



The Home-Corner

A CURE FOR CROSSNESS.

By H. Woodruff.

Bob was in disgrace. His father had reprimanded him at the breakfast-table for tardiness; his teacher at school for idleness; and the captain of the baseball nine for rittention at the most critical point of the game. Poor boy! the world looked dark to him. No one understood him—no one cared. And just because Bob was not given to sniveling, he took refuge in crossness. Not all the beauty of the lovely garden, in its most glorious summer garb of brilliant color, could drive away from his boyish brow the gloomy cloud. He sulked in the hammock and would not be comforted.

"Hello, Bob! Where are you hiding yourself?"

Two jolly chums of the moping boy—Tom Seaton and Jim Borden—came prancing into the yard in a state of high glee.

Bob scowled at them without a word in reply.

"Are you coming out to play after supper?" asked Jim, eagerly.

"Nick expects the whole Nine—without fail—and no skulking. You'll come, won't you, Bob?"

"No, I won't!" snapped Bob.

"Nick Nelson can get any one he likes to take my place. He's going to find out he can't bully me."

The boys exchanged dismayed glances. Well they knew that Bob's place would not be easy to fill. They sat down on the grass to watch Bob's brother and sister amusing themselves with ball and bat.

"You let that bat alone!" Bob yelled at Arthur, who was two years younger than he. "Who said you could use it?"

"We're not hurting your old bat," said Arthur, holding it in position for Molly to throw the ball.

"It's mine! Give it here!" and Bob darted at Arthur and grabbed the bat from his hands, not noticing that he had upset toddling Tommy—the pet of the family—on the way.

"Bobby!" called his mother from the parlor window. "I'm ashamed of you. I can hardly believe that this is my big—my biggest boy. What is wrong, my son? Tell mother."

This was the limit! To have mother, too, down on him! Bob flung away into the deepest shade of the shrubbery at the end of the long garden, and threw himself down on the grass under the lilac bushes. For a long time it seemed to him he lay there—although not many minutes had passed—unhappy and ashamed. He was fond of his two chums, and loved to be in their company. Why, then, had he treated them so ungraciously?

Bob was not a selfish boy. He did not begrudge to his brother and sister the use of any of his belongings. Why, then, had he made such a fuss over the ball and bat? He dearly loved his parents. Why, then, had he so resented their rebuke? Why had he acted so to all of them? It was nothing but the ill-temper, which he would not try to control.

Now, of course, they were all down on him, and he could not blame them. He felt very wretched indeed. He wanted to go back and be friends with them again, but could not make up his mind to face them. They would not understand. Tom and Jim were touchy fellows. They would not be likely to forget the snub he had given them in a hurry.

They were going. He could hear their voices as they passed along the street, and—yes!—Arthur and Molly were with them. They were laughing merrily, as if at some huge joke. They had forgotten all about him. It was a bitter thought.

Presently he heard them all coming back. What did it mean? Tom's voice, raised for his benefit, penetrated into Bob's hiding-place.

"Where has His Highness betaken himself?" in a high, miming falsetto, which could not disguise the speaker's identity.

"Will not Your Lordship design to come forth and shed the light of your countenance upon your humble vassals?" from Jim, in an amazing and husky bass.

"Where in the mischief are you, anyway, Bob?" demanded Arthur, in his own natural voice, while Molly chanted in her sweet girl's treble—punctuated with giggles:

"Come forth, prithee, Sir Sulkiness, and partake with us of the feast."

Bob stared in astonishment as they bore down upon him with hands full of goodies, procured in haste at the nearest store—all the dainties they knew Bob especially liked.

"We all chipped in out of our hard-earned savings," explained Tom, with a grin. "What with this stuff, and the cake your lady-mother contributed from her goodly stores, you can call this a fairly decent spread," and he watched Molly lay out the eatables on a white cloth, spread on the grass, with acute appreciation.

"Now will you be good?" demanded Jim.

"Yes, I will," said Bob—shamefaced, but happy. "But I don't deserve it."

"That's all right, my son," Jim waved his hand loftily. "Neither do we—none of us but Molly. She's all right."

"Thanks," laughed Molly. "And here comes Nick. I telephoned to him, and he said he would come, because he has something he wants to talk over with Bob. Something about a ball game, I believe."

Here, indeed, was relief! Bob's face shone. The sulks were gone. He knew he did not deserve all this kindness, but how glad he was to be at peace with the world again!—Western Christian Advocate.

FANNY CROSBY.

March 19 is the birthday anniversary of the hymn writer, Mrs. F. J. Van Alstyne, familiarly known as Fanny Crosby. She was blind nearly all her life, having lost her sight at the age of six. Her education was a thorough one and was completed at the New York Institution for the Blind, where she afterward taught for some years. She married a blind man who had also been a student there, and he wrote the music for some of her hymns.

From a child, hymns made a deep impression on her. She used to wonder who made them and if she could ever write such as could be sung. She had a wonderful dream at one time, of being taken almost to heaven. When she asked her guide if she might not go on, he answered: "Not now, Fanny. You must return to the earth to do your work there before you enter these sacred bounds, but ere you go I will have the gates opened a little so you can hear one burst of eternal music." The very recollection of those chords of music, beyond anything she ever heard on earth, thrilled her always, and inspired her in the writing of her hymns.

She was forty-four years old when she composed her first hymn, but became, in the remaining years of her life, a most prolific writer, having more than five thousand hymns to her credit. "Rescue the Perishing" is perhaps one of the best known of her compositions. She wrote it after attending a meeting at which prodigals were present. Later, when the author was present at another such gathering where this hymn was sung, a young man arose and told the story of his wanderings. He said that when hungry and penniless he had strayed into a mission service where he caught the words of this song. "I was just ready to perish," he said, "but by the grace of God that hymn saved me."

"Safe in the Arms of Jesus" was written at the request of W. H. Doane, who had composed the melody and had no words for it. She intended it for a children's hymn, but it has become a favorite at funerals. The tune, being in slow time, is often used by brass bands as appropriate for marching in military funerals. It was played at the funeral of ex-President Grant, and also when the remains of President Garfield were carried from the Capitol at Washington.

Fanny Crosby and Frances Ridley Havergal were warm friends and their hymns are similar. Mrs. Van Alstyne's own favorite was, "Saviour, More Than Life to Me." Though most of her compositions were sacred, there are a few well-known songs of a secular nature from her pen. "Rosalie, the Prairie Flower," "Hazel Dell," "Music in the Air," and "Never Forget the Dear Ones," are the best known.

Will Carleton, in whose Brooklyn home she was living on her eightieth birthday, wrote a poem concerning her. Two stanzas are as follows:

But when at last the King
Shall bid thy friends above to cease their waiting,
The angel choirs will sing
To welcome thee, some hymn of thy creating.

And Christ will be thy guide,
Confirming, step by step, the wondrous story,
And seek the Father's side
And say, "She taught the world to sing thy glory."
—Camilla J. Knight, in Young People.

A Montana hotel has this notice: Boarders are taken by the day, week, or month. Those who do not pay promptly are taken by the neck.

"English as She is Japped," is the title of an article in a recent number of the Oriental Review.

The Oriental capacity for using our mother tongue with strange twists of unconscious humor is well known, but few examples are equal to this delicious sign on a Japanese baker's shop: "A. Karinura, Biggest Loafer in Tokyo."

THE RIGHT KIND OF BOY.

A boy who had thoughtlessly hurt the feelings of a friend called in the evening and said: "Is Theodore in? I want to see him." The two had a few moments' earnest talk, after which Theodore came back to the living room with a very bright face. "Kenneth is a good fellow," he said, as his mother looked up inquiringly. "He was rather horrid to me to-day when I made an error on the third base, and he came around to-night to apologize. He said he was sorry that he had been rude and he thought he had been unfair. There are not many fellows who take the trouble to ask your pardon when they have been in the wrong." "Kenneth is a manly boy," said Theodore's father. "Yes, and a generous one," the mother added. "We are glad to have you cultivate the friendship of a boy such as Kenneth. You won't go far astray when in his company."—The Comrade.

HYGIENIC VALUE OF SALADS.

Probably no detail in the French menu is so important to us as the salad. Very few American families know what an invaluable delicacy a genuine French salad, with a dressing of good olive oil and pure, fragrant vinegar, is—invaluable, because of its effect on the digestion and health. There is very little nourishment in salad leaves until the oil has been added, and the oil is what many of us need, according to the doctors, who deplore the insufficiency of fat in the average American's diet. It is excluded therefrom for the very good reason that the average American finds it difficult to digest it. But it is right there that the salad comes to the rescue. The vinegar in it, if genuine, excites by its fragrance and acidity the digestive glands not only in the mouth and stomach, but in the pancreas, which acts on all the constituents of food, particularly the fats. There would be vastly less intestinal indigestion in this country if every family followed the French custom of eating salad at least once a day.—The Century.

For no man ever wanted God who did not possess Him, and the measure of our desire is the prophecy of our possession.—Alexander Maclaren.

The suffix, "ous," meaning "full of," was being discussed in the spelling class. Dangerous, full of danger; mountainous, full of mountains; porous, full of pores; courageous, full of courage, and joyous, full of joy, had been glibly recited.

"Who is ready to give us another example?" asked the teacher, in a confident tone.

A quiet-looking little boy on a back seat eagerly responded. "Pious, full of pi!"

In a French translation of Fenimore Cooper's "Spy," a man is described as tying his horse to a locust. The translator rendered the word by sauterelle, or grasshopper. Feeling that this needed explanation, he appended a foot-note, explaining that grasshoppers grew to a gigantic size in the United States, and that it was the custom to place a stuffed specimen at the door of every considerable mansion for the convenience of visitors, who hitched their horses to it.

COUGHS AND CONSUMPTION.

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SALE OF CITY LOT.

North Carolina—Wake County. In the Superior Court, Before Millard Mial, Clerk. Allie Burton and Ethel Taylor and Thomas Taylor, her husband vs. James Alston, Ida Alston, his wife; Marvin Thompson, Maggie Richardson and Joseph Richardson, her husband, and Oliver Burton, husband of Allie Burton, heirs at law of Ella Jones.

By virtue of a judgment of the Superior Court in the above-entitled special proceeding, I will offer for sale to the highest bidder at the court house door for cash, on the 12th day of May, 1913, at 12 o'clock, all the following lot of land lying and being in the city of Raleigh and more particularly bounded and described as follows, to-wit:

Being on the north side of Lenoir street, at the northeast corner of the lot of W. A. Gower; thence east along said street twenty-seven (27) feet to the line of Theresa Holland; thence south with her said line one hundred and ten (110) feet; thence west with the line of E. A. Johnson twenty-seven (27) feet; thence north one hundred and ten (110) feet, to the beginning. For abstract of title to the said property, see the following record of the Register of Deeds of Wake County, Book 110, Page 705; Book 65, Page 758; Book 58, Page 313.

This sale is to be made for partition and division of the money arising from the sale among the heirs at law of Ella Jones. J. C. L. HARRIS, Commissioner.

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There is never an instant's truce between virtue and vice.—Thoreau.



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