

The Home Circle

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

No boy goes out from the Home Circle without a sense of loss. For a time, at least, the motherly presence is sadly missed, the sisterly affection warmly cherished. Then if the mother's letters reach him often, filled with all that a mother most eloquently expresses, love, hopefulness and prayer, he is still surrounded by a holy influence.

We hope all who read this column will endeavor to keep a few flowers in the home. In addition their beauty and fragrance, they teach neatness and order. The wife and children like to have a clean room, so that the flower, in its purity and grace, may not be shamed. And then, too, a poor man likes to feel that he has an ornament in his dwelling similar to that which a rich man chooses as the best embellishment of his drawing-room.

There is no place in the universe for a lazy woman. We will care for the sick woman, we will tolerate a cross woman—but what shall we do to the lazy woman. Because the home is the very center of life, the homemaker must be active, orderly and conscientious—these qualifications she must have, and if she can add to these, thrift, intelligence and tenderness, we find wherever she is, that most blessed and beautiful of all earthly delights, a happy home.

Why should you go out to tea and praise your neighbor's muffins, when you have forgotten to tell mother how good hers were? Why should you announce how much Mr. Wilson over the way knows, when father is a great deal better informed man, and it has never entered your little head to whisper quietly to him how much you appreciate his wisdom? You keep your ability to discover faults for the home while the eye that should look for virtues is closed tightly until you go out.

What chance has a young lady a little out of style, who has to earn her own living, to shine in society by the side of one of our fashionable ladies whose pay is a millionaire? So-called we are the slaves of gold. Old-fashioned people look at it in the old-fashioned way and say it is all wrong. And so it is; but it is a fact that stares us in the face that those who are worth the most are considered as the most worthless. After all, perhaps the wisest man was right when he said, "The love of money is the root of all evil."

One child in a family that gives away all his playthings with Monte Cristo nonchalance and prodigality, is often wrongly kissed and praised and haloed in the family circle for his generous soul. He is often held up as a model to his brother that shows an incipient passion for cornering the toy market by crowding out and depriving the holders of the weaker dealers in the nursery. Both children

are wrong. The first has not the proper respect for his duty to himself; the second has not the recognition of his duty to others. The one demands less than his rights; the other more.

We always class children, birds and flowers together. And why? Because they should be equally beautiful, innocent and happy. We should never rob childhood of its ideal liveliness. Even old people should be gay, and happy and good; too good to overcloud the children's horizon with angry eyes and lowering brows, but turn their merriment to discord by continual fault-finding. Allow them all the freedom consistent with absolute safety. Let them play and be happy but teach them self-control. God's estimate of self-control is this: "He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty, and he that ruleth his own spirit, than he that taketh a city."

There is one sin which seems to us to be everywhere and by everybody undetected and quite too much overlooked in valuation of character. It is the sin of fretting, so common that unless it rises above its usual monotony we do not observe it. Watch any ordinary coming together of people and see how many minutes it will be before somebody frets—that is, makes more or less complaining statement of something or other, which most probably every one in the room, or in the car, or on the street corner, it may be, knew before, and which probably no one can help. Why say anything about it? It is cold, it is hot, it is wet, it is dry; somebody has broken an appointment; ill cooked a meal; stupidly or bad faith, somewhere has resulted in discomfort.

There is nothing in the moral, spiritual or physical universe that makes marriage respectable, but love. Without it there can be no marriage, only a wretched, miserable form, that rapidly degenerates into a loathsome, demoralizing burden. The time to marry is when love demands it, and not simply because the kitchen needs a cook, the dining table a figure-head in muslin or silk, or the cucumber vines somebody to kill the bugs on them. The one to marry is the woman you love, and no other one. That, that alone should decide. Riches and may take wings and flee away; beauty may fade; good health is a very excellent and desirable thing in man or woman, but the circumstances of an hour or a moment may ruin the best of health. A man who marries for "married considerations," usually gets what he deserves—its full equivalent in unhappiness. A man who marries for beauty learns, as no other man can learn, how hideous and loathsome it may become. So, young man, take love for your guidance in this matter, remembering that it demands the best and noblest in you—that it is sacred and holy, and divine, or it is of God.

OVER THE COUNTY.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Martz, of State College, are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Ed. McCalmont, in Juniata.

Centre County Pomona Grange meets to-day in Grange Arcade, Centre Hall, for two sessions, 10 a. m. and 1:30 p. m.

Mrs. Calvin Swartz of Menno, S. D. is visiting her mother, Mrs. John Brandt, of Penn township, who has been seriously ill.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Musser, of the Branch, are rejoicing over a young son who arrived at their home last Thursday, Nov. 9th.

A son was born to Mr. and Mrs. Edward Ritter, of Centre Hall, last week. This is the second husky young man in this family.

In the cider scrap held recently by the freshmen and sophomore classes of the Penna. State College, the latter won by a score of 43-24.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Price and child, of Scranton, are visiting friends and relatives in Millheim. Mrs. Price was formerly Miss Mabel Musser.

Lloyd Frank, of Pine Grove Mills, lost a valuable horse recently, the animal having run a rusty nail in its hoof, which caused tetanus to develop.

The remains of John Ross, who died in 1874 on the Ross farm at Farmers Mills, were disinterred in the Centre Hill cemetery and removed to the family plot in the Centre Hill cemetery.

The Potter House at Phillipsburg is under new management, J. H. Groesbeck, of Johnstown, is in charge, succeeding H. W. Waiple, who has gone to Tyrone to assist his father, C. M. Waiple, at the Ward House.

Dr. E. E. Sparks, president of Penna. State College, has returned to his home from a 4,000-mile trip through the west, and on Sunday evening gave a recital of his impressions to the student body in the auditorium.

Recent over Sunday guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. P. H. Meyer in Centre Hall, were: Their daughter, Mrs. William A. Odenkirk, accompanied by her little daughter Dorothy, of Glen Iron, and Robert Meyer, a student in the Agricultural Department at Penn State.

Mrs. Isaac Gray and daughter, Miss Esther Gray, will leave their home in Halfway, Pa., for the winter this month, Mrs. Gray expecting to go to Scranton for the winter with her daughter, Mrs. Hartsock; while Miss Esther will go to Phillipsburg and spend the season with her sister, Mrs. Glenn.

A singing class with about thirty members was organized at the Pine Stump school house recently, and meetings will be held once each week. Prof. E. W. Crawford is the instructor, and the following officers have been chosen: J. T. Potter, president; Lanson Burris, secretary; William M. Houser, treasurer.

The members of Millheim Camp, M. W. of A., of Millheim, assisted one of their members in husking the corn for S. R. Linger, a member of the camp, who had been prevented from attending to his farm work by the sickness and death of his wife. Such an act was highly commendable upon the part of this order.

Joseph Curbachock, of Snow Shoe, a foreigner, who was injured in an accident the forepart of last week, and who was admitted to the Lock Haven hospital Wednesday, died Friday night. Undertaker E. B. Waters prepared the body for burial and forwarded it to Snow Shoe. The funeral took place there Monday forenoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas L. Smith, of State College, gave a birthday party on Wednesday evening of last week in honor of their little daughter, Majorie Louise's third anniversary, which was attended by about thirty of Miss Majorie's young friends. The color scheme for the tables was pink and white, presenting a pretty and pleasing appearance.

Mrs. Martha Teed, of Philadelphia, who in company with her daughter, Miss Lina, has been spending some time with another daughter, Mrs. Samuel W. Moore, in Centre Hall, is recovering from injuries sustained in a fall down a flight of stairs. No bones were broken, but she received a number of painful bruises, one of which practically disabled an arm.

A horse owned by Samuel Kline, who farms the big farm of Fount Crider, a mile west of Blanchard, stumbled and fell one day last week and threw violently to the ground Mr. Kline's young son, Perry. The lad had his scalp lacerated so that several stitches were necessary to close the wound and he was otherwise bruised but has since been getting along nicely.

Having finished his lumber operations on the J. Q. A. Kennedy tract, and the one purchased from Dr. H. F. Bittner, west of Centre Hall, John F. Treaster has moved his mill to the Horner tract of thirty-eight acres, owned by H. W. Orwig & Son. Mr. Treaster will do the cutting of the timber, which consists of oak, chestnut, poplar, and converted into car stuff, ties, prop timber, etc.

South Phillipsburg is having an epidemic of robbery, according to an exchange from that section. A few days ago the store of Mrs. Musser was robbed two nights in succession, followed by the "cleaning" of a clothing store, the garments of which were owned by Mrs. Thomas Wadsworth; her son-in-law, Roy Marshall, was also relieved of \$4. The money having been taken from his home in broad daylight.

Last Friday while hunting in the vicinity of Snow Shoe, George Wilson, of Tyrone, was seized with an attack of appendicitis, and relief was sought from a local physician. Mr. Wilson was in hopes of continuing the hunt but a second attack compelled him to give up the project, and necessitated his removal to the Lock Haven hospital. Mr. Wilson is a locomotive engineer on the Tyrone division and a member of the Sheridan troop.

On Friday afternoon the conductor on the east bound L. & T. train shot a pheasant from the train. On Wednesday, Wm. Musser, his two sons and Lester Fiedler, of Fiedler, killed 21 rabbits. On Friday evening P. H. Musser, clerk in the Millheim Banking Company, killed two fine pheasants on Brush mountain north of town. Robert Kreamer and Mr. Lenebarger, of Williamsport, and T. B. Kreamer, of Rosecrans, spent the opening day of the hunting season in Brush valley and succeeded in bagging 12 rabbits, a 'Publican' quail and one pheasant.—Millheim Journal.

Why cough? Stop it!

Stop coughing! Coughing rasps and tears. Stop it! Coughing prepares the throat and lungs for more trouble. Stop it! There is nothing so bad for a cough as coughing. Stop it! Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is a medicine for coughs and colds, a regular doctor's medicine. Sold for seventy years. Use it! Ask your doctor if this is not good advice.

Unless there is daily action of the bowels, poisonous products are absorbed, causing headache, biliousness, nausea, dyspepsia. We wish you would ask your doctor about correcting your constipation by taking laxative doses of Ayer's Pills. Made by the J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

IN OTHER COUNTIES.

H. O. Greninger of Milford, Juniata county, recently dug a grave for a sick colt, whose death was supposed to be a matter of a short time. After the grave was dug the colt recovered, much to its owner's pleasure.

John Blymyer, aged 34 years, of Yeagertown, was fatally injured at the Standard Steel works, Burnham, a short time ago, when a belt flew off a machine, releasing an iron pin which struck him on the jaw bone, breaking it and causing concussion of the brain. He died without regaining consciousness.

Gardon Heberling, aged 15 years, of Clearfield, while out hunting last week as a result of an accidental discharge of his gun had his right hand so badly lacerated by shot that it had to be amputated three inches above the wrist. Several shot hit him in the neck and but for a goltze would likely have resulted fatally.

Delirious from cold and hunger, 13-year-old Clarence Jones of Mount Carmel, was discovered in a Philadelphia and Reading railway box car at Williamsport on Monday, where he had been locked in since last Friday. He had climbed into the car as it was leaving Mount Carmel on Friday morning and had locked himself in. For more than three days he was without food or drink. After being treated by a physician he was sent to his home.

Preserving Spiders' Webs. Naturalists employ an ingenious method of preserving all kinds of spiders' webs. The webs are first sprayed with an atomizer with a thin solution of artists shellac, and then, should they be of the ordinary geometric form, they are pressed carefully against a glass plate, the supporting strands at the same time being severed. After the shellac solution has dried the plates containing the webs can be stored away in a cabinet. Even dome shaped webs may be preserved in their original form by spraying them with shellac and then allowing them to dry before removal from their supports. Many spiders' webs are very beautiful, and all are characteristic of the species to which they belong so that from a scientific standpoint their permanent preservation is very desirable.



ITCH! ITCH! ITCH!

Scratch and rub-rub and scratch- until you feel as if you could almost tear the burning skin from your body—until it seems as if you could no longer endure these endless nights of awful torture—those terrible nights of sleepless agony.

Then—a few drops of D. D. D., the famous Besera Specific and Oil! What relief! The Itch gone instantly! Comfort and rest at last!

D. D. D. is a simple external wash that cleanses and heals the inflamed skin as nothing else can. A recognized specific for Eczema, Psoriasis, Salt Rheum or any other skin trouble.

We can give you a full size bottle of the genuine D. D. D. remedy for \$1.00 and if the very first bottle fails to give relief it will not cost you a cent.

We also can give you a sample bottle for 25 cents. Why suffer another day when you can get D. D. D.?

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Would Save Time.—"Shall I have your lunch brought up to you on deck, dear?" asked the husband of the sea-sick wife. "No, love; have it thrown straight overboard; it will save time and trouble."

His Objection.—"We are going to discuss the matter of a new chandelier for the church; what do you think about it?" This question was asked by a worthy member, and put to Old Dan Kelliman, who was not overburdened with education. "Hub!" replied Old Dan, "we have nobody in the church that can play it!"

A Sure Profit.—Little Ikey Cohen was testing a \$5 gold piece with his teeth when he accidentally swallowed it. His father sent for the doctor, but all they could do would not save Ikey's life or the \$5 gold piece. The doctor gave his bill to Cohen for attending the boy amounting to \$4. Cohen remonstrated and would not pay it, but to compromise, offered little Ikey to the doctor for \$4.50, a sure profit for the doctor.

His Version.—Lillian M. N. Stevens, president of the National W. C. T. U., relates an anecdote about a reception gotten up for her by an Alabama Sunday school. "One little piccadillo had been taught to recite the line from the Master: 'It is I, Be no afraid.' When the little fellow came upon the platform, where he was to do his part, he was ashy with stage fright, but with his small voice trembling and full of tears, he managed to say: 'Faint nobody but me. Doan' git skared.'"

Too Marsh With Him.—Along a country road walked a man and a woman. The latter, a gaunt, stern-faced female, was bullying the meek little fellow who trudged just in front of her with downcast head. Suddenly the woman, turning, saw a bull racing down the road behind them. She quickly took refuge in the hedge, but her companion, unconscious of aught but his woes, kept on his way. The bull caught up to him and sent him spinning into a muddy ditch, then continued on its wild career. As the woman's figure crawled out of the mire he saw his better half coming toward him. Picking up a little spirit he whispered: "M-M-Maria, if you hit me like that a-z-z-z-z-z you'll really get my temper up, so I warn you."

The Wrong Side.—A son of Erin came into a law office, and related his grievance to a well known and popular barrister. "Why," said the attorney, "you surely have the best case I ever handled. You could not help but win if tried in any court under the heavens. I am glad to assist you, and my charges will be reasonable." The Irishman put on his hat, and proceeded to make a speedy exit from the law office. The attorney looked up in surprise, and said: "Where are you going, Mike?" "I am going out to hunt up my adversary and try to settle the case out of court." "There's no use in that. I told you that you couldn't help but win. That is the best case I ever handled." "Divil a bit of it. I gave you the other fellow's side of the story."

Some girls in Centre county have tried to reach young men through their stomach when it only resulted in giving them indigestion.

A Painless Death.—A German in a sleeping car was unable to rest on account of the snoring of fellow travelers on each side of him. Finally one of them gave a vociferous snort and stopped still. "Tanks!" exclaimed the wretched German, "you is det!"

Could Swallow That.—Percy Pikepounder—didn't the dame come across wit' a handout w'en you told her you hadn't swallowed no'n for tree days?

Felix Harvested.—Naw. She told me to think of me home an' me mother an' a lump would come up in me throat an' I could swallow dat.

Hard Luck.—A Jew was talking to his friend about financial affairs. The one had a store and was losing all his profits, but he did not know how to make all this lost profit up, so the latter told the former he should have a fire. The former exclaimed: "Why how can I, when there is a swimming school on the third floor and a fire house below me?"

He Knew.—The young man was trying to select a jeweled belt for the young lady to whom he was engaged. "What size do you wish, sir?" asked the salesgirl. The prospective bridegroom blushed and stammered: "Really, I don't know." Then a thought struck him. "Lend me your tape measure," he said. The measure was handed to him and he laid it on the inside of his arm, from shoulder to wrist. "Twenty inches, please," he said, with decision.

Why He Rang Two Bells.—An Irishman who boarded a street car at Brooklyn asked the conductor to let him off at Maple street. At Second street the car came to a stop to receive a passenger. Hardly had the car started when Pat suddenly recognized his destination as the next street. He violently pulled the bell rope, ringing the bells at each end of the car. The conductor who was more surprised than angered at Pat's sudden turn, asked him why he pulled the rope so hard as to ring both bells. Pat replied: "Falth and Ol wanted the car to stop at both ainds."

His Platform.—A prominent Chicago politician, when a candidate for an important municipal office, related the following story to illustrate why he should be elected instead of one of his opponents: "Once I told three negroes that I'd give a big turkey to the one who'd give the best reason for his being a Republican. The first one said, 'Tee a 'Publican kase de 'Publicans set us niggers free.' "Very good," said I. "Now, Bill, let me hear from you." "Well, tee a 'Publican kase de done gib us a pective tariff." "Fine!" I exclaimed. "Now Sam, scratching his head and shifting from one foot to the other—'boss, tee a 'Publican kase I wants dat turkey.' "And he got it."