

POETRY.

Written for The Progressive Farmer.] GROWN OLD TOGETHER.

When love's young dream fruition found, With form and soul divine, No thought there was that either could Be married or changed by time. Like flood of light in druggon dark She came into my life, And ever since a life 'en here She's made of earthly strife. The years have passed, and time has done Its best to sear and blight The beauty of that form, and dim That soul so pure and bright, Her soul still leaks from out her eyes With every love she gives, And still through them she love outpour While here she breathes and lives. Perennial streams of love are there To flow and, foul or fair, The e' points are ever full and fresh And ever eboniar. Though others see the change that time Has wrought since naves came To last the ban y once so fair, To me she's just the same. Along the path of life, with hand In hand together pressed, We've passed through a crown through age, We've worn our portion blessed, What though I'er hair is white as snow, Her heart is pure as gold. With sweetest love and warm and true As in those days of old. As warm and true as when that hair Was golden with its sheen; As when those cheeks were pink and d'plump, And heart was fresh and green; As when that once so bounding was Remains unmeasured, still, And never yet has ceased to flow Like ever running rill. Since youth together we have lived, And now I've bowed down with age, We've brook old time serenely while He turns another page. The cares we've had a past and gone, We mind them not a feather. Since flitting time has left us here, With love grown old together. U. B. GWYNN.

HOUSEHOLD.

PUDDING FOR INVALIDS First mix a dessertspoonful of corn flour with a little cold milk, and pour into it a pint of boiling milk, stirring to prevent lumps. Return all to the saucepan and boil two minutes, carefully stirring. Add a beaten egg, sugar and flavoring to taste. Pour into a greased pie dish and bake for a quarter of an hour. Serve either hot or cold.

MEAT PUFFS. Roll out any trimmings of pastry, left over from a pie or tart, as thin as possible. Mince very fine three table spoonfuls of cold meat, season with pepper and salt, add a little bit of butter, a few drops of ketchup and a pinch of sweet herbs. Cut the paste in rounds, wet the edges of half, put the meat on it, fold the other over, press and pinch the edges together. Flour the puffs and fry a nice brown in boiling fat.

OYSTERS IN A LOAF. A much relished way to serve oysters is cut the top off a freshly cut loaf of bread, remove the sponge, and fill the cavity with creamed oysters; put it in layers, with intervening layers of bread crumbs. When full, replace the top of the loaf. Cover the latter with the beaten yolk of an egg, and set in the oven to glaze. This makes a pretty dish if served on a wreath of parsley, placed on the dish with their stems turned in, so that the loaf will conceal all but the leaves.

BOILED MUTTON PIE For this take one pound and a half of scrap of mutton or the piece from under the shoulder. Make a good, light suet crust, and with it line a greased pudding basin. Cut the meat into neat pieces, rejecting all fat and skin, add to this two raw, sliced potatoes; dredge all with flour, season with pepper, salt and a minced onion. Fill the dish with meat and potato and pour over it a tumblerful of cold water. Cover with a piece of crust, tie over with a pudding cloth wrung out in boiling water and boil for three hours. Serve in the basin.

ALLEGED FUN. Dobson: "It seems to me that garment is too large for the baby." Mrs. D.: "But you must remember that it will shrink from washing." D.: "So does the baby."—Modes and Fabrics. "Hubby, what in the deuce did you mean by letting that note I indorsed for you go to protest?" "Why, man, there was no other way unless I paid the thing."—Detroit Free Press. "Uncle Simon, what is old fashioned politeness?" "It is a way people used to have of asking a man about his health and then listening until he got through replying."—Chicago Record. Mother: "Why did you accept Charles among all the young men who have paid you attention?" Daughter: "Because he was the only one that had the good taste to propose."—Detroit Free Press. Yabley: "The truest test of a man's friendship is his willingness to lend you money." Mudge: "Oh, 'most any body will lend money. The real test is when you strike him for a second loan."—Indianapolis Journal.

Written for The Progressive Farmer.] Ten Years After.

A CHRISTMAS STORY. BY IDA INGOLD-MASTEN.

One Christmas eve several years ago a gay crowd of young girls and boys had gathered at the pretty home of Rose Shandon to make merry the dear old Christmas times. The rooms were beautifully decorated with ivy and holly, glistening with red berries. And from the chandelier hung several sprays of mistletoe.

The grates sent forth a sparkling, ruddy glow, and everything seemed in tune for the time of year. Outside, the earth was wrapped in a soft mantle of snow, and the pure white flakes still drifted gently down from a leaden colored sky.

Rose Shandon was just eleven years old, and a very beautiful little fairy-like creature with bright golden hair and big soft, brown eyes. Her guests this evening were all charmed with her childish loveliness. Especially so was one squarely built handsome youth of fifteen.

This was Herve Roland, who had come to this party with his cousin, Rome Semple, whom he was visiting at this time. Hence he was a stranger to all this joyous group of merry-makers excepting his cousin, Rome. But, however, he soon became acquainted with their charming little hostess and the rest of the party.

Herve was of a vivacious character and it was decidedly characteristic of him to want to tease girls and boys, especially girls, younger than himself. No sooner had he become acquainted than he began to exercise this trait among them in a very modest way, which was exceedingly taking for the most part.

But to Rose Shandon it seemed nothing short of imposing. To her it seemed that he was too large and knew too much to associate with the rest of the party, as it consisted of children whose ages ranged from five to twelve years old.

In his innocent fun making it seemed to Rose that he was taking advantage and acting in a very rude manner. And once when she had fallen victim to his caprices she had of necessity to restrain herself to keep from speaking very unbecomingly to him. In short, she thought he was a most contemptible being, and she did not like him a bit.

The other children took his teasing all in good part and seemed to consider his presence a real treat. And the evening was being passed in high jollity. This merry making had reached its height. Childish voices rang out in ceaseless chatter. Pairs of intermittent laughter and wild romps made the house ring. The chandelier burned brightly and Rose stood squarely under the swinging mistletoe. Herve Roland perceived this and stepping up from behind kissed Rose first on the cheek and then on the mouth almost before she knew it. Her anger was aroused, and kindled by the dislike she already bore for him, she turned and dealt him a stinging blow in the face with her clinched fist. Herve staggered backward, raised his hand to his face and groaned. Rose ran from the room crying and saying she hated that Roland boy.

The remainder of the evening was not spent so joyously. In fact the incident acted as a kind of barrier to the pleasure of the evening. Herve Roland's vivaciousness seemed to be nipped in the bud, besides he was likely to have a blue spot on the side of his nose. And Rose's sprightliness all died out. She regretted that she should have treated a guest so very unbecomingly, but she could not summon up courage to ask his pardon.

Soon the hour for departure came and Rose's little friends scattered away. She went to bed that night feeling very much ashamed of her conduct, yet feeling a bitter contempt for Herve Roland. She felt that he deserved the treatment she had given him, but she was sorry she had lost her temper in the presence of her many little friends and marred the beauty of the evening in such a way.

Christmas morning dawned clear and cold. Among the gifts strewn upon the little table in Rose's room, was a neatly tied-up box with "H. R." marked on the upper left hand corner. When Rose espied this the blood flowed to her face and she hesitated a long time before she decided to open it. When she did open it, however, she found inside a single red rose with a card attached to the stem bearing these words, "My wild Rose," "Merry Christmas!"

Ten years passed by. It was Christmas eve again. The outside world was wrapped in snow, and every limb and twig wore its garb of pure white. The

sky was dark and clouded. Everything outside looked dreary enough in the darkening twilight. But there stood a big castle like house in the midst of this snow covered world that gave evidence of life and cheerfulness. Light poured from the long windows and stained glass doors out onto the snow in long red streaks. Shadows were constantly flitting by these windows, and people were coming by twos and threes and entering this house. There was great gaiety here. It was Christmas eve. The Semples were giving a grand ball to night. Inside this house there were rosy cheeks, bright eyes, soft voices, feather fans and lovely gowns in great abundance. But, a man, tall and very handsome, with straight black eyebrows and black hair brushed back from his forehead, stood quietly and watched the newcomers with a somewhat anxious expression in his dark eyes. After looking good at each new arrival, a kind of disappointment would spread over his fine face and he was seen to change from one foot to the other in an uncomfortable sort of manner.

Rome Semple came up to his side and putting his hand on his shoulder said: "Herve, my old man, why do you look so serious? O, I see—well, let me assure you, Miss Shandon is just sure to be here—yes, some one is arriving now."

The man with the black hair gave a glance toward the door and his eyes burned with an intense light. His uneasy manner disappeared and his blood flowed fast. The thing that caused this change was a young girl dressed simply, with white top like hair and great lustrous brown eyes. As she entered the room she was surrounded by a crowd of friends and she was almost hidden from the gaze of this man. But he could see glimpses of her fair hair, and once through an opening she rested her eyes full on his face, but instantly turned away and moved out of his sight.

A little later she was whirled into a dance. Herve Roland watched the white floating form in its every movement.

When the dance was ended Rome Semple meant to see that Herve met Miss Shandon. But she excused herself by merely keeping out of the way, until the next dance began when she came into it in the arms of another man whom Herve did not know. When this was ended he again sought her presence and came upon her in time to see her carried off by her partner to get refreshments.

She never looked in his direction, and never happened to pass his way. The next gentleman on her card was Rome Semple. She saw him coming toward her with Herve Roland and instinctively turned her head from them. When they came up, Rome said, "Miss Shandon, allow me to present Herve Roland."

She bowed to him without raising her eyes, and a pinkish tinge overspread her face. As they stood talking she looked every way but at Herve Roland. Never once did she raise her eyes to his face. Then the lovely strains of a schottische began and Rome led her into the dance. A half hour later Rome and Rose Shandon were in a small drawing room, when Herve joined them. Al most as soon as Herve came in, Rome excused himself and left them together and alone. They were standing in the bay window. The chandelier burned dimly and there were branches of mistletoe hanging from it.

"Miss Shandon—Miss Rose, I believe I remember meeting you once long ago—" She colored and became embarrassed, but he appeared to not notice this and kept on. "It was Christmas eve, too." He came closer to her. "It was just ten years ago to night." She drew back a little. He kept on. "—you were quite small then. I was a lad of fifteen." And, apparently, unconsciously, moved toward her again.

She had got better possession of herself by this time and raising her head and moving back a step or two, said: "Yes, I remember this evening ten years ago very distinctly, and I owe you an apology for my cruel treatment of you at that special time. But as you know I was a mere child then and I have not seen you since, so I hope you can pardon what was done in a moment of—" At this she flushed painfully and looked down at the carpet and began to move her white slippered foot in a fidgeting manner. He moved nearer and looked down at her with all the love of his passionate being beaming in his eyes.

"You beg my pardon? There is nothing to pardon you for. The memory of the blow you gave me with your little white fist has been ever sweet to me."

He was moving still nearer, when she took a step backward, and a glitter came in his eyes, for she was unconsciously standing under the chandelier. "Ten years ago I found the one Rose that will ever bloom for me and in my boyish enthusiasm I pounced down

upon it too hurriedly, and it stung me with its thorns." He came near to her but she stood her ground. Resistance had gone out of her power.

"My pretty Rose!—My sweet, wild Rose!—How I love you!—You remember what my offense was when I received the imprint of your little fist in my face ten years ago this evening? If I commit that same offense—if I do the same thing to night, but do it better—will you wound me again?"

There followed a silence. At length Rose lifted her pink face and a smile flitted across her mouth while she frankly replied, "No."

TOM WATSON'S FIDDLE.

Hon Tom Watson is a busy man. All days are his busy days. He not only runs a large farm, but he edits a news paper, keeps up an immense correspondence and devotes much time to writing a history of France, which he is now engaged in preparing for the press. Despite all these labors, Watson finds time for sentiment. He is a lover of music and plays the violin. While in Dallas a correspondent had a talk with Mr. Watson, and gives the following report of it:

"Tom Watson plays the violin. In one of the rare intervals of quiet during the rush of his visit to Texas, he was sitting, with his feet in the window, looking out into the starlit night. From a house near by came the monotonous sawing of a fiddle. High toned musicians shudder at the word fiddle, but it is a good word in Georgia and Arkansas. There was not much music in the sound that drifted in through the window. The player was evidently an amateur trying his hand at simple things. Watson sat for awhile in silence, the hard lines of his face softening a bit and a suspicion of tenderness stole into the cold black eye. He turned around and said:

"Do you play the fiddle?" You could tell by the tone that the man was talking of something near and dear to him. He was assured that the writer had never enjoyed the consolation of that instrument.

And then he said, still musing, "You have missed a great deal. The fiddle is the most delightful of all instruments. Somehow or other it comes nearer speaking the language of the heart, those things we feel but cannot express, than any mechanism of human hands. There is wider range and more volume to it than to the cornet or the guitar or the piano. There is a subtle melody in a fiddle that none of the others contain, a shade of expression not to be found anywhere else."

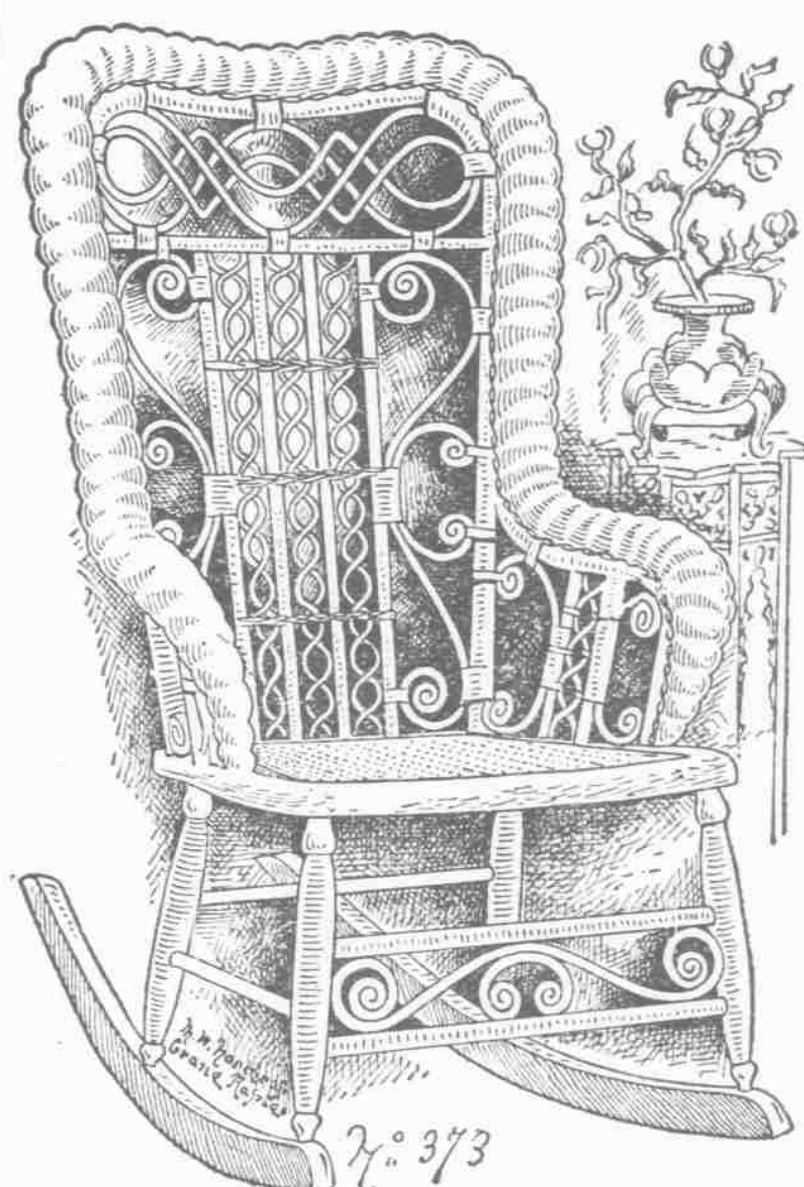
The man was in earnest. Having got away from the dusty and stony ways of politics and put aside the asperities of the campaign, the thoughts of home tender memories of those left behind were uppermost in his mind and he was silent.

So the writer asked him: "Do you play the fiddle?"

Watson blushed and continued to gaze at the stars. Finally he said: "Yes, but I am not much of a player. I have never mastered what you might call classical music, but I reel off some plain tunes fairly well. In the winter when the evenings are long and we are compelled to stay indoors I get down the old fiddle, my wife takes her place at the piano, one of the girls has a guitar and we pass the time with music, old fashioned homely things like "Old Rosin the Bow," "Way Down Upon the Swanee River," "Arkansas Traveler," "Home, Sweet Home," "Ben Bolt," "Kathleen Mavourneen," "The Bonnie Blue Flag" and others that everybody knows. Perhaps we do not play them perfectly from a technical standpoint, but the audience is never hypocritical and the sentiments of all the songs find their way to the hearts of those present. We play for our own amusement more than for any other purpose. We seldom have any visitors to our impromptu concerts and never inflict ourselves upon strangers."

"How did you come to take up fiddling?" "In the old days long ago, when I was as poor as a church mouse, struggling to keep myself fed and clothed, the evenings were almost intolerably lonesome. I had no taste for the dissipations and amusements with which men ordinarily dispose of time which hangs heavily on their hands. So I bought me a fiddle and I can never tell you how much comfort and consolation and satisfaction I got out of it. When the outlook was gloomy and clients were few once in a while I would strike a bright chord which would fill me with hope and the vexation and trials of the day would vanish. When business was good and money was plentiful the fiddle was quiet and reflective, reminding me of the vanity of pride, hope and ambition. It was always a faithful friend alike in gray days and sunshine and I grew to love it and to appreciate its companionship. When I got married, I took the fiddle with me and I have kept it ever since, and I expect to keep it till I die. It is

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one of the things I have clung to and that has clung to me."

"Do you prefer a Stradivarius or a Cremona?"

"Neither. I like best the plain old \$40 fiddle. It was good enough for me when I was in need of its strong restraint. You know I did not play by note at first. When I heard a tune that pleased me I just kept sawing away till I had got it down to suit my taste. Many of the old ballads I already knew, so I had considerable of a repertoire to start with. Now I can struggle through almost anything, having learned something of music and having possibly acquired what the professors call technique. Anyway, I get just as much satisfaction out of it as I did years ago, and that's all I play for."

Once again there was a pause. When Watson returned to speech the memory of other days was still with him. "As I was saying," he began, "you cannot compare the violin to any other instrument any more than you can compare the emotions and sentiments of the human heart to the original impulses of the beasts of the field. No other instrument has its quality of strenuous insistence knocking at the door till it is opened. There are chords in an old fiddle which seem laden with tears and others which ring out in glad acclaim. And you feel that somehow the thing sorrows when you sorrow and is glad when you rejoice."

Soon after that Watson went to bed. The writer sat and wondered that a man who in politics is all vitrol and vinegar, whose principal weapon is a butcher knife when other men prefer the rapier, who is intensely bitter and bitterly intense in dealing with a foe, should have so soft a spot in his breast for an old fiddle dented and battered from contact with the years. But it seems that he has.

LETTER OF MISS FRANCES E. WILLARD.

To The Press. CASTLE, N. Y., December 11, 1896.

Dear Mothers and Sisters of America: My heart is deeply stirred by the sacred ministry to the hapless little orphans of Armenia. Anything more piteous than their condition it would be impossible to conceive, and I pray with all my soul that our good and true people, White Ribboners and everybody else, may give their Christmas money not to fill the stockings on the bleeding little feet of pitiful Christian children who have no roof but the sky, no bed but the ground, and no food but the ground roots, except as we who are surrounded by every comfort reach out hands of help toward them and their heart-broken mothers. Let us ennoble and enlarge the hearts of our little ones by showing them how they can on this loved day carry out the Christ spirit. What we do must be done quickly. One dollar will feed, shelter and care for an orphan for a month. Twelve dollars for a whole year.

The above suggestion is equally appropriate for New Year's gifts.

Send contributions for this object direct to Brown Bros. & Co., 59 Wall street, New York, marked: For the Orphan Fund of the National American Relief Committee.

I sometimes fear least I plead too long, so I will make this short but none the less earnest, devoted and tender.

God bless you one and all and make your Christmas sweet in the happy homes that He has given you; and, better still, may it be hallowed by the knowledge down deep in your souls,

that you have touched the keys of power that are vibrating in stricken Armenia, so that forsaken little children have food, clothing and shelter from the winter's cold. Let us remember the words of the Master, how He said: "Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these ye did it unto me." Believe me ever with brightening hope,

Your Christian Sister, FRANCES E. WILLARD.

TABLE TALK.

Table Talk for December has for its leading article, "The Road to Christmas" by Lucy Elliot Keeler. It is full of the Yule tide spirit and reminiscences of all countries and their representative people. Following it is "A Hard Times Diet," by Elizabeth Grinnell, a spicy little article giving hints as to the judicious expenditure and serving of what you can afford to place upon your table. "The New Bill of Fare," by Mrs. M. C. Myer, is sparkling with the prevailing holiday spirit and its suggestions are most timely. The "Housekeepers' Inquiries," the New Menus for the Month," and "Seasonable Recipes," by Cornelia C. Bedford, are all full of help for the housekeeper and thoroughly up to date. A number of choice recipes for the chafing-dish are contained in this number also, given by a practical woman who uses them herself and feels they will be of use to others. The Fashion article by Tillie May Forney is in her usual entertaining vein and in a condensed manner, gives the dainty directions necessary to make one's dress all that could be desired. The name and address of any of our readers will secure them a sample copy of the magazine free, if they write to Table Talk Publishing Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

Teacher: "What part of speech is kiss?" Entire chorus of girls: "A conjunction."—Detroit Free Press.

Alliance man, if you receive a sample copy of this paper, it is to remind you that you should send us one dollar and get it one year.

Advertisement for Children's medicine, featuring an illustration of a child and text describing the benefits of the medicine.

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