## POETRY.

Written for the Progressive Farmer.]

### "BEHIND THE TIMES."

To be behind the times, it seems,
Is but to cherish life-long dreams
That vandalism would dispel;
But may the feeling ever last
That's roused by the iconoclast
Who comes with his destruction fell.

Improvement's unrelenting hand
Its curse has marked throughout the land,
Destroying comely nation's face,
As if its ruthless spite was bent
On most endearing scenes to vent,
And all their loveliness erase.

And dire Invention's callous art
Has sent its keenly poisoned dart
Upon its devastating way,
And it will never rest until
The crests and slopes of every hill
Is ravaged by its merciless sway.

There's scarce a valley or a dell,
Where lone seclusion loves to dwell
Amid the quiet's peaceful rest,
Apart from sordid alms of life
That's free from grasping human strife,
With its polution to infest.

The base-born foreigner is sought,
Persuaded, coaxed and even bought—
Such is remorseless, cruel fate,
To dwell 'mid dingle, glen and glade,
And toil within the coolest shade,
And otherwise to desecrate.

The fairest scenes that God has made
To be a source of sordid trade!
There is no earthly paradise,
Nor choicest corners of the world,
Where all that's lovely is unfurled,
That's not invaded by vile vice.

The engine blows its whistle shrill
Where once the wood-thrush loved to trill,
And where there was no selfish strife;
Where luxury ne'er found a vent
To spoil that greatest boon—content—
With wants destroying tranquil life.

The negligence of artless grace,
Adorning form, as well as face,
Of those fair daughters of the land,
And whose dishreveled hair is like
Their run-wild dingles plight—
To vanish 'neath the sotter's hand!

The simple ways in which they grew,
That's free from hateful ideas new,
And culture that depends on art,
Must yield to fashion's swevering say—
The fondest thing to throw away—
A true and mature—cultured heart.

Like the snake that entered Paradise
Within, well honied, to entice,
So will, when these Edens are
Invaded by the spoiler's clutch,
And tainted by his loathsome touch
Be wrecked of all that's fond and fair.

With landmarks none of anything
That will to fond remembrance bring
What lavished nature freely gave
And were, from childhood, held as dear
And living souls we cherish here
'Twill be like looking on a grave.

Abhorred the hand such changes bring,
And havoc makes of everything!
Ah, would, beyond mere feeble rhymes,
The soul's indignant rage could vent!
But may we cling to pristine bent,
And always be "behind the times."

—U. B. GWYNN.

## HOUSEHOLD.

FROSMED FRUITS.

Carefully drain all the liquid from preserved peach, cherry, currant, or any other fruit which retains its shape. Roll the fruit in powdered sugar, and you have a dainty for luncheon or dessert which will keep fresh for some time.

MAPLE CREAM.

An excellent sweet is called maple cream. It is made without maple sugar. Put two cups of dark brown sugar and half a cup of rich milk or cream into a saucepan and place over the fire. When the mixture comes to boiling cook for five minutes, then add a piece of butter of the size of a walnut, a teaspoonful of vanilla, and a cup of chopped walnuts. Beat the mixture until it is thick and creamy. Turn this into buttered tins, and when partly cool mark off in squares.

AUNTIE'S MOLASSES CANDY.

One cup of molasses, two cups of sugar, one cup of water and one tablespoon of vinegar. Just before it is done add a small piece of butter. Let all but the butter boil briskly without stirring, until crisp threads will fall from a spoon (about half an hour), then pour into buttered platters or pans. Commence to pull as soon as it is cool enough to handle. Another way to test it is to drop some of the boiling mixture into cold water, and if crisp it is ready to cool.

SMOTHERED CHOPS.

An uncommon dish is smothered chops, and it is nice for a course luncheon. For this dish use the small French chops. Trim them smoothly and broil them over a quick fire for ten minutes. For a dozen chops take the breast of a chicken and chop it fine; mix with the chicken the white of an unbeaten egg, four tablespoonfuls of cream, half a teaspoonful of salt, a pinch of cayenne pepper, and a tablespoonful of chopped parsley. Thoroughly mix these ingredients together and spread the mixture thickly over each chop. Brush them with egg, making sure to cover every part, and then sprinkle them with crumbs. Lay them in a wire basket, and put them into smoking-hot fat and cook to a delicate brown. Arrange them in the centre of a chop dish and pour a tomato sauce around them.

Bank of England notes are made from new white linen cuttings—never from anything that has been worn. So carefully is the paper prepared that even the number of dips into the pulp made by each workman is registered on a dial by machinery.

A man was sent to a neighboring village with a live hare in a basket. Before starting he had the direction of the road given to him on a piece of paper. As he was going along he thought he'd have a look inside. No sooner had he raised the lid than out jumped the hare. Never mind, old chap, exclaimed the man I've got your direction.—Answers.

*Written for The Progressive Farmer.]*

## Selfishness.

When we look at the lives of men we can see only a fierce struggle—scientific men, philosophers, astronomers, chemists, inventors, men of all the different walks of life, striving, working, planning, scheming—each trying for all there is in him to lift his head a little higher than his neighbor's; to win something his neighbor has never won; to think something his neighbor has never thought; to make new inventions, spring new ideas make new improvements and all the time be presenting new wonders to the world.

These newer and better things are supposed to be for the good and advancement of the human race; to build up and widen human ability and power; to lend light to the world and make new, nobler, better creatures.

But is this the true meaning of all the striving going on among men? Has this fierce, terrible struggle the benefit of mankind for its goal? When men burn midnight oil seeking learning leave off eating and sleeping enough to more than barely keep them alive; become sunken eyed and nervous in the eager pursuit of some great and grand achievement, what is the motive power?

Let us wonder what could fill a man with such a consuming flame of insatiable desire. What could render him so incapable of reason as not to be able to bear in in mind that it is essential to life that he eat and sleep? Is it to benefit the cause of humanity? Is it to minister to the needs of suffering ones? Is it to bear onward a higher standard of civilization, a better standard of morals, to build up happiness for his fellowmen, to help brighten the future prospects of his country? No. Each individual has a personal motive. He is anxious to make some precious discovery which will benefit himself. Something that will heighten his own glory and give himself fame, or fill his hands with glittering gold. He only thinks of his own pleasure and welfare, never so much as a word or deed for others. All strivings and strugglings have only a goal of self, He must rise, though through the sufferings of others. If, in his growth, he oppresses the weak, it matters not to him. If he encroaches on the ground of the peaceful, he heeds it not. If he tramples on the few who love justice, he presses on, burning with the evil spirit, eager for self.

Mankind, in its struggle upward through never ending cruelty and contention, has been taught nothing but selfishness.

It was selfishness that caused Eve to touch the forbidden fruit in the Garden of Eden, which produced a strain of sadness and sorrow and anguish that echoes down the ages through all generations and wails in every ear and touches the strings of every heart.

What a severe form of selfishness do we see in the case of Cain, in the olden times, destroying his brother.

What is it but selfishness that sets up that line of difference and contention between nations and kingdoms that causes each to work for the disinterest of the other? What is it that sets State against State, institution against institution, business house against business house?

Between the different saleshouses and shops of any town there is a fierce, never ending contest. A rivalry is between them always that is severe and dark and far from being a healthy one. A bitter, mean rivalry, out of which grows hatred, malice, disgrace and, too often, complete ruin.

Even the different denominattons of the church are at contest with each other. Each branch endeavers to establish its own doctrine as the best and surest way to heaven—its faith as the only true faith.

The preachers are at war with each other—each trying to have the largest revival meeting at his church, to gain more accessions to his church than any other. Nothing pleases a pastor more than to see members of other churches leave their former belief and join his flock. He reads the name of such a joiner very loudly and distinctly, and takes special care in announcing that this brother comes from some other denomination, and if you will watch his face real closely you can see that beneath the upright, regal expression, it wears a very natural, exultant grin. And his voice has a triuphant ring in it as he realizes victory to a certain extent.

It is doubtful whether a minister ever heard a sermon delivered by another man, especially if it be in his pulpit, without wondering to himself if his sermons are that poor, or if they are that good; and whether his audience would rather hear "Rev. So and So's" sermons than his own; or his own in preference to "Rev. So and So's."

In the towns you will not see the Methodist minister in the Baptist's revival meeting, doing what he can to save souls The ministers of different denominations are always particularly absent when one pastor is having his revival. And they hardly know that his meetings are being held.

Now, is that true brotherhood? I might ash, is that religion?

They are not willing to further the cause of Christ except in their own church.

Now, they say there is work sufficient in their own church to keep them always diligent at home. Duty is not so severe as to command us to fasten ourselves down at home always and never allow our good works to spread beyond the home limit,

This struggle for self is one that never abates, night or day, sleeping or waking. Progress is held back by it. Poor opinions wish no better ones to their place, and try to the very last to hold their own in the minds of the people for sake of self honor, and care not if they hinder progress.

A selfish person scarcely benefits himself or the world. Then what wonder that we progress but slowly when one, in looking at life as it is, discovers only here and there, glimpses of unselfishness?

Men consider it a duty to get, what they call, "their share" of this world's goods. They take upon their shoulders great loads of care through a sense of duty. Bent forms and wrinkled faces are the result of life long struggles and hardships we endure while we are pushing on toward the mark we think duty has set for us.

It is all a mistake. Duty does not say, "Hold yourself in severe restraint; abandon the appearance of pleasure." And to be a saint, you must have a long face and closed eyes; sit in your closet and sigh. If you let the light in and mingle with God's other creatures you may lose the path. These are not the rules duty makes for us. But duty says, "Be free, be sensible, above all, be unselfish."

Oh! the poverty, the miseries, the crimes! They all have but one basis—sin—selfishness.

The more self we discard, the more religion we will have. Oh, to be saved from ourselves! To be able to look to the within and keep it clean and wholesome and not pay so much heed to the outward.

The spirit is cramped and iron bound by selfish greed. All kindness and love for others are strangled to death by it. The spirit within us would have us do good. It would have us love everything that lives. It is a part of God's spirit. He gave it to us, but we try to ignore it. We live in discord with it day after day. We will not believe in it, nor take heed to its warnings and instructions. The spirit is everything to us. If we could only understand that there is no limit to its power.

After days and months, years of endeavoring to strangle it and put it away in the back ground, we finally succeed, and that blessed gift of God, that He intended to be our guiding star, our help, our instructor, our everything in this life, that would lead us to Him, is shackled hand and foot, put away and ignored and we go struggling on in despair toward a goal of self. May God help us to throw self away, loose the spirit and let it rule!

IDA INGOLD MASTEN.

### COMPANIONSHIP IN MARRIED LIFE.

The Right Kind of a Wife Makes The Right Kind of a Husband.

"If you wish to be a good companion to your husband study to make each 'Good morning' that you say to him an incentive to a better life," is Ruth Ashmore's advice to young women, whom she addresses upon "The Profession of Marriage" in the April Ladie's Home Journal. "Learn to make each 'Good-night' a benediction of love for the day's work, the day's loving and the day's sympathy. Look for his good qualities. He is like you in having faults; with very little trouble you can find these faults, and by talking about them and reminding him of them you can make your married life unendurable. You can bring about heartburnings, you can cause strife, and before you know it hatred may take the place of love. Look for his virtues, and, seeking always for goodness, you will grow better every day just as certainly as you would grow bad if you looked only for that which was wicked. Remember there is much that will have to be forgiven in you, and whenever you feel inclined to remind Tom of a weakness read the book in which is set down your foibles and your follies. A woman who, even after her marriage, carefully studies her profession, can make her husband what she wishes him to be. Everything that is good is contagious, and the right kind of a wife makes the right kind of a husband.

"Respect the rights of your husband; he is a man, not a child, and how can the world honor him when you, who are his closest companion, do not? Do not, even in jest, deride or underate him. People are slow about deciding when one is jesting or when one is in earnest. And what you meant to be funny may cause some stupid person to say, 'How horrid Tom must be! Why his wife says dreadful things about him!"

### HUMOR OF THE HOUR.

Years ago there lived in a Massachusetts town a justice of the peace known as "Square" Simmonds, a man noted for the shortness of his memory. He carried about with him a slip of paper on which was written the brief marriage form which he used when called upon to unite a pair in the bonds of matrimony. He never trusted himself to begin the ceremony without reference to this document.

One day at a county fair in a neighboring town he was approached by an elderly couple, who expressed their wish to be married then and there. After some conversation the "square" agreed to perform the ceremony on the spot, and the three, accompanied by a grown up daughter of the man and a sister of the prospective bride, stepped into a convenient horse shed.

There the "square" began a fruitless search for the important paper, growing more and more perturbed as each succeeding pocket played him false. At last he abandoned the search.

"Are you willing to marry this woman?" he asked the man, who replied with a prompt "Yes."

"And you want to marry him?" asked the justice, turning to the bride.

"I do," said she with promptness equal to the bridegroom's.

"Then," said the "square" in his most impressive tone, "I hereby pronounce you married, according to the memorandum left at home in my other trousers pocket."—Youth's Companion.

### HE SAW THE AIRSHIP.

"Mercy sakes! Where have you been?"

"Been out looking f'r airships, m'dear."

"Airships?"

"Yes, m'dear, air—hic—ships. Washed th' heavens f'r hours."

"And did you see any?"

"See any? Why, sky's full of 'em, m'dear—airships in all styles, airships on toast, airships with red eyes and yellow ears and blue tails. Jim Sturgis seen 'em too. Jim got a good look at 'em through a bottle. Jim's all ri'. Him and me was washin heavens togezzer."

"Why didn't you stay out there all night?"

"Got afraid that some of those airships might tumble on me—so many of 'em. Thass reason why I came in."

"And where is your disreputable companion?"

"Who—Jim? He's all ri'. Jim says he saw one fall over in park. He's gone there now to look for it. I tole him if he foun' it I'd give him half. If anybody rings bell, z st's Jim. Tell him put it in coal cellar. Tell him—tell"—[Falls asleep.] — Cleveland Plain Dealer.

### ALLEGED FUN.

First Tramp: If you 'ad to work, what kind of a job would you rather 'ave? Second Tramp: Well, I think as how I'd be judge of a dog show. I've 'ad experience with all kind of dogs.

Mrs. Dimling: I find it very hard to keep good servants. Mrs. Totling (insinuatingly): I don't; I pay mine regularly.—Louisville Courier Journal.

The Happy Man: I tell you, old fellow, a man doesn't know what real happiness is until he is married. Cynical Friend: Then he finds that it consists in being single.—Brooklyn Life.

And when you were a slave, Uncle Gabe, they once got up a butting match between you and the goat, did they? How cruel that was!" "Deed it were, miss. Day had to kill de pore goat afterwards!"—Chicago Tribune.

What! You a bluegrass Kentuckian, reared on a farm, and don't know how cider vinegar is made?" "Fac, sah. We tried it several times, sah, but nevah got beyond the hard cidah stage, sah, bofo' the material all ran out, sah."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Skelly: Phat hav yes quit work for, McGinty? McGinty: Oi've bin towld thot th' tonnel is to run benath th' negro graveyard! Skelly: Yez are not sooperstachus, McGinty? McGinty: Oi'm not. But Oi'll not work under a negro, be he did or aloive.

In faith, captain, said a son of Erin, as a ship was coming on the coast in inclement winter weather, have ye an ould Farrumer's Almenic on board? No, I haven't. Then, be jabers, replied Pat, we shall have to take the weather as it comes.

The other morning, Mrs. C—— sent her freshly imported servant out to milk the cow. An hour or so after Mrs. C—— again met the girl, and inquired if she had milked? No, ma'am; I couldn't! Couldnt? asked Mrs. C——, in surprise. And why? The cow was fast ashlape, shure!


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## YOUNG FOLKS.

### Questions and Answers.

WAKEFIELD, N. C.

*Mr. Editor*:—As I am very much interested in the fifth page of your paper, I will write my second letter. I am a farmers' daughter. I have one sister and two brothers. Their names are Iva, Walter and Willie. Iva my sister, is married and lives in Nash county. I am going to school now, but our school will soon be out. We are going to have a nice time the last day of school.

I will answer and ask some questions. I will answer Willie M. Tysons question. "I had many things to write but I will not with ink and pen write them unto thee." It is the thirteenth verse of the first and last chapter of the third Epistle of John.

I will answer Eva E. Bells question. In what book in the Bible the Lords name is not mentioned. It is the book of Esther.

I will answer the question asked by Mary Lou Pendergrass. What was the first garment made? Who wore it? It was an apron made of fig leaves, worn by Adam and Eve.

I will ask some questions now. How many times is Mary mentioned in the Bible?

How many times is the word girl mentioned in the Bible?

Whose last words were, "This is the last of earth; I am content?

What is the Monroe doctrine?

Why was the battle of New Orleans unnecessary?

What two Presidents died on the fourth day of July?

What was the Missouri compromise?

What state contains the most gold?

Who invented the first cotton gin?

I will close by wishing THE PROGRESSIVE FARMER much success.

Yours truly,
LILLIE A. PUGH

### From Wake County.

BALLENTINES MILLS, N. C.

*Mr. Editor:*—I have written to your valuable paper once, and as it escaped the waste basket, I will write again.

The Populist party is injured but very little in our neighborhood, on account of the corrupt legislature that has recently adjourned. I hope there will never be such a set of men to meet at Raleigh to make laws and transact business for the citizens of North Carolina again, but I think it was all caused by the Populist bolters.

Woe to the Populist bolters,
Who are in the Republican camp,
Woe to you all, my friends,
Who fight for the "gold bug stamp."

I will ask and answer some questions now.

Who discovered the art of printing?

Who discovered the art of telegraphy?

Who discovered the Pacific ocean?

How many verses are there in the Bible?

Who assassinated President Lincoln?

I will answer Ernest L. Edwards question. Who invented the first cotton gin? It was Eli Whitney.

I will also answer Miss Nellie E. Whitehead's question. Who was the first man to sail around the world? It was Magellan.

I will answer George G. Aysoue's question. What two Presidents died on the fourth day of July? They were, John Adams and Thomas Jefferson.

With best wishes to THE PROGRESSIVE FARMER and its editor.

CARL P. NORRIS

### From Perquimans County.

HERTFORD, N. C.

*Mr. Editor:*—I have not written to your paper in quite a long time, but have been looking over your young folks column with much interest.

I am a little boy nine years old. I have been to Raleigh; I was a page up there in the House of Representatives.

The only bill they passed that I had any objection to was the public school law. It is about to cut me out of my school district and make me walk about 4 miles to school.

I will close wishing THE PROGRESSIVE FARMER much successs.

Yours truly,
L. J. W. PARKER.

### From Pamlico County.

GRANTSBOROUGH, N. C.

*Mr. Editor:*—Will you allow me space in your good paper to write a few lines? Papa does not take your paper but I like to read it, especially the young folks column. Papa is a farmer and I help him on the farm in the spring and summer.

I have five sisters and four brothers. I have two sisters and one brother married.

I will close by asking a few questions and answering some.

I will answer one of George G. Ayscues questions. What two Presidents died on the fourth day of July? Thomas Jefferson and John Adams.

What was the first thing Jesus spoke unto the disciples after he arose from the dead? and where is it found?

Who was God's servant after Moses died?

How did Saul behave himself and what became of him at last?

Who was the father of Joshua?

I will close. Yours truly,
CASSIE L. DOWTY.

### From Craven County.

NORTH HARLOWE, N. C.

*Mr. Editor:*—I will now attempt to write my second letter to THE PROGRESSIVE FARMER. I like to read it very much, especially the young folks column.

I will ask and answer some questions.

I will answer Nannie Morris' question. For how long was there darkness over the whole land when our Savior was crucified? It was three hours.

How many verses in the book of Mark?

Where was the last battle of the Revolutionary war fought at and in what year?

What lady devoted her life to the deaf and dumb asylum?

Who invented the first cane Mill?

I will close by wishing THE PROGRESSIVE FARMER much success.

Yours truly,
EVA E. Bell.

### NOT A CHUMP.

I was sitting in the sanctum of a Kansas country daily talking to the editor when a brawny six footer came in and interrupted us in a rather belligerent manner.

"See here," he cried, addressing the editor, "you've put something in the paper about me that's got to be corrected. You hear?"

We heard. Any one within a quarter of a mile couldn't have done otherwise.

"What's the matter?" meekly asked the editor.

"Well, you said in you paper that 'Jake Billings fell from a railroad train while slightly intoxicated.' That's a lie. I ain't such a chump as that. I was b'ilin drunk—rip rearin drunk, or I wouldn't have done it. Understand? Fix it up. I'm no chump."—Chicago Times Herald.


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