

FRANCIS SPEER'S

Breezy "That" Column

That the man in Bellefonte who does not hate evil terribly, does not love good heartily.

In that, thank fortune, not every man in Bellefonte who is made of common clay is a brick.

That it doesn't require much labor for some fellows in Bellefonte to fall in love with themselves.

That a good wife in Bellefonte is one who makes good bread, good pies, good cakes, and a good husband.

That there are some fast husbands in Bellefonte who had better be tied to their wives' apron strings.

That many a man in Bellefonte has found that it is as easy thing to run in debt but its a slow walk getting out.

That there is a certain woman in the south ward of Bellefonte who, if given a fighting chance, will do the rest.

That the ideal husband in Bellefonte is the man who knows enough not to take a friend home for dinner on wash day.

That Robert Hunter, of Bellefonte, wants to know why the government does not appoint the Wright brothers a committee to meet Haley's comet.

That S. H. Williams, of Bellefonte, says that the man who is always behind has the satisfaction of knowing that he will never be shot in the back.

That you may suggest with all propriety that any bride and groom in Bellefonte are installed in their new home without suggesting the installment officer.

That when a lady or gentleman in Bellefonte hasn't a friend in the entire connection it is reasonable to come to the conclusion that there is something rotten in Denmark.

That there are some men who would like to go home at 10:30 o'clock, but for the life of them they would not know what excuse to make to their wives for coming home so early.

That there is a woman in the North ward of Bellefonte who was anxious to wait for the census enumerator. When he did come she had a big time making up her mind whether she was 24 or 25 years of age.

That blue-bloodism in Bellefonte is almost extinct. That's one thing for which the town can be thankful. Too often good people in this community have had to take a back seat to give room for venerated aristocracy.

That the people of Bellefonte are having a big laugh over the silly actions of a certain woman in the town who thinks she knows it all. She will furnish considerable more amusement for the public before the summer is over.

That certain married men in Bellefonte came mighty near getting caught in a trap the other day. They are now jumping up and clapping their feet together with joy over the fact that the worse didn't come to the worst.

That the physician in Bellefonte or Centre county who, in diagnosing a case, can't tell whether the patient is suffering from a Sunday night's drunken debauch or the grip, ought to be compelled to forfeit his diploma.

That certain gentlemen in Bellefonte should put this in their pipe and smoke it: That trying to get warm by standing on the outside and looking in at a hot fire is about as satisfying as trying to get into Heaven on their wives' religion.

That the announcement of another wedding in Bellefonte will be made in the near future. The young lady is just dying to have it officially announced because she thinks the obligation on the part of her intended would be more binding.

That it is said that the other day a gentleman remarked that he never in his life saw a person who liked to be interrupted in the middle of a sentence. Sheriff "Billy" Hurley was standing nearby when he interrupted the conversation by saying, "You ought to visit the jail."

That Thomas Shaughnessy, the former street commissioner, says that spring is here. A butterfly was caught in the West Ward, Monday. That may be a proper place to catch a butterfly but if Tommy wants to grab a wasp he had better catch him near the equator, shifting northwesterly toward the head.

That a young lady in Bellefonte, weighing a little less than 200 pounds, explained to a young gentleman friend the other evening the difference in printing and publishing, and in conclusion said: "Now, you may print a kiss on my cheek, but you must not publish it." With that he locked the fair form in his arms and went to press.

That for several weeks past the neighbors in certain section of Bellefonte have been closely watching a house to see if a young man who makes frequent evening calls is intoxicated before he enters the home or whether the refreshments furnished are of a character that makes him walk zig-zag when he comes out. Many long waits have been made for no other purpose than to decide a question that has been debated in Bellefonte for some time. The opinion of the spies seems to be that he is too well treated before he comes out, and that many of the other strange reports are correct.

That any young man in Bellefonte who goes into a house where there are at least some decent people, and smokes cigarettes, drinks whisky and beer, and plays cards until an unreasonable hour, is a scoundrel of the deepest dye, and is only fit to associate with women who have lost every sense of respect for themselves or their kin. The penitentiary is crowded with men whose type of honor and manhood far exceed that of a villain as above described. If the secrets of such a life were known it is a question whether he could resist the righteous indignation of the good people in Bellefonte twenty-four hours.

That Rockefeller is talking about giving back the money he took from the people. There are some residents of Bellefonte who had better come to the same firm and wise conclusion before they die, if they desire a cool and shady place in the hereafter. The greed of gain has sent many a man to perdition who, like the rich man spoken of in the Bible, may be pleading to return to the earth and warn their friends of the lamentable fate to which they are hastening as fast as the wheels of time can take them. The fellow in Bellefonte who knowingly took even a dollar which didn't belong to him will never enter heaven, no matter how big a mansion he resides in or what social prestige his ill-gotten wealth has given him. They can fool men but God they can't.

OVER THE COUNTY.

The new department store of C. P. Long company is quite an institution for Spring Mills.

The Phillipsburg trolley road may be extended to Osceola this summer. If plans mature the work will be started before long.

W. E. McDowell, of Mill Hall, who was a caller a few days ago, reports there is little harm done to the fruit in that section.

Preaching in the United Brethren churches for Sunday, the 8th: Paradise, at 10:30 A. M.; Julian, at 7:30 P. M.; by the pastor, Rev. E. Harvey Swank.

The children of the late Mrs. George Housel are requested to meet at the Zion cemetery on Thursday, May 10, at 2 o'clock, for the purpose of attending to lot.

H. F. McManaway, who had been occupying part of Mrs. Sarah Alexander's residence on west Main street, at Millheim, moved to the J. C. Smith residence on Penn street.

The new creamery has started operations at Coburn. Zwinall Weaver has charge of the plant. Mr. Weaver took a course in buttermaking at the Pennsylvania State College.

Paul Musser, the Millheim baseball pitcher, is playing with the Williamsport club, under contract. Musser made of good material and will be heard from as he grows older.

An ice cream parlor will be opened at Meese's store at Colyer, on Saturday evening, and at the same time there will be an auction held at the store. An interesting time to be had.

The Wilson farm, recently purchased by the McNitt-Huyett Lumber company, east of Old Fort, was purchased by Luther Royer, of Spring Mills, formerly of Centre Hall. Mr. Royer is an experienced farmer.

The remains of Bruce Rishel, aged 15 years, son of George Rishel, of Big Rock, Pa., who died in February, were brought to Spring Mills and interred in the cemetery at the Cross church in Georesville.

William Flegal, formerly of Phillipsburg, but who was known in Bellefonte was killed Wednesday of last week in Homestead. He had been married only a few days, having on April 16th been united in wedlock to Miss Annie Williams, of that place.

A. E. Bartsge, manager for the Millheim and Brush valley turnpike company, is making improvements to the road which is known as North street in Millheim. He is using the split-log drag and it easily shows the advantage of using the drag in road making.

Mrs. Amanda Walker, of Boalsburg, is engaged at quilting a quilt for Mrs. Henry Reitz. Both the quilting and the patch work are fine specimens of needlework. The quilt contains 4885 patches. The patches were all cut out and pieced together by Mrs. Reitz during the past winter.

Bert Rowe, the fisherman, has taken possession of his place at Ingleby. He purchased the Eisenhuth house and lot for his summer home at Ingleby and spends from spring to summer there fishing and hunting, then goes to his home at Shamokin for the winter. He makes trout scarce, as some think.

The fruit prospect is good in all the varieties. The grain fields and grass fields are in promising condition, save in spots and some places. Frosts, thus far, were not so severe a nature as to do any serious harm. With fairly favorable conditions from this on until fall, will bring the farmer good results as to all crops.

Mrs. Sue Burrell has been on the sick list for the last week or ten days; Mrs. Sue Herring, who has been ill for several weeks, does not appear to improve very rapidly. Mrs. Jane Nofske still continues quite poorly. Mrs. Lucinda Runkle, who fell and broke her hip bone, is on the mend. All the above ailing ones are from the vicinity of Spring Mills.

Benjamin Yocum, who was employed as a plumber on several new buildings in Millheim last summer, died at his home at Shamokin, on Saturday and was buried Wednesday. About three weeks ago Mr. Yocum while at work, was struck on the nose by the handle of a large wrench and knocked unconscious. He never recovered consciousness before he died.

While plowing in his field three years ago Charles Lambert, of near Ansonburg, lost his watch. One day last week he was plowing in the same field and the watch was turned up by the plow. After removing the dirt that covered it, he found the watch, and it started to run as good as it did before he lost it.—Journal. This is remarkable, and more so would it be if the watch had been found running.

Few people in the world can reach the honey in the supers of a colony of bees from their bed, but F. M. Fisher, at Penn Hall, can do it. A year or two ago a swarm of bees found a small opening in the brick wall of his dwelling house, and began storing honey between the joists of the second floor. The colony was quite busy last year, and undisturbed themselves, they disturbed no one, but gathered honey all season long. An idea struck Mr. Fisher that these busy bees should be working to a purpose and that purpose to furnish him and his family with honey. A section of the second floor was removed, and the improvised hive fitted up with the best modern fixtures that could be obtained. The little workers are much pleased with their new quarters, and are daily laying up sweets for themselves and the Fisher family.

Capitalists Hold Dinner. A dinner was recently given at the Union League, Philadelphia, in honor of Alexander J. Hemphill, of New York, at which twenty-one guests sat. They represented interests worth three billion dollars. Mr. Hemphill is a brother of the late Clement Hemphill, of Centre Hall, and was recently selected by J. Pierpont Morgan to be president of the Guaranty Trust company, the largest trust company in the world, with a capital stock of \$20,000,000.

Comet Now Visible. The comet is now plainly visible in the eastern sky in the morning from 4:30 to 6 o'clock, appearing like a large star, getting larger as it approaches the earth, and when nearest, about the 18th of this month, will be an immense spectacle of interesting beauty for the people of this mundane sphere.

No Danger. May the 15th the earth will pass through the end of the comet's tail farthest from the head of the heavenly visitor. Do not be alarmed, reader, it will be harmless as a mist.

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS.

F. A. Auman et ux to John C. Lingle, March 21, 1910, tract of land in Gregg twp.; \$625. Jane Weaver to S. E. Gobble, March 5, 1910, tract of land in Gregg twp.; \$300. John W. Harter et ux to C. E. Long, March 27, 1908, tract of land in Miles twp.; \$150. Alfred T. Corman et ux to O. W. Weaver, March 31, 1909, tract of land in Miles twp.; \$300. Geo. M. Stover to M. L. Mowery, March 24, 1909, tract of land in Haines twp.; \$1. Henry Mowery et ux to G. M. Stover, March 24, 1909, tract of land in Haines twp.; \$1. Phoebe Emerick et bar to Geo. H. Emerick, April 23, 1910, tract of land in Centre Hall; \$35. John I. Olewine et ux to W. G. Saxton, April 7, 1910, tract of land in Benner twp.; \$115. Andrew Tobias to John Tobias et al, April 21, 1910, tract of land in Snow Shoe twp.; \$1. John Shirk to R. W. Richards, Mar. 17, 1891, tract of land in Huston twp.; \$20. Alexander Chaney, guardian, to A. S. Williams, Nov. 7, 1878, tract of land in Worth twp.; \$1. A. E. Bartsge, admr., to J. W. Reifsnnyder, Dec. 15th, 1909, tract of land in Millheim; \$2,500. Thomas Foster et al to Adam Reish, March 22, 1910, tract of land in Ferguson twp.; \$400. T. A. Cronover et ux to Robert Shipley, April 7, 1910, tract of land in Phillipsburg; \$1,400. S. E. Alexander to J. W. Reifsnnyder, March 30, 1910, tract of land in Millheim; \$267.50. W. G. Runkle to W. R. Shope, March 14, 1910, tract of land in Bellefonte; \$850. G. H. Ripka et ux to Mahala Nevel, March 31, 1910, tract of land in Potter twp.; \$300. S. J. Wolf to F. T. Butler, Dec. 7, 1908, tract of land in Howard boro; \$1,720. B. F. Yearick to Clara J. Bowersox, March 24, 1910, tract of land in Haines twp.; \$500. A. C. Weaver et al to B. F. Frankenger, March 16, 1910, tract of land in Gregg twp.; \$2,500. J. R. Pierpont et bar to H. L. Curtin, April 25, 1910, tract of land in Centre county; \$1. Minnie Adams et bar to Eliza A. Earon, April 20, 1910, tract of land in State College; \$2,000. Elizabeth Franklin to F. D. Gowland, Dec. 6, 1909, tract of land in Phillipsburg; \$2,100. Margaret Hutchinson et al to C. W. Carson, Dec. 20, 1909, tract of land in Potter twp.; \$200. W. H. Williams, atty. in fact, to A. S. Williams, March 26, 1910, tract of land in Worth twp.; \$30. C. A. Williams, exr., to R. E. Williams, April 21, 1910, tract of land in Liberty twp.; \$1,000.

The Rich. It is a great mistake to believe that the rich are holding us down. As a matter of fact, they are pulling us up. If there were no rich people to keep our eyes glued upon the great gulf between having and not having none of it we would hustle. We have to have the rich man's mansions prodding us, his power scourging us and his automobile butting us to get anywhere at all. We have to see his wife and daughters in silks and jewels and realize what our own wives and daughters without these things think of us as providers to peel our coats off and get into the game. None of us can go out driving with such as we have and suffer the rich man to whiz past us in prism glass and burnished brass, throwing dust in our eyes and gasoline in our hair, without doing better in the great area of human endeavor for the next two or three days anyway. Blessed are the rich, for they fill us with shame and new resolve and make us to wonder what in the Sam Hill we have been doing all these years.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Byron's "Bride of Abydos." It was after Lord Byron arrived in Greece that he wrote that beautiful poem "The Bride of Abydos" and that exquisite song the "Maid of Athens," which, says a Paris contemporary, every Englishman of culture knows by heart. Documents enable us to establish the true identity of the heroine of this poem. She was one of the three daughters of Mr. Black, English vice consul at Athens, at whose house Byron for some time lived. After the departure of the poet Theresa Black married an archaeologist, M. Pittakis, whose widow she became several years later. Her beauty, her charm, her elegance, conquered every heart, including Byron's. In 1873 the heroine of the poet was an old woman of upright figure and still showing signs of her former beauty. With age had come poverty. The London Times, moved by her distress, opened at this epoch a subscription in her favor. She died in 1875.—London Globe.

The Gun Charmers. Among the more superstitiously inclined of the sporting Cingalese are gun charmers, who allege that a gun may be charmed in different ways and by different methods. An essential part of the process, however, appears to be the muttering of certain formulae.

A gun, the charmers say, may be charmed in any one of the following four ways: (1) So that it will wound the animal fired at, but will not kill outright; (2) so that he who carries it shall find nothing worth shooting; (3) so that it will not kill anything flying, but will kill animals that run, and (4) so that it will not kill anything that runs, but will kill anything flying.

No gun can be charmed at all if the owner takes the precaution of rubbing some pork fat on the barrel or attaches a piece of the outer skin of the rat snake to the stock in such a way that it cannot be seen.

How a Coal Fire Protects Itself. A curious way in which a fire in the heart of a coal pile keeps itself from being put out is noted in a mining journal. Such fires often start in the interior of large piles of coal owing to heat developed by slow oxidation, which is prevented by the size of the pile from escaping into the air. Such fires are difficult to put out owing to the fact that the burning mass turns the coal around it into coke, which is nearly impervious to water. The pile may thus be thoroughly drenched without putting out the fire, which it never really reaches. The only way to deal with the situation is to drive into the pile a sharpened iron pipe, long enough to reach the burning coal, and then to couple a hose to the upper end and turn on the water.

The Cocoa Plantation. A traveler in South America, where the cocoa tree is largely cultivated, speaks of the great care with which the young plants have to be protected from the sun, which if very strong is fatal to them. To secure this protection the planters shield them by banana trees and plainain trees, the broad leaves of which give them the needed shade. And even when they are fully grown they need protection, which is given by trees known as "immortels," or, as the planters call them, "the mother of the cocoa." Thus the whole cocoa plantation has a sort of canopy.

A Startler. A gentleman whose hearing is defective is the owner of a dog that is the terror of the neighborhood in which he lives. The other day he was accosted by a friend, who said: "Good morning, Mr. H." Your wife made a very pleasant call on us last evening.

"I'm very sorry," came the startling reply. "I'll see that it don't occur again, for I'm going to chain her up in future."—London Telegraph.

Not Comforting. "Did the minister say anything comforting?" asked the neighbor of the widow recently bereaved. "Indeed, he didn't!" was the quick reply. "He said my husband was better off."—London Telegraph.

A Real One. Tommy—Tell us a fairy tale. Guest—Once a man who had a baby that didn't cry and a dog that didn't bite went to live in a suburb without mosquitoes.—Harper's Bazar.

It is not how much we have, but how much we enjoy, that makes happiness.—Spurgeon.

A LAD OF MYSTERY.

"That Awful Boy Jones," Who Tormented Queen Victoria.

For a little while about the middle of the nineteenth century "that awful boy Jones" was the torment of Queen Victoria's life, and his short career in public contains a mystery which would try the mettle of Sherlock Holmes.

He was a barber's apprentice who in some unexplained way discovered a passage into Buckingham palace, with which he alone was acquainted. When he was first found trespassing he was gently admonished and sent home. Soon after he was encountered again in the palace. He would not tell how he obtained access. Again he was sent home, and again he reappeared.

Once he calmly admitted that he had been lodging in the palace for a fortnight. He had laid snug during the day, sleeping in the royal apartments, and at night had wandered from room to room, helping himself to the food left over from royal repasts. He had seen the queen repeatedly and indeed had never been far from her.

The matter was considered so serious that the boy was summoned before a special meeting of the privy council. He refused to give any account of his secret. Soon after he disappeared, and it is supposed that he was removed under state protection.—London Globe.

Grant in the Saddle.

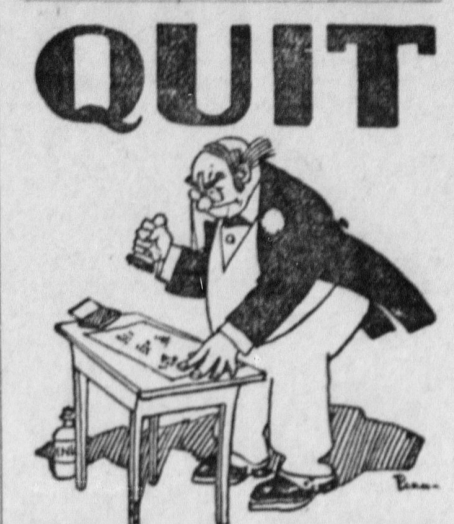
Grant was at his best in the saddle. The one real record that he made for himself at the academy, the one time that he excelled all his fellows, was at the final mounted exercises of his graduating class, when, riding a famous horse named York, he was called upon to clear the leaping bar that the gruff old riding master had placed higher than a man's head. He dashed out from his place in the ranks, a smooth faced, slender young fellow on a powerful chestnut sorrel, and galloped down the opposite side of the ball, turned and went directly at the bar, the great horse increasing his pace as he neared it, and then, as if he and his rider were one, rising and clearing it with a magnificent bound. The leap is still recorded at the academy as "Grant's upon York."—St. Nicholas.

A Singular Marriage Custom.

The Kurds have a very curious and somewhat dangerous marriage custom, which one would think would be more honored in the breach than in the observance. The husband, surrounded by a bodyguard of twenty or thirty young men, carries his wife home on his back in a scarlet cloth and is desperately assaulted the whole way by a number of girls. Sticks and stones are hurled at the bridegroom, who in the coming home with his bride can hardly be considered a very happy man, for the irate amazons often in flict on him marks which he carries to the grave. It may be that among the lady pursuers are some of the bridegroom's former "flames," who turn the mock attack into downright earnest to avenge slighted love.

Misunderstood. Mrs. Hoyle—One of my ancestors was a signer of the Declaration of Independence. Mrs. Doyle—Whose?—Whose voice decree did he sign?—New York Press.

His Lady Nicotine. Madge—What makes you think Chas. ley has a tobacco heart? Marjorie—He seems to care more for his pipe than he does for me.—Judge.



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