

FACT, FUN AND FANCY.

Bright, Sparkling Paragraphs—Selected and Original.

God Bless Our Wives.

One of the best known lawyers in Cleveland attended a banquet of his fraternity the other night and responded to the toast, "Our Wives." On this classic and congenial theme he expanded and fairly glowed. But even after his eloquence fades from the memories of those present one personal note will remain. He said in part: "God bless our wives. They know us from alpha to omega, our secret faults and virtues. But they rise in arms against him who would expose the former or belittle the latter. How well I remember an occasion upon which my own dear wife had me paged in a restaurant where I was eating. She said to the waiter, "Is Mr. Dashblank here?" "Mr. Dashblank?" asked the waiter. "Is he that fat old man with a red nose and bald head?" "Yes, that's the man," answered my wife. "But I want you to understand that he isn't fat and he isn't old. And he's not very bald, either. I shall report you for your insolence. His nose isn't a bit red. Get him for me at once. You evidently know him." "God bless our wives."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Two Ways Hath Life.

Two ways hath life. One as a stream With flowers environed quits the source, The even tenor of its course, Hardly betrayed by transient gleam. No echo marks the onward roll Of waves that without plaint or sigh, Winning scant glance from passerby, Unhasting reach the appointed goal. One as a torrent unconfined Bursts forth headlong with frenzied will. No agency its rage can still, Nor barriers curb, nor forces bind. The first achieves, the second aims; One limits hath, the other none, With every day its task begun— Patience, ambition, are their names. —Alfred de Musset.

Jogged His Memory.

Here is the story of an actual experience in buying socks in London: A wealthy but peppery American went into an expensive Bond street haberdasher's the other day, and when he stated his object the clerk carefully measured the visitor's right foot, and the purchase was made. On his way out the visitor's attention was caught by some hosiery near the door. To the clerk, who was obsequiously following him out, he said, "I'll take a pair of those too." "Yes, sir," said the clerk. "What size do you wear, sir?" "Why, you pinheaded ass," reminded the other, "do you think my foot has grown since you measured it?" Then the clerk remembered.—New York Sun.

Bungled It, After All.

Here's one of Will Irwin's stories, told in that quiet, drawing fashion which scores every point. Two of his feminine friends, it appears, were walking down the street the other day, when they noticed another woman just in front of them. "That lady's waist is unbentoned in the back," said one to the other. "I believe I'll speak to her about it." The other looked over the unconscious subject of comment. Then she shook her head. "I don't believe that I would say anything to her," said she. "I doubt if she is the kind of person who would appreciate your kindness. She isn't very neatly got up, don't you see? Her shoes are horribly run down at the heel." "I don't care," said Mr. Irwin's acquaintance. "Any woman would be glad of a warning that her waist is unbentoned. I don't care if she doesn't seem to be a very nice person. I shall call her attention to it." "And so," said Mr. Irwin, "she walked up to the stranger and tapped her on the shoulder. As the woman turned she said, just as sweetly as she knew how: 'Pardon me. But did you know that your shoes are run down at the heel?'"—Herbert Corey in Cincinnati Times-Star.

The Missing Bed.

The house dated from the fifteenth century, and visitors were permitted to go over it for sixpence a head. Of course Queen Elizabeth had slept there, and the boy in buttons who conducted the party mentioned this three times in the sacred bedchamber. Most of the furniture had a look of the period, though there were a few doubtful embroideries. "And where," one of the visitors asked, "is the bed in which Queen Elizabeth slept?" "The boy in buttons hesitated a moment and then said, "That's being made, sir."

Turned the Joke.

The following story is told of an English military officer in the Chinese army: Being visited by some friends, the captain, to show the high state of discipline of his command, sounded a night alarm. The troops turned out with commendable alacrity and fell into their places, ready for emergencies, but when they discovered the cause of this sudden interruption to their dreams they laughed heartily, thinking it a good joke. The worthy captain was elated at his success and determined to repeat the experiment. Soon after he invited another party of friends to witness the performance, and the alarm was sounded at dead of night, but not a soldier appeared, while roars of laughter from the tents showed that the joke was on the men's side this time.

ROSABELLE.

O H, listen, listen, ladies gay! No haughty feat of arms I tell. Soft is the note and sad the lay That mourns the lovely Rosabelle. "Moor, moor the barge, ye gallant crew. And, gentle lady, deign to stay! Rest thee in Castle Ravensheuch, Nor tempt the stormy firth today. "The blackening wave is edged with white. To inch and rock the sea mews fly. The fishers have heard the water sprite, Whose screams forebode that wreck is nigh. "Last night the gifted seer did view A wet shroud swathed round lady gay. Then stay thee, fair, in Ravensheuch, Why cross the gloomy firth today?" "Tis not because Lord Lindsey's heir Tonight at Roslin leads the ball, But that my lady mother there Sits lonely in her castle hall. "Tis not because the ring they ride And Lindsey at the ring rides well, But that my sire the wine will chide If 'tis not filled by Rosabelle." O'er Roslin all that dreary night A wondrous blaze was seen to gleam. 'Twas broader than the watch fire's light And redder than the bright moonbeam. It glared on Roslin's castled rock, It riddled all the cope wood gien. 'Twas seen from Dryden's groves of oak And seen from caverned Hawthornden. Seemed all on fire that chapel proud Where Roslin's chiefs uncoffined lie, Each baron for a sable shroud Sheathed in his iron panoply. Blazed battlement and pinnet high, Blazed every rose carved buttress fair, So still they blaze when fate is nigh The lordly line of high St. Clair. There are twenty of Roslin's barons bold Lie buried within that proud chapelie. Each one the holy vault doth hold, But the sea holds lovely Rosabelle. And each St. Clair was buried there With candle, with book and with kneel, But the sea caves rung, and the wild winds sung The dirge of lovely Rosabelle. —Scott.

A LAMENT.

O world, O life, O time, On whose idyl steps I climb, Trembling at that where I had stood before. When will return the glory of your prime? No more—oh, nevermore! Out of the day and night A joy has taken flight. Fresh spring and summer and winter hoar Move my faint heart with grief, but with delight. No more—oh, nevermore! —Shelley.

CHANGED.

FROM the outskirts of the town, Where of old the milestone stood, Now a stranger, looking down, I behold the shadowy crown Of the dark and haunted wood. IS it changed, or am I changed? Oh, the oaks are fresh and green, But the friends with whom I ranged Through their thickets are estranged By the years that intervene. BRIGHT as ever flows the sea, Bright as ever shines the sun; But, alas, they seem to me Not the sun that used to be, Not the tides that used to run! —Longfellow.

ARRANMORE.

ARRANMORE, loved Arranmore, How oft I dream of thee And of those days when by thy shore I wandered young and free! Full many a path I've tried since then Through pleasure's flowery maze, But ne'er could find the bliss again I felt in those sweet days. How blithe upon the breezy cliffs At sunny morn I've stood With heart as bounding as the skiffs That danced along the food Or when the western wave grew bright With daylight's parting wing Have sought that Eden in its light Which dreaming poets sing— That Eden where th' immortal brave Dwell in a land serene, Whose bowers beyond the shining wave At sunset oft are seen! Ah, dream too full of saddening truth! Those mansions o'er the main Are like the hopes I built in youth— As sunny and as vain! —Thomas Moore.

SHE IS NOT FAIR.

She is not fair to outward view, As many maidens be, Her loveliness I never knew Until she smiled on me. Oh, then I saw her eye was bright, A well of love, a spring of light! But now her looks are coy and cold. To mine they ne'er reply, And yet I cease not to behold The love light in her eye. Her very frowns are fairer far Than smiles of other maidens are. —Cateridge.

A WISH.

MINE be a cot beside the hill. A beehive's hum shall soothe my ear. A willow brook that turns a mill With many a fall shall linger near. The swallow oft beneath my thatch Shall twitter from her clay built nest. Oft shall the pilgrim lift the latch And share my meal, a welcome guest. Around my ivied porch shall spring Each fragrant flower that drinks the dew. And Lucy at her wheel shall sing In russet gown and apron blue. The village church among the trees, Where first our marriage vows were given, With merry peals shall swell the breeze, And point, with taper spire to heaven. —Samuel Rogers.

OVER THE COUNTY.

Teachers institute will be one month earlier this year on November 13th. Chestnuts are unusually plenty everywhere. That should make them cheap. Mrs. Allen Swires, of Milesburg, has gone to York, Pa., where she expects to remain over winter among friends. Samuel Burris has come in from Sylvan Grove, Kas., to Axemann, his former home, on a visit. He speaks highly of Kansas. Roland Miller, of near Coleville, this week sold his handsome big team of horses to Magnus Cluston, of Austin, Potter county, for the sum of \$650,000. As there are several cases of typhoid fever between Colyer and Potters Mills, an effort should be made to locate the breeding place of the disease germs. The fall sales are beginning to come in. The short hay crop makes many farmers prefer to sell now instead of feeding live stock during the entire winter. Miss Effie Keller, a bright and pleasant young lady of near this place left on Saturday, for West Chester, where she will take a course in the State Normal. Reed Alexander, formerly of Penn township who now resides in Michigan, spent a few hours with the Centre Democrat, and pronounces that far away state ideal in most respects. Dr. William H. Fry, the veteran veterinarian of Pine Grove Mills, has been reappointed a member of the state live stock sanitary board. A position which he is well qualified to fill. W. Gross Mingle, of the Howard Creamery Corporation, Centre Hall, was appointed recently a delegate by Governor Tener to the National Conference on Dairy Products, at Milwaukee, Wisconsin, October 10 to 15. J. A. Finkle, who had been engaged in the lumber business with his father, Ezra Finkle, at Spring Mills for the last few years, left recently for Youngstown, O., where he has secured a position with a large steel plant. Mrs. Mary Gates, of Warriors Mark, last week broke up housekeeping in that place and moved to Bellefonte to make her home with her daughter, Miss Ella A. Gates, they having rented the new Sebring property on East Howard street. Mr. and Mrs. Geo. E. Harpster left Warriors Mark on Tuesday for an extended trip through the west. Their first stop will be in Iowa, where they will spend some time visiting relatives and friends, after which they will go to Missouri for a short time. Ernst J. Burket, of Chicago, spent several days with friends in Brush Valley, where he resided in his younger days. Mr. Burket is a veteran of the Civil war and at present is adjutant of Ulysses S. Grant post No. 28, department of Illinois, G. A. R. The Sugar Valley Journal says: A freak of nature in the form of a full grown Leghorn cockerel with only one wing may be seen in Paul Frantz's hen yard in Tyler'sville. It was born minus one wing. Otherwise it is perfectly developed and very much alive. W. P. Lettler, of Belvidere, Illinois, after visiting relatives about Spring Mills returned to his home again. He is a son of Percival J. Lettler, who years ago taught school in Centre county. The father and son are engaged in the grocery business in Belvidere and are doing well. Miss Ella McDonnell, of Martha, was seriously hurt on Sunday evening, whilst out horseback riding she was thrown from the horse and seriously injured, supposed she sustained a fracture of the skull. The horse kicked the young lady on the side of the face which may have caused the fracture. The horse took fright at the sight of an automobile which resulted in her painful misfortune. J. A. Rishel, connected with J. A. Bunne's music store, at Johnstown, paid us a brief call last week. He had been down to Clintondale, to visit his former home and see his grandmother, Mary Allison Rishel at that place, now hale and hearty and in her 82nd year. For a period of 112 years the Rishel farm, a half mile east of Clintondale, has been in possession of the Rishel family, the original deed being from the government. Friday, while endeavoring to capture a bear for castration, L. R. Lingle, at Earlstown, was attacked by the bear. The animal bit on his pen, and the man endeavored to fasten a rope on his jaw, as is the customary way of overpowering them, when the brute made a vicious assault on Mr. Lingle, tearing his clothing from him on the hip, and then sank his tusks into his limb on the inner side mid-way between the crotch and knee tearing the flesh.

IN OTHER COUNTRIES.

Farmers in the western part of Perry county will cut more corn to the acre than for many years. Some fields will turn out 150 bushels of ears to the acre. While the family of William Kepler, of Cook's Run, near Lock Haven, were out chestnutting a few days ago, their home with all its contents was destroyed by fire. They had no insurance. A. S. Meyers, of Altoona, and his family have gone to Jacksonville, Florida, where he will inspect lumber for the Penna. R. R. Before leaving they visited friends in various sections of Centre county. Philipsburg Boom. With the building of the handsome new St. Paul's Episcopal church, the splendid Schoonover, Mierbach and Hagerty business blocks, the fine residences of Enoch Hartshorn, James Haworth and L. W. Nuttall, and the erection of a mammoth new ice cream factory by the W. E. Hoffman Co., the ground for which was broken recently the year 1911 will have marked an important era in Philipsburg's development. The building will be 21x112 feet in size, two stories high, with a basement, and will be a handsome buff brick structure.—Journal. Severe Winter Coming. The heaviest fall of snow in a decade at this time of the year occurred on Fri May 8th, throughout the northern wilderness. Nearly five inches had fallen and the precipitation was still rapid. Woodmen fear that this is the beginning of real winter, basing their opinions on the severe cold weather they have been experiencing the past two weeks in New York state. After some men have unloaded a lot of advice they go away believing that they have given evidences of great charity.

HOW MARBLES ARE MADE.

At Arsonval, in the department of the Aube, some 100 miles from Paris, is one of the five manufacturing in France, and here one can learn the marbles' story. Only stone marbles are manufactured at Arsonval. The stone used is a fairly hard and very fine limestone. After being taken from the quarry the stone is piled up in heaps and allowed to remain for several months in order to get rid of all moisture. The blocks are then cut into slabs about an inch and a half in thickness, and these in turn are cut into little cubes about three-quarters of an inch square. This latter work is done by hand by workmen and workwomen, who, through long practice, have become so expert that they can easily turn out in a nine hour day some 7,000 of these perfect little cubes. These marble-makers use a special sort of hammer with a sharp edge and a piece of hard stone which serves them as an anvil. The slabs of limestone are placed on the sharp edges of the anvil and with a sharp, well directed blow of the hammer the stone is clean cut every time. These little cubes, which are stored by millions on the ground floor of the Arsonval manufactory, are next shoveled into large rotary sieves, pierced with holes of different diameters, and which sort them into sizes. Cubes of the same size are placed in each mill, about a thousand at a time. These mills consist of circular plateaus of cast iron mounted on an upright axis and bearing on their upper face from fifteen to twenty circular grooves. It is into these curved grooves that the cubes are placed, a small space being left between each. A circular block of beech wood, pierced with a hole in the center, is set down on the plateau, which alone is set in motion. A thin stream of water falls during the whole time that it is in movement on to the cubes, carrying away the waste matter and the sand which is thrown on to them from time to time to increase the friction. After the cubes have thus been rolling on their corners for from an hour and a half to two hours they are absolutely spherical. When the marbles are taken from the mills they are spread by thousands on tables with raised edges. At these the sorters sit, passing the marbles one by one through an opening in the ledge before them, and rejecting those which are in the slightest degree imperfect. The marbles that are passed as good are each exact spheres that a geometer might use them in his calculations.—Chicago Tribune.

The Girl Who Helps Mother.

Why not give us a few moving pictures of the girl who helps mother? They are worth more than the Nan Pattersons, the Evelyn Thaws and the Beulah Binfords, who appeal to nothing but morbid curiosity and a taste for tragedy and depravity. Why don't the film makers pay big prices to the real heroines to pose for human interest pictures?—Exchange.

Message Flashed 6000 Miles.

Wireless messages were flashed from San Francisco to Japan, spanning 6000 miles of ocean, for the first time this week. Greetings were exchanged between the San Francisco operator in the station at Hull Crest and the Japanese operator in the Jol station, on the island of Hokushu, the most northern wireless station in Japan.

I. O. O. F. of Blanchard.

The officers of Blanchard lodge, No. 427, I. O. O. F., of Blanchard, recently elected, were installed at a special meeting held in the rooms of the lodge Thursday evening, by District Deputy Grand Master A. E. Gearhart, of Philipsburg. Blanchard lodge has the second largest membership of any Odd Fellows lodge in Centre county. It is in a very flourishing condition, enjoying a hearty growth in membership.

W. H. Musser

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