Crude Thoughts As They Fall From the Editorial Pen:—Pleasant Evening Reveries.

Home Circle Department.

A Column Dedicated to Tired Mothers As They Join the Home Circle at Evening Tide.

Unhappy poverty is not so bad as unhappy love.

Marrying without love is like building without mortar.

The boy who is courteous towards other boy's sisters, but neglects his own, is only a gentleman on the outside. The girl whose tones are soft and kind in company, but tart and disagreeable at home, may pass for a time as a lady, but those who know her best see that she is only adorned on the surface.

Kindness is the sunshine in which virtue grows.

No one was ever an angel by simply wanting to be one.

Keep your word with a child as you would with a banker.

There is nothing so healthful in this world as a cheerful heart and a disposition to look on the rosy side of everything. Trouble is not a physical ailment, but a mental condition. It is hard on the brain, hard on the body and hard on your friends. A clear conscience, a brave heart and a healthy liver mean a long and happy life. It is the mistake of the age to worry and fret over things that cannot be realized. Laugh at trouble, and it vanishes.

Never decieve your children. If there is something they should not know, tell them so, but do not tell them a falsehood, for sooner or later they will find you out. Children look upon their parents as models on which to form themselves, and when a child learns that its mother has deceived it, something is lost forever from its nature. The keen edge of virtue is a trifle dull, a lie is never again so terrible a thing in his eye when he finds that his mother's lips have uttered an untruth to him.

ALL HAIL.

All hail to the New Year! What gifts will it bring? Far richer than any preceding year in the vast wealth of invention and discovery and achievement bequeathed by the glorious years that have passed, what promise is offered that the world will be wiser and better for its coming? What has been done in the year just drawing to a close is the promise and prophecy of better things to come in the one at whose portals we stand. We know not what the new year may bring forth, but we know that of what was gained for mankind in the one that is just finishing its course, nothing will be lost that is fit to survive. It will keep on adding to the domain of human knowledge, to the domain of man over the forces of nature.

Truly, there is no pause in the persistence of force or in the operation of the great law of development. All the achievements of the past are but the elementary beginnings of the great work on which the science and invention have entered—the stepping stones to higher things. And they are pregnant with the promise and the potency of a richer and nobler fruitage in the year whose opening gates we are about to enter. Luminous as has been the past, its light has penetrated only the fringe of the dark mass of barbarism, of ignorance, of poverty, which still darkens a large part of the world and the under strata of society, even in civilized states.

Stupendous as seems the progress the world has made, even in our day, it has brought us only to the foothills of the vast ascent, whose far off summits, rising with the centuries will be crowned with the glory of that new day when wars shall cease and poverty and crime shall be no more, and the parliament of man shall proclaim the reign of righteousness and peace throughout the federation of the world.

"A vision's baseless fabric!" do you say?
Well, dreams lead thousands to a better day.

MARRIAGE AND DIVORCE.

While the President's recent message to Congress has been published in nearly all papers, yet it seems fitting that one section of the volumous document should appear in this department as it relates to the home. The President says:

"I am well aware of how difficult it is to pass a constitutional amendment. Nevertheless, in my judgment the whole question of marriage and divorce should be relegated to the authority of the national Congress. At present the wide differences in the laws of the different states on this subject result in scandals and abuses; and surely there is nothing so vitally essential to the welfare of the nation, nothing around which the nation should so bend itself to throw every safeguard, as the home life of the average citizen. The change would be good from every standpoint. In particular it would be good because it would confer on the Congress the power at once to deal radically and efficiently with polygamy; and this should be done whether or not marriage and divorce are dealt with. It is neither safe nor proper to leave the question of polygamy to be dealt with by the several states. Power to deal with it should be conferred on the national government.

"When home ties are loosened; when men and women cease to regard a worthy family life, with all its duties fully performed, and all its responsibilities lived up to, as the life best worth living; then evil days for the commonwealth are at hand. There are regions in our land, and classes of our population, where the birth rate has sunk below the death rate. Surely it should need no demonstration to show that wilful sterility is, from the standpoint of the nation, from the standpoint of the human race, the one sin for which the penalty is national death, race death; a sin for which there is no atonement; a sin which is the more dreadful exactly in proportion as the men and women guilty thereof are in other respects, in character, and bodily and mental powers those whom for the sake of the state it would be well to see the fathers and mothers of many healthy children, well brought up in homes made happy by their presence. No man, no woman, can shrink the primary duties of life, whether for love of ease and pleasure, or for any other cause, and retain his or her self-respect."

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS.

W. J. Brant to Matilda Pritts, Brothersvalley, $4,000.

James Parson to P. L. Casebeer, et al., Somerset borough, $1,000.

Christian Baer to Hiram J. Blough, Conemaugh, $750.

John Lochrie et al. to Eva Latta, Brothersvalley, $1,326.74.

George E. Reitz to W. S. McKee, Somerset township, $50.

W. H. Smith to Perry Miller, Addison, $370.

John Brougher to Silas Dwire, Upper Turkeyfoot, $5,000.

John F. Smith to Francis Emerick, Fairhope, $125.

Aaron Geiger to Julian Shumaker, Larimer, $300.

Jonas S. Keim to David Keim, Elk Lick, $350.

Peter Beeghley to Noah Beeghley, Brothersvalley, $4,470.

Harry Gelnett to F. W. Bender, Elk Lick, $500.

Jesse Liston to John Dridy, Addison, $1,900.

Z. T. Lambert's heirs to Henry C. Lambert, Stonycreek, $5,333.33.

J. W. Mock to Joe. Bosak, Windber, $700.

Jacob H. Blough to Franklin Hostetler, Paint township, $300.

Michael Oacks to John Cobaugh, Somerset township, $191.

Jacob P. Speicher to George Cobaugh, Somerset township, $750.

Jacob Lenhart to same, Somerset township, $231.30.

G. W. Cobaugh to E. O. Kooser, Somerset township, $5,000.

Frank Gilbert to Annie M. Hanna, Somerset borough, $900.

J. M. Glessner to Ida V. Snyder, Stonycreek, $2,400.

S. A. Dietz to J. C. Lafferty, Somerset township, $3,750.

Boswell Imp. Co. to Charles H. Murphy, Boswell, $700.

Adam Zerfoss to Josiah L. Trent, Stonycreek, $60.

A. W. Knepper to N. E. Knepper, Somerset township, $1,700.

Irvin E. Custer to S. S. Foust, Windber, $1,100.

John W. Sellers to C. A. Sellers, Summit, $600.

Morris W. Snyder to Ida V. Snyder, Stonycreek, $1,200.

Geo. Knepper's ex. to Annie E. Gardner, Milford, $650.75.

W. H. Gardner's heirs to James B. Ferrel, Milford, $400.

Isaiah Bell's heirs to W. A. Bell, Jenner, $2,000.

Daniel Shaffer to H. J. Koontz, Hooversville, $2,800.

Edwin Winters to Jenner Township School Board, Jenner, $135.

Mary Harvey to M. J. Horner, Windber, $500.

Elsie C. Croyle to S. H. Cauffiel, Conemaugh, $480.

J. N. Wagner to M. D. Thomas, Elk Lick, $1,100.

Albert Graves to J. W. Cook, Meyersdale, $1,150.

Wilmore Coal Co. to Eureka Supply Co., Windber, $100.

J. H. Schrock to E. J. Schrock, Somerset township, $9,000.

Jacob Good's ex. to Trustees Brothersvalley German Baptist Congregation, Brothersvalley, $84.37.

OUTWITS THE SURGEON.

A complication of female troubles, with catarrh of the stomach and bowels, had redueed Mrs, Thos S. Austin, of Leavenworth, Ind., to sucha deplorable condition, that her doctor advised an operation; but her husband fearing fatal results, postponed this to try Electric Bitters; and to the amazement of all who knew her, this medicine completely cured her. Guaranteed cure for torpid liver, kidney disease, biliousness, jaundice, chills and fever, general debility, nervousness and blood poisoning. Best tonic made. Price 50c. at E. H. Miller's drug store. Try it. 1-1

PEARL FIELDS IN LABRADOR.

Little-Known Source of Wealth in the Streams of That Land.

The deep sea fishermen and whale or seal hunters are about the only persons who know much of the northern Labrador coast, where it runs into Hudson bay territory, says a correspondent of the New York Sun. Barrenness and desolation, rocky shores beaten by the icy Atlantic, long winters and short, inclement summers are its chief characteristics.

There are but few signs of human life; merely ancient rock-built shelters set up by whalers from Nantucket or Gloucester, when Greenland whales were hunted among the icebergs, or rude seal hunters' shanties, where observation parties land for a day or two at a time. But curious as it appears, there is a little-known source of wealth in that lone land.

It is found in the rushing rivers, which generally make their last leap into the ocean over a steep and high waterfall. The immense masses of fresh water mussels, which in many places actually choke the streams, first directed attention to it in late years.

Men wondered why the oldtime whale or seal hunters and other early navigators had collected such quantities of the shells as were to be seen piled about the camping places. Then a short search by a well-read ne'er-do-well a few years ago revealed a large, irregular-shaped pearl under a pile of old shells, and immediately a valuable secret was revealed to a few persons.

Since that time a certain number of men have become expert pearl fishers, and now shipments are periodically, and in summer regularly, made of pearls. These men make fair wages by their labors, though of course the returns vary according to the fortune, good or bad, which attends the individual.

Some of the pearls are large and of great value. One was sold to a New Yorker of rare discrimination in the purchase of curios for upward of $1,000. In appearance these freshwater pearls are not easily distinguished from those obtained in southern seas, though unfortunately a certain percentage of them are irregular in shape.

Usually they are silver-white in color, though a young man who returned from Labrador has a pair of rose pink pearls, perfectly matched, which weigh about 12 grains each and are worth probably $60 or $70 apiece.

Strangely enough, this lucky one was not a pearl hunter, but took a clump of shells in his hand and sat down to open them with his pocket knife. He found the two pearls in one large shell. After that find he spent a fortnight in searching for more, but secured only about half a dozen small ones, worth perhaps $2 for the lot.

As a rule the pearl hunting is gone about in a more scientific manner than that. The mussels are regularly stacked on flat rocks or sand bars, and allowed to decompose, when the shells open naturally and are easily examined for the pearls, which lie loosely embedded in the flesh of the fish.

It appears that the Indians of that district have always known of these fresh-water pearls, and that several of the rivers running north have been regularly fished for them for many generations. Most of the pearls collected by these people in olden times were ruined by being rudely bored, so that they might be strung for necklaces or for the adornment of wampum belts.

Nowadays the wideawake Hudson Bay Co. traders pay a fair price for all the Indians can collect. Some of the Montreal houses have regular dealings with the pearl hunters of the coast, and have agents on the spot who secure shipments for them.

How Corn Grows.

Rows of corn grow on the cob in even numbers, and one with an odd number is considered an almost unheard of freak.

There is an old story to the effect that once, in ante-bellum days, an old southern slave owner promised freedom to the first negro who would find an ear of corn bearing an odd number of rows. Among the slaves was a young darky who had a thought which he kept all to himself, but when the corn was in the roasting ear he went to the field, and, stripping back the husk from the ear, he cut away one of the rows of grain with a sharp knife. By the time the corn had reached its maturity the wound made by the knife had been entirely obliterated, and the ear showed an odd number of rows of grains. The young slave was accordingly given his freedom and his cunning was not discovered until he had gotten safely away.

Shell of an Oyster.

The usual size of the shell of an oyster is three to five inches, but away back in Tertiary times there were oysters in California that had shells thirteen inches long and seven or eight inches wide. The animal and shell doubtless weighed fifteen or twenty pounds, since the shells were five inches thick. These oysters have long been extinct, but their fossil shells are abundant. If the oyster farmer could produce an individual of such enormous size now, we would be most fortunate. In that case a single oyster would be enough for one stew.

And He Wasn't Hurt.

"Can I recover?" gasped the injured man.

"No, I fear not," replied the physician, shaking his head.

"But your wife can," assured the damage suit lawyer from the other side of the bed.—Houston Post.

SAVED BY A HAIR ——.

And With This Useful Instrument the Woman Finishes the Chores.

The wife of a Kansas farmer, so the story goes got tired of asking him to fix some things about the house that needed fixing, and one day after he had come home from town told him she had done the work herself.

"And you know," she said, "the drawer that was locked for over a month, and you said couldn't be opened except by a locksmith? Well, triumphantly, "I opened it."

"Well, well! How in the world did you do it?"

"With a hairpin. And the oven door," she continued, "has been slipping around on one hinge for ever so long, just because you were too lazy to fix it, but it's all right now."

"Well, I'm glad you had it fixed."

"Had it fixed! I fixed it myself—with a hairpin. And then that crayon portrait of mother that stood in the corner for almost six solid weeks because you never would bring me any picture hooks—I got it up with a hook I made myself—out of a hairpin."

"Well, well," was all he could say.

"And there's Willie. You've been coaxing him and bribing him for over a year, trying to break him of biting his nails, and I broke him in a week."

"With a hairpin?" he inquired meekly.

"No!" she snapped. "Don't be a goose! With a hairbrush!"

A Substitute.

"Are you going to get the automobile which the doctor ordered for your wife?"

"Can't afford it, but we have almost the real thing. She puts on a pair of gasolene-cleaned gloves, takes a long ride on the front seat of a trolley car, and walks back.—Life.

Easily Demonstrated.

In the course of a trial of a damage suit in Philadelphia not long ago one of the lawyers engaged was endeavoring to prove that a certain witness, a plumber, was not sticking to the truth. A question as to the income of this plumber was put, eliciting the fact that he was worth a great deal of money. The attorney general glared fiercely at the witness and demanded:

"Where did you get all that money?"

"I earned it, of course," was the reply.

"But how did you earn it?" persisted the lawyer.

Whereupon the plumber showed signs of being greatly nettled at this line of questioning. "Ain't I a first-class plumber, and didn't I have a lot of contracts these past three months?"

The witness cast a look of the greatest scorn at his interogator "Just you, Mr. Lawyer," replied, "give me an order to replace the plumbing in your house, and I'll soon show you how I did it!"—The American Spectator.

Breaking It Gently.

"Good marnin', Mrs. O'Toole," said Mr. Muldoon, stopping at the good woman's door. "I wor just thinkin' how foine yez'd look in black. Sure, wid that hair and complexion av yours yez'd have th' whole town runnin' afther yez if yez wor a widdy an' wud wear mournin'."

"Arrah, go on wid yez!" grinned Mrs. O'Toole. "Sure, ut's blarneyin' me yez are!"

"Ol'm not. Ye'd look foine in mournin'. An', sure, ye've a chance to wear it now, f'r yer husband wor killed this mar-rnin' be an autymobile!"—Cleveland Leader.

A Positive Cure.

He—There is a certain young lady deeply interested in me, and while I like her, you know, still I never could love her. I want to put an end to it without breaking the poor girl's heart. Can you suggest any plan?

She—Do you call there often?

"No, indeed; not any oftener than I can possibly help."

"Call oftener."—Illustrated Bits.

Poor Financiering.

"Maria, we'll have to give up that summer trip. My account at the bank is already overdrawn."

"Oh, John, you are such a wretched financier. Why didn't you put your account in a bank that had plenty of money?" — Chicago Tribune.

A Matter of Taste.

"Can any little boy," asked the new teacher, "tell me the difference between a lake and an ocean?"

"I can," replied Edward, whose wisdom had been learned from experience. "Lakes are much pleasanter to swallow when you fall in."—Youth's Companion.

A GOOD ENOUGH REASON.

To Prove It Was Not the Defendant Who Was at Fault.

"Your Honor," said the solicitor for the defence, "I wish to prove by this question that the witness is a man of quarrelsome disposition, hard to get along with, and on bad terms with his neighbors. Now, sir," he continued, turning again to the witness, "I'd like to know whose farm is next to yours?"

"Well," answered the witness, "there's the Billings' farm, and the —"

"Stop there. One at a time. Are you on friendly terms with Mr Billings?"

"I can't say I am."

"Are you even on speaking terms with him?"

"No, sir."

"Whose fault is it?"

"It's his fault, I reckon."

"Oh, yes; it's his fault, you reckon. How long has it been since you have spoken to him?"

"About fourteen years, as near as I can remember."

"Now, sir, I want you to tell this jury why you have not spoken to Mr. Billings for fourteen years."

"Gentlemen," said the witness, turning to the jury, "the reason why I haven't spoken to Mr. Billings for fourteen years is because that's about the length of time he's been dead."

Uncle Aleck's Chops at Truth.

When mah gran'son am sick on a Satu'day in school season, hit am a safe bet dat de trubble am se'ious.

Hit am all right to pray fo' de bad man, but do yo' prayin' wid one eye open an' in his direcshun.

Dey am some folks so hopeful dat dey really b'lieb wot de Painless Dentises' sign says.

De office what chases de man doin' gen'ally hab no pay roll 'tached ter it.

Ah fin's dat hit ain't safe ter 'buse mah ole mule behin' huh back.

De bes' 'ligion am jes' libbin' so yo' gwine die happy.

Mo' gals git ma'ied because dey don't wanter be single dan because dey is stuck on de 'sponsibilities ob bein a wife.

De young feller what am too fond ob rye am gwine ter hab er big hervest ob wil' oats.—American Spectator.

Apartment Houses.

Our guide was showing us the new apartment houses in the great city.

"Over here," he announced through his megaphone, "we have 'Bonaparte Court.' This, ladies and gentleman, is occupied by the middle class."

"Ah, indeed!" we exclaimed. "And what is that other rather imposing structure called?"

"'Piccadilly Court.' Occupied by people a little better off in the world's goods than those in Bonaparte Court."

"And that grand building to the left?"

"'King's Court.' Occupied by only the wealthy."

"Wonderful! But how about that extraordinary model of architecture with Cupids shooting broken arrows at iron hearts?"

"Oh, that is 'Divorce Court.' Occupied by the ultra-smart set."—Puck.

Something to Brag About.

Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Brown were bosom friends. It was astonishing what a lot they knew about other pleople's business.

The conversation turned in the direction of a Mrs. Tittlesay, a new arrival in the next street.

"I hear she's suffering from appendicitis," declared Mrs. Brown.

"Suffering!" echoed Mrs. Jones contemptuously.

"Why, yes; didn't you know that?" asked Mrs. Brown.

"Yes, I heard she had got appendicitis," replied Mrs. Jones, "but, Lor! judging by the way they bragged about it I thought it was some sort of piano player! What is it anyway?"

No Wonder He Moved.

The following notice was found posted on a deserted homestead in the arid regions of Kansas:—"Four miles from a neighbor, sixteen miles from a postoffice, twenty-five miles from a railroad, fourteen miles from a schoolhouse, forty-one miles from a church, 180 miles to timber, 600 miles to democrat, half a mile to hell and the same distance to a republican. Gone to Idaho—God's country—to get a fresh start."—Chicago Journal.

Wonders of Wireless.

"Here's a wireless message," announced the business manager, "from a man who desires to take our entire 'Help Wanted' department for to-day's issue."

"Where is he?" inquired the managing editor.

"On a capsized boat about four miles out in the Atlantic Ocean."—Pittsburg Post.

Crafty Architect.

Flubb—Hear about Squigg? He's a successful architect.

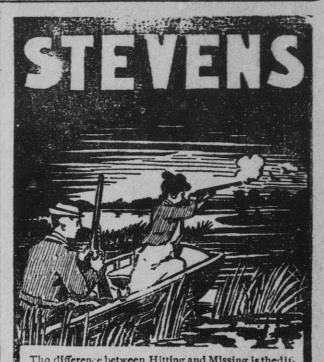
Dubb—Architect! Why, he doesn't know the difference between a Greek temple and a dog kennel.

Flubb—No. But he can put a six-room apartment where there is only space for a five room flat.—Columbia Jester.

How She Came.

"How did I come to find a man in the kitchen with you last evening, Bridget?"

"On yer tiptoes I reckon, mum; we didn't hear yez.—Houston Post.



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Finest Graphophone Outfit in Salisbury Offered at a Bargain.

This outfit consists of a $25.00 Columbia Graphophone, a $4.50 Record Case and $18.00 worth of Records—72 in all, which is the capacity of the case. The entire outfit cost $47.50, and all is practically new and as good as the day the goods left the factory. It is easily the finest "talking machine" outfit in this town and vicinity, and is offered for sale at a great bargain.

The entire outfit can be purchased for $35.00 cash.

The Graphophone without Case or Records can be bought for $20.50.

Record Case can be bought singly for $4.00 or, filled with 72 Records, for $14.80.

The complete lot of Records, 72 in all, can be purchased separately for $10.80. Following is a list of the Records:

1. Tenor Solo—To my First Love.
2. " " —Oh, don't it tickle you?
3. Quartet—Nationality Medly.
4. Whistling Solo—Home, Sweet Home.
5. Quartet—The Old Oaken Bucket.
6. " —On Board the Battleship Oregon
7. Auction Sale of Furniture and Household Goods.
8. Tenor Solo—I'm not particular.
9. Sextette—Through the World wilt Thou fly, Love.
10. Circus Gallop—Susa's Band.
11. Whistling Solo—Love's Golden Dream.
12. Tenor Solo—Oblige a Lady.
13. Baritone Solo—When the Hebrews open Pawn Shop in Old Ireland.
14. Picalo Solo—The Skylark Polka.
15. Quartet—My Old Kentucky Home.
16. Orchestra—Hands Across the Sea.
17. " —The Nations before Pekin.
18. Trinity Boy Choir—Onward Christian Soldier.
19. Quartet—Barnyard Medley.
20. Rehearsal for the Husking Bee.
21. Minstrels—Upon the Golden Shore.
22. Russian Hymn—Gilmore's Band.
23. Baritone Solo—The Clock of the Universe.
24. Orchestra—Light as a Feather.
25. Baritone Solo—Break the News to Mother.
26. Tenor Solo—Would you if you could?
27. Cornet Duet—Come back to Erin.
28. Scotch Medley—Gilmore's Brass Quartet.
29. Baritone Solo—Brown October Ale.
30. Quartet—The Sleigh Ride Party.
31. " —Rock of Ages.
32. Baritone Solo—Hosanna.
33. Orchestra—The Birds and the Brook.
34. Italian Vocal Solo.
35. Quartet—Hark the Herald Angels Sing.
36. Hebrew Male Quartet.
37. Cornet Duet—Mid the Green Fields of Virginia.
38. Quartet—I stood on the Bridge at Midnight.
39. Quartet—In Old Alabama, with Barn Dance and Negro Shouts.
40. Vaudeville—Pumpernickle's Silver Wedding.
41. Orchestra Bells—Medley of Popular Airs.
42. Baritone Solo—The Holy City.
43. Orchestra Bells—Waltz Medley.
44. Two Rubes in an Eating House.
45. Musical Congress of Nations.
46. Negro Shout—Turkey in the Straw.
47. Musical Monologue—Having fun with the Orchestra.
48. Quartet--Camp of the Hoboes.
49. Recitation--The night before Christmas.
50. Quartet--The Vacant Chair.
51. Baritone Solo--Let All Obey.
52. Tenor and Orchestra--Bedelia.
53. Baritone Solo--Back, Back, Back to Baltimore.
54. Killarney--Gilmore's Brass Quartet.
55. Clarinet Solo--Southern Plantation Echoes.
56. Minstrel Jokes.
57. Minstrels--My Friend from My Home.
58. " --Our Land of Dreams.
59. Minstrel Jokes.
60. " "
61. Baritone Solo--Deep, Down Deep.
62. Tenor Solo--Safe in the Arms of Jesus.
63. High School Cadets--Columbia Band.
64. Bridal March from Lohengrin--Band.
65. Manhattan Beach March--Susa's Band.
66. Nibelungen March--Band.
67. Selection from Il Trovatore--Gilmore's Band.
68. Wedding of the Winds--Gilmore's Band.
69. In Cheyenne Joe's Cowboy Tavern--Orchestra.
70. Medly March, Broadway Hits--Orchestra.
71. Come Where the Lilies Bloom--Gilmore's Brass Quartet.
72. Duet--Old Black Joe.

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