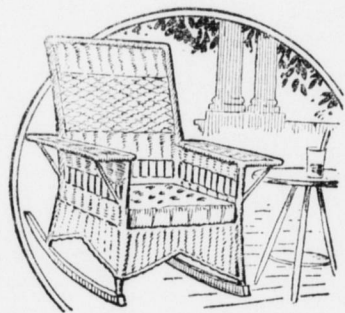


Geo. J. LaBar Furniture

Summer Furniture



that is particularly pleasing in design and thoroughly durable. Chairs, Rockers, Divans, Small Tables, Tabourettes, etc. in WICKER AND REED. For the Reception Hall, Piazza or Summer living room no furnishings can equal these articles for comfort, coolness and artistic effects.

Undertaking

Geo. J. LaBar

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AUDITORS' REPORT Of the Receipts and Expenditures of the School District of the Borough of Emporium, Pa., for the Year Ending June 1st, 1908.

Table with columns for Receipts and Expenditures. Receipts include balance in hands of Treas., received from State Appropriation, etc. Expenditures include Teachers' salaries, Secretary's salary, etc. Balance in hands of Treasurer: \$3,941.98

Table with columns for Receipts and Expenditures. Receipts include balance in hands of Treas., received from Fritz Seger, etc. Expenditures include Black Boards, Painting and Kalsomining, etc. Balance in hands of Treasurer: \$3,013.49

Table with columns for Receipts and Expenditures. Receipts include balance in hands of Treas., received from Fritz Seger, etc. Expenditures include balance in hands of Treas., etc. Balance in hands of Treasurer: \$3,832.00

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We the undersigned, Auditors of the Borough of Emporium, Pennsylvania, do hereby certify that we have examined, audited and settled the accounts of J. P. McNarney, Treasurer, and John Glenn, Collector 1907, with the School District of said Borough, and that the foregoing is a true and correct statement of the same. Witness our hands this twenty-fifth day of June, A. D., 1908. GEO. A. WALKER, Jr., GRANT S. ALLEN, Auditors.

RINGS DYSPEPSIA TABLETS. Relieve Indigestion and Stomach Troubles. Howitt's Neph Salve. For Piles, Burns, Sores.

Edgerton's ... Farm.

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An Experiment. I never heard of transplanting potatoes, which of course is no indication that it has not been done. At any rate I know it has now been done, and successfully, and that by a tramp gardener that fell into my place one day when I particularly needed him. He did not fall from heaven, however, but from the river road, which is a very different thing. Any one who knows anything about river roads will appreciate how different.

Before the advent of the tramp gardener I had a man who knew everything—except how to garden. This man's omniscience was only equaled by his mendacity, and is apt to be the case. A know-it-all is nearly always a liar. He has to be to keep up his reputation. This man planted the potatoes when no one was looking and got two rows where one ought to be. A man who makes two blades of grass grow where one grew before may be a benefactor, but a man who makes two rows of potatoes grow where there is room for only one should be called a shorter and uglier name. At any rate, when those potatoes came up that is what the man in question was called.

Later on the tramp gardener sized up the situation. He never had heard of transplanting potatoes either, but that did not discourage him. He first prepared another plot of ground and carefully dug holes large enough for the hills. Then, a hill at a time, he carefully took up every other row of the potatoes and removed them to these new hills. This he did by inserting his shovel deep under the entire hill, lifting it so as not to disturb the roots. As a result every hill kept green, and that part of the potato patch now looks as well as the other. It remains to be seen whether it will bear as well, but I see no reason why it should not. If it does, some weeks of time will be saved, and say nothing of the seed potatoes, and that tramp gardener will be entitled to pat himself on the back.

Is This Fancy or Prophecy? Julia Ward Howe, author of the "Battle Hymn of the Republic," recently dreamed a "dream that was not all a dream." She saw a new era suddenly dawn upon the world. Men and women, as under a divine inspiration, joined to fight back evil in every form. Such a crusade had never been seen since the world began. That brotherhood for good explained all history in its culmination. It gave a reason for all the past, crowning it with glory. And why not? The best, the most intelligent, men and women in all lands have seen that there is nothing in wrong; that it does not satisfy, that it is but an empty shell, a hollow unreality, a diet of husks. Why should they not join to beat it back? That would be a movement worth living for. I have overcome a few habits in my life, and I have done it by seeing their nothingness. They had no meaning. In that far they were unreal. What power had they over me, a real being? To retain these puerile habits, I said, would be like a grown man playing with a baby's rattle. That made the battle easy. Indeed, there was no battle. The habit dropped away of itself.

Moonlight and Mysticism. What is there about the moon that makes people think about love and ghosts, eternity and infinity and other pleasantly uncanny things? Sometimes when I see the moon shining across the broad river I feel a million years old. I get a real shivery sensation that I have seen that same moon with other eyes and in other lands before the Sphinx lost her nose. Now, that is no way for a twentieth century man with a good digestive apparatus to feel.

What is the connection between moonlight and mysticism? Any one who thinks he can explain is welcome to try.

"Mike." The wandering gardener that drifted into my place at the beginning of the summer, along with the birds and the hoppers that sift into the country as soon as the days grow warm, has taught me some new things in human nature. The only name he answers to is Mike, but as he was born in Rhode Island and is as much of a Yankee as an Irishman, I cannot determine whether the original baptismal formula of that abbreviation was Michael or Misaac. In addition to his other good works Mike has endeared himself to the goats by talking to them in a dialect they understand and by carrying them green and tender branches several times each day. In consequence they know even the dents in his old and battered hat and call to him half way across the place, crying in that penetrating and mournful note that makes the voice of the goat nearly half human and more than half diabolic. To the little girl Mike tells stories of the Mother Fairy that has her home in the secondhand wilderness at the upper end of the little slanting farm. The boys he teaches to fish and set traps and, when they think it is not work to pull weeds. The love of children and of dumb

things, like charity, is sufficient to cover a multitude of sins, of which Mike also has his inherited and acquired share. There is his wanderlust that has made him tramp most of the dry parts of the earth and, not content with that, has driven him to sail before the mast over the wet parts. There is likewise his recurrent thirst that at the end of a period of months takes Mike out of the world for at least a week. To the Only Woman Mike one day paid a tribute to her more unworthy half that—well, it really does not matter what he said because he dashed it all by the mournful postscript. "He don't understand such old fellows as me."

If I do not, it is my fault and misfortune. I have been so eager to find the light for myself that I have forgotten "one of the least of these?" I have loved humanity so much in the mass and the abstract that I have failed to care for them in the individual and the concrete? If so, I have missed the way. I must find my brother man in him that fathers and stumbles. For old Mike! The wanderlust at last will be too much for him. He will take to the open road, disappearing as he came. But his lesson will remain. That has burned itself home.

Unconventional Gardening. Honestly, I have hopes that people are going to get over formal, straight line, mechanical and unnatural gardening. It is time. Here I read an article from the Washington Star actually advising people to take a spade and chop hoes, angles and curves in their straight borders. What are we coming to? This same article says that the Japanese and other orientals have us beaten a mile as landscape gardeners for the reason that they follow nature, have curves, jogs, different levels, rock effects and other things in line with the way that nature and God do things.

This is most hopeful. If a sufficient number of writers will begin talking in this strain we may do something. The only thing needed is to put our souls into our gardening. When we have a spirit in doing anything we get away from mechanical and forced effects. How I Got the Don't Worry Habit. I have learned since I lived with the soul of things that people do not need to be unhappy unless they desire to be. All this is good if rightly seen and rightly placed. God is actually running things, and running them right. There is satisfaction in a thought like that.

I used to be disturbed about the way the world is being managed. I thought God was off the job every now and then, that things were going wrong and that the politicians had to make their right. Now I have come to the conclusion that a competent engineer is in charge, and I am not so much worried. Understand me, I believe that God works through people and that we must stand true to him, true to our soul impulses, true to righteousness, to liberty and to humanity. But there is no need of losing sleep about the universe going to the demeriton how-ows. It is like this: I used to watch a gang of men doing some gigantic work—building a railroad or erecting a building—and every now and then I became disturbed with the thought that they were not doing it in the right way. Then I reasoned with myself in this wise: The man in charge of that job knows more about it than I do. He is experienced and takes every part of the work into consideration. He is not making a mistake, and there is no occasion for me to bother my head about it. It was a comforting conclusion.

I am a part of the social machine, and to that extent my responsibility goes and no further. In public matters I am legitimately interested. There I owe my duty to my country and my state. I also owe my duty to the Supreme—that I keep my heart open and receptive to his will. But I owe it to nobody to worry. I owe it to nobody to interfere with his private business or to be concerned about it. This is a constructive world and is going right. My greatest concern is to be constructive myself and to keep step with God and humanity. That is one of the lessons I have learned from my little farm.

This is a universe of exact justness. Were that not true it could not exist. Injustice simply means incomplete justice, and no incomplete thing can be permanent. Only that which is whole and perfect is durable. If there could exist one wrong not ultimately righted, the orderly course of things would be disturbed and the destruction of all would inevitably result.

The world wants things that are genuine. It wants people who seem to be what they are. It is tired of pretension, of cant, of falterism. It is sick of the goody good. It yearns for a little wholesome common sense. It needs more warm hearted, broad minded, sincere goodness—the real thing and not the counterfeit.

I once dreamed of a perfect rule of life that God would give to man, and this was the form it took: "Aspire to nothing the world can give. Aspire to all that I can give." Death is not a terrible thing. We die often. Back along the years we see the ghosts of our dead selves. JAMES A. EDGERTON. Cold Spring-on-the-Hudson, N. Y.

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COUDERSPORT & PORT ALLEGANY R. R.

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Table showing train schedules for Westward directions between Coudersport and Port Allegany.

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