

Home and Fireside.

Selections from Longfellow.

We will be patient, and assuage the feeling  
We may not wholly stay;  
By silence sanctifying, not concealing.  
The grief that must have way.

Let nothing disturb thee,  
Nothing affright thee;  
All things are passing;  
God never changeth.

Bear through sorrow, wrong, and ruth,  
In thy heart the dew of youth,  
On thy lips the smile of truth.

We must not  
Grudge, then, to others  
Even the cup of cold water—or crumbs  
That fall from our table.

In the elder days of Art,  
Builders wrought with greatest care  
Each minute and unseem part;  
For the Gods see everywhere.

Wealth and the high estate of pride,  
With what untimely speed they glide,  
How soon depart!

We have not wings, we cannot soar;  
But we have feet to scale and climb,  
By slow degrees, by more and more,  
The cloudy summits of our time.

How beautiful is youth! how bright its gleams  
With its illusions, aspirations, dreams,  
Book of beginnings, story without end,  
Each maid a heroine, and each man a friend.

Some Lessons from the Sun.

One of the lessons that we learn from the operation of the sun is how good servants of God can be in the world and not of it. The rays and beams of the sun-rays scatter themselves everywhere. They give glory to the clouds morning, evening and mid-day. They give beauty to the daisy, radiance to the dew-drop and grandeur to the cataract and smoke of the volcano, and they brighten the commonest, plainest, ugliest and most loathsome object in nature. They dive into lowest depths and penetrate every crevice and cranny. There is nothing hid from the heat and light thereof. And yet no matter where they go, what they do, what company they keep, the rays and beams of the sun are never defiled, never penetrated, never perverted, never misunderstood, never tainted; their only changes are new varieties of beauty and loveliness. They are in the world and not of it.

And what heavenly lessons may we learn from these rays and beams? They are not of the earth earthy; they exist only for the beauty and happiness they can impart, and for the good they can do. They are not afraid to go anywhere, for they are universally beloved and honored. It is humanity manifested and incarnate in such rays and sunbeams that give reality to our hopes of heaven.—Southern Churchman.

Optimists and Pessimists.

There is a class of people who are ever looking for the good around them. They never fail to find what they seek. On the other hand there is another class who are always looking for the dark and gloomy things of life. And they succeed. These two classes are known as optimists and pessimists.

The following from an exchange illustrates the two classes more plainly:

- Two girls examined a bush. One observed that it had a rose, the other that it had a thorn.
- Two children were gathering flowers. One said that the flowers were plentiful, the other that the sun was hot.
- Two friends were scaling the Alps. One exclaimed at the grandeur of the scenery, the other at the steepness of the ascent.
- Two children looked through colored glasses. One said, "The world is bright," the other said, "The world is blue."
- Two people went out on the sea in a boat. One admired the beauty of the waves, the other complained that they rocked the boat.
- Two boys went out to fly a kite. One thought the kite mounted finely, the other grumbled that the string tangled.
- Two people listened to the song of a bird. One said, "How beautiful the notes," the other said, "How short the song."
- Two maidens by a stream. One said, "How clear the water," the other, "How damp the ground."

So Soon Forgotten.

The Wife—Alfred, it always seems so hard for me to reconcile foreordination and free will.  
The Young Clergyman—Why, Miranda, have you forgotten that I preached a sermon on that very subject only a few weeks ago?—Chicago Tribune.

Books and Literature.

According to the reports of the leading booksellers of the large cities the six most popular books for the past month are:

- Alice of Old Vincennes, by Maurice Thompson.
- Eben Holden, by Irving Bacheller.
- Richard Yea-and-Nay, by Maurice Hewlett.
- Eleanor, by Mrs. Humphrey Ward.
- An Englishwoman's Love Letters.
- L'Aiglon, by Edmond Rostand.

For three months Alice of Old Vincennes has been in the lead. This is a thrilling story dealing with the expedition of Col. George Rogers Clark to old Fort Vincennes during the Revolution. Through the book runs an absorbing love story which holds the interest of the reader to the end. It is one of the most popular American novels of recent years and it seems a great pity that its talented author should have died just at the height of his fame.

One of the recent publications which bids fair to become very popular is Miss Imogen Clark's new novel of character study of New York city in the middle of the eighteenth century. Its strange title—God's Puppets—is perhaps taken from Browning's poem, Pippa Passes, "God's Puppets, best and worst, are we."

George Horton's new novel, "Like Another Helen," is being received with favor by the reviewers. It is said to be a "realistic, vivid narrative combining romance, war and passion," and deals with the Cretans in their struggles with the Turks in 1897. The principal characters are John Curtis, a rich young American, a Swedish soldier, and a Cretan maid, with whom both men are in love.

Life Is What We Make It.

"Our lives are what we make of them ourselves," writes Edward Bok, in the April Ladies' Home Journal. "If we are weak and accept the artificial our lives will be so. And just in proportion as we make our lives artificial we make them profitless and unhappy. A happy life cannot be lived in an atmosphere surcharged with artificiality. This is impossible. No hope is defeated unless we defeat that hope ourselves. No life is thwarted unless we thwart its highest fulfillment and development by our own actions. It is with us, and with us only, whether we allow the 'swift currents of prevailing customs' to make our lives complex. They do, unquestionably, and they are dwarfing the inner lives of thousands of women and killing thousands of others. But it is cowardly and unjust to lay the blame and the responsibility upon those 'customs.' It is optional with us to accept or reject them. There are certain social laws which seem to make these 'customs' right, but every phase of a higher law, the Divine law, proves them wrong. There must be certain laws and customs for the protection of the social body. These are likewise for our own individual protection and are right, and ordinary common sense teaches us what these are."

A Handsome Soul.

One day—so runs a story that we need to repeat when we find everything going wrong—one day a boy, who was taking his first lesson in the art of sliding down hill, found his feet in too close contact with a lady's silk dress. Mortified and confused, he sprang from his sled, and, cap in hand, commenced an apology. "I beg your pardon, Ma'am; I am very sorry."  
"Never mind that," exclaimed the lady; "there's no harm done, and you feel worse about it than I do."  
"But your dress is ruined. I thought you would be angry with me for being so careless."  
"Oh no," she replied, "better to have a soiled dress than a ruffled temper."  
"Oh, what a beauty!" exclaimed the lad as the lady passed on her way.  
"Who, that lady?" returned his comrade. "If you call her a beauty, you shan't choose for me. Why, she is old, and her face is wrinkled."  
"I don't care if her face is wrinkled," replied the other; "her soul is handsome, anyhow."  
So, when we grow impatient and tired and cross, let us remember how physical beauty fades, but how the handsome soul leaves its impress upon all observers.—The Christian Work.

The Foolish Lovers.

I saw two foolish lovers pass  
Along a winding way,  
And in his hand the maiden's hand  
A willing captive lay.  
I saw their looks I heard their sighs,  
And called them fools, for oh  
I had forgotten that I, too,  
Loved—not so long ago.  
And while I stood aside and smiled  
I saw the maid caressed—  
Behold her head inclined against  
Her foolish lover's breast—  
I scoffed at sighing lovers and  
Their foolish ways, when lo!  
I heard him say some words that I  
Said—not so long ago.  
—Chicago Record-Herald.

Improved Proverbs.

- A living gale is better than a dead calm.
- A church fair exchange is often robbery.
- A man is known by the bank account he keeps.
- Only a fool never minds his chance.
- Make love while the moon shines.
- It's a wise child who knows less than his own father.
- A little loving is a dangerous thing.
- The love of money is the root of all pessimism.
- Of two weevils choose the smaller.
- Seize time by the love-lock.
- None but the brave go to a fair.—Carolyn Wells, in the Century.

Rain Lore.

April is known as the month of "smiles and tears," and it is during this period that many items of weather lore are recalled from year to year. "The faster the rain the quicker the hold-up," is a piece of weather wisdom dating as far back as Shakespeare's day. Many of the charms used by children to avert rain are curious. This one came from the North of England:

Rain, rain, go away  
Come again another day.  
When I brew and when I bake  
I'll give you a little cake.

In Scotland children are often heard saying:

Rain, rain, go to Spain,  
And never come back again.

In parts of England a charm prevails to insure a fine day, and consists in laying two straws in the form of a cross and saying:

Rain, rain, go away;  
Don't come back till Christmas Day.

Here is another rhyme which is current in some of the midland counties of England:

A sunshiny shower  
Never lasts half an hour.

There is an old fancy that Friday's weather controls the whole week, and the saying goes:

As the Friday, so the Sunday;  
As the Sunday, so the week.

Many persons claim that they can foretell rain by watching the sky, and so quote the following rhymes:

Evening red and morning gray  
Will speed the traveler on his way.  
Evening gray and morning red  
Will bring down rain upon his head.

A rainbow at night is the shepherd's delight;  
A rainbow at morning is the shepherd's warning.

Rain in spring time is regarded as a good omen:

A wet spring, a dry harvest.

—Exchange.

Thoughts About Women.

Love decreases when it ceases to increase.—Chateaubriand.

A short absence quickens love; along absence kills it.—Mirabeau.

A woman's hopes are woven as sunbeams; a shadow annihilates them.—George Elliot.

It is born in maidens that they should wish to please everything that has eyes.—Glenn.

Let a man pray that none of his womenkind should form a just estimation of him.—Thackeray.

If woman did turn man out of Paradise she has done her best ever since to make it up to him.—Sheldon.

A man should choose for a wife only such a woman as he would choose for a friend were she a man.—Joubert.

The woman who is resolved to be respected can make herself to be so, even amid an army of soldiers.—Cervantes.

If you would make a pair of good shoes take for the sole the tongue of a woman; it never wears out.—Alastian Proverb.

Not Superstitious, but —

Hicks—You say you haven't a single superstition. Would you ever start on a journey on Friday?

Wicks—Never! Saturday is pay day.—Somerville (Mass.) Journal.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

He Sought For a Woman's Opinion and Got It.

"A fellow I know bought a ring the other day," said Watkins, "and he wants to get a woman's opinion of it."

"A diamond?" asked the lady to whom he was speaking.

"Yes; he bought it for the girl he is going to marry."

"I see. And you brought it for me to look at?"

"Precisely. You see, he wanted to be sure it was all right."

"Sensible man. He wasn't willing to take his own judgment, but wanted that of a woman?"

"That's it. Will you?"

"With pleasure. Ah! That looks like a beautiful stone. Tell me about your friend. He must be an independent fellow, to go off and buy the ring without consulting the lady."

"He is. He believes that if he hits upon the right thing himself she will respect him all the more."

She examined the stone carefully and then put the ring on her little finger.

"And yet he wants to be sure?"

"Yes. He loves her so much that he wants her to be perfectly satisfied with it."

"How considerate! It's lovely, but—"

"But what?"

"But—can't you see," she asked, with a blush, "that it's too small?"

—London Answers.

STRONG IN DEATH.



Small Boy—Oh, Billy, jest look! Dis must be de skelington of a man wot had a iron constitution.—Scribner's.

SUSPICIOUS PRODICALITY.

Wigg—Why did you lose your position in the bank—playing the races?

Wagg—Nope.  
Wigg—Strong drink?  
Wagg—Never drank a drop in my life.

Wigg—Poker maybe?  
Wagg—Never play.  
Wigg—Well, come; out with it.  
Wagg—The president caught me eating a plate of strawberries with my breakfast the other day, and they called in the bank examiner.—Philadelphia Record.

RESENTING A REFLECTION.

The Soprano's Maid—My mistress had five bouquets thrown at her during the first act.

The Contralto's Maid (disdainfully)—Indeed? H/ nice! I'll bet she paid for them herself.

The Soprano's Maid—Of course she did. She doesn't have to have things charged, like some people I know do.—Brooklyn Life.

THE END OF HIM.

Mr. Laziboans—The boss told me today that I ought to go away somewhere and rest.

Mrs. Laziboans—How kind of him! How long did he say you should rest?

Mr. Laziboans—He said indefinitely.—Philadelphia Press.

STRICT COMPLIANCE.

"Now," said the doctor, "if you wish to escape a return of the grip you must take every precaution to avoid getting your feet wet."

"All right, doctor," said the grateful patient. "Shall I wear rubber shoes when I take a bath?"—Baltimore American.

NEWS TO HIM.

"Do you know," said the woman who takes an interest in genealogy, "that you had 16 great-great-grandparents?"

"Gosh!" exclaimed the self made man. "Is that so? This is the first time I ever knew I had any."—Chicago Times-Herald.

MIXED.

"Pa, who went in the ark besides the animals?"

"Noah and his three sons and their wives."

"Didn't Joan go too?"

"What Joan?"

"Why, Joan of Arc."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

HIS SAD EXPERIENCE.

Mrs. Bordenhouse (writing)—Are there two g's in eggs, Mr. Skinner?

Mr. Skinner—Yes, ma'am, and occasionally a chicken.—Truth.

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