

Correspondents' Department

Continued.

CENTRAL CITY.

The Wallace Brick Co. has built a business office at their works.

The sick are Mrs. Joseph Watson and Mrs. Harry Diehl; glad to say at this writing they are improving as fast as can be expected.

C. A. Fetzer, accompanied by a number of other operators along the E. E. V. attended the funeral of Mr. Ervin Jordan, on Monday.

Samuel Tressler, our first trick operator at this place, accompanied by his wife, spent a week's vacation at Atlantic City, and reports having a fine time.

Ross Fetzer, of Yarnell, is spending a few days this week with his aunt, Mr. Thomas Poormans, on First avenue.

Miss Erma Poorman has returned home from Potter county, where she was visiting her aunt, Mrs. Grover.

C. A. Fetzer spent Sunday last with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Fetzer, at Howard.

D. E. Woodring was called to Stormstown on Monday to attend the funeral of his father.

William Stanley attended the funeral of Mrs. Scott Crain, at Port Matilda, on Sunday.

Thomas Swires, of this place, is spending a few days with his sister at Unionville.

Chas. Martin and wife, of Tyrone, visited at the home of Mr. and Mrs. George Sheckler, on Front street, on Sunday.

During the heavy electric storm which passed through this section on Wednesday of last week the barn of Fred Scandle was struck by lightning and burnt to the ground.

James Oswald, of this place, was called to Clearfield, on Monday to attend the funeral of one of his sister's little children.

AARONSBURG.

Mrs. Ruth Musser Kellar and children, of Pleasant Gap, visited at the home of her uncle, John Hains.

Mrs. J. C. Meyer, of Bellefonte, spent a few days at the home of Luther E. Stover's.

Rev. Barber, a Presbyterian minister at Curwensville, was seen at the Foster residence on Sunday.

Mrs. Chas. Orwig, of Hartleton, visited her son Walter and family at this place.

Wilmer Stover had a young English beagle hound sent him from Newton Hamilton.

Mrs. Heuston, of Clearfield, is visiting at the home of Mrs. J. P. Coburn.

Mr. and Mrs. James Breon, of Pence, Ind., have come to spend their vacation in this place.

Mrs. Rev. Shoemaker, of Lock Haven, is visiting at the home of her sister, Mrs. M. J. Deisher.

Dr. J. D. Bowerman has a hen that laid an egg weighing 6 oz.

Miss Mabelle and Ethel Trexell, of Winfield, are the guests of Harvey Crouse's.

Mrs. H. C. Yardy and daughter, of Shamokin, are visiting at the home of Mrs. Musser, the aged mother of Mrs. Yardy.

SPRING MILLS.

Rev. B. F. Bieber preached his farewell sermon to a large audience on Sunday afternoon; everybody is sorry to see him leave.

Rev. Wolf preached for the Reformed congregation on Sunday forenoon and he made a good impression on his audience; next Sunday forenoon Rev. Lewis Robb will preach a harvest home sermon in the Reformed church; he is a very able preacher and no one should miss the opportunity to hear him.

Robert Smith, at the sea shore this week enjoying himself. W. C. Corman, wife and daughter, of Windber, who were visiting friends at this place and Coburn for a few weeks, have left for their home.

Mr. and Mrs. G. M. Musser and their two daughters, of Buena Vista, Va., who were visiting Mr. David J. Musser, the former's father, and other friends, have also left for their home.

FILLMORE.

The rain that visited our community last week made things look quite green and fresh; it soaked down in the ground and will help to make the little potatoes grow big.

Edward Taylor has dug a well; he went down about twelve feet and has about a foot and a half of water.

Bud Bomer and Harry Gummo have started out with their thrasher and are doing fine work.

The White Whale.

One of the creatures that inhabit the northern seas is the beluga, or white whale. It frequents the Arctic ocean, enters the numerous bays and inlets and sometimes travels up the fresh water streams to a considerable distance in search of food.

Elephant Toothache.

A London surgeon who had been for many years in India says he would sooner risk a railway accident than meet an elephant with toothache. It appears that toothache affects an elephant in a more severe manner than it does any other animal.

Oxygen as a Cutting Tool.

A jet of burning oxygen from a blowpipe may be successfully employed to cut sheet iron, iron tubes and small bars. The cut made is almost as sharp and thin as that made by a saw in earlier attempts.

Two Days in One.

Chatham Island, lying off the coast of New Zealand, in the south Pacific ocean, is peculiarly situated, as it is one of the few habitable points of the globe where the day of the week changes. It is just on the line of the demarcation between dates.

Spanish Etiquette.

There is a curious story of how the Duke d'Aosta when king of Spain told a mulattier to whom he was talking to cover himself, the sun being hot, forgetting that by so doing he made the mulattier a grandee.

Progressing.

"Do you think Miss Roxy cares anything for you?" "Well, I think she's beginning to care a little."

Hurt His Pride.

"Do I understand you to say, prisoner, that you knocked him down because he called you a dirty liar?" "Yes, your honor; I simply couldn't stand it. If there is one thing I have always prided myself on more than anything else it is my cleanliness."

Mistaken Affability.

"What made our pirate chief compel the prisoner to walk the plank so hastily?" asked the pirate. "He was one of those cheery and familiar ready made humorists. The first thing he said when he saw the chief was, 'Oh, you Captain Kidd!'"

Economical.

Husband—You are not economical. Wife—Well, if you don't call a woman economical who saves her wedding dress for a possible second marriage I'd like to know what you think economy is like.—Glasgow Times.

A Great Deal.

"Whenever I look at my wife," said the husband of the celebrated fattest woman on earth, "I feel that I have a great deal to be thankful for."

THE MILL

How a Picture Was Painted Under an Inspiration By EDWARD GILLETTE

There is no more dainty bit of scenery, to my thinking, than one of those little patched up, tumbledown, moss covered water mills of the olden time. They are always situated at the lower end of a pond, nestled under trees and half buried in shrubbery.

I am one of those knights of the brush myself. One day, coming upon such a simple scene as I have mentioned, I opened my three legged stool, set up my easel and began to work in my colors. I have the picture I made of the mill, and no money would induce me to part with it.

While I was at work a man under a faded straw hat and suspenders uncovered by coat or waistcoat came up behind me and looked at my work. He was a middle aged countryman, with those furrows in his face that seem to be transferred there from his eyes being constantly fixed on furrows made by his plow.

"There's some'n' wanted on that little space beside the wheel," he said. "What's that?" I asked. "A boy and a girl."

"It's about myself and the girl. I was nigh on to seventeen, and Janey was fifteen. Children haven't got any sense, and Janey wasn't much past being a child. We had been playin' together when we was at an age to play, and now we was a little older we kept on playin' together.

"One day we was over there where a dirt road led down to the mill. It's all grown over with grass now, but you can see where it was. At that time the mill was run whenever there was any grain to grind, and when there wasn't the water was turned off the sluice. That day it was turned off.

"The first thing I knew Janey she climbed out on to the wheel. Her weight was just enough to turn it and let her down slow. While she was sinkin' she looked at me and laughed. It was a purty enough laugh, but somehow I didn't like to see her goin' down into that hole, 'cause there wasn't any way for her to get out. It was walled in, except near the top, where an opening had been left to let the water out. Of course when Janey got to the bottom the wheel stopped turnin'.

"Then I asked Janey to stand on it and let me tug it and her back ag'in, but she got off and dared me to come down. I can see her eyes now just as they looked then with a lot of devilry in 'em.

"There was two simpletons instead of one. I got on to the wheel, and it turned quicker with my weight than with hers. I joined her at the bottom, and she was amusin' herself in all sorts of ways, dancin' and runnin' around the wheel and hollerin' to hear how queer it sounded down there. Two or three times I tried to get her to let me take her out. It wouldn't be an easy matter in any event. The only way it could be done was for us to balance each other by climbin' on opposite sides of the wheel. But if the water should be turned on we couldn't do that.

"First thing I knew I heard some'n' moved sudden above, and down come the water. I looked at Janey, scared out of my boots, but Janey seemed to consider it a good joke, the little fool, and began to dance about in the water on the stone floor. But gradually the lowest part of the wheel it was up to our necks. I lifted Janey on to the wheel and got up myself. The only thing for us to do was to climb as the wheel turned.

"I shouted with all my might, hopin' the miller would hear me. But he was inside the mill, and the noise of the water down where we was was enough to drown any boy's voice. I looked about for some'n' to stop the wheel with, but there wasn't a stick as long as my arm anywhere. The only hope I had was that the miller had a small lot of grist to grind and he'd git through before we was tired out. But I didn't think he'd start the

mill for less than two or three hours' grind. "Janey stood up well for about half an hour—it seemed four times as long—then she began to give out. The only thing I could do with her was to brace her up by puttin' my arm back of her. She didn't seem frightened or ready to cry, but she looked at me with a tired smile and kept on workin' the treadmill.

"But purty soon she got so tired I knew she'd have to git a rest, and I looked about for some'n' to cling to away from the wheel. There was a break in the old wall surroundin' the wheel that left one of the stones so we could git our hands on it. I pushed off with Janey, and we clung to the stone.

"We got a kind of a rest, but it wasn't pleasant being in water over our heads keepin' ourselves up that way, and Janey's teeth began to chatter. I was beside myself with terror for her. It was she who was puttin' the best face on it all, sayin' that the grist would soon give out and the water would be turned off. But I knew that her strength was goin', and I dreaded a time when it would leave her all at once.

"Then I tried hollerin' ag'in, but I hadn't as much power behind my voice as I had when I called before and couldn't make as much noise. "I knew I'd got to do some'n' or purty soon it would be all over with us. It occurred to me that if I could get my weight on to the side of the wheel that was goin' up the motion would be slower. I asked Janey if she could hold on where she was for awhile. She said she could, but I knew she couldn't.

"I had to put my arm around her, and partly by swimmin' and partly by clingin' to the wall, I worked my way toward the back of the wheel. The hardest place to pass was between the wheel and the wall. I expected both of us would be crushed.

"When I got by that part of it and got Janey and myself a-hold of the wheel I felt better. But we couldn't stop the wheel; all we could do was to cling to it till it pulled us out of the water and then catch hold lower down. I did this, but Janey could only keep chargin' her hands all the while as the wheel revolved, she bein' supported in the water. Knowin' that this was our only chance, I threw all the strength left in me into my work, lettin' the wheel pull me almost up to the water runnin' above, stayin' there and lettin' go my hold first with one hand, then with the other. But as I was hangin' in the air and wasn't buoyed by water it was awful hard work, especially after what I'd been through. Still, there's hardly a limit to the endurance of a boy of sixteen.

"All of a sudden I saw the miller lookin' down on us. I didn't have to holler, and he didn't say a word. He ran away, I heard the sluice close, and in another minute he was back with a ladder, which he put down and, comin' down himself, first took Janey in his arms and carried her out. He was comin' back for me, but I let go the wheel and swam for the ladder by myself. I tried to climb up it, but it was no go; the miller reached down and dragged me out.

"When I got up I saw Janey lyin' on the grass with her eyes closed, limp and white as a cloth. Thinkin' she was dead, I gave a cry and bendin' down over her, lifted her in my arms. The miller said she'd only fainted and would come to herself purty soon. And he was right. In another moment she opened her eyes, and, seein' me, what do you suppose she did?"

"What?" "She just smiled the same kind of a smile as when she was goin' down on the wheel."

"My friend," I said at the conclusion of his story, "I wish I had you and Janey right here at the age you then were that I might work you into my painting."

"If you'll come with me up the road a bit I'll show you two young uns that'll do as well," he replied. I went with the man, who stopped at a little house beside the road. We entered and found a middle aged woman ironing.

"There's Janey," he said, turning to her, he added, "Where are the children?" "Janey's upstairs, and I sent Dick to the store. He'll be back in a few minutes."

A girl about fifteen came down at her mother's call, and there was Janey sure enough. I asked permission to make a sketch of her, and when her brother, two years her senior, came in I did the same with him. Then I gave each a good fee for serving as models, and after drinking a glass of milk which was urged upon me I took my leave.

Going back to the mill, I finished my picture under the inspiration occasioned by the story connected with it. As I worked I thought which of the different scenes through which the youngsters had passed I would introduce on the canvas. I knew that to place Janey on the grass just recovering from her fainting would be effective, but I rather favored putting her on the wheel when she first stepped on to it and smiling at her boy companion, his own expression denoting his anxiety. I decided upon the latter feature, and, taking to my studio the sketches I had made, I worked them in when I felt in the mood for it. I succeeded far better in depicting the required expression than I had hoped for. The picture hangs in my studio and has often been admired. I have had many offers for it, but it is the only picture I have ever painted wherein there is a story I have heard at first hand. For this reason I have never been willing to part with it.

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RECENT DEATHS. BARR.—Samuel W. Barr, aged 77 years, died at his home at Altoona, Saturday evening, after a brief illness from kidney and heart trouble. He was born near Lewistown, and when a young man taught school at Linden Hall. On November 25th, 1867, he was united in marriage at Potters Mills with Miss Mary E. Stiver, who survives together with two children. Funeral services and interment was held at Altoona on Tuesday.

SMITH.—Mrs. Henry Smith died at her home at Scranton, July 30th, 1911, and was buried Wednesday afternoon, August 2nd. Her maiden name was Bertha Irene Swartz, a daughter of Jesse and Sarah Swartz, and was born in Walker township, December 1st, 1867. Deceased had many friends in Bellefonte and throughout the county who will sincerely mourn her death. Her early education was acquired at the Bellefonte Academy.

AMMERMAN.—Henry Ammerman, a former well known resident of Centre county, died at his home at Berwick, on Sunday morning, July 30th, after but a short illness with heart disease. A few weeks ago Mr. Ammerman was taken sick, though not thought to be serious, and his condition became critical a few days before his death. He was born at Milesburg, March 27, 1846, thus at time of passing away was aged 65 years, 4 months and 3 days. He left Bellefonte about thirty-eight years ago, going to Berwick, where he had since been employed as a roller in the A. C. & F. Co. rolling mill. Surviving are his wife, and the following children: Mrs. Mayme West, John H., William, Robert, Nellie, Beulah and Maude, all at home. One sister, Mrs. Mary Meredith, of Bitumen, Clinton county, also survives. The funeral was held the following Wednesday afternoon, and was largely attended by the friends of the deceased, and also by his fellow employees, the rolling mill suspending operations on that day. Interment was made in Pine Grove cemetery. Among those in attendance from this vicinity were John T. Ammerman, of Bellefonte, and A. B. Ammerman, of State College.

CHRONISTER.—On Saturday, July 1st, Mrs. Chronister, whose home was at the Cross Roads in Warrior's Mark valley went to Tyrone to visit friends over the Fourth. While a guest at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Chas. R. Wertz, she became ill with a complication of diseases and gradually grew worse until the end came Monday morning. Mrs. Chronister, whose maiden name was Miss Barbara Elmira Grazer, a daughter of the late Joseph and Esther Grazer, was born near Stover Station on the farm now owned by Mr. Eyer. Mrs. Chronister was in her 59th year. On January 16, 1873, she was married to George Chronister, the wedding taking place at Bellefonte. To this union were born the following children, all of whom are living: Martin, of Cross Roads; Dorsey, of Osceola; John, Mrs. Charles Wertz, Mrs. B. W. Martz and Elmer, all of Tyrone; Mrs. Luther Houser, of State College; Ralph, of Altoona and Harry, of Petersburg. The deceased is also survived by the following brothers and sisters: Martin, of Altoona; Elmer and Mrs. David Ray, of Barnesboro; Oscar, of Penn Station; Mrs. John Lemon, of Gatesburg; Mrs. David Lykens and Theodore Grazer, of Tyrone. Wednesday morning the body was taken to Warrior's Mark, where services were held at the Dunkard church at nine o'clock.

Saved by a Mother's Dream. It is said that Mrs. Samuel Biner, of Etna, Lehigh county, was awakened by a clap of thunder from a dream in which she saw her two sons killed by lightning. The terrified mother rushed to the room occupied by her sons and persuaded them to rise and accompany her down stairs. A minute later a bolt of lightning tore through the house setting their bed on fire.

The Zettle reunion will be held in E. C. Harter's grove at Georgesvalley, Thursday, August 11st.

W. H. Musser GENERAL INSURANCE AGENTS. Notary Public and Pension Attorney. BELLEFONTE, PENNA.

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