

Correspondents Department

Continued.

REBERSBURG.

Rev. Geo. A. Colledge, of Millheim, the new Methodist minister, preached on Sunday, to his Summit congregation. He is a young man of good and liberal education and personal traits.

Howard Krape entertained over Sunday, a joyous party from Middletown "below Harrisburg," up," consisting of his nephews, A. Stover, Bertha Whyte, J. H. Whyte and Beatrice Thomas. They enjoyed their visit.

Isn't it odd now that the chestnut worms disappeared at the same time as the chestnut blight commission "folded its tent, like the Arab, and silently stole away."

Our neighbor Sugar Valley, drew blood out of the State Forestry lions of aristocracy. The various reasons assigned by the State Foresters, why cattle should not browse on State lands are extremely puerile and egotistic. The cattle would do no injury to the trees, but, on the contrary, enrich and fertilize the soil. Why not say at once that the state owns the land and proposes to keep it as a hunting and fishing reservation for the aristocrats of the present regime?

The silliest twaddle gabble yet inflicted upon a suffering people is the proclamation of the State Forestry loafers at Harrisburg, that they have interested the railroads in preventing forest fires by consenting to post along their lines printed notices to be read by "knights of the road," alias, tramps! About the worst forest fires we have had in Pennsylvania, have been set by the railroads. If the State Forestry bureau were of any account, it would get the railroads to agree to police their lines and extinguish the fires they set, before they are six hours old. These same railroads have defeated every bill introduced in the legislature to compel them to put out the fires which they set.

The state fire marshal law is an expensive humbug, and when the people again get their legislature out of the hands of Penrose, Tener and Bigelow, they will abolish it.

The stand of the Democrat on the \$50,000,000 bond deal is a stand for right, economy, public honesty and real good roads to be built like our turnpikes were built. There is not a Bigelow-Hunter graft road in Pennsylvania that compares favorably with the turnpike road from Coburn to Wallace Walker's in Brush Valley and this line of road did not cost \$20,000 a mile either. The owners of it, would doubtless be glad to accept one-fourth of that per mile, and free the road to the public.

Every vote for the road bond deal is a knowing vote for rascality in state affairs.

Miss Miriam Weaver writes home to her mother, from the Female College, Allentown, that she and Florence Hazel like the home-like character of that school.

The state game mongers put the rabbit season over to November first, to be sure that the rabbits have eaten all the farmer's vegetables that the frost did not catch. If, however, you find a rabbit trespassing on your garden, shoot him on the spot!

The Middletown quartette enjoyed the chestnutting on Sunday.

The Millheim sausage man comes over only on Friday mornings now.

A vote for the road bond deal is a vote to over-run the rural districts, where the road grafters operate, with "daggers and niggers." Your wives and daughters will then have need of the protective arm of the K. K. K. Who's howling for the bonds? Penrose, Tener, "ploughboy" Elkin, Bigelow and several female attendants!

If the average auto-speeder, were not impatient to appeals of a sympathetic nature, he might consider the following appeal by Robert Bell Bieri in the Stockton, Calif. Golden Gate Liberal:

"Wait a Minute!"

"Say, Mr. Speeder, back up!"

"If you have no regard for the ordinary, have a thought for that flaxen-haired boy or girl that belongs to your neighbor."

"How would you feel, Mr. Speeder, were you to receive a hurry-up call on the 'phone to come home at once? An accident has happened! You burst, and the calm surgeon bending over a piece of bleeding clay that was once the pride of its dad's heart! You linger, perhaps, for days and weeks, for the sad, sweet tremolo of that childish pulse to come back to normal, the happy hallow of childhood once more to pervade your home, and then you wonder why people will be so careless!"

"For the sake of your own wife and babe, Mr. Motorist, go slow. The ordinance of the law says you must go slow. But we are not now appealing to law or ordinance. We appeal to that love of home that every manly one possesses."

"Back up, Mr. Speeder, back up!"

"It is not only the grownups who make the 'Rube' crossing. Your own little boy or girl does it forty times a day; and that is where the danger lies. A clatter of childish feet! A scream of anguish! The brakes are on—but too late! Your cruel machine has ground out the life and hushed the song of that sweet symphony of childhood!"

"Think of these things, Mr. Autoist, when whirling through the crowded thoroughfares and the home will bless you long after the Jimson weeds on your mother's grave have chased away the daisies!"

Last Wednesday Rev. and Mrs. G. A. Stauffer and Mr. and Mrs. A. N. Corman motored to Williamsport and attended the State Sunday School convention. Among the attendants who spoke were John Wanamaker and Billy Sunday. They enjoyed their trip as well as the convention.

James P. Frank took in the State Sunday School Convention at Williamsport on Monday.

Hon. C. L. Gramly visited Lewisburg and other points and attended the State Sunday School Convention at Williamsport.

"Farmer" Creasy's pronouncement against the voting of bonds for graft roads, has the true ring. He's the man to send to Harrisburg with a stout nickery club to drive the loafers out.

There are about one hundred gunners for every squirrel and pheasant. A. J. Hazel went to Lewisburg on Monday.

Very little sickness in the valley. Farm labor is very scarce. Farmers give 12 bushels of corn for husking one hundred.

Proof—Stella—Are they in love? Bella—they must be, she listens to him describe a ball game and he listens to her describe a gown.

Observations of a Centre Co. Traveler

"From Reading Up."

The mighty host who followed Teddy as "Progressives" last fall, are without competent leadership in this state. When "Old" William Blankenburg was elected mayor of Philadelphia, there were many in the state who looked upon him as a "Moses" to lead the forces for reform, but they have been sadly disappointed. He meant well enough, in fact he meant too well, but only cavorted like old Rasinante, whilst Don Quixote jostled wind mills! Instead of using a club on the Philadelphia "thieves," he started a diplomacy bureau. He was going to persuade McNichol and the Vane to come into his parlor, as the spider did the fly. But they dug a hole wide and deep under the knightly spider is still floundering. His advisors and aids belonged to a class vulgarly known in Pennsylvania vernacular as "nincompoops." In nothing has he assimilated Moses except in his beautiful white peacock-tail whiskers. Now instead of making "a city comfortable" and sanitary, he is fishing in its mud-puddles for a million of dollars for an art museum! His solicitor, who is "Moike" Ryan and has some Cork sense, tells him the people must vote upon it. There is nothing clean nor sanitary about Philadelphia. It is the most rowdy city in the world and the dirtiest city in the world. The P. R. T. and the U. C. I. are kings. Everybody rides in cold storage and hog cans and those who walk must have double windows on their eyes to keep the dirt and bacilli of the porcine population, out of them. The citizens of the state will not look to Philadelphia for a Moses. They will look up to Mt. Sinai or Mt. Ararat. G. Cleveland had his senator Gorman. W. Wilson has his O'Gorman.

Berks county has a Kepler who can husk 200 shocks of corn per day. But then corn in many places is only half crop and "not much stucks," at that!

In the dim old time, eastern Centre county was peopled by Berks and Lancaster county pioneers. There is still a tie that binds them in golden links of memory.

Pearls without price are scintillating along the silver sands of time. He that finds one true and pure is rich indeed.

Germany had its Schwarzwald—so has Berks county. Many names of the old land are transplanted here. Alsace and Loraine environ Reading. Singular as it may seem, both Berks and Reading are English names, with German citizens. The majority of them here still speak German when they wish to be emphatic.

One of the most notable object lessons of the present age, was the masculine parade of 50,000 Catholics enrolled in "Holy Name" societies, in Philadelphia last Sunday. If the men and boys practice the sentiment: "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain," and the additional injunction: "But I say unto you, swear not at all," it should have a most refining influence. The vulgarisms of society today, are appalling. It was not so fifty years ago in Pennsylvania. Religion and veneration then were not mere churchism. All the protestant churches of the state could take a lesson in solidarity from that wonderful parade and testimony of reverence. A few neutrotic preachers of other churches protested against the use of band music in the parade, but to no avail. They only sang a special air in graft roads, by the name of Chas. E. Foot, originated from New York, where Gov. Sulzer started in to expose the rotten system, by which millions were "grafted" by favored Hibernian contractors, the same as in Pennsylvania. The chief recommendation of Foot is his connection with the New York system of scientific grafting—and that some one else foots the bill.

Reading is doubly proud. The great opera tenor "Paul" S. Althouse, is a native of this Dutch town, the son of Harry J. Althouse 425 Elm street, and what makes Reading folks doubly proud is the fact that he was started on his musical aviation by Miss M. Evelyn Essick, musical director of St. Paul's. His flight is high and his connection with the New York system of scientific grafting—and that some one else foots the bill.

The state board of pardons on October 15th, will hear the sniveling appeal of the Reading attorneys to turn Kate Edwards loose upon society, because she is now domesticated! It will be remembered that twelve years ago this woman killed her husband with a hammer and threw his body into an old well. She had been miscegenating in true eugenics of the Philadelphia and Pittsburg kind, with a buxom negro, and when arrested she gave birth to a mulatto baby in the Berks county jail. Both she and her paramour were sentenced to hang. The Supreme court affirmed the judgment. Then the legislature and Pennypacker got busy. A law was passed to give Gleason a new trial, at which Kate Edwards exonerated her paramour, and accused her own daughter of aiding in the murder. Meantime the daughter, who had been acquitted had gone west, married and became a decent wife. It might be well not to trust the snivellers of Reading too far, upon the quality of this murderers' convention!

Another county heard from Prof. Francis Windle, an authority on bugs at West Chester, now comes up the pike and says he and not Prof. Grim, discovered Surface's "hymenopteron" as early as 1906. Surface says snugly and smoothly, he is now satisfied because Grim and he both belong to Teddy's "nature faker" class. Yep! Refer the query to the Bull Moose!

Dalliance Dietrick, of Chambersburg, came up last week with a spy glass and a hunter's bag to gather in

the Washington party state committee. He was like the penitent who "long had sought and mourned because he found it not." There being no returns from the befuddled election, there was no committee to convene. Hence the secretary is without a job. The so-called progressive voters will soon learn that there was no "Teddy" running in Pennsylvania at the primaries.

It looks as though "Farmer" Creasy was the logical progressive candidate for Governor of Pennsylvania at the next election, when redemption of Pennsylvania from the "highway robbers," will be the issue.

Prof. Grim, of Kutztown, has driven Dr. Surface, of the State Bug house, to the impenetrable jungle of Cumberland county, on the "hymenopteron" discovery. Grim has printed a picture of the destroyer of the San Josies in the papers! It's a terrible "beat."

PROFIT IN TRUCK FARMING.

Rev. Dr. J. M. Reimensnyder, of Milton, has been quite successful with a small truck farm which will be encouraging to those who contemplate a back to the soil movement. He is pastor of the Trinity Lutheran church, of Milton.

Persons who are hesitating to join the back to the soil movement for fear of not being able to make it pay, may get some encouragement from the experience of the Rev. Dr. J. M. Reimensnyder, pastor of Trinity Lutheran church, Milton.

Dr. Reimensnyder decided in the early spring to experiment on one acre of a lot which he owns to see what could be done in the way of modern cultivation by doing all the work himself in hours of recreation and vacation, without allowing it in any way to interfere with his multitudinous duties as pastor of a large congregation.

Pottsville Pot Pourri.

Pottsville don't know whether she is a borough or city at the third class, ready to shake the urban chrysalis, and assume the angel's wings of a commission-run municipality. A majority voted to have a city of the third class. Then the "499" foreign saloons discovered that the license to sell liquor would be raised and forthwith they hired the sarrest eagle-eyed lawyers to apply a spectrum analysis. It was found under their legal microscope that there were divers and sundry irregularities in the election—and it is now up to the political judges to decide! Why not refer it to Chief Justice Con. Foley?

Of course Pottsville, as well as Schuylkill county, has too many saloons, and if they all had to pay about \$1,000 for a license, perhaps there would be 1,000 less and about 100 fewer murders in a year.

It is noticeable that ever since Con. Foley the barber ran for chief justice and did not impeach Judge Charlie Brumm, that venerable hum-bug of reform, many barbers have come out for Justice of the Peace, and in their cards, they are proud of their craft, and state that their chief claim is based on the barber-ous plank. However, let it be said in mind, that although Judge Brumm, on the witness stand, generously gave Con. Foley a certificate as a barber, any man who has his aristocratic chin scraped while Con. was delivering him a socialistic lecture, would have some other congressman against corroborating the Judge. Moral: Let barbers be barbers still and let Justice wear a long beard!

Justice Freiler is a good fighter, too. He recently put it up to the highest courts to "eat crow." You see, Freiler was commissioned J. P. before the fact act of 1909, was passed. The Supreme court having said that Justice of the Peace is a judge; and also that judges are not subject to the section of the constitution denouncing increase or decrease of compensation during a term of public office, Judge Freiler naturally said that he would have the benefit of the fee bill of 1909. But alas! Both the Superior and Supreme courts, said him "Nay." So the only judges in Pennsylvania who are above the constitution are these "leeches" in the law.

The roseate, posaete Senator Snyder, who spread his broad and liberal anatomy over a lot of spawn of the late "riffraff" republican state legislature committee and led them to death, last June, is still as florid and precise in his faultless white pants as if nothing had happened. Besides, Charlie has invaded the sacred precincts residential of Pottsville's piffle aristocracy. Let'er roll, Charlie.

The Carnegie medal of heroism should go to the Pottsville "gal" Carrie Hornum, who recently rescued a child from a mad dog, and had her own scalp torn off by the brute, so that now, they say, she must wear a golden wig! If Andy the laird of Skibo, knew about it, how gallantly he would come forth with the medal, Carissimaward!

Lee, the militant blacksmith, who now represents this district in Congress is an example of good democracy. He was recently led to join some chestnutting party in the eastern district to land Donahoe's O'Dea in the revenue service over national leader Palmer, who endorsed that able Hebrew democrat Lederer. Of course, Lederer got the plum, and rightly, too.

Geo. A. Pappas, the Adonias Greek, has sold his interest in the confectionary trade to Golamis, and moved to Tamaqua, where he is doing a thriving business. The Greeks make good American citizens and are nearly all democrats, too.

The Family Cough Medicine.

In every home there should be a bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery, ready for immediate use when any member of the family contracts a cold or a cough. Prompt use will stop the spread of sickness. S. A. Stid, of Mason, Mich. writes: "My whole family depends upon Dr. King's New Discovery as the best cough and cold remedy. All druggists or by mail, 50c. cold medicine in the world. Two 50c. bottles cured me of pneumonia." Thousands of other families have been equally benefited and depend entirely upon Dr. King's New Discovery to cure their coughs, colds, throat and lung troubles. Every dose helps. Price 50c. and \$1.00. All druggists. H. E. Bucken & Co. Philadelphia or St. Louis.—Adv. Oct.

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Anty Drudge—"It wouldn't be all work if you'd use Fels-Naptha Soap. You are wasting your time and your strength as well. I always have a box of Fels-Naptha Soap in my house and use it for everything."



Do your work the Fels-Naptha way. It is easy, quick and thorough. Use Fels-Naptha Soap in cool or lukewarm water and you will find hard rubbing or scrubbing unnecessary because Fels-Naptha does the hard part of your work for you. Your weekly wash will be on the line in one-half the time it used to take; your clothes will be sweet, clean and white.

For everything about the house use Fels-Naptha Soap.

Buy it by the box or carton and follow the easy directions on the Red and Green Wrapper.

Fels & Co., Philadelphia.



LEGAL ADVERTISEMENT.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of George Armstrong Jacobs, late of Howard Borough, deceased.

Letters testamentary in the above named estate having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate, are requested to make payment and those having claims or demands against said estate are requested to present the same duly authenticated for settlement without delay to

W. D. Zerby, A. A. PLETCHER, Attorney, Bellefonte, Pa.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Letters of administration on the estate of Dallas Chronister, late of Huston Township, deceased.

Letters of Administration in the above named estate having been granted to the undersigned by the Register of Wills of Centre County, Pennsylvania, all persons indebted to the said estate are hereby requested to make payment and all persons having claims against said estate are requested to present the same duly authenticated without delay to

HENRY CHRONISTER, Administrator, Bellefonte, Pa.

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manure, 50 bushels of lime, seeds, plants, insecticides and the interest on the investment of the purchase price of the acre, amounted to \$49.90. The total value of the produce raised was \$120.40, his net profit being \$70.05. The remainder of the lot was in grass, which yielded the first year three and one-half tons per acre and the second year, two and one-half tons per acre and sold at the market value without any additional expense except the making.

At this rate an ordinary small farm properly worked should yield a snug profit.

Microbes Swarm on Money.

One hundred and forty thousand microbes, many of them deadly, flourish among dirt which covers every five cent nickel piece, according to Dr. Marc Langlais, the well known bacteriologist, of Paris, who is investigating the fauna on the French coinage. Each old-fashioned bronze piece shelters no less than 750,000 dangerous microbes, and this fact is held by scientists to be a powerful reason for the adoption of nickel for small coins.

Silver coins, states Langlais, support about the same population as nickel, and gold rather less, while the average bank note which has been in service for some time contains as many as 3,000,000 bacilli. In view of these figures, the authorities are being urged to prevent the practice in restaurants and cafes of carrying change to customers on plates which are often used afterward, without washing, for food.

The Centre Democrat, \$1 a year, if paid in advance.

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Crepe de Chines—a large and varied assortment embracing all that is new and wanted—40 inches wide—special at \$1.50.

25 shades Brilliant 40 inch Charmeuse—\$1.50.

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French Lambskin gloves—16 button with three Cleopatra buttons—in White only—the season's smartest gloves—special \$1.75.

Two clasp French kid gloves with wide embroidery—in white, tan and black—special \$1.00.

One clasp fine Lambskin gloves—full pique Paris point backs—white, tan, grey and black—\$1.00.

One clasp cape gloves—manish style in tan, grey, black and white—\$1.00.

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Hosiery and underwear for boys, girls, ladies and men.

Shoes fit to suit all from the soft soles up to the Cutter Wisconsin. Rubbers for all and all the prices are right.

Sugar, yellow 5c, Granulated and Soft A 5 1/4c. Coffee 18c and 25c.

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