

FRANCIS SPEER'S

Breezy "That" Column

THAT Bellefonte has a man in it who has become so unpopular with the people of this community that he might as well become a dog catcher.

THAT should a highwayman hold up Dr. J. E. Ward, of Bellefonte, the supposition might be that the thief thought the dentist was filled with gold.

THAT the way some girls in Bellefonte can play on the piano for hours without getting an earache or a sprained wrist, proves that they are expert performers.

THAT when you want to take an accurate census of the working members in any church in Bellefonte all you have to do is attend the Wednesday evening prayer meeting.

THAT Paul Sheffer, of Bellefonte, should remember that trying to whip a little man the other day in Olewine's hardware store did his reputation no good as a prize fighter.

THAT there are men in Bellefonte whose consciences are bound within the small circle of the almighty dollar. They stand ready to sacrifice principle and everything else for the filthy lucre.

THAT Orrie Kline, clerk in the Potter-Hoy hardware store, says that a poor base burner stove can be called a base deceiver. Will Howley, of the same store, says, "what's the use of talking about stoves, give us something on ice."

THAT because some fellows in Bellefonte occupy front pews in the church on Sunday is no indication that they wouldn't cheat you out of your boots on Monday if they could do it and not subject themselves to a criminal prosecution.

THAT the young ladies and gentlemen, of Bellefonte, should award Rev. Richard Crittenden a prize for his opinion, publicly expressed, in reference to kissing. It comes from pretty good authority, and if he is going to keep on kissing the balance of his life, why shouldn't our pretty girls?

THAT a young lady in Bellefonte, about 17 years of age, was seen sliding down the banister the other afternoon. After this if she wants to perform such gymnastic feats she should close the front door, and thus amuse herself and not an audience of young men on the outside. Naturally the boys enjoyed the sight hugely.

THAT Bellefonte has in it a young lady who says that if all the kisses she received from young men could be converted into silver dollars and donated to the Bellefonte hospital, there would be no need of deriving poor orphans of a comfortable home. It is to be regretted that the young lady is not magician enough to change those precious lipsticks into coin.

THAT a young lady in Bellefonte who is a good bread-baker and is expert in making coffee, can get a real nice husband by applying at a certain place on Spring street. She must be able to give a practical demonstration as to her ability to conform to the above conditions. Nobody who has seen the snow of 40 winters need apply.

THAT we are glad to know that there are at least two men in Bellefonte who cannot be moved from their honest convictions under any circumstances. Bellefonte would be better off if it hadn't so many men who are afraid of their shadows, and who squeeze the almighty dollar until the eagle hollows. They had better be up in the cemetery where they would do no harm.

THAT there are some very ungrateful wretches of humanity in Bellefonte who never get what is justly coming to them until they appear before the judgment bar of God. In this life their egotism, and self conceit makes them domineering, vain and pompous, but they will be barred from making any self-defence in the final wind up of things and they will have to take their own medicine.

THAT Rash Williams of Bellefonte, one of the best painters in seven states, must be making er right up to snuff in this old world, as he was overheard remarking the other evening he would like to remain here for 2000 years and retain his present youthful appearance and good looks. "Rashie," your good for, at least, a hundred of them, but for heavens sake don't let "Bill" Besser tie you to Archie Allison's hitching post too often or you will get grayheaded and pass off before your time is up.

THAT Edmund Joseph, one of the bright boys of Bellefonte, was walking along the streets Friday morning looking as if he had lost a week's sleep. The reason he assigned for his ghostly appearance was that there were about eleven hundred cats in and about their house during the night. Why didn't he throw a bureau, washstand, bowl and pitcher or a large plate glass mirror at them. In the latter, they could have seen themselves as others see them and then they would have "skidoosed."

THAT there is a young man in Bellefonte who has formed a wonderful attachment for a certain woman. The reason for this strong devotion can better be imagined than publicly expressed. However, if this stylish daughter of Eve imagines, for one moment, that she is the only pebble on the beach whom he loves up she is very badly mistaken. If she wants to know whether this is true she should ask some of the hired girls around town. This fellow is playing a great game but he shouldn't think he is doing it without people knowing something about his didoes.

THAT the other day Ralph Spigelmyer and Willard Hall, were sailing around Bellefonte in the Jenkins-Hall automobile as sleek as a bird soars through space. The sensation was so exhilarating that Mr. Spigelmyer suggested they go to the Bullock Swing Factory, at Milesburg. Down the pike they went like a streak of greased lightning; so fast that the telephone poles, along the way, looked like a high board fence. They reached their destination in safety, but when they were ready to return their hopes, in getting back to Bellefonte behind the critter, were blasted. The perspiration stood like pearl beads on the brow of Mr. Hall who worked for an hour to get the machine started but in vain. Finally Ralph said that he was in a hurry to get back to Bellefonte, and so he started on Shank's mare. Hall felt in his pocket and found that he had money enough to come up in the train so he chose that mode of travel.

WIDELY READ.

Was on last Friday, about half-past two. I took my auto, which was just new, and I went riding around the town; I stopped to talk to Merchant Brown. He held a paper in his hand. As he leaned on his peanut-stand I asked "what paper there, is that?" He says: "THE CENTRE DEMOCRAT."

"That's a good paper, sir," says I. "As good a one as you can buy; on Thursday evening is its time— I read it through rain or shine; I read the news I want to know. Then to the 'THAT COLUMN' I go. There is no paper, I'll bet my hat, that is read like THE CENTRE DEMOCRAT."

"And while I'm talking, by the way. Another thing I want to say— That scribble from Unionville, you know and his name is 'Domino.' His dreams are of a funny style. He talks of his automobile. Things from his pen on this and that are in THE CENTRE DEMOCRAT."

"The advertisement column, too, is just the thing for men like you; for if you want to buy or sell, or trade your house and lot as well, you can advertise one issue free, or fifty cents if you take three. Now tell me where you can beat that? But in THE CENTRE DEMOCRAT."

"This famous paper is widely read by over forty-nine hundred. If more would read it they would be wiser— I don't just to think a dollar buys 'er. A thousand more should take 'er. How that would 'tickle' the editor." Then I left Brown, after our chat. Still reading his CENTRE DEMOCRAT.

Written exclusively for The Centre Democrat by Vincent Harbridge, Julian, Pa.

WUN ICH DOTE WARE.

Wun ich dote ware Und dorrich hite und shrawh. En freindt calmt tau ml'm grawh. Und traener dart, ich glawh. Wun ich dote ware, Und kent een sains, oh, Wos ware mi harts so froh!

Wun ich dote ware, Und kent es gritis ia laesa. 'Tt sell'm marrie wares, Wun ich dote ware, Und wist wos se dart 'nenna. Mist ich mich shemma.

Wun ich dote ware, Und wist we folshe leit. Sha shwetzta un der tseit. Wun ich tau m karrich-hofe ried. Wun ich dote ware, Daid's mich lavendich wecka. Und no grawd dote farsbrecka.

A Good Joke.

A party of four Lock Haven gentlemen were camping in the woods in the upper end of Clinton county and slept at night in a canvas tent. It happened that they unfortunately pitched their tent in a locality that was infested with rattlesnakes, for the first day in that section they killed four of the reptiles. Being quite chilly at the time, the men took their overcoats, and in the pocket of one of the overcoats was an old clock spring and herein hangs a tale which has just leaked out. One of the campers was very much afraid of rattlesnakes and a companion devised a plan to give him a good scare. After all had retired and his bed fellow was peacefully slumbering the joker set the spring "off," which had been previously concealed under the covers, and it rattled as much as ten snakes could. Before the rest of the party realized what had happened they were gazing at the stars as this gentleman was so frightened that he made a leap and took the tent with him. The rest of the night he refused to sleep and the next day left for home, not being any the wiser concerning the joke.

A Grateful Bird.

About six weeks ago H. McGill, of Lock Haven, noticed an old robin fluttering in the grass in front of his home, as if it had been injured. Mr. McGill caught the bird after some little effort. He discovered that one of the robin's legs was broken, which rendered it almost helpless. Taking the red-braes into the house, he washed the bones, applied splints and carefully bandaged the leg, and kept the robin a prisoner. To Mr. McGill's surprise the bones grew together, and a few weeks ago the leg was found to be as good as ever. The robin was given its freedom, but in appreciation of the kind surgical act performed by Mr. McGill the robin comes about the house many times every day, and has become so tame that it will almost eat crumbs from Mr. McGill's hand. The bird has a nest in a near-by tree, and on being called by Mr. McGill invariably flies to him, and perches on the vines, a fence or some other object where Mr. McGill may happen to be.

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS

Andy Caplin et ux to Frank Kocisk, April 13, 1907; lot in Snow Shoe twp. \$170.

Geo. J. Marshall to Bertha R. Smith; June 19, 1907; lot in Curtin twp. \$50.

Emanuel Cronemiller adms. to Irvin Wance, May 31, 1907; two tracts of land in Aaronsburg. \$275.

Thos. E. Griffith et ux to Theodore Fetzer, May 6, 1904; 20 a. 134 p. in Boggs twp. \$200.

Allen Sheldon et ux to Julia Curtin, Oct. 7, 1907; 413 a. in Spring twp. \$1.

W. O. Zartman et ux to H. W. Ingram, June 10, 1907; 58 a. Union twp. \$500.

Talk From Corpse.

There was excitement at a negro funeral near Denton, Md., when Samuel Johnson, a negro ventriloquist, "threw" his voice into the grave, as the casket was being lowered, and said "let me down easy." The mourners thought it the corpse who spoke, and fled. The pallbearers were so frightened they dropped the casket. Later, the mystery was explained and Johnson was arrested and held in jail, charged with disorderly conduct and malicious mischief. He says he will never again give a performance in a cemetery.

Preferred The Dog.

Evidence in the case of May Morgan against Leroy Morgan, of Marion, Ind. for divorce showed the husband preferred his dog to his wife for a room-mate. The pretty plaintiff said she had objected to the presence of the dog. "What did he do when you objected?" was asked. "He kicked me out, and I had to sleep on the floor," was the reply. The husband had not denied the charges.

Some people take so much interest in other people's affairs that they have very little time for their own.

NO WAR WITH JAPAN.

The talk that Japan wants to fight and "lick" the United States is all bosh. Reiziro Wakatsuki, Japanese vice minister of finance, who is in New York on the way to London and Paris, talked about the Japanese troubles in San Francisco. "Americans," said Mr. Wakatsuki, "should remember three things: That citizen of Japan can't forget that it was America which opened up Japan to the world and western civilization; that there are in both Japan and America sensation mongers, and that in Japan, as well as in America, there are politicians out of power who seize upon anything however inconsequential which may help to discredit their political opponents.

"As a nation the Japanese have the utmost confidence in the American people. They believe they have the good will of the people of the United States and they value it.

GROSS NEGLECT.

Not a single irregularity was omitted in the Capitol construction, according to the report of the auditors. Bills of lading are lacking; goods cannot be found; work not done was paid for; the foot and pound units were invented to fleece the State, schedules were not signed; records are incomplete, the State was mulcted for the air under metal tables, as well as for that under wooden tables, but the metallic air supplied by Burd Cassel only cost \$11.40 per cubic foot, while the mahogany air provided by Sanderson cost \$18.40 per cubic foot; there were illegal payments, and furniture and fittings were not supplied according to specifications. The report contains 30,000 words, and every word is an indictment of every official and employe of the State, from Samuel W. Pennypacker down, for gross neglect of duty, if nothing else.

VETOED PENSION BILL.

Governor Stuart's veto message upon the pension bill presents again in vivid light the reckless and irresponsible character of the legislative work of the late General Assembly of Pennsylvania, says the Record. With revenue of \$50,000,000 in sight for the next two years, the Legislature went on making lavish appropriations right and left amounting to \$72,000,000.

In the same spirit the appropriation in the original Pension bill of Senator Cochran was swollen to nearly six millions in the House to wantonly excite the hopes of many a veteran, with the mental reservation that the Governor would exercise his veto because of the want of money. This was alike mean and cowardly.

A story appears in one of the Sterling Ill. papers that a farmer in that vicinity has a rooster that hatched out three young chicks, and his owner is proud of this extraordinary feat. Hugh! that's nothing. A flock of roosters at Harrisburg actually hatched out six million dollars in the new capitol. These roosters are of the Shanghai g. o. p. brand, trained to that kind of hatching, and some of their chicks have got to Bellefonte.

THE CAPITOL auditing committee has got its anger down to new pay dirt, and intimates that it goes to show that much of the stealing went to pay Quay's debts mainly made in behalf of the Machine.

Williams Reunion.

The annual Williams Reunion, of Centre County, will be held in Miles's Grove, at Martha Furnace, Saturday September the 7th 1907.

The officers elected for this year are as follows: President, A. S. Williams; Vice pres.; Abednego Williams; Secretary; Walter H. Williams; Corresponding Sec'y R. R. Hartsock; Treasurers, G. G. Fink. A Mr. Loviland at Lamar, just across the Centre county line, has gone into the business of hatching peeps for which he has a large demand. He has twelve brooders of large capacity and buys his eggs from the farmers in that section getting them fresh from the nests. He has good success both in hatching and in the sale of his product from the brooders. This season, thus far, Mr. Loviland has shipped over 5000 peeps to different parts of the country, some as far as Maine where the peeps are delivered by express, safe and sound, in two and a half days in boxes with holes for air. His price for the chicks, about three days old, is nine cents per head, f. o. b. at Lamar.

A reporter asked Senator Tillman rather maliciously what he thought of a certain opponent's speech. "My boy," said the senator, "it was like a fine bottle of champagne." "Yes" murmured the reporter, rather taken back. "Yes," said Senator Tillman, "lots of froth and very dry."

Traveling in the north of Scotland, far away from anywhere, the tourist exclaimed to one of the natives: "Why what do you do when you are ill? You can never get a doctor." "Nae, sir," replied Sandy. "We've just to dee a natural death!"

"We fishermen," said Haverlock Morton, California's famous fly-caster, "are continually being accused of intemperance. The accusation is false. No intemperate man could ever cast a fly. Yet a friend of mine had the effrontery to declare that out walking in the country he had met an angler beside a brook and had said to the man: 'How can you tell the good places from the bad when you come to a stream?' By the bottle, the man answered. 'Wherever the most empty bottles are scattered is the best place.'"

A stone from King Solomon's temple, 15x15 inches, will be the corner stone of the Masonic temple to be erected in Sunbury.

ANIMALS AND POISON.

Some Species Are Immune to the Most Deadly Drugs.

MYSTERY OF THE HEDGEHOG.

This Bristly Little Creature Can Make a Meal of Arsenic or Opium and Wash It Down With a Draft of Prussic Acid Without Discomfort.

Poison is surely one of the most weird of nature's bizarre contrivances. A tiny speck of an innocent looking white powder on the tip of the tongue means instant death if that powder happens to be the deadly drug aconitine. A moment's whiff of unseen vapor, and if that vapor rises from pure prussic acid all human aid is too late. The strangest fact about that curious group of bodies called poisons is that sometimes they are not poisons. Of course every one knows that when kept under control by the skillful hand of the physician poisons are most valuable medicines. But few persons are aware of the still more curious fact that poisons when taken by certain animals even in large quantities are quite harmless.

Yet, strange as it may seem, this is perfectly true. Take, for instance, the hedgehog. This bristly little animal is absolutely poison proof. It can eat without discomfort as much opium as a hardened Chinese can smoke in a fortnight and can wash a meal down with as much prussic acid as would kill a regiment of soldiers. It is capable of swallowing arsenic with just as much relish as it eats cockroaches. It is quite immune to the venom of the snake, though the prickly hedgehog has little need to fear the approach of such a reptile. It has even been stated that it can swallow corrosive sublimate, and yet this is a virulent poison which human beings must handle with caution, for even a solution of it externally applied has been known to cause death.

Cyanide of potassium is another deadly substance of which the hedgehog need have no fear, and yet the merest trace of the poison is sufficient to cause a full grown man to foam at the mouth and lose the power of his limbs. Truly the hedgehog is a strange freak, and yet not so inexplicable as the poisons by which he refuses to be poisoned.

Man is said to resemble the monkey in more ways than one; but, whatever characteristics they may have in common, the ape differs from the human being in this respect—he can take with impunity as much strychnine as would kill two men instantly. The monkey, curiously enough, shares the immunity to strychnine poisoning with invertebrate animals. Another phenomenon is the rat. The number of rat poisons sold by druggists is legion, but there is one poison which never enters into their composition—namely, digitalin, the active principle of the foxglove. One-half grain of this poisonous principle suffices to kill a man within three quarters of an hour, but the rat absolutely refuses to let it kill him.

When it is discovered that a human being has swallowed oxalic acid, the first thing the doctor does is to give his unfortunate patient a good dose of chalk, technically known as calcium carbonate. Strange to relate, chickens are not poisoned by oxalic acid, for the simple reason that their intestines contain the antidote in the form of quantities of calcium, which combine with the poison and render it quite harmless. It is interesting, however, to mention that if oxalic acid is injected into the blood of a fowl it would be poisoned. It is only when given by the mouth that the acid comes in contact with the antidote. However, as chickens are not provided with hypodermic syringes, they are not likely to run any danger.

If China were inhabited by pigeons instead of by people who speak pigeon English, a costly war and no end of controversy might have been averted, for pigeons are not demoralized by opium. You cannot put a pigeon to sleep with the "drowsy giant," simply because there is something in the bird's



WE GUARANTEE EVERY MOUTHFUL

of the dried Fruits you buy from us— Raisins, Currants, or whatever they may be. We know of whom we buy, and therefore we know what we sell and are always glad to show our stock to the Health Inspectors when they are on the look-out for infractions of the Pure Food Laws. If every grocer were as particular as we in inspecting what came into his store, he would not be at all timid about what he sent out of it.

E. T. ROAN, GROCER, BISHOP ST., BELLEFONTE

interior which resists the narcotic influence of the morphine to which opium owes its activity. There is little to connect the Russian peasant with a goat—unless it is heard—yet nevertheless both have one trait in common—neither is harmed by hemlock. It was the juice of the hemlock, so we have been told until we are tired of hearing it, that killed Socrates. Ever since then it has been on the poison list as far as civilized beings are concerned; but, all the same, roots of hemlock are eaten as food by the Russian peasants—and by goats.

In one respect the peasant of the Austrian Tyrol resembles the hedgehog, because he can take in one dose as much arsenic as would kill several Americans. This is not because the peasant is provided with any special means of combating the effects of the drug, but because he habituates himself to it. The Tyrolean finds that arsenic increases his power of endurance. He commences by taking an eighth part of a grain for a dose, which is gradually increased until he can take without any ill effect five or more grains at a time.

French Misapplied. We Americans insist on using certain French words instead of our own good English terms, but when we invade France we find the meanings we have attached to these borrowed words to be incorrect. In France a depot is a warehouse for freight; a modiste is a dressmaker, not a milliner; dessert never means pudding or pie, but wafers with butter or cheese.—Travel Magazine.

In the fourteenth century spectacles were used frequently by the very wealthy and highborn, although they were so scarce that they were bequeathed in wills with all the elaborate care that marked the disposition of a feudal estate. The first spectacles were made in Italy.

Advertisement for 'The NEW PERFECTION Wick Blue Flame Oil Cook-Stove' and 'The Rayo Lamp'. Includes an illustration of the stove and lamp, and text describing their features and benefits.

Advertisement for 'Shoes' by YEAGER & DAVIS, BELLEFONTE, PA. Includes the text 'TIME TO SIT DOWN AND THINK!' and 'about your footwear needed for your coming vacation and your contemplated visits.' Includes an illustration of a woman in a dress.