

Home Circle Column

Pleasant Evening Reveries for Every Member of the Family

"Melancholy cannot hold its own with perennial good nature. Sunshine is contagious. Smiles are epidemic. One joyous nature will fill an auditorium with good cheer. Despondency is a poor debater. It can bring no argument that sublimity will not penetrate."

Let us not be low-spirited over little things. Worry never accomplished anything. It is useless to cross a bridge until we get to it. Evil forebodings never lightened any pathway and the feet are prone to stumble or go astray in the darkness of a gloomy and sorrow. Look on the bright side. Be cheerful. Be self-reliant. Be brave and patient.

If a young girl reads that which is weak and false and foolish, she will be weak, false and foolish; but it is true, tender and inspiring, then something of its truth and tenderness will glow into her soul and become a part of her very self. The boy who reads deeds of manliness, of bravery and noble daring feeds the spirit of emulation glow within him, and the seed is planted which will bring forth fruit of pure endeavor and exalted life.

"Is your father rich?" someone asked a five year old girl; and the little one replied confidentially, "Why, of course, he's got me." And she was right, too for the father of a sweet, loving, helpful little daughter is richer than some millionaires whose money cannot buy them the love of a single heart. How about your father? Does he think he is a rich man because of the daughter at home? There are households where "it is hard to make ends meet" but where there is plenty of that better wealth of love and kindness and loyalty. Is yours one of them?

Everyone has annoyances. The housekeeper finds them in lazy servants; or on a rainy day the stove wood will not burn; the floors get soiled and the children fret. The business man finds them in an unfaithful partner, and we all find them in one thing or another. We have found them in appointments and failures; but life is too short to be trifled away in sighs and worrying over the trials and rough places in our way. There are too many good things to enjoy. Just think of the bright things we may be, still the bright sunshine is ours; the flowers and little birds that sing for us. And there is too much to do in our one short lifetime. As we once heard an aunt say, "well, we hear so much about good words,

why doesn't someone do something good?" And it is high time we were all doing it.

We owe it to our friends and we owe it to ourselves to cherish gentle good nature, that has a sympathetic eye—a glowing, bright face and a warm responsive heart to greet the world with. It is one of the most effective of all means of doing good. Kind words and gentle looks cost nothing; and yet they are often most grateful to the poor and oppressed than purses of gold.

All love is sweet, given or returned. They who inspire it most are fortunate but they who feel it most are happier still.

The word "home" is only applied to the habitations of man. Beasts have lairs, birds have nests—temporary abiding places, both of them. Man alone builds his permanency, and a safe housing of his treasures and loved ones. A house is not a home. You cannot rear a home with boards alone.

Men and women were made to labor but not to slave. Each one of us has an inalienable right of liberty and happiness, and we must insist upon the rights. Learn to know what the essentials are and learn to let the non-essentials go. Let us take time for thought. Let us take time to read and develop what mind God has given us. Let us take time for conversation, for pleasant social intercourse, for making and keeping friends.

WANTED—A friend who will recognize me when compelled to wear patched pants; who will take my hand when I am sliding down hill, instead of giving me a kick; who will lend me a dollar without two dollars security; who will come to me when I am sick; who will pull off his coat when the odds are two to one; who will talk of me behind my back as he does to my face. Such a being is wanted by ten thousand human beings throughout the world.

A man who is a man at all, does not want his wife to be a beast of burden; and, if circumstances make it necessary for her to overwork, he will at least endeavor to help her to lighten her load. He should help her in her least forethought and such help as his own labor permit, to make life easier for her. Such is the heart of a woman that this attitude on the part of her husband is the elixir of life to her, and sustained by it she can endure what strain and toil that otherwise would break her spirit and materially injure her health.

FACT, FUN AND FANCY.

Bright, Sparkling Paragraphs—Selected and Original.

A Knockout—Wife (complainingly)—You're not like Mr. Knage. They've been married 20 years, and Mrs. Knage says her husband is so tender. Husband—Tender! Well, he ought to be, after being in hot water that long.

Had a Business Mind—The little daughter of a clergyman stubbed her toe and said "Darn!" "I'll give you ten cents," said her father, "if you'll never say that word again." A few days afterward she came to him and said: "Papa, I've got a word worth half a dollar."

A Midnight Precaution—"John!" shouted the wife, in the middle of the night. John snored a bit louder, and turned over. "John!" she said, with increased emphasis. "What is it?" groaned John. "Get up. The gas is leaking." "Aw, pshaw! Under it an' come back to bed!"

Sanguinary Ambition—"If I was a great, big man," called a young man, "I'd go and be a soldier." "What would you want to be a soldier for, Bennie?" asked the caller. "So's I could shoot." "What would you shoot?" "Chickens, horns, and Indians," promptly replied Bemie.

Not His Fault—It is well, when talking with a horse dealer, to weigh not only your own words, but his. A young man drove up to a livery stable and inquired for the proprietor, who shortly appeared. "I thought you told me this horse was without fault," he said. "Yes, sor, I did." "Well, I notice one of his eyes is blind." "That's not his fault, sor; it's his misfortune," replied the horse dealer.

Her Full Name—A young woman in Central park overheard an old negro call to a pikaninny: "Come back, Exy, Exy!" "Excuse me," said the young woman, "but isn't that a queer name for a baby, aunty?" "Dat ain't her full name," explained the old woman with pride; "dat's jes' de pet name I call fer short. Dat chile got a mighty grand name. Her ma picked it out in a medicine book. Yessum, de chile's full name is ezema."

Susan Did It—A visitor who was being escorted through an asylum for the insane came to a padded cell in which an unfortunate man was walling: "Susan! Susan!" Susan! In response to a query, he was informed that the victim had been jilted by a girl named Susan, with whom he was madly in love. A little farther on he came to another padded cell in which another unfortunate was walling. "Susan! Susan! Susan!" Once more he wanted to know why Susan was the burden of a maniac's heart and the attendant said: "This is the man that married Susan."

A Warm Place—No longer is the celebrated Damm family exclusively the owner of a profane name. Down in Farrell, Pa., lives the Hell family. The head of this family is a manufacturer of ice cream and as he is a believer in advertising as a business getter, the family name is flaunted in the faces of the townspeople and visitors in such signs as "Go to Hell for Ice Cream." "Ice cream from Hell is Guaranteed Pure and Cooling." "Hell is Here, Don't Miss the Place." "Hell is Always Open," etc. Some of the more sban-going people of (Farrell) don't like this idea of making a joke of a very serious matter.

Socialism—Mike and Pat were two Irish friends—and Democrats. One day Mike learned that Pat had turned Socialist. This grieved and troubled

OVER THE COUNTY.

Merchant S. S. Kreamer, of Centre Hall, has had the roof of his residence raised and recovered with corrugated iron.

Mr. and Mrs. P. C. Bradford, of Lemont, announce the engagement of their daughter, Bertha, to Forest L. Evey, also of Lemont.

A sneak thief, one night recently, stole about twenty chickens from the roost in William H. Swartz's hen house, south of Millheim.

Governor Tener has reapointed Milton W. Lowry, Scranton, and Thomas W. Lowry, Philadelphia, as trustees of the Pennsylvania State College.

Wilbur C. Holderman, a former student of Millheim High school, has gone to Valparaiso, Indiana, where he expects to take a course in Valparaiso University.

Dr. H. H. Thompson has been appointed medical inspector in charge of the examination of the pupils in the schools of Philipsburg and South Philipsburg.

Governor Tener has announced the appointment of Ex-governor James A. Beaver, of Bellefonte, and Mrs. Jean Kane Foulke, of West Chester, as members of the state board of agriculture.

The University (faculty) club, of State College, broke ground for its new building Thursday morning, on the site of the old University Inn, west of the Mining building. It is an ideal location.

Mrs. James I. Bechdel, who resides near Blanchard, was kicked above the knee by her driving horse a few days ago and narrowly escaped very serious injury. Her injury although painful will not be permanent.

Lee Brooks will move from his father's farm, along Nittany Mountain, near Linden Hall, to the Woods farm at Penns Cave Station, east of Oilport. The latter farm is now tenanted by Edward Jamison.

Mr. and Mrs. Aaron Rishel completed their visit among friends in Penns Valley last week, and on Saturday they left for their home in Hope, Arkansas. They enjoyed their trip very much and regretted to see it draw to an end.

Charles D. Frazier, who farms the Runkle farm at Stone Mill in Penns Valley, had a fine crop of clover seed, the yield being sixty-one bushels. This is probably the largest yield of seed produced this year from any one farm in this locality.

A few months ago the family of G. W. Bratton, of Philipsburg, was aroused by the crash of glass and on investigation found a big pheasant perched on a curtain pole in the parlor, seemingly none the worse for coming through the window.

Progress Grange is about to put in operation the idle creamery plant at Centre Hall. They have already raised \$500 by subscription and this added to the \$500 guaranteed by the Centre County Pomona Grange gives them a total working fund of \$1,000.

Roy Gardner, aged twenty, a plumber of Huntingdon, while hunting, was shot and killed some time on Thursday of last week by an unknown hunter. His body was found with the side of his face torn away, the wound evidently made by a gun at close range.

Prof. and Mrs. P. H. Meyer, of Centre Hall, have returned home from a ten days' trip through Dauphin, Lebanon, Lancaster and York counties, making the trip in their Ford runabout. Two days were spent at the York fair and some time was also spent with relatives in Campbeltown, Palmyra, and Harrisburg.

A deer with a broken fore leg was captured in the Stone Creek district, in the Seven Mountains, and taken to

Lewistown in an auto, with the hope that a veterinary surgeon might save its life. The animal was so thoroughly exhausted that it permitted itself to be stroked and petted, but it was no reduced from starvation and pain that it died shortly after reaching the surgeons quarters.

At the recent grand encampment of Odd Fellows held at Erie, Harry E. Whiting, of Bellefonte, was chosen grand patriarch. The other officers are: Grand high priest, Samuel H. Pope, Philadelphia; grand senior warden, E. W. Snyder, Shamokin; grand junior warden, George McDowell, Pittsburgh; grand scribe, Edwin L. Ritta, Philadelphia; grand treasurer, J. H. Beitel, Philadelphia.

Mrs. Catherine Dale had the misfortune recently to fall down stairs at her home in Centre Hall. She was not seriously injured, but the results might have been so, for she was carrying a lighted lamp and flames from it set fire to the carpet. Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland Mitterling who reside in a part of the same house, came to her rescue and put out the fire, and assisted Mrs. Dale in putting things in order.

The Gregg farm west of Centre Hall was sold last week to Clyde E. Dutrow, by James L. Gregg, representing the owners, the Misses Gregg, of Milesburg. The consideration was \$4500. The place contains about one hundred and sixty acres, about one hundred and forty of which are cleared. Mr. Dutrow's son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Walker will move onto the place in the spring.

2751 hunters licenses have been issued by County Treasurer John D. Miller up to Saturday last. Five of these were taken out by women, namely: Miss Ida Daughenbaugh, of Howard; Mrs. Ellis Harvey, of Orvison; Mrs. Windon Gramley, of Spring Mills; Mrs. James Holmes, of State College, and Mrs. Edward Mialdado, of State College. Michael Heaton, of Yarnell, has also joined the army of hunters. Though he is 81 years old he is still a dead shot and does it without glasses.

Wednesday afternoon of last week, Messrs. Harper and Tate, of State College, while delivering a load of furniture in Pine Grove Mills, flung in a runaway accident. In making a turn on Main street the horses were frightened and started to make things lively for the driver. After running a short distance the team collided with a post and the impact threw the two men directly under the horses. Mr. Tate was severely injured and Mr. Harper badly bruised. Fortunately for both men the horses tore loose from the harness and scampered up town where they were caught.

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS.

Henry Frederick et ux to Robert Condo, house and lot in Harris twp.; \$187.

Robert Condo et ux to L. E. Kidder et al, premises in Harris twp.; \$500.

Emily Alexander's heirs to Emily L. Foster, house and lot in Centre Hall; \$300.

Arthur C. Harper et ux to Laura C. Harper, water power in Howard twp.; \$1.

Margaret Davis et bar to Aaron W. Tressler, tract of land in Ferguson twp.; \$1200.

Harry Keller et ux to Grant Hoover, tract of land in Union twp.; \$1400.

Grant Hoover to Anna L. Hoover, tract of land in Union twp.; \$1400.

Reuben Lucas et ux to Catherine E. Lucas, tract of land in Marion twp.; \$1.

J. Frank Smith, C. O. C. to Catherine E. Lucas, premises in Howard boro; \$2525.

Margaret Billett to W. W. Billett et al, premises in Walker twp.; \$1.

A BRONCHIAL COUGH

is wearing and dangerous because the inflamed, mucus-filled tubes interfere with breathing and the fresh air passes through that unhealthy tissue.

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AT ANY DRUG STORE.

A WOMAN'S PROBLEM

In the looking-glass a woman often sees wrinkles, hollow circles under eyes, "crow's feet,"—all because she did not turn to the right remedy when worn down with those troubles which are distinctly feminine. Backache, headache, pains, lassitude, nervousness and drains upon vitality—bring untold suffering to womanhood and the face shows it. The nervous system and the entire womanly make-up feels the tonic effect of

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It allays and subdues nervous excitability, irritability, nervous exhaustion, and other distressing symptoms commonly attendant upon functional and organic diseases of the feminine organs. It induces refreshing sleep and relieves mental anxiety and despondency. Known everywhere and for over 40 years as the standard remedy for the diseases of women. Your dealer in medicines sells it in liquid or sugar-coated tablet form; or you can send 50 one-cent stamps for a trial box of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription tablets. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y.

DR. PIERCE'S PLEASANT PELLETS REGULATE AND INVIGORATE STOMACH, LIVER AND BOWELS. SUGAR-COATED TINY GRANULES.

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And at Christmas time--Christmas is approaching you know--your relatives and friends will appreciate your loving thought in sending them a photograph. Have the sitting made now.

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