

FRANCIS SPEER'S Breezy "That" Column

THAT that young girl loves Robert Cole, Jr., dearly. THAT the man in Bellefonte who is crooked, is apt to go straight to the bad. THAT George Fisher, of Boalsburg, wants to know when a baby is not a baby? THAT the fellow in Bellefonte who shoots off his mouth, never runs out of ammunition. THAT there is a place in Bellefonte where everything goes—Caseberg's jewelry store. THAT there are men who are about as much use to the community as a last year's bird's nest. THAT George Lose, of Bellefonte, says the best way to make a horse fast is to neglect to feed him. THAT Harry Holtz, of Bellefonte, thinks that a woman can drive a bargain better than she can a nail. THAT when there is no expense connected with it, some men in Bellefonte are exceedingly sympathetic. THAT some women in Bellefonte who want to walk a mile or two occasionally should go out in an automobile. THAT Orin Miller, of Bellefonte, can tell you what sort of a coat is finished and put on wet—a coat of plaster. THAT some men in Bellefonte are never as rich as they feel, especially after storing away about fourteen drinks. THAT someone asked how Hugh Crier, of Bellefonte, learned to swim? He practiced the motions under his automobile. THAT George M. Boal, postmaster at Centre Hall, says the reason you can't send a letter to Washington is because he is dead. THAT if you give a member of the "Poo poo" Gang in Bellefonte a chance he will meet every misfortune in life with a "smile." THAT the reason some homes in Bellefonte are minus children, is that the wife is awfully afraid the baby will cut into her games of euchre. THAT some girls in Bellefonte may not know how to play a piano but they know how to touch the strings of a young man's heart, all right. THAT John Bryan, of Bellefonte, says that a long sickness results either in death or a large doctor bill. It puts a man in a hole either way. THAT it is a sound fact there are people in Bellefonte who are enjoying the luxuries of life but need the money for the common necessities of life. THAT Jim Toner, of Bellefonte, one of the best livertons this side of the Rocky mountains, says that religion doesn't cut very much ice in a horse trade. THAT Robb, the Howard livertman, wants to know if a woman hangs clothes on a clothes line, why a man shouldn't hang checks on a check line? THAT the beautiful snow is a cold proposition to everybody in Bellefonte, except Joe Montgomery, R. B. Taylor and E. K. Rhoads, the coal dealers. THAT many a woman in Bellefonte worries more about not being able to pay a social call than she does about being able to pay the butcher, or the grocer. THAT the man in Bellefonte who has a comfortable house, a good furnace and sufficient coal in the cellar, and who is not called upon for margins ought to be happy. THAT when a young lady in Bellefonte likes cigarette smoke in the house its a sure sign she isn't married yet, but is making a big effort to have a wedding at her home. THAT it would be a good thing if some women in Bellefonte had whiskers on their nose like cats, so that they could tell when they were getting into other people's business. THAT when two young ladies on Linn street, Bellefonte, fell in love with a certain young man there was afterwards a falling out. It's a pity that the young man hasn't two hearts. THAT the accomplished liar in Bellefonte is the man who can make up a story that will suit the case and give himself a great boost. This is the fellow who often gets the horse laugh. THAT it is stated that the other day a Bellefonte gentleman while in the barber chair looked out the window and saw his tailor coming. He requested the tonsorial artist to lather him thoroughly. THAT the other day a young man got in the chair in Milt Kern's barber shop when the tonsorial artist said: "You're pretty young to be so bald, sir." The man in the chair replied: "Can't help it. I was born bald." THAT Dave Foreman, one of the obliging officials in the court house, says that a genius is a fellow who doesn't know how to build a fire in the cook stove, especially when the thermometer is 30 degrees below zero. THAT a certain young man in Bellefonte would do well to get his wife away in some secluded home where she hasn't so many temptations to go wrong. If he keeps his eyes open he can discover the full import of this fact. THAT they say there is a man out in Benner twp. who had better tend to his family affairs and leave other women alone. He's a pretty sleek duck, but not quite sleek enough. As the old saying goes: "They are onto him." THAT it is said the other night a lady on Bishop st., Bellefonte, awakened from her slumbers about midnight and said to her husband, "What if burglars should steal me and demand a million for my ransom, what would you do?" Husband—"Quit your kidding, I want to sleep." THAT if every man in Bellefonte who quarreled with his wife and said naughty things to her, were put to jail and fined, Henry Kline, the sheriff, could buy the best farm in Pennsylvania. "Hen" would just like to have "snit" like that. There are fellows in Bellefonte who pray in prayer meeting who go home and raise the "devil" with their wives. THAT Samuel Wetzel, of Bellefonte one of the best mechanics in wood in Pennsylvania, says that the man who does nothing but build air castles has the consolation of knowing that he will never be troubled with labor strikes. While this is true, "Sam" is remaining single for he is certain that he will never be troubled with flat irons and rolling pins flying around his head like so many buzzards.

HEND IN DE SECK De lett hen oll vacashun g'hot De Summer tseit iss fart De klinner drulla noch der shule Und warra gude ga-gart: De luft iss keeler feicht und keel. So du'n mer koin' week. Und gaina unser bizness noch Mit de hend in de seck. De micka hen de rumadiz Und nobia shifte doh rum. Em Jeck si nawwa shpunda rind' Ehr but der shmeyer shun: Es geht en reifa alle nocht. Un's nempt shun malter deek. Far's is de tseit wun's fashun iss Far de hend in de seck. De blumma sin oll weik und dote. De fegei sin oll fart. Except en shpetzel he und doh. Mer hen de shnitz gadart: De lett sin nimme ut der porech. De loafer net um eck. Und yaders fesselt feisch fart Mit de hend in de seck. De effa missa widder uf Und sell coont we en shrofe. De fact ry vissle week'd em uf Yusst wun's un beshtia shlof'd: De fraw coont mit em basum-shiel Und butzt shpode zoh'r dreck. Und 's is net safe sa-gooka, yusst Mit de hend in de seck. Mer hen de keshita uf der haerd. De hickerniss in seck. De gens sin sheer got fet gaunk Far uf der butcher block. Mer hondia seida uf flau-nel. Fly-nets far liver-reck. Und karassera in der kich Mit de hend in de seck. Der mush kucht uf em effa doh. Mer hucka oll drum rum. Der barriek dart-rodde, gree und guld. Gookt we en harebust blum: Mer shoft net feel un dalra tseit. Und shleicht in's keller eck. Und wateh der eider shofta dart: Mit de hend in de seck. Ieh hob shun monich mohi gadenkt. Wun's shpode johr wart und keel. Und menner gane era bizness noch. Des las ken falrer deal: Wos dun' de weib's-leit far de keid? We wella se fu'm aliend' week: Far wos inventa se ken waig Far de hend in de seck: (From Penna. German poems, by "Solly Huisback" published by the Hawthorne Press, Elizabethtown, Pa.) Almost Failed to Get Married. A dispatch from Elmira, N. Y., says that Acting Recorder Buchanan performed the first wedding ceremony in his life Saturday, Nov. 9, when he united a young and comely Pennsylvania couple in his inner office, Miss Shultz, of Curtin and Jacob Shay, of Howard. Neither one of the pair knew how near they came to being held for identification, however. The inspector received word from Canandaigua in the morning to be on the lookout for an eloping couple. The girl was described as wearing a "brown" suit with brown hat and with a squirrel fur neck piece, and it was stated that she was seventeen years old and wore rather short dresses. The man was described as being tall and dressed in black clothes with derby. When the Penna couple came into police headquarters Inspector Kennedy thought at first that they were the pair from Canandaigua. The bride wore the brown suit, brown hat, but she didn't have the squirrel neckpiece. The man was dressed in black, but he had a black soft hat instead of a black derby. On closer inspection it was found that the bride was certainly over eighteen years old and their happiness was not marred by detention. The description tallied very closely however. Real Estate Transfers. James K. Boak et al to M. F. Loy, Oct. 14, 1907; 1 acre 88 perches in Burnside twp. \$500. S. W. Waite to Wm. Kerstetter, Aug. 10, 1907; 1 lot in Spring twp. \$62.50. H. R. Fetterolf executor, to G. C. King, Aug. 24, 1907; 69 perches in Spring Mills. \$65. Sara E. Philips et baron to G. C. King, Sept. 10, 1906; 91 perches in Spring Mills. \$375. Wm. Auman to G. C. King, Sept. 18, 1906; 1 lot in Spring Mills. \$150. Geo. S. Frank executor to W. S. Breon, March 30, 1907; three tracts of land containing 69 acres 34 perches in Penn twp. \$3107.60. Geo. S. Frank executor to Annie Keen March 30, 1907; premises in Millheim. \$700. Wm. Kramer et ux to Henry Snavely April 6, 1907; 6 acres 11 perches in Penn twp. \$32. Frances M. Curtin et baron to B. Weber Thomas, Nov. 7, 1907; lots 29-30 3 1/4 in Howard boro. \$525. Berry for Governor. Because State Treasurer William H. Berry went to Pittsburg to have a talk with Colonel James M. Guffey and Honer L. Castle, the story has been set afloat that he wants to be a candidate for governor on a local option platform. Mr. Berry was asked how he found things politically since the state election, and replied: "I can say this: I have found a stronger sentiment for local option than I had ever thought existed. In some places I have found a strong sentiment for local option where I least expected it." Moral Training. Professor Brumbaugh, superintendent of the public schools of Philadelpha, contends that the teaching of sex morality is one of the urgent needs of our modern educational system. Very true. Children need moral training even more than education. Without moral training all the teaching would be worthless. In many business offices fire buckets are placed, filled with water in readiness for an emergency. It is seldom that instructions for use are pinned near the supply. The wrong way to tackle an incipient fire is (usually) to hurl the whole contents of a bucket on the spot. Most of the water is wasted by this means. A heavy sprinkling is more effective. The water may be splashed on the blaze by hand, but a more useful sprinkler is a long-haired whitewash brush. One of these should hang beside every nest of fire buckets.

The Scrap Book

Wonderfully Made. "What makes it fly so?" asked a little Boston maiden as her mother brushed her hair. "It is the electricity. Don't you know that there is electricity in your hair?" replied her mother. "Well, mamma, aren't we wonderfully made? Here I am with electricity in my hair and grandma has gas in her stomach!" SUCCESS. There is no moment when a man may stand And scan the mirror of his life and say The issue of my effort is at hand; I reach the summit of success today. For as we dream of bliss that is to be Or sorrow for the loss of youth's sweet power, So with success. Its light no man may see. It shineth on some spent-or misspent hour. —May Austin. Introducing an Old Friend. General Grosvenor, the Republican war horse of Ohio, was billed to speak in Pittsburg. When it was time to introduce the general the chairman arose and said: "Ladies and gentlemen, I need hardly say to you that we are particularly fortunate tonight in having with us one of the greatest Republicans of our sister state, Ohio. We are to have the pleasure of listening to a man whose name is a household word in Pittsburg, who has fought for us the battle of protection, upon which so much of Pittsburg's material prosperity depends. You all know him. Everybody in Pittsburg respects and honors him. He is our friend. His name is on all our lips. Friends, I now have the pleasure of introducing to you that sterling patriot, that rock ribbed Republican, that eminent statesman, General—General—Gen'— The chairman flushed, stammered, wiped his forehead nervously and then blurted, "General Gossamer of Ohio." Depends on the Yard. English John and Pat were constantly titling, each one trying to outwit the other. "Are you good at measurement?" asked John. "I am that," said Pat. "Then could you tell me how many shirts I could get out of a yard?" "Sure it depends on whose yard you get into."—Ladies' Home Journal. A Case In Point. "No man is so bad that there is not a little of the angel left in him," said the minister. "Yes, that's so," replied the deacon. "Remember Spilkins? Everybody thought he was about the worst man on earth. Why, his own mother wouldn't come to his funeral! Well, sir, I've been told a thousand times a month for the last five years that Spilkins was the only real saint that ever lived." "My goodness!" "I married Spilkins' widow," sorrowfully continued the deacon. No Cause For Complaint. A young artist in Washington generally makes up for his lack of technique by spreading color recklessly and counting on distance for the effect. At an amateur exhibition he once hung one of his most extraordinary performances. "Well," said a friend whom the artist had taken to see the work, "I don't want to flatter you, old chap, but that is far and away the best stuff you have ever done. I congratulate you." The artist was receiving the compliment with becoming modesty when he chanced again to glance at the picture. The committee had hung it upside down! Hurrying to the head of the committee, he was about to launch into a loud complaint when he was informed of the good news that an hour before the picture had been sold for \$61. The original price mark had been \$19.—Lippincott's. Job Outdone. Sir Henry Hawkins was once presiding over a long, tedious trial and was listening apparently with great attention to a long winded speech from a learned counsel. After awhile he made a pencil memorandum, folded it and sent it by the usher to the queen's counsel in question, who, unfolding the paper, found these words: "Patience competition. Gold medal. Sir Henry Hawkins. Honorable mention. Job." The Parable of the Innocent Pup. During the excitement in congress after the Maine was blown up in Havana harbor Representative McCleary of Minnesota made a speech in which he said that the sending of the Maine to Cuban waters at that time was practically an act of war and that some such catastrophe might have been expected. The speech was not popular. McCleary was criticised everywhere. Speaker Reed, who was in the chair at the time the speech was made, spoke to Representative Tawney, also of Minnesota, about it next day. "Jim," said Reed, "what's the matter with McCleary?" "Nothing that I know of," replied Tawney. "He reminds me," said Reed, "of the Kansas dog that tackled a cyclone. A family from the east moved to Kansas, and they didn't know much about cyclones. They had a dog, a fresh, innocent pup, bred in the effete and windless east. One day a cyclone came along. The folks scooted for the cyclone cellar, but the dog, being an eastern product, didn't understand. He halted the advent of the cyclone with joyous barks and started off to tackle it. The result was that when that cyclone did business with that dog, which charged down upon it with open jaws, the dog was blown plumb inside out. After the cyclone passed along and the folks came out of the cellar they found the dog there, picturesque, but of no further value as a dog. The farmer surveyed the dog ruefully. He was a good dog and hated to lose him. Then the foolishness of the dog struck him, and he said wrathfully: 'There, but ye! That's what comes of keepin' your mouth open in the face of a storm.'" If He Had His Way. "Johnnie, is the new baby at your house a boy or a girl?" "Ma says it's a girl, but it ain't a-goin' to be baptized till next Sunday, an' if I have my way about it she'll change her mind before then." Men and Women. Among Men and Women there are Thorns and Roses. No Man likes to be called a Rose. Among Men and Women there are Beauties and Beasts. No Man likes to be called a Beauty. Among Men and Women there are those who are too sweet for anything and those who are the reverse. No Man likes to be called too sweet for anything. Among Men and Women there are strong minded and weak. No Woman likes to be called strong minded. Among Men and Women there are Bosses and Bossed. No Woman likes to be called a Boss. Among Men and Women there are Cats and Mice. No Woman likes to be called a Mouse.—Lippincott's. Where Johnny Put the "G." A teacher in a New England school had found great difficulty in training her pupils to pronounce final "g." One day when a small boy was reading he came to a sentence that he pronounced as follows: "What a good time I am havin'!" "No, Johnny," interrupted the teacher, "you made a mistake. Don't you remember what I've been telling you? Try that last sentence again." Johnny reread as before, "What a good time I am havin'!" "No, no," said the teacher a little impatiently. "Don't you know all I've told you about pronouncing the 'g'?" Johnny's face lightened, and he began again confidently, "Gee, what a good time I am havin'!"—Everybody's. MANY WILL BE HELPED BY IT How to Prepare a Mixture to Cure Rheumatism SAYS THIS IS VERY GOOD This Town Has its Share of Kidney Disease, Which is Said to Yield to Simple Home Recipe. To relieve the worst forms of Rheumatism, take a teaspoonful of the following mixture after each meal and at bedtime: Fluid Extract Dandelion, one-half ounce; Compound Kargon, one ounce; Compound Syrup Sarsaparilla, three ounces. These harmless ingredients can be obtained from our home druggists, and are easily mixed by shaking them well in a bottle. Relief is generally felt from the first few doses. This prescription, states a well known authority is a Cleveland morning paper, forces the clogged up, inactive kidneys to filter and strain from the blood the poisonous waste matter and uric acid, which causes Rheumatism. As Rheumatism is not only the most painful and torturous disease, but dangerous to life, this simple recipe will no doubt be greatly valued by many sufferers here at home, who should at once prepare the mixture to set this relief. It is said that a person who would take this prescription regularly, a dose or two daily or even a few times a week, would never have serious Kidney or Urinary disorders or Rheumatism. Cut this out and preserve it. Good Rheumatism prescriptions which really relieve are scarce, indeed, and when you need it, you want it badly. Our druggists here say they will either supply these ingredients or make the mixture ready to take, if any of our readers so prefer.

Artemus was once craveng in the cars, dreading to be bored and feeling miserable, when a man approached him, sat down and said: "Did you hear that last thing on Horace Greeley?" "Greeley? Greeley?" said Artemus. "Horace Greeley? Who is he?" The man was quiet about five minutes. Pretty soon he said: "George Francis Train is kicking up a good deal of a row over in England. Do you think they will put him in a bastle?" "Train? Train? George Francis Train?" said Artemus solemnly. "I never heard of him." This ignorance kept the man quiet for about fifteen minutes. Then he said: "What do you think about General Grant's chances for the presidency? Do you think they will run him?" "Grant? Grant? Hang it, man," said Artemus, "you appear to know more strangers than any man I ever saw!" The man was furious. He walked off, but at last came back and said: "Say, did you ever hear of Adam?" Artemus looked up and said: "Adam? Adam? What was his other name?" One Kind of a Circus. It had been anything but an easy afternoon for the teacher who took six of her pupils through the Museum of Natural History, but their enthusiastic interest in the stuffed animals and their open eyed wonder at the prehistoric fossils amply repaid her. "Well, boys, where have you been all afternoon?" asked the father of two of the party that evening. The answer came back with joyous promptness. "Oh, pop, teacher took us to a dead circus!"—Everybody's.

The Knock-out Blow. The blow which knocked out Corbett was a revelation to the prize fighters. From the earliest days of the ring the knock-out blow was aimed for the jaw, the temple or the jugular vein. Stomach punches were thrown in to worry and weary the fighter, but if a scientific man had told one of the old fighters that the most vulnerable spot was the region of the stomach, he'd have laughed at him for an ignoramus. Dr. Pierce is bringing hope to the public a parallel fact; that the stomach is the most vulnerable organ out of the prize ring as well as in it. We protect our heads, throats, feet and lungs, but the stomach we are utterly indifferent to, until disease finds the solar plexus and knocks us out. Make your stomach sound and strong by the use of Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and you protect yourself in your most vulnerable spot. "Golden Medical Discovery" cures "weak stomach," indigestion, or dyspepsia, torpid liver, bad thin and impure blood and other diseases of the organs of digestion and nutrition. The "Golden Medical Discovery" has a specific curative effect upon all mucous surfaces and hence cures catarrh, no matter where located or what stage it may have reached. In Nasal Catarrh it is well to cleanse the passages with Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy fluid while using the "Discovery" as a constitutional remedy. Why the "Golden Medical Discovery" cures catarrhal diseases, as of the stomach, bowels, bladder and other pelvic organs will be plain to you if you will read a booklet of extracts from the writings of eminent medical authorities, endorsing its ingredients and explaining their curative properties. It is mailed free on request. Address Dr. E. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y. This booklet gives all the ingredients entering into Dr. Pierce's medicines from which it will be seen that they contain not a drop of alcohol, pure, triple-refined glycerine being used instead. Dr. Pierce's great thousand-page illustrated Common Sense Medical Adviser will be sent free, paper-bound, for 21 one-cent stamps, or cloth-bound for 31 stamps. Address Dr. Pierce as above.

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