

The Home Circle.

THE LAND OF THE SKY.

[Written by F. L. Stanton, at Battery Park, Asheville, N. C., September 22, 1900.]

I.
Mountains that climb to the blue bend on high—
Lakes where the stars see themselves in the sky;
Violet valleys of beauty and love,
Where earth seems so close to the heaven above
You can hear the faint echoes of seraphim-feet
And the musical beat
Of the hearts of the angels—the songs they repeat
In their evidences sweet!

II.
A wild world of mountains that drift into dreams;
The ripple of rills and the dashing of streams
That sing to the sea! And the beams and the gleams
That lure you to gardens of beautiful dreams!
Of beautiful dreams that have lifted you soul
To the thunder's high roll!
When you sleep from life's care, and its curse and control,
With the joy in your soul.

III.
God crowned with old glory these mountains; He planted
The sky-reaching hills in these valleys enchanted;
These streams in the hollow by mystery haunted—
These oaks that still wave their green banners undaunted,
And dare the storm's thunder! . . . and paeans of praise
Mountains—rivers, still raise
To the heaven above them, while rose-scented ways
Wreath the beautiful days!

IV.
O, land of all beauty—loved Land of the Sky,
A picture of grandeur by the Artist on high,
Where song on each wild wind in melody roves
And times the bright steps of the gods of the groves!
The rose of the morning is white on thy breast;
Thou art crowned—thou art blest
From the seas to the east and the seas to the west
With the rose-wreath of rest.

OLD TIMES IN FORSYTH.

The Union Republican of November 1st has a report of the fourth annual meeting of the Wachovia Historical Society recently held in Winston-Salem, this State. We quote:

The first paper of the evening was read by Dr. J. H. Clewell. It was entitled "The First Year in Wachovia," from November 1753 to November 1754 and related to the first settlement of the Moravians at Bethabara, or Old Town, this county. The facts were gleaned from German diaries by Mrs. J. J. Wureschke and Dr. Clewell. A few notes will prove of interest. There were twelve in the party, which came from Bethlehem, Pa., three of them being leaders. One was a baker, another a tailor, another a carpenter, another a tanner.

Tobacco was first planted in this section in 1754. A flourishing mill was established two years after the party arrived. A man had to cut down 100 trees for one pair of shoes. Butter sold high, one man refused \$10 a pound for what he had, and he took it to Fayetteville and sold it for \$16—driving through the country. In January, 1754, the site was laid off for the Strangers' house. Here a woman's name is mentioned for the first time in the diary. This one was an invalid, and she was brought 50 miles to be treated by a doctor. The Brethren had to go 60 miles for salt. No stranger was ever turned away. Mush, green beans and pumpkins were favorite dishes. Hunting was greatly enjoyed. Beaver and wolf traps were set. Bears were either caught or bought. Bishop Boehler suggested the name

of Wachovia—meadow land for raising cattle. There were many visitors to the town and often some of them would have to sleep out doors, citizens not having room to entertain them in their houses. Out of 400 visitors the first year, 200 took meals. Everybody was peaceful and law-abiding, and there was never a trouble with the Indians, but rather more annoyance and damage to crops by British soldiers. The first musical instrument mentioned was a trumpet made out of a hollow tree and which was blown for lovefeast. In 1755 there were flutes and trumpets. Death did not break the ranks the first year. There was some sickness and two accidents—burning of a cabin and injury to a Mr. Peterson by a tree falling on him. Everything was done by conference. The first experience with soldiers was on October 17th, 1754. In 1755 a Dunkard came to the settlement for protection. Himself and family had been separated by the Indians, but were afterwards privileged to get together again. Meetings were held regularly, also Communion and Lovefeast. The first Christmas was spent with wolves and other wild animals howling in the forests around the little cabin. Services of the tailor, doctor and tanner were in constant demand for miles around. At a later period reference was made to domestic life and how the women washed the first days of the week and the men the latter part. The paper in detail is a valuable acquisition to the Society. Much of the manuscript from which it was gleaned is nearly gone by age.

WISE'S TRIBUTE TO LEE.

A correspondence of the Charlotte Observer writes that paper as follows:

You will, I am sure, gladly reproduce the following exquisite tribute to General Lee from John S. Wise's recent book, "The End of An Era." As our beloved Lee recedes into the realm of history his wonderful characteristics shine out with increasing lustre. A very "lord of battle" he yet showed the world that he could also be humane, gentle, forgiving and reverent.

A few weeks ago I stood for the first time upon the steps of his beautiful Arlington. The Potomac of history and song rolled at my feet and just across the river glittered a world city in its magnificence. As I gazed upon the panorama, with its cloud capped shaft in honor of another, but not greater, patriot, in the foreground, I saw not the enemy's graves scattered thick around me, I thought only of him whose matchless and immortal spirit so dominated the scene as to eclipse all else. Beyond the massive columns of the portico I looked up at the windows and wondered from which one he had oftener looked out upon this fairest picture in all the land. Then my thoughts travelled to that quiet retreat, far away from his lordly Arlington, where in supreme dignity and with a resignation little less than divine, he gave those last years to training the youth of his State—re-

fusing the riches that England and his devoted South eagerly offered him. I turned away sad at heart and yet with a thrill of pride and exultation in the majesty of the man who had counted this regal estate, and the highest military honors of the other side, as nothing when duty was in the balance:

"It is impossible to speak of General Lee without seeming to deal in hyperbole. Above the ordinary size, his proportions were perfect. His features are too well known to need description but no representation of General Lee which I have ever seen properly conveys the light and softness of his eye, the tenderness and intellectuality of his mouth, or the indescribable refinement of the face. I have seen all the great men of our time, except Mr. Lincoln, and have no hesitation in saying that Robert E. Lee was incomparably the greatest looking man I ever saw. * * * Every man in that army believed that Robert E. Lee was the greatest man alive, and their faith in him alone kept that army together during the last six months of its existence. Whatever greatness was accorded to him was not of his own seeking. He was less of an actor than any man I ever saw. But the impression made by his presence, and by his leadership, upon all who came in contact with him, can be described by no other term than that of grandeur. When I have stood at evening and

watched the great clouds banked in the west, and tinged by evening sunlight; when on the Western plains, I have looked at the peaks of the Rocky Mountains outlined against the sky; when, in mid-ocean, I have seen the limitless waters encircling us, unbounded save by the infinite horizon—the grandeur, the vastness of these have invariably suggested thoughts of General Robert E. Lee. Certainly it is that the Confederacy contained no other man like him. When its brief career was ended, in him was centered, as in no other man, the trust, the love, almost the worship of those who remained steadfast to the end. When he said that the career of the Confederacy was ended; that the hope of an independent government must be abandoned; that all had been done which mortals could accomplish against the power of overwhelming numbers and resources; and that the duty of the future was to abandon the dream of a confederacy and to render a new and cheerful allegiance to a re-united government—his utterances were accepted as true as Holy Writ. No other human being upon earth, no other earthly power, could have produced such acquiescence, or could have compelled such prompt acceptance of that final and irreversible judgment.

"Of General Lee's military greatness, absolute or relative, I shall not speak; of his moral greatness I need not. * * * The man who could so stamp his impression upon his nation, rendering all others insignificant besides him, and yet die without an enemy; the soldier who could make love for his army a substitute for pay and clothing and food, and could, by the constraint of that love, hold together a naked, starving band and transform it into a fighting army; the heart after which the failure of its great endeavor could break in silence and die without the utterance of one word of bitterness—such a man, such a soldier, such a heart must have been great indeed—great beyond the power of eulogy."

A NOBLE EXAMPLE.

In this day when so many stories of dishonesty in commercial life are in the air it is refreshing to read of the noble and successful endeavors of Mark Twain to pay off his debts, dollar for dollar. His debts were security money and enormous. When the crash came to him, with a stout heart and firm purpose, he resolved to go abroad and lecture until he made the money and paid every cent he owed. He did it. Recently he landed in New York freed from the incubus of debt to be an example of honesty for all the people of his native land the world. We write these lines with peculiar pleasure, and invite those who read them to walk in his footsteps and to hold up this noble act of honesty for the imitation of the young. Mr. Clemens' books will now be more attractive to us. When he sailed from Vancouver to make the money to pay his debts he wrote, "The law recognizes no mortgage on a man's brain, and a merchant who has given up all he has, may take advantage of the laws of insolvency, and start free again for himself. But I am not a business man, and honor is a harder matter than the law. It cannot compromise for less than one hundred cents in the dollar and its debts never outlaw."—Rev. P. R. Law, in Lumberton Robesonian.

A recent canvass of our large eastern cities showed that 94% of its leading citizens were brought up on the farm.

An examination of 100 leading commercial and professional men of Chicago shows that 85% were reared in the country and rural villages.

Seventeen of our twenty-three presidents came from the farm. The census of the students of four colleges and seminaries showed that the rural districts and villages are furnishing 85 per cent. of our college students.

A generation in the city is short. Life forces burn out rapidly. The leaders are quickly succeeded by men from the country; they always have been; they always will be.—Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis.

The happiest people in the world are those who keep out of debt, out of politics, out of office, shun notoriety, make an honest living by honest means, follow the golden rule, humbly serve the living God, quietly pursue the "even tenor of their way," and neglect no opportunity of doing good.—E. W. Pfaffenberger.

Our Social Chat.

* EDITED BY AUNT JENNIE, RALEIGH, N. C. *

AS CONTRIBUTORS to this department of The Progressive Farmer, we have some of the most wide-awake and progressive young ladies and young men and some of the most entertaining writers among the older people of this and other States, the ages of the members ranging from sixteen to more than sixty. YOU ARE REQUESTED to join by sending us a letter on some subject of general interest, and writing thereafter as often as possible. WHEN WRITING, give full name and post-office address for Aunt Jennie's information. If you do not wish your real name to appear in print, give name by which you wish to be known as a Chatterer. TWO WEEKS OR MORE must, as a rule, elapse between the time a letter is written and the date of its publication. ADDRESS all letters to Aunt Jennie, care of The Progressive Farmer, Raleigh, N. C.

AUNT JENNIE'S LETTER.

Every child going away from home carries the family's honor with him. It is in his power to either add to their good name or disgrace those who love him. The exultant pride of a father over the success of his son in a distant State or city is touching indeed, and even more so the pride of a mother over a daughter who does well. None save a mother can realize that wonderful compound of pride and gratitude which pervades her being when she realizes that her child fills a high and worthily won position in the world.

There is nothing that so inspires courage as the plaudits of our fellow-beings, but to do good for the benefit of others is the right spirit and the one to be commended. No child can be guilty of a mean act and not cause poignant pain to those who reared him, while if he is a man worthy of the name none rejoice at his success as they do. Now, if you are a man capable of thinking and acting for yourself, think who helped you and was careful to remove stumbling blocks lest you fall. Who guided your little feet in right paths so patiently? Is your reward for all this loving care what it should be? Have you shown your gratitude by acts of kindness to these your parents, or have you been mean enough to neglect them now that they are feeble and feel the need of your strong arm for support?

We have this week three excellent letters from favorite members of the Circle. Water Lily and Pansy have been absent quite a long while. Let other delinquents write now as they have done. AUNT JENNIE.

PANSY ON WORK.

DEAR AUNT JENNIE:—After a long silence I once more drop in for a friendly chat. Procrastination has not been the chief cause but nursing an invalid mother. I hope, however, to make up for it some time in the future if the time ever comes when I have a little leisure. I'm not complaining, though ever since I have been old enough to assume any responsibilities I've had more work to buckle to than one of twice my years should have had. But it has all served to keep me out of much mischief.

After all, work is the source of all true pleasure. Good honest toil brings the sweetest joy, the peaceful sleep, the clear conscience, and, last and best, the plaudit, "Well done." Even pleasure soon becomes stale and tiresome if it is unaccompanied by some labor. Such is our nature that to enjoy the good things of life we first must work for them. All honest toil is noble; it crowns the man or woman with a halo of honor that demands respect from even the drones of this world.

But what of dishonest toil? We all are only too well acquainted with that ever present class of people who work just as hard at their dishonest deeds. For instance, the whiskey dealers are kept on the alert to evade the revenue laws; they cannot enjoy the peaceful life of an honest toiler. Yet they have their share of worry and care. Now don't suppose for one moment I am so very fond of work for I am not—that is, hard work or constant work. "All work and no play"—is too old to need repeating.

I will have to admit that I am not well up on the Social Chat at present—do not even know what is the main subject for discussion now. I have so little time for reading; hope to turn over a new leaf next year. Good bye for 1900 as I don't suppose I will have an opportunity for another visit this year. PANSY. Rowan Co., N. C.

JENNIE ACTON SEES THE FAIR.

DEAR AUNT JENNIE:—I went to Raleigh last week and saw the Fair. There were so many folks there that I could hardly see any thing else. Of course I went out to the grounds on Thursday, as everybody else does, and I met several old school mates and friends but failed to find

those that I knew were there. After three o'clock everybody seemed to be looking for somebody else and I was amused at the expressions on different faces. I saw so many brides and grooms—at least I took them so to be, for they seemed so happy and I hoped they might always be so. The Fair was good and I do think that the folks who had charge of it tried to please every body from the most fastidious to the coarsest. I saw some things that I thought ought to have been left out. But they were there and I was not to blame, so I tried to overlook it. To grieve over milk you spilt yourself is all right, but if somebody else spilt it, he is to blame, not you. There are plenty of things in the world that need righting, but if all of us grab up a towel and run to wipe up every drop of milk spilt by other folks I should like to know what would become of us. I propose to look after my own bucket myself.

Brother would not go this year although his hair was cut all right and his Sunday suit looked nice. He pretended that he was too busy, but I knew that his girl's mother went and although the schools were out, there she was with her. It is a pity that some boys never study anything but girls. I wish somebody would tell me how to preserve autumn leaves so that I can trim my winter hat with them. They are so pretty and it seems a pity to let so much beauty go to waste. JENNIE ACTON.

WATER LILY WRITES.

DEAR AUNT JENNIE:—My absence has been a long one, but the interest has been the same. I've read so many good letters from various gifted persons that it was impossible to lose interest even if I had been so inclined. My time has not been much my own this summer; so many demands have claimed me it seemed impossible to find time to write even a few lines to Aunt Jennie altho' she called me and kindly reminded me of my duty and the promise to write soon.

Eva Plamondon, the summer sped by too swiftly for me, but it made its impression this time which is not easy to erase, as a dear auntie was called away, leaving in our hearts that "aching void the world can never fill." The loss of dear ones is indeed hard to bear and time alone can heal such wounds. "God is too good to be unkind, and too wise to err."

Now lonely autumn has come bringing Indian summer days which, like all other beauties of earth, are too lovely to last. It is one of the most inspiring lessons to stroll through the woodland and meadow and gather the last blossoms of the season and the beautiful autumn-tinted leaves which excel any beauties of art. Nature is sublime and the changing seasons with the beautiful flowers which come and go should help to inspire us to live higher lives and realize more fully each day that man enjoys the greatest blessings of living beings and should appreciate and love his Creator more and more.

I wonder how many of the numerous cousins are interested in the chrysanthemum. It is one of my favorite flowers. I have a few of the old time variety, and would be glad to exchange with any one; also have sweet violets which I would exchange. I think we cousins might make exchanges sometime and thus be more benefit to each other than by simply reading letters.

With many good wishes for all, and trusting to hear that each member will or has had a happy Thanksgiving. WATER LILY. Washington Co., N. C.

WINTER VIOLETS.

Early last summer a cold frame was planted with young violets of the single California variety. The soil at the Experiment station is a moderately rich loam, and the frame is in a well-drained place, with southern exposure, protected from the north winds by a steep bank. During the summer the plants were watered and hoed, but were given no special care. By autumn they had made a vigorous growth, completely hiding the soil with their leaves, though planted ten inches apart. When frosty weather came the bed was protected with hotbed sash, and all during the winter it has given an abundance of large long stemmed blossoms. During severe weather the sash has remained on all day, but on all but the coldest days air has been admitted by raising

the sash at one side during the heat of the day. Little watering has been necessary, because of the frequent rains.

Anyone may have violets throughout the winter at a very little trouble or expense except the first cost of frame and paints. The single varieties succeed better in cold frames than the double kinds, and the California seems the best variety bearing large flowers and leaves.

CHARLES A. KEFFER. University of Tennessee.

FARMER'S FRONT DOOR YARD.

In driving over the country one is struck with the number of untidy door yards, and the few farm dwellings around which any effort is made to make the grounds attractive. The wood pile with its litter of chips, sticks and brush, is but a few steps from the kitchen door, "to be handy." The chickens are allowed to run and scratch about at will, the slop buckets and swill barrel is left setting a few feet from the door, dilapidated boxes, a wheelbarrow—but why go over the list. We all have seen it so often that we scarcely notice it. There is really little excuse for this untidy way of letting things go. A neat and well painted wood shed and coal house should be at a convenient distance from every farm house. The wood chopping and sawing should be done where the litter will not add to the unsightliness of the door yard. Slop buckets and swill barrels are breeders of flies and an abomination. Just why old boxes, and other trash is brought to the door and thrown down is hard to say. It would not require any work to at least keep from littering up the yard. Neatness is an inexpensive luxury.

The grounds about a farm dwelling need not be extensive or pretentious. An hour or so at spare times will keep down the weeds, and a little grass seed scattered, will start a sod which will soon eradicate them. The actual cash value added to a farm by a neatly kept door yard and grounds surrounding the house would be hard to estimate, but it would certainly be much more than the cost in labor or money. There is no reason why a farmer should not enjoy flowers, shrubs and a lawn as well as the city man whose business and home is in the city. It is worth the farmer's while to make his home attractive and to enjoy the best his opportunities and means will allow.—J. L. Irwin, in Journal of Agriculture.

ASHAMED OF THE COMPANY HE KEPT.

The Lewiston Journal, a Maine paper, tells an instructive story of the times of the great temperance agitation in 1844. In those days practically every retail merchant in the county kept liquor for sale, or to away. In a Kennebec village an old grocer, otherwise a reputable man, derived a considerable part of his income from the sale of rum.

The temperance revival had come to this village, and a question of action, friendly or unfriendly to the liquor traffic had arisen in the town-meeting. A division was demanded, and those in favor of the traffic went to one side of the town hall and those opposed to it to the other.

The respectable grocer referred to watched this process, and saw, evidently to his surprise, that the people to whom he had been dealing out liquor for years were not as good-looking as the people on the other side of the hall. Finally he rose and joined the opponents of the traffic.

"What are you over here for?" some one asked him. "Are you opposed to the sale of intoxicating liquors?"

"N-no."
"Then that's your side ever there." The old grocer looked around angrily at the men on the other side and replied:

"You don't suppose I'm going over there with that crowd of red-noses, do you?"

His view of his own customers, all in a bunch, had made a temperance man of him.—Companion.

The first use of education is to enable us to consult with the wisest and the greatest men in all points of earnest difficulty. To use books rightly is to go to them for help; to appeal to them when our knowledge and power of thought fail; to be led by them into wider sight, purer conceptions than our own, and receive from them the united sentence of judges and councils of all time, against our solitary and unstable opinions.—Ruskin.