

The Home Circle

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

The Ideal Home.
The following is our second contribution on the Ideal Home. We received many compliments on the first one published and the following is certainly equally good. -Editor.

The head of my "ideal home" is a father possessing firmness of character without being a tyrant. He gives the best that he is, both socially and mentally, to his father. The mother is patient, kind and courageous, the children obedient. This home is not the home of wealth, neither is it the home of poverty. Order and system prevail in every department. The radiance of truth rests on each face. There is refinement and culture. The mother tongue is spoken in all its purity. This ideal home is a Christian home. The bible is read here and its precepts are lived. Books and papers are to be seen every where. The books are selected with care so that they may entertain and instruct without corrupting the reader. No profanity or slang is heard here. The cup that inebriates has never had a place in this home. The children honor their parents and the parents respect the rights of their children, and life is made as bright as possible for them. They are early taught to love the beautiful in art as well as in nature. Flowers and music help to refine and beautify their home. This family is taught to deal justly and they weigh their fellow man by what he is and not what he has. This "ideal home" is so attractive that the children are not tempted to spend their evenings on the street or in doubtful places of amusement.

There's Room at the Bottom.
Many and weighty are the editorials that have been written on "There is Always Room at the Top." Our greatest writers have pointed young men to the top rung of the ladder. This is well, but it is time to call a halt. There are too many at the top and none at the bottom.

"There's room at the top has been preached by our preachers; Been sung by our poets and taught by our teachers, Until by such teaching, grown wiser and sadder, We have almost forgotten the foot of life's ladder."

Young men have a desire to enter some profession. They imagine that only lawyers, editors or politicians ever reach the top of the ladder. Young ladies who have from youth been pointed to the top of the ladder, shun the dish pan and broom as they would the cholera. The piano and music books to speak French correctly and wait gracefully they consider the only stepping stone leading to the top of the ladder. The time has come when it is almost impossible to find a young man or woman at the foot of the ladder, willing to labor

at any calling that is honorable and earn a living by the sweat of their brow.

"There's room at the bottom. O men of stations! Be not drawn aside by their trite iterations. From the commonplace duties which lie at the bottom, High places are quite hard to hold when you've got 'em.

Multipled scores of young men who are complete failures in the various professions would have successfully followed the plow handles, or as engineers might now be "holding down" a fast mail train. But too many imagine that they cannot climb the ladder if their fingers are soiled. They forget that "The road at the top leads o'er rockiest ledges, Who climbs must hold on by the raggedest edges, And many a man who has missed his vocation Is brought to himself by a bad dislocation."

Let us learn to tip our hats as politely to the young lady who sews for a living or earns it by any honest toil as to the one who teaches French or chews gum in seven different languages. Let us give as warm a clasp of the hand to the honest tiller of the soil, the fireman or brakeman as we do to the lawyer or doctor. Let us recognize honesty and industry wherever found, and the time will soon come when there will be an army of bright, intelligent, honest young men and women at the bottom of the ladder, ready to labor at any honorable calling. Let us remember that the most beautiful lives have blossomed in the darkest places, as pure, white lilies full of fragrance in the slimy, stagnant waters. Wealth, birth, and official station may aid and do secure to their possessors an extreme, superficial courtesy, but they never did nor never can command the reverence of the heart. The most beautiful flowers are found hidden in some shady nook; so the most beautiful lives are often found hidden in an humble home at the foot of the ladder.

Profanity is the foul odor of an impure heart.

The expenses of your house will be large or small, as you are a good house keeper.

Scolding and nagging never mended any thing. They have ruined the peace of unnumbered families.

There are a thousand ways of making other people happy, and you have only to look about to find them.

If a man dares to live within his means, and is resolute in his purpose not to appear more than he really is, let him be applauded. There is something fresh and rare in such an example.

OVER THE COUNTY.

Phillipsburg also is having trouble with its corporation pole tax. At that place the tax simply isn't paid.

J. E. Kustaborder and wife, of Bellwood, were visiting friends in Williamsport, Montandon and Rising Springs last week.

Capt. T. A. Fry, commandant of the Penn State Cadets, has received orders to join the Fifteenth Infantry in China by July 1st.

The first car load of road oil has been received in Lock Haven, but there will be a change in the weather before the annual oiling of the streets takes place.

George W. Zeigler, Esq., at his home in Phillipsburg, is very seriously ill with pleurisy. That he may have a speedy recovery is the hope of his many friends.

The farm home of Bell Lytle, on the Branch road, was struck by lightning during last Monday's heavy storm. Little damage resulted beyond a scare to the inmates.

William Dreihelbis, born near Millheim, July 18, 1850, died near Orangeville, Illinois, recently at the age of almost sixty-two years. He went west with his parents forty-six years ago.

An Epworth League convention comprising the Altoona district will be held in St. Paul's church at State College, June 29 and 31. More than a hundred delegates will be in attendance.

J. Cal Neideich, who was injured in a wreck on the P. R. R., some weeks ago near Altoona, and who was brought to his home at Struble, is convalescent and hopes to be around in a short time.

Prof. H. C. Rothrock, of State College, who is teaching a term of summer school at Port Matilda, has been elected principal of the schools for three years. The family will likely move there in the fall.

Cresson's board of trade is negotiating with the Pennsylvania Railroad company for a lease on the Mountain House grounds. It is the plan to restore its fame and have many picnic parties there.

The graduating class of the State College High school recently presented a beautiful ring to Miss Lulu Smith, a former teacher, in recognition of her great interest in the individual members while under her tutorage.

Philip, the young son of Postmaster Philip D. Foster, of State College, stepped upon a wire nail recently and ran the bit of wire into his foot to the depth of about an inch and a half. Prompt medical attention prevented any serious results.

A ewe on the farm of Lloyd Frank, in College township, recently gave birth to a freak lamb that is endowed with five legs, the extra member being well developed and is attached to the right fore quarter. The toes, however, resemble those of a dog's.

The family of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Gallo, of North Phillipsburg, have been sadly bereaved lately by the death of two of their children, Mary, the elder child, aged 7 years, was buried last Wednesday, and the following day their little son, Paul, aged 4 years, succumbed to pneumonia.

The state engineers were in Clarence last week to lay out the piece of new state road, which is to be nearly a mile in length and will run from the railroad near the depot, which connects with the state road already laid, and run through Sugar Camp, to a point near the Kachick store that was.

Postmaster Milton Kunes, of Blanchard, has purchased from John Lighthammer, of Detroit, Mich., a brother of the late Mrs. Elizabeth Glossner, the latter's property on the Main street in Blanchard, consisting of a dwelling and lot of good size nicely situated. The consideration was \$600.

Mrs. Eliza Campbell, widow of the late Washington Campbell, who makes

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her home with her son, D. M. Campbell, at Linden, Pa., while walking through her room on Sunday evening of last week fell onto the floor with such force as to break a hip bone. She is past eighty years of age, and this fact makes her condition very serious.

Saturday's Phillipsburg Ledger says: "Twenty-five cans of trout, from six to nine inches in length, will arrive here today from the State Hatcheries at Bellefonte, and will be placed in Cold Stream, Black Bear Run and Six Mile Run. John Bellis, George Barnes, C. R. Dewey and William Musselman will look after the distribution of the trout.

All the Lehigh mines in the Snow shoe region have closed down for an indefinite period. The cause for the suspension of work is, of course, better known by the company, but it is probably due to an over stock of coal, and the price being too low to allow a paying profit to be made from the mining of it. The Cherry Run mines of Kelley Bros. are working, a customary thing for those mines when other work are not in operation.

Clarence Wade, son of Joseph Wade, of Snow Shoe, met with a very serious accident one day recently which did not prove fatal, but how the boy escaped is the next thing to a miracle. While trying his acrobatic skill in walking a wire fence he lost his balance and fell. It so happened that a large meat hook was hanging on the fence at the ill-fated point, and in falling the hook caught him under the jawbone inflicting a severe wound and suspending the road to recovery, but will be very fortunate if nothing further develops to increase his sufferings.—Snow Shoe Times.

General Jonathan Wolf, once a prominent citizen of Miles township in renewing his subscription to the Centre Democrat, says:—"Since the death of my wife and son I do not feel at home, no one but my daughter is there. My other son is not at home. It makes me feel young again to hear from home. If I live until the 5th of next month I will then be 87 years. I am glad to see that old jobs are again back in the Democratic ranks, and that it broke away from that old heathen Guffey. I am sorry to see that Meek is on the wrong side; about — you can't expect much else. I looked over some old papers that my father had that were printed in Aaronsburg and edited by your grandfather in German. The person who gave you the history of the Brushvalley made some errors and I may send you a chapter." Mr. Wolf now lives in Pratt City, Alabama, and is remembered by some of our older readers.

Dream Averts Wreck.
Dreaming that a rail on the main line of the Pennsylvania was broken and that a through-passenger train was about due, Thomas Pyle, a section foreman, of Washington, Pa., early Friday morning put his slumber thoughts into action and hurried to the spot where his dream told him the rail was broken, and there found that it was not all a dream.

At the exact spot which he had seen in his dreams he found a large piece of rail had been broken out. He heard the rattle of a heavy passenger train coming down the line at a terrific speed and with his lantern he signalled it. The rail was repaired and the train went on westward with some of the passengers grumbling about the delay and not knowing how near death's door they had been.

An artist's work is finished when he draws his last breath.

Most preachers know more about the next world than they do about this.

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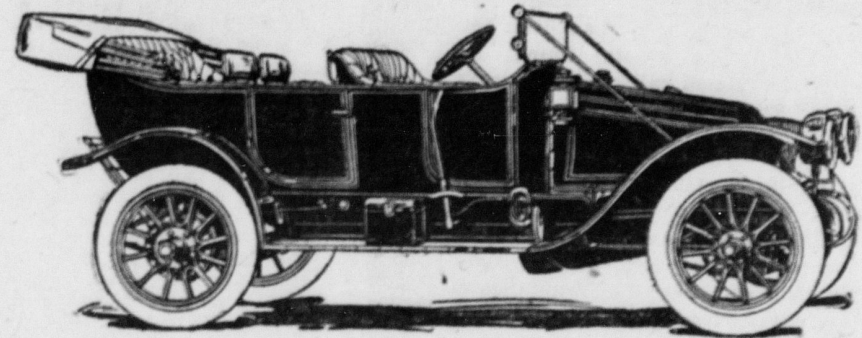
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J. Howard Tipton et ux to Samuel Tressler, 304 acres in Curtin twp.; \$1.
Wm. C. Heinle to D. C. Callahan, 5 acres in Benner twp.; \$350.
William F. Zeigler to James A. Wirt, 130 acres in Haines twp.; \$9000.
Angela Hemmes et al to Lawrence L. Miller, 2 lots in Phillipsburg; \$125.
Sarah E. Gehret to Orin A. Kline, premises in Bellefonte \$1400.
Helen R. Meyer et bar to William Bilger, 140 acres in Benner twp.; \$1.
Thos. G. McCausland et al to Margie B. Frantz, 12 acres in Rush twp.; \$50.
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John F. Stover et al to Henry C. Noll, 6 acres in Benner twp.; \$12.
Julia Curth to William G. Runkle, 37 1/2 acres in Spring twp.; \$900.
G. W. Loneberger et ux to Samuel Flora, 22 acres in Benner twp.; \$220.
J. A. Shaugraw et ux to John B. dencsak, premises in Moshannon; \$1.
George W. Ellenberger to E. E. Ellenberger, 147 acres in Ferguson twp.; \$4500.
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It is easier to make new laws than to enforce old ones.

In coming out on top many a man's hair beats him to it.

There is nothing harder to cure than a diseased imagination.

Political orators in this country usually make a noise like a war whoop.

It always make a man mad when his practical jokes come home to roost.

The airship chauffeur looks down on the chap who runs an automobile.

Any man would rather have one foot in the grave that two in the same place.

Few people have will power enough to stop talking when they have said enough.

A man's power of diction seldom prevails against his wife's power of contradiction.

Isn't always to a man's credit to have people say his word is as good as his bond.

Say This Quickly.
Betty Botter bought some butter. "But," she said, "this butter's bitter. If I put it in my batter It will make my batter bitter. But a bit of better butter Will make my batter better." So she bought a bit of better butter And made her batter better. "Tut-tut-tut. Bought a bit of better butter."

Sorry at His Return.—Sunday school teacher—Who was sorry at the return of the prodigal son? Tommy—The fattest calf.

What Would She Give?—"Pa," "What is it, Johnny?" "If you was ter feed the cow on soap would she give shaving cream?"

No Difference.—Justice—What is your name, sir? Prisoner—Casey, yer honor. Justice—Your full name? Prisoner—Just the same, yer honor, full or sober.

Sad Prospects.—"Wotcheer, Alf? Yer lookin' sick. Wot is it?" Work! Nuffink but work wot's from mornin' till night." "Ow long 'ave yer been at it?" "Start ter morrer."

Look Out For the Dog.—"Fraunky, Fraunky," shouted the lady just from Germany to her son, Frank, upstairs, "run quick, tie de dog loose and shut de gate open or he run de alley down and somebody bite him!"

Beats a Woman.—"Say, pa," queried little Billy Bloohumper, "what's an echo?" "An echo, my son," replied the old man with a sigh long drawn out, "is the only thing that can flimflam a woman out of the last word."

Smith Went Also.—Jones was always very tactful. This is what he wrote: "Dear Mrs. Smith—Your husband cannot come home to-day because his clothes were blown up in a boiler explosion. P. S.—Poor Smith was inside of the clothes."

Not a Bouncing Baby.—"Ma," remarked the small boy, "isn't it funny

that everybody calls little brother a bouncing baby?" "Why do you think it's funny, William?" returned his mother. "Because when I dropped him off the porch this morning he didn't bounce a bit. He just hollered."

It Was Remarkable.—Smith—I saw a colored baby the other day that weighed only three pounds. Isn't that remarkable? Jones—I don't consider that anything wonderful. I have heard of babies weighing only two pounds. Smith—I know, but think of a colored baby being so light.

Politeness to Strangers.—Uncle Toby was aghast at finding a strange darky with his arm around Mandy's waist. "Mandy, tell dat nigger to take his arm 'way from round yo' waist," he indignantly commanded. "Tell him yo'self," said Mandy haughtily. "He's a perfect stranger to me."

Her Ancestors.—"Have you any ancestors, Mrs. Kelley?" asked Mrs. O'Brien. "And phwat's ancestors?" "Why, people yo' sprung from." "Listen to me, Mrs. O'Brien," said Mrs. Kelley, impressively, "OI come from the rale sthock av Donahues that spring from nobody. They sprang at thim."

Objected to the Job.—A girl was proposed to by a rich bachelor and refused him. Afterward, talking over his turndown with a mutual friend, she said: "Yes, I refused him. He has, you know, a past. He has a dreadful past." "Oh, but," said the mutual friend, "a man can always blot out his past." "Yes, that may be," replied the girl, "but he shan't use me for a blotter."

Would Be Remembered.—"The lawyer was drawing up Empeck's will. 'I hereby bequeath all my property to my wife,' dictated Empeck. "Got that down?" "Yes," answered the lawyer. "On condition," continued Empeck, "that she marries within a year." "But why that condition?" "Because," answered the meek and lowly testator, "I want somebody to be sorry that I died."

Freshly Laid.—The woman was doing her marketing, and it was a question of eggs. "Are you quite sure that these eggs are fresh?" she asked. "They are, madam." "You will guarantee them?" "I will, ma'am." "But how am I to know that you know they are fresh?" "My dear lady," said the exhausted shopman, with incisive emphasis, "if you will kindly step to our telephone and ring up our farm you will hear the hens that laid them still cackling."

A Few Blades Left.—The following took place on a farm in the state of New York. An Irishman named Patrick McGorrey came over from the old country and hired out to work for a farmer named Jenkins. One day Jenkins was going to town on business. He did not have much for Pat to do, so he told him that he might grind his tools while he was away. On his return the farmer said: "Well, Pat, have you got the tools all ground?" "Shure, faith and by jabers. I have them all ground but the saw and that has got a few nicks in it yet," answered Pat.

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Mr. G. G. JONES of Baldwin, L. I., writes:—"I have found Sloan's Liniment par excellence. I have used it for broken sinews above the knee cap caused by a fall, and to my great satisfaction I was able to resume my duties in less than three weeks after the accident."

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