

THE HOME CIRCLE.

A Column Devoted to tired mothers as they join the Home Circle at Evening tide.

WE HAVEN'T TIME.

A smile to make the heart rejoice
Enwrapped a face so fair,
The music of a low, sweet voice
Came in upon the air;
The patter of two little feet
Was heard upon the floor,
When like a little sunbeam meet,
She came in the office door.
Her father's desk she soon found there
And how those bright eyes shone;
As holding up a rosebud rare,
She plucked on leaving home,
"For you, papa, I brought it here,"
She said with look sublime,
His answer was, "Don't bother, dear,
Go'way, I haven't time."
O, busy men, who never taste
Life's sweets from day to day,
Who brush aside life's flowers in haste,
That bloom along your way,
Who haven't time for smiles, and yet
Find time dark frowns to give,
Just your work, why can't you get
A little time to live?

THE path of life runs so crooked that we cannot see around the curves. Then there are so many junctions that the time-tables are forever getting mixed up. Under these circumstances life can never run smoothly. There will be trials as long as humanity exists.

DEATH OF A YOUNG MAN.

Jesus Christ died a young man and thirty years of his youth are unwritten save one week at the age of twelve and two retrospective incidental hints. There are three pictures suggested to us, in these unrecorded years—Jesus in His home, Jesus at worship, Jesus at the carpenter's bench. Jesus at his home—that home was Nazareth, a quiet town, isolated among the hills. Mary mother sweet type of womanhood, kept aloof from its roughness, guiding her household, cherishing the sweet mystery of her boy's birth. Joseph, gentle, quiet, fatherly, protected and cared for the little home, and Jesus growing in height to manly vigor, growing in wisdom of mind and heart, growing in favor—the love of God, the love of the children in the market place, the love of beasts and birds and flowers on the step slopes of the village.

Jesus at worship. Every Sabbath He, with His household, attended the plain little synagogue. At the proper age He went up to Jerusalem for the greater worship a narrative preserved for us in striking details by St. Luke's graphic pen. In His Father's temple seems to have come to Him the first deep breath of divine tragedy and triumph in which He was to be the hero and conqueror.

Jesus at the carpenter's bench. His fellow townsmen cried in contempt: "Is not this the carpenter?" Their scoff is his glory. The carpenter is the world's Saviour. A pious bishop in the middle ages prayed often to God that it might be manifested to him what Jesus did in His youth. When the bishop had a dream, he saw a carpenter working at his trade and a little boy beside him gathering chips. Then came forth a maiden clothed in green and called them to their meal and set porridge before them. And the bishop stood looking from behind the door. Then the little boy said: "Shall not the man also eat with us?" The glimpse of that reality is better than all the mediaeval fancies of madonnas and ameoles.

HOME TRAINING.

Bringing up children nowadays has come to be regarded as almost a science. Indeed, it must be called so, since college professors have taken up "child-study" as a regular theme for lectures.

Certainly no mother, present or prospective, can afford to neglect this important topic.

The power and influence of a Christian home cannot be over-estimated, and that home where

thoughtful, loving courtesy prevails is the one to which the children will look back after they have left it and to which they will joyfully return—for after all, what is nearer heaven than a true home?

Children should be early instructed not in "company manners," which are obviously artificial, but in true politeness coming from the heart. Kate Douglas Wiggin, in her charming story, "The Birds' Christmas Carol," humorously describes the effort of Mrs. Ruggles to instill into her progeny the essentials of polite behaviour. They lived in blissful ignorance of it all their lives, but an invitation to Christmas dinner makes a slight knowledge of etiquette necessary. Hence Mrs. Ruggles energetically drills and coaches her little flock, only to have her precepts promptly forgotten. We laugh at Mrs. Ruggles and her lecture on deportment, but have we never been guilty of the same to a lesser degree?

"Company is coming," the children are told, "and you must behave like ladies and gentlemen. You must eat nicely at the table and not talk much or interrupt any one." And other wise counsels are given. But you cannot condense several years' instruction in politeness into a few minutes cramming. Teach the children to be courteous in the home, both to parents and to one another.

Let the table be a place not merely for eating, but also for social enjoyment. Train the children how to eat daintily, to be thoughtful in passing the food which is near them and to take part in the conversation not monopolizing or interrupting it, but modestly and politely. Teach them to say, "Please" "Thank you," "Excuse me."

In short, try to make your "home manners" company manners, so when guests are present there will be no anxious "coaching" but the children and the whole family in fact, will be self-possessed, perfectly at ease and able to entertain hospitably. A great deal can be accomplished if parents are careful to be courteous to their children. A mother once having occasion to reach across her little daughter said, "Excuse me, dear." A guest who was present smiled quizzically and asked, "Are you always as particular as that?" "Certainly," replied the mother, "I want Ruth to be polite to me and so I must be polite to her." There is everything in the force of a good example.

Seen From the Locomotive's Cab.

"Yes, indeed, we have some queer little incidents happen to us," said an old time locomotive engineer at the Diller yesterday afternoon.

"Queer thing happened to me about a year ago. You'd think it queer for a rough man like me to cry for ten minutes and nobody hurt, either, wouldn't you? Well I did, and I can almost cry every time I think of it now.

"I was pulling passenger on the Canadian Pacific over in British Columbia when it happened.

"I was running along one afternoon pretty lively when I approached Kamlops, where the track is laid through the principal street of the town. I slacked up a little, but was still making good speed, when suddenly about twenty rods ahead of me a little girl not more than three years old toddled on to the track. You can't imagine my feelings. There was no way to save her. It was impossible to stop, or even slack much, at that distance as the train was heavy and the grade descending. In ten seconds it would have been all over and, after reversing and applying the air, I shut my eyes. I didn't want to see any more. As we slowed down my fireman stuck his head out of the cab window to see what I'd stopped for, when

he laughed and shouted to me: 'Jack, look here!' I looked, and there was a big black Newfoundland dog holding the little girl in his mouth, leisurely walking toward the house where she evidently belonged. She was kicking and crying, so that I knew she wasn't hurt and the dog had saved her. My fireman thought it funny and kept laughing, but I cried like a woman. I just couldn't help it. I had a little girl of my own at home in Vancouver."—Seattle Post Intelligencer.

A SHORT LETTER FROM COLLINSVILLE.

Farmer's Trying Experiments on Cotton and Corn—Other Notes about People and Things in This Section.

Mrs. Moses Shields has been very sick for several days.

Rev. Mr. Gibson preached at the school house Saturday.

We are needing a shower of rain in this neighborhood.

W. M. and Mrs. Barnett went to Henrietta, N. C., Saturday.

S. B. Weaver went to Spartanburg, S. C., Monday returning Tuesday.

Bert Blackwell let fire get started last Tuesday and burn 75 or 100 panels of pasture fence for S. B. and J. D. Weaver.

S. B. Weaver said he killed 105 rats last Friday and then remarked "and it wasn't much of a rat day either."

Miss Hattie Israel, of Spartanburg, S. C., came up last Tuesday to spend a few weeks with her aunt, Mrs. S. B. Weaver who is sick with childbed fever.

Sunday school was organized at the Collinsville school house Sunday and the following officers were elected: Luther Pitman, Superintendent; J. G. Raburn, Assistant Superintendent; Bud Pitman, Secretary.

Some of our farmer's are trying experiments on cotton and corn this year. J. S. Morris is trying an experiment on corn. He has used 400 lbs. of guano and a lot of stable manure on 1½ acres. John D. Weaver and Berry Cantrell are trying experiments on an acre of cotton. Weaver has put on his acre 400 lbs. of guano and 12 or 15 loads of stable manure. Cantrell has used 400 lbs of guano and 15 or 16 loads of stable manure. Why can't more of our farmers try experiments with corn, wheat, oats, etc? Why not cultivate fewer acres and prepare them better.

RAILROAD MEETING.

Great Enthusiasm Manifested by the People.

It looks like the Appalachian Interurban Railroad is going to be built. Great interest is shown. Large delegations from Gaffney, S. C., Rutherford county, Polk county and Avery's Creek township in Buncombe county, were present at the meeting on the 24th.

Early in the morning people began to gather from all parts of the county, and as the trains came in, they brought delegations from every direction. At one o'clock the Opera House was filled with business men who seemed to mean business. The meeting was called to order by the president of the Board of Trade, Capt. J. W. Wofford and Mayor J. Williams delivered a welltimed and appropriate address of welcome. Senator T. B. Butler of Gaffney, S. C., was then introduced and made a ringing patriotic business speech, in which he said that his people had recently procured a charter with the intention of meeting the people of North Carolina at the state line and carrying the road from thence through Gaffney to the Seaboard. He called attention to the fact that N. A. Wood President of the Gaffney National Bank, D. C. Ross owner of Gaffney tin mine, Ed. H. DeCamp editor of the Gaffney Ledger, Dr. Abernathy capitalist and W. C.

Hancock—president of the bank, and L. U. Campbell, secretary and treasurer of the Gaffney Cotton Mills, were with him as the representative of his people to make good any statement that he made; and that their people had the capital, nerve and inspiration necessary to make the thing go, and that they had a town that would furnish large business for the railroad, and that Hendersonville had what their people wanted and must have. Mr. Butler showed himself to be a fine business man, a splendid talker, and a polished gentleman.

W. A. Smith was then called upon to explain the object of the meeting, which he proceeded to do at some length, but in the end he said that the object was to build up and develop this country by building electric railroads from Hendersonville to Asheville, and from Hendersonville to Gaffney, in South Carolina, either through Rutherford or Polk counties, with branch lines to Tryon and to Greenville to Spartanburg to Charlotte. He said he had been studying this subject vigorously for five years, and that he was of the opinion that if the people in Hendersonville and Henderson county would get up the money necessary to organize the company, make the survey, and a proper prospectus by skilful reputable engineers, that the road would be built.

Judge Ewart was then called upon and responded by giving a statistical report of the country through which this road will run, the number of inhabitants, schools, towns, business enterprises, etc; and in a general way just such things as capitalists would want to know in order to ascertain what the earning capacity of the road would be. He also stated that he had just returned from Pittsburg and Cincinnati, and that he found men ready to furnish the money if a proper survey and a prospectus would confirm the figures which we claim.

The Polk county delegation was called upon, and responded by a welltimed sensible and appropriate speech from J. E. Shipman, who said that Polk county wanted the road, was going to have the road and that if necessary his people would subscribe \$100,000. Mr. Shipman spoke boldly, because Mr. F. M. Stearns a railroad man and a capitalist was listening to him and backing him up, as was also Clerk of Superior Court J. P. Arledge, T. C. Mills, W. A. Cannon and J. G. Hughes, all men of influence who know what their people want. F. M. Stearns, T. C. Mills and W. A. Cannon made short talks.

The Avery's Creek delegation from Buncombe was then called upon, and responded by an enthusiastic and welltimed speech from Mr. Ducker who said that they needed just what we propose to do, and if the road could be built down the French Broad through Avery's Creek that Avery's Creek was ready to respond with all the help and all the money that they could raise. His delegation consists of Z. T. Ledbetter, Mr. Glenn (county commissioner from Buncombe) and J. P. Cochrane, who were standing behind him and backing him up.

The Rutherford delegation, consisting of J. M. Flack, F. T. LeStrange and Col. Thos. Turner responded through Hon. J. B. Freeman, who claimed for them that Rutherford was very enthusiastic and that Chimmey Rock was the most important scenic spot in the world. This delegation said that Chimmey Rock alone would guarantee an average one car load of lumber every day for ten years and all the water power that was necessary to run the road, and the finest granite quarries on earth. Mr. LeStrange from the north represents several million dollars in capital who have bought up the timber and are putting in mills and anticipate many industries of large proportion.

After all, no one who was there went away with any other opinion than that the enterprise was of the most feasible, practical and permanent nature, and that the building of this road had now become a certainty. Each delegation seemed determined to have the road and have it through their section.

Conviction Follows Trial

When buying loose coffee or anything your grocer happens to have in his bin, how do you know what you are getting? Some queer stories about coffee that is sold in bulk, could be told, if the people who handle it (grocers), cared to speak out.

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BIG CUT PRICE SALE!

We have just completed taking stock and find that we have too many goods on our shelves which we have decided to close out at greatly reduced prices in order to make room for our new line of goods.

For the next sixty days we will offer good Outings at 8c per yard, Calicos at 4, 5, and 6c per yard, good Jeans at 20 and 25c per yard, Flannellettes at 10c per yard, and all other dry goods in proportion.

Shoes, both ladies' and gents', at 90c, \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$1.75, \$2.00, \$2.50 and \$2.75. These shoes formerly sold for \$1.25 to \$3.00 per pair.

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