

FACT, FUN AND FANCY.

Bright, Sparkling Paragraphs—Selected and Original.

Tombstones never seem to blush for the lies they tell.
 A cent in the hand is worth two in a bottle of extract.
 Most salads and all women are improved by French dressing.
 Many a man loses a little reputation trying to stretch it to a big one.
 Luck is merely a case of the right opportunity meeting the right man.
 It's the unexpected that always happens, unless you are looking for it.
 It is quite natural that when a girl has good points the fellows should get stuck on her.
 About the only people who have time to think twice before they speak are those who stutter.
 A man's hair begins to get thin on the top of his head about when his oldest daughter bulks her up there for the first time.
 The trouble with most men who are reformed by marriage is that they don't stay reformed although they generally stay married.
 Bring up your boy in the way he should go and you need have no fear that he will ever become a United States senator.
 There is one nice thing about loving a bulldog—he never cares whether you have a clean shave or not.
 It takes longer to get a wife's consent to feeding the dog at the table than it does to teach the dog to "catch it" off the end of his nose.
 Some men who haven't been to church in 30 years do a lot of kicking about the big hats of women shutting off all view of the pulpit.
 Love is responsible for all sorts of things but never before have we heard of him being an undertaker. A Colorado newspaper, however, says: "See love for undertaking before going elsewhere and save money."

Wanted to Please.—A man went into a store to buy a fountain pen. The young saleswoman gave him one to try and he covered several sheets of paper with the words, "Tempus Fugit." The obliging Venduee offered him another pen. "Perhaps," she said, "you'd like one of these stultus better, Mr. Fugit."

Made a Mistake.—A young man in church laid a \$5 gold piece on the plate when the offering was being taken. After service the deacon asked if he had made a mistake by giving so large an amount, to which the young man replied: "Yes, I mistook the coin for a penny, but never mind now. I'll give it to the Lord and let it go to the devil."

Too Oily for Him.—John D. Rockefeller, Jr., once asked a clergyman to give him an appropriate Bible verse on which to base an address which he was to make at the latter's church. "I was thinking," said young Rockefeller, "that I would take the verse from the Twenty-third Psalm: 'The Lord is my Shepherd; but do you really want an appropriate verse?'" "Certainly do," was the reply. "Well, then," said the clergyman, with a twinkle in his eye, "I would elect the verse in the same Psalm: 'Thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.'"

In Missouri.—Jenkins was traveling in Missouri just before the presidential election, and in the car right across from him two men were arguing as to the probable result of the election. Says one: "Bryan's the man." The other man replied: "It was the reply. Suddenly an Adventist, sitting behind them, spoke up and said: 'My friends, do you know who is to be our next President? It is the Lord, who is coming at once, with his angels to reign.' Quick as a thought, Jenkins, who imagined that some third party candidate had been mentioned, sprang up, snatched the Millerite on the shoulder, and cried out: 'Bet you \$25 he don't carry Missouri!'"

She Took the Prize.—In a certain town, recently, there was a contest in which there were prizes given mothers having children with the queerest names. The contest was nearing a close and the judges were preparing to award the prizes to the best of their knowledge when an old negro mammy was seen pushing her way through the crowd and presenting herself before the judges she announced her intention of competing for the prize. "What name did you give your child?" asked one of the judges. "This one am named Pete and this one am named Repeat, and this one am named Kate and this one Dupli-Kate." Then pushing up the third and last pair she exclaimed with a triumphant look on her face: "This one am named Max and this one Oh-Max."

Did His Level Best.—"Now, Thomas," said the foreman of the construction gang to a green hand who had just been on the job, "keep your eyes open. You see a train coming throw down your tools and jump off the track. Run like blazes." "Sure!" said Thomas, and began to swing his pick. In a few moments the Empire State express came whirling along. Thomas threw down his pick and started up the track ahead of the train as fast as he could run. The train overtook him and tossed him into a ditch. Badly shaken up he was taken to the hospital, where the foreman visited him. "You blithering idiot," said the foreman, "didn't I tell you to get out of the road? Didn't I tell you to take care and get out of the way? Why didn't you run up the side of the hill?" "Up the side of the hill, is it?" said Thomas, through the bandages on his face. "Up the side of the hill? Be the powers, I couldn't bate it on the level, let alone runnin' up-hill!"

Why He Stayed On.—He was tall and he was lanky and he was politely inebriated. He pulled solemnly at a dead cigar as he boarded a crowded car at the corner. He leaned limply against the rail board and gazed vacantly out into space over the heads of his fellow passengers. As the car jerked forward he lurched backward and split himself between the rails. The conductor gathered him up and anchored him safely to a window bar. He looked around him in a wrinkled perplexity and at last he spoke: "Clleston?" he asked of the small man on whose toes he was standing. "No, sir," was the reply. "Whee—whee broke?" was his next query. "No, sir," answered the little fellow. Silence then. "Explosion?" came the next question. "No, sir," said the short one. More silence. "Smatter then?" he queried petulantly. "Nothing, sir," meekly returned his victim. "Nothin' smatter!.. he ejaculated with a frown. "If I'd known that I wouldn't get off."

He Won the Cigars.—One day the officer commanding a volunteer regiment met one of his lieutenants on the rifle range. The lieutenant was shooting, and he "called" each shot as he fired without waiting for the markers to signal the result. "You're a pretty good guesser," said the colonel. "Why don't you admit you're guessing where those shots land?" "I'll bet you a box of cigars," said the junior officer, "that I can call 20 shots correctly in succession." "Taken!" said the older warrior, who was nothing if not a sportsman. The lieutenant fired. "Miss," he announced, and a red flag from the target told that this was correct. Another shot. "Miss," he declared. A third shot. "Miss again," he said. Fourth shot. "Fourth miss," announced the young officer. Another shot. "Miss," again sang out the lieutenant. "Hold on there!" put in the colonel. "What are you trying to do? I thought you were going to fire at the target." "I am trying to win my box of cigars," said the lieutenant. "Don't fire any more," said the colonel, "they're yours."

Not Much Left.—During a revival meeting in Western North Carolina, recently, the preacher was invited by a widow woman to go home with her and take dinner, which invitation was accepted. On arrival at the home, the minister noticed a very old looking barrel sitting in one corner. It looked so old fashioned that the minister proceeded to question the lady in the following way: "My good woman, please tell me why you keep that old barrel?" "Parson, says the widow, "that old barrel is the dearest thing on earth to me except the old family Bible. Parson, my great, great-grandfather made that old barrel; when he died my great grandfather inherited it. Some of the hoops rotted off and my great grandfather replaced them with new ones. When he died my grandfather inherited it. Some of the hoops rotted off, some of the hoops rotted out, one head rotted out and my grandfather replaced them with new ones. When my grandfather died my father inherited the old barrel; the other hoops rotted out and my own father replaced them with new; and now parson, to tell you the truth about it, there is nothing left of that original old barrel except the bung-hole."

Plumb Line Into Porto Rico.
 There are places where the direction of a plumb line is not vertical. Irregularities of density in the crust of the globe may produce this phenomenon. A remarkable instance in point was found in the island of Porto Rico, where the deviation from the vertical is so great that in mapping the island the northern and southern coast lines, as shown in the older maps, had each to be moved inward half a mile.—Scientific American.

Most Powerful Poison.
 From the microbe which gives rise in human beings to the disease known as tetanus, or lockjaw, a poison called tetanine is obtained which is over 100 times more powerful than strychnine. A fragment of tetanine so small as to be invisible to the naked eye would kill almost instantaneously the strongest man. One fifteen-thousandth part of a grain of it has caused the death of a horse 1,600,000,000 times its own weight.

Well Occupied.
 Lady (engaging assistant gardener)—And if I engage you, besides your other duties, you will have to attend to the three dogs and clean out their kennels, also clean out the parrot's cage, clean up my sons' workshop and clean both their bicycles; also clean the car except when the weather's dirty. Applicant (overwhelmed)—And shall I have to clean that?—Tatler.

One Kind of Greatness.
 There is a kind of greatness which does not depend upon fortune; it is a certain manner that distinguishes us, and which seems to destine us for great things; it is the value we sensibly set upon ourselves; it is by this quality that we gain the deference of other men, and it is this which commonly raises us more above them than birth, rank or even merit itself.—La Rochefoucauld: "Reflections."

Probably Holds Record.
 Mr. Elias Taylor, parish clerk of Felsted, England, has retired on reaching the age of ninety, after fifty-one years of service. During his term of office he daily ascended the church tower to wind the clock. He discharged that duty 18,500 times, and climbed 100 miles of stairs.

Sea-Weed Eating Nations.
 China and Japan are pre-eminently the seaweed eating nations of the world. Among no other people are seaweeds so extensively eaten and relished as food.

Nourishment of Seaweed.
 Seaweed does not obtain nourishment from the soil at the bottom of the sea, but the matter contained in sea water.

New Idea for Waterproof Paper.
 Light but strong waterproof paper that successfully imitates leather and rubber is made in Japan from vegetable fibers.

OVER THE COUNTY.

Miss Sarah McWilliams, of Johnstown, is spending her vacation at her home at Rock Springs.

The crop prospect over the county, at present, is good. What helps the farmer, is beneficial to all others.

The telephones on the Colyer No. 2 Rural line, from Fletcher's Gap to the Centre Hall exchange will be placed in a few days.

Masters Ralph and Paul Horner, sons of Calvin Horner, of Altoona, are enjoying a visit with their grandmother at Centre Hall.

Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland Mitterling, of Centre Hall, are enjoying a pleasure trip to Pittsburg, Niagara Falls and other points of interest.

Mrs. Alice Lecompt, of Bradford, and Mrs. Mollie Shirk, of Bellefonte, spent one day last week with their niece, Mrs. Della Miller, of Axemann.

The Good Roads movement, in this county, is pushing onward. May Centre be the centre of the good roads, as the sun is of our solar system.

Miss Lulu Stover, of Millheim, left last week for the west, intending to spend a month visiting friends in Ohio, Indiana, Michigan and Illinois.

Ammon Mingie, of Haines township, has accepted a position with the Logan C&A Company of Carrolltown, Pa., and left recently to assume his duties.

A young son arrived recently in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Mrs. W. Calvin Candy, at State College. This is their first born, and naturally the best boy in town.

Dr. F. E. Gutelius, of Millheim, departed last Wednesday for Mansfield and Warren, Ohio, to spend some time with his sister, Mrs. T. O. Morris, and his brother Daniel.

While hitched to a plow, the team of horses owned by Jas. Harpster, of Pine Grove Mills, ran away one day last week, wrecking the plow and harness, and severely bruising themselves.

State College borough has lost one of its efficient high school teachers, in the person of Miss Lulu E. Smith, who in August will sail for Honolulu, where she has accepted a position in a government college.

After the close of a successful term as assistant principal of the Cape May High school, Miss Eloise Schuyler, has returned to her home at Centre Hall, where she will spend her vacation with her father.

Sometime next week, Rev. and Mrs. D. J. Wolf, and three little sons, will leave their home at Taneytown and go to Centre Hall, where they will spend some time with Mrs. Wolf's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Durst.

There isn't anything that a child likes better than a picnic, and a family picnic in particular. It simply wants to get out into the woods where it can get close to nature and not have to be dressed up and keep clean.

Miss Alice Hughes, formerly librarian at Sandusky, O., has been appointed an assistant librarian in the Carnegie library at Penn State. Her long experience in this branch of work makes her admirably qualified for her new position.

The aged "Aunt" Julia Musser, of Pine Grove Mills, passed her eighty-seventh birthday on Monday of last week. If the good wishes of her friends are of any significance the good lady will live to round out the century mark.

Miss Annie Trumble, of Morristown, takes much interest in chicken raising and has a curiosity in the shape of a three-legged peep hatched out a day or two ago. One of her feet has one toe, another has two, and the third stump like a human hand.

Last summer George Homan, the Millheim horse dealer, had a large barn built at that place, which he supposed would be adequate for his needs, but he now finds that a large addition will be necessary, and has started to build the same.

Last Thursday Mrs. W. S. Matze, of Millheim, suffered a second stroke of paralysis, and her condition since is said to be very serious. Several weeks ago she was first attacked by the disease, and had not fully recovered until the second stroke came.

James S. Colburn, for many years a well known resident of Philadelphia, and who a little more than four years ago left that town to make his home with his son John at Neffs, Ohio, died on Tuesday at the residence of the latter after a lingering illness.

The second summer session for teachers opened at the Pennsylvania State College on Monday, June 25, for a period of six weeks. The attendance this year will, it is expected, reach 250 or 300. The first union religious service will be held Sunday evening, July 2, at 7:30. Rev. J. Allison Platts will be the speaker.

Among the young ladies who attended the commencement exercises at State College was Miss Marie Weston, of Atlantic City, who was a guest of Capt. Edgar Fry, U. S. N., instructor in military tactics at Penn State. Miss Weston is the daughter of Major General Weston, now in the Philippines, where Miss Weston has also spent some time. Capt. Fry has left State College and gone to Texas, where he joined his regiment.

One evening recently while Howard Weaver, of Millheim, was enjoying himself at Madisonburg festival, his horse, which was tied in a nearby church shed, broke loose and started for home at a break-neck speed. The animal after going a short distance tore loose from the buggy, and continued its flight to Centre Mills where it was caught by William Bair. The buggy was a complete wreck, but the horse was not injured.

Last Thursday while assisting in taping vines at the home of her brother Joseph W. Reifsnnyder at Millheim, Miss Jennie Reifsnnyder fell and broke her right leg. She had used a chair to stand on, and in stepping off the chair she slipped and fell, striking her leg against the side of the chair. The break occurred just below the right knee. It is a peculiar co-incidence that several weeks ago Mrs. Henry Brown, while at work at the same home, fell and fractured a leg.

Stairs Practically Indestructible.
 A flight of stairs has been erected in Paris over which fourteen million persons have passed without so much as scratching the surface. These steps are almost imperishable, for in the concrete of which they are constructed a generous proportion of carborundum has been introduced, and since carborundum is almost as hard as the diamond, it has given the concrete a wearing quality which no marble or granite could possibly approach.

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS.

W. E. Hurley sheriff to Julia McDermott, May 9, 1911, tract of land in Bellefonte; \$1400.

Lehigh Valley Coal Co. to H. W. Rabert, May 24, 1911, tract of land in Snow Shoe; \$134.

W. L. Bower to Anna Eliza Moore, June 21, 1911, tract of land in Howard Twp.; \$650.

John J. Orndorf admr to G. W. Wolf, May 11, 1906, tract of land in Haines Twp.; \$380.

J. L. Kreamer to G. W. Wolf, Feb. 11, 1903, tract of land in Haines Twp.; \$209.

J. K. Moyer et al to G. W. Wolf, April 19, 1908, tract of land in Miles and Haines Twp.; \$350.

E. M. Huyett et al to G. W. Wolf, March 20, 1892, tract of land in Haines Twp.; \$150.

A. W. Hafer et ux to J. K. Moyer, Nov. 30, 1883, tract of land in Miles and Haines Twp.; \$100.

James P. Coburn exr to J. L. Kreamer April 3, 1895, tract of land in Haines Twp.; \$17.36.

Thomas Foster et al to May B. Corl, Jan. 20, 1910, tract of land in State College; \$300.

Wm. Munson sheriff to Jas. D. McLaughan, Aug. 25, 1896, tract of land in Potter Twp.; \$200.

Wm. Whitmer & Sons Co. to Commonwealth of Pa., May 12, 1911, tract of land in Centre Co.; \$4191.65.

Wm. J. Wiest trustee to Commonwealth of Pa., May 22, 1911, tract of land in Centre Co.; \$7847.36.

Richard Milligan to Martin Bowers, Feb. 25, 1865, tract of land in Potter Twp.; \$250.

Martin Bower et ux to William E. Snyder, Dec. 12, 1865, tract of land in Potter Twp.; \$500.

Laurelton Lumber Co. to Monroe H. Kulp et al, June 5, 1908, tract of land in Potter Twp.; \$60.

Geo. Livingstone admr to Christopher Slam, Jan. 29, 1859, tract of land in Potter Twp.; \$410.

Catherine Runkle et baron to Geo. W. Spangler, March 12, 1875, tract of land in Potter Twp.; \$100.

Geo. Hoy's exrs to Wm. E. Cole, June 21, 1911, tract of land in State College; \$955.

T. B. Motts et ux to C. B. Auman, April 3, 1909, tract of land in Penn Twp.; \$400.

F. Stille Heverly to W. Fred Reynolds, June 21, 1911, tract of land in Jenner Twp.; \$54.25.

Jno. Hamilton et ux to Margaret H. Huyett, May 16, 1911, tract of land in State College; \$375.

W. E. Hurley sheriff to S. S. McCormick, June 13, 1911, tract of land in Boggs Twp.; \$790.

W. E. Hurley sheriff to S. S. McCormick, June 13, 1911, tract of land in Boggs Twp.; \$46.

Jacob Frantz's trustees to Gilbert E. Wer, May 22, 1911, tract of land in Ellert Twp.; \$372.50.

S. K. Hostetter et ux to Maude H. Bell, June 2, 1911, tract of land in State College; \$4000.

Elias Breen et ux to Jacob Winkler, April 15, 1911, tract of land in Miles Twp.; \$160.

Lizzie Small et bar to Elias Breen, April 15, 1911, tract of land in Miles Twp.; \$175.

Uncomplimentary Comparison.
 A Philadelphia school director is mostly bald, and one of his sons took advantage of the fact to make plain to his teacher his understanding of geography. The teacher had defined a desert as a barren tract, and in order to impress the pupils with it she had asked them to define it and give an example. When the school director's boy was questioned he answered promptly and correctly, and by way of illustration said: "A desert is a great big tract that's barren, like pa's head an inch above his ears."

Rivulets and the Rivers.
 All are to be men of genius in their degree—rivulets or rivers, it does not matter, so that the souls be clear and pure; not dead walls, encompassing dead heaps of things, known and numbered, but running waters in the sweet wilderness of things unnumbered and unknown, conscious only of the living banks, on which they partly refresh and partly reflect the flowers, and so pass on.—Ruskin: The Stones of Venice.

Her Usual Warning.
 Mistress—When you leave, I shall want a week's warning. Bridget—It's me habit, mum, merely to give a blast on the auto horn.—Harper's Bazar.

Pennsylvania R. R. SUMMER VACATIONS
 Summer!
 Vacation time!
 Have you fixed yours yet?
 The Pennsylvania Railroad Summer Excursion Book, just issued, contains routes and rates to about eight hundred of the leading resorts of America.

It may be obtained of any Ticket Agent of the Pennsylvania Railroad for Ten Cents, or will be mailed, post-paid, by Geo. W. Boyd, General Passenger Agent, Philadelphia, Pa., on receipt of Twenty-five Cents.

Summer excursion tickets with liberal return limits, by which you may make a trip of a day, a week, a month, or a sojourn for the whole summer, are now on sale by Ticket Agents, who will gladly assist you in selecting your route and resort.

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ARE USED EVERYWHERE

5 Easily laid—can be laid right over wood shingles if necessary—Fireproof—Stormproof—Last as long as the building and never need repairs. For further detailed information apply to Local Dealers or Cortright Metal Roofing Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

Pure Groceries and Food Products.

TEAS—With the coming of Summer the old Standard Hot Weather Beverage Tea will be in demand. Most Teas now are used blended, but we take no chances on buying Blended Teas. Do our own blending right here in the store. Use only New Crop Goods of Good Value and Finest Flavor, not merely thrown together but compounded so as to draw the separate flavor of each and produce a new and true blend. Try our 60c blend for either hot or iced tea. If you want something fine go the 80c goods and if you are willing to go still higher, one dollar per pound will more than please you. We carry a fine line of Straigt Teas—Formosa Oolong, Ceylon, Japan, Young Hyson, Gun Powder, Imperial—Several Grades of each kind on all "Our Lines" of Teas. 5c per lb. off on sales of one pound or more.

COFFEES—Coffees have not changed in value recently but we look for an early moderate decline. Our 23c and 25c goods are the best values of anything now offered.

OLIVES—We have just opened some olives that are worth your attention. Large, bright, perfect fruit at 10c per half pint, 20c per pint and 35c per qt. for sales of one qt. or more.

PICKLES—Dills: Sweet and Sour. New full Cream Cheese 18c per lb. Fruits and Biscuits are in demand just now and we always have them in abundance. If you want some nice, bright country dried Apples we have them. Finest Hams and boneless breakfast Bacon at 18c per lb.

Bush House Block, Sechler & Company, Bellefonte.

Feet Ready For The Fourth?

Do your Celebrating in cool, good looking, comfortable Foot wear. Discard your heavy Shoes!

Our prices are not prohibitive, while the comfort afforded by our cool, low Shoes is hard to estimate.

Foot Coolers

We've Oxfords in Lace or Button styles. Black or the new shades in Tan.

Ties and Pumps in black leathers, or the new colorings in Tans, Chocolates, Wines, etc. New creations in Suede leathers. Very smart!

Then for outings are the always right and comfortable Canvass Shoes and Oxfords in white or colors.

We can place your feet in splendid condition for you outing on the Fourth, and do it very reasonably.

Mingle's Shoe Store,
 BELLEFONTE, PA.

A Good Lawn Mower

is an absolute necessity for a well kept lawn.

* If you do not have one or it is getting too old for good use just stop in and see our line of

Cadets, Suburban, Lakewoods, and Imperials

it is undoubtedly the best line in Centre County and at prices that will surprise you.

We also have a full line of Rubber Garden Hose ranging in price from 8 to 15 cts.

Also:

Grass Catchers, Grass Hooks
 and Whet Stones.

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