

# The Home Circle

Pleasant Evening Reveries Dedicated to Tired Mothers as They Join the Home Circle at Evening Tide.

Keep the home-fires bright if you would have the winter of life warm and pleasant.

Youth and age have too little sympathy with each other. If the young would remember that they may slip and the old remember that they have been young, the world would be happier.

Hard hands, strong arms, and sunburned faces are honorable. Take "Excelsior" for your motto, and if you are patient, in a few years you can surely wear under it that other good word "Eureka."

Did you ever realize that nothing on earth can smile but a human being. Gems may flash reflected light, but what is a diamond flash? A face that cannot smile is like a bud that cannot blossom, and dies upon the stalk.

How sad is he who can never go back to his childhood without a shudder. Who can never recall a period when his life was filled with simple satisfaction. When a kind and loving mother read aloud to the family the Home Circle department from the columns of this paper.

Place a young girl under the care of kind-hearted women, and she, unconsciously to herself, grows into a graceful lady. Place a boy in the establishment of a thorough-going, straight-forward business man, and the boy becomes a self-reliant, practical business man. Children are susceptible creatures, and circumstances and actions always impress.

Mothers sometimes forget that the active and receptive stage of child-life in the nursery is never surpassed at a later period. The little one is taking impressions every moment, acquiring gentle habits or the opposite, and words and sentences, surprising his elders by the facility with which he learns what they would rather he should not know. In the baby's home the foundation is laid for the good or bad manners of the mature man.

We doubt if one instance in a thousand can be found of a young man's making shipwreck of hopes and character who was accustomed to spend his evenings at home reading good books; and we say to any parent that a well stocked library and an abundant supply of newspapers and magazines, with the habit of reading on the part of your boy, is worth more to keep him out of mischief, and to make a man of him, than any other single influence at your command.

How few, comparatively, of the young people of the present day, appreciate as they should the inestimable privileges they enjoy. Surrounded as are the young in all cities and most towns, with all the opportunities necessary for the cultivation of a literary taste, not one in a thousand

and appear to improve these golden chances. Occasionally it is true we meet with a young man or woman who firmly grasps the idea that "knowledge is power," but these, unfortunately, are the exceptions, not the rule.

There is food for thought in the story that is told of a young lad, who for the first time accompanied his father to a public dinner. The waiter asked him, "What will you take to drink?" Hesitating for a moment, he replied, "I'll take what father takes." The answer reached his father's ear, and instantly the full responsibility of his position flashed upon him. In a moment his decision was made; and in tones tremulous with emotion, and to the astonishment of those who knew him, he said: "Waiter, I'll take the water."

Teach your children to love the beautiful. Give them a corner in the garden for flowers; encourage them to put it in the shape of hanging baskets; show them where they can best view the sunset; rouse them in the morning, not with the stern "time to go to work," but with the enthusiastic "see the beautiful sunrise." Buy for them pretty pictures and encourage them to decorate their rooms in his or her childish way. Give them an inch and they will go a mile. Allow them the privilege and they will make you home beautiful.

Don't say the world owes you a living until you have earned one. Idleness in boys and girls is the blackest curse of any land. There is just as great a work and just as noble for the young woman as for the young man. When the girl, in earnestness, cast aside the loose cloak of vain fectiveness, and donning the beautiful garments of laboring purity, comfort from the sickly chamber of the "accomplished" asking "What shall we do?" and bearing the motto, "Woman's ability shall see light," then the boys will become more earnest, more temperate, more like men. Dear young people be not afraid or ashamed of labor.

There are hundreds of young men in every great city, in the very lowest depths of degradation, whom the home influence, carefully and prayerfully extended through tender, affectionate, womanly letters, might have saved. There are hundreds of others, just taking their first lesson in vice, who may be brought back to purity by loving words from mothers, sisters or sweethearts. Until a man becomes thoroughly vicious, the thought of a pure woman's love will do much to restrain him from iniquity. If he love grows careless of him, he grows careless of himself. Think of this, you who have sons, brothers or lovers away among strangers. Remember that you owe them a sacred duty; and give them frequent messages from home, freighted with love and accompanied by earnest prayer.

## OVER THE COUNTY.

Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Ward, of Pennsylvania Furnace, spent Sunday in Tyrone.

Mrs. Alfaretta Goss, of Altoona, has been a guest of her daughter, Mrs. J. W. Kepler, in the Glades.

Kathryn Langton, of Snow Shoe, was admitted to the Lock Haven hospital last week as an operative patient.

Mrs. Elmira Kemmerer, of Loganton, aged about 75, had the misfortune to fall down several steps at her home on Friday, fracturing her arm and painfully bruising her face.

Sunday night's rain caused some of the wheat seeding to be delayed. Many farmers had started in on late seeding and only favorable weather setting in soon will help them out.

Mrs. Nannie Shaw and cousin, Miss Moore, returned to their home at State College last Thursday after a week's visit among friends at Petersburg, Sunbury, Lock Haven and Salona.

Nittany camp, Royal Neighbors, M. W. A., held a pre-Hallowe'en social in Odd Fellows' hall, State College, on Tuesday evening of last week, which was largely attended and hugely enjoyed.

John Miller, of State College, J. C. Eiters, of Lemont, and J. C. Kepler, of Pennsylvania, represented their respective lodges of the I. O. O. F., at the annual meeting of the grand lodge at Meadville, last week.

Phillipsburg had a pleasant surprise a few days ago when the men drilling an artesian well for the Hoffman ice cream factory, struck a rich vein of coal at a depth of sixty-one feet. It is thought that the entire region is underlaid with this vein.

Don't forget to save out corn for seed while you are husking it. Just because an ear of corn is large does not necessarily make it the best for seed. See that the rows are straight from tip to butt, and that the kernels are all well formed and plump.

John Cadden, of Centre Hall, has ceased thinking that he is "foxier" than his good wife, if indeed he ever entertained such a thought, for a carefully planned surprise party was successfully pulled off on him on Monday night of last week. A very pleasant time was made of the event.

State Highway Commissioner Bigelow reports from the surveying corps working various sections of the state concerning sign boards. It is his intention to erect them on main highways of the state and he desires to ascertain the number that will be required for the various routes.

Lester Council, of Flemington, met with an accident while out hunting one day last week. He caught the trigger of his shot gun on the fence, and the gun was discharged, the shot entering his arm at the elbow, tearing the Lock Haven hospital and given immediate attention.

Arrangements were made at a recent meeting of the Altoona commandery, Knights of Malta, to send the degree team of the commandery to Boalsburg on Friday of this week to confer the Red Cross and sepulchre or twelfth degree on a class of men in the Boalsburg commandery. A fine social evening is anticipated.

George Lingle and wife, of Blanchard, who for the past six years have been in Panama where he is employed by the United States government on the construction of the Panama canal, will visit with relatives and friends at Beech Creek and Blanchard. He is a son of David Lingle and is quite well known in Beech Creek.

Among the many wedding presents which Mr. and Mrs. John F. Zeigler, of Aaronsburg, received and are proud to show to their friends, is an art square of ingenious needle work, from Rev. and Mrs. William P. Bible, missionaries of the Presbyterian church in Hang Chow, China. The work on the gift was all done by Mrs. Bible, who displays more than ordinary talent in plying the decorative needle.

Charles Burris, of Centre Hall, can now realize what the "kick" of a windlass amounts to. Last Tuesday morning he went to the Luse cider mill with a load of apples. The cider making operation was a success but when it came to hoisting the barrel of "juice" on the wagon something occurred that was not on the program. Mr. Burris, who was at the windlass, in some manner allowed his hands to slip from the handle and in its backward revolution the crank struck him on his upper lip, cutting it through from the center to the outer edge. The wound required the attention of a surgeon.

### A PLEASANT SURPRISE PARTY.

Held at the Home of Elias Confer on His 54th Birthday.

One of the greatest pleasures of life is to know that our friends keep us ever in memory, especially as one reaches the half century mark, all of which Mr. Elias Confer, of Spring Mills, can bear witness to. Last Wednesday, October 18th, being Mr. Confer's 54th birthday anniversary, his friends and neighbors decided upon giving him a little surprise in the form of a birthday party. He resides about two and one-half miles east of Spring Mills, and never before had his home been the scene of so large and jolly a gathering. All the innocent fun that such a crowd could think of was indulged in, and among the greatest pleasures of the evening was the fine supper served.

Those present were: Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Jamison, Mrs. Rebecca Smith, Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Sheeley and son Perry, Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. E. Confer and son Willie, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. A. Heckman and daughters, Carrie, Bertie, Rena and son John, Mr. and Mrs. William Musser and daughter Alma, and son Lawrence, Mr. and Mrs. M. C. Vanada and daughter Marion, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Rishel and daughters Mildred and Beatrice, Mrs. Sarah Breen and daughter Sadie, Mrs. J. E. Ripka, Mr. and Mrs. John Eishenhuth, Mr. and Mrs. U. G. Auman, Henry Immel, Mr. and Mrs. L. P. Smith, Donley Decker, Clarence Ebert and sister Gertrude, A. C. Confer and sons Arch, Clyde, and Austin and daughter Edith, Miss Mary Lingle, Mrs. Mary McCool and sisters Carrie and Bertha Weaver, Paul Wagner, Harry Shook and sister, Edna Shook, Clayton Wolf, Charles Miller, John Lingle and brother Jim and sister Nettie, Miss Mazie Vonada, Mrs. Ida Ripka, Miss Rosie Gentzell, Miss Ruth Confer and brother William, Mrs. Ebert, Miss Anna Shunk, Mr. Minnie Ebert, Miss Ella Confer, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Musser, and daughters Lodie and Alice, Miss Ella Auman, Miss Della Confer, Chas. Nevil, and Jim Gutsewitz.

### Family Favorite



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Nothing is more important in the home than clear, steady light. Insure this by getting the oil that burns clear and clean without a flicker down to the last drop. Pennsylvania crude oil refined to perfection.

Costs no more than the tank-wagon kind—saves money—saves work—saves eyes.

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### IN OTHER COUNTIES.

The ballot at the November election in Clinton county will have four party squares, Republican, Democratic, Keystone and Socialist.

Chambers Besore, a wealthy, middle aged farmer of Greensville, Franklin county, is said to be dying from his glanders which he contracted from his horses. All his horses have been quarantined and will be killed.

A large Holstein bull on the farm of T. D. Spangler, in York county, attacked Harry Meyers, a 15-year-old lad, and was only prevented from forcing him to death by the heroic efforts of a milkmaid. Meyers was completely at the animal's mercy and nothing but the girl's actions saved his life.

Peter Slusser, of the Berwick Store Co., is minus seven of his flock of fine chickens as a result of their eating bran in which cement had become a part of the mixture. The bran had been secured from the bottom of a car in which cement had been carried on a former occasion, and in sweeping out the car enough cement had gotten with the bran to solidify the mixture in the craw of the chickens.

David Sampson, whose home is near Potsgrove, met with an unfortunate accident one day last week while assisting a crew of threshers on the farm of Hurley Stamm, on Milton R. F. D. In some manner a lever was thrown backwards with great force, striking him on the forehead and inflicting a wound that exposed the brain. He was taken to the Williamsport hospital where he is now in a precarious condition.

There is one woman in Danville who knows how to deal with refrigerator thieves. When Mrs. Charles Smedley unlocked the door opening on her back porch one morning last week she was confronted by a man just arising from an examination of the contents of the refrigerator. The man started to run with Mrs. Smedley in pursuit, and when she caught up with the thief she gave him a sound thrashing.

Moses Hershberger, aged 73 years, a prosperous farmer of Stouchburg, Pa., was frightfully gored by a vicious bull last week, and died of his injuries a few hours later. He went to the barnyard to look at his stock, and had scarcely closed the gate when he was set upon by the animal which made a mad rush at him. The owner tried to defend himself but the weight of the animal broke down his feet, and he was trampled upon and gored until his body was a mass of bruises and several ribs were broken.

**Death of "Farmer" Kulp.**  
Former Congressman Monroe H. Kulp, popularly known by his Northumberland county constituency as "Farmer" Kulp, died at his home in Shamokin on 13 inst.

"Farmer" Kulp was a well known figure in Republican state politics. "Farmer" Kulp derived his title from his original calling, that of an agriculturalist, and always commanded the support of that element of his constituency. He was well known to many in this county, having for a number of years carried on an extensive lumber operation in the Paddy mountain section of Haines township, having his mills near the tunnel, and had a large number of hands in his operations.

You cannot always judge by appearances for many a man who is whole-souled has shoes that are not—and vice versa.

## SCOTT'S EMULSION

IS THE BEST IN THE WORLD—because it is made of the purest and best ingredients, because it contains more healing, strengthening and up-building material than any other Emulsion, and because it is a perfect product of a scientifically perfect process.

Doctors the world over recognize

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Never Leak—Never Need Repairs—Fireproof—Stormproof—Handsome—Inexpensive—Suitable for all kinds of buildings. For further detailed information apply to Local Dealers or Cortright Metal Roofing Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

Survivors of Austin Flood.

Rev. F. W. Parks, former pastor of the Free M. E. church, Phillipsburg, and who was stationed at Austin during the recent disaster and lost not only his church and parsonage but virtually all of his personal effects, is here with his wife and several of his children visiting his daughter, Mrs. John Gunther. He has many thrilling things to relate in connection with the disaster, and recognizes the hand of God in the marvelous deliverance of himself and family.—Journal.

It pays to advertise in the Centre Democrat.

### Pure Groceries and Food Products.

TEAS—With the coming of Summer the old Standard Hot Weather Beverage Tea will be in demand. Most Teas now are used blended, but we take no chances on buying Blended Teas. Do our own blending right here in the store. Use only New Crop Goods of Good Value and Finest Flavor, not merely thrown together but compounded so as to draw the separate flavor of each and produce a new and true blend. Try our 60c blend for either hot or iced tea. If you want something fine go the 80c goods and if you are willing to go still higher, one dollar per pound will more than please you. We carry a fine line of Straight Teas—Formosa Oolong, Ceylon, Japan, Young Hyson, Gun Powder, Imperial—Several Grades of each kind on all "Our Lines" of Teas. 5c per lb. off on sales of one pound or more.

COFFEES—Coffees have not changed in value recently but we look for an early moderate decline. Our 23c and 25c goods are the best values of anything now offered.

OLIVES—We have just opened some olives that are worth your attention. Large, bright, perfect fruit at 10c per half pint, 20c per pint and 35c per qt. for sales of one qt. or more.

PICKLES—Dills: Sweet and Sour.

New full Cream Cheese 18c per lb. Fruits and Biscuits are in demand just now and we always have them in abundance. If you want some nice, bright country dried Apples we have them. Finest Hams and boneless breakfast Bacon at 18c per lb.

Bush House Block, Sechler & Company, Bellefonte.



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**Queen Quality SHOE**

THE Flexible "Wonder Worker Process" slashes on the underside of the innersole a series of overlapping joints, not unlike the scales of a fish, both in appearance and flexibility. This process makes the ordinary Waxed sole as flexible and elastic as that of a Turn sole, the most flexible sole used on a shoe.

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## FACT, FUN AND FANCY.

Bright, Sparkling Paragraphs—Selected and Original.

"I don't think much of Fletcher," remarked the mooley cow. "I know he claims the credit, but 'twas I who showed him how!"

They're Off.—"I hear your daughter is coming out this season." "Yes. And the bills are beginning to come in already."

How It is Done.—Mrs. Fijit—How do you account for the fact that a woman can make a dollar go further than a man can? Fijit—I guess it must be because she makes it go faster.

They Were Dead.—A little girl who lived opposite a large orphan asylum in our city had a small guest visiting her who asked in wonder: "What's that big building over there, Ruthie?" "Why that," said Ruthie, "is where the orphans live—lots and lots of 'em, little boys and little girls—an' Mr. and Mrs. Orphan are both dead!"

A Building Problem.—At a meeting one night an Irishman got up and said: "I propose that we build a new schoolhouse, and that we build it in the place where the old one is; and I propose that we leave the old schoolhouse standing until the new one is up, and that we use the stones of the old schoolhouse to build the new one."

Long Enough.—It was an editor away "out west" who received a letter from an indignant subscriber saying: "I don't want my paper any longer." To which the editor replied: "That is all right. I wouldn't make it any longer if you did because in that case I would have to buy a new press. The present length just suits me, and I am glad it suits you."

A Profitable Sale.—A druggist in an adjoining town recently put up a prescription for a man, and when asked the price, replied that it was thirty cents. The man laid down three cents and started out, when the druggist yelled after him: "Thirty cents was the price, but the man went on and the druggist turned, muttering, "Well go on; I made two cents on the trade anyhow."

Here's One on Ma.—"Bill" Jones, Louisiana storekeeper, went to New Orleans to buy goods. They reached home before he did. When the boxes were delivered at his store his wife happened to look at the largest; she uttered a loud cry and called for a hammer. A neighbor, hearing the screams, asked what was the matter. The wife, pale and faint, pointed to an inscription on the box which read: "Bill inside."

Had Plenty of Time.—A West Virginia countryman was seen by a traveler driving a bunch of hogs when this conversation ensued: "Where are you taking the pigs?" "Out to pasture 'em." "What for?" "To fatten 'em." "But it's pretty slow work to fatten hogs on grass; where I come from we pen them up and feed them on corn; it saves a lot of time." "Yes, I s'pose so; but, Hell, what's time to a hawg?"

Changed Doctors.—"You'll have to send for another doctor," said the one who had been called, after a glance at the patient. "Am I so ill as that?"

gasped the sufferer. "I don't know just how ill you are," replied the man of medicine, "but I know you're the lawyer who cross-examined me when I appeared as an expert witness. My conscience won't let me kill you, and I'll be hanged if I want to cure you. Good day!"

Good Advice.—Putting up a stove pipe is easy enough if you only go at it right. In the morning breakfast on some light, nutritious diet and drink two cups of hot coffee; after which put on a suit of old clothes—or new ones, if you can get them on time—put on an old pair of buckskin gloves, and when everything is ready to strike the fatal blow, go and get a good hardware man who understands his business. If this rule is strictly adhered to, the gorgeous 18-karat, stem-winding profanity of the present day would be diminished and the world be profited thereby.

Mary's Gift.—A good old Irish pastor was thanking his congregation for the many Easter offerings and his tremulous voice told how great was his pleasure. "I wish to thank the congregation," he said, "for the many beautiful gifts from my people this glorious Easter Sunday. The plate donations were far in excess of my expectations, the candles were many and freely contributed, and the flowers were simply beautiful; but I want to say right here and now that the thing that touched my heart the most was when little Mar-r-y Killy walked oop the aisle an' laid an egg on the altar."

Taking Precautions.—A family chap moved into a dilapidated cottage near the beach, and the man set to work at once to whitewash it inside and out. While he was swinging the wet brush on the exterior a passerby said approvingly: "I'm glad to see you making this old place so neat and smart. It's been an eyesore to the neighborhood for years." "It ain't nothin' to me about eyesores," was the reply. "The reason why I'm whitewashing is because the last couple wot lived here had twins, twice. I understand lime's a good disinfectant. Ye see, we've got ten children already."

A Long Hog.—Cy Brown, an honest farmer lad of Southern Ohio, answered the call to arms in 1862. Cy was a great boy for country ham. He did not realize when he signed his name on the roster that he voluntarily gave up home, ham and applejack. Upon his arrival at camp he was allowed with the regulation sow belly and hard tack. His kick against such fare was long, loud and vigorous; nevertheless he became reconciled to army life and for two years hardly a murmur emanated from his emaciated frame. After Sherman's army reached Atlanta, Cy accosted the captain on the ham subject. "Cap, don't we ever get any ham?" "No, Cy, we never have ham in the army. What do you mean by such a question as that Cy?" "Well, Cap, I'll tell yer what I mean. We had sow belly at Cincinnati, sow belly at Frankfort, sow belly at Chattanooga, sow belly at Nashville and we're still gittin' sow belly here at Atlanta, and say, Cap, that must be a h—l of er long hog if we never come to a ham."