

FRANCIS SPEER'S

Breezy "That" Column

THAT a Bellefonte girl says Elks are perfect dears.

THAT Sam Miller, of Bellefonte, says that a baseball pitcher should have a striking personality.

THAT most rich men in Bellefonte who attribute their immense wealth to their honesty, can't prove it.

THAT H. B. Pontius, of Bellefonte, the fruit tree agent, doesn't care to be known as a professional grafter.

THAT since Wilbur Wilson returned to Bellefonte Charles Taylor is out of a job—and that's no Muckelhaten.

THAT it is said if Tommy Shaughnessy wants first class street sweepers, he can secure them in Bush's Addition.

THAT Bellefonte has several young men who impress you as not having enough strength to break their wood.

THAT even a beveled mirror couldn't convince some girls in Bellefonte, that they are not as pretty as they think they are.

THAT a stranger the other day asked Dave Kelley what the people lived on around Bellefonte to which he replied: "Mostly limestone."

THAT many a man in Bellefonte would consider Friday unlucky if he should happen to meet thirteen of his creditors on the street all at once.

THAT to see some girls on the streets of Bellefonte during the day you would think they were slow, but at night they travel at a much faster pace.

THAT Rev. A. A. Black, the efficient pastor of the Reformed church at Boalsburg, says that the seeker after truth may go out to see how the land lies.

THAT it is said that home is what you make it. The great trouble with some married men in Bellefonte is they never make it until 2 o'clock in the morning.

THAT when you see a young man coming out of the bathroom with the hiccoughs, you can make up your minds they are messages from departed spirits.

THAT if the ministers of Bellefonte would talk on personal purity a little, it might have some effect. It's a delicate subject to branch out on, but it is something that is badly needed.

THAT a certain woman in Bellefonte was asked the other day whether she didn't think that the doctor was coming oftener than he need to. Her reply was that she didn't know what the doctor's needs were.

THAT when Dr. James Thompson, of Portmatilda, instructs a patient to drink hot water twenty minutes before meals he must think that he has as big a capacity for drinking as the whale that swallowed Jonah.

THAT "Phip" Waddle, clerk at the Bush House, says that the man who has the nightmare can always find a bride in the closet. If he wants spring he will find it under the bed. They are very accommodating down there.

THAT some merchants in Bellefonte claim that the only way that they can convince some women that an article is good is to charge them just twice what it is worth. The woman who knows it all should get it in the neck once in a while.

THAT Maurie Jackson, of the Bellefonte Trust Co., is getting to be quite a financier. When he picks up a pair of pantaloons he hasn't worn for a month of Sundays, he always feels in the pockets with the idea that he might strike a \$5 bill.

THAT there is a certain young lady in Bellefonte who has been suffering from tonsillitis and soon after she had become ill a young man, in the town, became affected with the disease. It is now the opinion of his friends that he was in pretty close quarters with this fair and beautiful young lady. If a girl had the smallpox that would cut little ice with some fellows who wanted to kiss her.

THAT one of the most gifted fortune tellers in this section of the state is Mrs. Emil Joseph, of Bellefonte. It is said that she told a young man the other night at the carnival that he would marry a rich and beautiful blonde, and become the father of a large family. "Then I will have to wait a long time," said the stranger, with half a sigh. "I married a rich but homely brunette several weeks ago and she looks as if she was good for fifty years at least."

THAT it is said there are two colored fellows in Bellefonte who, if they get a coat of tar and feathers one of these nights, they should be surprised. Bellefonte has a large number of colored men in it who are highly respected citizens but there are others who, it is rumored, have been violating all the laws of common decency. To these this little squib is especially directed, and if heebed might save them from becoming victims of a furious mob which would teach them a lesson that they would never forget.

THAT there is a young man in Bellefonte who frequently calls on a young lady who doesn't let him sit on her lap more than twice in a year. Not knowing how to get rid of him she has worked this scheme. She told him that he called he should ring twice so that she would know who it was. He does as requested and then the girl skips. Her mother answers the bell and says that her daughter isn't in, which is true. Sometimes she is out in the stable and at other times she makes her way to the neighbors. The joke is that this has been going on for the last three months and the poor fellow hasn't tumbled yet. It is altogether likely he will have to have a brick house fall on him.

THAT it is said that Architect Cole, of Bellefonte, isn't afraid of spooks. The other night, about 1 o'clock, he heard a noise down stairs, which indicated there were burglars in the house. "Bob" as he is familiarly known, who isn't afraid to beard the lion in its den, slipped quietly down stairs in the dark, and as he entered the dining room his eyes beheld something white, having the appearance of a ghost. Robert's eyes at once resembled headlights on a locomotive, his backbone became rigid and cold and his hair stood up like that of a porcupine. He stood speechless for a few minutes, and then with his heart in his mouth he moved forward, ready to do if necessary in the apparent struggle. When within a short distance of the awful spectacle he made one brave dash and ran into a clothes horse filled with a week's wash. Like the jaller, of old, he called for a light and before him, on the floor, laid the conquered foe all in a heap.

EN VALENTINE.

Du shae glae maddy, see we'n rose, Goom bare un'Quack dich uf mi shoe, Ich kempt mit leeb dich hartzlich drika Und bussa his du daldst farstheika; O, lewa maddy, geh mer'n sign Und sawe du bist mi Valentine.

DER ANSWER: Du gonz, du lamp, du oldar gase, Du bist so seer das luder kase; Du wit mich yuscht far hussa fleika, Und far di haesa shtrimplin shrika; Gook yuscht in's glaws, so'n monkeyshine We sel iss blendy Valentine.

Old Time Harvesting.

It is not amiss, just at this time, for the fathers and mothers to give their children a brief account of what saying and harvest were like in their days—so widely different and more laborious than now, and covering a period of from four to six weeks. In the hay fields were anywhere from six to fifteen persons sawing the scythe with the regularity of the Co. B step and playing rakes and forks to spread and cure the grass. There were teams to haul in and the unloading by hand into the mows. Two weeks were needed to do all this. Immediately followed the harvest, cradling the golden grain by hand, with two rakers to follow each cradle; then the shocking, next the "hauling" now, pitching the sheaves from the wagon to the barnfloor into the lofts where were others to catch them up and pack them closely so as to economize room. Then in later weeks came the threshing by hand-dails, some by horse power. All this required weeks. While haymaking and harvest were going on, the "ten o'clock picnic" made an half-hour picnic in the field for all hands, and quickened them to resume work. Then in the afternoon the good housewife, with her many help, repeated this with the four o'clock picnic. The bottle, with some distilled old rye, was a never absent attendant in the hay and wheat fields, and lent "O be joyful" to these occasions.

Now, the women of the house need do no cooking except for the immediate family, there are no ten or four o'clock "picnics" to go to the fields, nor tables set for ten to twenty hands, each day for several weeks. And the bottle—well, it don't know its way to the fields at all—it is a back number—forgotten. The farmer now finds his hay and grain harvested, grain cleaned and sacked, all in less than a week, and no army of hands to feed.

Yes, we say, just now the old folks can tell the young farmers how it "used to be" and how different now, not only in Centre county, but all over the this broad land. Wonderful machinery now, does it all. Many a young farmer now might not know how to handle a grain cradle, scythe or sickle.

Got Ten Years.

Edward Drake, convicted of assault and robbery, was sentenced to ten years' imprisonment in the Western penitentiary. This is the third trip "over the road" for Drake, and Judge Hall's sentence of ten years meets the approval of all good citizens. The crime for which Drake was convicted and sentenced was the robbery of Jacob Goldberg, a junk dealer on the Castanea road, about two miles south of Lock Haven. The robbery occurred nearly a year ago. Goldberg, who was nearly eighty years of age, besides being robbed, was badly beaten so that for a time he was in a serious condition.

Mexican Railroads.

The Mexican government owns a majority of the stock of all railroads of the country. Consequently it has no difficulty whatever in controlling the roads or in dictating their policy. We are told by the minister of finance that the chief aim of the government is to keep the roads out of politics and encourage them to devote themselves strictly to business. Government control of the railroads of the United States would mean something quite different from what it does in Mexico.

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS.

Thos. Foster et al to Sam'l Slagle, May 31, 1907; lot in State College. \$200.

Edwin K. Smith et ux to Lewis Rishel, March 8, 1907; premises in Oak Hall. \$150.

Gilbert A. Beaver et ux to Frank W. Dillen, June 25, 1907; 123 acres 89 perches in Huston twp. \$1300.

He Saw the Trolley Cars.

The Avis Advance says that a highly respected farmer of Bellefonte was in Avis Saturday, visiting his daughter. In a conversation with the gentleman he informed us that he had never had the pleasure of seeing or riding on an electric car. While in town he took a trip to Nippono park. On returning to Avis that evening he remarked: "That gold-darn thing is all right. I don't see why they don't buy one up in Bellefonte."—Avis Advance.

About R. R. Ties.

The necessity for the Pennsylvania Railroad's undertaking extensive forest planting can be appreciated when it is known that the entire Pennsylvania System uses between seven and eight million ties a year, and American railroads, it is estimated use 110,000,000 new ties annually. The figures for 1906 showed that on Pennsylvania Lines East nearly 4,000,000 cross-ties were required for renewals and construction work.

Big Time Near Sunbury.

Odd Fellows and friends of the order in this section will be pleased to know that work is progressing favorably on the Odd Fellows Orphan's home, near Sunbury, and that August 15, 1907, has been set as the day for laying the corner stone. A circular of invitation just issued urges all Odd Fellows to attend the ceremonies.

Big Appropriation.

The State has five millions of dollars to spend in building roads. In all probability that is more than will be needed. Still, the Flinn proposition to borrow twenty-five millions for road building would have been a good thing for somebody—as good a thing for "somebody" as was the capitol trimmings.

A diplomat is a man who doesn't say everything he thinks or thinks every thing he says.

The Old New England Sabbath.

A description of the old New England Sabbath is calculated to make restless children of the present day and possibly some of their elders thankful they were not born two centuries ago.

The Sabbath began Saturday afternoon with the going down of the sun. Sunday morning a horn was loudly blown to announce the hour of worship. Service began at 9 o'clock and lasted for eight hours, with an intermission of one hour for dinner and conversation. In the earliest days the congregation sat on rude benches, their seats being assigned them at town meeting. The service consisted of several parts, which are chronicled in an ancient diary as follows:

"Preliminary prayer or invocation; chapter of Bible read and expounded; psalm in meter, read out line by line by Deacon S.; long prayer on various matters, one hour and a half; sermon of 100 to 250 pages; at close of service, baptism; sinners put on trial, confessed before congregation. Minister C. bowed right and left, no person stirring till he had passed down and out of the meeting house."

A Thumb Shave.

"'Pouce ou cuiller—thumb or spoon?' says the barber, and I give a violent start."

The sailor, a little proud of his French, looked about the room and smiled easily. Then he went on: "I knowed them barbers in the south of France wasn't up to much. I knowed their thumb business was the limit."

"'Quest ce qu'il y—wot's that?' says I. 'Wot d'ye mean by thumb or spoon?'"

"And then that Tarascon barber told me that in his country in shavin' lantern jawed men like me it was customary to plumb out the cheeks so's the razor could get a bolt by insertin' a spoon or a thumb into the mouth and pressin' from the inside."

"I said to go ahead and shave me without either spoon or thumb. He wouldn't do it, though, so I chose the thumb. It looked more hygienic. By gosh, I can taste that there thumb yet."—Los Angeles Times.

Caught the Policemen.

All the countryside is laughing at an experience of the police at Lough Neagh, Ireland. An intercounty cock-fight was arranged between birds from Londonderry and Antrim and was held on one of the islands in the lough. The police got wind of it and arrived, as they usually do, late. All the available boats had been pressed into use by the spectators, and the police, after trying vainly to secure transportation to the island, determined to swim for it. Just as they arrived the boat ended, and every boat put off for the mainland again. The police had a swim back for their pains, and when they reached the mainland they found that their clothing, over which they had neglected to leave a guard, had disappeared. They had a ten mile march in dripping underclothes to the nearest barracks, where they were put to bed until new uniforms could be procured. —Liverpool Mercury.

Why They Are So Clean.

"How is it that French children are so tidy?" many foreigners in Paris inquire. Because from the time they understand an elementary sentence it is drilled into them that it is very wrong to run fast, to fall or to dirty their dresses in any way, and, above all, it is awful to muss their hair. An ordinary scene in the Bois is where two children arrive in their auto accompanied by a nurse and a governess. They (the children) are dressed in light silk dresses and wear long white gloves. They start to play ball. Every time the ball touches the ground, which happens once in awhile, the nurse rushes up and wipes every bit of sand very carefully off the ball before it is handed back to the children. Is it a wonder that their long gloves are clean?—New York Post.

A General Utility Nag.

A certain stockbroker once went to a horse dealer and tried to pick up a general utility nag. He explained that he was a volunteer and wanted a nice, quiet, good looking charger, which could be driven by his wife in a dog cart and would not object on occasion to being hitched up to a lawn mower. The dealer listened to him with rapt attention and finally asked in dulcet tones, "Would you want him to wait at table at all, sir?"—Grand Magazine.

Words and Deeds.

"There never was a time in my life, fellow citizens," exclaimed the candidate, "when I hadn't the courage to call a spade a spade!"

"Yes," spoke up an old farmer in the audience, "and there never was a time in your life when you had the courage to take one in your hand!"—Chicago Tribune.

Why He Changed Weapons.

"Here you is—in trouble ag'in," said the old colored deacon. "Didn't I tell yo' ter fight yo' way only wid de sword er de sperrit?"

"Yes, sub," replied the penitent, "but de razor come so handy."—Atlanta Constitution.

Sizing Him Up.

"How much money really has he?" "I don't know. What is his attitude toward the law?"

"What do you mean?" "Does he evade, defy or ignore it?"—Washington Herald.

Odd Punishment.

Bigamists in Hungary get odd punishment. The man silly enough to marry two wives is legally forced to live with both of them in the same house.

Alive Four Months in a Grave.

Hari Das, the great Hindoo fakir, who lived in the first half of the nineteenth century, is the only wonder worker of modern times who has ever allowed himself to be buried in the ground for months. In the year 1839 Hari told General Ventura that for a certain fee he would allow a committee to test the claims which he made of being able to die and remain dead for months and then come to life again. When all was arranged Hari hypnotized himself to such a degree that his circulation was wholly stopped. When he was pronounced dead to all intents and purposes he was buried in a garden and a high wall built around the grave. Guards were stationed on the wall so that interference or deception would be impossible. Four months later Hari was exhumed according to agreement, and after a few minutes of vigorous rubbing of his body by friends he opened his eyes, and an hour later he was well and able to walk. The fakir was clean shaven when buried and is said to have come out of the grave in the same shape, a fact which is cited to prove that vitality must have been completely suspended.

Seventeenth Century Superstitions.

That it is a very unfortunate thing for a man to meet early in a morning an ill favored man or woman, a rough footed Hen, a shag-haired Dogge, or a blacke Cat. That it is a signe of death to some in that house, where Crickets have bin many yeeres, if on a sudden they forsake the Chimney Corner. That if a man dream of eggs or fire he shall beare of anger. That to dreame of the devil is good lucke. That to dreame of gold good lucke, but of silver ill. That if a man be born in the daytime he shall be unfortunate. That if a child be born with a Caule on his head he shall be very fortunate. That when the palme of the right hand itcheth it is a shrewd sign he shall receive money. That it is a great signe of ill lucke if Rats gnaw a mans clothes. That it is naught for any man to give a paire of Knives to his sweetheart, for feare it cuts away all love that is between them. That it is ill lucke to have the saltseller fall toward you.

Likes Being Hunted.

The extraordinary intelligence and skill displayed by reynard when being hunted makes it extremely probable that he, in common with the huntsman and the hounds, feels the keen pleasure of the pride of art—an important constituent of the spirit of the sport. In proof of this, an old fox, when fresh, has often been observed to wait for the hounds, apparently with the purpose of drawing them on, and so giving an opportunity for the display of his skill. The fox owes his present existence in England to his skill in providing sport, and it is not therefore unreasonable to suppose that he has acquired the sporting instinct, just as the pointer, the hunter and the terrier certainly enter into the spirit of the sport for which they have been bred and to which, therefore, they owe their existence.—London Standard.

Ostriches Are Poor Sailors.

"Ostriches are terrible creatures to have aboard ship in a storm," said a sailor. "Knocked about by the waves, they fall and break their legs. We once carried eight superb ostriches. They were good sailors. Their sea appetites were fine. But two days from port a nasty gale overtook us. And then it was pitiful to see those ostriches. The ship's lurches and ducks knocked them off their pins, sent them rolling back and forth, to and fro, wildly, helplessly. Imagine a dozen ostriches, now on their feet, then—bang—on their backs, their long legs in the air, rolling every which way. What you'd expect to happen happened, of course. Their legs broke. You could hear above the storm the sharp crack of the splitting bone. Of those eight fine ostriches only two reached port alive."

Books Written in Jail.

Jail seems to be a good place in which to write books. Literary men surpass themselves there. John Bunyan wrote "Pilgrim's Progress" in jail. Cervantes wrote "Don Quixote" in prison. Defoe laid the plan for "Robinson Crusoe" during a term of confinement imposed on him for the writing of a pamphlet called "The Shortest Way With the Dissenters." Leigh Hunt wrote "Rim-in" in jail. Sir Walter Raleigh during his fourteen years' imprisonment in the Tower of London wrote his excellent "History of the World." Silvio Pellico and Tasso both did their best work in jail.

Food and Digestion.

One of the biggest mistakes about food which people make is to forget that the true value of food to anybody is the measure of its digestibility. Half a pound of cheese is vastly more nourishing, as regards its mere composition, than half a pound of beef; but while the beef will be easily digested, and thus be of vast service to us, the cheese is put out of court altogether for ordinary folks by reason of its indigestibility. We should bear this rule in mind when we hear people comparing one food with another in respect of their chemical value.

A Careful Official.

"Some years ago," remarked a physician, "when the people in the south feared that an epidemic of yellow fever would spread from Cuba to this country the health board officer of a certain southern city was so careful to keep out the infection that he gave orders to disinfect all telegrams received from Havana."

One Sided Talk.

He—Wasn't there some talk about Maud marrying a duke? She—There was, but unfortunately the duke did none of the talking.

JAMES M'PARLAND.

Veteran Detective, Who Secured Harry Orchard's Confession.

America has no detective more interesting than James McParland, the Pinkerton operator, who induced Harry Orchard to make the astounding confession of crimes in which he implicated officials of the Western Federation of Miners. McParland began his career as a sleuth thirty-four years ago, when as a young man of twenty-nine he went into the coal regions of Pennsylvania commissioned to discover all that he could concerning the infamous organization of cutthroats known as the Molly Maguires. For nearly twenty years these criminals had been murdering mine superintendents, policemen, constables and other men in authority.

McParland at first became a coal miner, but he soon discovered that

gone to the other side of the earth to escape the vengeance of the Mollys. McParland became manager of the Pinkerton branch at Denver a number of years ago. For years he worked on the supposition that the many murders, explosions, mine burnings and other crimes in Colorado, Idaho and Utah were instigated by men officially connected with the Western Federation of Miners. When Orchard was arrested shortly after killing ex-Governor Steunenberg of Idaho the veteran detective had so much information already on hand that it was not a very hard task to get Orchard's confession.

Schopenhauer on Veneration.

Now, mankind is fond of venerating something, but its veneration is generally directed to the wrong object, and it remains so directed until posterity comes to set it right. But the educated public is no sooner set right in this than the honor which is due to genius degenerates, just as the honor which the faithful pay to their saints easily passes into a frivolous worship of relics. Thousands of Christians adore the relics of a saint whose life and doctrine are unknown to them, and the religion of thousands of Buddhists lies more in veneration of the holy tooth or some such object, or the vessel that contains it, or the holy bowl, or the fossil foot-step, or the holy tree which Buddha planted, than in the thorough knowledge and faithful practice of his high teaching. Petrarch's house in Arqua, Tasso's supposed prison in Ferrara, Shakespeare's house in Stratford, with his chair; Goethe's house in Weimar, with its furniture; Kant's old hat; the autographs of great men—these things are gaped at with interest and awe by many who have never read their works. They cannot do anything more than just gaze.

Peculiar Ice.

A remarkable form of ice, which the French-Canadians name frazil ice, is the cause of the packing up of ice and consequent floods in the St. Lawrence river. It forms in spiky shapes where the currents are too rapid for ordinary sheet ice to spread across them and at the base of waterfalls. During the prevalence of cold winds the icy needles sometimes fill up open channels and, being carried long distances beneath the surface ice, gradually accumulate and consolidate and are liable to dam the channel even to depths of eighty feet.

Substitutes.

"We haven't any deviled crabs, sir," said the waiter. "I can offer you some very nice deviled eggs."

"Umph! I presume if you were out of mock turtle soup you'd suggest some very nice mock oranges?" retorted the diner.

"Yes, sir," answered the waiter calmly. "At least I would suggest that you give them a mock trial."—Harper's Weekly.

membership in the Mollys was not confined to the miners. Saloon keepers, backleg politicians and others were in it. The society had lodges in various parts of the state. The meetings were secret, and there were passwords, grips and other signs. McParland joined the Mollys and became apparently a saloon bum after he quit the mines. He drank so much bad whisky that his health failed and he came near dying. All the time he was reporting daily to his employers, the Pinkerton agency.

After two years as a Molly the young man had enough information. Many arrests were made. Eleven men were hanged on evidence discovered by McParland and forty were sent to the penitentiary. That was the last of the Mollys.

For several years McParland disappeared. It was given out that he was dead. Another story was that he had

THE PROOF OF THE STARCHING

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