

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.

Young man, did you ever think that it is not manly or noble to make yourself appear tough? If you are tough, people will find it out soon enough without your trying to make it so prominent.

Do you know that boys are much more particular who they go with than girls are? You may think this is a strange statement, but it is so.

Be as careful to keep the weeds out of the minds of your children as you are to keep them out of your garden. But remember something will grow there.

If young boys and girls could only understand how happy it makes their parents when they are doing well and conducting themselves like ladies and gentlemen, it seems to us they would make a greater effort than they do to avoid evil deeds and acts.

If there is one thing above another a young man should be ashamed of doing, it is loafing without aim, purpose or profit, on the streets or in stores, day after day, all week.

Let us say to benedictus, young and old, if you did but show an ordinary civility toward those common articles of housekeeping—your wives—if you would give them a hundred and sixteenth part of the compliments you almost choked them with before you were married, fewer women would seek for other sources of affection.

We have great respect for the woman who knows how to spare herself, for the one who knows when she has worked enough. We have respect for the one who has the courage to say, "I am not strong enough to sew for the health and do my home duties also, and my home is first."

It is the daily life that tests us, the manner of men we are. It is not our prayers, it is not our profession, but it is the tone of daily intercourse and conduct that decides how we stand.

AGED LOVERS.

A writer tells of a pleasant evening he once spent with an aged couple, and in his account of it he says: Although this couple was basking in the sunset of a well spent life, they were as devoted to each other as when the "honey-moon" first shown in their pathway.

gelle radiance. I see, though no one else can, the bright, glad young face that won me first, and the glowing love of forty years thrills through my heart till tears come.

As we meandered home we could but think what a heaven upon earth this would be if such devotion existed between all who had taken the marriage vow.

CRIMINAL COURT.

A Long List of Cases Scheduled for Next Week.

The following list of cases appear in the court calendar issued by District Attorney Meyers, who will doubtless have others docketed by the time Criminal court convenes on Monday morning of next week:

George Werbon, assault and battery; Steve Swetovich, prosecutor. Paul Govich, assault and battery; F. H. Couperwait, prosecutor.

George Stanley et al., assault and surety; George Fertig, prosecutor. Stiney Dulic, assault and battery, B. G. Fry, prosecutor.

Supervisors of Quemahoning, neglecting roads, Chas. A. Shaffer, prosecutor. David Kelley, F. & B., Myrtle M. Long, prosecutor.

Henry Dively, receiving stolen property, Ambrose Bushey, prosecutor. Orange Custer, malicious mischief, Paul Grove, prosecutor.

Frank Wagner, assault and battery, Ed. Tedrow, prosecutor. Frank Wagner, malicious mischief, Clayton Stotler, prosecutor.

Thomas Whitman, two cases, burglary, Charles Horn, prosecutor. Thomas Whitman, burglary, Charles Horn, prosecutor.

Cyrus C. Cramer, burglary, Aaron Helzer, prosecutor. Bruce Moore, assault and battery, Marcello Moore, prosecutor.

Marcus Wohl, violating liquor laws, Russel Holsopple, prosecutor. Giuseppe Jacco, assault and battery, Antonio Brocko, prosecutor.

Harry Saupp, removal of goods, M. E. McNeal, prosecutor. Justus Volk, aggravated assault and battery, Wm. Holzman, prosecutor.

Peter Shmook et al., assault and battery to kill, John William, prosecutor. John J. Pearce, felonious shooting, Charles Bill, prosecutor.

B. F. Fisher, assault and battery and desertion, Annie Fisher, prosecutor. J. C. Bentley, assault and battery to kill, Herdek Batkerviex, prosecutor.

Wm. E. Rowe, burglary, A. S. Glessner, prosecutor. W. E. Rowe, burglary, T. W. Gurley, prosecutor.

John Hudoc et al., robbery, S. W. McMullen, prosecutor. Ellis Barnes, housebreaking, Elizabeth King, prosecutor.

W. H. Coughenour, violating liquor laws, (two cases) J. B. Walker, prosecutor. John Delio, malicious mischief.

Keen Newcomb, carrying concealed weapons, Frank Saylor, prosecutor. Keen Newcomb, assault and battery, Frank Saylor, prosecutor.

Supervisors of Summit township, neglecting roads, M. Casteel, constable. Joseph DePompe, felonious assault, Albert Phillippi, prosecutor.

Alva Prinkey, assault and battery to rape, Clara Nimiller, prosecutor. James Lowe, carrying concealed weapons, Payton Gaffen, prosecutor.

John Pop et al., aggravated assault and battery, Martin Bravis, prosecutor. W. V. Marshall, furnishing liquor, W. A. Powell, prosecutor.

Dora Penrod, fornication; S. W. Lawhead, prosecutor. David E. Bartholemew, F. & B., Edith E. Baker, prosecutor.

Susan Valentine, fornication, John W. Beck, prosecutor. Sarah Ackerman fornication, M. H. Bowman, prosecutor.

Carrie Herrington, fornication, G. W. Tressler, prosecutor. Wm. Farrell, F. & B., May Gemnine, prosecutor.

John Sendek, F. & B., Annie Playtos, prosecutor. Oscar G. Jordan, F. & B., Cora Shroyer, prosecutor.

Frank Beyland, F. & B., Dora Emerick, prosecutor. Hiram Yoder, F. & B., Mary Zearfoss, prosecutor.

Karl Shaffer, F. & B., Cora Durst, prosecutor. Charles Holzshu, F. & B., Sarah E. Ackerman, prosecutor.

James McClellan, F. & B., Annie Parson, prosecutor. Homer Saylor, F. & B., Viola Arnold, prosecutor.

Barney Rafferty, F. & B., Carrie Herrington, prosecutor. John H. Miller, murder, G. N. Schrock, prosecutor.

John Flickinger, murder, James Emerick, prosecutor. Mamie Moore, fornication, Wm. Gilbert, prosecutor.

Annie Unger, fornication, T. I. McClellan, prosecutor. G. E. Lape, F. & B., Tracy Baldwin, prosecutor.

Chas. H. Cook, F. & B., Barbara M. Lape, prosecutor. Robert E. Meyers, F. & B., Pearl E. Long, prosecutor.

Charles Shaffer, F. & B., Lizzie Fischer, prosecutor. Russell Benford, F. & B., Ada C. Blubaugh, prosecutor.

Clyde B. Walter, F. & B., Mary Ohler, prosecutor. Roy B. Davis, F. & B., E. Grace Dietz, prosecutor.

Warren Rutter, Desertion, Cecelia Rutter, prosecutor. Andrew Shipley, desertion, Mary Shipley, prosecutor.

Harry Wilhel, F. & B.; Annie Whetson, prosecutor. A. D. Kreger, false pretense; G. W. Logue, prosecutor.

Levi N. Yost, hawking and peddling; Fred Fechtig, prosecutor. Mike Verington, A. & B. and surety; Ross Terington, prosecutor.

Leroy Fogle, furnishing liquor, etc.; Jennie M. Moor, prosecutor. Mike Conners, furnishing liquor; J. H. Lenhart, prosecutor.

A REWARD.

We offer a reward of 25 cents for every case of skin trouble, eczema, ulcers, old running sores, wounds, cuts, or any kind of scalp trouble that Dermakala Ointment will not heal, for if not cured we pay the 25 cents back. E. H. Miller.

DISCIPLINE.

We have seen schools that were as quiet as a room full of horrors. We have seen the pupils sitting in strained positions, with head erect, hands by side, or arms folded, turning neither to the right nor the left, or, if moving, moving slowly, almost wearily with downcast eye, on tip-toe, with hands clasped behind the back, whispering not, smiling not, with the light of the eye dull, and all the joyousness of childhood driven from the faces of the pupils by the fierceness of the methods of the petty tyrant in charge.

We have wondered whether the so-called school was not a prison, or a reformatory institution of some kind, and we can remember how glad we were to get out again into the free air and the bright sunshine of the outer world, where we could again see a child smile and hear the merry laugh and earnest, happy voices of those who were free.

We have heard such schools praised as models of excellence, as schools of earnest discipline, whose teachers, so earnest, so skilled, were worthy of memorials in brass or marble.

We never heard what became of those teachers. We are inclined to think that the progressing waves of modern educational thought have overthrown or overlapped them, and have left to us no trace of their doings or existence.

It was not discipline, it was cruelty, torture, or devilry. It was the oppression of a weak child by a strong man or woman. It developed neither strength of character, nor nobility of purpose. It drove out all joyousness, all love, and made the child worse by far than if he had trained with the gamins of the gutter. Who can say that lives have not been wrecked by some pet cruelty of some petted teacher? Who can say that the moroseness, the sullenness, the petty spite or mean actions of some manhood may not have been the result of acts of oppression, committed thoughtlessly by the teacher of his byhood?

Too much discipline, too much rule and regulation, too much of the martinet in the formalities of the school-room is far worse than the absence of all restraining rules. For, if a child is guided properly, carefully, thoughtfully, it will develop for good, but if it is continually and forcibly held back, if it is deprived of all freedom of speech or action, it will place itself in antagonism to the teacher, to the authority of the school, to society. The antagonism wins in the contest, but it is at the expense of society. The bad boy, so made by this faulty discipline, becomes a bad man. Who is responsible?

Many of the so-called disobediences of children are not willful. Many of their bad deeds are the results of uncontrollable impulses. Very few of their bad acts are the results of deliberate thought. Many of them are the results of parentage—of home training and surroundings. Should we not, then, carelessly and patiently guide a child into the right path, if we suspect such influences? Shall we beat it back, or scold it back? Or shall we, when it wanders from the path, place it again on the track until the little feet, by constant going, have worn a path from and for its own traveling.

OLD PAPERS for sale at THE STAR office. They are just the thing for pantry shelves, wrapping paper and cartridge paper for the miners. Five cents buys a large roll of them.

THE WAY OF THE TRAIL

Bruce Annie Bunne.

The full moon rose over the wide desert, turning the chaperal into tawny beauty.

The man got to his feet unsteadily, with a look of fear in his eyes. His glance stared across the grim level, down the faint, white line of the trail, then back, to fall upon the face of his companion, and the look deepened.

Sleeping? He knelt feebly, again placing his hand upon the face of his companion and the look deepened. As he did so the always smouldering wrath of his soul toward that other man—miles ahead now—that man who had robbed them, swelled to its height. He had always mistrusted him, but his hate had never assumed strength as this. He became conscious, as he had never before, that that man was responsible for it all, the strayed pony, leading water bottle, even to the crowding horror and certainty of his—and this his brother's—death.

His distorted brain wrought upon the knowledge that plainsman owned of the desert, knew it as well as his own name, had told him so—knew the secret spot of his and his brother's mine of golden ore back there in the far-away hills. He had left them to slow death, to claim it; taking the only remaining horse, the last drop of water.

"But we'll live, and we'll get the letter of him yet," he muttered to the unheeding form.

A long time he sat there, motionless as the unconscious man in his arms, staring down upon the hypnotic calm of the blank features, formless anathemas in his heart.

As he watched the stiff caked lips began to move, and disjointed words, whispers, half-formed sentences fell from them, peeping the penetrating silence with fearsome sounds.

"Jim—tell her to wait for me. We're rich!—gold—yellow gold! Tell her to wait—she promised—gold—yellow gold!"

Then silence, a rhythmic pause, and the beat of the words again. A groan choked past the lump in the throat of the man listening, and by and by his fevered eyes lifted in a prayer, slowly, up to the drowning deeps.

"Save him, oh, God!—not me. Save him!"

Over and over these words fell, half unconsciously, while he wiped the damp forehead as gently as a woman would.

Releasing his left arm cautiously he laid his burden back on the spread coat and stumbled over to the dead horse. With fumbling hands he removed the saddle blanket and dragged it across the few rods to the sick man's side, where, around his head and shoulders, by the aid of this and a chaparral bush, he built a sort of screen to shield the staring eyes from the light of the moon.

This done his gaunt figure swayed a bit as he stood for a moment and looked down at the helpless, whispering wreck of him who had once been bigger and stronger than he, then with a muttered word he turned his steps forward to the dim, white trail, tangling and twisting its tortuous way, faint and fainter, on to the point of disappearing uncertainty.

All night the dragging feet shuffled doggedly, making little headway, stopping every now and then at short and shorter intervals, to start again with a flickering spurt of strength as the thickening sense of necessity urged, pursued by the thought of the form under the chaparral bush, back there—somewhere.

But when the silver-yellow light flooded the east the lone figure ceased to stumble and hitch along; it sank down on the crest of a sand dune and bowed over its knees.

The sun came over the desert, full and red, and flamed into the face of the man, who stared and nodded. The man shivered, too, for the fever had communicated itself to him and had full control, while the grip of its haze settled upon him.

Higher rose the sun, beginning at once its shimmering dance over the arid waste. It danced in giddy circles, maddening waves, chasing each other, deep into the cavernous eyes that stared into vacancy; and by and by wrought in them the cowed, helpless appeal of a dog's under the lash of his master. He moved his head to and fro, and closed them, blinking. They opened again, shut, opened and fixed upon a dark spot directly in the path of the grinning sun.

It grew large and distorted, that spot, to the eyes watching; which opened wider, staringly, flashed and steadied, and a great cry rose to the man's lips—choked—soundless; while a sudden spasm, wild and glad, swept his face, and he dropped wearily to his knees.

"Jim—It's Jim! He never meant to desert—us. He—Jim—" With this strained, thickened whisper on his lips he fell face downward in the sand.

For a moment he stirred there, then lay quite still, the eagled light on his face; just as the two men in the prairie team drew up, and one swung down from the creaking seat, a brimming water gourd in his hand.

Regulating Railroad Rates. The Legislature of Washington at its latest session passed a law making the maximum railroad fare for adults 3 cents a mile and for children 1 1/2 cents.

One Greenland whale weighs as much as 88 elephants or 440 bears.

Telling Family Secrets.



Saphead—D'ye know, Miss Sharp, I believe some people inherit their stupidity.

Miss Sharp—But, Mr. Saphead, it is not proper to speak that way of your parents.—Illustrated Bits.

The Easy Way.



Commuter—The president of this road is one of those old-fashioned railroaders. He began as a brakeman. Instead of riding over the line in private car to inspect it he walks over it.

"I don't blame him," declared the man who was making his first trip on the road.—Cleveland Press.

Would Gladly Contribute.



Daughter—Oh, dad, I should like to go to the Continent to continue my pianoforte. Could you manage it?

Father—Well, if you make your desire known to the neighbors I'm certain they'd only be too glad to subscribe toward your expenses.—Ally Sloper's Half-Holiday.

His Answer.



She—How long did it take you to learn how to make love? He—Well, I suffered almost constantly for five years.

Why They Married.



The bull he liked to blow his horns. For he was wondrous proud; One day he caught a counter blow, And now he's fairly cowed. —Harvard Lampoon.

Advertisement for STEVENS firearms, listing prices for rifles, pistols, and shotguns. Includes an illustration of a man with a rifle.

Advertisement for Weak Kidneys, featuring Dr. Shoop's Restorative. Includes an illustration of a man and a woman.

Advertisement for Dr. Shoop's Restorative, THE ORIGINAL LAXATIVE COUGH SYRUP, and KENNEDY'S LAXATIVE HONEY AND TAR. Includes an illustration of a woman.

Advertisement for Rogers' Knives, Forks, Spoons, etc., featuring an illustration of a silver fork.

Advertisement for Rogers' Knives, Forks, Spoons, etc., featuring an illustration of a silver fork and text about the quality of the products.