

Country Home Department.

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

IF WE KNEW.

If we knew the cares and crosses
Crowding round our neighbor's way;
If we knew the little losses,
Sorely grievous day by day;
Would we then so often chide him
For his lack of thrift and gain,
Casting o'er his heart a shadow,
Leaving on our lives a stain?

If we knew the bitter story
Quivering through the heart of pain,
Would our conscience dare drive them
Back to haunts of guilt again?
Life hath many a tangled story,
Joy hath many a break of woe,
And the cheeks tear-washed are white
This the blessed angels know.

Let us reach into our bosoms
For the key to other lives,
And with love for erring nature
Cherish good that still survives;
So that when our disrob'd spirits
Soar to realms of light again
We may say, Dear Father, judge us
As we judged our fellow-men.

If we knew the gall and heartache
Waiting for us down the road,
If our lips could taste the wormwood,
If our back could feel the load,
Would we waste the day in wishing
For a time that ne'er can be?
Would we wait with such impatience
For our ships to come from sea?

If we knew the baby fingers
Pressed against the window-pane
Would be cold and stiff to-morrow,
Never trouble us again;
Would the bright eyes of our darling
Catch the frown upon our brow?
Would the print of rosy fingers
Vex us then as they do now?

Oh, those little ice-cold fingers,
How they point our memory back
To the hasty words and actions
Lying all along the track;
How those little hands remind us,
As in snowy grace they lie,
Not to scatter thorns but roses
For our reaping by and by.

Strange we never prize the music
Till the sweet-voiced bird has flown.
Strange that we should slight the violet
Till the lovely flowers are gone;
Strange that summer's skies and sunshine
Never seem one-half so fair
As when winter's icy pinions
Shake the white down in the air.
—Selected.

THE USE OF PERFUME.

There is scarcely anything more disagreeable and nothing that shows a lack of good breeding as plainly as the lavish use of poor, cheap perfume, says The Housewife. But there are unfortunately few women who realize how little scent should be used.

As a rule, the woman who has no maid at hand to superintend her toilet, is the greatest offender. She does not realize, perhaps, just how strong the perfume is and lavishly besprinkles herself until the odor is overpowering.

Perfume should always be used sparingly. One drop on a handkerchief, and one or two on the check or neck is enough to give the faint, delicate odor that is a sign of good breeding. Many women make a mistake in buying cheap perfume, which is to be regretted since the inferior grades can always be detected. It is much better to use a very small quantity of good scent than a great quantity of the cheaper variety.

There is nothing more refined and delicate than the old-fashioned lavender so beloved by our grandmothers. The women of fashion know this, and at bazaars and fairs little bags of dried lavender flowers are always in great demand. The odor is never very strong, but always delicious. For the women who cannot afford costly perfume or sachet powders there is nothing better.

HINTS FOR HAPPINESS.

Wear your old clothes until you can pay for new ones.

Be cautious of believing ill, but more cautious of repeating it.

Bring all the joy that you can into the world.

Know that our belief in human nature is a foot-rule by which we may

be accurately measured ourselves.

Remember that the world is a looking-glass, and gives back to every man the reflection of his own face.

HER PHILOSOPHY.

Some one asked a young woman who had been under a long strain of anxiety, with illness in the home added to her already heavy burdens, what philosophy she had found that had helped her to bear it all with such apparent ease.

"Philosophy?" she answered. "I have none. I always had wondered how I should take trouble when my turn came, and supposed, of course, I should have a philosophy to sustain me. Instead, I did not have time to develop one before the strain began, and since then all my energies have been busy plunging in to hills of duties. All day my thoughts have to be given to planning, and at night I drop off to sleep, waking just in time to delve into the day's work ahead of me."

Unconsciously she had fallen upon the truest philosophy, the only philosophy that can help while the need is red hot. She had not sat down to sentimentalize upon the strange dealings of Providence, and wait for grief to bear its much-talked-of fruitage in her life. If she had, only bitter fruit would have been the result. But her friends, watching her with trembling fear lest she should faint under her burden, had seen unsuspected strength developing in her as she worked, and a new tenderness, patience and sweetness blossoming into radiant beauty in her life.

This is the gracious end of all suffering, that in the effort to bear the burden well the soul forgets itself, breaks its shackles, reaches out, and grows. This is the most beautiful secret of life, besides which all the philosophy of the sages is but as ashes that are left after the live fire has burned out.—Exchange.

TACT.

An elderly lady was visiting a young married woman; when the visitor arose to depart, the hostess accompanied her to the door and out upon the pleasant veranda, which showed marked traces of dust.

"Oh, dear," said the young woman, "how provoking servants are! I told Mary to sweep the veranda thoroughly, and now see how dusty it is."

"Grace," said the older woman, looking into the disturbed young face with kindly, humorous eyes: "I am an old housekeeper. Let me give you a bit of advice. Never direct attention of people to defects. Unless you do so, they will rarely see them. Now, if I had been in your place and noticed the dirt, I should have said: 'How blue the sky is!' or, 'How beautiful the clouds are!' or, 'How bracing the air is!' Then I should have looked up as I spoke, and have gotten you safely down the steps and out of sight without your seeing the dust."—Exchange.

A BOY'S POSSESSIONS.

If ownership of something is essential for a man, it is for a boy as well. It is necessary for a man because God has put him in the midst of things that are to be owned, has given him a desire for possession, and has distinctly told him to subdue and use them. And whenever we find a man who has lost all desire for such things he will not take the right kind of interest in them, nor feel responsibility, nor get the discipline he might

through his effort to possess them, unless he has some special mission in the world, providentially appointed, which prevents acquisition of property.

So a boy must begin to have things of his own, for he needs training in that, as well as in his memory, or reasoning, or powers of speech. Through his memory he owns much; through laying up something he is providing for the future and increasing his present enjoyments and opportunities. One can own only what he can know and use. The vagrant has nothing to enjoy; the very rich own very little of what they have, because they cannot enter into it, just as a man can have great supplies of food, but assimilate only one meal at a time. But some men are like an arrow—go through life and accumulate nothing.

A boy must gratify that desire, secure that discipline, and feel that responsibility by owning and caring for and managing something. He must have his own comb and brush, toys, books, clothes, and articles of usefulness. His pockets show his passion for possession, a blind desire working without the power of selection, and the result is an aggregation of things entirely useless, except to a boy—knife, tops, marbles, beanshooters, beeswax, bullets, buckles, lead, scrap iron, slings, fishing worms, chewing-gum, licorice, candy, pills. There is an age when he is more active in such enterprises, but he is doing the same thing he does when he amasses wealth. He has a trading age, from about eleven to fifteen, when he will trade anything he has for anything any other boy has—cats and dogs and pigeons and toys and any of the things he carries in his pockets.

He must not only possess things, but take care of them as well. The penalty for not having what he can call his own is that he never has anything to give to others, is thriftless, selfish, begging, borrowing and

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