at once started with wonderful and somewhat comical celerity to join its fellows.

These queer stones are found in a region that is comparatively level and little more than bare rock. Scattered over this barren region are little basins from a few feet to a rod or two in diameter, and it is in the bottom of these that the rolling stones are found.

The cause of the strange conduct of these stones is doubtless to be found in the material of which they are composed, which appears to be lodestone or magnetic iron ore.

**Goldsmith First Humanitarian.**

Goldsmith "was perhaps the only writer of his day," it has been said, "who thoroughly understood the social condition of the Continent. Nor was he less observant of English society; the 'Deserted Village' has often been quoted by economists in illustration of the change which has gradually substituted large estates for the small holdings of a numerous yeomanry." In this quality of world-wide fame he stands alone among his contemporaries, and this quality is reflected in his essays. He is large-hearted, because he had had a large acquaintance with mankind. He is the first of humanitarians, using that word to indicate an interest in mankind as a whole. He is, what he described his mythical philosopher to be, a "Citizen of the World."—William J. Dawson.

**The Prose Epic.**

No literary species has had a more unexpected and a more unprecedented prosperity than the novel in prose, which in the nineteenth century became the most popular of forms, essayed by many a writer who possessed only a small share of the gift of story-telling. The novel is almost the only one of the literary species that the Greeks of the Golden Age did not develop and carry to a perfection which is the despair of all later men of letters. They seem to have cared little for prose fiction; and when they had a story to tell they set it forth in verse, inspired by the muse of epic poetry. Today that forsaken maiden can find work fit for her hands only by laying aside her singing robes and condescending to bare prose.—Brander Matthews.

**Suppose This Happens!**

"Well, mother," said a workman to his wife, as he returned from the park, where he had been hobnobbing with his fellow strikers, "let's have dinner."

"No dinner today, old man," she replied.

"No dinner! What's up?"

"I've struck for eight hours' work and two meals a day. So has Mrs. Johnson, so has Mrs. Spring. In fact, we've had a meeting, and we have come to the conclusion that sixteen hours a day is too hard on women when big, strong men can only stand eight hours."

**Explained.**

First Lady—I saw your husband meet you in the street yesterday, and I noticed that he removed his hat while speaking to you. I admired him for that. Very few men do that.

Second Lady—I remember. I told him in the morning to have his hair cut, and he was showing me that he had obeyed.

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**The Communication Army**

A bird's-eye view of the country today would show a mighty panorama of military and industrial activities.

Radiating from the National Capitol and from the army and navy centers throughout the land would appear the thousands of telephone lines by which all these vast enterprises are directed and co-ordinated—a veritable maze of wires linking together the camps, yards, fortifications, plants and offices, and swarming with linemen, cablemen and installers, busy with Uncle Sam's existing and ever-increasing demands for telephone service.

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