

EMPORIUM MILLING COMPANY.

PRICE LIST.

Table listing various flour and grain products with prices per sack, such as NEMOPHILA, Graham, Rye, Buckwheat, etc.

LOCAL DEPARTMENT.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

Contributions invited. That which you would like to see in this department, let us know by post card, or letter, personally.

Alex. McDougall visited Austin, yesterday.

Elmer Kaye is visiting friends at Williamsport.

Dr. Parsons, of Austin, was registered at the City Hotel last night.

Jos. Kaye and Jos. J. Lingle left last Monday on a visit to West Virginia.

Stephen Bunce, of Sterling Run, visited in town Monday and paid us a visit.

Edward Stahly, of Westfield, Pa., was visiting Mr. and Mrs. John Robinson, this week.

The Misses Crandall, of Osceola, Pa., are guests of Mrs. J. C. Bonham and family, on Sixth street.

Mrs. E. C. Davison left yesterday for Pittsburg, to attend a meeting of the Children's State Aid Society.

Miss Edith Herteau is visiting in the busy city of Cleveland and selecting new goods for her mother's store.

Mrs. E. O. Bardwell is in Buffalo, for the purpose of selecting her spring stock of millinery and fancy goods.

Grant S. Wiley will soon leave for Washington State, where he expects to locate, or rather look up a location.

Mr. R. P. Bingeman left last Monday for an extended visit with relatives at Sunbury, Shamokin and other points.

Mrs. Ed. Blinzler is visiting her parents at St. Marys. Mr. Blinzler went up on Saturday night and visited over Sunday.

H. A. Cox is up from Philadelphia for a few days. He reports C. B. Howard & Company's lumber trade booming for this season.

Mrs. B. W. Green and niece, Miss Alice Montgomery, will leave, next Monday, on a visit to Florida. Mr. Green expects to join them later—in time to visit a few days before returning to Emporium.

John R. Collins and wife, and Mrs. Kelley, of Galeton, were guests of R. C. Dodson and wife over Sunday. Mr. Collins is Mrs. Dodson's brother and is associated with W. H. Sullivan in the saw mills at Galeton. They returned home on Monday.

John Day, Sr., left on Tuesday on his annual visit to Boston, Mass. He will stop a few days in New York and visit with his daughter, Miss Fannie. He will not take so much interest in the Brooklyn bridge as John, Jr., does when he has urgent business in New York.

William Lawler, of Emporium, and Martin Lawler, of Port Allegany, visited the West Coudersport tannery last Saturday, where their brother, Thomas Lawler, is superintendent. These three brothers have the reputation of being the best tannery men in the state and they each have charge of large operations in their line of business.—Potter Journal.

John R. Pott, district passenger agent of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul R. R., was in Emporium last Friday, accompanied by his son Robert. John is a hustler and what he does not know about rates to the west, or any point in the United States, is not worth knowing. Write to him for rates when you want to take a trip. His address is Williamsport or any child will point him out to you, if you call.

Why Towns Die.

More towns die for the want of confidence on the part of the business men, and lack of public spirit, says an exchange, that from the rivalry of neighboring towns or adverse surroundings. When a man in search of a home or business location goes to a town and finds everything brimful of hope and enthusiasm over the prospects of the place, and everybody at work to build up the town, he soon becomes imbued with the spirit, and as a result he drives down his stake and goes to work with the same interest. When, however, he goes to a town and every one expresses doubt and apprehension in the future prosperity of the place, moping about and indulging in complaints about imaginary evils which are likely to befall the town he naturally feels that it is no place for him, and at once shakes the dust from his feet, while he pulls with all possible speed for some other town. Consequently, try and make a live, enterprising, progressive town out of the one in which you live. When you are working for or saying a good thing for your town you are accomplishing all the more for yourself.

Right You Are, Bulletin. The anti-Quay forces at Harrisburg, after having hounded ex-State Treasurer Haywood to his death, are now endeavoring to divert attention from Senator Quay's improving chances by indulging in frenzied and furious howls over expected bribes and other crimes of which they alone are under suspicion. Really, their dirty campaign of slander, vilification and murder, is beginning to putrify on their hands, and is a stench in the nostrils of all decent people. Unable to maintain their campaign without the aid of Democrats they are fearful that a few of the honest members of the latter party will serve the state by voting for Senator Quay's re-election and thereby ending the campaign of character assassination which has resulted in the murder of one of the state's best citizens. It is time indeed for the loyal Republicans of Pennsylvania to assert themselves by driving the Wanamaker gang to the wall and holding them there until they receive the political condemnation that is their due.—Williamsport Bulletin.

Notes and News.

March certainly does come in like a lamb. What will the harvest be?

Try Grape-Nuts—food from grain to brain. DAY'S.

Rev. N. H. Schenk, who for the past two years has been pastor of the Chestnut Avenue Methodist church, Altoona, has accepted a call from the First Methodist church, of Lead City, South Dakota.—Altoona Mirror.

Clayton E. Palmer, Chief of Police of Pansutawney, was shot and seriously wounded by a negro whom he was trying to arrest for larceny, last Friday. The negro, in company with another of the same race, entered the clothing store of M. H. Morris and stole a pair of trousers and a vest valued at \$10, and made ready to leave town on the train for Bellwood at once. Mr. Morris notified Chief Palmer and he went after the men, finding them on the train. The thieves opened fire and at the first shot hit Palmer in the face, the ball entering just back of the mouth and ranging downward and backward, lodging just under the skin about the scapula.

During a revival in a neighboring town, a colored preacher, who had read much of the efficacy of sensational methods in preaching, determined to try it on his own flock. Accordingly a small boy was taken into his confidence as a confederate and stationed on the roof just above his pulpit. In the lad's keeping was entrusted a pigeon, which was to be let loose in the church from a convenient hole at the proper moment. The church was packed, and the preacher having stormed about for time, raised his voice and cried: "And the Holy Ghost descended in the form of a dove." But no dove appeared. He repeated the sentence. Still no dove. At the third cry a black face appeared at the hole in the ceiling, and the query came: "Pa'son, a cat done eat de Holy Ghost. But I see got de cat. Shall I from 'm down?"—Sharpsville Advertiser.

The editor of the Louisville Courier-Journal, Henry Watterson, recently eloquently said: "We must prepare to take our place in the procession of nations. Eighty millions of people cannot be passive. They cannot escape the world's movement. The die was cast when Dewey raised the Stars and Stripes on the other side of a world never too large and never too narrow, and for weal or woe—rallying under the banners alike of Christianity and Republicanism—America is embarked on the shoreless ocean of modern civilization, carrying in her own ships her own ideas and wares, marked, quoted and signed to the furthestmost end of the earth."

Spain's Greatest Need.

Mr. R. P. Olivia, of Barcelona, Spain, spends his winters at Aiken, S. C. Weak nerves had caused severe pains in the back of his head. On using Electric Bitters, America's greatest blood and nerve remedy, all pain soon left him. He says this grand medicine is what his country needs. All America knows that it cures liver and kidney troubles, purifies the blood, tones up the stomach, strengthens the nerves, puts vim, vigor and new life into every muscle, nerve and organ of the body. If weak, tired or ailing you need it. Every bottle guaranteed, only 50 cents. Sold by L. Taggart's drug store.

You can be cheerful and happy only when you are well. If you feel "out of sorts" take Herbine, it will brace you up. Price, 50c. L. Taggart. mar

To allay pains, subdue inflammation, heal foul sores and ulcers, the most satisfactory results are obtained by using Ballard's Snow Liniment. Price, 25 cts. and 50 cts. L. Taggart. mar

Much pain and uneasiness is caused by piles, sparing neither age nor sex. Tabler's Buckeye Pile Ointment cures the most obstinate cases. Price, 50 cents in bottle, tubes 75 cents. L. Taggart. mar

Try Our Own Make Mince-Meat. It will please you; 10c. lb. DAY'S.

DR. BULL'S Cough Syrup cures a cough or cold in short order. One bottle of this wonderful remedy will effect a cure. It is absolutely the best cough syrup made. Price 25c.

DR. BULL'S Cough Syrup stops that tickling in the throat. This reliable remedy allays at once irritation of the throat, sore throat, hoarseness and other bronchial affections.

Paper Read Before the Farmers' Institute, by Mrs. Marcus Wright.

"A Model Farm Home."

We shall not attempt to include in this paper that relates to home life on the farm in this paper; the theme is too broad, but confine ourselves to the woman in the home.

If I had to induce my town bred sister to see anything inviting in a farm home, I would know I had set myself an Herculean task. In some minds domestic life is associated with equal ignorance, delinquency, something degrading. My friend, if honest labor is delinquent, then we plead guilty; but when you presume our parlor and pig sty one and the same apartment, we grow indignant. That "cleanliness is next to Godliness" is believed and practiced in country homes, the same as in the homes of the city. I would present to-day neither filth nor ignorance hold sway.

"Home," Webster tells us, "is one's own home." A farm home suggests many things additional—a place to be supremely happy or utterly miserable; a model farm home? My fair critic, go back with me to the beginning. "When Adam and God planted a garden and there He put the man whom He had formed. And God said, it is not good for me to be alone, I will create a companion for him." And their bridal present was no brown stone front in the city, nor cottage in town but a garden, the annex of a farm home. And it was not to be a home of idleness, as some teach, but labor was given him by the command to dress it and keep it. Adam represents the first husbandman, the farmer. Would you, my friend, want the Divine hand to place His seal of approval on. But man fell from his high estate. A mortgage was placed on the pastoral home (No sir; we are not here to discuss whether Mr. or Mrs. Adam placed the mortgage, we might disagree but it was there, and that it was foreclosed has been demonstrated from Adam down).

Man the bread winner, woman the home keeper, if she sit at you each with a bloom on her face, the home is where the heart is, you will admit, also that the home is sometimes where the heart is not. We care for the town or the case on the farm. Many women have drifted into country homes who found too late that there was nothing congenial, but much that was distasteful in their surroundings. Such have no representation in our subject, for surely no pride or interest can be aroused where there is no pleasure.

There can be no success in any walk of life, where the wife pulls one way and the husband the opposite, it is a homey but true adage. Therefore first register in the farm home, as he touches with your work; interested in every department, from ploughing and sowing to reaping and harvesting, in the farm home, as he takes down to pig feeding or poultry raising, before you can hope to build that model home.

Is the woman expected to do the out door as well as the indoor planning, is asked. decidedly no! But every woman should be educated to the station she is called on to fill.

Would you this strange or unseemly to see the merchant's wife behind his counter offering their wares at his place of business, or filling a bookkeeper's place in his office. Again, the druggist wife who can go into his store and compound syrups and tonics and not do murder, you would stand in awe. Then why not the farm wife, should circumstances make it necessary, be able to conduct or direct the affairs at the farm. Is there anything improper in her directing or saying to the man of all work, "husband, please call away last night, but you go on and finish the ploughing in the south meadow and fit it for corn; here is the middle of May and the corn must be planted at once." Al, three times the farm wife, when the wail of widowhood is forced from a breaking heart, who can gather her orphan children to her bosom and feel their sustenance does not depend on rental, or this working on share system on that farm, but can take up the broken threads where John laid them down and reap the harvest, she feels there was no dishonor in her conducting. Such a woman we would place at the head of our model farm home to-day.

It is a woman and only a woman; a woman all by herself, if she likes, and without any man to help her, who can turn a home into a home. It is the natural condition of things that all women should be housekeepers, and yet we are all acquainted with families where the work is never done. On the other hand, we can see a woman holds where there never seems any work to do. The secret in the latter home's system. A certain work for each day as near as possible, and certain hours are frequently necessary, for instance would you leave till midday a churning to grow rancid under the heat of a July day, and then expect to harvest the sweet, golden butter that the early morning's work would have brought you; and many a loaf of sour, soggy bread, or its cake, and many a dinner of proper attention in due time. My sister, did you never hear that the sure way to a husband's affections is his stomach? I pray you never take the way by unpalatable bread or pastries. Picked up dinner are an abomination in any home, as a rule. The master of the house loves to feel that nothing is too good for his table, even if company is not expected. And the unbidden guest will never feel untimely if the house wife always insists that proper attention be paid to the time and setting of her table, fully as important, we think, as the menu thereon.

Let us remember this is a country of small farms, in which men cultivate with their own hands their acres, drawing not only their sustenance but also a spirit of independence and manly independence, and the success of the farmer is owing largely to the capabilities of the wife. Though not accomplished, she should be thrifty, and not to waste the earnings of the man, she should be able to systematically direct the affairs of a household. I would have her no drudge, for we think no house is worthy the healthy, sturdy vigor of the wife and mother, no room ever so beautiful as the smile on a wife's face.

It is the overworked, restless wife that has made the club and corner grocery formidable rivals in her home. If the good man has learned to smoke a pipe, and if they have, pray let him smoke it in peace at his own fireside, even though you fear for the little ones growing up around you, the example of the father in this. More to be feared, as the wife, she should also find home a prison house and follow in the footsteps of the father. Never shut up the best room in the house, but when the evening grows too chilly for the veranda, gather in the parlor and while husband reads his farm journals and scans the markets in the daily papers, do not, by repeated cautions as to the disarrangement of house or bric-a-brac, make the family feel they are simply guests in their own home. All this over care is laid. Where may a man rest his head, aside his cares and put his weary feet up for rest if not in his own home? Use the home. As it has been said, "Sabbath so would I say of the home, "the home was made for man; not man for the home."

Farm life, they tell us, is so lonely, there are no amusements, nothing exciting to write about. Perhaps not, but nevertheless our great men, have been born and reared in the country. Washington, Jefferson, Webster, Greeley, Holmes, and the martyr Garfield—let us give more than passing thought to that little backwoods home. When the husband and father went to rest and left the little ones, even did she scatter the children and break up the home? No, she stuck to the farm, against the advice of her friends, and by her own pluck and industry, combined with intelligence and a belief in the promise "the widow and the fatherless I will never forsake," she held the helm and gave to the Nation one of its ablest statesmen.

There will be no mistake on the question of expansion so long as mothers "Garfield" rear the sons that uphold the helm of state—they are the products of a model farm home. The upholstering has less to do than refinement in leading up the home. Modern care of children and children are good behavior also. Remember that it has been said, "the mother makes the man, make manners." With good, wholesome reading, such as every farm wife should insist on as the most important furnishing, music and games for the evening, social purity prevailing in your selection of guests, no farmer's daughter will ever go hero mad or hero kissing, even though the man has the wife's name.

The marriage tie makes the twain one. Farm life should be a like partnership, in which the wife shares with the husband the duties, cares and economics. No wife should ask luxuries and expenditures beyond her husband's income. It is much easier to incur debt than to pay the interest thereon. No man should be a model home. The good wife prefers her modest calico to the merchant's silk. Her rule is pay as you go, and if marketing is done by the healthfulness of biddy in filling the egg basket, she never troubles the butcher to open his ledger for surplus or roasts, but turns to the much abused pork and beans which our city cousin always associates with Johnny-cake and farm life. My dainty darling, there are associations that bring more delight to mind and body than pork and Johnny-cake. The cooking may paint the housewife's face until she have the appearance of a broiled lobster, still it is a more desirable tint than the sea shell bloom so often seen on the cheek of the woman of fashion.

give all I have if that woman could stand painless and strong at my side to begin life again empty handed." If I were a young man I would certainly marry health. Many other personalities are to be sought, but after virtue give me health. My whistling farmer boy, look twice at the rosy cheeked farm lassie before you transplant that pale town lily to the uncongenial surroundings of a farm home. I would ask the giver of every good gift, a mate to walk by my side, with tireless feet at the start at least. In choosing a helpmeet there should be no haste, while time waits for no man a woman will.

R. SEGER & SON, Next to Bank, Emporium, Pa.

Cold Weather Bargains

We have concluded to give our customers some rare bargains this month and to start the ball rolling will close out

WINTER OVERCOATS AT COST.

Have you examined those handsome Gents Handkerchiefs. The latest out. They are beauties.

Have you looked at our new and stylish neckwear? You miss something nice.

Do you own a storm Overcoat? We will sell you one dirt cheap.

R. SEGER & SON.

Stop and Think,



WHAT ARE YOU DOING! And ascertain that

R. SEGER & CO., The Popular Merchant Tailors

Have just displayed their new cloths for late winter and early spring styles. There is no common sense in any citizen of Cameron county sending away for clothing, when they can secure better satisfaction by patronizing this House, whose reputation for honest, square dealing is well known. Patronize home industry and at the same time save money.

R. SEGER & CO., Opposite M. E. Church, Emporium, Pa.

J. A. Fisher, PRACTICAL Horse

Shoer,

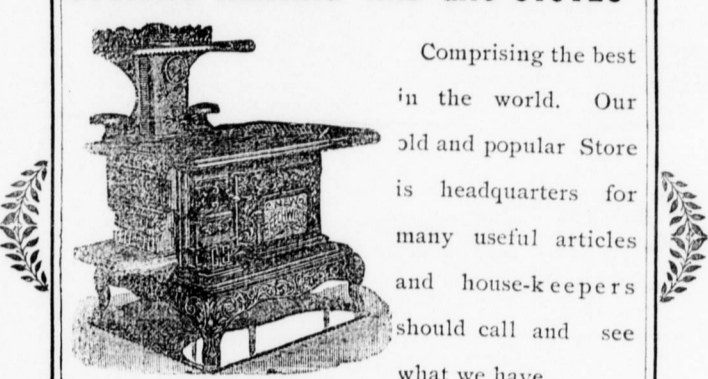
Broad Street, Emporium, Pa.

PILES Dr. Williams' Indian Pile Ointment will cure Blind, Bleeding and Itching Piles. It absorbs the tumors, always the itching at once, acts as a poultice, gives instant relief. Dr. Williams' Indian Pile Ointment is prepared for Piles and Itching of the private parts. Every box is warranted. By druggists, by mail on receipt of price. WILLIAMS' MANUFACTURING CO., Props, Cleveland, Ohio. For sale by R. C. Dodson.

LEADING HARDWARE HOUSE!

We extend our compliments to the citizens of Cameron and adjoining counties for their rapidly and increasing patronage. We would invite all to see our large display of GENERAL HARDWARE and BUILDERS' MATERIAL. We would call especial attention to our

COOKING, HEATING AND GAS STOVES



Comprising the best in the world. Our old and popular Store is headquarters for many useful articles and house-keepers should call and see what we have.

We again desire to call attention to our OIL, and GAS STOVES. The Ladies delight.

THE WELSBACH LIGHT.

This popular light the great gas saver, is growing in popularity with our people. All who desire to economize in gas bills should use these burners. Call and see them.

WALKER, HOWARD & CO.

TRUSTWORTHY STORE.

Dry Goods

Now that the holidays are over we expect a share of the same liberal patronage which we received in 1898 and during the holidays In Corsets we handle the R. & G., Dr. Warner's Fetherbone and W. B. Cyclist. Men's, Ladies' and Childrens' Underwear in cotton and wool.

GENERAL STORE

We have an elegant assortment of China Ware and our prices are bound to sell the goods.

BALCOM & LLOYD. Fourth Street, Emporium, Pa.

HONEST DEALING.