

# The Home Circle

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

### Forget It.

The heat of itself is sufficient burden without adding to it irritation over trifles and outbursts of temper because of petty annoyances.

Forget it. By continual thinking of the hot weather, by keeping an eye on the thermometer and adding to discomfort by a fussy disposition, one draws to his head more blood than that organ should contain, and the result is misery and possible prostration or sunstroke. The wise way is to buckle down to business and—

Forget it. Smile as you sweat. Sweat and smile. The mental habit of optimism, which includes forgetfulness of small things, will make you fairly comfortable even under uncomfortable conditions. Therefore—

Forget it. And also— If something has gone wrong with the farm, or the store, or the shop, or office, if the plow is perverse or the store stuffy, or the shop slow or the office oppressive, why—

Forget it. Life is too short to treasure up the trivial. He who does that only heats his blood and actually poisons it, as laboratory tests have shown. Whatever your trouble—it is not as big as you think it is—unless you make it so by dwelling on it and brooding over it.

Forget it. Do not brood. Forget. Do not harbor resentment. Dismiss it. Do not get warm mentally. You cannot afford that. Forget it.

Blessed is the man who is wise enough to forget, so says an Illinois exchange, noted for its truthful sayings.

### Wanted, a Girl.

Yes, wanted a girl—a daughter—in a thousand homes, bright, smiling, helpful, always willing to hold the baby, set the table or sweep the floor, and to do these things so happily and cheerfully and well, that the baby will grow, the table will look like a well balanced picture, and the careful, critical grandmother will find no dust under the chairs or in the corners of the room. Wanted—a loving daughter, the touch of whose caressing fingers brings a happy light to the weary eyes of a father and mother, the sound of whose cherry voice and merry laughter is a joy to the whole household. Where is there a home in which such a daughter is not wanted? Does anyone know such a girl? There is a situation open for her. She is advertised for, sought for; she can have any place she wants; the world is hers, but why

## FACT, FUN AND FANCY.

Bright, Sparkling Paragraphs—Selected and Original.

### CAL CADY AND HIS FIDDLE.

When Calvin Cady took his bow, And drew it 'cross his fiddle so, Though I'm a deacon, don't you know, I couldn't help but fiddle too. Around the room with fiddle glee—Alack! my Christianity—But, bless my soul! it seems to me, 'Twould make an angel dance. Hard! now the bow goes whack- whack. Upon the fiddle's curley back—One couple more—all ready Jack—Come Keeney, tune your horn. "Salute your partners," hear him call, "Allemande left and balance all." Trip lightly to the "Water Fall"—"We won't go home till morn." But when Cal played the "Devil's Dream," Gee! how we'd cut 'er down and scream. Like wild-cats lappin' Jersey cream, We'd claw the air and yell. With heads and heels chock-full of lumps, Religion twisted full o' crimps, Until we'd catch a reddish glimpse, Of that "burnin'" endless day. Now gathered in the upper fold, Where saints shall sing, and we are told The angels play on harps of gold, While suns forever glow; Through heaven's holy, endless day, Somehow, I really hope, and pray, The Lord will let Cal Cady play, His fiddle and his bow.

Old Mother Netticoat Wanted a petticoat, And went down to a store, And when she got there The girl said with a stare; "They're not wearing them things any more."

A Mean Man—An Ohio man boasts of having an umbrella that has been in his possession for more than twenty years. That's long enough; he ought to return it.

Pious Nell—"I saw a girl in church with a hole in her stocking. I suppose she was too good to mend it on Sunday." Bell—"She would rather remember the Sabbath day and keep it holy."

Where It Belongs—"Tommy," said Mr. Figg, sternly, "I hung motto in your room to the effect that little boys should be seen and not heard." "Yessir," "I find that it has disappeared." "Yessir," "What did you do with it?" "I took it down to the deaf and dumb orphan asylum."

Getting Back at Pa.—The father, anxious to impress his offspring with a spirit of thankfulness, repeated at the supper table, as he had often done before: "Remember, children, when I was a boy I often went to bed hungry and seldom had a square meal." "Well, that shows how much better off you are since you have known us," replied little Willie, who was tired of hearing about it.

Circus Rivalry.—P. T. Barnum died but a few months after his competitor in the "show" business, Adam Forepaugh. When Barnum arrived at the pearly gates he was welcomed by Forepaugh, who exclaimed exultingly, "Well, Pete, I got ahead of you this time!" P. T. did not answer, but smiled as he pointed to a large bill posted near the main entrance. It read: "Wait for Barnum—coming soon."

Proving an Alibi—"Uncle Remus!" roared Col. White, who had been aroused in the middle of the night by a suspicious noise in his poultry-house. "Is that you in there, you

are there not more applicants? Ah, she is already occupied. She has a home of her own which she cannot give up; she is enshrined in the hearts of father and mother; her brothers have bound her about with the cords of love, and will not let her go.

The deadliest error that can mislead young men is that in order to know the world he must disregard home restrictions and sow wild oats. The man who sows wild oats will reap a harvest of shame. Nay, more, he will compel his father and mother to reap with him and be sharers of his shame. Every son needs to be careful of his character. It is the capital with which he enters business or begins a professional career. If it is shoddy or spotted the best men will shun him as a deadly poison.

The old saying that when poverty comes to the door, love flies out of the window, is like most generalizations—a half truth. Extreme poverty is inimical to the graces of life and to life itself, but there is as much love in the homes of poverty as in the homes of wealth. It is in the homes of moderate circumstances, removed alike from the extremes of poverty and the annual temptations of riches, that the most genuine enduring affection is found. We are prone to think that wealth is a desirable quality in a suitor, and so it is, but it should not be placed in the same category with manliness, intelligence and character. A modest competence with youth and energy to increase it as the years pass is wealth enough. Life has a deeper interest for the young wife who feels that her husband's success depends as much upon her economy and wise management as upon his energy and business capacity. She is earnest and eager to labor and to save with him that the home may be built and adorned, that the children may be educated and that old age may find them in peace and comfort enjoying the leisure they have earned.

What is the good of dwelling upon slights or hostilities? Many of them are fancied. If we have enemies let us avoid them and refuse to think of them. To consider the wrongs that we think another has put upon us fills us with anger and all uncharitableness. Let us rather think of our friends who are a source of peace and pleasure and encouragement of Christ who said, "Father, forgive them for they know not what they do," and of His apostle who wrote to the Corinthians, "Charity suffereth long and is kind, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked and thinketh no evil."

black thief?" "No, sah," humbly replied a frightened voice. "Dis is mah cousin, dat looks so much like me, and steals ever'thin' he can lay his wicked han' on. Ah's at home dis minute, mah sleepin' de sleep ob de jest."

He Had to Buy.—A young woman was keeping a shop on a street corner when a gentleman passed. With a wave of her hand she stopped him. "Won't you buy this cigarette holder," she asked. "No, I don't smoke," he answered. "Then, won't you buy this pen wiper, worked with my own hand?" "No, I don't write," was the answer. "Won't you buy this box of chocolates?" "No, I don't care for sweets," he replied. "Then won't you buy this box of soap?" the young woman said grimly. And the young man paid up.

Unsuccessful.—The wife of a literary man of the Indiana school, who had taken up chicken raising as a side issue, was telling of the poor success she had with a brood of 11 chickens. They seemed to be doing all right for a few days, she said, and then, one after another, they all died in the coop. "What did you feed them?" asked the wife of a farmer neighbor. "Feed them!" exclaimed the author's helpmate. "I didn't feed them, I thought a healthy young pullet like that should have milk enough for her chicks."

Helping It Along.—"Kind, sir," remarked the husky hobo as he approached the leading citizen, "you have very likely heard of and are undoubtedly interested in this wonderful new plan for the municipal beautifying of cities—but would you manifest your interest in a substantial way?" "As how?" inquired the leading citizen. "Would you, for instance, contribute directly to the cause?" "I don't quite get you," was the response. "Well, a dollar would buy me a ticket out of town," responded the frowsy one.

Don't Cher Know!—On the excursion given by Secretary Langley to the members of the National Academy of Science down the Potomac the other day, Bernard Green, of the library of Congress, is credited with having told the best story of the afternoon. Mr. Green happened to be crossing the ocean a few years ago on the Fourth of July, which national holiday was celebrated with great enthusiasm by the Americans on board. "I say," asked one of the Englishmen, "what is this the anniversary of anyway? Isn't it to celebrate the battle of Bull Run or something of the kind?" "No," promptly spoke up an American, "not Bull Run—John Bull Run."

How She Worked It.—This story of a married couple comes from Bradford, England. The husband, noting the attention other women obtained from passersby, remarked to his better half: "Folk niver look at thee. I wish I'd married some one better looking." The dame tartly replied: "It's they fault. Dusta think a man'll stare at me when you're walking w' me? These step behind and that'll see whether folk don't look at me." He hung back about a dozen yards, and for the length of a street was surprised to see every man his wife passed stare hard at her, and turn round and look after her when she had passed. "Forgive me, Sal, lass!" he contritely exclaimed. "I was wrong, an' I tak' it back. I'll niver say out about thy face again." The wily feminine had accomplished the trick by putting out her tongue and grimacing at every man she met!

### OVER THE COUNTY.

The Grange exhibition and fair will open on Grange Park, Centre Hall, September 13th.

The Sauers and Pennington bakery at State College has been purchased by John Garner, the liverman.

The Zettle families will hold their annual reunion in Harter's grove in George's Valley, on Saturday, August 30th.

Mrs. John Stuart has closed her home at State College and will be with her son in Atlantic City for the balance of the summer.

Elmer Bollinger and sister, Mrs. O. H. Silence, of Bridgewater, S. D., after an extended visit of several months with relatives and friends in Millheim and vicinity, have left for their home in the far west.

Daniel C. Rossman, of near Centre Hall, has greatly improved his farm dwelling. A bay window and porch were built and the whole structure repainted, making the home one of the prettiest in that community.

Rev. E. E. Henney was substituted by the presiding elder to hold quarterly conference meetings on the Sugar Valley and Penns Valley charges. He is located at Benton, Pa., and is accompanied on his trip by his wife.

Dr. L. Kryder Evans, of Pottstown, was the guest of his brother, J. Willis Evans, near Spring Mills, during the past week, returning to his home Saturday. Dr. Evans has been serving a Reformed church at Pottstown for a number of years.

J. L. Winegardner has been elected by the Millheim school board to collect the school taxes for the fiscal year. The board at a previous meeting had elected the treasurer of the board to collect the taxes, but it was found that would be contrary to law.

The United Evangelical congregations at Lemont, Linden Hall, Tusseyville, Egg Hill and Centre Hall will hold a picnic on Grange Park, Thursday, August 14th. These congregations compose the Centre Hall charge of the denomination named, and of which Rev. F. H. Foss is the pastor.

An automobile containing Prof. J. A. Moyer and Miss Mary Kathryn Jackson, daughter of Prof. John Price Jackson, state commissioner of labor, crashed into a telephone pole near Pine Hall one day last week and was pretty badly damaged. Aside from a bad fright neither occupant was hurt.

E. L. Stover, of Millheim, had quite a serious accident recently. He was in the act of cutting a large belt when the knife he was using slipped severing an artery in one of his lower limbs, and to stop the flow of blood the surgical aid of Dr. C. S. Musser, Dr. R. G. H. Hayes and Dr. John Hardenburg became necessary. He is now getting along nicely.

Dr. J. M. Kinsel, of Bellwood, visited relatives at State College last week. The doctor has the unique distinction of having built the first circular residence in Pennsylvania and his famous "round house" at Bellwood attracts considerable attention. The doctor also served during the Civil War in Company A, 12th F. V. I., a company composed of mountaineers and all famous shots. He attended the Gettysburg re-union, and can relate many interesting and entertaining reminiscences.

A grandmother, young and vigorous and having many reasons for being proud of her family of children and grandchildren, passed through Centre Hall with six of her children and seven grandchildren one day last week, says the Centre Reporter. Reference is made to Mrs. Catharine Rice, of Reedsville, who with her family and several other friends made the trip in four cars, their objective point being Bellefonte and surrounding country. Before her marriage Mrs. Rice was Miss Reiph, and was in the village of Reedsville, and it was to visit the old scenes and the graves of the elder Reiphs in the Bellefonte cemetery, that the trip was made. The party was composed of the following: Mrs. Catharine Rice, Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Rice and son Clifford; Mr. and Mrs. D. B. Gibbons and sons Alexander and Franklin; Frank C. Rice, Mr. and Mrs. George M. Rice all of Reedsville; Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Thompson and daughters, Katherine and Alberta, Lewistown; Mr. and Mrs. D. B. Longacre and daughter Elizabeth and son Rice, Philadelphia.

### REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS.

David Atherton et ux to Charles H. Guelch, tract of land in Phillipsburg; \$100.

Christian Stimer et bar to Frances Gardner, tract of land in Taylor twp.; \$200.

Ada Hess et al to Viola Myers, tract of land in Rush twp.; \$1.

H. Laird Curtin et ux to Amelia Chatman, tract of land in Boggs twp.; \$1.

Thomas Foster et al to William D. Custard, tract of land in State College; \$500.

Thomas Foster et al to Elmer E. Custard, tract of land in College twp.; \$400.

Charles Johnston to Shuman S. Williams, tract of land in Liberty twp.; \$1600.

Ellen Fisher et al to W. H. Houtz, tract of land in College twp.; \$400.

T. G. Wolf et al to W. F. Booth, tract of land in Haines twp.; \$23.37.

Frank C. Rex et ux to S. K. Hostetter, 5 tracts of land in State College; \$1.

### Lycoming Sheriff Too Alert.

Sheriff Tomlinson frustrated an attempt of two prisoners to escape from the Lycoming county jail a few days ago. The young men were Homer Kramer, of Jersey Shore, and Samuel Lapp, of Williamsport, one charged with stealing an automobile and the other with stealing a bicycle. They had taken a piece of iron pipe from their beds and used it as a hook to loosen the stones in the four-foot wall. They were hoping if they could succeed in getting into the jail yard they would find something they could use to help them over the outside wall.

Suffered Eczema 50 Years—Now Well Seems a long time to endure the awful burning, itching, smarting, skin-disease known as "tetter"—another name for Eczema. Seem good to realize, also, that DR. HOBSON'S ECZEMA OINTMENT has proven a perfect cure.

Mrs. D. L. Kenney writes:—"I cannot sufficiently express my thanks to you for your cure of my Eczema. The Ointment. It has cured my sufferer, which has troubled me for over fifty years." All druggists, or by mail, 50c. PLEIFER CHEMICAL CO., St. Louis, Mo., Philadelphia, Pa., C. M. Parish, druggist, Bellefonte, Pa.—Adv. Aug.

## Stops Falling Hair

Hall's Hair Renewer certainly stops falling hair. No doubt about it whatever. You will surely be satisfied.

### CENTRAL PENNSYLVANIA'S BARD

The Altoona Tribune of recent date speaks very highly of John H. Chatham a native of Centre county, who is likely to become famous as a poet. The Tribune says:

"Many years ago the mountains, forests and rivers of Central Pennsylvania were commemorated in beautiful verse by the late James H. Campbell, of Williamsport. From that time until the days of the unfortunate Jacob Huff, of 'Faraway Moses,' little was written in rhyme about the fairest land on earth. Jacob Huff's little volume of poems was published in 1895. The contents were written while he was living in Colorado, and he was dreadfully homesick; hence the title he gave it 'Songs from the Desert.' Just when he seemed to be hailed as the foremost poet of Pennsylvania he died suddenly from an attack of heart failure.

"During the past twelve months a new bard has arisen in Central Pennsylvania. He is John H. Chatham, of Clinton county. He comes of good old-fashioned Scotch-Irish stock, his ancestors having founded the village of Chatham's Run, midway between Lock Haven and Jersey Shore and fought in all our wars. He was educated at the old academy in Rebersburg, Centre county, and began his career as a school teacher at Baileyville, near Pennsylvania Furnace. As a youth he wrote poetry, but concealed it; all through an active life as a business man he kept on versifying, destroying it as he went.

Last year he revisited the scenes of his youth at Baileyville, Rock Springs and Gatesburg, and the old story of the great Indian battle of the Indian Steps; stone steps which cross the Tussey mountain from Spruce Creek valley into Stone Valley, came back to him. He started to write the epic of this grim tragedy of the long ago, and many stanzas are marvels of beauty and grace. Meanwhile he has written shorter poems to commemorate the dedication of monuments on the sites of Fort Horn, and the Indian village of Conasoga, in Clinton county, and other pieces. The epic of "The Indian Steps" when completed will be published in pamphlet form.

"It all goes well he will recite one of his poems on the occasion of the dedication of a marker on the site of the old Wayne campmeeting, in Clinton county, which was swept away by the big flood of 1889. For his poetic achievements, and those which are soon to be completed he richly deserves the title of Central Pennsylvania's Bard."



Mrs. Bargain Hunter—"Oh, Anty! I see by Bargain Brothers' ad. in the papers they're selling dollar washboilers for fifty cents."

Anty Drudge—"No wonder! Since I've told the women of this town how much better they can wash clothes with Fels-Naptha in cool or lukewarm water, without boiling, they have no use for washboilers. The stores can't sell 'em to women who have learned the new way of washing, and that's why they're so cheap."

Fels-Naptha Soap takes the dirt out of clothes in cool or lukewarm water, with no boiling, scalding or hard rubbing, instead of leaving it to elbow work on the washboard. Clothes washed the Fels-Naptha way last longer and are whiter, sweeter and cleaner.

Follow the simple directions on the red and green wrappers. FELS & CO. PHILADELPHIA

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What could be better for town or country buildings than a roofing that won't burn—won't leak—that is lightning proof—lasts as long as the building itself, and never needs repairs?

Cortright Metal Shingles meet every one of these requirements. Beware of imitations—None genuine without the words "Cortright Reg. U. S. Pat. Off." stamped on each shingle.

For Sale by CORTRIGHT METAL ROOFING COMP. NY, PHILA. & ALPHIA, PA. 50 North 23rd Street.

Young Ladies Spill Out of Canoe. Miss Edna Tidlow, of Flemington, and her cousin, Miss Jobson, of Philadelphia, had a narrow escape from drowning in the canal at the Bald Eagle dam Friday afternoon, says the Lock Haven Express. These two ladies were being taken a canoe ride by Miss Bess Kelsey, of Sunbury, formerly of Flemington, and on reaching the canal the two ladies both attempted to get out too hurriedly and as a consequence received an involuntary bath that was not to their liking. Miss Kelsey was fortunate enough to keep the boat righted and she escaped a ducking.

John Frankenfeld, the lock tender, who has saved the lives of quite a number of persons during the many years he has been employed there, again had a like opportunity, as in all probability the young ladies would have drowned had not he promptly appeared on the spot. He succeeded in getting both from the deep water, with their dresses soaking wet and considerably frightened, but extremely thankful to the rescuer.

Since receiving the increased appropriation from the state, State College has increased the salaries of its professors and arranged to erect eight new buildings.

# FITZ-EZY

## THE LADIES' SHOES

- THAT -

## CURES CORNS

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## Yeager's Shoe Store,

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FRUITS—Oranges of desirable quality are not plentiful but we have some fine Floridas at 30c, 40c, and 50c a dozen. Good Lemons are scarce and high; we sell fancy fruit 30c and 40c a dozen.

NUTS—Finest California walnuts 25c per lb. Fresh roasted peanuts, 5c per quart.

MINCE MEAT is just in order for Easter. Send in your orders.

FANCY EVAPORATED CORN, price reduced from 25c to 22c, or 3 lb for 62c. An excellent grade of Dried Corn at 15c per pound.

SUGAR—When we made a price of 5c per pound on Franklin Fine Granulated Sugar, it was not as a cut, but as our regular price, and you do not have to buy it on any special days—any day you want it.

and in any quantity desired. We do not except any early advances on Sugar.

EVAPORATED FRUITS—All new crop goods. Unpeeled peaches at 12c, 15c, and 18c. Apricots at 16c, 20c, and 25c. Fancy peeled peaches at 35c. Prunes at 12c, 15c, and 18c—all fine quality.

COFFEE—We are able now to give you a word of encouragement on the Coffee proposition. There has been a turn in the market and prices are a little lower, and we take the first opportunity to give you the full benefit of the decline, not in the way of changing prices on our standard grades, but in giving better values all along the line. Our standard grades at 25c, 28c, 30c, 35c and 45c, are far superior to any goods usually offered at same prices. Our late purchase will be on sale by the 24th or 25th of March.

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