

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

Leave your homes with loving words, they may be your last.

Love is the best and strongest thing on earth, but impatience can kill it.

Speak kindly, it encourages the downcast, cheers the sorrowing and often wakens the erring to earnest resolves to the better.

Parents are indebted to their children for the constant incentives to noble living; for the perpetual reminder that you do not live in yourself alone; for their sakes you are admonished to put from you the debasing appetite, the unworthy example of impulse; to gather into your lives every noble and heroic quality, every tender and attractive grace.

For a home to be a home in the highest sense of the word, and not merely a place to sleep and eat, each member of the family must contribute his or her share. There must be forbearance, sympathy and love. A great deal depends on the parents. They should in the early childhood of their children teach them to make the home the dearest place on earth. The aged live more in the past than the present. Their reveries are principally of their boyhood and girlhood. How necessary then that these days be made happy, that their reveries may give them pleasure. It is not a perfect home where the inmates hold themselves aloof. It is where the guest is ever welcome, where friends delight to come and come again. Those that shut themselves from the world become selfish and narrow minded. It requires interchange of thought to expand the mind. And what is more delightful than the happy interchange of thought between friends in a happy home?

Kindness is one of the purest traits that finds a place in the human heart. It gives us friends wherever we may chance to wander. To show kindness it is not necessary to give large sums of money or to perform some wonderful deed that will immortalize your name. It is the word of sympathy to the discouraged and disheartened. Kindness makes sunshine wherever it goes; it is the real law of life; the link that connects earth with heaven. Would you live in the remembrance of others after you are gone? Write your name on the tablets of their hearts by acts of kindness and love. The noblest revenge we can make upon our enemies is to do them a kindness.

It is customary, and seems to be natural, for blessings to brighten as they take their flight, the little hour of joy that was yesterday's portion, brief and humble though it may have been, becomes of a rosy hue and four-fold important when viewed in the flattering lights of retrospection. Countless numbers of us are chanting the burden of that tender lay: "Backward, turn backward, O Time in thy flight, Make me a child again just for to-night."

And to many the desire is largely prompted by visions of lost opportunities and misspent lives. The ever recurring theme, "It might have been," which tells the history, in brief of many life-time mistakes, is common to us all as we repeat the words with a sigh, realizing all too late, our former blindness and folly.

Many of us find life hard and full of pain. The world uses us rudely and roughly. We suffer wrongs and injuries. Other people's clumsy feet tread upon our tender spirits. We

must endure misfortunes, trials and disappointments. We cannot avoid these things, but we should not allow the harsh experiences to deaden our sensibilities or make us stoical or sour. The true problem of living is to keep our hearts sweet and gentle in the hardest conditions and experiences. If you remove the snow from the hillside in the late winter, you will find sweet flowers growing there beneath the cold drifts, unharmed by the storm and by the snowy blankets that have covered them. So could we keep our hearts tender and sensitive beneath life's fiercest winter blasts, and through the longest years of suffering, and even in injustice and wrong treatment. This is true victorious living.

POLITENESS.

What is politeness? It consists of a sincere and honest desire to promote the happiness of those around us, and not of false smiles and flattering words. The word politeness means real kindness, kindly expressed and also good breeding or elegance of manners. It is a trait which everyone admires and which confers upon its possessor a charm that does much to pave the way to success. It has been said that "a man's manners form his fortune." Whether this is really so or not, it is certain that his manners form his reputation. If his manners come directly from a kind heart, they will please though they be destitute of graceful polish.

Politeness is as much required at home as elsewhere. We should do things willingly and cheerfully. Shall by acts of kindness make life more pleasant and desirable, they make the difficulties of life seem more trifling and help to wipe away the tears of sorrow. We should always show the greatest politeness and deference to our friends and parents. Some persons are polite everywhere, but at home and there they are rude indeed. Perhaps if they are asked a question and they are occupied they will scowl and mutter something over to themselves and pay no attention to that one who spoke, as though they were too insignificant. How does it sound to hear a person say "yes" and "no" to everyone, especially their seniors? There is scarcely anything more important in a child than good breeding.

While it is comparatively easy to be polite toward strangers, or toward people of distinction, whom we meet in society or on public occasions, still it should be remembered that it is at home, in the family that an every day politeness is really most prized, coming as it should from the kindly feeling of the heart.

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Notice.

Having qualified as Administrator of J. W. Gupton, deceased, all persons owing his estate will make immediate payment, and all those holding claims against said estate must present them on or before January 15th, 1910, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery. This Jan. 15, 1909. JAMES BREWER, Admr.

THE FISH IN HIS BED.

Funny Climax to an Angling Experience of General Gallifet.

Long ago, in the days of the second empire, General Gallifet was the aide-camp of Napoleon III. At St. Cloud his quarters were just over the imperial bedroom. Everything around him was very grand and very gloomy. The window of his room looked upon the pond that washed the walls of the chateau. The water was clear and the surrounding scenery was beautiful, but the young lieutenant felt like a prisoner. Early one morning, while seated at his window trying to drive away the blues with a cigar, he espied below in the crystal water an enormous carp. The instinct of the angler, strong in Gallifet, made the young man's eyes snap and set his heart throbbing.

The big fish was the private property of the emperor. Consequently for Gallifet it was forbidden fish. But it was such a fine fellow! The resistance of the soldier's conscience was useless. It surrendered unconditionally. The remaining part of the campaign against the carp was simple enough. Gallifet went to his trunk, brought out his trusty line, to which he fastened a hook and an artificial bait. With his accustomed skill he cast his line. The carp was hooked and hauled in through the window.

Here the lieutenant's fun ended and his trouble began. The fish landed upon a table, overturned a large globe filled with water and caromed from that to a magnificent vase, which it also upset and smashed to pieces upon the floor. They it began to execute a genuine pas de carpe among the smithereens.

The emperor, hearing the strange racket overhead and seeing the water trickling through the ceiling, was astonished. He rushed upstairs to find out what was the matter. Gallifet heard him coming and endeavored to grab the carp and throw it out of the window and thus destroy the evidence of his poaching in the imperial pond. But the slippery thing was hard to hold, so he tossed it into a bed and covered it up with the bedclothes. When the emperor entered the room, he noticed immediately the quivering bedclothes. He pulled them down and uncovered the foundering fish. His majesty's face assumed an almost jamaican expression, which gradually faded into a faint smile. He took in the entire situation, saluted and left the future war minister to meditate upon the mysteries of a fisherman's luck.

Fever and Wet Clothes.

General Baden-Powell in his book, "Scouting For Boys," writes of the dangers that come from wet garments and of the best way to dry one's clothes: "You will often get wet through on service, and you will see recruits remaining in their wet clothes until they get dry again. No old scout would do so, as that is the way to catch fever and get ill. When you are wet take the first opportunity of getting your wet clothes off and drying them, even though you may not have other clothes to put on, as happened to me many a time.

"I have sat naked under a wagon while my one suit of clothes was drying over a fire. The way to dry clothes, over a fire is to make one of hot ashes and then build a small beehive shaped cage of sticks over the fire and hang your clothes over the cage, and they will very quickly dry; also in hot weather it is dangerous to sit in your clothes when they have got wet from perspiration.

"On the west coast of Africa I always carried a spare shirt hanging down my back, with the sleeves tied around my neck. So soon as I halted I would take off the wet shirt I was wearing and put on the dry, which had been hanging out in the sun on my back. By this means I never got fever when almost every one else went down with it."

Sacred Birds of the Aztecs.

Imagine a bird the size of a pigeon, its back, head, wings and breast dazzling metallic green with golden sheen, its entire lower parts vivid scarlet, a 2-ft. recurved crest curling over the bill and ferny, curved plumes, lapping over the wings, while two or three slender green feathers a yard or more in length extend over and beyond the glossy black and white tail. Such is the Quetzal, or resplendent Trogon, sacred bird of the Montezumas, national emblem of Guatemala and the handsomest and most striking of all the gorgeous Trogon family. Although found in nearly every republic of Central America, this superb creature is confined entirely to the heavy oak forests of the higher mountains. In these localities his shrill scream may be heard at any time, yet it is a difficult matter to even catch a glimpse of his brilliant form as he flits from tree to tree and far more difficult is the task of securing specimens. Apparently fully aware of their beauty and value, these royal birds are exceedingly shy and suspicious, keeping entirely to the topmost branches of the tallest trees, frequently far out of shotgun range. This statement is no exaggeration, for the trees often attain a height of 300 feet.—Outing Magazine.

A Question.

Knicker—This was called a rich man's panic because there were no failures. Bocker—Then is marriage a poor man's panic?—New York Sun.

Wilder Than Ever.

"He's perfectly wild over his new auto." "Hub! You should see him under it."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

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