

# FACT, FUN AND FANCY.

Bright, Sparkling Paragraphs—Selected and Original.

## OUT OF THE GINGER JAR.

It is a poor rule that won't work always. What is it that works while we sleep? Yeast.

The average tax collector doesn't ride in a taxi-cab.

Extremes meet when the kitten plays with its tail.

It is getting pretty hard to tell one lie from another.

You will never reach the right place on the wrong road.

The harem skirt is a harum-scarum rig to say the least of it.

If you are on the down-hill line make haste to get a transfer.

May not a marriage ceremony be justly called a transaction in bonds?

Some husbands fear the wife's no, and some stand in awe of her know.

The horse is known by its years, but the mule is better known by its ears.

Salt will keep meat, but it requires "sand" to keep a good resolution.

Unfortunately in a good many orchards the trees are known by their scales.

Auto means to go alone, therefore a fine that prowls in the dark is an autocat.

The only kind of mining that is sure to produce satisfactory results is kalsomining.

Generally it is all right to take things as they come, but is dangerous to take a goat that way.

It is natural that an expectant who has been cut off by a will should suffer from a lack of will power.

It gives us a jolt to find that the leading citizen is hungry three times a day and that he snores in his sleep.

Trying to quiet a fretting baby is a hard task, but trying to quiet an accusing conscience is a harder one.

A great many gates are needed on the farm. There's the propogate, the fumigate, the irrigate, the subjugate, the big gate and the little gate, and others that might be mentioned. From May Farm Journal.

**Slightly Mixed.**—A newly ordained minister was preaching his first sermon. Naturally nervous, he became somewhat mixed in making his announcement. "I have come here," he said, "to heal the dead, cast out the sick and raise the devil."

**Both Coming.**—Mamma had sent little Bessie to the pantry to fetch some sticky fly paper. She was gone a long time, and finally the mother called: "Bessie, hurry with the fly paper. Have you got it?" There was a pause and then, "No, mamma, the fly paper's got me. But—we're both coming."

**The Naughty Thing.**—An editor wrote what he thought was a nice little puff for a milliner in which he said: "Everybody would be glad to see her stocking up." Meeting the scribe on the street she soaked him with her parasol, and threatened to have his shop burned. The unsophisticated editor has never been able to find out what was wrong with his item.

**Wanted to Know.**—A man whose prociouls had suffered amputation, was invited out to tea. "My dear," said the good woman of the house to her little daughter, "I want you to be particular, and make no remark about Mr. Jenkins' nose." Gathered about the table, everything was going well; the child peeped about, looked rather puzzled and at last started the table: "Ma, why did you tell me to say nothing about Mr. Jenkins' nose? He hasn't got any!"

**Too Much.**—An Israelite lady, in passing a friend's house one morning was very much surprised to see that her friend was moving. She at once made inquiry by calling on the friend. "Why is it, Mrs. Solomsky, dot you have decided to move so suddenly? You have lived in this house ten months. You must have decided very

quickly." "Yes, ye did," said Mrs. Solomsky. "I have just discovered dat dere is no water faucets in de bath tub."

**Not For Him.**—One day a minister met a boy whom he had previously known, with a bundle on his shoulders. Knowing how much trouble his parents had had to find a position for him, he asked him where he was going? "Home," said the boy. "I have left that place." "Why?" asked the cleric. "Well, you see," said the boy, "soon after I went there, the old sowed, and we ate her, then the cow died and we ate her and yesterday the old grandmother died and I ran away."

**It Rained Buttermilk.**—The aeroplane, making a 12-hour journey from London to Hong-Kong, had got into difficulties among the stars. Something apparently was wrong with the engine, for the customary comet-like speed of the airship had suddenly considerably slackened. "Good heavens!" cried the skipper. "We shall be a second late! What makes her go so slow?" "Why, sir," replied the engineer, "we're passing through the Milky Way, an' the propeller's full of butter!"

**Left a Big Hole.**—An old man, weighing 365 pounds, was seen walking down the street with his grandson, who had been asking him a great many questions which the old man could not answer. At last came the question, "what are we made of, grandpa?" This question the old man thought himself qualified to answer, so he said: "We are made of the dust of the earth, my child." The boy eyed the old man thoughtfully for a few moments and then exclaimed: "Gee! grandpa, it must have made an awful big hole where they took you out."

**Couldn't See Why Not.**—An Irishman, wandering up Fifth avenue saw in a window of a photographer's shop a large photograph of Mephisto. He went inside and after gazing about the walls, said to the proprietor: "I want to have a picture taken of myself an' be brother. How much?" The proprietor named the figure. "All right," said Pat. "Will you take it now?" "Where is your brother?" asked the photographer. "He's in Ireland," said Pat. "Well, my man," said the photographer, "we can't take his picture unless he is here." "That's funny," said Pat. "Ye took a picture of the devil and he's down below."

**Worth the Money.**—A Jew crossing the Brooklyn bridge met a friend who said: "Abe, I'll bet you \$10 that I can tell you exactly what you're thinking about." "Well," agreed Abe, producing a greasy bill, "I half to take dot bet. Put up your money." The friend produced two fives. "Abe," he said, "you are thinking of going over to Brooklyn, buying a small stock of goods, rent a small store, taking out all the fire insurance that you can possibly get, and then burning dot store down." "Well," replied Abe, "you don't exactly vin, but the idea is worth the money. Take id."

**One on the Bachelor.**—A bachelor living in a Southern town hired a colored man to clean up his room and cook for him. A few days afterward the dorky, who had been using his employer's smoking tobacco, said: "Boss, our tobacco ain't done out." "What do you mean by saying 'our tobacco'?" asked the employer. "Everything belongs to me. I want you to understand that nothing belongs to you." On the following Sunday the bachelor was entertaining quite a number of friends at dinner. During the dinner he inquired of the servant: "Sam, was that dark colored lady I saw with this morning your wife?" "No, boss, dat's not our wife; dat's your wife. I've never gone to say nuffin' belongs to me no mosk."

## Witty Willis.

Nathaniel Parker Willis, the poet and author, was also a bit of a wit. Once at a dinner in Washington Willis and a young girl were talking with great animation. The young girl's aunt, seated beside a Mr. Campbell, passed down to her niece a note that said: "Stop flirting with Nat Willis." Willis on reading the note sent it back to the aunt again with this couplet scribbled on the reverse side: Dear aunt, don't attempt my young feelings to trammel Nor strain at a Nat while you swallow a Campbell.

**A Garbled Message.**—At the last moment Mr. Gayley found he could not attend the garden party at Miss Fenton's house, and it was, of course, imperative that he should send his regrets, so he summoned Michael, the family gardener. "Tell Miss Bessie that I am very sorry, but business will prevent me coming," he said. "Yes, sir," said Michael. "And—stay a moment," said Gayley. "Could you remember a line of poetry?" "Certainly, sorr." "Well, tell her, 'Though lost to sight, to memory dear.'"

Half an hour later Michael was delivering his message to Miss Fenton. "The master said it's sorry he is he can't be wid ye," said Michael, "and— and, though he's lost his sight, his memory's clear. And may I be forgiven for the untruth I'm tellin' ye!"

**A Willful Misunderstanding.**—Pitt was induced by Sir John Sinclair to constitute a board of agriculture toward the end of the eighteenth century and make him the president. Having enjoyed his office for a few years, Sinclair began to desire promotion in the social scale. "Dear Mr. Pitt," he wrote to the prime minister, "don't you think the president of the board of agriculture should be a peer?" "Dear Sir John Sinclair," replied Pitt, "I entirely agree with you. I have therefore appointed Lord Somerville to succeed you as president of the board of agriculture."

Sir John Sinclair went about wringing his hands and exclaiming: "Dear me, dear me! It was such a willful misunderstanding!"

## OVER THE COUNTY.

Miss Sarah Woodring, of Port Matilda, was a guest of relatives in Tyrone on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Custard, after touring the Pacific coast cities last fall, have returned to their home at State College.

At eighty-five years, druggist J. D. Murry is the oldest inhabitant of Centre Hall, and longest in number of years resident in that borough.

Last Tuesday Mr. and Mrs. Paul Smith, of Millheim, shipped their household goods to State College where they will reside in the future.

The Pastime theatre of State College has grown so popular and its patronage to such proportions that it has been decided by its managers to remodel and enlarge it.

The work on the Cronover barn near Pine Grove has been started, the structure to be 100x555 feet. The Beech brothers are the masons and Chaney and Rider carpenters.

A little child of Sumner Stover, of Rebersburg, who had suffered an attack of appendicitis, was operated on recently, and conditions are now favorably for its complete recovery. Dr. G. S. Frank performed the operation.

The State College Times says: "Sneak thieves were busy last Sunday night in the west end, especially on South Atherton street, milk and other edibles being taken from rear porches. There is a strong suspicion as to who the guilty parties are."

Samuel Ross, of Linden Hill, recently suffered a painful injury to his hand in a somewhat peculiar manner. In trying to push a bullet through a gun with a piece of wire, the latter entered his hand at the base of the thumb and came out below the little finger.

The wheat fields of this county continue to have a promising appearance, and the prospects for an abundant fruit crop, of all kinds, are the same. For the farmer all looks promising up to date, for this year. What helps our farmer friends tends to the good of all others, in every condition of life.

W. C. Karatetter, of Loganton, lost a valuable young horse last Saturday, when it became necessary to shoot one he purchased from Mrs. Josiah Matter about a year ago. The animal sustained a broken leg in a mysterious way while in the barn and veterinary skill was unable to bring about a healing, hence the killing.

Are the citizens of Bellefonte, and other towns in the county, and in the rural sections, giving the sanitary condition of their premises the thought and care that will banish diseases and deaths, make their appearance, where rubbish, filth and decaying matter are permitted to abide.

The remodeling of the National Hotel at Millheim is being rapidly pushed to completion by landlord Shawver, the frame work of the new addition now being put up. The added part will be three stories in height, the same as the main building, which will thus increase the number of rooms for accommodating the travelling public.

Fred, the four-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Wilton Carner, of Lemont, died on Sunday of last week and was buried the following Thursday at 2 P. M. at Shiloh. The little fellow had been sick but five days, and a surgical operation was resorted to save his life but death intervened. Hew was the eldest child, two other children surviving.

Mr. Barnard, the sculptor, mildly rebukes men, who criticize the nude in art as exhibited in his Capitol statuary. But the public has already become accustomed to the sight, and nobody pays any attention to it any more. All who look do so only to admire the unadorned beauty of the whole work, remarks the Harrisburg Independent.

Mrs. Stauffer, wife of Rev. G. A. Stauffer, of Rebersburg, was called to Harrisburg a week ago on account of an accident which happened to her while out fishing. The boat capsized and both the occupants were thrown into the deep water; the brother came near drowning before he was rescued, and suffered severely from the shock and exposure.

A very heavy charge of dynamite exploded at the stone quarries of the Millheim Lumber turpentine company, Tuesday, Elias Stover, who was driving the team of Marcellus Sankey was opposite the quarry when the blast exploded. The force of the explosion knocked down one of the horses, and the other horse was hit on the head with a piece of rock and severely injured. Mr. Stover was also knocked down.

Mrs. Anna Swartz, who recently moved from here to Union county, writes as follows from Lewisburg, Pa.: "I had a severe attack of catarrhal pneumonia and confined to bed for the past twelve weeks. Am able again to sit on a chair, but am sorry to say I am still unable to walk. I pass my time in reading, and will say, I find much pleasure in reading the good news in your paper from my 'old home.' The rest of my family are all well. Mr. Swartz holds a good position at the Lewisburg chair works."

In a letter received last week from Rev. George W. Shires, of Tannersville, Pa., we regret to learn of the death of the Reverend's mother, which occurred at her home in Lebanon, on Tuesday of last week. Funeral services were held on Friday afternoon at 2 o'clock. Rev. Shires is a former pastor of the U. B. church at Port Matilda, and while located at that place the aged mother paid her son a visit, where she made many friends. She was a Christian woman whose exemplary traits of character were force for good to all with whom she came in contact. Her age was about 74 years.

State Constabulary. Two state constabulary police were recently stationed permanently at Oveston, Pa., and they will do special duty through that region wherever there is need for their services. There are numerous industries along the Beech Creek region, and it is not an uncommon thing to hear of young riots and insurrections, mostly due to booze that is imported. As there were no local police officers, these men will now see to it that better order prevails in that region.

**Wants to Return to Prison.**—Self-fearful that he may commit murder, John Miniger, has begged Sheriff John B. Caldwell, of Butler, Pa., to take him back to the penitentiary.

Miniger, who is sixty-nine years old, was released from prison last week, and had spent a total of twenty-three years behind the bars for various offenses.

He told the sheriff that an almost irresistible desire came upon him since his release from prison to shoot his brother and sister.

# The Scrap Book

**Natural Curiosity.**  
A West Philadelphia woman who spent last summer in England tells the following story:

"We were taking a ride on one of those 'seeing London' automobiles," she said, "and there was a party of tourists aboard. They were Americans, of course, and they were taking the greatest interest in everything they saw from the top of the big motor bus.

"As the automobile rolled out of Hyde park and started in the direction of Piccadilly the guide pointed to a big old house surrounded by a high brick wall and shouted through his megaphone:

"That is," he said, "the town residence of the Duke of C., one of our largest landed proprietors."

"A pretty girl on the second seat—she was about seventeen, and it was obviously her first trip abroad—looked up in sudden enthusiasm.

"'Oh!' she cried, 'Who landed him?'"

—Philadelphia Times.

**The Law of Recompense.**  
There is no wrong by any one committed But will recoil. Its sure return, with double ill repeated. No skill can foil.

As on the earth the mist it yields to heaven Descends in rain, So on his head who'er has evil given It falls again.

It is the law of life that retribution Shall follow wrong. It never fails, although the execution May tarry long.

Then let us be, with unrelaxed endeavor, Just, true and right. That the great law of recompense may ever Our hearts delight.

## His Fame.

Jean Havez was once Dockstader's press agent and general manager. One evening as the two alighted from a train in a middle sized town in the west Dockstader reproached Havez with this:

"Jean, I'd like to know what you have ever done for me. Here I am paying you a princely salary, and you don't give me any returns for it."

"Why, Lew," objected Havez, greatly grieved, "how can you say that after all I've done for you?"

"All you have done," said Dockstader, "has been to write a good song for me occasionally, or give me a little advertising in the newspapers, or dig me up a more or less bum joke. That isn't enough."

"Why, Lew," said Havez, "I've made you the most famous man in the country, even more famous than the president. You can't go anywhere without people knowing who you are the minute your name is mentioned. Everybody in this country knows Lew Dockstader, and you owe your fame to me."

"They went to the best hotel in the town, and Dockstader registered in a bold hand, 'Lew Dockstader.'"

The clerk looked at him politely and inquired, "Will you need a sample room, Mr. Dockstader?"

## Physical Limitations.

There was a very stupid play presented early in the New York season, an "adaptation." It was called by the author. Even the best natured critics went away in disgust. One newspaper representative turned to another and said, "If that jumble had been presented on the other side of the water it would have been hissed. As there were a lot of foreign visitors present I wonder that it wasn't."

"It really is a wonder," was the other's response. "I would like to have hissed myself, but you can't yawn and hiss at the same time."—Metropolitan Magazine.

## FOOD FOR A YEAR

Meat.....	300 lbs.
Milk.....	240 qts.
Butter.....	100 lbs.
Eggs.....	27 doz.
Vegetables.....	500 lbs.

This represents a fair ration for a man for a year.

But some people eat and eat and grow thinner. This means a defective digestion and unsuitable food. A large size bottle of

## Scott's Emulsion

equals in nourishing properties ten pounds of meat. Your physician can tell you how it does it.

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Send 10c, name of paper and this ad. for our beautiful Emulsion Book and Child's Sketch-Book. Each book contains a Good Luck Penny.

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SPECIAL 10-DAY EXCURSION  
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**\$8.25** from Bellefonte

Tickets good going on Train No. 8, "Atlantic Express," Train No. 4, "Philadelphia Express," Train No. 36, "Philadelphia Express" or Train No. 35, "The Washington Express," and their connections.

Tickets will be limited for return passage to leave Washington on regular trains before midnight of May 20, 1911, inclusive, and require validation by Ticket Agent at Washington before being good for return passage.

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within limit of ticket allowed on going or returning trip. Passengers not desiring to use tickets beyond Baltimore may have them validated for return trip at that point.

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This represents a fair ration for a man for a year.

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