

FRANCIS SPEER'S

Breezy "That" Column

THAT even if some people in Bellefonte owned the world it wouldn't be long until they would be working to get possession of the moon.

THAT it is stated that Lockhaven has a girl in it who won a husband by a song. There are a lot of husbands in Bellefonte who would be dead at that.

THAT Norman Kirk looked quite fatherly Friday afternoon while coming up street in his rubber-tired buggy. That would be just about allright.

THAT the girl in Bellefonte who swallows her chewing gum can feel assured that under the advanced methods used for its recovery she need not fear any serious results.

THAT the fellow in Bellefonte who thinks it isn't worth living should apply at once for the position as a base ball umpire. That's what Dodge, of State College, thinks.

THAT some of the cigarette fiends in Bellefonte should marry a strong-minded girl who objects to it. She would break him of the habit, allright, and that's about the only remedy.

THAT it is said that life is a game of give and take. In Bellefonte there are men who take 200 per cent. more than they give. It is not necessary to state names as they are too well known.

THAT some married men in Bellefonte don't say much because they are afraid their heads might come in contact with a flatiron or rolling pin, but they do wish that their running expenses would slow down to a walk.

THAT every time you see two certain young men in Bellefonte going out for a drive in the evening after 3 o'clock, you can come to the conclusion that there is something doing, especially if they go in the direction of Pleasant Gap.

THAT it is stated that "Duffy" Dugan, of Bellefonte, who is fast becoming an expert barber, asked the man in the chair whether he wanted a close shave. Patron—"no! get away as far as possible. Those onions are fierce."

THAT there are some awfully discouraged parents in Bellefonte because their daughters are not making the proper headway toward matrimony. The way to get them engaged is by having lights in the parlor that suddenly go out.

THAT it is said the other day a gentleman in Bellefonte informed his wife that while her milliner had neither feathers or wings, she must be a bird. He then produced her "bill." It wasn't "Bill Katz" or "Fatty" Holtz this time.

THAT the people of Centre county should remember that a little money now and then is relished by the preacher men, especially when the congregation is back on the salary. A preacher can't keep in the swim entirely on chicken broth.

THAT for reasons unappropiate to mention, Clement Dale, Esq., has a profound aversion for the humming birds that are often found flying around in front of the Centre Democrat office. He thinks they are in cahoot with Montgomery & Co., the hatters.

THAT John Dubbs, mayor of Bush Addition, is thinking of submitting the question of a curfew ordinance to the council out there. He is afraid the children will be run over by the street cars or fall off that suspension bridge near his cozy residence.

THAT it is stated that a young lady in Bellefonte, who is thoroughly infatuated with some of the students at State College, was desirous to go to that institution the other morning and fearing that she might miss the early train took several early riser pills the evening before. She got up in plenty of time.

THAT it would be an easier thing for some men in Bellefonte to stop a runaway horse than their wives' tongues. One has her husband so well trained that he would jump through a hoop if she held it up and gave him the word. It must be pleasant for a young man to marry a girl who wants to wear the pantaloons.

THAT we have some dirty blackguards in Bellefonte who go to other homes in the town and practice indiscretions that they would not, for a second, tolerate around their own domestic circles. A coat of tar and feathers would hardly be punishment enough for the fellow who turns a decent, respectable home into a place of shame and debauch.

THAT there is a young sport in Bellefonte who shines his shoes with "Rising Sun" stove polish and thinks that his lady friend doesn't know the difference between that and "Black Cola." A popular subscription will be taken to buy this young man an outfit that will make his girl more comfortable, at least, when she is out in company with him.

THAT the fellow in Boalsburg who borrowed \$1 from a Bellefonter about eight years ago with the promise of returning it when he reached home, hasn't made his word good up to this date. Very likely he thinks that the interest has eaten that dollar up and thus the debt has been liquidated. The gentleman who is out the dollar isn't of the same mind by a long shot.

THAT Bellefonte has in it some fellows who sometime will lift up their eyes in hell and curse the day they set their affections on the "Filthy Lucre" to the exclusion of every good purpose. It is bound to come gentlemen, and if ten thousand years is as a second of time they will have to suffer an awful penalty for their penny-pinching. Is a common lifetime long enough to run such dangerous risks?

THAT the other evening a young man sat out on a certain porch with one of Bellefonte's prettiest girls and she brought out all the silliness in his nature. Naturally he is a pretty sound and sensible fellow, but on this occasion the fair damsel surely had some hypnotic influence over him. As the saying goes, "He had it bad." It was a fair sample of how a girl can bemuddle the brain of a man, who in ordinary circumstances, would be calm and reserved.

THAT it is said that Milesburg is getting to be the Mecca for Bellefonters at a late hour of the night. It has been stated that married men, who ought to be at home with their families, have been seen wandering about the "burg" as late as 1 o'clock at night. What they are doing is not a mystery to those who profess to know what is going on. If it isn't stopped, we are told, that there will be some startling revelations, and somebody will be in the "soup."

WUN DER PORRA COOMT. Wan der porra coomt. Wart rum ga-jump; De euebre deek wart g'shwint farbreut. Es hymn buch und d' Festament. Op-g'shwand und uf der disch garvend Wan der porra coomt.

Der poff lass rundt Und shoudt und g'sund; Ehr hut en dicker hov's sock; So gald de Polly un's ga-buck Mit shwear und shmutz und male bi'a pock. Wan der porra coomt. De ut farlump!

Kup-ox lass shumb. Und dart's en oldar gook-ri-goo. Gabora 1882. Dare grickt bi'm henker now mohi ruh. Wan der porra coomt.

Der uffs brunt Par stiva shundt; Der gook-ri-goo lide uf em rick. Im hota dart und kickt und kickt. Mer muss en metala mittera pick. Wan der porra coomt.

Tough? Leever grundt. Mit futtsich puudt. Shus-puiler kent mer net keel du. Mit selken oldar gook-ri-goo; Es nekst mobi hen mer twiswja shiew Wan der porra coomt. Frish ous en grundt.

Shothoff und g'sund; Sell geht en porra groft derbi; Ich mane bechudes sell ware fi. Mit sauer-kraut nuch natva bi- Wan der porra coomt.

(From "Solly Holsback's" book of poems published in Penna. German, by the Hawthorne Press, of Elizabethville, Pa., from whom the book can be obtained.)

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS

Ed. G. Ritter et ux to Fred K. Carter, March 31, 1907; premises in Centrehall, \$475.

Geo. W. Solt et ux to Wm. Williamson April 2, 1907; lot in Snow shoe twp. \$25.

William M. Allison trustee of J. R. Bible to Hettie T. Treasurer, Nov. 26, 1906; 7 acres 55 perches in Potter twp. \$330.

Geo. S. Test et al to Chas. G. Avery, April 6, 1907; premises in Philipsburg, \$1150.

Robert. Harnish et ux to June Jacobs, Oct. 4, 1899; lot in Clarence. \$200.

T. B. Buddinger et ux to June Jacobs, April 17, 1903; 3 lots in Clarence. \$40.

T. B. Buddinger et ux to Wm. Jacobs, May 27, 1900; 5 lots in Clarence. \$50.

Adam Bozer et al to Florence E. Dillon, April 1, 1907; 1 acre 125 perches in Julian. \$1000.

Edward H. Poorman et al to Ada M. McCloskey, March 26, 1907; 3 acres in Snowshoe twp. \$425.

Chas. G. Arney et ux to Ruth Shontz, Nov. 8, 1906; premises in Philipsburg, \$500.

Steward B. Weston et ux to Peter Couher, April 15, 1907; 2 acres 140 perches in Worth twp. \$450.

Geo. G. Parker et ux to S. B. Parker, April 24, 1907; premises in Philipsburg, \$1.

THE CAT CAME BACK.

Got Homesick For Lock Haven and Traveled There From Windburn.

A large white and yellow cat came back the other day—back from Windburn, where he or she—as the case may be—was taken by W. J. McLees and family when they left this city to take up their residence at that place. Not taking a fancy to Windburn, "Goldie" decided to "pull up stakes" and shaking the dust from his or her four feet, started on the return journey, but instead of riding in a passenger coach, yanked back, a distance of about 50 miles, and is now purring and cavorting around the old Banes home on East Bald Eagle street, where the McLees family lived and which is now occupied by Frank Fargus and family and Miss Lillian Adams and mother, who see the cat about the place every day. It appears to be a case of love for the old place which induced the cat to desert the family and travel all the way to Lock Haven. We have heard of many of our people becoming homesick after leaving this city and coming back again, but this is the first instance where a cat came back.—Democrat.

IN THE FOLDS OF HER DRESS.

A Woman Unconsciously Carried a Snake for Several Hours.

A snake story, the first of the season, came to light Wednesday when it was learned that a large snake had been carried about unnoticed for several hours in the folds of the dress of Mrs. Katie Henze, of Smith street, says a York dispatch. Mrs. Henze recently visited Prospect Hill cemetery and after viewing the graves of kindred dead, sat on a tombstone to rest. She noticed a snake come rapidly toward her and then suddenly disappear. She gave no further thought to the snake, but shortly afterward repaired to her home and prepared supper. While walking down the cement walk in the rear yard for a bottle of milk she felt something move beneath her skirts and saw the same snake she observed several hours before in the cemetery crawl from the folds of her dress. She was frightened for a moment and called her husband. Mr. Henze killed the reptile.

40 Year Proposal

Bashfulness postponed 40 years a marriage soon to take place at Millersburg, Ohio. W. S. Fortune, then a farm hand, wanted to marry Martha, daughter of Bradford Middaugh, a well-to-do farmer, and had her consent, but was too bashful to ask the consent of her father. One day he strolled to the Middaugh farm, where a barn was being erected, and taking a shingle, wrote his plea for Middaugh's daughter on it and sent it to his prospective father-in-law. The latter wrote his consent on the shingle and sent it back to Fortune. Fortune had another attack of bashfulness and drifted West without marrying the girl. When the barn was razed last week the shingle was found and forwarded to Fortune in Nebraska. Word came today that he would return to Millersburg and claim his bride, neither having married.

Bull in Millinery Shop.

Customers in Miss McVaugh's millinery store on Main street, Norris town, faintly Tuesday when a bull, being driven along the street, sighted a hat in the window trimmed with an abundance of bright red ribbon. The animal made a dash to enter the store. The bull got fast in the doorway, in its struggle to get on the inside, was forced out.

DER PENNSYLVANIER



Mifchter Druder!—Krieg ich hen mir an's Hannebergers Store wieder mol en interesfiching Mietting g'hat. Die gang alt Kraud war beisamme: b'r Dschoh, b'r Bensch, b'r Will un b'r beitsch Hannes. Zufällig is ah b'r Schulmeeschler reitumme for en Sagar zu tshife. Gemeinlich halt er sich net lang uf un, er hot ah beismol grab wieder gehe welle; awer b'r alt Dschoh hot ihn gefappt: „Sag mol, Professer, was is dann des richtig beitsch Wort for Apotkel?“ hot er ihn gefragt. — „Drug-Stoht,“ hot b'r Schulmeeschler gefacht. — Well, un dann is die Linnerhaltung in b'r Gang summe. b'r Dschoh hot zugeiwe, bah so ebbes, was mer alleweil en Apotkel heift, werlich en Drug-Stoht war, er dat awer net denke, bah en Drug-Stoht en roetliche Apotkel war, enighu net, was er brunner verfieh dat. En Apotkel fot Medifsen halte un net Drugs, hot er gemeint, enighu so war es in friehere Zeite als gewest. Awer alleweil b'it se fertig ebbes halte — es ware zegler fimm-Sent-Stohts mit Apotkelerbeife. Wann mer hielam mit eme Regept vum Dokter, dann dat b'r Clerf aus en bar grofse Bobble fo en biffel ebbes in en flec Bobbeldche neifachte, en Stopper neifachte, en schie Rinfel ufachte un dann fingsig ober fuffunfzig Sent ober gar en Dhaler b'facht. Grad so war's, wann mer Wille brauche bat; vun felle ware ganze Schublade voll rebdu. Un vun so Stofft, wo mer net wist, wo's her summt un was drin is, fot dann en tranter Mensch gesund werre. Kee Wunnet, bah so viel Leit rumlahfe bate mit eme verbordene Mage. — „Do hochst Du recht,“ segt b'r beitsch Hannes. „En Apotkel in friehere Zeite war en ganz anner Ding. Sell loeeg ich noch vum alte Land her. Wie ich noch en Bus war so ebant gehe Johr alt, bo is mei Grohmutter trannt worre un mit hen misse b'r Dokter friege. Seller hot dann en fiddeldche geschriene un ich bab's misse in die Apotkel nemme, schier en Stund weit vun unfem Blag. Ufem Weg hab ich en f'rah gedroffe un ich hab se gefragt, es se mir lage kennt, wo die Apotkel war. Es hot sich grad gedroffe, bah die f'rah ah dorthie gemiht hot, un so bin ich ewe mitgebabpt. Wie mir neifumme fen, hot se ihr fiddel zwerfcht abgere, un do hot b'r Mann ihr gefacht, wann se fumsht noch Wisnis hat, dann fot se juscht gehe un selle tende, befohs, die Medifsen misht gefocht werre un sell bat ebant en Stund nemme. Zu mir hot er des sehm gefacht, juscht bah es zwee Stund gehehe hot, weil ich ewe noch b'r f'rah un die Roth summe bin. Die f'rah is fort. Weil ich awer tee Wisnis g'hat hab, bin ich hote gebieue un hab b'r Kocherei zugegudt. Do hot dann b'r Apotkeler sei Kochhase zurechtgefirt un mit ere Lamp in Gang gedroht. Dann hot er aus grofse runde holsige Widse allerhand Gefrauter rausgeholt, schie abge-woge un dann in b'r Kochhase neigeschmiffe. Vun Zeit zu Zeit hot er's rumgrieht un wie's gut war, in en Bobbel neigesfitt. So en Medifsendobel domols war ah ebbes; er hot enighu en Quarf gehalte, un es war ah gut Stofft, wo mer hot sehne tenne, aus was es gemacht is, wann mer des Gefrauter tennt hot. Wisfucht, manf-mol fen die Leit doch geflorne, awer dann war net die Medifsen schult, juscht b'r Dokter hot es net exaltig gedroffe. — Een Wille gemacht worre, dann war es grad, wie wann en f'rah Rude badt. Do is en Deig gemacht worre un dann fen die Wille getrollt worre, Krets so grof wie Wardeis, was ah Kraft gehat hen. Enighu mer hot ebbes triegt for sei Geld. Awer bei all sellem hot Niemand viel vun die Apotkeler gebent! Wer is ah net zum Dokter gelahfe, wann mer en biffel schlicht gefacht hot.“

„Well,“ hot b'r Bensch gemeint, „sell mag dann so sei. Awer ich geb nig drum, wie es in friehere Zeite war, fo en Drug-Stoht, wie mer se alleweil hot, is enighu en verbollt hanbig Ding un mer kann bott schier enigh ebbes friege: Sodamaffer, Sigers, Zahnbreife, Strehl, Hofebrager, Osterlarie, Valenteins, Seef, Wangebulber, Wogelsoome, Arabenahgeplaster un verleich en daufer anner Sache, wo ah alleweil net bran dent oder wie mer's forf segt, zu zahntreich zu menfene. Wie ich verfieh, fann mer inens en Schnaps friege, wann mer weef, wie mer befor froge mus — ah Sundags, wann die Salzhans zu fen.“

D'r Hansjörg.

The Cause of Snoring.

This is not for you, because you never snore. No one ever does snore himself. It is always the other fellow. But you can read this and then tell that guilty other fellow how to break himself of his bad habit, for snoring is merely a bad habit and as such can be overcome. It is caused primarily by improper breathing—that is, breathing through the mouth instead of through the nostrils—so, first of all, care should be taken during waking hours to breathe correctly. The habit once formed of keeping the mouth as firmly closed as possible, he will be less likely to sleep with it open. Then see that your troublesome snorer has a proper pillow. He should sleep with his head as flat as possible, for if his head is pushed forward and the neck bent the tongue drops back against the soft palate and forms an obstruction which makes all the unmusical sounds we hear when the air is forced past it.—St. James' Gazette.

The Last Match Saved Them.

The ship had lain becalmed in a tropical sea for three days. Not a breath of air stirred the mirrorlike surface of the sea or the limp sails that hung from the yards like drapery carved in stone. The captain resolved to wait no longer. He piped up all hands on deck and requested the passengers to also come forward. "I must ask all of you," he said, "to give me every match that you have." Wonderingly the passengers and crew obeyed. The captain carefully arranged the matches in his hands as each man handed him his store until all had been collected. Then he threw them all overboard but one, drew a cigar from his pocket and, striking the solitary match on the mainmast, endeavored to light it. In an instant a furious gale swept over the deck, extinguished the match and filled the sails, and the good ship Mary Ann sped through the waves on her course.—Pearson's Weekly.

The Cod's Bill of Fare.

An interesting exhibit in the South Kensington museum, London, illustrates the omnivorous nature of the cod's diet. Among the fish falling a prey to its voracious maw we note the young of the herring, dab, whiting and sand eel. Shrimps and young lobsters also form an important item in the cod's menu. The strangest part of the cod's diet perhaps is the sea mouse, whose thick covering of bristles might be thought to render it unwelcome to any stomach. Large whelks and shells of whelks with their indwelling hermit crabs are also largely devoured. From its partiality to mollusks, in fact, the cod may become an assistant to the shell collector. Woodward in his "Manual of the Mollusca" remarks that "some good northern seashells have been rescued unbroken from the stomach of the cod."—London Globe.

Growing Flowers in Winter.

A long run of dark days in winter is bad for the florists. It matters little how cold the weather is, provided there is sunshine, for the heat can always be maintained to the proper point, and with sunshine flowers will bloom just as freely when the thermometer shows an outdoor temperature of zero as at the freezing point, though of course more money must be spent for coal. But when, day after day, for weeks at a time, clouds overhang the sky, nothing will grow as it should. The carnation buds develop slowly until they are half open and wait for sunshine, and if it does not come in four or five days the blooms decay. So also it is with callas and roses. They will open halfway, then, without sunlight, will quickly spoil.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

How They Dance in Hungary.

With the exception of the Spaniards there is no nation in Europe that dances like the Hungarians. They love it with a love that amounts to a passion. They not only go in for it heart and soul, but they will dance on anything, in any sort of weather. A paddock, a village street, a stable yard, the earthen floor of a wayside csarda—it is all the same to them. Not the scorching sun or the whirling dust or the pelting rain or the falling snow will deter them. They all dance beautifully too. It seems to be in their blood.

Customs of Brittany.

Brittany, alone, of all the provinces of France, seems to have preserved its types and individuality. To be Breton is by no means to be French. The old men to this day chatter in the Celtic tongue. The Breton mother when not at work in the fields sits in the door of her cottage plying the distaff and reciting the old legends and quaint folk songs to the white coifed baby beside her. The Breton woman still wears the costume of her mothers before her and is satisfied in it.

Too Heavy to Keep.

Magistrate (to prisoner)—Miserable being, not only have you robbed your employer of the fruits of long years of labor, but you have dissipated it in the wildest extravagance. Prisoner—That is true, but I couldn't keep the stolen money; it weighed too heavily on my conscience.—Lolstra.

The Great Bustard.

The great bustard is the rarest bird that comes under the head of game. This bird formerly haunted all the level counties of England and was particularly common on Salisbury plain. From the reign of Henry VIII. repeated measures were passed in order to protect it, and it is expressly included under the head of game in the statute of the first year of the reign of William IV. which codified and reformed the laws relating to game.

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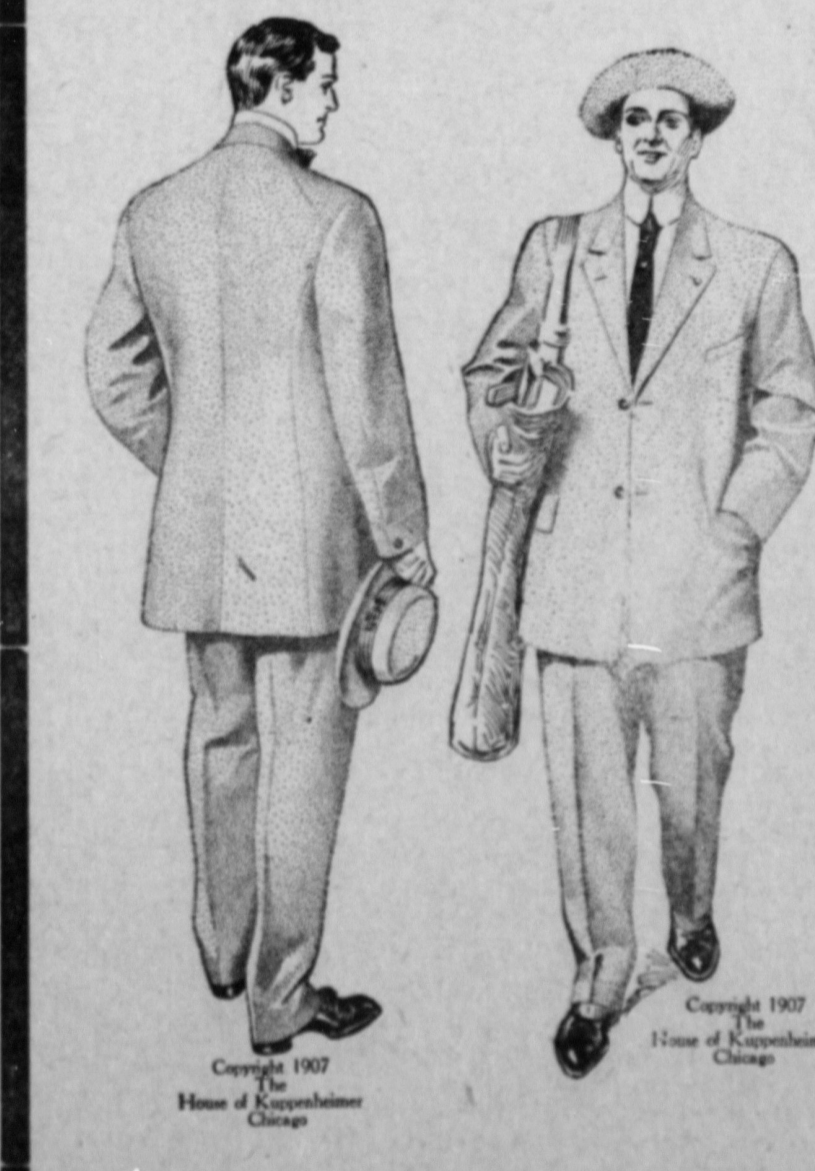
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