

Correspondents' Department
Continued.

CURTIN.

Quite a crowd of young men and boys gathered at the home of Jake Shay on Sunday evening to hear some choice selections of music played on the violin by the little Frenchman, who is an expert musician.

Mr. and Mrs. Clark and son, of Pittsburg, are visiting at the home of J. C. Barnhart and wife.

Mrs. H. R. Curtin is visiting her son Mack and family of Pittsburg.

We are having some nice weather now and it looks like Indian summer; hope it will continue so for a few weeks at least, until the farmers get their fall work done.

Cornhusking is all the go now and the corn is turning out exceedingly good; the next on the programme will be butchering.

Joseph Holter, who has been ill, we are sorry to say is not improving.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Shultz attended the wedding of their niece, Miss Nettie Shope and Roy Grove, of Bellefonte on Saturday evening at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Shope.

John Barger, who is employed at Newberry, spent over Sunday with his family in this place.

Adam Glinger, who visited his mother in Altoona, returned to his home on Monday.

Miss Helen Bryan, of Altoona, spent Sunday with her many friends in this place.

A new mail carrier arrived at the home of T. G. Leathers, of Mt. Eagle, in the shape of a bouncing baby boy; congratulations.

PORT MATILDA.

Doctor Pogue and wife, of DuBois, were Sunday visitors at Mrs. Lucinda Westons.

John G. Miles Sundayed with his father, S. S. Miles, and hunted up his many friends.

Mrs. A. C. Vankirk, of Bellevue, Pa., was a visitor for a few days with her father, Rev. W. H. Ellis, pastor of the Baptist church.

The Baptists, of Port Matilda, had an oyster supper on Saturday evening which was a success financially, taking almost \$50.

James Steere, who was for many years a resident of Martha Furnace but of late of Philadelphia, died at that place last week and was brought to Martha on Saturday and buried in the Williams cemetery.

Pleasant Surprise Party.

A very pleasant surprise party was held at the home of Mr. Irvin Dorman on Saturday evening, at Snyderstown in honor of his wife Mrs. Katie Dorman. It being her thirty-second birthday anniversary.

Those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Decker and son, John, Mrs. E. T. Dorman and two sons, of Wadley; Mr. and Mrs. Harry Boyer and daughter, of Bellefonte; Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Dorman and two sons, of Jacksonville; Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Rumbarger and daughter, of Hubersburg. She received many beautiful and useful presents, and at 10 o'clock they were called to the dining room where choice refreshments were served after which they all departed wishing Mrs. Dorman many more happy birthdays.

Not a Scot.

From some unexplained cause the engine attached to a Scottish express once broke down near Y. A worthy quickly put his head out of the window and inquired:

"What on earth's wrang, gaird?"

The guard was cross, for no records could be broken that journey, and testily he replied:

"Well, Scottie, the driver's a countryman of yours, and the beggar has used all the hot water in the boiler to mix grog with."

"Na, na, gaird, the chief's nae a Scot," came the retort, "or he wudna trouble muckle about the water."

He Got There.

A New England bishop was on his way one winter day to fill an episcopal appointment in the lumber country when he ran into a old fashioned Maine blizzard. He had a dozen miles before him when it burst, and he was traveling in an old fashioned mountain stage drawn by two wiry horses. They fought about six miles bravely, and then it began to look hopeless. The driver and the bishop were wondering how they and the horses would live through the night when there came a whoop. In a few moments six husky lumberjacks mounted on six northern Maine horses came up to them through the swirl.

"Well, bishop," said the leader, "we was bounding you should get through to that meeting if we could help you."

The good bishop was deeply touched at this show of religious zeal and tribute to him and his cause and so expressed himself.

"Yes," replied the man, "we'll get you through. You see, we was paid yesterday, and the boys has made up a thunderin' big pool on whether or not you'd git there. We boys has got a whole month's pay on your end. You'll git there."

He did, and he got half the pool for a new schoolhouse.

What Did He Mean?

At a supper party shortly before the production at the Duke of York's theater in London of Henry Arthur Jones' play, "The Princess's Nose," some one said to the late Sir W. S. Gilbert across the table:

"What do you think of Jones' new little, 'Gilbert'?"

"Don't know what it is," growled Sir William.

"It is quaint to say the least," was the reply. "He calls his piece 'The Princess's Nose.'"

"H'm," grunted Gilbert meditatively; "hope it will run."

A VISIT TO MR. WISEMAN.

Once upon a time, ages and ages and ages ago, there lived a man whose name was William Wiseman. He lived by himself on the top of a hill, and his only companions were a huge dictionary and all the nice interesting words inside, but every once in awhile he would give a word away. You see, the people round about knew only a few words, and every now and then some of them would feel the need of a new word. Then they would go up to Mr. Wiseman and explain just the thing or feeling that they needed a word for, and if he saw that they really meant what they said he would be kind and pleasant and say, "My dear friends, you have really earned this word. I am delighted to give it to you."

For instance, two children named Mabel and Franklin went to him one day, and Franklin said:

"Oh, please, Mr. Wiseman, I need a new word. Sometimes I see lines go-

ing straight up and down in people's foreheads. What is the name for that?"

Mr. Wiseman shook his head and said: "Dear, dear. You folks are always asking me for cross words, but I suppose I must give them to you if you earn them. The word, you are looking for is 'frown.'"

"I want to ask for a word, too," said Mabel. "This morning Franklin gave me half his cake, and when he acts that way I think I ought to know the name for it so that I can remind him to do it again."

"I see," said Mr. Wiseman. "The word you want is 'generous.' I'm glad that that word is going out into the world."

So Mabel began to talk to Mr. Wiseman, and while he held her on his knee and heard her tell how she had used the words she had earned Franklin walked around the room, looking at the interesting things Mr. Wiseman owned. At last he came to the big dictionary. He knew that no one was permitted to look inside the dictionary. Mr. Wiseman was busy talking to Mabel, and they were both looking the other way. Quietly Franklin opened the big dictionary, and at once he saw a new word he had never seen before. He spelled it softly to himself, "C-o-n-s-c-i-e-n-c-e."

"Conscience!" he repeated. "I wonder what in the world that means." Then he shut the book hastily and went back to Mabel. "We'd better go now," he said.

All the way home Franklin kept wondering and wondering what the strange new word could be about. He could not get the new word out of his mind, however hard he tried. At last he became so unhappy that his mother asked him what was the matter.

"I don't know," he said. "I have a strange new feeling that I've never had before, and I don't know the name of it."

"Why don't you ask Mr. Wiseman?" asked his mother.

"I believe I will," said Franklin, and that very day he set out again to see the old man on the hill.

"Good day," said Mr. Wiseman when he saw Franklin. "What kind of a word do you want today? A pleasant one, I hope."

"No," said Franklin. "I don't believe it's a pleasant one. What is the name of the thing that makes you feel unhappy when you've done something you shouldn't have done?"

"Well, well!" said the Wiseman. "I've often wondered when somebody would ask me that. The thing you ask about is called a conscience, and I'm glad that you have one."

"A conscience!" cried Franklin, startled. "Oh, I'm so glad I know what that means! You see, the reason my conscience troubled me was because I took a word out of your dictionary last time I was here. The word was 'conscience.' I've been wondering ever since what it meant."

"Dear me!" said Mr. Wiseman. "What a strange coincidence! But, you see, it doesn't do any good to know words you haven't earned by good, hard thinking."

"A conscience!" cried Franklin, startled. "Oh, I'm so glad I know what that means! You see, the reason my conscience troubled me was because I took a word out of your dictionary last time I was here. The word was 'conscience.' I've been wondering ever since what it meant."

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8,000 FOOD SAMPLES ANALYZED.

Dairy and Food Commissioner Foust's report of the operations of his bureau during Governor Tener's administration, including the period from January 1 to October 1, shows that the number of food samples of all classes, including soft drinks, confections and condiments, analyzed, was 8,000. The total number of cases prosecuted was 808, all of which except 1 per cent resulted in convictions.

These cases were as follows: Rotten egg cases, 43; doped fruit syrups, 4; ice creams low in fat, 12; lard, 14; fresh meats drugged with sulphites, 3; milk low in fat or containing formaldehyde, 352; non-alcoholic beverages sweetened with saccharine, a poison, and including ginger ale containing pepper, 103; foods adulterated in various ways, including oleomargarine, 263; fresh sausage containing flour and water, 1; vinegar, distilled or colored, 1.

The amount of fines and monies collected from all sources was \$110,294.33, and total disbursements for the same period, \$4,598.33, leaving the bureau \$105,696.00 more than self-sustaining.

An Editor's Invoice.

That not all editors tread the primrose path, nor apparel themselves in purple and fine linen is shown by the experience of the "boas" of the Davie Reporter. The North Carolina editor kept track of his profit and loss a little closer perhaps than some others do during the year and gives the following invoice if the ups and downs of his business at the end of twelve months:

Been broke, 301 times; had money, 4 times; praised the public, 9 times; got lies, 1,728 times; told the truth, 1 time; missed a prayer meeting, 52 times; been roasted, 431 times; roasted others, 52 times; washed office towel, 3 times; missed meals, 0; mistaken for preacher, 11 times; mistaken for capitalist, 0; found money, 0; took bath, 3 times; delinquents who paid, 28; those who did not pay, 136; paid in conscience, 0; got whipped, 0; whipped others, 23 times; cash on hand at beginning, \$1.47; cash on hand at ending, 15 cents."

And yet every man you meet can tell you how to run a newspaper.

Love Note Too Late.

The Society of Canned Fruits, in Boston, Mass., received another recruit the other day, when a Rockland grocer's clerk sent an ardent note to a young woman who had written her name on the label of a can of squash. At a favorable moment he indited a missive to the squash canon, mentioning himself favorably and offering to correspond further. Now he is wondering how long ago that squash ripened under the autumn suns. The letter he received in answer to his note read:

"My Dear Boy: Times have changed since I packed that can of squash and wrote my name on the label. I have married since then and have a family of my own. You should have written sooner."

When Jelly Won't Jell.

When your jelly will not jell, and that happens to every cook at times, do not turn it back into a saucepan to cook it over; that breaks the little gelatinized globules that have formed even though not enough to make jelly and you will have at best a sticky, stringy mess; but take a large dripping pan, half fill it with water, set your undisturbed glasses of jelly in it, not close enough to touch, put into a hot oven, and let them bake till sufficiently jelled. It sometimes takes three-quarters of an hour, but the jelly will out as smooth and clean as though still enough at a first cooking.

In making jellies, if they will not jell easily, add a pinch of powdered alum. The result is a fine, firm jelly.

Some men rise so in their own estimation that the attitude positively makes them dizzy.

The time usually spent in learning to like grapefruit could be spent to much better advantage.

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and make "HOW TO GET THEM" Money

Best Service. Fee Reasonable. Highest References.

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AS CHEAP AS THE CHEAPEST

Poor oil cannot give good light. There is no flicker, no odor, no soot where **FAMILY FAVORITE OIL** is used. This triple-refined lamp oil costs no more than the inferior kinds—and saves you no end of trouble. Get it from your dealer—it is therein barrels shipped direct from our refineries.

Waverly Oil Works Co.
Independent Refiners
PITTSBURGH, PA.
Also makers of Waverly Special Auto Oil and Waverly Gasolines.

Fine Self-Denial.
An Albany (N. Y.) lady refuses to speak to others who wear feathers on their hats. Such self-denial should be worthy of a fine reward.—Chicago Record-Herald.

No Place for Idler.
If you intend to go to work, there is no place better than where you are. If you do not intend to go to work, you cannot get along anywhere.—Abraham Lincoln.

Relieves Backache Instantly

Sloan's Liniment is a great remedy for backache. It penetrates and relieves the pain instantly—no rubbing necessary—just lay it on lightly.

Here's Proof.
"I had my back hurt in the Loeer War and in San Francisco two years ago I was hit by a street car in the same place. I tried all kinds of dope without success. Two weeks ago I saw your liniment in a drug store and got a bottle to try. The first application caused instant relief, and now except for a little stiffness, I am almost well."

FLETCHER NORMAN,
Waiman, Calif.

SLOAN'S LINIMENT

is the best remedy for rheumatism, neuralgia, sore throat and sprains.

Miss E. Rix of Brooklyn, N. Y., writes: "Sloan's Liniment is the best for rheumatism. I have used six bottles of it and it is grand."

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DOCKASH

THE BEST HEATERS MADE—YOU WILL FIND THEM AT
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A "Quality" Handkerchief in a Sealed Package

You select from a sample, your handkerchief has not been pawed over

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FOR WOMEN
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Perfect in Weave, Material and Manufacture.
Snowy-white, soft and daintily laundered ready for use.

Each SEALPACKERCHIEF is wrapped in purity tissue, and enclosed in a dust and germ-proof package, preventing contamination, soiling and wrinkling.

SEALPACKERCHIEF handkerchiefs supply the BEST value your money can buy.

Ladies Package Handkerchiefs, Pure Irish Linen, Cambric Sheet Containing	Package Men's Pure Linen Handkerchiefs. Containing
No. 7 No. 81 for 10c	True Blue2 for 25c
No. 1 No. 23 for 25c	Pioneer3 for 25c
No. 3 No. 42 for 25c	Banner1 for 10c

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THE DUST KILLER

A handful in a line
WHEN YOU SWEEP
absorbs the dust, brightens the floor, and cleans your carpet.

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Yours for health,
DUSTBANE.
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"NO MORE DUSTY FRIDAYS"

PUT UP IN BARRELS, HALF BARRELS AND QUARTER BARRELS FOR USE IN STORES, OFFICES AND PUBLIC BUILDINGS. FOR SALE BY ALL GROCERS.