

The ~ Home ~ Corner



BY JES' LAUGHIN'.

It's curious what a sight o' good a little thing will do:
How ye kin stop the fiercest storm when it begins to brew,
An' take the sting from what commenced ter rankle when 'twas spoke,
By keepin' still and treatin' it as if it wuz a joke,
Ye'll find that ye kin fill a place with smiles instead o' tears,
An' keep the sunshine gleamin' through the shadows of the years
By Jes' laughin'.

Folks sometimes falls ter note the possibilities that lie
In the way yer mouth is curvin' an' the twinkle in yer eye;
It ain't so much what's said that hurts ez what ye think lies hid,
It ain't so much the doin' ez the way a thing is did;
An' many a home's kep' happy an' contented day by day,
An' like ez not a kingdom hex been rescued from decay
By Jes' laughin'.

—Selected.

BETTY.

"And I'm going to ask the committee to give me some other girl," he concluded as he reached my steps.
"Just why?" I asked.
"Oh—oh, she isn't in our set—lives away over on the East Side somewhere! She's so slangy and so giggly. The boys never would leave me alone if I took her!"

"What did you say her name was?"

"I haven't said yet; it's Betty Meech."

Then I was really surprised. "Betty! Why, she is one of the brightest and prettiest girls in the school!"

"Oh, I guess she's pretty, and I guess she's bright!" with an air of great virtue. "But you ought to hear her!"

"Do you know anything about her?" I demanded.

"Only what I've told you."

"You shall know more before I let you go. She is the bravest little girl in the world. Her father is a good man, but he is poor, and one of the unluckiest sort. Her mother died when Betty was eleven years old, leaving two other little girls for Betty to take care of."

"Why, she couldn't—at eleven!" stammered the boy.

"Well, she did. She herself, Betty

Meech, with very little help, has kept that home together since then. She has washed and ironed and cooked and mended, and you never saw a neater-looking girl in your life, did you?"

"No," he laughed. "She always wears white shirt waists, and they're dazzling."

"Yes, she does them up herself. And she keeps up in her studies fairly well. She has no help like you and your set and she is the bravest, most cheerful child I ever saw. Words won't express my admiration for her courage. You haven't told anybody, have you, that you wouldn't take her? You'll be a good boy and a gentleman, won't you?"

"I'm sorry," he said, half amused and half chagrined. "I didn't mean to punch that button."

The incident remained in my mind; and when an unsmiling, hard-eyed little Betty Meech came into my room the next afternoon, I was somewhat prepared.

"I never have meant to bother you before, but I'm just full now—off the hooks," she blurted out.

"Sit down and tell me all about it," I suggested, as I tried to make her comfortable in an easy chair. But she sat bolt upright and jerked out her trouble: "Some one told me she heard the boy who was detailed to ask me to go to the reception threw me over. I don't know why—whether it's my mug or my glad rags, or my palatial residence or what?"

"I could not help smiling. 'You don't know positively that this is so, do you, Betty?"

"Oh, I don't know, but—"

"Suppose that whoever it is really came and asked you, you would go, wouldn't you?"

"Not for mine!" And her eyes flashed.

"So if he really wanted you to go, he would feel as badly treated as you are feeling now."

"Sure. I didn't think of that." A glimmer of a smile made her look more like the Betty I knew.

"I don't believe there could be any

reason for what you say," I went on.

"You are the best possible company—good-natured and—"

"I heard he said 'giggly!'" she interrupted hotly.

"Oh, well, that would be your chance! If he really did say that, you could go and prove it wasn't so."

"I—why, I've tried to be laughing and cheerful," she said hesitatingly. "I don't say much about it, but I've had lots of hard times, and I made up my mind that I wouldn't be downed by things. I'd just buck up to things and laugh my way out of hard places."

"Indeed you have, Betty! Nobody knows it better than I do. You could just prove to him that night that good-humored courage and light-hearted laughter are not giggling."

"Maybe I do sound giggly," she said suddenly.

"Maybe. But once your attention is turned to the matter you could manage that. And of course there couldn't be anything else. You are the prettiest girl!"

"I heard slangy!" she blurted out.

"How could that be?" I said solemnly.

Betty looked at me open-eyed, flushed, and laughed. "Oh, gee!" she said. "I'm sure to come up with that."

"Now your attention is turned to that, of course you could easily disprove that statement. Why, Betty, it would be fine fun! Be sure you accept. I know you will be invited."

Not long after a certain boy again walked with me to my steps. "We had a fine time," he said. "She was the prettiest girl there, I think, and just the best company ever! Didn't giggle a bit. I felt awfully ashamed of myself. And for slang, not a girl there talked any better than she did."

"Bless her heart!" was my outspoken comment.—Jessie Wright Whitcomb, in Wellspring.

TOM'S IDEA.

"I plowed up the Pike meadow this morning, and I want you to pick out the stones this afternoon, Tom," said Farmer Green to his son at the dinner table one day.

Tom said nothing; but he looked his dismay, and forgot to eat the piece of turnip which he held balanced on the end of his three-tined fork.

"Throw them over to the west side of the lot; then they will be out of the way," continued his father, as he put on his hat to go back to his work.

"Yes, sir," said Tom.

The door shut, and Tom groaned.

"I was going over to Sam's to make

that boat this afternoon," he explained to his sympathetic mother. "I thought that meadow wasn't going to be plowed till next week."

"If you go right about it, perhaps you can get through in time to go to Sam's," advised his mother.

"I'll take the whole afternoon to do it all alone, and I shan't get through before dark," said Tom, dimly.

Mrs. Green said nothing more, and began to wash the dishes.

Tom wandered out to the hen-yard with his hands in his pockets. He stood watching an old biddy call her chicks about her, when suddenly a bright idea struck him. "I've got it!" he cried, giving such a war-whoop that the hen and her chickens scattered in eleven directions. He turned on his heel, and rushed into the house very differently from the way he had gone out a few minutes before. "I'm going over to Sam's," he said to his mother.

She looked at him, and saw a roguish twinkle in his brown eyes. "Well," she said. "Only, Tom, don't fail to have your work done by night."

"No, ma'am," trying to look sober, though he smiled in spite of himself. An hour later he came into the dining-room where she was sewing, and tilted himself on her rocker, while he coaxed: "Say, mother, can't I have a few of the fellows to supper? And won't you make some hot biscuits? Father's going to the village, and won't get home till 7 o'clock. So he won't care."

"I guess so," she answered. "I was going to make biscuits anyway, and I can make a few extra just as well." She did not ask him why he wanted the boys to supper; but she knew he was working out some bright idea of his own, and, mother-like, was ready to help, while she watched him curiously. Soon after she heard him sawing in the woodshed. Then he came to ask for some red paint.

The boys came at 4 o'clock, according to Tom's invitation. There were four of them besides Tom.

Mrs. Green looked out of the kitchen window, and saw Tom taking them toward Pike meadow. Over on the west side of the meadow she could see some bright object standing on the stone wall, but she could not tell what it was. She saw the boys stoop, and fill their pockets with stones. Then they formed in line, and took turns throwing the stones at the object on the other side. They kept their shot flying, little by little, moving nearer their target. Meanwhile the farmer's wife baked her delicious biscuits, and laughed at herself.

At 6 o'clock the five young slings-

ers came trooping in to supper, hot and hungry.

"That was a fine target, Tom," said one of his guests. "Where did you get it?"

"Made it," said Tom, promptly.

"Had some paint left over from the boat, you know?"

While they were eating, Mr. Green came home unexpectedly. He spoke kindly to them all. Then, turning to Tom, he said, "Did you pick the stones out of the meadow this afternoon, as I told you, and throw them on the west side, Thomas?"

"Yes, sir, we did," said Tom, demurely, while the other boys, seeing through the joke for the first time, fairly shouted.—Harper's Young People.

We deal with him as if he were opposed to our best purposes and grudging to advance us in all good, as if our best prospects began in our own conception and we had to win God over to our views. If God is unwilling, then there is an end; no device nor force will get us past Him. If He is willing, why all this unworthy dealing with Him, as if the whole idea and accomplishment of Salvation did not proceed from Him.—Marcus Dods

Great hearts alone can understand how much glory there is in being good. To be and keep so is not the gift of a happy nature alone, but it is strength and heroism.—Jules Michelet.

Prejudice corrupts the taste, as it prevents the judgment, in all the concerns of life.—Racine.

BEST KNOWN COUGH REMEDY.

For forty-three years Dr. King's New Discovery has been known throughout the world as the most reliable cough remedy. Over three million bottles were used last year. Isn't this proof? It will get rid of your cough, or we will refund your money. J. J. Owens, of Allendale, S. C., writes the way hundreds of others have done: "After twenty years, I find that Dr. King's New Discovery is the best remedy for coughs and colds that I have ever used." For coughs or colds and all throat and lung troubles, it has no equal. 50c and \$1.00 at your druggist.

Beverly Poultry Yards
KITTRELL, N. C.

S. C. White Orpingtons.

S. C. White Leghorns.

4 Prizes State Fair 1912

Eggs for hatching \$1.50 to

\$5.00 per 15. Cockerels \$2.50

to \$10.00. Trios \$7.50 to \$25.

Write for folder.

Life Saver

In a letter from Branchland, W. Va., Mrs. Elizabeth Chapman says: "I suffered from womanly troubles nearly five years. All the doctors in the county did me no good. I took Cardui, and now I am entirely well. I feel like a new woman. Cardui saved my life! All who suffer from womanly trouble should give Cardui a trial."

Take **CARDUI**

The Woman's Tonic

50 years of proof have convinced those who tested it, that Cardui quickly relieves aches and pains due to womanly weakness, and helps nature to build up weak women to health and strength. Thousands of women have found Cardui to be a real life saver. Why not test it for your case? Take Cardui today!

Valuable Land for Sale

Ninety-six acres in Wake County, N. C., two miles west of Cary. Apply to

W. J. PEELE, Commissioner,
Raleigh, N. C.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.

Having qualified as Executor of the estate of Miss Annie J. Whitaker, deceased, late of Wake County, North Carolina, this is to notify all persons having claims against the said deceased to exhibit them to the undersigned at his office in the City of Raleigh, North Carolina, on or before the first day of March, 1914, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery.

All persons indebted to said estate will please make immediate payment.

JOEL WHITAKER,
Administrator of Miss A. J. Whitaker.

February 24, 1913.

RALEIGH'S NEW SHOPPING CENTRE

For the North Carolina Ladies

...Sprightly Spring Styles in New-Weave Suits...

A
New
Store
with
New
Goods
for
Ladies,
Children
and
Tots

Compare Prices is Our Request

Wash Dresses, Rompers and Romper Dresses for Children
Millinery Line Unsurpassed

The Ladies new shopping place, where every item of Clothing—except shoes is carried, and that in its newest and latest form. This is a new feature in Raleigh, in that the prices should and are lower than you would naturally expect. In establishing a front street store, our effort was to be centrally located, and yet keep down the running expenses so that the prices placed on the goods would not be unreasonable. Our quarters at 210 Fayetteville street is the ideal spot for mothers and their daughters who wish to buy the best at the most reasonable prices.

Spring is here and with the gladness of the season, we present some stunning styles. Coat Suits, Dresses, Waists, Skirts, in plain and fancy effects. Wash Suits and Dresses, Kimonas, Dressing Sacques, Hosiery, etc. The entire list of articles for the children (except shoes) may be purchased here. Whether or not you wish to purchase, make this store your stopping place while in Raleigh. You will be treated just like "home folks,"—every courtesy being extended.

"The Ladies' Store"

S. GLASS,

210 FAYETTEVILLE STREET, RALEIGH, N. C.

"The Ladies' Store"