

Country Home Department.

Conducted by Mrs. E. D. Nall, Sanford, N. C., to Whom all Matter for this Department Should be Sent.

WE'VE ALWAYS BEEN PROVIDED FOR.

"Good wife what are you singing for? You know we've lost the hay, And what we'll do with horse and kye is more than I can say: While like as not with storm and rain we'll lose both corn and wheat." She looked up with a pleasant face, and answered low and sweet: "There is a Heart, there is a Hand, we feel, but cannot see; We've always been provided for, and we shall always be."

He turned around with a sudden gloom. She said: "Love, be at rest; You cut the grass, worked soon and late, you did your very best; That was your work, and you've naught at all to do with wind and rain; And do not doubt but you will reap rich fields of golden grain; For there's a Heart, and there's a Hand, we feel but cannot see; We've always been provided for, and we shall always be."

"That's like a woman's reasoning—we must because we must." She softly said: "I reason not; I only work and trust; The harvest may redeem the day—keep heart whate'er betide; When one door shuts, I've always seen another open wide. There is a Heart, there is a Hand, we feel, but cannot see; We've always been provided for, and we shall always be."

He kissed the calm and trustful face; gone was his restless pain; She heard him with a cheerful step go whistling down the lane, And went about her household tasks full of a glad content, Singing to time her busy hands, as to and fro she went; "There is a Heart, there is a Hand, we feel, but cannot see; We've always been provided for, and we shall always be."

Days come and go—'twas Christmas-tide, and the great fire burned clear.

The farmer said: "Dear wife, it's been a good and happy year; The fruit was gain, the surplus corn has bought the hay you know." She lifted her smiling face and said: "I told you so! For there's a Heart, and there's a Hand, we feel, but cannot see; We've always been provided for, and we shall always be."

—Selected.

A PLEA FOR THE CHILDREN.

I am going to talk to the mothers in this letter about the children God has given you. Children who will either bless or curse you in your old age. I feel the great responsibility resting on me as a parent, and sometimes I wonder if I should live to be old, I will look back on the days when I was training my little ones,—the plastic impressionable days of childhood, with regret in my heart and remorse in my conscience. If I do I shall count my life a failure. Happy and blessed, yes, thrice blessed, are the old couples who have reared families of boys and girls whom the world is made better by them living in it; boys and girls whom they are proud of, and who arise up and call them blessed. Now, busy mothers with little ones around your knee, just stop long enough to

cast a glance ahead and take in your children in the picture of your old age I have drawn above, and then—shall I draw a mental picture of a reverse nature, of disobedient, undutiful, dishonorable children and a turbulent, unhappy, miserable old age? I trust that this will not be my lot, nor yours. But while we have them unspotted from the world, let it be our first duty and highest endeavor to keep them so, and so train them so far as lies in our power, that when they go out from us in the world, they may be able to resist the various temptations which they may have to encounter, and always stand for the right, as a result of their early home training. Some mothers will work until they are worn out in mind and body that their children may be as well dressed as their neighbors' children. Embroider, sew, and sew and sew, till nerves are so on edge, that should a dear little one, for whom you are toiling that their body may appear well, come to your door with a bouquet of fragrant wild flowers for you to admire and to ask you questions about them you would impatiently say to them: "Oh, go away children; I am in such a hurry to finish this dress." Perhaps they have been out under the grape arbor (taking good care to stay out of your way) reading and discussing the pictures in a book and decide to go in just a minute to ask mother something they are in doubt about, and meet with the same impatient answer. Mother, the little body is not suffering for finery; it would be better off without so much of it; but the little mind is grasping for knowledge and the little heart is starving for love. Lay some of that needless work aside and live a part of each day with your children; go on a stroll with them and talk to them of the budding trees, the grass springing up, the brook singing its song of joy that winter has loosened its cold grip and the birds building their nests and the little songsters that soon will add to the joy of living by their merry songs. Teach them to love the birds and they will not disturb the nests or the little ones, but learn to know one bird from another and something of their traits. Show them how to plant flowers and care for them and they will be sure to love them. Let them be your companions and thereby take an interest in what you are doing and feel an interest in it by helping you. Let them feel even when tiny tots that they have something to do in the household tasks, but make that little task more of a pleasure than a burden. Training the little ones is such an important duty. Won't some of the mothers tell us of their methods on this subject which is so near every mother's heart?—Country Woman.

DO YOU KNOW?

That—

During the warm days of early spring your children will probably eat oatmeal wafers when they cannot be prevailed upon to eat the porridge itself? Beat two eggs lightly, adding a small cupful of sugar, one tablespoonful of melted butter, a pinch of salt and sufficient oatmeal to form a very stiff batter; drop by the spoonful on a greased baking sheet, having them some distance from each other, as they will spread like pilot biscuit; bake in a moderate oven until crisp and brown.

One of the most appreciated wedding presents of a recent bride was

an attractive basket containing six glasses of assorted jellies. The glasses were daintily wrapped in white crepe paper and the basket had been treated to a coat of white enamel paint, while the handles were tied together with a bow of white ribbon through which was thrust a tiny spray of artificial orange blossoms. It was a lovely gift, and is offered as a suggestion to those who feel that an expensive wedding present is quite beyond their resources.

When one wishes to use only a few drops of lemon juice, the most economical way is to pierce one end with a silver fork and express by gentle pressure as much as is needed. This opening closes up and the lemon will be the same as if unopened. If, however, half a lemon is called for, place the remaining half, cut side down upon a small saucer, covering with a cup to exclude the air and the lemon will keep moist and good for some time.

If you are troubled with ants, either large or small, a few drops of paregoric placed in a small basin of water will attract all the near-by ants. Use a shallow basin and you will be surprised at the number your "ant trap" will catch.

If a small uncorked bottle of kerosene oil is placed inside the case of a clock its daily evaporation will oil the works, and tend to keep it in better running order, thereby avoiding a bill for repairs.

Butter and sugar to be creamed for cake or hard sauce can quickly be reduced to the right consistency by the aid of a warden potato masher. Warm the mix-bowl before putting in the ingredients and you will be surprised how soon they will become a light, creamy mass with half the usual labor.

Table cloths are found, as a rule, always begin to show wear at the folds, as the cloth is invariably folded in the same creases; this is overcome by occasionally cutting off a tiny piece from each end and rehemming; the creases in future coming

in new places and so prolonging the life of the cloth materially.

In these days of hygienic living it is well for the housewife to realize that all paper bags are made from a compound of rags, lime, glue and similar substances, mixed with chemicals and acids. When dry, these can do no harm; but if allowed to become damp, a paper-bag is unfit to touch any article of food.

It is not a woman's place to care for the pigs and poultry, to chop wood or milk cows, when there is a strong, healthy man around. Keeping a home in good order is enough for any woman.

If the wild growth on your farm is profuse and your tomatoes and melon vines run to leaf, your soil is rich in nitrogen.

Sow a few radish seeds in the rows of beets, parsnips and carrots. The radishes will come up quickly and mark the rows and the weeds may be kept down.

As a general rule, the depth to plant should be four times the diameter of the seeds.

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