

GOOD IN SPOTS.

One Man Who Discovered That War Was Not Wholly Bad.

Lem Jackson loved to loaf. He lived in the mountains not far from Greenville, Tenn., with his wife and a large brood of children. Lem had a "houn dawg" that he set great store by, and he spent most of his time lounging in a runway waiting to shoot a deer driven in by old Bose or sprawling on the bank of a stream fishing. In that way he was a good provider after a fashion, but not all the urging, scolding, nagging and broomsticking of his shrewish wife could drive him to work. Lem led the lazy life of a Rip Van Winkle until the outbreak of the civil war, and then he joined the Confederate army. At the end of six months Lem was shot through the right thigh, and it was long before he was able to limp out of the hospital and back to his regiment. In the second year he was shot in the left shoulder, and when he returned to duty his left hand was bent far back by a shortened tendon, but he was still able to raise his rifle. Early in the fourth year they got him again—a musket ball through the body—but he was back in the ranks long before the fighting was ended. Every one wondered at Lem's persistence in sticking to the terrible trade of war. Dr. Girdner met Lem hobbling down the street in Greenville one morning in June, 1865, still pale and weak from his latest wound, his right leg short and wobbly, his left hand stiffly bent back. "Glad to see you alive, Lem," said the doctor. "I suppose you're glad to be home again?" "Waal," Lem admitted without enthusiasm, "I s'pose I had to get erlong home. Gin'ral Lee he surrendered us down to Appomattox, an' we all had to go home."

"But aren't you glad to be away from the dangers of war?" "Why, doc, war hain't so bad," cried honest Lem—"war hain't so bad. There's lots of days when you don't have nothin' to do."—Harper's Weekly.

A GAME OF BALL.

How It May Strike a Stranger Who Sees It For the First Time.

Nothing has set America so high in the estimation of foreign nations, says Ellis Parker Butler in Success Magazine, as the adoption of baseball as the national sport. If a foreign spy wanders into America seeking to fathom our real inwardness and sees a game of baseball any feeling of contempt for our newness gives way instantly to a wondrous admiration. At his first glance baseball is to him a mystery, and it remains a mystery to him. He sees 30,000 men and women suffering the tortures of the lower regions on hot grand stands. He sees a man pick up a small white ball as hard as a pine knot. Facing him is another man who holds a smooth but deadly club in his hands. Behind this second man is a third man whose face is hidden behind a birdcage. Suddenly the man with the ball raises one foot in the air and shows the man with the bat the sole of his shoe. The man at the bat sees that there are spikes in the sole of the

shoe, and it angers him, and he raises his bat to throw it at the man with the ball. But—ah, ha!—the man with the ball is too quick for him. He throws the hard, white ball at the man with the bat with all his strength. The man with the bat waves defiance by swinging the bat in the air. The ball proceeds. The batsman never flinches! Will the ball kill the man or will the impact crush the ball? But, see! The ball finds man unflinching; the ball is panic stricken; the ball dodges around the man; the ball is lost, buried in the huge leather chaff cushion that covers the hand of the birdcage man behind the batsman! "Strike one!" says the umpire. Thirty thousand cheers! Why?

Grub Street's Pawnshop. If the Avant is not the oldest and best known pawnshop in the world it deserves to be. It has been in existence ever since the days of Shakespeare and Ben Jonson. It is in Fleet street—Grub street—and has been the poor writer's uncle for all these centuries and years. It has an old legend something like this: "Old Literary Friends Never Forgotten." There are many souvenirs, sayings and traditions of the greatest men on earth into, going broke, had to patronize it. Outside of its own name it is well known as the Grub street pawnshop.—London Mail.

Unspellable. The Newfoundland seal folk for some reason not given by the St. John's correspondent of the New York Sun describe their greasy spoil as "swolls," and they also say they "spell" an object when they mean to carry it. One can imagine the amazement of the young cleric who on one occasion asked a burly hunter how he spelled "swolls." "We don't spell 'em; we hauls 'em," was the bewildering reply.

The Retort Courteous. "I hate to press this bill, Mr. Slow-pay," said the tailor, taking a much wrinkled memorandum of accounts from his pocket, "but—" "Oh, don't bother, Sulp," said Slow-pay genially. "You don't need to press it. I don't mind the wrinkles in it at all. Fact is, I've got a dozen fresh copies of it at home already."—Judge.

A Wide Waist.

Miss Thynn—I saw Jack put his arm around you. Miss Pimbleigh—You didn't, either. Miss Thynn—Well, then, as far around as he could get it.—Boston Transcript.

A Timely Hint.

Children who suffer from swelling of the glands should have an abundance of fresh air, both by day and night, and a complete change of air as often as possible. Plenty of good nourishing food should be given them, and cod liver oil or emulsion is also helpful in putting things right.

Caution For Your Children.

Mothers should caution their children attending school not to put pencils in their mouths, especially since diphtheria has been communicated in that way in some of our large towns.

FACT, FUN AND FANCY.

Bright, Sparkling Paragraphs—Selected and Original.

Consideration. "You say you once had a home?" "Dat's what I had," answered plodding Pete. "Why didn't you do something to make your folks comfortable and happy?" "I did. I left home."

Both Doing Well. An old man had two sons; one was a preacher, and the other was a saloon keeper. One day a friend was asking what they did for a living. This was the old man's reply: "One is serving the Lord, and the other is serving the devil. And both are doing well at it, too."

It Depends. English John and Pat were two friendly workmen, who were constantly talking, each one trying to outwit the other. "Are you good at measurement?" asked John. "I am that," said Pat, quickly. "Then could you tell me how many shirts I could get out of a yard," asked John. "Sure," said Pat, "it depends on whose yard you get into."

Faked by Mail. A Sunbury lady saw an ad. in a Chicago paper sent to her that for \$3 she would be given a safe method to rid herself of fat without hurting her health. She packed up the \$3 carefully and sent it only to get a letter telling her to render the fat into lead. Milton woman put up 25 cents to learn how to keep butter from spoiling. She got a formula which told her to eat it as soon as she got it.

Best of All. One Christmas evening a Sunday school pupil appeared at church, only to be surrounded immediately by a number of deriding playmates. "She's wearing her sister's coat!" cried one. "And she's got her brother's gloves on!" jeered another. "Yes," was the retort that turned the tide of ridicule, "and I came with my mother's blessing."

Eight Pupils Drown. Of six boys and six girls, members of the graduating and junior classes of the High school at Huntington Mills, a country town in Luzerne county, fifteen miles from Wilkes-Barre, who went boating on a mill pond near the school Thursday afternoon, all the girls and two of the boys were drowned, while the other four boys, after a valiant but unsuccessful attempt to save some of the flounders, managed barely to save their own lives.

Taking a Chance. It was in the mountainous region of Arkansas, and the buxom widow stood by her first husband and powerful woman, "Madam," said the old minister, "do you take this man for better or for worse?" The widow smiled her broadest. "Wal, pahson," she drawled, "he's powerful better than my first husband and powerful worse than my second, so I reckon I'll chance him."

Fruits of Partnership.

The old gentleman, having prospered in business, decided to take his son into partnership with him. The young man appreciated the move, but in his newly added dignity became just a little inclined to take things into his own hands. So his father resolved to remonstrate. "Look here, young man," he said, "let's have a little less 'T' and a little more 'W' in this business. Remember you are the junior partner." A week later the son appeared in his father's office looking a bit anxious. "I say, Dad," he said, "we've been and done it now." "Done what," snapped the parent. "Well—er—we've been and married the typewriter."

He Was O. K.

The patient had requested the physician to prescribe for him, and at the end of the examination had informed the doctor that he was unable to pay him. "That's all right," replied the physician, as he handed over the prescription. The patient turned as he was half-way to the door. "By the way, doctor," he said, "would you please be kind enough to take things into his own hands every day of the old customer come back for them. Three thousand retail druggists formed the National Cigar Stands company, adopted the National emblem and put better tobacco in a cigar than others can do for the same money."

Circulation Not Gone.

The editor was dying, says an exchange, but when the doctor bent over, placed his ear on his breast and said: "Potter man! Circulation almost gone, the dying editor sat up and shouted: "You're a liar; we have the largest circulation in the country."

Fooled by Same Comet.

For the second time in her life Mrs. Elizabeth Hillman of Wilkes-Barre on Thursday saw Halley's comet. She first saw it in 1835, when she was 24 years old. She is now 99, but has a very clear recollection of the event. She then lived at Mauch Chunk. She says that for some time before it was possible to see the comet they had heard it was coming and were much alarmed.

"Many people were greatly frightened when we heard the news that a comet was approaching the earth," said Mrs. Hillman, speaking about the appearance of the comet in 1835. "They waited in fear and trembling for the time when it would be seen with the naked eye. Finally the night came, and those who were afraid were actually themselves in shrouds, believing the end of the world was close. Others prayed but there were others who were not afraid or said they were not."

"Our home was on the mountain-side at Huntington, and on the morning of the first time. It was a fine clear night, and we saw it plainly. The next night was hazy, and we did not see it clearly, and for several nights following 'there was a fog' and the people gradually overcame their fears, and after several days went about their occupations as usual and had little to say about the comet."

LIABILITIES.

Table with 2 columns: Description, Amount. Includes Capital stock paid in, Surplus fund, Undivided profits, etc.

ASSETS.

Table with 2 columns: Description, Amount. Includes Reserve fund, Cash, specie and notes, Due from approved reserve agents, etc.

An Aged Veteran.

Noah Bird, a member of one of Somerset county's oldest and most prominent families, who lives in Harnett, Lower Turkeyfoot township, in that county, is a veteran of both the Mexican and Civil wars. While on duty in the Civil war he was stationed at Fortress Monroe when Jefferson Davis, president of the Confederacy, was taken there as a prisoner of war. Mr. Bird is aged 86 years, and his wife, who is aged 80, is still living and able to do most of her own housework. He was a farmer until he retired ten years ago.

LEGAL ADVERTISEMENTS.

NOTICE—TRANSFER OF TAVERN LICENSE.

Notice is hereby given that the petition of Charles M. Waple and H. Walter Waple, was filed in the office of the Clerk of the Court of Quarter Sessions, for the transfer of Charles M. Waple's interest in the Potter House Tavern License, First Ward, Philadelphia, from Charles M. Waple to H. Walter Waple. A. B. KIMPORT, Clerk.

CHARTER NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that an application will be made to the Court of Common Pleas of the County of Centre, on Thursday, the 26th of May 1910, at 10 o'clock A. M., under the provisions of the Corporation Act of 1874 and its supplements for a charter for an intended corporation to be called the "Pennsylvania History Club of the Pennsylvania State College," the character and object of which are to foster and develop an interest in, and taste for, Pennsylvania History in its members, and to collect publications relative to the foundation, history, growth, progress, peoples and industrial interest of this Commonwealth; and for these purposes to have, possess and enjoy all the rights, benefits and privileges conferred by the said act and its supplements thereto. J. THOMAS MITCHELL, Solicitor.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE BELLEFONTE TRUST COMPANY.

Table with 2 columns: Description, Amount. Includes Reserve fund, Cash, specie and notes, Due from approved reserve agents, etc.

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TREASURER'S SALE OF UNSEATED LANDS FOR TAXES OF 1908 AND 1909.

Table with 4 columns: Acres, Per., Warrantee, Supposed Owner, Taxes. Lists various land parcels and owners.

HUSTON TWP.

Table with 4 columns: Acres, Per., Warrantee, Supposed Owner, Taxes. Lists various land parcels and owners.

LIBERTY TWP.

Table with 4 columns: Acres, Per., Warrantee, Supposed Owner, Taxes. Lists various land parcels and owners.

MARION TWP.

Table with 4 columns: Acres, Per., Warrantee, Supposed Owner, Taxes. Lists various land parcels and owners.

MILES TWP.

Table with 4 columns: Acres, Per., Warrantee, Supposed Owner, Taxes. Lists various land parcels and owners.

HAINE'S TWP.

Table with 4 columns: Acres, Per., Warrantee, Supposed Owner, Taxes. Lists various land parcels and owners.