

**FRANCIS SPEER'S  
Breezy "That" Column**

**THAT** the girls in Bellefonte can get a good complexion by buying it at any of the drug stores in town.

**THAT** the great trouble with Bellefonte is that there are too many young men in it who have entirely too much wishbone and not enough of backbone.

**THAT** if some fellows in Bellefonte would have to pay a fine for doing what they knew positively was wrong it would reduce their bank account some.

**THAT** if some men in Bellefonte had a billion dollars they would not do any more for charity than they do now, simply because they have made the almighty dollar their god.

**THAT** James Noonan, proprietor of the Brant House, says that when a drummer comes to his hotel with a patent fire escape in his trunk he invariably has to pay in advance.

**THAT** Henry Brown, of Bellefonte, who plays the flute with a good deal of ease, says that even a first class conductor of a great big band may dread to go home and face the music.

**THAT** they say that there is an old maid in Bellefonte who has carried her bargain-hunting propensities to a ridiculous extreme. Even her age has been reduced from 35 to 29.

**THAT** Prof. James R. Hughes, of the Bellefonte Academy, one of the most successful educators in this part of the country says: "Talk about tea time, there's no time without it's a 't'."

**THAT** the Bellefonte husbands will just mob editor Charles Jones, of Tyrone, the next time he drifts this way. They object to have it said of them they were taken to a "white elephant party" and traded off as being no good.

**THAT** whiskey has advanced several cents a gallon. That means that many poor families in Bellefonte and throughout the county will have to curtail the amount of bread they are accustomed to eat. That's hard luck, especially for the wives and children.

**THAT** they say that a young lady over at the Granger's picnic was showing her engagement ring, which is said was a perfect beauty. The young man had better not be gauding the Bellefonte girls around so much or there might be a slip betwixt the cup and the lip.

**THAT** they say a good many Bellefonte young men go to Lock Haven on Sunday and have one dickens of a time. They are game sports and thus they hunt up the sportiest house in the place, and when they return they tell their parents what a good minister they heard.

**THAT** when a minister of Bellefonte looks down into his congregation and sees men and women nodding is not the most substantial evidence in the world that he is making a good impression on his parishioners. Sometimes he would make a better impression on them by throwing a brickbat at them.

**THAT** they say there is a woman in Bellefonte who washes on Sunday. It is to be regretted that in an intelligent community like this there are women who have so little regard for the best day of the week. There is no occasion for this violation of the Sabbath Day, and if such women were fined two or three times that might settle the matter.

**THAT** the time will soon be here when our good friend Ed. Robb can take his little red sled along with him when he goes up on Reservoir Hill, and after he gets through transacting business up there he can just slide down the hill. The trips are so frequent now that his friends think that he is in danger of overtaxing his legs, thus the above suggestion is made.

**THAT** there is a young lady in Bellefonte with bright black eyes and as pretty as a peach. It is said, however that her character is not as pure as a lily or white as the driven snow, but who has a slight inclination to do right. The young man who runs after her, with anything but the purest of motives, is nothing more than a low brute and villainous coward, who should be either cart-whipped or given a coat of tar and feathers. This young lady, if given a chance, could make something of herself.

**THAT** we forgot to mention the fact that Frank Crissman, of Bellefonte, like a horse shedding his hair, had shed his short pants, and now looks like a dead game sport. When you see him you can always tell that it is raining in England because of the ruffles he has at the bottom of the legs of his pantaloons. Frank says "why don't you say something about our good young friend John Love, Jr., and Sam. Gray." Well, when we come to think about it they are in the same class. This, of course, is a little late but it never too late to talk about a good thing.

**THAT** there are women in Bellefonte who imagine they have absolutely nothing to do but play cards while the time might be used in doing some good in the world, such as relieving friends who carry burdens that are almost too heavy to bear. The truth is that some women in Bellefonte are so conceited as to think card playing is the only occupation worthy of her special attention. Such a person is not only an infernal fool, but a fit subject for the Danville asylum, and should be kept there until her reason returns sufficient enough to give her a clear conception of life and the times, and her duty to those who are in need of her assistance. It doesn't matter who the woman is, whether she is as rich as Rockefeller or as poor as Lazarus, the application is the same.

**THAT** there are some people in Bellefonte who are now dining in palaces, but in eternity will become paupers and reside in a hut or hovel. Some of their wealth has been acquired by questionable means, and they live within the small circle of "self." They can fool the people, but he who holds the eternal destiny of man will some day require of them a just account of their business dealings here on earth. They will then rise up and curse the filthy lucre that once gave them so much enjoyment here but which is making it so uncomfortable for them there. They will also realize the great truth and significance of the scriptural injunction, "What does it profit a man though he gain the entire world and lose his soul." Now we are not trying to steal a march on any minister in Bellefonte, but are trying to picture the future destiny of those people here who are living in luxury and ease at the expense of those whom they have practically robbed, and are hiding behind the law.

**SHPODE YOHR.**  
De plienic tseit is now ferbi.  
Mer du'n der shrow-hute bol aweck  
Und groddia in de feldder hol.  
Und shoffa huls und kola bi.  
De dresh-macheen wore dorrie's lond;  
De bowora gaina in de melbi;  
Der poo-see piffel: "Es wart mer keel."  
Und travel'd noch en Summer lond.  
Oh, biendy seezer elder doh  
Mocht shmeac-soch of der Winder he;  
Der Jecky's souft de eppel-tree—  
Far Low'y drossu shapring ehr' no!  
De mosht al vols' l'ud und lang;  
Welsh-hawna luecka of der fence;  
De shuiter jabbera we de gens;  
Un's keshta shingwa iss im gung.  
Des iss es loeblich tseit fu'n yohr;  
"Sis oltas c' shoft, mer lueck sich he;  
De Polly habet mich of em gnee,  
Und rupt mich un der vhlsker hawr.  
Mer shwetza's lever, waeshit du, w'y  
Es iss en plienic wan mer denkt!  
We se hartz in en onner's henkt—  
De plienic tseit is net ferbi.  
Hi' denk moil-doh iss karpisa boy.  
Und brode und bud'e, biendy aw.  
Und dart en shena, leera fraw.  
Und dart en abler's shust' ful boy.  
Iss sell net plienic! Yahr, gawiss!  
Mer heb yoh plienic dawg far dawg.  
Es gone yahr rum. Sell's we ich sawg.  
(Ich denk leh griek mer'n net gawig.)  
From Penna. German poems, by "Solly Huls-  
beck" published by the Hawthorne Press,  
Elizabethville, Pa.

**LESSON FOR FARMERS**  
There are two valuable lessons to be learned from the experience of J. H. Funk, of Boyertown, who harvests this year 3,000 bushels of apples and 200 bushels of pears.  
While Mr. Funk's orchards are loaded with fruit to the value of many thousands of dollars, the trees of his neighbors who have not fought the scale are barren.  
Another lesson is the importance of raising apples, and other fruits in Pennsylvania.

This is a matter to which our farmers are waking up to some extent, but not so rapidly as we believe it would be to their interest to do. One reason for this undoubtedly is the length of time that must elapse before apples begin to bear but when they do the returns are bountiful.  
It is stated that Mr. Funk can now sell his apples for four dollars a barrel.  
By putting them in cold storage he expects to get from eight to nine dollars a barrel for them next Spring. The success of Mr. Funk and progressive farmers in other counties, especially in York and Franklin, has demonstrated that apples will thrive in Pennsylvania and bear as abundantly as any where and that there are magnificent opportunities for profit in their culture in this State.

**His Democratic Spirit**  
The coming of age of Miss Gladys Vanderbilt and the payment to her of twelve millions of dollars inheritance has brought out a new crop of anecdotes about the Vanderbilt fortune. One of the latest illustrates the democratic spirit of the old Commodore.  
Sitting on the porch of a hotel at a fashionable resort on one occasion, it is related, the Commodore saw a lady approaching with whom he was acquainted. His wife and daughter, who recognized her, could scarcely contain their anger when he arose and addressed her.  
"Don't you know," asked the daughter, after she had gone, "that horrid woman used to sell poultry to us?"  
"Yes" responded the old millionaire "and I remember when your mother sold root beer and I peddled oysters in New Jersey."

**It Pays To Advertise.**  
An exchange says: A newspaper has 5,000 readers for each 1,000 subscribers. A merchant who puts up for 1000 hand bills gets possibly 500 or 600 people to read them, that is, if the boy who distributes them does not chuck them under the sidewalk. The handbills cost as much as a half column advertisement in the home papers. All the women and girls and half the men and boys read the advertisement. Result—the merchant who uses the newspaper has 3,000 more reader to each thousand of the paper's issue. There is no estimating the amount of business that advertising does bring to a merchant, but that each dollar invested in advertising does bring to the investor somewhere from \$20 to \$300 worth of business there can be no doubt.

**"The Toymakers."**  
"The Toymakers" is the latest book written by Mr. Pidgin and he has also written the play which has been set to music and in twenty six lyrical numbers makes up a delicious musical comedy full of fun and frolic. A village toyshop in old England furnishes a rich background for this unique story of the mechanical doll; that was brought to life by electricity and performed the wonderful feats that astound and delight the villagers and also the audience. The fine company of singers, dancers and comedians "The Jollities" will give this jolly opera at the Garman Opera House on Friday, Nov. 15. Those who have read the book have a still greater treat in store and everyone will soon be singing these bright melodies.

**And There Are Giants Here.**  
Nittany valley has some tall samples of men, of a stature that requires "looking up to." Other sections of our county have men the order of Goliath, and we might mention Luther Riesel, of Gregg. But in the family of Less Swartz, of near Nittany station, there are two sons that can reach high for ripe fruit. The one young man towers six feet and two twinks and the other, six feet in the same direction. A mile farther up in Huhlersburg, is young Carner, who can reach higher than the Swartz boys, his height being six feet and four inches. Can our correspondents report to the Democrat "poles" as long or longer? Let's hear.

**Sons Join Fathers.**  
There is much more than passing political interest and significance in the statement made in a Philadelphia dispatch to the effect that the Sons of Veterans are joining the Civil War veterans in their protest against the defeat of the Cochran pension bill. The Sons of Veterans are both a strong and an active organization, and shall both deliver a telling blow of their own and wield a wide influence among the members of other organizations.

Sheat's appropriation bill put the finish for the defeat of the soldiers' pension bill.  
Every school boy knows that a kite would not fly unless it had a string tying it down. It is just so in life. The man who is tied down by half dozen blooming responsibilities and their mother, will make a higher and stronger flight than the bachelor, who having nothing to keep him steady, is always foundering in the mud. If you want to ascend in the world, tie yourself to somebody.

**OUTLAW JAMESON KILLED**  
**The Desperado Who Killed a Clinton Countyman Has Been a Fugitive.**  
The body of a dead man was found along the railroad at Deals' Run last week has been identified as that of Jameson, the notorious outlaw and fugitive from justice who several years ago killed a Renovo officer who attempted to arrest him in a cabin along the river between Druitwood and Renovo. Jameson shot the officer, and succeeded in making his escape, eluding the officers of the law although a reward was offered for his apprehension. The identification was made at the inquest by a man who claimed to have been well acquainted with Jameson previous to his murder of the Renovo officer, and who is positive that he is not mistaken. The evidence at the inquest showed that the man had in all probability been lying on the railroad track when struck by a train. Several empty bottles and two revolvers were found on the ground near the body Jameson originally came from Union county, and was raised in White Deer.

**HOMER CASTLE SUED.**  
**Lewis Emery Jr., Institutes Proceedings for Libel.**  
The echo of the gubernatorial battle of last year was heard in the Court Comm. Pleas, at Pitsburg, this week. Lewis Emery, Jr., fusion candidate for governor, instituted suit against Homer L. Castle, Prohibition nominee. The action is one for libel, based on speeches made by Mr. Castle during the campaign. Neither Mr. Emery nor his attorneys have anything to say concerning the proceedings.  
It is understood that suit is brought on account of a speech in which Mr. Emery connected Mr. Berry with manipulations by the Standard Oil company, and which also is charged, reflects on Mr. Berry's character.  
Homer Castle degenerated in that campaign into a tool for the machine and no abuse and villany was too low for him to use; now, let him suffer the penalty for his perfidy.

**Steam Whistle Arouses the Sleepers.**  
One night last week, about 2 o'clock, the men within a mile of McNitt & Hugett's stove mill, at Snyderstown in Nittany valley, were aroused from their slumbers by four whistles from the engine. The first blow, was little heeded; in a few seconds came another blast, and then a third and then a fourth, from the same engine, which created alarm and some hurried to the mill expecting there was a fire. Just before the whistle was blown, the night watchman observed a light on the mill premises and thinking some fellow had applied a match to start a fire among lumber piles, the watchman, true to his post, gave the alarm and soon men from nearby residences hurried to the mill to find that there was no fire at all. To clear up the affair, it is likely some one started a flame to fool the watchman into giving the alarm when he saw the light. Then again it may have been done to test the watchman's vigilance, and in this instance it proved he was found true to his duty.

**Remedy The Defects**  
The Owego Bridge Company of Owego, N. Y., have a mechanic at Beech Creek, at work on the new Hubbard bridge which failed to pass the inspection of the commissioners of Clinton and Centre counties made two weeks ago. This representative of the bridge company has torn out some of masonry of one of the abutments, the contract for which had been sublet to a Bellefonte contractor, and with several men employed by him, will make it good. Some bolts in the bridge are defective and will be replaced, and the bridge made perfectly level, a fault found with it due to one of the abutments not being true. While this work is being done the bridge is closed to travel. It will not require much time to remedy these minor defects when the bridge will be first class in every respect.

**Birthday Surprise.**  
Harry A. Tressler and daughter, Ver-na, gave a surprise party in honor of his wife's birthday, Sept. 24. She was taken away by Mrs. Ben. Fisher to a neighbors house, and while she was absent about fifteen of the guests assembled at her house; the guests were her mother, Mrs. A. Statton and her brother, John A. Statton and wife; Mrs. Will Romig, all of Rote; Mrs. Newton Brungard, of Salona; Mrs. George Lomison, of Mill Hill; Mrs. Robert Miller and son, Mrs. James Chambers, Mrs. Chas. Chambers, all of Lock Haven; Mrs. H. A. Long, Mrs. Ben. Fisher and Cora Fisher, of Nittany; Mrs. Harvey Lutz and Mrs. Lutz, of Snyderstown. Dinner was served at 12.30, which all seemed to enjoy, after which they departed for their homes. All claimed having had a nice time.

**31,021 Veterans Die in Year.**  
Death claimed 31,021 union civil war veterans and pensioners during the fiscal year ending June 30 last, according to advance figures of Pension Commissioner Warner's annual report. The total number of pensioners remaining on the rolls June 30 was 967,371, the smallest number in the last fifteen years. The amount disbursed for pensions last year was \$138,155,412, a decrease of \$844,576 from the preceding year. The total amount paid out for pensions on account of the civil war is now \$3,369,159,449, and the amount paid on account of the war with Spain and the insurrection in the Philippine Islands is \$18,909,512. During the year, 238,249 new claims were allowed and 60,583 rejected.

**Counting the Pieces of Mail.**  
A postoffice order has just been issued from the department at Washington, requiring that every piece of mail, no matter of what class, be counted during the week of October 12 to 19. All the important postoffices in the country will receive this order and be required to comply with its provisions. In addition to the above order another is to the effect that a record shall be kept during the same period of the amount of postage collected from publishers. To meet the requirements of these two orders the postoffice people will have a bunch of work on their hands during the week mentioned.

**Must Be Held Down a Little.**  
Every school boy knows that a kite would not fly unless it had a string tying it down. It is just so in life. The man who is tied down by half dozen blooming responsibilities and their mother, will make a higher and stronger flight than the bachelor, who having nothing to keep him steady, is always foundering in the mud. If you want to ascend in the world, tie yourself to somebody.

**SNITZING AND BUTTER BILINS.**  
This is the time of the year, in the good old days, when the young folks,—and some not so young—spent their evenings at the apple snitzings and apple butter bollings, in the homes of the country and village districts. These frolics were looked forward to with great eagerness and expectation by the lads and lassies. Alas,—those times are high oblivion. The snitzings and butter bilins live only in the memory of the brigade of the "three score and ten," that is, "when young". From a half to a dozen of these frolics, were a common thing in a neighborhood each night of a week, save Sunday. They were just as popular, as eagerly sought for, and as enjoyable, as your modern euchre parties and third class, hoodwings, for all that, of these progressive days. To walk two and three miles to such a gathering, was a matter of course. There were no vehicles at command then as now, nor automobiles as in these days of paint and bangs and diamonds, and cheat and cheap, frills and perquisites. But the enjoyment, sandwiched amid songs and games and telling stories and cracking jokes and going home with the damsels at early morn, all was as charming as anything, aye, far more so and real, than anything about your modern five dollar suppers, and "swing your partners" of these days. You just bet ten year's subscription to the Centre Democrat on that—we just know what we're speaking of—we were right there, sixty years ago, and later. Like the farm work, all is now done by machinery—that was not so, away back. From September through October these frolics of old, were in season, and the tipping of the light fantastic, to the song of, "What will we do with the Drunken Sailor, put him in a boat and row him over."  
**Dried Fruits. Use of Sulphuric Acid**  
The sale of California and other dried and evaporated fruits, containing sulphuric acid is a violation of pure food law adopted by the last legislature and persons who offer such fruits for sale will be promptly prosecuted. This in effect is a rule promulgated by State Dairy, and Food Commissioner. In consultation with his attorneys and representatives of the big wholesale dealers in these fruits.  
For the benefit of the retail trade and all parties interested the commissioners issued this statement:  
"It should be understood by the trade and the public that rule 2, specifically referring to meat and other articles of food, covers evaporated fruits and that if said fruits contain any added substance or ingredient, which is poisonous or injurious to health such as sulphuric acid, the sale thereof will be treated as a violation of the law."  
**Sheatz Buttons.**  
The old soldiers are still after Sheatz, for Wednesday evening a supply of buttons upon which was photographed the picture of Sheatz, the Machine candidate for state treasurer, arrived in Contingham to be distributed among the members of Colonel Stacy post, G. A. R., and General Ario Pardee camp, Sons of Veterans.  
Both organizations refused to accept them, saying sheatz was opposed to the soldiers' pension bill, passed by the last legislature, and which was vetoed by the governor.  
The majority of the members of these organizations have always been stalwart Republicans, but they are out to knife Sheatz this year, and they wield a powerful influence.

**SAME OLD PLEA.**  
No one has attacked Mr. Sheatz's honesty, and it is admitted that he has shown some independence at times. But that, as we have heretofore stated, was equally true of Samuel W. Pennypacker when he was named for governor. Candidate Sheatz, like old Pennypacker, was nominated by the machine, and is supported by it today. His action in voting for the press muzzle and as chairman of the appropriations committee, and in agreeing to the retention of Chairman Andrews, showed Penrose and the other machine leaders that they had nothing to fear from him in the office of State treasurer.

**TRUST PROFITS.**  
FOR THE first time in the long and turbulent history of the Standard Oil an authoritative statement of the enormous profits it has wrung from the American people was obtained to-day, and shows that in the years from 1890 to 1900 inclusive the octopus cleared that enormous sum of \$498,315,934—close to a half billion dollars.  
These figures show that the Trust's profits were over three times as great as the entire bonded debt of all the States in the Union, about \$150,000,000 in round numbers; greater than the entire indebtedness.  
The bachelor is often a man with a single idea.

**Tonsiline Cures Sore Throat**  
The throat is one of the most delicate parts of the body. It is also one of the most important, and should be given the best possible care.  
The throat is the gateway to the body. The air we breathe, the food we eat, the liquids we drink, all pass through it. It is very easily affected by cold, strain, exposure, etc., and Sore Throat is therefore one of our most common ailments. Strangely enough, it is also one of the most neglected.  
Sore Throat is a very serious matter, for the whole system is in danger in consequence of it.  
Every Sore Throat patient is a candidate for Tonsillitis, Quinsy, Diphtheria and other serious or fatal diseases, all of which can positively be prevented by the timely cure of the Sore Throat by the use of TONSILINE.  
If taken in time a dose or two will do it.  
TONSILINE is made to cure throat diseases and nothing else. It is the only remedy for this purpose sold largely in the United States. Every user endorses it; every physician, knowing its virtues, commends it.  
The one most important thing to remember about TONSILINE is the fact that it really does cure Sore Throat.  
All druggists, 25c and 50c bottles.  
The Tonsiline Co., Canton, Ohio.

**Deserves Support.**  
William Pheelin, a prominent business man, of Osceola, Clearfield county, has announced himself as a candidate for assembly. He is a staunch democrat and is very popular in his locality. Should he receive the nomination there is hardly any question but what he would be elected. He would make a representative of which the voters of the county could be proud.



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**SATURDAY, OCT 5**  
Our Fall and Winter stock is complete. Come and see our prices for  
**SATURDAYS ONLY**  
Men's Heavy Fleece Shirts and Drawers, 50c kind... 39c  
Ladies' Heavy Ribbed Vests and Pants... 23c  
Outings, all colors... .5c yd sp  
Unbleached Muslin, 8c kind... 6c yd  
Floor Oil Cloth, 1 yd wide... at 29c yd  
Same, 1 1/2 yds wide... at 43c yd  
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