

FRANCIS SPEER'S

Breezy "That" Column

THAT they say Sam Cherry's girl gave him a lemon. Is that correct?

THAT the most prominent institution in Bellefonte is a baby carriage.

THAT fooling with another man's wife isn't all that it is cracked up to be.

THAT many a lawyer in Bellefonte who sweats at his stenographer trembles in the presence of his wife.

THAT because a young man in Bellefonte parts his hair in the middle is no sign that he is well balanced.

THAT there are few men besides the pastors in Bellefonte, who can make two jumps and get into Heaven.

THAT many a good man in Bellefonte has gotten freckles on his reputation by carrying vinegar home in a demijohn.

THAT Russell Blair, of Bellefonte, says that nothing makes a girl so weary as to have a young man only threaten to kiss her.

THAT the women in Bellefonte talk about eight times as much as the men because they have about eight times as much to say.

THAT Ed. Gross, the assistant clerk in Beezer's meat market, says no butcher ever has been able to find a crow in a dead chicken.

THAT Jerry Donevan, of Axeman, says that an Indian smokes his pipe of peace but the genuine Irishman smokes a pipe of pipe.

THAT a drunkard's home in Centre county, with a well on the place, is much like a bar room—plenty to drink but nothing to eat.

THAT the doctors of Bellefonte are right when they declare that if there were more marriages there would be fewer pot pooles.

THAT Bellefonte has several women in society who ought to be in jail. One or two of them would be wearing stripes if everything was known.

THAT when a fellow sees the way some people in Bellefonte get along, it makes him ashamed of himself to think he has to work for a living.

THAT if a certain father in Bellefonte would send his daughter away to take music lessons he would do much towards relieving suffering humanity.

THAT John McGinley, of Bellefonte, says that because a young lady is a dressmaker it isn't necessary that she should make rappers for cigars.

THAT when a young man in Bellefonte becomes over intoxicated with love he makes just as much of an ass of himself as though he used rot-gut whiskey.

THAT the girl in green in Bellefonte is attracting considerable attention just now from our young men. She just looks as sweet as molasses candy in January.

THAT a great many boys in Bellefonte tend to freshness, all because their parents are too busy or too careless to teach them what goes to make up a true gentleman.

THAT they say Bellefonte has in it a man who caltch his lady helper a stenographer in the presence of his wife but who went with the boys he caltch her a "peach."

THAT when policemen Dukeman or Justice, of Bellefonte, hear a girl scream after dark they are often not sure whether she is being kissed or only assassinated.

THAT Billy Keichline, of Bellefonte, says that about near as some fellows get to owning an automobile is carrying home four gallons of gasoline for the cook stove.

THAT most men in Bellefonte get their religion by the transmission method. The Bible is the battery, the preacher the live wire and the wife the transmitter.

THAT Scott Lose, the Bellefonte tailor, says the difference between a pair of pants and a pie is that the pants have to be cut out before being made while the pie has to be cut.

THAT there is a man in Bellefonte who never did a day's work in his life. He ought to apply to Superintendent W. W. Moore for a position as night watchman at the Nittany furnace.

THAT Charles Moerschbacher, the Bellefonte restaurateur, says that the reason he hasn't roared tables in his restaurant is because he couldn't give his customers a square meal.

THAT Frank Crissman, of Bellefonte, says that the best way to make a slow horse fast is to hitch him to a post somewhere. He ought to have thought about that the other day when he was out riding.

THAT it is stated that a young lady in Bellefonte had a little trouble with a milk man the other morning who claimed that his milk looked like a picture. "That so" replied the fair maiden. "It looks like a water color."

THAT if some men in Bellefonte would take home a box of candy once in a while instead of a box of cigars the domicile would be much happier. These are the fellows who always complain of the extravagance of their wives.

THAT the woman in Bellefonte who fusses about holdups on horses' bridges will calmly walk into the store of Sim The Clothier, and buy a dozen of extra high chincutting collars for her husband and then think he looks real stunning and cute.

THAT our friend "Billy" Weber, of Howard, says that when a man is single all he needs is a few shirts and collars, a suit of clothes occasionally, and, of course, cigars and beer, but after he is married he finds out what department stores are for.

THAT there is a young lady in Bellefonte who lays claim to the fact that she wears the prettiest hose of any girl in the town. That may be true, but loose their charms for young men to see them in shoes that are all run down at the heel. If she would pass her hat around among some of the gentlemen friends who quietly call to see her she might be able to get those shoes fixed.

THAT there is said to be a young lady in Bellefonte who is so stuck up that she forgets that she was a very common piece of humanity at one time in this community. A young lady is to be congratulated on her social advancement, but when she scorns those who were once her friends she shows a contemptible spirit that only emanates from a fool. Th' young lady should get her pedigree and consult it before she puts on so many airs.

Misplaced Sympathy.

A sympathetic Frenchman unluckily bought an almanac that gave the dates of the world's chief events. From that day on he lived a life of mourning. Thus on April 30 he had crape on his hat.

"Have you lost a relative?" a friend asked. "Not exactly," said he. "But today is a sad anniversary for the French people. On April 30, 1524, the Chevalier Bayard died." On May 2 he had crape on again. "Still mourning Bayard?" said the friend. "No," said he, "but don't you remember that on May 2 a great and charming poet, Alfred de Musset, breathed his last?"

On the 6th of the same month, "Whom are you mourning for now?" "For an honest man, General Cavaignac." On the 30th, crying terribly, he said: "Ah, Joan of Arc! On this date, in 1431, a handful of Englishmen and a miserable bishop put the gallant maid to death." On July 13 he took a bath in memory of the assassination of Marat. On the 16th Beranger's death gave him a fatal shock. On the 18th, having read of Napoleon's departure to St. Helena, he felt better, but on the 23d the bombardment of Dieppe by the English, in 1694, confined him again to his bed. He was taken with a fever and died on the 22d, muttering, "In a month the massacre of St. Bartholomew!"—New York Sun.

Eloquence of the Welsh.

Here is a little story of an Englishman in Wales: "On the comparative qualities of the English and Welsh tongues let me tell of the Welshman who saluted me in the Welsh. I was compelled to confess ignorance. 'Ah,' he said, turning fluently enough to English, 'you should learn the Welsh! My wife was English, and she can speak conversations now quite well.'"

"I acknowledged my shortcomings and admitted that I had always understood the Welsh to be a remarkably eloquent tongue. 'Yes, yes, it is so,' said the native. 'In Welsh a man can express exactly what he means. As for the English, I call it not a language at all—only a dialect.'"

"You had noted that an Englishman or a foreigner in speaking his language waves his hands and arms about to help out the meaning of the words, but a Welshman who can speak Welsh well he has no need to move his hands. In the Welsh he can say all that he means."—Chicago News.

Fife Wheat.

Years ago, about a century, David Fife, a Scotchman of Otonabee, Ont., sent to a friend in Glasgow for a small bag of seed wheat to try in a cleared patch of the backwoods. The friend obtained some seed from a vessel just in from Danzig. Unfortunately it was a fall wheat and reached David Fife in the spring. Nevertheless David Fife sowed it in spring. One can guess how feverishly the backwoods farmer watched for the growth of his experiment. Only three wheat heads survived till the fall, but those three wheat heads were entirely free of the rust that had ruined his neighbor's crops, and those three heads really represented a new variety of wheat, a fall wheat turned into a spring wheat. David Fife treasured the three heads and planted them in spring. Such was the beginning of Fife wheat in America.—Agnes C. Laut in Outing Magazine.

Vanity of the Peacock.

Our favorite and much petted peacock, says a correspondent of the London Spectator, can be kept happy any length of time looking at his reflection in the window pane or in a looking glass. He comes in daily to tea, making no mistake about the hour, and spends much time in gazing at himself as he appears in the glass of the French windows by which he enters the room. If I am sewing and do not speak to him when he comes into the room, he will gently put his head quite close, almost touching my ring or needle, for he likes bright things, till I have to give up working and talk to him as with a small child whom one is afraid of pricking.

Casualties Expected.

During one of Speaker Cannon's bitter political fights in his district in Illinois the opposition resorted to desperate tactics. Among other things friends of Uncle Joe were summarily dismissed from positions they held in the public service. Some of his friends became alarmed at this, and one of them called on the speaker at his residence and said, somewhat excitedly: "Joe, Smith and Jones have just lost their positions in the postoffice. What are we going to do about it?"

Uncle Joe took another puff at his cigar and then answered, with a benevolent smile: "Nothing. If you go into battle, you have got to expect to have some dead and wounded."

A Precaution.

"Young man," said her father, "I don't want you to be too attentive to my daughter."

"Why—er—really," stammered the timid young man, "I had hoped to marry her some—"

"Exactly, and I'd like to have you marry her, but if you're too attentive to her you won't have money enough to do it."—Liverpool Mercury.

Horace Greely once said: "If our foresight was as good as our hindsight we might be better off, a d—sight! That's true with a good many fellows in our town."



Thanksgiving In Georgia.

De rich ain't hongry 'nuff ter eat—
Dyspepsia got 'em prancin'—
But a sack er flour in side er meat
Des set a nigger dancin'.

Han's roun', believers,
Walk de happy way!
Tilt de can en fill de cup,
Kaze yo' ain't got long ter stay!

De rich man walks his mansion, gum,
Kaze sleep done lef' his head, suh,
But nigger sleep lak kingdom come
Inside a shingle shed, suh.

Han's roun', believers,
Walk de happy way!
Tilt de can en fill de cup,
Kaze yo' ain't got long ter stay!

—Atlanta Constitution.

PILGRIM PARTY.

Pretty Thanksgiving Entertainment For the Children.

A pilgrim party was primarily intended to amuse and instruct the children, but every member of the family entered heartily into the spirit of the occasion and welcomed the children in the costume of that period.

The girls wore the quaint pilgrim costume made of simple material, with the kerchief, cuffs and cap, while the boys were attired in the picturesque tall hat, sash, cuffs and collar. The hats were made from pasteboard or buckram, covered with cloth, and there were gorgeous buckles fashioned from cardboard, covered with tin foil, some of them studded with glistening colored beads.

The rooms, excepting the dining room, which had been converted into a bower suggestive of the long ago, were simply decorated. Pictures of Dutch scenes and the pilgrims adorned the walls, and an old fashioned grandfather clock ticked away in one corner, while old china and pewter plates and bowls were placed on cabinets and mantel. Bows and arrows, wool cards, spinning wheels and various other articles were artistically arranged about the room. The room was lighted entirely by candles in silver and brass candlesticks.

The table was covered with a white cloth. At each corner a silver candlestick, holding a white candle without a shade, was placed. The place cards consisted of tiny boats folded from water color paper. Souvenirs of the happy occasion were pumpkin shaped cases filled with delicious homemade candy.

The centerpiece was an oval mirror, on which rested a rather large toy boat with "Mayflower" painted on either side, bearing a large moss covered stone bearing the date 1620. Around the mirror was a miniature forest of ferns and bits of evergreens. The menu consisted of sandwiches, a nut and fruit salad served in rosy checked apples and cream frozen in the shape of red and yellow ears of corn. When the children were seated, a manly little fellow at the head of the table stood and told in verse the story of the landing of the pilgrims.

After this the children, and the older ones as well, examined the quaint old articles about the room, told stories of the pilgrims and sang patriotic songs, closing with "America."—Alice Page Robinson in Pilgrim.

A Thanksgiving Ode.

Turkey young,
Turkey old,
Turkey hot,
Turkey cold,
Turkey tender,
Turkey tough;
Everybody
Eat enough.

Thanksgiving an Ancient Holiday.

"Harvest home" has been celebrated as a day of rejoicing and thanksgiving in England from the time of the Druids. Both France and England have had many special thanksgiving days in commemoration of particular events. In Scotland they celebrate "Kern." Both Japan and China hold celebrations of thanksgiving with feasting when the fruits of the earth have been garnered.

The Oyster's Mission.

The oyster from the tossing sea,
The chestnut from the rustling tree,
Help out a noble plan
When they're responsive to the dirk,
Come oozing from the inner "turk"
To gild the inner man.

—Judge.

First Catch Your Hare.

Mrs. Snaggs—John Henry, here's an article on how to carve a turkey. I wish you'd read it and learn not to be so awkward at dinner time in company.
Mr. Snaggs—Does it tell where to get the money to buy the turkey with?

HENEY A FIGHTER.

Francis Graft Prosecutor's Experience With Bad Man In Arizona.

When Morris Haas, a juror in the first trial of Abe Ruef, the San Francisco grafter, shot and wounded Assistant District Attorney Francis J. Heney in Judge Lawlor's courtroom it was not the first time the noted graft prosecutor had been attacked with murderous intent. While Heney was still practicing law in Tucson, Ariz., a "bad man" went about the town boasting that there was no lawyer in the town who would dare handle the suit of his wife for divorce.

Heney took the suit, and the husband came after him to kill him. He threw himself on the young lawyer to choke him to death, as he had threat-



FRANCIS J. HENEY AND SCENE OF SHOOTING.

ened, but he did not succeed. He then reached for his pistol, but Heney was quicker, and the bad man dropped in his tracks. It was on this incident that the charge that Prosecutor Heney was a murderer was based and widely spread when he first began to follow the trail of Ruef, Schmitz and other Frisco grafters who have the wounded man to thank for their sojourn behind the bars.

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STORE NEWS.

Prunes

The prune crop is abundant this season and the quality is fine; we have them at 5, 8, 10, 12, 15 and 20 cents per pound.

Mackerel

We have a fine late caught Mackerel that will weigh about one pound, at 15 cents a piece. Our trimmed and boned mackerel are strictly fancy fish—medium size at 25c per pound, and extra large size at 30c per pound. These are the clean meat with practically no bone.

Teas

Fine blended goods of our own combination. We use only clean sound stock of fine ctp qualities. These goods are giving splendid satisfaction and are good steady winners.

Sugar Syrup

We have made quite a find in a genuine old fashioned Pure Sugar Graining Syrup of fair color and a fine, smooth flavor—not sharp. These goods cannot be had in a regular way and can be found only occasionally. It is a good value at 60 cents per gallon. Other good grades at 50 cents and 40 cents per gallon.

Maraschino Cherries

These goods how come within the legal requirements of the pure food laws. We have them in all the sizes.

Sechler & Company's BELLEFONTE

Lost Charm of the Wayside Inn.

The Inns of England, celebrated by Harrison and famous far and wide at the beginning of the last century, have degenerated into sad places which we visit only of necessity. Little did Stephenson think when he proposed the line from Manchester to Liverpool that he would ruin the wayside inns of England and kill the art of cookery.—Blackwood's Magazine.

A Reassuring Truth.

A lady on one of the ocean liners who seemed very much afraid of icebergs asked the captain what would happen in case of a collision. The captain replied, "The iceberg would move right along, madam, just as if nothing had happened." And the old lady seemed greatly relieved.—Success.

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Or, do you open your mouth like a young bird and gulp down whatever food or medicine may be offered you?

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