

FRANCIS SPEER'S

Breezy "That" Column

That the man in Bellefonte has few "grounds" for complaint, when his wife grounds her own coffee.

That there are two sure ways to decrease the number of your friends. Go broke, or get into politics.

That S. D. Ray, of Bellefonte, advises the young men to go into the real estate business. There's "lots" in it.

That when some women in Bellefonte have anything to say they should say it, and give their husbands a chance.

That it is the woman in Bellefonte who is unhappily married, who sneers most at the old maids of the town.

That when some women in Bellefonte get a cold that they can't speak above a whisper, they will tell you that it is nothing to laugh at.

That unless a certain woman in the South ward of Bellefonte, can read between the lines she will never know her husband like a book.

That the way to make "Artie" Foreman, of Bellefonte, smile is to show him either a pretty girl, a big fried chicken, or a juicy watermelon.

That there are two young ladies in Bellefonte who are looking for trouble, and if they look long enough they will get just what they are after.

That Harris and Naginey, the Bellefonte undertakers, don't care a continental how many cucumbers people eat, because it's a feather in their hats.

That the boy in Bellefonte, who kisses a girl with her mouth full of chewing gum, could, with the same propriety, kiss a cow who was chewing her cud.

That Shorty Knisely, the popular tobacconist, says that when a man prefers a dark cigar he likes it light at one end. That's nothing; give us something harder.

That it is said that some women of Bellefonte, can't concentrate their minds on one thing. Persons who think that way, would change their mind, if they saw them at a card table.

That there is a young lady in Bellefonte with an angel food taste, who is about to marry a fellow with a ginger-bread income. It is evident, that she doesn't know which side of her bread is buttered.

That it is said a facetious young man walked into the Register's Office the other day and asked Register Tutten for a lottery ticket. This may cause a smile, but the fellow realized all right, what he was up against.

That if a certain individual in Bellefonte would scheme as hard to make an honest dollar as he schemes to get a drink of whisky, he could give some of our merchants cards and spades, and then beat 'em.

That there are a few women in Bellefonte who were poor and married a little above their station in life, which has made them nothing more than fools. They even now want to bait into society where they are not wanted.

That it is said that the amount of blood in the human body is one-twelfth of the body's weight. "Tommy" Jennings and Bent Tate, of Bellefonte, say that's before the Fishing Creek mosquitoes get a good whack at you.

That when a certain married woman of Bellefonte came home from her vacation to the seashore, she found thirty-seven beer bottles under the piano, and a number of soiled collars hung over the rubber plant, like a Christmas tree.

That any shoe dealer in Bellefonte will bear testimony to the fact that when nature endows a girl with small feet, it most always gives her a big head. This sort of a freak is often seen on our streets. It is really a case of swelled head.

That if a young lady in Bellefonte desires to secure a good husband, she should try to keep the heels of her shoes straight. There is nothing quite so slovenly as to see a girl all powdered and powdered, wearing a pretty gown and walking on the side of her heel.

That it is said the other morning a certain woman in Bellefonte inquired of the servant girl, whether she had given the dog a bath and tied the pink ribbon about his neck. Making sure that the dog had received attention first, the lady of the house then told the girl to go and see what the baby was crying about. This didn't occur on North Thomas st.

That Thursday morning a gentleman passed the Adams express office, Bellefonte, and noticed a piece of meat tied up in burlap, lying on a truck. He inquired of Joe Barnes as to whether it was mutton or veal. In answer to this inquiry Joe replied it was neither, but thought it was a calf. He would for a dandy fellow to send to the store for eggs, wouldn't he?

That there is a certain wise guy in Bellefonte who imagines that every girl in Bellefonte is smiling on him. The young lady whom he is now sporting around is giving him the laugh, all right. The old saying is true, that a girl can make a fool out of a young man simply by feeding him a few bread pills coated with a little honey. The fellow in question is one of them.

That Col. Hugh S. Taylor, of the 5th Regt., N. G. P., in examining Hugh Crider before joining the hospital corps, asked him which he would call the left wing of the army. Great drops of perspiration stood on Crider's brow, and scratching his head said: "Why, the left wing of an army would be the one that wasn't shot." He was given his commission, immediately.

That there is a young lady in Bellefonte who has a chance to feather her nest, but while she is hesitating some other girl may step in and claim the prize which is worth its weight in gold. If this should occur it is altogether likely that the authorities would find a body lying along Spring Creek somewhere, and our people would not care to hear of a terrible tragedy of this character. She had better accept.

That the man in Bellefonte who is always looking out for himself, is the man who is easily persuaded to become a grafter. His conscience soon becomes as elastic as a rubber band, and he stands ready to sacrifice his honor and manhood in order to gain wealth, which he must generally leave on this side of the grave and go into eternity empty handed. These are the fellows who pray for barrels of blessings; and when they get it, deal it out by the thimbleful.

WILL WIDDER BUVELY S.I.

Ich bin dross run in alle ecke... So iss en monich's uf den walg... Und giel gold's flipperty-flapperty-dipperty's ebbes das ich loss.

Oh, ich will widder buvely sl... So wart de same ol' w'p applied... Will nitme buvely sl.

(From Penna German poems, by "Solly Heisback" published by the Hawthorne Press, Elizabethtown, Pa.)

SNAKE BITE NO CURE

For Cancer, Says State Zoologist Surface, Who is an Authority.

State Zoologist Surface, an authority on the snakes indigenous to Pennsylvania, discredits the story from Port Jervis, N. Y., that a woman living in that town was cured of cancer by being bitten on the leg by a rattlesnake.

Dr. Surface says that while there is a general belief in the medicinal qualities of certain parts of snakes, this belief is founded on superstition, and no part of any serpent has any medicinal value. Many persons recommended such remedies as the gall of a snake for snake bite, its oil for rheumatism, baldness and deafness and its skin to be worn like the skin of an eel for similar troubles.

In many parts of the country the oil from snakes has a very high commercial value for its supposed curative qualities. It is thought to be a sure cure for cancer, but Dr. Surface says there is no reason why this is any better than any other oil. He has heard of the heart of a rattlesnake being swallowed while fresh for consumption, and the flesh and blood are frequently recommended for certain ills.

"It is generally believed," Dr. Surface says, "not only in America, but in other parts of the world, that if a snake can be made to bite a second time in the same place, it will by so doing, cure the ills inflicted by its first bite. This is, of course, nonsense, as are the other superstitious beliefs and quack remedies. No snake and no part of any snake has any curative or medicinal quality whatever, and persons who trust in them are doing so at the peril of their own welfare."

The Port Jervis story is that Mrs. Wilhelmine Ludwig was bitten on the left leg by a rattler, and that the leg began swelling rapidly until it reached a cancerous growth. When the doctor arrived he gave the woman a sedative and told her to prepare for death. Instead of dying, however, she began to improve, and slowly the swelling went down, and the cancer is disappearing.

Are They Getting There.

The Johnstown Tribune says: A girl who works down town got home the other night at 6 o'clock. She took off the dress she had worn on the street, and pressed it to wear the next day; helped her mother get supper; washed up the dishes; finished a shirtwaist she had cut out last week; darned some stockings; and at about 11 o'clock snatched up a paper to glance through before going to bed. She happened to see an article called "Hints to a Working Girl" and this is what she read: "When you go home at night take a tepid bath, and massage your face carefully. Manicure your nails. Put on a loose white dress or a dainty colored lawn, and then entertain visitors on the porch or visit some park, or, better still, take a boat ride."

Alcohol Law in Force.

The new regulations for the manufacture of denatured alcohol will go into effect in Sept. They are intended to so modify the regulations for licensed distilling as to make it possible for farmers to go into the business. The raw material of manufacture—grain, fruit and vegetable matter—can be assembled at comparatively small cost in farm neighborhoods. Alcohol might be turned out as butter is now turned out from country creameries within areas where the cost of transportation would not be prohibitive. That this is practicable is demonstrated by the successful experience of German farmers. It will take time to install the industry; but the demand for a safer liquid fuel than that obtained from petroleum is insistent.

Drum Beating Drives Rats Away.

The beating of drums has been found efficacious by Newton W. Fush, of Washington, Pa., in clearing out a rat-infested farm. Rats were so numerous they ate the fodder and nipped his cattle. He engaged four friends to help him and they beat five snare drums about the house and farm buildings, causing the rats to scatter. Rush said he has not seen a rat about the place since. This rat cure would give Dr. A. Roberts, Bellefonte's famous drummer, a cinch.

DER PENNSYLVANIER



Richter Drucker!—In unserm Staat Pennsylvania gebt's en Städler, was Tituswill heest. Sell is en spaffiger Name, aver ich bent, die Leit, was alleweil dort wohnen, tenne nig derfor. Wie ich mir hab fage losse, so stammi feller Name dum Titus ab, dem jingerer Bruder dum Tituswills. Dort im ebere westliche End von Pennsylvania hot er sich nibebergeloffe, wie er in des Land tumme is un hot sich en flec Blodhaus gebau. So noch un noch nen sich meher Leit dort gefeitel un weit zu selbstiger Zeit des Land dort rum all fellum Titus gehert hot (wo er's hergenumme hot, wees ich net), hen fe dann des Städler ewe Tituswill gehef. Zeit wohnen nau dort so ebaut gebauefch Mensche, was, wie weralt, uf alle Wege en Leue made. Ich bent, es is en friedlich Volt, enihau mer heert net oft ebbes dum ihne. Reglich is dort aver ebbes gehappent, was den Name Tituswill oh in die Zeitlinge gebrocht hot. En Mann Namens Hans Gribler hot sich des Leue genumme; fe hen ihn ame schene Norge in Bunqert en Ebbelbahn hange gefumne. Alles hot genummet, was dann ley war, boh d'r arm Dropp fellerweg em Herrgott en Stid weit entgege gange is, aver Niemand hot en Urach gewist. Es is, wie es in so Fall gebrelich is, en Unnerfuchung gehalte worre un do hen fe dann in sein Rodfad en Schreivess gefumne, was Alles erpleht hot: 'Ihr werdt verleidt wunne, was pleghich witer mich gefumne war, nau leest die un ihr werdt mich verheif: Ich hab en Wittfrah g'heiert, was en grohe Tochter g'hat hot. Mei Doty, was en Wittmann war, hot dann mei Stiefdochter g'heiert un is dobord mei Schwärjohu worre. Zur selme Zeit is dann mei Stiefdochter mei Mann worre, befeh is war mein Doty sei Frah. Mei Frah hot en Sohn gebat, was mein Doty sei Schwär worre is un zur selme Zeit sei linte, befeh is war en Bruder von meiner Stiefdochter, was mei Mann worre is, ewe weil fe mei Doty g'heiert hot. Mei Stiefdochter hot en Ruh g'hat, was mei Bruder worre is, weil er des Kind von meiner Mutter war; weil er aver des Kind von meiner Stiefdochter war, so is er ewe ah mei Grohmutter geveht. Mei Frah war mei Grohmutter, befeh is war meiner Mutters Mutter, weil ich die Mutter von meiner Stiefdochter g'heiert hab, was aver mei Mutter worre is, weil fe mei Doty g'heiert hot. Ich war meiner Frah ihr Mann un ihr Grohmutter zur selme Zeit. Wie meher is ich dem Ding nochgedenkt hab, asbe verjoelder is die ganz freindschaft worre, un wie ich dann ah noch ausgefumne hab, boh ich jo meinerer mei eigener Grohmutter bin, do war es mir ganz schwinblich worre. Noch ere Weil hab ich mich wieder erholt, aver des Ding is mir Dag un Nacht im Kopp rum wie en Misch-rad. Ich hab gefehne, boh es juscht en Weg gebt for aus dem Flend un Dorchoanner herauszutumme. Erschit hab ich gemeint, ich wot mich schiefte, hob bel aver wieder afgeme, weil ich en bissel nerdes bin un des Gefrach net gut fände kann. In's Wasser zu gehn hot mir ah net angefumne, befeh ich hab mei Leebtag net net viel vom Wasser gebent. Do is mir dann die Wäsklein in b'r Sinn gefumme un ich hab ausgemacht, im Bunqert war en schener Blay for mei Drumel abguschütte; dat allefalls d'r Strid reiffe, dann bäl ich juscht uf des neech Gras falve un tennt es nochodem brauere. Ich hüt gern en Wille gemacht, aver wenn soll en Mann, was sei eigener Grohmutter is, sei Sach vermahe? Wann ich tob bin, dann mege die Kroneere sich d'r Kopp doriner verbruche, wer atorbung zu d'r Loh von Pennsylvania zu mein Rochsch entteidelt is. Ich loh des Schwereis jurid, so boh alle Leit wiiffe, was mir des Leue verleidt hot un Niemand bent, ich hüt Lumpstreich gemacht. Un nau lag ich Guthei! Ich hoff, d'r Strid reigt net. Hans Gribler.

Wie d'r Coroure den Brief laut vorgeliese g'hat hot, do hen die Männer, was en d'r Schurie mize, enanner angegudt un schier des-Lode net verhalte tenne. 'So en einfältiger Ding,' sejt Gener, 'es is gut, boh er tob is, funfdt hüt er am End noch herausgerunge, boh er sei eigener Grohmutter war.' Des Verbitf dun d'r Coroures Schurie hot gefant: D'r Hans Gribler is an ju großer freindschaft beridit. D'r Hans Jörg.

The Scrap Book

A Roomer in the Air. Reporter—I understand that one of your guests committed suicide last night by hanging himself out of a third story window. Lodging House Keeper—Well, there was such a roomer in the air for awhile.—Town Topics.

EQUALITY. All men are equal in God's sight. There is no black, and there is no white; There is no high, and there is no low; There is no friend, and there is no foe. And earthly passion and earthly pride The glance of the Goodhead cannot abide. The petty distinctions of rank and caste Are shriveled and shrunken in the furnace blast. Of God's great love when the angel Death Has stilled the heartbeats and stopped the breath. And the gates of heaven as wide do swing For lowliest peasant as for highest king. And the fires of hell burn just as bright For the rich or poor, for the black or white. —J. C. Brennan.

A Place For Jeremiah. A prosy preacher gave a lengthy discourse on the prophets. First he dwelt at length on the minor prophets. At last he finished them, and the congregation gave a sigh of relief. He took a long breath and continued, "Now I shall proceed to the major prophets." After the major prophets had received more than ample attention the congregation gave another sigh of relief. "Now that I have finished with the minor prophets and the major prophets, what about Jeremiah? Where is Jeremiah's place?" A tall man arose in the back of the church. "Jeremiah can have my place," he said. "I'm going home."

A Desperate Case. A husband came home one evening to find a note left for him by his wife. Carelessly he opened it, but as he read his face blanched. "My God!" he exclaimed. "How could this have happened so suddenly?" And, snatching his hat and coat, he rushed to a hospital which was near his home. "I want to see my wife, Mrs. Brown, at once," he said to the head nurse, "before she goes under the ether. Please take my message to her at once."

A Frank Advertiser. An English daily had the following advertisement: "Wanted—A gentleman to undertake the sale of a patent medicine. The advertiser guarantees it will be profitable to the undertaker."

The Best Man. Pat was invited to a wedding. He arrived at the house and was shown upstairs to the gentlemen's dressing room. The guests assembled below were startled by hearing a commotion above. Rushing into the hall, they were startled to behold Pat come tumbling head first down the stairs, completely disheveled.

A Maker of History. "The late General Shafter," said a soldier, "had a contempt for military posers. They who flourished stumps and limps, like medals, got no sympathy from him. I once heard him ridicule military posers. He said there was a general of volunteers who got his leg scratched on a caisson wheel in a retreat and forever after nursed and gloried the trifling wound, growling lamer and lamer as the years passed in order that his bravery might never be forgotten. One day a young man calling on the general's daughter met the old warrior. 'I see you're lame, sir,' said the young man. 'Yes,' said the general pompously. 'I am lame.' 'Slip on the ice?' 'No, sir,' said the general, with a frown. 'Not an automobile mixup, I hope?' 'No, sir; it was not an automobile mixup.' The general spoke ferociously. 'Sleigh overturn, sir?' 'The general rose. He set his lame leg tenderly on the floor. Frowning back savagely from the threshold, he shouted, 'Go read the history of your country, you young puppy!'"—Minneapolis Journal.

A Clever Animal. Mayor Tom L. Johnson of Cleveland has been pluckily fighting a law infringing street railway. He tore up some of the railway's tracks, an infraction was served against him, and then he in his turn secured another infraction. "We are like the old lady and the dog, with our infusions and mandamuses and what not," said Mayor Johnson the other day. "There was, you know, an old lady who rented a furnished villa for the summer, and with the villa a large dog also went. In the sitting room of the villa there was a comfortable armchair. The old lady liked this chair better

than any other in the house. She always made for it the first thing. 'But, alas, she nearly always found the chair occupied by the large dog. 'Being afraid of the dog, she never dared bid it harshly to get out of the chair, as she feared that it might bite her, but instead she would go to the window and call 'cats.' 'Then the dog would rush to the window and bark, and the old lady would slip into the vacant chair quietly. 'One day the dog entered the room and found the old lady in possession of the chair. He stroled over to the window and, looking out, appeared much excited and set up a tremendous barking. 'The old lady rose and hastened to the window to see what was the matter, and the dog outely climbed into the chair.'

An Old Youngster. Senator Pettus of Alabama saw a decrepit old man trying to cross Pennsylvania avenue, in Washington, and went to his assistance. The old fellow accepted his help gladly and when conveyed safely across turned to Mr. Pettus. "Sir," he quavered, with old-fashioned courtesy, "I thank you and hope that when you get to be as old as I am you may find some one such as you are now to help you across the avenues of life." "How old are you?" asked the senator. "Sixty-six." "My friend," said Mr. Pettus smiling, "I am eighty-two."

"You have no sense of humor," he complained. "You can't take a joke." "I took one when I got you," she bitterly replied.—Chicago Record-Herald.

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