

The Home Circle.

SELECTIONS FROM "THE PRESENT CRISIS."

When a deed is done for freedom, through the broad earth's aching breast...

Once to every man and nation comes the moment to decide, In the strife of Truth with Falsehood for the good or evil side...

Careless seems the Great Avenger; history's pages but record One death-grapple in the darkness 'twixt old systems and the Word...

We see dimly in the Present what is small and what is great Slow of faith how weak an arm may turn the iron helm of fate...

Then to side with Truth is noble when we share her wretched crust, Ere her cause bring fame and profit, and 'tis prosperous to be just...

Now occasions teach new duties; Time makes ancient good uncouth; They must upward still, and onward, who would keep abreast of Truth...

"LEARN TO SUFFER WITHOUT COMPLAINING."

If the Spectator might suggest a wall text for our public schools, what better could he give than the words the Emperor Frederick III. of Germany...

"Learn to suffer without complaining." For the exceptionally cheerful, long-suffering people we call ourselves, are we not given to much complaining about petty discomforts and annoyances?

The Emperor Frederick had only actual suffering in mind, of course—not that great multitude of complainers whose whimpering is largely from fear of pain, or in recalling what is a thing of the past save to those who must hear it described in detail.

be impressed upon educators." Her wall text would be, "Suffer and be strong." The great test of character with her was that of suffering—and sometimes the Spectator has been inclined to accuse her of wishing that there was more of it in the world...

Was it not the genial Autocrat who said that, alas! there were too many people in the world who used their troubles for clubs wherewith to knock down the good spirits of others? And may not our friends and relatives—almost everybody one knows, in fact—be classified under two heads, those who suffer or suffered without complaining, and those who don't or did not—the classification running through the great names of history and literature.

The Spectator once knew a family of which the children—a large brood—were such experts at complaining that the father was moved to place a box in the dining room in which a penny was to be dropped by the maker of any complaint whatever, the fund to be given at Christmas to the Hospital for Incurables.

"But suffering without complaining is not always praiseworthy by any means," says Croaker over the Spectator's shoulder. "There comes a time like that in the Colonies when the tea must go overboard." "Certainly," says the Spectator. "Let us give thanks that our forefathers would no longer drink it with disgruntled complainings—continually whining at the heavy tax upon it, and doing nothing but whine. Thank you for the point, Croaker; no doubt the teachers who discourse to the children on the wall text proposed will bear it in mind, and will supplement your illustration with many more, showing when patience under suffering ceases to be a virtue, and making clear the distinction between justifiable revolt and mere complaining."

"Now, about the most disagreeable folks I have ever known," says Croaker, "have been those who never whimpered no matter what ailed them, but who made sure, nevertheless, to have it seen that they were suppressing anything like a complaint. When that sort of thing is made one's religion, and pain is declared non-existent when you know it to be a verity, it tempts one to put a premium on whining, and insist once upon attention to every ache." He had learned, he said, that all who suffer without complaining are not the Lord's anointed, by any means. He had known many a degraded specimen of humanity to silently

endure prolonged suffering, and to meet deserved punishment for crime without a murmur. Were not criminal records filled with such cases? To "die game," particularly if fully reported in the newspapers, was something to be attained at any cost, and why disguise the true cause of uncomplaining silence under another name—that of heroic submission?—"The Spectator," in the New York Outlook.

CAN YOU NAME THESE NORTH CAROLINA COUNTIES?

The Asheboro Courier prints the following excellent puzzle arranged by Mrs. Eugene Little and other members of one of the Wadesboro book clubs. Each of the numbers suggests the name of a North Carolina county, and the editor of THE PROGRESSIVE FARMER will give a nice book to the person sending the first accurate list of answers.

- 1. King Solomon (Davidson). 2. A popular vehicle (Surry). 3. Monday's work and a ton (Washington). 4. "Old Hickory." 5. "Keep your bones from—" 6. For their mother country. 7. Our last state. 8. A shaft and a kiss. 9. An adjective for cowards. 10. A great war Governor. 11. Suggests a mystery. 12. One deceived and a water-fall. 13. An inflammable substance and 20 owt. 14. Verdant. 15. An English Admiral. 16. "In it there is strength." 17. Suggests Mrs. Noah in the nursery. 18. A tropical fruit. 19. We hope the baby won't—at night. 20. An English statesman. 21. "A far cry" to Cherokee. 22. One of the "last words" of Marmion. 23. A favor is its capital. 24. Good grapes. 25. Named for a German Princess. 26. An English river and the lion's home. 27. An ante bellum oak. 28. A city on the James. 29. Rough food and something to burn. 30. Toward the Arctic and a Confederate General. 31. An injured crossing. 32. Advises Scotchman to behave himself. 33. Advises the same gentleman to proceed. 34. Insane; first person singular; what a Chinaman most desires. 35. A great astronomer. 36. To deface a metal. 37. Forward deliberately. 38. The tree of victors, a blow, an exclamation. 39. Prefix three letters and most trousers need it. 40. What all girls want and a fortification. 41. A Warrior bishop. 42. A rustic lover. 43. To attire a near relation. 44. "Was it . . . or another Admiral?" 45. A Colonial Governor. 46. To burden soil. 47. A vehicle and an ancient hanging. 48. May they swing wide at last. 49. Anger and a dell. 50. A short conversation and a hog's hind quarters. 51. A chieftain at a famous ball. 52. "Big talk!" 53. Where Joseph's brethren cast him. 54. A boatman said to his wife— 55. One countryman asked another at a shallow river, "Will you ferry?" "No, I'd" 56. Change a letter and how it will sting! 57. A Scot would enjoy drinking from it. 58. An ancient warrior King who cried.

Town—The doctors have finally agreed upon the cause of Jones' illness. Browne—They've held another consultation, eh? Towne—No; a postmortem.—Philadelphia Press.

Our Social Chat.

AS CONTRIBUTORS to this department of The Progressive Farmer, we have some of the most wide-awake and progressive young ladies and young men and some of the most entertaining writers among the older people of this and other States, the ages of the members ranging from sixteen to more than sixty.

AUNT JENNIE'S LETTER.

No human being exists without an influence for good or bad. There is no day in which we may not say some word or do some deed that will make another happier. And it is always easy to find some one to help. There are beings in this bright, beautiful world who feel

"Alone a midst a thousand millions, With ten thousand friends, alone!"

Their thoughts and aspirations are different from those of their friends, and congeniality is unknown. A friend said to me once that the most lonely day he ever spent was on the streets of a large city surrounded by innumerable human beings, each intent on obtaining his special object and all unknown to him. Some there are who appreciate a kind word more than they do sordid pelf, even if our nation is accused of worshipping the dollar. Let us see to it that we at least are ready to give this much prized and costless gift. Encouragement, or a word of cheer from a fellow-being when one has almost given up in the struggle for honorable existence, has often proved a wonderful stimulus and has enabled many a man to breast the tide with gratitude to the kind friend who helped him unknowingly.

The time for the award of the tucker is almost here, but remember the nice book to be given for the best article concerning the Old South. No award if less than eight articles appear.

We take great pleasure in introducing this week several new contributors. Mrs. Veazey's reminiscences of the South of other days are interesting.

Sister Kate's letter also appears this week.

The letter written by Gus is good and we hope to have more like it from the same pen.

K. A. G.'s recipe for oake is sploy, but I imagine it would be very indigestible. It is no wonder that the old lady was paralyzed. I am sorry that I cannot publish more of K. A. G.'s letter because of her violation of one of the fixed rules of newspaper offices, to wit, that copy for newspaper articles must not be written on both sides of the paper. I hope that all our contributors will bear in mind this statement that we have so often made.

We have a fine description of "A Corn Husking" by a boy of sixteen which we publish with pleasure. If more of our boys would try to write on subjects familiar to them, would most assuredly succeed. Everyday life, what you see and what you do, would interest us.

REMINISCENCES OF THE SOUTH OF OTHER DAYS.

I. DEAR AUNT JENNIE:—I have often wished that slavery had been abolished before it was, for my father had a hard time overseeing his slaves and those of his step mother, his father being dead. He generally had his hands full to make them behave and to keep them at work. They would run about at night and sleep at the plow handles next day. He never whipped one, but they greatly feared him.

His step-mother's negroes thought if they could get him out of the way they could rest, play cards and do as they pleased. So they tried to poison him, and did come near killing him. He had to lay on his back fourteen nights, with his feet propped up against the wall to get ease, but he finally recovered and lived to the ripe old age of ninety.

The North imported the slaves and the South bought them. The North made all the money it could and then set the negro free. The poor white men that didn't own any slaves made their living by trading with them, getting things from them that had been stolen from the slave owners. I remember one old man that lived near our home and had two sons. He sent them one night to the Brick House, a place where a

great many negroes stayed. A rich man by the name of Cameron owned these slaves. These two sons went after a sack of salt; one of them carried a long dirk knife, fastened around his waist. As they were returning home, coming through the low grounds in the pitch darkness of the night with the sack of salt on his shoulder, his foot slipped and he fell, the long knife flew up and out the jugular vein of his neck. He got up walked across the creek with the blood flowing in the water as he went. After he crossed he staggered and fell to the ground. They carried him home to his father. I saw him next day, when he died.

I remember in the war times some things were hard to come at—coffee, for instance. But somehow or other the news was circulated among the old women that persimmon seed made good coffee, and so my mother thought she would have coffee plentiful as we had a barrel of persimmon beer and the beer was nearly exhausted. So one day the barrel was rolled out and the neighbors sent after to come and pick out the seed for coffee. I remember one old maid that was more expert at picking seed than the others, got nearly half of the seed. I don't know how our neighbors relished their persimmon coffee, but I heard my mother say, after she had made the first potful (as she went toward the door, with the coffee pot in hand, and gave it a sling, and the ground caught the contents), "I don't want any more of the 's'immon seed coffee."

My uncle was lieutenant in the first regiment of the Civil War. I was nine years old when it ended. And such a time we did have hiding everything from the Yankees! While they were scouring the country and taking every fine horse they could find, not one dared to enter our door. My father took advantage of the situation and fed his horses nothing but shucks for a week or two; so they got so lean in flesh the Yankees wouldn't have them. He owned six and when the Yankees dashed up to the stable doors, my father said to them, "Hold on, I have the key in my pocket." They said, "All right; all right!" "I believe you are a Union man," said one of them. "I will give you a fine young mule. If any one claims this mule don't let them have it, for it followed us from Alabama."

I have often wondered to whom that mule belonged. We named him Jack and he lived to be 30 years of age. Mrs. G. M. VEAZEY. Granville Co., N. C.

COMMUNION WITH NATURE.

DEAR AUNT JENNIE:—By your kind permission I would tell the readers of your department something about a small territory of country near my home, known as the Sand Hills, or White Hills, as it is sometimes called.

These are slight elevations of sandy land, which in places where they are free from grass and shrubbery, present almost a snow-white appearance, and hence their name. They were once thickly set in long leaf pine, but most of these having long since yielded to the lumberman's axe, their places are now filled by different kinds of oak—post oak, sand oak, black jack, etc. Two churches, two school-houses and quite a number of cottage homes have been erected within the last few years on the White Hills, and, nesting among the oaks and pines, add their charms to the natural loveliness of the place.

To-day I was seized with an irresistible longing to throw away dull care and seek refuge among these hills, where the happy birds are holding their councils, and the honey bees are blowing their soft and mellow pipes. How pleasant to stroll "amid the scenes of my childhood and observe the beauty of coming spring." Nature, the master painter, is using an exquisite brush in painting these woodlands. Millions of buds, peeping out from their winter coverlets, are shaping themselves into tiny leaves and blossoms, which are as yet varied in tint, being delicately shaded red, golden, reddish-brown, and brownish-yellow suggestive of the green of early summer. I admire a well painted picture of a landscape, but the original, the landscape itself, with its carpet of green, its shady trees, its delicately tinted flowers, its crystal streams and murmuring brooks with their sun-tipped wavelets blithely dancing to their own rippling music, is to me inexpressibly lovely.

Spending a day amid such scenes is truly refreshing to the lover of nature and makes one better, happier and wiser. For

"Nature never did betray The heart that loved her; 'tis her privilege, Through all the years of this our life, to lead, From joy to joy; for she can so inform The mind that is within us, so impress With gentleness and beauty and feed With lofty thoughts that neither Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men, Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all The dreary intercourse of daily life, Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb Our cheerful faith, that all which we behold Is full of blessing."

Beaufort Co., N. C.

THE SPRING AND SUMMER WARDROBE FOR THE FAMILY.

DEAR AUNT JENNIE:—May I come to help tell about the spring and summer wardrobe? I have been silent until now, but when Mr. Parker touched the clothes wire, it just went straight home to my heart. I am sure it did to the heart of every member of the Social Chat; for if woman has gone crazy on one subject more than another it is this one of clothes, clothes, clothes. It is like the cry of the horse-leech, unending, unsatisfying. My! My! Didn't Mr. Parker hit the nail on the head when he said "spring and summer wardrobe for the family." Well, since it is a "tucker," and Madam Fashion says everything must be tucked, up and down and all around, and the Madam must rule, let's take my lady's wardrobe. The young lady of the family, to begin with, for my old Aunt Tabitha used to say to me, "Take your worst job first, child." And since the apple scrape of Madam, this is our worst job, and has caused more perspiration to be shed from the brow of man and woman than would be needed to turn a first-class grist mill. I know one little lady who used constantly to decline invitations, and then be cross and blue enough to make yards of indigo calico, just because she said she had "nothing fit" to wear. And I heard that just for the purchase of her numerous waists alone, it took a whole crop of fine tobacco; I did not hear about the skirts to go with them—the lonsdale, the hamburg, valencienness and such like. With the boots, sandals, hosiery, etc.; ribbons, laces, stocks and other neck accessories; the dress hat with its hundreds of roses. Then the hank, the medium, all those that come between, which I guess you know more about than I do, (but which cannot be done without, so they say; I belong to a very simple folk). Sometimes a mortgage on the dear old homestead tells a tale in the sweet bye and bye.

But what have I been doing? talking about everything else except what a family should wear. Aunt Jennie, please ask Mr. Parker if for spring, we hadn't better wear our same old clothes, for this spring at least, as the times are hard, and the weather keeps cool. And if the summer is warm as it was last summer we will not need many this summer—a few cool dressing saques to wear with our old skirts of last season to work in, some pretty dainties and white lawns tucked and tucked, a few sweet simple waists (for she could not be happy without these), a straw hat draped, or with a bit of ribbon on it, a few other ecceteras, will make my lady quite acceptable, and leave her time to talk with our sisterhood, through dear Aunt Jennie's column.

Mother and the dear little babe come next. We will sum them up in brief: Comfort and cleanliness governed my means and surroundings. Dear old father—who ever heard of his needing a wardrobe? If he is a farmer, beg him to have what you know he needs and get all he will have.

Do you think I have forgotten the big boy? When Miss Betsy Teatwood asked Mrs. Dick what she should do with David Copperfield his answer was, "Wash him;" and I will add, patch him, which will be the next thing to tucks.

SISTER KATE.

Onslow Co., N. C.

About half the years of a college course are spent in teaching the boy to talk, and after he graduates he has to spend two or three times as many years learning to keep still.—Washington Capital.