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

A happy fireside is better than a big bank account.

* * *

There is more sunshine in life to the minute than there is misery to the mile. But after all, it is just the way you look at it.

* * *

One of the most important things that a man owes to his family is cheerfulness. He should cast all trouble away when he comes to his home.

* * *

If you scar a sapling the tree will tell the tale; so if a child is subjected to improper influence and examples the scars will remain and his life be blighted by it.

* * *

You may preach sermons and advocate reforms and denounce wickedness, and yet your children will be captivated by the glittering saloon of sin unless you can make your home a brighter place than earth to any other place on earth to them.

* * *

The virtues grow about the home. They cluster, bloom and shed their perfume around the fire. Love, husband, wife, father, mother, child and home—without those words the world would be a barren wilderness, and men and women but brutish beasts.

* * *

We love to see people live well, says a thoughtful writer, and to dress respectfully, and enjoy themselves, but there is a happy meaning in all these things, and when that is passed in the direction of extravagance, the people distress and enslave themselves and diminish their ability to do good. For the sake of keeping up the styles, people live far above their income, harass themselves with debt, wear themselves out, and keep themselves in a constant nervous strain by giving fashionable dinners, fashionably entertaining and making fashionable calls.

* * *

All social circles welcome cheerfulness. A sunny face is an open pleasure to hearts and homes. By it burdens are lightened, care dispelled, sorrow banished, and hope made to reign triumphant where fear and doubt and despondency held high carnival. Your own life will be sweetened your own joys heightened by your perennial heaven lighted, sunny face.

* * *

Let us take time to get acquainted with our families. The wealth you are accumulating may be a doubtful blessing to the son who is a stranger to you. Your beautifully kept house, busy mother, can never be a home to the daughter whom you have no time to caress.

* * *

This is the ladies' age. There is no mistaking that fact and in spite of fate she is going to play no second fiddle in the near future. The ladies, bless 'em, can do anything now days but fish, and already they are wonderfully proficient in that art even—as far as suckers are concerned. The lady never says can't except when she means won't, and when she says, "I will," you can bet your neck she is going to if she has to sell the family Bible to do it.

* * *

God placed somewhere in the heart of each of us a tender memory, which enables us to touch with a gentle hand or soothing word to the heart of the afflicted. What a comfort to know that for every heartache, there is somewhere in the universe a heaven inspired soul to comfort those downcast. Let us make our words as dew from heaven, touching with gentle hand the withered flowers, giving new vigor to the hands.

* * *

Oh, gather all charms into your house! If you can afford it, bring books and pictures and cheerful entertainments to the household. But above all, teach those children, not by halt an hour twice a year on the Sabbath day, but day after day and every day teach them that religion is a great gladness, that it throws chains of gold about the neck, and it takes no spring from the foot, no blitheness from the heart, no sparkle from the eye, no ring from the laughter, but that "her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her peace."

* * *

Of course it is the natural desire of every mother that her daughter should "marry well," to use a current phrase. But much depends upon how we interpret the word "well." Usually it is applied to a young man's income or financial possessions. When this is the case, the standard used is an unfortunate one. There is not a more cruel standard by which to measure a young man than the position he is able to offer the girl of his choice. We do not advocate the "love in a cottage" theory, by any means, but we do believe in the good old-fashioned theory of a young couple starting out into the world with a modern income, and the climbing upward together.

* * *

Too many mothers consider their children as simple objects for the display of their own vanity and pride. Little Mary must be kept in pure white clothes all the season through, though neither the father's purse nor the mother's strength is sufficient to provide the numberless changes necessary. Instead of dressing the child in sensible frocks of blue flannel, such as millionaire's children are not ashamed to wear for play dresses, every effort is strained to reach this false ideal of dress which the mother has set up for herself. She sits up into the wee small hours of the night working on dainty gowns in which all the childish impulses for play are stifled forever in dress array.

As usually treated, a sprained ankle will disable a man for three or four weeks, but by applying Chamberlain's Liniment freely as soon as the injury is received, and observing the directions with each bottle, a cure can be effected in from two to four days. For sale by all dealers.

HER FRIEND'S GOOD ADVICE

The Results Made This Newburg Lady Glad She Followed Suggestion.

Newburg, Ala.—"For more than a year," writes Myrtle Cothrum, of this place, "I suffered with terrible pains in my back and head. I had a sallow complexion, and my face was covered with pimples. Our family doctor only gave me temporary relief.

A friend of mine advised me to try Cardui, so I began taking it at once, and with the best results, for I was cured after taking two bottles. My mother and my aunt have also used Cardui and were greatly benefited.

I shall always praise Cardui to sick and suffering women."

Cardui is a purely vegetable, perfectly harmless, tonic remedy for women, and will benefit young and old.

Its ingredients are mild herbs, having a gentle, tonic effect, on the womanly constitution.

Cardui has helped a million women back to health and strength.

Have you tried it? If not, please do. It may be just what you need.

N. B.—*Write to:* Ladies' Advisory Dept., Chattanooga Medicine Co., Chattanooga, Tenn., for *Special Instructions*, and 64-page book, "Home Treatment for Women," sent in plain wrapper, on request.

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LADIES! Ask your Druggist for CHI-CHES-TER'S DIAMOND BRAND PILLS in Red and Gold metallic boxes, sealed with Blue Ribbon. TAKE NO OTHER. Buy of your Druggist and ask for CHI-CHES-TER'S DIAMOND BRAND PILLS, for twenty-five years regarded as Best, Safest, Always Reliable.

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TIME TRIED WORTH TRYING

The Last Chance

It Led to Proof of True Friendship

By SARAH MARIA GRANT

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A dirty looking Mexican had brought the roughly scrawled note to the Lone Bull ranch. It was at the edge of the evening, and the extended absence of light hearted Harry Barry had been a matter of comment among his comrades. His two weeks' leave of absence had been stretched to three, and, although work was dull at this season, his silence caused a vague disquietude among the older men.

The note was addressed to Gabriel, and he unfolded it with the careful deliberation of one who seldom receives an epistle. He held the torn sheet of paper close to the lamp and scanned the words with sharp eyes that narrowed to mere pin points of light when he had concluded.

"It's from him," he said, with a curt nod toward Harry Barry's empty chair.

They scented trouble in the tone of his voice. Gabriel was not given to emotion, but he had grown attached to Harry Barry and loved him as a son.

"What's happened?" demanded Jim Lewis.

For answer Gabriel tossed the note across the table, and Jim seized it eagerly and read aloud:

Come to the three cottonwoods and bring the boys to celebrate. It's the last chance. H. B.

Hardened though they were, the faces of the four blanched as the meaning of the words smote them strongly. The three tall cottonwoods that stood near Satan's Gulch marked a spot that was recognized throughout the adjacent cattle country as a place where the swift justice of the plains was meted out to offenders.

Without a word the four arose and reached for their hats. In the same grim silence they strode out of the bunk house, forgetful of the Mexican, who crouched in the veranda as they passed.

They were three miles on their way toward Satan's Gulch when the Crane broke the silence. "What became of the greaser?" he asked suddenly.

"I forgot him," admitted Gabriel. "Did anybody pay him for the letter?"

"You paid him yourself, Gabe. I saw you flip him four bits," remarked Jim Lewis.

They all grew silent once more, thinking perhaps of the merry evenings spent under the star dusted sky or in the shelter of the bunk house with Harry Barry, the pivotal center about which good humor swung.

"There's only one thing Harry might do," growled Gabriel from the depth of a troubled heart.

"And he wouldn't do that unless he was pushed to wrangle. Harry, he wasn't one to force gun play," added Jim Lewis seriously.

"If Harry did drop his man it would be in a fair fight, and there wouldn't be no cause to"— The Crane's pause was significant.

They rode on across the shriveled grasses and down dry water courses, heading always for the southeast and yet ever dreading to glimpse the gaunt outline of the cottonwoods against the sky. A young moon slipped down the western spaces, and after awhile there was no light save that of the stars, and in the soft radiance they moved on their way to take advantage of their last chance to say farewell to Harry Barry.

It was Gabriel's eyes that first saw the black cottonwoods, and he halted his horse with a sudden jerk and stopped the progress of the other men.

"I got something to say," he muttered hoarsely. "We all know that what's going to happen in the morning can't be stopped just because Harry is our friend. Them of us that breaks the law, whether intentional or otherwise, has to pay the price, and Harry's got to take his medicine. But we'll all stand by him till"—

They nodded silently, but there was not one of them, Gabriel included, who did not register a mental vow to attempt to free Harry Barry before the dawn broke.

Almost within the shadow of the trees the four halted their horses and peered into the gloom. Jim Lewis slipped from his saddle and cautiously reconnoitered. Presently he came back and spoke breathlessly.

"He's yonder—alone. White Star is near at hand."

Leading his own horse and followed by the others, Jim Lewis cautiously led the way into the deeper shadows where Harry Barry was sleeping. They were somewhat puzzled at the absence of his captors, but Satan's Gulch presented many rocks and crannies that might be preferred to the star canopied sky as sleeping quarters, and probably the condemned man was bound and helpless.

Presently they discerned the outline of a picketed horse and not far away a dark bundle on the ground that breathed heavily.

"The young devil," groaned Gabriel to himself—"sleeping like that tonight!"

In spite of the silent vow that had been registered a half hour before Harry Barry's friends moved as by one accord to accomplish a set purpose.

Quietly enough one unpicketed the horse White Star and, mounting his own beast, led the other. Another pulled a blanket from his saddle, and the other two assisted in tossing it over Harry Barry's head and bodily carrying that bundle of muffled threats and wriggling muscled to Gabriel's mount, where he was laid across the saddle in front of the lean rancheros. The blanket was withdrawn from Harry Barry's indignant countenance, and he split the morning air with a whoop of disgust when he viewed the faces of his friends in the wan dawn. Worn and haggard they were, but each pair of faithful eyes viewed him with brotherly love.

"What in the blankety-blank-blank is the matter with you grazheeps?" he bellowed wrathfully. "Is this what you call a joke to carry a feller thirty miles away from the first streak of luck he's ever had? I wish I'd kept it to myself!" He looked around at their crestfallen faces, his own anger abating in the light of concern he read in the eyes fixed on him.

"We're your friends, Harry," boomed Gabriel solemnly. "What we've done this night has been agin the law, as we all know it, but I don't believe one mother's son of us would have done it for anybody but you. Seems like I couldn't bear not to hear you laugh no more." The rough fellow drew his sleeve across his brow, and for an instant his troubled and betraying eyes were hidden.

The others nodded assent. "Not for nobody but you, Harry," added the Crane crustily.

Harry Barry stared at their woebegone faces with bewildered eyes. He looked little like a condemned man—a man who had faced death but a few short hours before—a man who had escaped certain hanging from one of the three cottonwoods at Satan's Gulch.

"What's the rumpus?" he demanded at length. "You got my note all right?"

"That's why we came, and—what's happened that you call the limb of a cottonwood the first streak of luck you ever had?" demanded Gabriel sternly. "There wasn't no gal in the

Harry Barry stared. "Nary gal," he managed to say after awhile, "but what's the limb of a cottonwood tree got to do with me?"

Slowly Gabriel passed over the note that the Mexican had delivered, and the others stared curiously as the young man read it.

"Where's the rest of it?" he demanded.

"Rest of it?" they echoed.

"That's the way it was handed to me," said Gabriel.

"I'll bet the greasy toad tore some of it off to make a cigarette," suggested Harry Barry. Then, turning toward them, he said without a trace of humor in his pleasant voice: "This part, boys, sounds mighty desperate, but when I tell you what was in the part that the greaser tore off you'll understand. The whole note said: 'Harry, I've struck silver at Satan's Gulch after all! Come to the three cottonwoods and bring the boys to celebrate. It's the last Chance.' And, boys, the name of the new mine is Last Chance."

His careless young face grew very tender as the four yelled themselves hoarse with delight. They joked one another about the mistake they had made, and as they turned about and rode back over the trail into their own state they discussed, with much laughter, the pains they had taken to bring Harry Barry away from his streak of luck. Harry Barry's favorite theme for months had been his belief that silver ore would be found at Satan's Gulch, and he had utilized his three weeks' vacation to prospect that region thoroughly, with the best of success.

Harry Barry himself was the only serious one in the party bound for the cottonwoods. At first, when they all drew rein under the trees and had examined the notice of his claim that was posted, there they waited for him to speak.

He looked around at their tired faces and read the satisfaction in their eyes. There came to him then the full knowledge of what friendship means between men.

"Friends," he said gently, "I understand now why you rode down to the three cottonwoods, and you must have believed some in me to do what you did. This ain't going to be a big mine—there ain't a fortune in it—but, no matter what size it is, there's five partners in it, and it's name is Friendship. You fellers lay down and sleep while I get some breakfast."

Before they obeyed him there was a brief instant while hands gripped hands, and then the tension was removed, and they were on the old footing once more, save for the strong foundation that the night's work had laid for their future friendship.

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Noah's Liniment is the best remedy for Rheumatism, Sciatica, Lame Back, Stiff Joints and Muscles, Sore Throat, Colds, Strains, Sprains, Cuts, Bruises, Colic, Cramps, Neuralgia, Toothache, and all Nerve, Bone and Muscle Aches and Pains. The genuine has Noah's Ark on every package and looks like this cut, but has RED band on front of package and "Noah's Liniment" always in RED ink. Beware of imitations. Large bottle, 25 cents, and sold by all dealers in medicine. Guaranteed or money refunded by Noah Remedy Co., Inc., Richmond, Va.

Notice to Teachers

The school committee of Hayesville township will meet at Rocky Ford, on Saturday, September 22nd, at 2 o'clock for the purpose of electing teachers for the several schools of said township. Those applying will send their application in writing together with their certificate to the Secretary before the above date.

R. G. WINN, Sec.
Manson, R. F. D. N. C.

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J. P. Winston

There Will Be No Moving Pictures This Week

on account of series of meetings at the Baptist church. Immediately after the close of these services or on Monday, September 25th I will place upon the canvass some of the best pictures to be had. Bear this in mind and come to see us.

Notice!

Having qualified as administrators of J. H. Wheless, deceased, late of Franklin county, this is to notify all persons holding claims against his estate to present the same to the undersigned on or before August 11th, 1912, or this notice will be plead in bar of their recovery. All persons owing said estate will come forward and make immediate settlement. This August 11th, 1911.

J. C. WHELESS,
W. B. WHELESS,
Spring Hope, N. C. Ad'm'rs.

Public Examination

Pubiic examination will be held in Louisburg as follrws:

For White Teachers, Saturday, Sept. 23rd.

For Colored Teachers, Monday, Sept. 25th.

Examinations will begin at 10 a. m.

R. B. WHITE,
County Supt.

Notice

As manager of the Laurel Mills I wish to say to the public we have thoroughly overhauled and repaired the roller Flouring Mill. The rollers have been retessed and it is in fine condition for good grinding. Bring your wheat along and let us show you what we can do for you. We would be pleased to serve you day or night.

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Everything New From the Manufacturers

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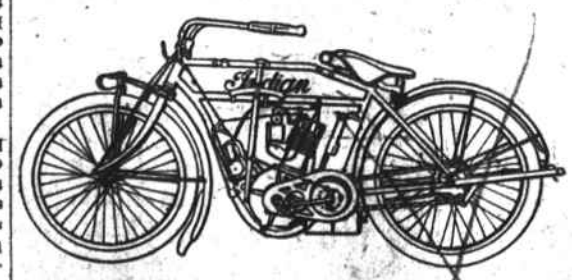

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