

The Home Circle

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

The touch of some people is moral death; to know others is inspiration and life. Pain and suffering are inseparably connected with hate. Cultivate gardens of flowers and not weeds in your heart.

To be beautiful we should be good. As you open the window of your house to admit sunshine and fresh air, to drive out malaria, so also should you open the window of your soul, drive out the gloom and despair and let in the blessed sunshine of God's love and joy.

A beautiful writer has said: "If there be a pleasure on earth which angels cannot enjoy make it joy of life. God most envy man the possession of it, it is the power of relieving distress. Every kindly act we do but inclines us more and more toward such deeds, and we become readier to do the same again and with more enjoyment. Every kindness done to others in our daily walks advances us nearer those great souls which make the age they live in memorable.

Happiness is the inalienable right of childhood. Give a child half a chance and it will make a joy of life. God made it carefree. The sorrows of life and death are like a dream to it. "Heaven lies about it" and it sees visions beautiful. Its father is the noblest and wisest of men, its mother the dearest and tenderest and best in the world. Every pleasant man and woman is its friend and the world is a fine and wonderful place that it hopes later to explore. It lives the life of the heart and of the imagination and has no troubles except when the tyrannical hand of some adult rudely deprives it of legitimate joy.

All possible charities of life ought to be cultivated, and when we can neither be brethren or friends, let us be kind neighbors and pleasant acquaintances. Our life is what we make it. Most people will find difficulties and hardships enough without seeking them. Let them not repine but take their troubles as a part of the educational discipline necessary to fit the mind to arrive at the highest good.

Some of us, as we grow old, become so oppressed by the cares and sorrows of nature life that we quite forget the days of youth. The pains and pleasures of childhood seem so trivial that we fail to realize that a child's sorrows are as keen and probably keener, than anything we know in adult life. We forget the exquisite joy that a new toy gave us, and the palpitating pleasure of a visit to town, the ecstatic delight

of a day in the woods. And we forget too, the depth of anguish that came with each disappointment.

We have heard a great deal about love in a cottage. It is pretty sentiment, very poetical and captivating to those who have been used to luxury and remembrance, but can you pay for your cottage? The house first and the bride after; the means first and the wife to follow. This is the saddest common sense. Great expectations are often great disappointments. Measure the stature of a man, his power to swim in the rough tides, his mastery over himself, his energy, self respect, self reliance and self control. Gifted with these, if he have but enough to find you the humblest hut, he will lead you skyward, and never downward.

Let all our little kindnesses be from a loving heart, and not formal acts for the world to see. Let us not wear two faces—the one in company, the other behind the scenes. But let us be kind, loving and true at home, when the world is not looking on. The home in which love reigns supreme is a heaven on earth. "The bosom which does not love is cold; the mind which does not conceive it is dull; the philosophy which does not accept it is false." And the only true religion has pure and reciprocal love for its basis. Be kind and affectionate to mother. Let it be the greatest pleasure to perform the little loving kindnesses that add so much to the brightness of a home. Meet father with a kiss of love. Be a ray of sunshine in your own home.

Happiness ought to be contagious and to make it so the good things of life must be shared. Not merely with our family but with our neighbors and acquaintances, our townsmen, and "the strangers within our gates." We should use our blessings, not put them up in lavender leaves, or camphor balls to keep—but scatter them broadcast, share them with others. If we have blooming roses, share them; if we have fine grapes on our vines, share them; if we have beautiful pictures, invite people in to see them; if we have helpful thoughts, give them away. This generous method of living will bear a rich harvest, not perhaps in a like return but in placing the honor on a higher plane of thought and giving him a boarder view of life and its obligations.

An author is known by his writings—a mother by her daughter, a fool by his words, all men by their companions.

OVER THE COUNTY.

The Zettle family will hold their annual reunion in Harter's Grove, Georgesvalley, on Saturday, August 30th.

William N. Duck, of Millheim, a graduate of Susquehanna University, has been elected to teach the grammar school at Aaronsburg.

Dr. Nissley vaccinated 150 hogs belonging to the State College last week on account of prevalence of hog cholera in the neighborhood.

The annual picnic of State College camp 6137, Modern Woodmen of America, will be held at Hunter's Park on Thursday, August 31.

The annual reunion of the congregations of the Reformed church will be held in Berby's woods at Coburn, on Saturday, August 2nd.

Mrs. Susan Hetrick, of Milroy, visited last week with her son, John Burkholder, at Centre Hill. The latter lives on the Burkholder homestead, which is owned by Mrs. Hetrick.

F. B. Herman, of Altoona, one of the Democrat's valued subscribers, in renewing his subscription writes us that work is very plenty in that city at present with a large demand for workmen.

The house and lot formerly occupied by W. Gross Mingle at Centre Hall was sold last week by C. D. Bartholomew to P. A. Leaster for \$1400. Mr. Leaster has moved in and will make it his future home.

During one of the recent thunder storms, lightning struck the farm barn of C. C. Orndorf of near Woodward and the house of Jefferson D. Stover near Fiedler. Neither property was much damaged.

Kessler's department store at Millheim is using the columns of this paper to set forth the bargains now being offered in the semi-annual reduction sale. Those within visiting distance of this store should investigate the sale.

While working on the excavation for the new Pastime building at State College John Condo was badly squeezed by a cave-in of the bank Monday of last week. Promptness on the part of fellow workmen saved Condo from being smothered.

William Musser, of Boise, Idaho, is in Centre county and expects to remain here permanently. His brother Jacob Musser, of Penn Cave, purchased the Josiah Rossman farm for him and it is on this farm that the western farmer will locate.

Mrs. Henry McCloskey, of Mackeyville, has a mother cat that came home the other day with a good sized copperhead snake to feed her kittens. She killed the deceiver of Eve by biting it on the head but the other end of the reptile was still wriggling.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Sechler, of Bellefonte, and daughter and husband of Franklin were in Centre Hall on Sunday. Thirty years ago Mr. Sechler was a clerk in Dinges' store, and from here he went to Bellefonte where he also clerked. He is now mail agent on the L. & T., and although he passes through the station end of town every day, in all these years he had not been "up town," until Sunday. Everything was new to him, even the Lutheran church was viewed for the first time.—Centre Hall Reporter.

The huckleberry crop is a good one this year and the country about Coburn is one of the most prolific fields in Centre county. Berry picking becomes a business with many people in the vicinity of these berry fields and the delicious fruit is gathered by the hundreds of bushels, and there is great demand for it. The sections where the greater part of the berries are sold to merchants and hucksters

are Woodward, Coburn, Spring Mills, Potters Mills, Colyer, Boolsburg and Pine Grove Mills. The local demand is good, but the greater part of the crop is shipped to the larger cities.

Prof. J. Frank Meyer, who for four years has been with the Westinghouse Electric Lamp Co. in Bloomfield, N. J., accompanied by Mrs. Meyer and their little son, were at the home of the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Meyer, at Penn Hall, for a few days. Mr. Meyer is a graduate of Franklin and Marshall and John Hopkins. His first years of training were in the school room at Alexandria, Huntingdon county, and then principal of the Lower Merion high school, near Philadelphia. He was at the head of the physics department at the Pennsylvania State College and from there went to New Jersey. He is now entering upon a new position in the bureau of commerce and labor, and will devote his efforts to the scientific division of that department.

"NOTHING IN THE PAPER."

Frequently you pick up a journal, either local or metropolitan, and after glancing at the head lines wearily sit it aside, remarking, "Nothing in the paper today." Did you ever stop to think what that phrase—"nothing in the paper today"—means, asks a Western editor.

"It means that in the day just passed that no misfortune has befallen anyone in our city that no fire has wiped out a neighbor's homestead; that the grim angel of death has crossed no threshold of a friend; that no man driven by liquor, hatred or fear has taken the life of a fellow human; that no poor devil, haunted by the past or the misdeeds of some other, has crossed the divide by his own hand; that many things that do not happen have not happened. So the next time you pick up a paper that doesn't announce a tragedy give a little thanks instead of grumbling because there is no news."

Did you ever think of that? The best and happiest paper is the one that has no evil to record and brings no sorrow to a household by a story of crime, horror, lust or accident. There is something of the abnormal in the mind of one who considers a paper dull unless it has news of the seamy side of life—the deeper, darker, more tragic and more horrible the better. It is like going to the circus, not to see the grace and difficulty of a safe act, in hope some one will be killed in a dangerous feat or trampled in a hippodrome race.

Reader, the next time you complain that your paper is dull and throw it down with impatience or disappointment, think of how much goodness and freedom from sin that dullness shows. Instead of complaining "there is nothing in the papers" rejoice that such is the fact. If dullness is the absence of world's sins let us be thankful.

Don't forget soon this solemn reflection. The man who is always longing to read about sin is not a saint himself.

He Wanted to Know.—Mr. Blobbs, who is somewhat deaf, dined one evening with friends. When the guests were seated the host bent his head and began speaking in a subdued tone. What's that? demanded Blobbs, who sat beside him. The host smiled patiently and began in a louder voice: "Speak a little louder; I don't catch what you say." Blobbs persisted. A low ripple of laughter went around the table. The host, his face crimson with embarrassment, raised his voice still higher. The poor man did his best to hear, but failed. "What did you say?" he demanded frantically. The host cast an angry glance at him. "Hang it, man," he shouted, "I'm saying grace!"



Economy Hints

A penny saved is a penny earned.—Benjamin Franklin.

Short Cuts to Thrift.

One of the things that can be utilized by the thrifty housekeeper is the ever present, despised string which comes around bundles and packages. Tie the strings together, making fairly large knots and being careful not to trim off the ends—the more irregular the better. Then with a pair of coarse needles knit into bath mats. If you are fortunate in having a variety of colors, by judicious blending they can be made to look strikingly like some of the Turkish rugs, especially if you use the gilt cord which comes around boxes of confectionery. They are not only serviceable, but have the added merit of washing forever. All of the colors are fast except pink. As most of the strings now in use in the shops are white the ends of the rugs can be made any desired color, either by dyeing or by making of balls of solid color, costing about 5 cents apiece.

Another economy consists in saving all the odds and ends of soap excepting the coarsest kitchen kinds. When you have about a quart put on the stove to melt, adding a pint of warm water. As soon as these become thoroughly melted stir in a scant pint of oatmeal or oatmeal flakes—the kind used for porridge. Keep stirring until dissolved—only a few minutes if hot—then add a tablespoonful of extract of almond. Turn into a pan to harden. When cool cut into cakes. This soap is not attractive in appearance, as it becomes rather dark, but it has a curative property and rapidly heals chapped hands, rendering them smooth and white.

Glove fingers make splendid protection for the stems of flowers, especially if the flowers are fresh and worn pinned to a white dress. Save the fingers, insert the flower stems in them and pin to dress and no dampness or stain will injure the most delicate dress.

As every woman knows, the legs of stockings are being torn out continually to the detriment of her patience and pocketbook. But do not discard the stockings, no matter how badly torn. Lay two together, fold over and over, putting a layer of newspaper in one fold, sew the edges together and you have a mighty good iron holder.

An excellent floor mop may be made from old stockings in this manner: Slash them in strips an inch wide, forming a fringe. Stitch several thicknesses of this to a strip of cloth three inches wide and ten inches long. Machine stitching is best. Saturate this with a good furniture polish and fasten in a mop stick. By using this daily upon hardwood floors they are kept free from dust and given a beautiful polish.

HOW TO ANCHOR PORCH TABLE COVERS.

Whoever may be blessed with an airy porch will be glad to know that she may keep the table covers in place by weighting them.

Sew in each corner a piece of muslin about an inch square, making it like a little pocket, open at one end. Slip into each pocket a metal weight about the size of a quarter, such as tailors use for weighting coats. When the cover needs washing it will be easy to remove the weights.

The comfort of finding the covers on the tables and not on the porch floor will be the reward you will reap for the little trouble you have taken.

How to Clean White Feathers.

White feathers of any kind, especially white willow plumes, can be cleaned at home to look like new at a very small cost.

Take one quart of gasoline and 5 cents' worth of plaster of paris and mix together to the consistency of whipped cream. Dip the feathers in this mixture several times and squeeze and pat them for a few minutes. Then hang up in the open air to dry thoroughly and until all the gasoline has evaporated. Remember never to use gasoline in a room with a light or fire. It is very explosive.

How to Rest the Eyes.

To relieve the fatigue of the eyes after a long day spent out of doors bathe them with a warm solution of boric acid, soaking pads of absorbent wool in the lotion and laying them over the eyes for a few minutes, changing them two or three times. This rests and soothes them and restores their brightness.

How to Mend Lace Curtains.

Take strips of net the right size or good parts of old curtains and dip them into hot starch. Apply these pieces to the worn places while the starch is hot and they will adhere and will not show as much as darns would.

How to Boil a Cracked Egg.

To prevent the contents of a cracked egg from boiling out gently rub the crack with damp salt before immersing the egg in water, and allow time for the salt to penetrate.

A Surprise For Her.

One of the greatest singers of France was returning from New York on a German liner. One evening, glancing at the program of the concert that was to be played at dinner, she saw a triumphal march celebrating the German victory of 1871.

She immediately conceived that the selection of such a piece was an insult to her and announced to a friend that she would express her disapproval at the proper time.

The captain noticed the great artist's agitation and glanced at the program to see what caused it; then, with a faint smile, he spoke to one of the waiters in a low tone.

At the moment when the German triumphal march was due to begin the French singer, who could not control her agitation, prepared to leave the table.

The first chord was played, the artist arose and stood, pale, agitated and amazed, while the officers and other passengers also got up and smiled sympathetically at her.

And the band played "The Marseillaise!"

Prompt Lesson.

Some years ago there was in a certain town a judge whose ideas of the majesty of the law at the time of his accession to office were unbounded, and his sense of his own importance as the representative of justice was also great. At one time two persons quarreled in the judge's presence. One man struck the other, and the judge immediately ordered his arrest on a charge of assault and battery.

On the day of the trial the defendant pleaded not guilty.

Instantly the judge, who was a short, stout man, was on his feet, crimson faced and puffing with indignation.

"What do you mean?" he demanded of the prisoner without any preamble. "What do you mean by saying that, when I saw you and had you arrested? I fine you \$100 for breach of peace and another \$100 for contempt of court, sir. I reckon," said the judge, his nostrils dilating with rage and injured dignity—"I reckon that'll teach folks to be careful how they call this court a liar!"

Not a Thunder Expert.

The masterful manner in which some people evade an issue was mentioned at a recent dinner when this one was recalled by a naval official:

"In New Orleans one night," the officer said, "there was a man on the stage who offered to answer by mental arithmetic any question that might be asked by the audience. Just so long as the questioner remained in the expected channel the sailing was easy, but finally one man got beyond the bearings.

"If you please, sir," said the man rising from his seat, "how far off can you hear thunder?"

"I can't tell you, sir," was the prompt response of the wonder on the stage.

"You can't tell me?" responded the fan. "Why, I thought—"

"Not about thunder," replied the stage party, doing a quick piece of dodging. "You see, I am a lightning calculator."—Washington Post.

Would Take a Long Chance.

John D. Rockefeller once called two little boys over to him. He said to one: "Johnnie, if I give you a dollar what will you do with it?" Johnnie said: "I'll put it in the bank and let it draw interest until it gets to be a hundred, then a thousand and so on until I get as much as you got." "Very good," said John D. "Here's the dollar. Now, Tommy, what would you do with a dollar?" Tommy said: "First I would change the dollar into two halves, the two halves into four quarters, the four quarters into ten dimes, the ten dimes into twenty nickels, the twenty nickels into a hundred pennies." "Why would you do all this?" asked John D. Tommy replied, "Well, somebody may make a mistake."—Kansas City Star.

Oyster Liquid.

Only one oyster opener in fifty seems to know that the best thing by far about an oyster is the liquid in its shell. Watch the other forty-nine and you will see them wantonly wasting this precious, fragrant liquid, and in many cases they will serve the oyster on the flat shell, so that you get no juice at all. Always ask for them on the shell, and don't be afraid after you have transferred the morsel to your mouth to drink the liquid from the shell. It may not look elegant, but elegance be hanged!—Henry T. Fink's "Food and Flavor."

Now and Then.

A young wife after a stormy scene cried: "It was different before we married. Ah, yes, you loved me then—and now!" "I love you now and then," said her husband calmly. "Revised version, don't you know?"

A Mystery.

"There's one thing I can't understand." "What's that?" "Why any man ever makes up his mind to be a cook."—Detroit Free Press

Always Something.

I find this life upsetting, quite. Things never seem to come my way. It's hard to get asleep at night and hard to keep awake by day.—Washington Herald.

Argument.

Blotbs—When it comes to an argument a man generally gives in. Slobbs—Yes. But have you noticed that a woman seldom gives out?—London Tit-Bits.

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS.

John Shank et ux to Mary Haupt, tract of land in Bellefonte; \$1000. George J. Marks to Hannah Cowber, tract of land in Worth twp.; \$50. Harry Keller, assignee to Helene Tipton, tract of land in Curtin twp.; \$2400.

Sophia Hale to Theodore Humphrey, tract of land in Phillipsburg; \$145. Thomas A. Shoemaker et ux to Bellefonte Automobile Mfg. Co., tract of land in Bellefonte; \$2500.

John P. Harris, trustee to Bellefonte Automobile Mfg. Co., tract of land in Bellefonte; \$1000. Milton S. Kistler et ux to S. K. Hostetter, 5 tracts of land in State College; \$1.

John G. Confer et al to J. F. Houde-shell, tract of land in Snow Shoe twp.; \$400. S. P. Gray et ux to W. R. Grazier, tract of land in Ferguson twp.; \$5000. Amos Garbrick to Spring Twp. School Board, tract of land in Spring twp.; \$25.

The Giveaway.—"Jane," said her father, "how does it happen that I find four good cigars on the mantelpiece this morning? Did Henry leave them for me?" "No," he took them out of his vest pocket to avoid breaking them last night, and I guess he forgot all about them afterwards." The laugh that followed made her wish that she had been as careful with her speech as Henry had been with his cigars.

The Centre Democrat is the largest and best advertising medium in Central Penna.

Peculiar Accident to Berry Picker.

When Charles Bardo and wife, of Larryville, started to the mountains for berries last Tuesday morning the former took along a bottle of carbolic acid which he placed in his hip pocket. Forgetful of the fact, Mr. Bardo sat down on a rock and broke the bottle. The pain caused by the burning fluid was so intense that Mr. Bardo was thrown into a comatose condition, remaining so for a long period. Physicians worked over the patient for some time before he could be pronounced out of danger.

WANTED—People who have kind of printing to bring it to The Centre Democrat, where prices are right and work guaranteed.

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NOTICE! In looking over our stock we have found over 250 pairs of \$3.00 to \$4.00 shoes in tans, gun metals and patents, which we have decided to place on sale on our bargain counter at \$1.49. Come now while we have your size.

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