

# HOME CIRCLE COLUMN.

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

## CRUDE THOUGHTS FROM THE EDITORIAL PEN

For a wife, take the daughter of a good mother.

A great singer had just finished singing "Home, Sweet Home," and many of the audience were in tears. "It's a beautiful song," said a girl to an older woman, who sat next to her. "Yes," was the reply, "and the sentiment to which it moves all those people is beautiful. How much happier the word would be if everyone had as much principle as sentiment on the subject, and followed out a plain every-day rule of making home sweet."

A gentleman hands us the following scrap; and we presume that he knows better than we do as to the statement being a truthful one. From the bit of confusion we have noticed in approaching these masculine groups, we rather suspect the words are not wide of the mark. "It is certainly amusing, when one has a little leisure to approach a group of men on the sidewalk, and listen to the conversation just to hear how carelessly profanity mixes in. This man tears off an oath and that one tips off a dozen bad words in no time. All of a sudden the loud laugh ceases, and the most refined language the "group" is capable of using takes its place. Goodness what a change—and what caused it—O, nothing, only a lady has approached them, and they have a little more respect for her than themselves. Well, well, a lady is a missionary wherever she may be."

### THE SMALL BOY.

Nothing is better calculated to ruin a small boy than for him to have two homes, to either of which he is permitted to go at will. If mother reproves or chastises him for his naughtiness, he takes his hat and goes over to grandma's or auntie's house. There he is received, cajoled, petted and permitted to remain a day or two, or perhaps a week. Then because of some overt act, he is reproved, and he picks up his hat and goes off home, where he is kindly received and no reference had to his former misconduct. In this way he is permitted to oscillate between two homes, all the time developing his disregard of the restraints of rightful authority. Trained in this way, he grows up self-willed, has no regard for the rights or wishes of others, and unless some remarkable freak of grace interposes to check his wild career, he is pretty certain to land in the penitentiary.

### NEIGHBORS.

A good neighbor is always the most desirable of possessions, although in some cases their social value is underestimated. What constitutes a good neighbor is also frequently misconstrued, although the sensible acceptance of the term is, the neighbor who is friendly (without being officious, helpful without being superfluous) and finally, one who respects the privacy of others' household affairs by a certain degree of formality of manner.

The social neighbor is not always the useful neighbor, yet each in her place has special influences to exert of equally beneficial consequences. The sympathetic neighbor is also a popular one, but she has to exercise continuous tact, lest her solacing influence may occasionally be overdone or utilized at untimely periods. The inquisitive neighbor is always a dread to everybody within the reach of her inquisitive curiosity, as she does not seem to have any intuitive respect for others' feelings as regards their divulgence of personal affairs to an outsider.

The truest and most respected of all neighbors, however, is the one who always speaks well of everybody, who devotes the largest share of her sympathies to her own affairs,

is chary of administering unsolicited advice, and who always waits until her social and useful capacities are requested, and never renders herself officious even in her most genuine efforts at proving to be a good neighbor.

### SAFEGUARDS FOR YOUNG MEN

Now, what are the safeguards of young men? The first safeguard of which we want to speak is a love of home. There are those who have no idea of the pleasures that concentrate around that word "home." Perhaps your early abode was shadowed with vice or poverty. Harsh words and petulance and scowling may have destroyed all the sanctity of that spot. Love, kindness and self-sacrifice, which have built their altars in so many abodes, were strangers in your father's house. God pity you, young man. You never had a home. But a multitude of young men can look back to the spot that they can never forget. It may have been a lowly root, but you cannot think of it now without a dash of emotion. You have seen nothing on earth that has so stirred your soul. A stranger passing along that place might see nothing remarkable about it, but oh! how much it means to you. Fresco on palace wall does not mean so much to you as those rough hewn rafters. Parks and bowers and trees at fashionable watering place or country seat do not mean so much to you as that brook that ran in front of the plain farm house and singing under the weeping willows. The barred gateway swung open by porter in full dress does not mean so much to you as that swinging gate, your sister on one side of it and you on the other. She, gone for fifteen years ago into glory! That scene coming back to you today as you swept backward and forward on the gate, singing the songs of your childhood. But there are those who have their second dwelling place. It is your adopted home. That also is sacred forever. There you establish the first family altar. There your children were born. In that room flapped the wing of the death angel. Under that roof when your work is done, you expect to lie down and die. There is only one word in all the language that can convey your idea of that place, and that word is "home." We never knew a man who was faithful to his early and adopted home who was given over at the same time to any gross form of wickedness. If you find more enjoyment in the clubroom, in the literary society, in the art saloon, than you do in these unpretending home pleasures, you are on the road to ruin. Though you may be out off from your early associates, and though you may be separated from all your kindred, young man, is there not a room somewhere that you can call your own? Though it be the fourth story of a third class boarding house, into that room gather books, pictures and a harp. Hang your mother's portrait over the mantle. Bid unholy mirth stand back from that threshold. Consecrate some spot in that room with the knee of prayer. By the memory of other days, a father's counsel, a mother's love and a sister's confidence, call it home.

### A Guaranteed Article.

Many things are advertised and many promises are made, but it is not always that these promises are made in good faith nor can they always be kept. With a laxative remedy like Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, it is different. This remedy will cure constipation, indigestion, liver trouble, flatulency, heartburn, sour stomach and all other diseases of the stomach, liver and bowels, in old or young. A rich company is behind every statement made. It is absolutely guaranteed to do what is claimed, and if you want to try it before buying, send your address for a free sample bottle to Pepsin Syrup Co., 119 Caldwell Bldg., Monticello, Ill. It is sold by The Boddie-Perry Drug Co., at 50c and \$1 a bottle.

## AN ART TREASURE.

The Owner Didn't Appreciate the Gem of His Collection.

Some years ago a well known art expert was summoned to act in the capacity of private appraiser to a young man who desired to sell at auction the contents of his father's picture gallery. The man appreciated his own limitations sufficiently to realize the need of such advice as the critic had to offer, though the actual depth of his ignorance was not patent at the beginning of the interview.

The two men were in the gallery, and the owner discoursed somewhat intelligently on a pair of enormous battle scenes for which his father had paid a fabulous sum and out of which he hoped to realize much more than the original price. A few other highly pictorial compositions came in for their share of approval. He would rather like to keep those really "good" things. But he felt that they would command the highest price at the sale.

The expert passed them with a glance. He felt sure that the owner would realize his desire to keep them unless he was willing to sacrifice them for a title of what his father had paid for them a score of years before, when that sort of painting was in vogue.

From the moment the connoisseur entered the long room he kept his eye on a small canvas disdainfully "skipped" above the opposite door. Though the light was bad and the position the worst possible, he took in the matchless sweep of technic in that painted head. As soon as the young man had exhausted his enthusiasm over the showy pictures the artist called his attention to the modest canvas.

"Oh, that's a sketch by an obscure German painter," the owner returned, "a thing my father picked up somewhere. It doesn't amount to anything. I had it hung up there to get it out of the way."

"Will you sell it for a hundred dollars?"

"I should rather think I would," the owner replied in some astonishment. "But I don't want to rob you."

"And I don't want to rob you," his guest echoed. "That despised sketch is the best thing in your collection, the one that ought to bring the highest price. It is a Lenbach. No one else paints like that. A Lenbach needs no signature."

The owner was not convinced, indeed, was rather anxious to make the sale on the spot, and his doubt was not dissipated until the auction was over and he learned that the little Lenbach had brought something over \$3,000, the highest price paid for any picture in the collection. The war canvases went for a song.—New York Tribune.

### A Missing Point.

"Professor," said an acquaintance, "you understand Latin, do you not?"

"Well," replied the professor, "I may be said to have a fair knowledge of Latin."

"I know everybody says you have. I wish you would tell me what 'volix' means. Nobody that I have asked seems to have heard the word."

"If there is any such word as 'volix,' madam, of which I have serious doubts, I certainly do not know what it means."

"You surprise me, professor. A man of your attainments ought to know that 'volix' means vol. ix."

The professor devoted a moment to calling up his reserves and bringing his light artillery into action.

"It is no wonder, madam," he said, "that I did not see the point of your joke. You left the point out of it."

### Quick Witted Divines.

Dr. P. S. Henson once delivered his lecture on "Fools" at the New York Chautauqua. In introducing him Bishop Vincent said:

"Ladies and gentlemen, we are now to listen to lecture on 'Fools,' by one— The audience broke into a roar of laughter, and after it had died away Bishop Vincent added, "of the most brilliant men in America."

Dr. Henson rose and, with a genial smile, said, "Ladies and gentlemen, I am not so great a fool as Bishop Vincent"— Another roar of laughter, after which the speaker added, "would have you believe."

### Diagnosis.

Into a general store of a town in Arkansas there recently came a darky complaining that a ham which he had purchased there was not good.

"The ham is all right, Zeph," insisted the storekeeper.

"No, it ain't, boss," insisted the negro. "Dat ham's shore bad!"

"How can that be," continued the storekeeper, "when it was cured only last week?"

The darky scratched his head reflectively and finally suggested:

"Den mebbe it's had a relapse."—Harper's Weekly.

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### Weak Women

To weak and ailing women, there is at least one way to help. But with that way, two treatments, must be combined. One is local, one is constitutional, but both are important, both essential. Dr. Shoop's Night Cure is the Local. The former—Dr. Shoop's Night Cure—is a topical mucous membrane suppository remedy, while Dr. Shoop's Restorative is wholly an internal treatment. The Restorative reaches throughout the entire system, seeking the repair of all nerve, all tissue, and all blood elements. The "Night Cure", as its name implies, does its work while you sleep. It soothes sore and inflamed mucous surfaces, heals local weaknesses and discharges, while the Restorative, eases nervous excitement, gives renewed vigor and ambition, builds up wasted tissues, bringing about renewed strength, vigor, and energy. Take Dr. Shoop's Restorative—Tablets or Liquid—as a general tonic to the system. For positive local help, use as well

### Dr. Shoop's Night Cure

THE BODDIE-PERRY DRUG CO.

### BOARDERS WANTED.

"I have opened a boarding house at 109 South Blount Street, Raleigh, N. C., and will be glad to have all who wish good board to call and see me. I shall be glad to have all my Franklin County friends call to see me when in Raleigh.

Mrs. S. W. Jones

### Notice to Chaney Egerton.

You will take notice that on the 4th day of May, 1908, I bought for your taxes, due for the year of 1907, a lot of land in Franklin County, and in the town of Louisburg, containing about one-half acre, said lot was listed in your name for taxes. You will further take notice that on the 14th day of next May, 1909, I shall apply to the Sheriff of Franklin County for a deed to said land unless the same is redeemed on or before said time.

MRS. E. C. PERRY,

This 11th February, 1909.  
 Returned without finding, J. J. Lancaster, Constable.

### Dissolution Sale.

The firm of Cooper and Pleasants is this day dissolved by mutual consent, M. C. Pleasants having purchased the entire stock of merchandise belonging to the firm. He will collect all debts due the firm and will pay all outstanding obligations against the firm as per terms of sale. GEO. H. COOPER, M. C. PLEASANTS

### Dissolution Notice.

The firm heretofore known as Murphy & Williams has this day been mutually dissolved and the business will be continued by Mr. W. E. Murphy at the same place. Mr. W. E. Murphy having bought the interest of Mr. V. C. Williams he will pay all claims against the old firm and also collect all accounts due said firm.  
 This Feb. 10, 1909.

W. E. MURPHY  
 V. C. WILLIAMS

Having bought the above business I wish to say to all our customers that I will continue to carry a nice stock of fresh meats, etc. and will also give the very best of service. I shall appreciate the trade of any new customer wishing good meats and good service.  
 Respectfully,  
 W. E. MURPHY.

### NOTICE

Having qualified as executor of the will of John H. Gupton, deceased, late of Franklin County, N. C., this is to notify all persons having claims against said estate to present the same to me on or before the 18th day of Feb. 1910 or this notice will be plead in bar of their recovery. All persons indebted to said estate will please make immediate payment to the undersigned this Feb. 18, 1909.  
 K. M. GUPTON, Exr.

## CHOICE Cut Flowers!!

Roses, carnations and violets a specialty. Wedding bouquets and floral offerings arranged in best style at short notice. Summer flowering bulbs, bedding plants, rose bushes, and everything in the florist line, at

J. LO'QUINN & CO  
 PHONE 149  
 Raleigh, North Carolina.

### Notice to The Public.

I have reuted Mr. Ben M. Moore's flour and grist mills near Youngsville, which have recently been put in first class condition—new bolting cloths, etc. Give me a trial, I am certain I can please you.  
 SYL PEARCE.

### NOTICE.

The place for hungry men will be found at

### G. S. WHITE'S RESTAURANT

having recently moved in Meadows new building. A first-class meal can and will be served fresh and hot, with the best market affords. Come to see me.  
 Yours to please,  
 G. S. WHITE.