

FRANCIS SPEER'S Breezy "Chat" Column

THAT the only use some fellows in Bellefonte have for water is to wash and swim in.

THAT if milk in Bellefonte goes much higher the cream will have hard work to rise to the top of it.

THAT the only sure income some men in Bellefonte have is between 1 and 2 o'clock in the morning.

THAT there are men in Bellefonte who, when money talks, would sit up every night in the week and listen.

THAT Delaun Stuart, of Bellefonte, says it was fair weather every day last week whether it rained or not.

THAT nothing pleases a large woman in Bellefonte better than to have some man call her a dear little girl.

THAT most any husband in Bellefonte will tell you that it is better to be single and dream than be married and wake up.

THAT if a certain man in Bellefonte should fall dead on the street it wouldn't be a great surprise. He has been taking too much tea.

THAT "Shorty" Knisely, who is a pretty good Indian, says that some people in Bellefonte smoke cigars while others smoke ham.

THAT they say that all a certain girl in Bellefonte married a young man for was to have somebody to button her waist down the back.

THAT some people in Bellefonte don't know the difference between heaping coals of fire on the head and throwing cinder in the eyes.

THAT if the stork would call in Bellefonte families where they have nothing to kiss but a pet dog we believe it would be more satisfactory.

THAT Bellefonte has in it a number of girls and women who are such confirmed gum chewers that they would keep it up even into the jaws of death.

THAT a certain young lady in Bellefonte on hearing that one of her sex was going to get married said: "I am glad of it. I never did like that girl."

THAT there are many discussions about keeping young men on the Centre county farms. Eight cent milk and dearer pies ought to be some inducement.

THAT when a woman in Bellefonte takes a cologne bath it is a pretty good sign that she is not as straight as she might be. The evidence is strongly against her.

THAT we might just say here that it is a very difficult task for any minister in Bellefonte to revive a church when it needs a resurrection. It is simply a waste of time.

THAT if Willie likes that Spring township girl he should marry her. Now's his chance for he will never get another one who will love him with all her heart as this one does.

THAT there will be a busy time once more in the Ananias club, of Bellefonte. Hunting season has opened and up to this time there have been some awful thrilling experiences.

THAT there is nothing so amusing to men of brains and intelligence in Bellefonte as to see a little man who feels big in a medium or ordinary position; in fact it is really laughable.

THAT they say that there is a woman in Bellefonte who must think there is something radically wrong about the young man who calls to see her frequently, as she is buying him medicine.

THAT there are two young women in Bellefonte who talk frequently across the back yard gate, have stirred up more gossip and neighborhood trouble than a Hague peace conference could amicably settle.

THAT it is said that there is a young lady in Bellefonte who is going to bring suit against a hotel keeper because the waiter put salt in her ice water. She regards that as an insultation that she is too fresh.

THAT a fashion item says that sleeves will be worn longer in the near future. If that will add to the cost of a woman's dress, we feel pretty certain that the average man in Bellefonte will wear his trousers longer.

THAT we never believed the story that the cow jumped over the moon, but judging from the high price of meat in Bellefonte we have come to the conclusion that the story is about right. Now listen at the meat dealers barking.

THAT one of the nicest suburbs of Bellefonte is Bush's addition, and the fellow who goes out there to live, in the near future will need a silk hat, frock coat, a baby carriage and a moving machine.

THAT there are some men in Bellefonte who are getting along splendidly in life but who never would have been worth a penny if it hadn't been for their wives who just forced them to be what they are. That's so much in favor of the woman.

THAT it is said that there is a woman in Bellefonte who had a good time last summer, but as winter is drawing near, and coal is too dear to buy, she is wondering why she spent so much on her summer vacation. She is not the only one in this predicament.

THAT Arthur Beezer, of Bellefonte, is now spending a good portion of his spare time on north Thomas street, probably learning the art of how to run a locomotive successfully. Arthur is a good boy and is quick to learn almost anything, even to operating a porch swing.

THAT the young lady seen the other night on North Spring street waited a long time before the fellow turned up, but he finally got there. The surprising feature about it was he was a married man. It is said they both live in the South Ward. What they did can probably be better imagined than told here.

THAT one of these days you may hear of something happening to John Martin, the efficient book keeper for Albert Schrad, the Bellefonte plumber. It will be something that he will prize infinitely more than a square acre. His good fortune might be in his getting a long acre. That would be o. k.

THAT they are in certain sections of Bellefonte the woman in Black every now and then, makes her appearance. We will just give this person a little healthy advice. She should stay in the house and mind her own business or Frank Nagney or Hard Harris, the undertakers, might be called to prepare her body for a hotter climate.

DER HAWS. Im spode yohr wun der reifa coonit Und farcht der bush rode, gale und brow We der momm era keishner frock. Und der Nari Wind wein d'um hous-ek run. Und de morya laft, las kolt und rowt. Shlapt der haws drook ram im welskharn shock.

No denk Ich ois un selle tsait. We Ich en bu much wore derhame Nae haws roch lone en rody dawg. Wan der airst shnae follt bin Ich net wide Fun en haws si g'spuor drous in der late. Und farcht dich d'ehr coonit net d'art.

"Now sic 'im Jack, here doh, here doh." D'art gald ehr in en hoier black. We en shrawla fiend wedder-lach. Und rous und hoopet op we en d'io. M'itna tawel bing of em rack. We en patch kadu wise op-galaeche.

Im glofter huls d'art shlapt ehr el. Gons naiva drous un em fu in feld. Ue der trush awfont. "Sic, sic 'em Jack. 'Sic en grosse ergetemem h'ina dri. Und der hund yawgt noeh und blaft und scheld.

Mit der naws im shune im haws si track. Der Jack watch doh und Ich gae rum Un's onner end, -d'art buckt ehr now. Und Ich lung yushd oi und taege en rou. 'Sic en oilar lachle! Wun Ich hars coon. Sawgt de momm: "Ehr's yoh so fet we'n rowt."

Und der Jack und Ich gane ni un's boss. Es but mich 's'hwitzet--'s'is ken g'raspheel Nae haws roch lone en rody dawg. Und en g'ingt mer hart wan's ni d'ale ware Das Ich shofa mist we in dem deal. Oever en haws is gude--s'el's wos Ich sawg. Wan mer ain so hart fardente we dare.

From Penna. German poems, by "Solly Huls-buck" published by the Hawthorne Press, Elizabethville, Pa.

Real Estate Transfer.

Henry Fry to Bruce J. Miller, Sept. 17, 1907; 280 sq. perches in Harris twp. \$70.

Herbert W. Reeder to Michael O'Neil, Aug. 7, 1907; premises in Howard twp. \$300.

Commonwealth Penna. to Jacob Frantz, July 3, 1907; 50 acres in Worth twp. \$1500.

James Harris et ux to Bellefonte Lumber Co., Oct. 7, 1907; premises in Bellefonte. \$1.

W. T. Foster et al to Chas. L. Kenoske, Sept. 21, 1907; lot in College twp. \$100.

A. W. Kennedy to Sarah H. Kennedy, Sept. 25, 1907; premises in Rush twp. \$1500.

Rosetta Wingard to F. W. Wingard, Sept. 24, 1907; three tracts of land in Penn twp. \$900.

Leah Wetler et ux et al to Henry Thompson, April 8, 1907; 117 1/2 perches \$800.

State Road A Failure.

According to a leading editorial in the Lock Haven Times, of last week, the state road completed in 1904 was a thing of beauty but not a joy forever. The following is an extract:

The road which was made at great expense should not now demand any great amount of repairs as is the case with the Castanea road. It should have been built for wear. The material for a first class road was handy and at command of the builder. It was predicted at the time it would not last. The predictions have proven to be correct. The road is now in a really bad condition, sadly in need of repairs. The same predictions are made regarding the road between Flemington and Mill Hill.

We hear the same predictions regarding the state road between Bellefonte and Milesburg. In every enterprise there are "boosters" and "knockers" and time alone will tell which is right.

The Bucktail Monument.

It is officially announced by the commission that the contract for the erection of the monument at Driftwood, commemorating the plane from which the Bucktails departed for the Civil war, has been awarded to Messrs. John M. Gesler & Sons of Philadelphia. The monument will be of Vermont Brrie granite, nine feet high and seven feet at the base, says the Driftwood Gazette. The stone will be rough or "hammered," and will be surmounted by a bronze statue of a Bucktail as he was when he left our shores to engage in the manufacture of American history. This bronze figure will be six feet high, making the entire structure fifteen feet from top to bottom. The four sides of the monument will contain bronze tablets with appropriate inscriptions.

Advice For Hunters.

Be very careful not to empty the burning contents of your pipe or throw matches and cigar stumps among the dry leaves, and when you build a fire in the woods, be sure it is extinguished before you leave. The destruction done by forest fires is enormous. Always remember you cannot use too much care in the use of guns in the woods, for your own safety as well as others. And last but not least, do not do any damage on farm lands over which you hunt; show your appreciation of the farmer's kindness in permitting you to hunt on his land, by being very careful not to destroy anything and always remember to be as much a gentleman in the woods as at any other place.

Monument for McClay.

Governor Stuart has appointed Prof. Daniel P. Stapleton, county superintendent, Dr. George G. Groff, of Bucknell University, and Hon. Horace P. Glover, of Millinburg, a commission to erect a monument to the memory of ex-U. S. Senator Samuel McClay, who is buried on the Green farm, near Dreibach, in Union county. An appropriation of \$1,000 was made by the legislature. This is worthy as a Quay monument would have been unworthy.

Where Will They Sleep?

The Milton Standard says that Shamokin has secured the firemen's convention for next year. Now the question is "What are they going to do with it?" Not strictly with the convention but with the people the convention will bring to that city. Statistics show that the lowest attendance for the past ten years has been 13,000.

Apples and cider are abundant in Union county. The Lewisburg Journal says: With the enormous apple crop in Union county many owners of apple orchards are turning their apples into cider, finding a better market than with the raw fruit. Cider is bringing about five cents per gallon in quantity in the market. One farmer predicts to the Journal that many car loads of apples will be shipped from this section into other states before the season is over.

Seeing Vesuvius.

By JAMES LEWIS.

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Robert Gaston was a bachelor of thirty-eight and was known to be fairly wealthy. He was a clubman in a conservative way. He was also a patron of the theater, but not of actresses. Now and then he made a bet on a horse race or an election, but he did not ride to the bounds or participate in wild revelry. He was a bachelor of good character, and why he did not marry was something no fellow could find out.

Nothing is a mystery to one who knows. Mr. Gaston knew that he was simply waiting for the right woman to come along and arouse the romance in his nature. That he had romance he felt quite sure, but that the right woman would come he had begun to doubt. He had prevented a girl in financial distress from leaping into the river, but she was older than he and did not appeal to him. He had stopped a runaway cab horse and saved the woman inside the vehicle, but she turned out to be a bachelor girl, who coldly thanked him and said that she was about to vault on to the horse's back and stop him herself. At a theater panic one night he had seized a pretty girl in his arms and hustled her out, but she had told him that she was already engaged and had offered him a dollar in cash for his exertions.

Between the ages of twenty-five and thirty-eight Mr. Gaston had had at least fifteen narrow escapes from calling up that slumbering romance that would lead to admiration and love, and he had finally come to the conclusion that it would have to be something out of the beaten track and might never happen at all.

How little do we know what a day may bring forth! On a certain Sunday Mr. Gaston sat in the smoking room of his club and read the six volume Sunday papers and was satisfied and content. On Monday he decided to sail for Italy and see the volcano of Vesuvius in operation. No one had ever suspected him of a partiality for volcanoes. He had not rushed off to the Johnstown flood or the Galveston disaster or the Baltimore fire. He had never been known to attend a prize fight or pay a visit to the morgue, and he had once turned pale at sight of a bleeding finger on the hand of a club waiter, but now he wanted to sail far away and see a volcano belching destruction for twenty miles around. Such is man!

Five days from the date of making his decision Mr. Gaston sailed for Naples. His steamer was not overcrowded. He would find plenty of standing room at the deck rail when he reached port. This would be one of the occasions when the front seats were not reserved for ladies. It was two days before the old bachelor suddenly discovered that there was an extremely good looking young woman aboard in charge of the cabin. His heart gave one jump, and then he turned away. He was off to see volcanoes and not to look after comely women. Besides, the captain whispered to him that Miss Davison did not care to make acquaintances on the voyage. By way of revenge Mr. Gaston did not stare at her at the table, as did all the other passengers.

Four days had passed, and he had met Miss Davison face to face a dozen times, and neither had seemed to see the other. Then he passed her vacant steamer chair and found her purse lying where she had carelessly left it. Finding a lady's purse, whether on land or sea, calls for immediate action. Mr. Gaston was in search of the captain to hand it over, with contents untouched, when he met the young lady face to face and had the hardihood to address her. She at once responded smilingly. Yes, it was her purse, and she was under a thousand obligations, and so they introduced themselves to each other and sat down for a chat.

She had told the captain that she didn't care for introductions, but she was willing to make an exception in Mr. Gaston's case. Mr. Gaston was on board for the express purpose of going to Naples to see a volcano humping itself and hadn't expected to speak to a woman en route, but he was also willing to make a solitary exception. There were many other chats, but it was not until the last day out that Miss Davison solved a problem that was puzzling the bachelor. She was going to Italy to claim a large estate left by her grandmother. She had the papers with her. She was an orphan and had no relative to come with her, and her New York lawyer and her maid had accidentally been left behind when the steamer sailed. She must go to a hotel in Naples and wait for them, though she would be in consultation with an Italian lawyer meanwhile, and some preliminary steps could be taken. The romance that had been buried deep in the heart of the old bachelor began to thaw out. It thawed and bubbled and rose to the surface. It begot admiration. Mr. Gaston wouldn't have made a wager that it wouldn't end in begetting love. The thing that was needed had come to him at last. On arrival at Naples the captain took Miss Davison to a certain hotel, and Mr. Gaston went to another, but of course Mr. Gaston could call at any proper hour. He did call.

There was old Vesuvius belching away and scattering ashes and fireworks all around, and hundreds feared that Naples must be destroyed, but he was not among them. He was falling in love with Miss Davison, and Naples must stand. Together the two saw the old hill doing her stunt, but their talk was mostly in regard to that grandmother's fortune. It amounted to millions of dollars, and Miss Davison was the only heir. It would be a great responsibility for her, and she almost dreaded getting the money. Alone in the world and immensely wealthy, how could she tell whether a man sought her hand for love or the long green?

At this point Mr. Gaston reached out and took her hand and said something in reply, but as there happened to be an eruption just then—a sound like ten thousand mad bulls bellowing at once—the young lady never caught the words. She took them to mean something at least brotherly, however, and hung to his arm a little more tightly. Mr. Gaston was now in love. He was ready to bet a new hat on it. He was ready to propose marriage. He was willing to bet two hats on that. He must go a little slow, because he was no fortune hunter and wanted the girl to satisfy herself on that point.

A week passed, and then Miss Davison received a cablegram from her lawyer stating that he would be detained two weeks longer and that she should begin preliminary proceedings in the suit. Mr. Gaston did not see the cablegram, but he did see the lawyer who called on the helress, Miss Davison insisted that he should be present at the interview as the only dear friend she had in all Italy. Vesuvius belched and roared and threw rocks over 200 feet high, but the interview took place just the same. The lawyer went over the case, which was a sure thing. It was as sure as that an American trust company could run the price of potatoes up a dollar a barrel and not go to jail for it.

Everything was ready to begin business, but there would be need of money—quite a bit of money. Being a foreigner, Miss Davison must put up \$10,000 before filing the suit, and then there would be need of \$5,000 additional to bribe officials and get the papers started on the right road. The American lawyer would bring the money when he came, but that would mean more delay. When you are going for millions left by your grandmother, you can't begin too quick. If you fool around too long, a hundred other heirs will rise from their graves to hold out their avaricious paws. When the lawyer had departed, Miss Davison was almost in tears. She hadn't the cash to advance. Her lawyer was taking the case on a chance, and \$1,000 was all she could raise. She succeeded in choking back a few sobs and then suddenly smiled and said it would make no great difference. If she had not the money, that must end it.

Right there was where Mr. Gaston spoke his little piece. He had loved her from the instant he found the nurse in the steamer chair, and now that he could be of use to her his love welled up like a spring on the Catskill mountains. He would advance the money to the lawyer. She must not say him nay. He wanted her for his wife, but he would not make a formal proposal until she had had time to study him and make sure that he was no grafter or sordid wretch. She protested, but he insisted. Even while she protested he left her dear presence to fix things with the lawyer. You may be in Naples and your bank account in New York, but things can be fixed in a day to transfer any sum named.

The next day as Mr. Gaston came into the presence of the one loved she blushed and returned the pressure of his hand. Old Vesuvius still whanged away, but she was quiet compared with Gaston's heart. For one day only! On his next call he found the helress missing. After anxious inquiry he learned that she had taken the train for Genoa. He might have telegraphed and had her and the fake lawyer arrested, but he decided not to do so. He had loved and lost, and without another look at the famous volcano he took the steamer for New York. When his club friends asked him to describe what he had seen, he said there was nothing to describe. To one man only did he open his bleeding heart, and he was somewhat comforted to hear the other exclaim:

"The deuce you say! Why, the same girl got \$10,000 of my good money in the same way last summer! Glad I'm not the only easy mark in this old world!"

At a recent examination a British candidate in the London College of Music defined a musical interval as "a short pause for refreshments."

Sore Throat Wisdom If every mother could realize the real danger that lurks behind every case of sore throat, she wouldn't rest until she had effected a cure every time a child has it.

Your family physician will verify the statement that it is a positive fact that every child with sore throat is in immediate danger of contracting Croup, Quinsey, Tonsillitis or Diphtheria, and is not removed from that danger until the throat is cured. (Think of it! Liniments or outward application of medicines do not and cannot cure the ailment, though they may offer temporary relief. Neither can you cure sore throat with a cough syrup or a cold cure.)

To cure, you must get at the seat of the disease, removing the cause. Nothing does so quickly, safely and surely as TONSILINE. A single dose of TONSILINE taken upon the first appearance of sore throat may save long weeks of sickness, great expense, worry, even death. TONSILINE is the stitch in time.

Use a little sore throat wisdom and buy a bottle of TONSILINE today. You may need it tomorrow.

TONSILINE is the standard sore throat remedy—best known and most effective and most used. Look for the long necked fellow on the 25 or 60 cent sized bottle when you go to the drug store to get it.

The Tonsiline Co., Canton, Ohio.

THAT James Clark, of Bellefonte, says that marriage is not a lottery. A man can stay out of a lottery all night without being called names.

THAT the young man in Bellefonte who wishes to become popular, the easiest way we know is to make a noise like a wad of money.



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