

Country Home Department.

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

OUR OWN FIRESIDE.

The world to its pleasures invites us abroad,
Where mirth and good-fellowship lighten
the way;
And pleasant it is around the bright festal
board
To mingle with those that are merry and
gay.
The hand of true fellowship we grasp with
delight,
For dear to the heart is the friend we have
tried.
But life's crown of bliss is to shine in the
light
Of those that we love round our own fire-
side.

Oh! it's our own fireside! Our own fireside!
The comfort and the peace of our own fire-
side!
The world has no joy that so dear will abide
As the well-spring of love at our own fire-
side!

'Tis sweet, when the day with its toil and
cares done,
To hie to our homes, where the loving ones
wait
To welcome our coming and hasten us on,
With faces that beam from doorway and
gate;
The tender embrace, the endearing fond
smiles,
As round us they cling in affectionate
pride;
Oh! who could forego for the world's hollow
wiles
The love which encircles our own fireside?

When winter is raging and stormy winds
blow,
The aspect of nature bare, gloomy and
drear,
How joyous to sit in the fire's cheery glow,
With those that the bosom holds precious
and dear!
What more to this life can we ask to be
given—
Than Providence doth in His goodness pro-
vide—
Than earth's purest joy and a foretaste of
heaven
That lighten and hallow our own fireside?
—Alfred Lavington.

THE WISDOM OF FROEBEL.

A good writer has said: "Give me the first six years of a child's life and I care not who has the rest." Whether we believe this or not to the fullest extent, does it not suggest that we might begin the child's education much earlier than we do? Again, if the strengthening or fostering of early impressions has any weight on his almost blank mind, should we not begin to develop his faculties very much earlier than we do?

By this I do not mean to lay down an invariable rule for mothers to follow; but would say, Watch the child and his play. It was while Frederick Froebel, the founder of the kindergarten, was watching the plays of little children that he conceived the idea which resulted in revolutionizing the whole trend of modern education, that of letting the child acquire his knowledge through the voluntary activities of his play nature.—Selected.

PROVERBS IN DUPLICATE.

The well-known old proverb, "One swallow does not make a spring," is indigenous to England, Germany and Russia, but in the Sunny South it takes the form, "One flower does not make a garland." In Italy we find "He who grasps all gets less"; in France, "He who embraces too much binds badly," and in Northern Europe, "Grasp all, lose all."

"Birds of a feather flock together" is represented by the Italian "Every like covers its like"; the Greek, "A comrade loves a comrade"; the French, "Qui se rassemble, s'assemble." Plato declared more than two thousand years ago that "A beginning is half of all," and he has found an echo in our "What's begun is half done," and in the Italian "Who commences well is at the half of the task."

There is a true Oriental ring about such proverbs as "Among the sandal trees there are deadly serpents," "Rivers have lotuses, but also alligators." The Hindoo proverb, "By a number of straws twisted together elephants can be bound," is only another form of the Scotch, "Many a mickle makes a muckle."

The Greeks, wishing to cast doubt upon a man's probity declared him to be "A sheep with a fox's tail," which answers to our "Wolf in sheep's clothing." "All's well that ends well" bears a strong likeness to the German "Ende gut, alles gut." There is a lengthy Oriental proverb, "Let a cur's tail be warmed, pressed out straight, and swathed with bandages; if released after twelve years it will nevertheless return to its natural shape." It is easy to trace the similarity to our "You cannot make a silk purse out of a sow's ear."

We discourage carrying "coals to Newcastle"; the French deprecate taking "water to the river." We "drink as we brew"; the French "sleep on the bed as they have made it." The old Athenian was as much concerned to see a bull in the city as we are when that animal appears in a china shop. With us "still water runs deep"; in Russia, they "swarm with devils," a much more vigorous way of expressing the same thing.

NOBODY'S BOY.

This is rather long for a selection but there is such a lesson in it for mothers and boys that I want to use it.

He had taken the wrong turning early in life. Now, though he was barely twenty-two, the young face bore marks that it was a pity to see—recklessness, irreverence, evil. He made his way up to a white farmhouse one morning from a near-by freight train, upon which he had stolen a ride. The country was taking on that emerald tinge that spoke so vividly of nature at work. Overhead, the clouds floated in azure skies. Cattle grazed contentedly upon the new grass. All over her kingdom old mother earth was being decked with flowers. He looked at the house and made up his mind. He would ask for a meal, then go on his way, a wanderer and an outcast. There was a feeling of bitterness in his heart this beautiful day. Nothing to look forward to. Nobody to care. Who in all the world cared for such as he? Who was there who would stretch out the helping hand? Who was there who would encourage or give him a kind word? Had he not in all his wanderings met with nothing but rebuffs? Well, he was hardened now, he did not care. Once down, forever down. To him there would be no second chance. He would tramp on his way as he had been doing these last months, then some day, perhaps by an accident, for he was a reckless lad, it would all be over.

He looked up at the blue sky. If his mother had lived. Ah, that would have made a difference. But who could receive the unkindness and treachery that had been meted out to him and not be hardened by it? No wonder he had grown bitter and reckless and unfeeling—and then he knocked at the back door of the farmhouse. A little, old woman in a clean dress and big gingham apron came to the door. Her eyes set in her wrinkled face were bright and flashing still. Her hair was quite white. She smiled at him, and the boy flushed. He had meant to ask sullenly for a meal, but something about the kind old face made him ashamed. Instead he asked for work.

"Why, yes," she answered genially, and how the boy's heart warmed to her. "We were wishing for some one only yesterday. You see, this is incubator time, and I need help with my chickens. The men are putting down a new well yonder, perhaps you could

help there, too. I think we can arrange for you to stay. Had any breakfast?"

"No," he answered, in a strained voice.

"Come, then."

She led the way, not into the kitchen, but into a cool dining-room beyond, with white curtains at the windows and a refreshing breeze stirring them. For the first time in months the boy dropped his head in shame.

She, this little, white-haired woman, was treating him not like a tramp, but like a friend, and later she came in with the same kindly smile, bearing in her arms a tray on which were a plate of bacon and eggs, brown bread, white bread, yellow butter and a small pitcher of milk. She talked cheerfully the while, making no references to his past, but treating him as if his had not been what it was, but what it ought to be.

That was the beginning. Later, he found himself installed in a clean little bed-room with gay paper on the walls white curtains at the windows and a bed as comfortable and sweet smelling as the one he remembered in his mother's house when he was but a little lad. And in the trust and kindness of the little woman with the white hair, he felt his old bitterness receding slowly. And he—the trifter, the tramp, the "ne'er do well," began to take a halting step upward.

"That new hand of yours seems to be a fellow with a past," remarked one of the men to the little old woman one day. "Know anything about him, Mrs. Thompson?"

"Nothing, except that I feel sure there is good in the boy. We must be patient, Nathan, and not expect too much. Give him time."

"He seems to adapt himself all right," went on the man; "still you're taking a risk. You'll wake up some morning and find him gone."

"Perhaps so," was the quiet reply; "but I don't think so."

He stayed and he worked, then the old restlessness took possession of him like a fever coursing through his veins. That morning—would he ever forget it? The old life—the old life of reckless wandering began to tempt him—a flush rose in his cheek. Beyond the quiet, green fields the old life waited. And then as he sat there wrestling with the demon of the wandering foot, with his head in his hands, he was roused by a touch on his shoulder. It was the little, white-haired woman, and she was smiling at him with her trusting eyes. In her hands she bore a beautiful frosted cake.

"A happy birthday, my boy," she said, gently. "See, I've made you this cake. You shall cut it yourself, by and by."

"A cake!" he faltered.

"Yes; didn't you know it was your birthday? You told me this was the day."

He stared at her. "So I did," he said, huskily, and then it all came back. He saw himself a little lad in a white suit, cutting a birthday cake on which were six candles. Again he felt his mother's kiss.

"Oh, mother, mother," he half sobbed, "only to see you again."

"You will," said a comforting voice. "I know that my Redeemer liveth," and then he lifted his head.

"And you remembered," he said, slowly.

"Surely," she smiled at him again, and under that smile of trust the flood gates of his soul opened. He burst into sobs, heavy sobs, that shook his frame and rocked him to an fro.

"Oh," he sobbed, "to think that you remembered. I'm so wicked and unworthy. I don't deserve such thoughtfulness. You—you've been like an angel to me. I'll never forget it."

(Continued on page 3.)

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RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT AND SYMPATHY.

Whereas, it has pleased Almighty God to take by death from us our friend and brother, J. J. Frick, who was a loyal member of Liberty Local Union, No. 2022, Rowan County, North Carolina; therefore, be it—

Resolved 1. That in the death of Brother Frick, who was a man of strong character, and who was always ready and willing to do his part well in life, we have lost the fellowship of a truly good man, and we extend our heartfelt sorrow and our deepest sympathy to the bereaved family.

2. That a copy of these resolutions be sent the bereaved family of our deceased brother, a copy spread upon our minutes, and a copy be sent to The Carolina Union Farmer for publication.

D. BANINGER,
M. GOODMAN,
J. C. CAMP,
Committee.