

cotton, for he intended to have some of that honey out in the bee gums. Of course, the cotton was hurriedly gotten, but amongst all our tears and fears, laughter was bound to come when we saw a dozen or more tackle the bee gums. The bees were much braver than Mr. Bluejacket, for they made him make tracks through the field.

One got our dried fruit. Mother got hold of the sack and told him he must not take it from her children, but he said he must have it for the hospital. Then came an officer who made him give it up; said the hospital would never see it. They cut open beds and emptied them in the fields. I have now a pair of white satin slippers that they took from some one; I guess they were their wedding slippers.

Father went next day and got us a guard, and they never plundered us another time. Some of them would often come to get us to prepare meals for them; would give us coffee or sugar for it or pay the money. Of course, coffee was preferred, for we knew no other than rye coffee sweetened with sorghum. That is what we called our molasses, made at home and boiled in our wash pots. We children would gather white mulberries and press all the juice out through a cloth and boil it to make candy, and a time we would have pulling mulberry candy. Some made candy out of watermelons; I never tried them.

We had a hard time, but the Lord blessed us that year after all was taken from us. The Yankees left in about eight weeks; then all of us went to the camps and got what we could to eat and carried it home. We got old horses that they left, for they took our horses and carried them off. Our crops that year were the best they ever were, and everybody made enough to eat. I could tell you much more about the war and the coming of the Yankees, but I have written enough. As this is the first letter I have ever attempted for publication, I hope it may escape the waste basket and give no offence. MRS. S. F. T. Wayne Co., N. C.

PHYSICAL CULTURE IN HELPING MOTHER.

America still has several million girls who find a large part of their physical culture in helping mamma, and are not blushing because of the fact. For such girls, the vista of possibilities is long and alluring.

For arms, fingers, and wrists, washing and wiping dishes will be found admirable. One is as good as the other. Perhaps the water aids in giving suppleness to the joints of the fingers. That is an advantage washing dishes has over wiping them. However, there is surely a fine elbow movement in the wiping.

Bed-making, as it is still taught in the homely physical-culture academies of Yankee farmhouses, cannot be too highly recommended. With the folding of every counterpane, blanket, and sheet, the arms are stretched as far apart as they will go, each hand holding one end. Then, standing perfectly erect, the chest is thrown out. Quickly the hands are brought together again, and presto! the sheet is folded double! Shoulders, body and limbs are all developed by the mattress-turning. The eye and the sense of symmetry learn much from the regular arrangement of counterpane and pillows. Of course, this exercise ought not to be carried too far.

Sweeping gives much the same motion, without the jerkiness of golfing strokes. For the graceful perfection of arms and shoulders, so much desired by every ambitious girl, nothing could be better. I do not advise excess in this recreation. But there will be nothing harmful if you only sweep each room in the house once a week.

Floor-scrubbing, like lawn tennis, is rather violent, and not to be tried unless you are sure about your heart. At first, it will be almost as severe on the knees as rowing in a shell; but, as you get used to the occupation, it will give a subtle satisfaction of its own.

Running up stairs when mamma wants something is first-class exercise, and running down stairs is almost as good. Interesting diversions will be found in egg-beating, and ice-cream freezing. Dusting ought to have a chapter by itself. First, you are down on all fours; then you are on tiptoe, seeing how far the duster will reach. This tiptoeing, with its ankle development, is superb! But that isn't all! You twist yourself into all sorts of positions to get at the corners of the carved furniture. First you are on one knee, and then on the other. Every muscle, every tendon is brought into service before you are through. Even this magnificent exercise can be overdone, but you will make no mistake if you only dust every room after you have swept it,—although most housekeepers dust oftener.—Cynthia Westover Alden, in April "Success."

Children's Column.

ENTERTAINING SISTER'S BEAU.

My sister's beau's a feller 't mos' any one'd like. He's awful good 't me, an' once he let me ride his bike. He'd lef' it standin' by the gate, outside, an' I got on— An' maw lit into scoldin', but he took my part, doggone! He said I wouldn't hurt it, an' I didn't neither. Say! But ain't it mean to scold a boy 'fore compny that a-way? My tops an' balls he looks at, an' my "For a Good Boy" cup. When I'm a-entertainin' him while sis is dressin' up.

He's jes' wrapped up in furrin stamps, postmarks an' tin tags, too; I showed him mine, an' he jes' looked my whul collection through. He says he "dotes" on bird eggs, an' he handles 'em as if he knowed 'ey'd break like ev'rything if once 'ey got a biff! An', say, he listens to me when I tell him things on sis, 'Bout her last beau, jes' 'fore him, an' how I seed 'em kiss! The feller laughin', says: "Oho, of knowledge deep I sup"— When I'm a-entertainin' him while sis is dressin' up.

'N'en sis she comes down stairs, "with face as fair as any saint," I heard him say softlike to her,—he doesn't know it's paint! I'm 'most afraid to tell him, though I want to mighty bad, Fr he's the tippest-toptest beau 'at sis she ever had. An' 'tisn't right to fool him. Gee! he tells such bully things, Of shootin' bears an' catermounts, an' all such scary things; An' me an' him talk ev'rything, from porkypine to pup. While I'm a-entertainin' him while sis is dressin' up. —Leslie's Weekly.

MANNERS FOR BOYS.

Keep step with any one you walk with.

Hat lifted in saying "Good-bye," or "How do you do?"

Hat lifted when offering a seat in a car, or in acknowledging a favor.

Always precede a lady up-stairs, and ask her whether you may precede her in passing through a crowd or public place.

Let ladies pass through a door first, standing aside for them.

Let a lady pass first always, unless she asks you to precede her.

Look people straight in the face when speaking or being spoken to.

In the parlor stand till every lady in the room is seated; also older people.

Rise if a lady comes in after you are seated, and stand till she takes a seat. Hat off the moment you enter a street door, and when you step into a private hall or office.

Never play with knife, fork or spoon.

Use your handkerchief unobtrusively always.

Do not take your napkin in a bunch in your hand.

In the dining-room take your seat after ladies and elders.

Rise when ladies leave the room, and stand till they are out.

Eat as fast or as slowly as others, and finish the course when they do.

Cover the mouth with hand or napkin when obliged to remove anything from it.

Do not look toward a bedroom door when passing. Always knock at any private room door.

If all go out together, gentlemen stand by the door till ladies pass.

Special rules for the mouth are that all noise in eating and smacking of the lips should be avoided.

These rules are imperative. There are many other little points which add to the grace of a gentleman, but to break any of these is almost unpardonable.

"Did you make up all these rules, auntie?" said Roy, as a copy, neatly printed by a typewriter, was placed in his hands.

"Make them up? No! These are just the common rules of society which every gentleman observes. You will not find your father failing in one of them.

"Well, but he is a man!" said Roy, deprecatingly.

"And do you not wish to be a manly boy?"

Roy said nothing, but it was noticed that the rules were placed very carefully in his drawer.

Some months had passed since and auntie had had the pleasure of hearing repeatedly the remark, "What a manly, thoughtful little nephew you have," as one and another observed his polite and careful attention to others.—Unidentified.

Christian Life Column.

VALUE OF A GOOD NAME.

A good name is the best protection a young man can provide against evil days. If Jim Wilcox had lived half right the jury would not have agreed so quickly that he was guilty of the crime with which he was charged, but he was so worthless and wicked that the evidence against him was readily accepted and believed. Testing times will come in the life of every young man. There are sly, treacherous tongues ever ready to destroy the reputation and stab the character. It is a pity that we are obliged to believe that there are around us every day those so debased and corrupt as to rejoice at the downfall of a good man. What a rock of Gibraltar a good name is to a man who is maliciously assailed! Covet a good name boys. Its price is above rubies.—Charity and Children.

AN EXPERT ON DRINK.

Served Ribbing, the famous professor of medicine at the Swedish university of Lund, makes these remarkable statements in concluding an address on one phase of the drink curse: "How large a per cent of moral downfalls are caused through drink I am unable to say, but certainly it is not infrequent that you hear from many a questioned youth for an answer, 'I was somewhat under the influence of liquor.' Through drunkenness and in drunkenness one accustoms himself to conditions which, under ordinary circumstances, would be religiously shunned. In course of time the sense of shame is overcome, and silenced, and the evil habits are looked upon as an every-day necessity. The cases when a young man will in cold-bloodedness and with a clear head and with decided intention throw himself into the arms of prostitution are very seldom in comparison with those that happen under the influence of liquor. An English army physician has shown figuratively that sickness in a troop is much less among the total abstainers than with the balance of the men."

WHAT IS ITS MESSAGE?

What does your money say to you? What message does it bring? Is it one of hope, of culture, of soul-growth, of education, of opportunity to help others, or is it a message suggesting more land, more thousands for yourself?

Does it bring a message of generosity, or of meanness; of broader manhood, or of more selfish exclusiveness; of larger aims, or of lower ideals? The character of the answer to these questions measures the worth of your career.

If your success does not mean opening wider the door of opportunity to those about you; if it does not mean encouragement, inspiration, and helpfulness to those who are struggling to get up in the world; if it does not mean a wider outlook upon life, a truer measure of real values, you have missed the higher meaning of life and have failed to catch the keynote of the great harmony of the universe.

What if you have gathered money, if you have starved the mind; what if you have broad acres, if you have a narrow intellect; what are houses, stocks, and bonds to a man too small, mean, and narrow to use them wisely? What if you have reached the top of the ladder yourself, if you have crowded others off and kicked the ladder down after your own ascent! Is this success?—to keep others back?

No man climbs the ladder successfully who does not grasp firmly and helpfully the hands of others who are crippled and handicapped in their climbing. When riches beget greed, they become perfectly useless. The man who possesses them creates animosity among his fellow beings while his own life is a burden.

The man who mounts the ladder alone without trying to help others, lacks the warmth of human sympathy, the touch of helpfulness, the quality of humanity.—Success for July.

"Pshaw, you're afraid!" "Yes, I am! I'm afraid of being sorry—and it's the only thing I'm afraid of in this world!" It was a scrap of a street conversation, and the two girls who spoke were out of sight before the words had died on the air. But one listener, at least, was stronger for having heard them.—Youth's Companion.

He—Do you really believe ignorance is bliss? She—I don't know. You seem to be happy.—Exchange.

Woman's Work.

THE CHILD TO THE FATHER.

Father, it's your love that safely guides me, Always it's around me, night and day, It shelters me, and soothes, but never chides me, Yet, father, there's a shadow in my way.

All the day, my father, I am playing Under trees where sunbeams dance and dart— But often just at night when I am praying I feel this awful hunger in my heart.

Father, there is something—it has missed me— I've felt it through my little days and years; And even when you petted me and kissed me I've cried myself to sleep with burning tears.

Today I saw a child and mother walking, I caught a gentle shining in her eye, And music in her voice when she was talking— Oh, father, is it that that makes me cry?

Oh, never can I put my arms around her, Or never cuddle closer in the night; Mother, oh, my mother!—I've not found her— I look for her and cry from dark to light!

—By Robert Bridges, in Ladies Home Journal.

A THOUGHT FOR DISH WASHERS.

Do you know it is real missionary work, we believe, to continue to agitate the dishcloth and dish washing questions. Why there are housekeepers in the U. S., we are told, who just wash all their dishes, glass, silver, greasy plates and all, through a sort of luke warm dish water, wring out the dishcloth and wipe them with it. Wipe all of them, mind you, in this way. No nice, hot suds at first, no rinsing in hot, clear water, no dry dish towels, no nothing to make the dishes sweet and clean, and the occupation rather a pleasure than a drudgery.

"Line upon line and precept upon precept." There must be a way to arouse such housekeepers; to impress upon them the filthy, unhygienic side of the matter. Think of the microbes fostered under such a regime! Dish washing and caring for beds are two important things, not alone to the housewife, but to all the world. We hope our young housekeepers, the little girls growing up, will begin right. Habit is everything.—Selected.

To take life as God gives it, not as we want it, and then make the best of it, is the hard lesson that life puts before the human soul to learn.—Anna R. Brown.

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