

The Centre Democrat.

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THE THIRD TICKET.

Wednesday morning there was an important gathering of prominent citizens of about Bellefonte, in Crider's Exchange, who were in sympathy with the movement for placing a Third Party Ticket in the field this year in Pennsylvania.

The name of ex-sheriff W. Miles Walker, of Bellefonte, was proposed and was unanimously chosen, and advised to support the best man possible and encourage the selection of representative men from both parties on this ticket.

A Voice from the West.

In the issue of July 14th we thought we were giving John Rankin, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Rankin, a nice notice of his leaving for the west with Frank Curtin.

Postal Savings Bank.

Announcement is made that the postal savings bank system will be partially inaugurated in October. Thus far 163 postmasters in 23 States have requested that their offices be made branches and 353 banks in 41 States that they be named as its depositories.

WEDDINGS.

Bennett-Hamer.

On Saturday evening, July 16, at the Methodist manse in Stormstown, Miss Bertha Hamer and Allison Bennett, both of Port Matilda, were married.

Harpster-Blair.

Wednesday evening, July 20, at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Blair, near Warriorsmark, their daughter, Eliza Ray, was united in marriage to William E. Harpster, Rev. A. L. Frank officiated.

Shiek-Campbell.

On Wednesday evening of last week a quiet but pretty wedding took place at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Davis. The house was neatly decorated for the occasion with evergreens and flowers, giving everything an attractive appearance.

The Woodward post office in the east end of Haines township, in the outstart many years ago, was named Fillmore, and after a short period was changed to Woodward, in honor of Geo. W. Woodward, who was president Judge of the Centre Judicial district and afterwards was appointed as chief justice of the state supreme court.

Neighboring county exchanges report that the chestnut crop promises to be an immense one.

CHINESE CUNNING.

An Official's Subtle Scheme For Securing His Prisoners.

One of the funniest stories about Chinatown is not really Chinese. It was told by a British consul at one of the treaty ports. He arrested nine delinquent Chinese, intending to turn them over to the tender mercies of the native magistrate next morning.

The consul was curious to see how and where. He followed his policeman to the yard. There he saw the nine prisoners dancing round the consul's flagstaff, ludicrously chanting the Chinese equivalent of "Ring around a rosy."

"Well," said the consul, "if they are chained in a ring around the flagstaff they can certainly not get away. But why do you make them dance?"

"Ah," answered the Chinese policeman, with infinite cunning, "so that they cannot climb up the pole and get away!"

The consul broke out into a loud British laugh and tried to explain to the Chinaman that the nine prisoners could certainly not all climb up the pole at once, but the Chinaman had his idea and held to it.

AWED THE STUDENTS.

Jean Richepin's First Lesson as an Instructor in Literature.

At the age of twenty-two Jean Richepin, the French poet and dramatic author, accepted a place as instructor in literature in a school which prepared students for the military college of St. Cyr.

Richepin's first lesson began amid a storm of whistling and catcalls. But the young instructor's voice boomed out above the uproar and imperiously commanded silence.

And, so, saying, young Richepin brought his clenched hand down upon the desk, and the desk broke in two, and he and his pupils lived happily ever afterward.

Crafty M. Blanc.

Blanc, the founder of the Monte Carlo gambling resort, was well aware of the desperate character of many of his customers. Knowing that they included the scum and riffraff of the world, he took precautions against them.

A Painful Process.

I was quite surprised one day when upon telling my little five-year-old girl, who was of a saving disposition, that I would put her pennies in the bank to have her educated to find that she burst into violent weeping and shouted, "I won't be educated; it hurts."

Friends in Need.

"I don't put much faith in proverbs," said Brown to Jones. "For instance, look at the oft quoted one, 'A friend in need is a friend indeed.' Now, most of my experience with friends in need has been that they wanted to borrow. Give me the friends that are not in need."

The Other Way.

"Then you don't want to leave footprints upon the sands of time?" "Nix," answered the politician guardedly. "All I want is to cover up my tracks."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

The Noise Explained.

She (sternly)—I heard a noise very late. He (facetiously)—Was it the night falling? She—No, it wasn't. It was the day breaking.—Baltimore American.

The Glory of Life.

To be a strong hand to another in the time of need, to be a cup of strength to a human soul in a time of weakness, is to know the glory of life.

It is impossible to be just if one is not generous.—Roux.

A SERIOUS DINER.

The Way the Great Emperor Charles V. Ate His Meals.

The diary of a German gentleman, Bartholomew Sastron, who lived in the time of the Emperor Charles V., gives us a good idea of the gastronomic customs of those times.

Young princes and counts served the repast. There were invariably refreshments of six dishes. The emperor had no one to carve for him. He began by cutting his bread in pieces large enough for one mouthful, then attacked his plate.

When he felt thirsty he made a sign to the "doctor" standing by the table; then they went to the sideboard for two silver flagons and filled a goblet which held about a measure and a half.

During the meal he never uttered a syllable, scarcely smiled at the most amusing sallies of the jesters behind his chair, finally picked his teeth with quills and, after washing his hands, retired to a window recess, where anybody could approach him with a petition.

SALT WATER.

Deep Seas Are More Saline Than Those That Are Shallow.

The density of sea water depends upon the quantity of saline matter it contains. The proportion is generally about 3 or 4 per cent, though it varies in different places.

Deep seas are more saline than those that are shallow, and inland seas communicating with the main are less salt, from the rivers that flow into them.

Lore of the Clover.

Any one who carries about a four leaved clover will be lucky and will have the power of discovering ghosts or evil spirits. With it under the pillow the lover may insure dreams of the beloved one.

The Nature of Friendship.

Friendship may be fostered, but cannot be forced. Two are as one, not because it is in the will of either, but because it is in the nature of both. When souls of similar fiber encounter each other the gods preside at the meeting.

Consolation.

There had been a little quarrel after the honeymoon. "And just look at my pretty linen collar," sobbed the young wife; "the tears have trickled down and wiled it out of shape. You haven't a bit of feeling."

A Special Brand.

Mrs. Recentmarrie—I want half a dozen red lemons. The Fruiterer—Red lemons? Mrs. Recentmarrie—Yes, sir; I want to surprise my husband by making him some red lemonade.—Chicago News.

The Two Periods.

The career of every successful man may be divided into two periods—first, when he is not given credit for what he knows and, second, when he is given credit for what he doesn't know.—Life.

Do not talk about disgrace from a thing being known when the disgrace is that the thing should exist.—Falconer.

KITTERY POINT ELMS.

Each of the Giant Shade Trees Cost a Pint of Rum.

One of the most striking attractions of the old town of Kittery Point has long been her towering elms. They rise magnificently above trees of all other varieties, and in summer with their foliage encompass her quaint streets in delicious green coolness.

The story of the circumstances attending the planting of the giants, as it has been handed down from father to son, runs as follows: "Major Thomas Cutts, one of the old town fathers, who conducted a fishing business, foreign commerce, a store and a tavern in the famous Pepperell mansion (built 1662), conceived the very commendable idea of beautifying his native town by setting out trees."

Accordingly in 1791 he gave one Samuel Blake the contract. Samuel's remuneration was nothing more or less than a pint of rum, doubtless brought from the West Indies by one of the major's pinkies, for each tree planted. There were originally ninety of them, and they extended from the Seney lot, near where the First Christian church now stands, to the top of the Point or the shore of Spruce creek.—Kennebec Journal.

THE SPIDER'S THREAD.

Its Use by Astronomers in Their Study of the Stars.

The threads of the garden spider are fixed by astronomers in their telescopes for the purpose of giving fine lines to the field of view by which the relative positions of stars may be accurately measured.

For a century astronomers desired to make use of such lines of the greatest possible fineness and procured at first silver wire drawn out to the extreme limit of tenacity attainable with that metal. They also tried hairs one five-hundredth of an inch thick and threads of the silkworm's cocoon, which are split into two component threads, each only one two-thousandth of an inch thick.

In order to obtain the thread the spider is carefully fixed on a miniature rack, and the thread, which at the moment of issue from the body is a viscid liquid, is made to adhere to a winder, by turning which the desired length of firm but elastic thread can be procured.—London Graphic.

Henley's Sufferings.

In fifty-four years of his life—he was born in 1840—W. E. Henley never knew what a day's perfect health meant. When little more than a boy he was attacked by a disease which necessitated the amputation of one foot. He was told later by the doctors that the sacrifice of the other leg was necessary were he to live.

A Hard One.

"The self made man is splendid," said Andrew Carnegie at a dinner in Washington. "If he makes himself a mental and spiritual no less than a financial success. Too many self made men neglect the intellectual side. This sometimes—at commencements, for example—puts them at a disadvantage. I know a self made man who said at a commencement to his nephew: 'Well, Tommy, my son, what do they teach you here?'"

The Difference.

"What do you regard as the chief difference between a theorist and a practical man?" "A theorist," replied Senator Sorghum, "studies out how a thing ought to be done, and the other fellow makes up his mind how it can be done."—Washington Star.

Out of the Ordinary.

Belle—Why do you encourage that stupid Mr. Blinks? Nello—Why, he says things I never heard any other man say! Belle—Honestly? He proposed?—Cleveland Leader.

His Constituents.

"Ever had 'em strew flowers in your path as you returned home, senator?" "Naw, I'm satisfied not to have 'em strew banana peelings."—Pittsburg Post.

Extremes.

Mrs. A.—My husband is positively impossible. He knows nothing. Mrs. B.—Mine is simply unbearable. He knows everything.—London Tit-Bits.

ELECTRIC TOAST

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SINGS ITS DEATH SONG.

A Peculiar Bird Found in the Jungles of South America.

There is a queer bird in the jungles of northern South America which is called the "pauji" by the natives, but is known to science as the gaieated curasson. It is chiefly remarkable because it sings its own death song.

It does not really sing, but makes a deep humming noise which sounds very much like the Spanish words "El muerto esta aqui" (the corpse lies here). "It is while uttering this inglorious chant," said a South American traveler, "that the pauji usually meets its death, for the hunter can then easily track it to its retreat, and it falls a victim, as the Indians say, to its own death song."

If the pauji gets suspicious it immediately ceases humming, and that is a sure indication to the hunter that the bird has seen him or scents danger. In such a case the only thing for

the sportsman to do is to remain perfectly still. The bird may become reassured after waiting awhile and again begin to call, "The corpse lies here." It can then be cautiously approached and killed.

If it is only wounded the pauji usually escapes, though it cannot fly much better than the ordinary domestic fowl. It is very fleet of foot and will outrun the hunter until it is lost in the dense undergrowth of the jungle.

In the mating season the male pauji is the most pugnacious of birds and will fight its own kind whenever it meets them. Often the fight ends in the annihilation of both combatants.

Our Friends.

If we choose our friends for what they are, not for what they have, and if we deserve so great a blessing, then they will be always with us, preserved in absence and even after death, in the amber of memory.—Cicero.

ATTENTION!

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