

Home Circle Column

Pleasant Evening Reveries for Every Member of the Family

HOPE STILL EVER GREEN.

By I. A. Ziegler.

Dedicated to the "Band of Hope." There's many hopes which never blossom. Your youth so swiftly is o'ercast: There's many smiles would ease life's burden.

Though each smile, too light to last, Real are all the summer flowers, They fade as does the twilight ray, While joy drives out an hour's pain or sorrow.

It soon forever fades life away, How oft cares shroud the soul in sadness.

Yet, despite all the present pain, Do we not hope for future gladness, And oft deceived, we still do hope again.

Good memory in the darkest, saddest hour, Oft loves to trace the by-gone scenes, What, though our joys be a fleeting shadow, Our hopes may still remain forever green.

—I. A. Ziegler, 48 and Woodland St., Philadelphia, formerly of Wolfs Store, Pa.

Unto You, Young Man, We Write.

It has been asserted that every man can live within the limit of his income; and of the average young man, at least, it is doubtless true. At all events the necessities of life are very cheap and very small, indeed, must be the wage that will not permit a young man to support life soberly and decently. It is the luxuries that come high, the unnecessary cigars, the indulgence in liquors, the questionable entertainments, the betting, the card playing, trying to ape those in better circumstances. These are the things for which young men generally go in debt for not for the necessities of life. For the "husks of swine" verily, that mortgage themselves, souls and bodies. For the sake of gratifying his vanity of dressing as well as others who have more than double his means; by wishing to appear what he calls as up-to-date as his friends or boon companions, many excuses of Esau, whose necessity was at least real. His wants are imaginary, and their gratification only serves to create an army of unlawful desires, which drag him lower and lower into the slough of debt, despondency and degradation, until manhood, honor, hope, enthusiasm, self respect—all that makes life dear—goes out in darkness. "A contented mind is a contented feast," but a feast that can never be enjoyed by the victim to debt.

Thank You.

It is in the home with those we love best we fall to say "thank you." The wife who scarcely thinks to speak the simple words when her husband restores to her the handkerchief she has dropped and rises and gives her the easy chair which he has occupied until her entrance. And how sadly often does the young girl forget to express gratitude for the numberless little things the patient mother does for her. It is taken for granted that mother shall neatly mend the ripped glove or sew the missing button on the shoe, or put the ruching in the neck of the

daughter's gown. The girl does not say "she is here to do these things," but her actions speak louder than words. In the depths of her heart, the most loyal mother must sometimes miss and long for the speech of affectionate thanks. Many of the amenities of life become matters of habit. Would it not be well for us in our homes to cultivate the habit of saying, "thank you."

"Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." This motto will hold good in most cases. They will approach their mothers and ask to do thus, which she will forbid, they will insist on it, but she will not consent, and eventually they will resort to tears (or rather howl) which they know full well will gain the victory. Mother will say, "well, go and do it if nothing else will satisfy you." Right here you have given your child room to doubt your veracity. We have seen children of a few summers stand up and tell their mother they would not do a thing she has firmly commanded them to do. That is fearful to think of, and more than likely that mother will drink the cup of sorrow to the dregs, and that child will bring her gray hairs with sorrow to the grave.

Many college-bred girls never teach. They go out in the world and raise the average intelligence; they elevate their own households and exert an influence in the sphere of the private citizen. The standard is the fountain head, and home is the fountain head. Women who marry after being liberally educated make more satisfactory unions than they otherwise would have made.

Gathered Fragments.

Love needs no label.

The only way to have a friend is to be one.

The future holds no failures to the eye of faith.

Past living makes fast links in the devil's chain.

God measures by motives, men by mistakes.

God never forgets the man that forgets himself.

A mother's tears are the same in all languages.

There is good in all to the man who is altogether good.

Do not emphasize your virtues by enlarging on the failings of others.

Never retort an angry word. It is the second word that makes the quarrel.

Learn to say kind and pleasant things whenever the opportunity offers.

A safe way to judge a man is to ascertain just what friends he doesn't make.

It is a good thing for most wives that more husbands don't talk in their sleep.

Many a man pretends to care for a woman when all he cares for is himself.

Think a little of your own defects and you will think less of the defects of others.

When you converse with a gossip you talk into a graphophone; the first person who turns the crank gets the whole story.

FACT, FUN AND FANCY.

Bright, Sparkling Paragraphs—Selected and Original.

He Forgot.—A little boy, weeping most piteously, was interrupted by some unusual occurrence. He hushed his cries for a moment; the thought was broken. "Ma," said he, resuming his sobs, "what was I crying about just now?"

Rules Must Be Observed.—Mr. Johnson—Say, Mr. Dorman, what am de meaning of dis here line on de ticket whar it say, "not transferable"? Mr. Dorman—Dat means, Brer Johnson, dat no gentleman am admitted unless he comes hisself.

True to the End.—At Jimmy Harrigan's wake a tinge of patriotism was manifest. Mr. Mulcahy approached the widow and said: "That did he die of, Mrs. Harrigan?" "Gangrene, Mr. Mulcahy." "Well, thank heaven for de color, Mrs. Harrigan."

Pat O'Connor had worked on the well staid, and finally the foreman told him that another man had been engaged to help him. He sat down at the bottom of the pit wearily, to have a quiet smoke and a few minutes of much-needed rest and also to digest the welcome news that he was at last to have a helper. The foreman's bulldog at that precise moment happened to look over the edge of the pit, and Pat, glancing up, saw him. Slowly removing his pipe from his mouth, he rose and gathered his tools. "Well, bedad, O'f's, worked with Swedes, an' Hungarians, an' O'f's worked with Ottalians an' w'id naysures," he said, gravely, "but, whin a man w'id a face loike that comes down here to work besoid me, O'f gets up."

Had the Right Spirit.—The topic in the lobby of a Washington hotel the other night switched to the wonderful impressions that a man is liable to have in dining too well, when Congressman Robert L. Doughton, of North Carolina, recalled an incident along that line. At a recent banquet, so ran the story, a certain esteemed citizen had the time of his life, but unfortunately his steps were so uncertain in slowly wending his way home that he fell into a horse trough. Hearing the splash and a few remarks on the side, a policeman who was standing a short distance away, hastened to investigate. "What are you doing in there?" he said on discovering the saturated one. "Here, give me your hand!" "Nev' mine me, cap! Nev' mine me!" heroically responded the esteemed citizen, making a motion like trying to swim. "Save women an' children first."

In No Hurry.—A North Dakota farmer roused his new harvest hand "om slumber in the haymow promptly at 3 a. m. "You can slip down and cut that little patch of oats before breakfast," he ordered. "Are they wild oats?" sleepily inquired the hired hand. "Wild? Why no, they're tame oats. Well if they're tame oats, maybe I can slip up on them in daylight."

Had Reason to be Thankful.—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.

An Introduction Needed.—At Sumter, S. C., there was a large crowd of colored people at the depot as the train pulled in. An old bald-headed Uncle Jerry had his head out of the coach set apart for colored passengers, and a man on the platform recognized him and called out: "Hello, Misser Stivers, is dat you?" The old man looked straight at him, but made no response. "Hello, Misser Stivers!" No Response. "Say, Misser Stivers, has yo' losted yo' hearing?" persisted the man as he drew nearer. "Boy, was yo' talkin' ter me?" demanded the old man. "Sartin, What's de mattah?" "Boy, does yo' want anything ob me?" "Why, how yo' talk! Reckon yo' has got de hoodoo." "Does yo' evidently reckon yo' knows me?" "Of co'se I know yo'. Yo' is ole man Stivers." "When did yo' know me?" "Last fall, Why, I dun woked wid yo' fer three months." "An' when yo' dun woked wid me what was I a-doin'?" "Drivin' dem mews for Kurnel Johnson." "Exactly, sah. But I want yo' to understand dat dere is a heap of diff'rence at-wix drivin' dem mews fer Kurnel Johnson an' ridin' on de kivered kyars along wid white folks. I might a-knowned yo' last fall, sah, but if yo' now deslah ter permeate any alonged conversashun wid me yo' mus' git some 'sponsible gem'len ter introduce yo'!"

Why Should He?—For three solid hours the captain had been lecturing his men on "the duties of a soldier," and he thought it was time to see how much they had understood of his discourse. Casting his eyes around the room, he fixed on Private Murphy as his first victim. "Prive Murphy," he asked, "why should a soldier be ready to die for his country?" Prive Murphy scratched his head for a moment, and then a smile of enlightenment crossed his face. "Sure, captain," he said pleasantly, "you're quite right. Why should he?"

New Bill's Disposition.—"So you have got an accident to report, have you?" said the head clerk to the foreman of the works. "Yes, sir," said the foreman, and after gnawing at his penholder for a considerable time he handed the clerk the report it read: "Date: April 16. Nature of accident: Toe badly crushed. How caused: Accidental blow from fellow-workman's sledge hammer. Remarks:— "Very good," said the clerk. "But why have you omitted 'Remarks'?" "Well, sir," said the foreman, who was a very frank man, "seeing as you know what Bill is, and as you know it is his big toe that was hurt, I—well, I didn't like to put 'em down."

Objected to the Face.—For ten days

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N. C. Neidigh et ux to William Thomas, tract of land in State College; \$3000.

Kittaning Coal Co. to Peter Rappinski, tract of land in Rush twp.; \$50.

Thomas F. Uhl et al to Jacob Welch, tract of land in Curtin twp.; \$148.

George Hess et ux to Harry R. Long et ux, tract of land in Curtin twp.; \$250.

Battle With Wild Cat.

Roy Bauman, of Mill Creek, had an exciting encounter with a large catamount in a tree in the mountains back of Warrensville, Lycoming county, and after a strenuous fight killed the animal. Bauman was hunting with Elmer Kaley, of DuBoistown, Pierce and Herman Wise, and Otto Maffley, of Mill Creek. Kaley saw two big green eyes staring at him from a tree and fired at the animal, severely wounding him. Bauman started up the tree after the catamount. The large cat was at bay and gave Bauman the fight of his life. It required four shots to put the animal out of the way. The body of the catamount was taken to Williamsport and Kaley received a certificate for a bounty. The catamount was the largest ever killed in that vicinity.

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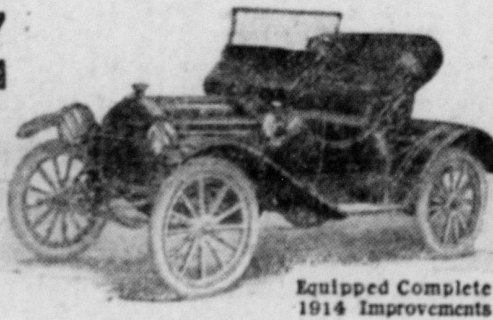
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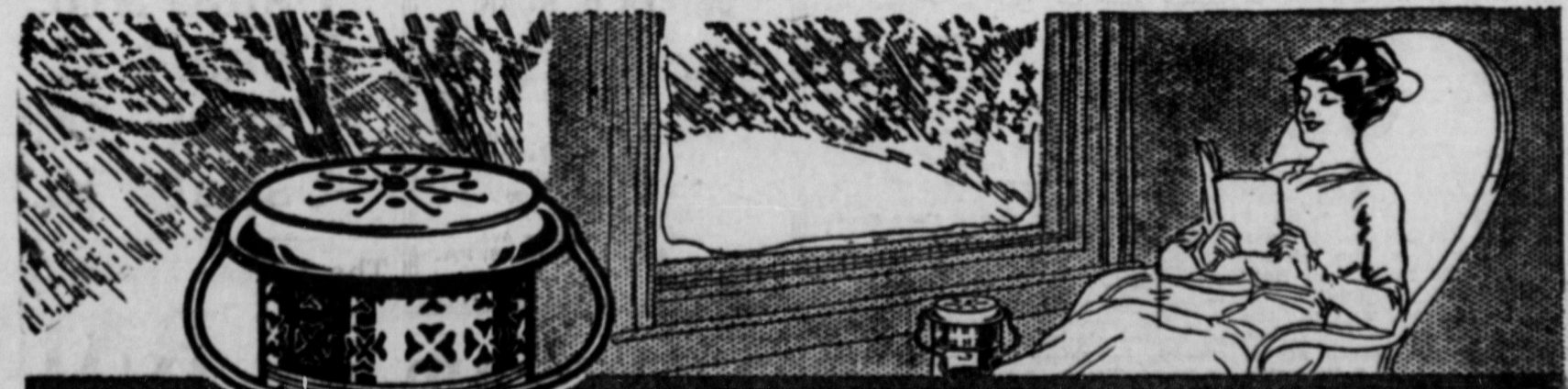


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