

THE HOME CIRCLE COLUMN.

Pleasant Evening Reveries.—A Column Dedicated to Tired Mothers as They Join the Home Circle at Evening Tide

CRUDE THOUGHTS FROM THE EDITORIAL PEN

THOUGHTS OF EASTER.

Over the whole world to-day reigns the anthem of resurrection. Beginning in the far orient it runs, with the dawn to the limits of the occident is sounded from every church bell, is up to heaven like a beam of hope and promise. The winter is past, and Nature has set man again the lesson, which since time began she has spread out before him in the earth, that book which may be read by the unlearned as well as the wise, by the savage as well as civilized man. There is no death, there is no effort that sinks into the dim void and becomes naught, there is no cessation of soul influence. The summer comes and its glory passes, the harvest time of our lives wanes, the fields are brown and barren, and looking over them sadly we grieve that all of our hopes were not brought to fruition. When the frosts of age cover our heads we sometimes say with the great soul that voiced his agony in the dark: "Youth is a blunder, manhood struggle and old age regret."

Yet we have lived and loved, and that is within itself a boon. From the graves where were laid our crucified joy, our blameless offerings to untoward destiny, our loved and noble ideals, shall arise a glorified spirit to guide others down the rough way to the place where the "great light" shines. No path of sorrow in the vale of life is virgin to the naked feet of our shrinking souls. Where-ever the water is deepest and the shadows fall darkest, there trod the martyrs of the agnes and though they found the sepulcher at the end of the journey, being dead, they yet live and speak with undying utterance.

Christ is risen from the dead! Long ages passed when it seemed to the waiting nations that He was yet in the tomb, and in the sleep of death had forgotten the world. Toil, stripes and anguish were the portion of His people, for the poor are His. Wickedness wore the robe and crown and filled the earth with sighing. Even then there were brave hearts that looked up through the clouds and listened for the anthem of the resurrection. It was heard at last, and liberty of thought, faith and conscience was proclaimed. The ceremonies of error are cast off and lie in the open sepulcher, and with them are the broken shackles and render-ed fetters.

THE ORIGIN OF EASTER.

The origin of Easter as a spring festival is shrouded in the haze of his awakening of the earth from the sleep of winter was worshipped with pagan rites long before the primitive missionaries of the Christian church separated to establish their new religion throughout the world, as it was then known. Coincident with the date of this celebration was the Paschal feast of the Jews, so that all peoples and creeds recognized the occasion. Before the time of the Puritans in England and Calvin in Europe—two great influences regulating the religious thought of the times—the celebration of Easter had become an unlicensed carnival to which the people yielded themselves as a reaction after the preaching and example an element of austerity of Lent, but through their dignity was restored to the annual festival, and in this spirit it has been continued to the present day.

In all countries is this celebration observed, and in none more so than in Russia, where the Greek church prevails. Social and religious events in that country are marked by rejoicing and the meetings of the people in the street—whether Czar or Mosjik—are signalled by a kiss and the greeting "Christ is risen!" Particularly at Rome, Paris, Berlin, Jerusalem, St. Petersburg, Mexico is the festival celebrated with pomp and ceremony, but in all cities and

places does the Easter festival demand the full glory of the Spring—the loveliest flowers, most sumptuous music, gorgeous sacerdotal vestments and the smiles and grace, and joy of women and children in beautiful attire.

AN EASTER THOUGHT.

"For we know that, if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." Oh, what a day when body and soul meet again! They are very fond of each other. Did your body ever have a pain and your soul not re-ache it? Or, changing the question, did your soul ever have any trouble and your body not sympathize with it, growing wan and weak under the depressing influence? Or did your soul ever have a gladness but your body celebrated with it with kindled eyes and cheek an elastic step? Surely God never intended two such good friends to be very long separated. And so when the world's last Easter morning shall come the soul will descend, crying, "Where is my body?" and the body will ascend, saying, "Where is my soul?" and the Lord of the resurrection will bring them together and it will be a perfect soul in a perfect body, introduced by a perfect Christ into a perfect heaven.

THE EASTER EGG.

From all traditions, the egg has been associated with Easter from the beginning of its celebration. It is supposed to typify the revival of life out of death, or, in other words, the resurrection. Another beautiful suggestion of this idea is developed in the butterfly, and it would seem that nothing could be more appropriate for an Easter decoration than these lovely winged creatures whose mission in life, like that of a rare and gifted soul, of which it was anciently regarded as the emblem, seems only to diffuse joy and radiance and beauty wherever they go. Formerly the eggs were blessed by the priests and distributed among the parishioners, the gilded one being reserved for royal personages. Sometimes they were painted and intended as gifts to sweet-hearts for which frequently the most celebrated artists did not disdain to contribute their art.

Deafness Cannot be Cured

by local applications as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional treatment. Deafness is caused by an inflammation of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube, when this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or impure hearing and when it is entirely closed, deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are cured by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surface.

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THE MAN AT THE POLE.

Some of the Peculiar Conditions That Would Confront Him.

If a man could live at the north pole through 100 days he would be 100 years old, for a year at the pole is made up of just one day and one night.

About the 21st day of March the sun peeps above the horizon, but not in the east, for to the man on the pole there is no east or west or north. There is nowhere to go but south. A few days later the sun is apparently rolling around on the horizon for the entire twenty-four hours. Without a timepiece the man at the pole could not distinguish the 29th day of March from the 30th of March. To paraphrase a popular saying, all days in the calendar look alike to him.

After apparently rolling over the horizon for sixty or seventy hours the sun, always in full view, begins a slowly ascending spiral until it reaches an altitude of twenty-three and a half degrees. There are ninety degrees from the horizon to the zenith, and twenty-three and a half are considerably less than a third of ninety degrees. So the man at the pole doesn't have to lean backward to gaze at the midday sun.

After some two or three days at its greatest altitude the sun begins a slowly descending spiral course, and about the middle of September it is again rolling around the horizon, and a few hours later, as the last edge of it disappears below the horizon, night ensues—a night that lasts from Sept. 21 until the following March 21.

The man at the pole sees all the stars in the northern half of the celestial firmament at one time. He does not have to wait for the revolution of the earth on its axis to bring any of them into view. But he can never see many of the stars we see, just as we stay at homes are never able to see the Southern Cross and other constellations of the southern celestial hemisphere. The moon visits the man at the pole and keeps him company for weeks, circling the horizon just as the sun did, but at a lower altitude.

The north star, Polaris, is almost directly overhead. It is a degree and a fraction, you know, out of true north.

At the pole all meridians of longitude meet. So to describe one's position there no longitude is necessary—only latitude 90 degrees.

The north pole of the compass points south at the north pole. So, indeed, does the south pole of the compass, for south is the only direction away from the north pole.

The stars appear brighter, a star of one magnitude less than can be seen in the United States being easily visible in the arctic regions.

No rotation of the earth takes place at the pole. So if Mr. Man was on the equator he would be turning with the earth at the rate of over a thousand miles an hour, while if at the exact pole he would not turn at all—or at most, if he stood stock still for twenty-four hours, he himself would rotate just once.

The pole is the nearest point on the surface of the earth to the center of the earth. Consequently on leaving the pole one would have to be continually marching up hill. For this same reason things weigh more at the pole than anywhere else on the surface of the earth.—St. Louis Republic.

A Unique Home.

In Sweden and Norway there are several homes for spinsters. One of these at least is as attractive as it is unique. It is a monument to the memory of an exceedingly wealthy old man who, dying more than 200 years ago, left the major part of his fortune to the old maids among his descendants. A superb home was built, furnished and managed by salaried trustees. It flourished and has continued. Any unmarried woman who can prove blood relationship to the founder of the institution is entitled to admission to the home. She is given a suit of rooms, a servant, private meals and is subject to no rules save such as ordinary good behavior demands.

One Bank and Its Employees.

The Mendelssohn bank differs from all similar institutions in Germany in the nature of the relations existing between it and its employees. Its attitude toward them is patriarchal, and it has the reputation of never having dismissed one. One or two have retired, but the rest have grown or are growing gray in the service with a view to ultimate retirement on pension. The salaries paid are exceptionally high, and no employee in a place of trust gets less than \$1,000 a year. No Christmas presents are given, but all employees share in the prosperity of the bank as reflected in its dividends.—Exchange.

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We Have Our Spring Oxfords for Ladies Children and Men.

For ladies we have a large stock of the well known Drew Selby Line. In this line you can find most any style you wish. Patent leather strap Oxfords, Gun Metal strap Oxford and Suede Oxfords. Also Tans. For children we have Wood's line made in New Jersey, one of the best lines of children shoes ever offered in Louisiana. We have this line in all sizes and all styles. For men we have our same lines, Just Wight, King Quality, Beacon and many other lines that we have not space to mention.

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