



# THE HOME CIRCLE

**An Invitation.**

Miss June presents her compliments and heartily extends a cordial invitation to her very dearest friends To spend a whole long month with her—full thirty happy days—When she will entertain you all in lots of different ways. She'll give you lovely roses, and daisies by the score. With panache and forget-me-nots, and oh, so many more. And if you're fond of music—a concert she will plan. For she can summon songsters that no other hostess can. Her feathered prima donnas are the finest ever heard—The orioles and robins, each happy singing bird. And if you are artistic, she has pictures large and small, Whose subjects are so varied she can surely please you all. A landscape bathed in sunshine, or moonlight on the sea. Some sleepy cows in pasture, or a shady chestnut tree. Whenever you are hungry, she can give you lots to eat—And isn't cream and strawberries a most delicious treat? So write your acceptance and be sure to send it soon. And then I know we all will spend a lovely month with June!

—St. Nicholas.

**The Cruelty of War.**

It is part of war's destruction, "When unable to capture, spike your enemy's gun." The port at Cavite was equipped with a battery of the latest improved Krupp cannon, every one of which we wound with a bandage of guncotton. Guncotton looks just like cube sugar strung on copper wire. When each gun had a string round its middle, we switched on the current and the deed was done. They were effectually choked, resembling long rolls of butter that had been grasped between the thumb and finger, leaving an encircling depression. Of course it was a shame and a pity, just as it was a shame to treat the Mindanao as we did.

She was a beautiful transport, fresh from Spain, her cargo still aboard, and during the battle she had been run up on the shoals off Las Pines and abandoned. That very day, before the sun had set, as if our engines were playing "Behold El Captain!" we steamed out and our forward turrets sent two eight-inch shells full length, clean through her, then wheeled majestically and repeated the salute from our aft turrets.

In the morning she was still there, and we sent the little Concord out to set her on fire. She burned for a week, and I never looked toward her devouring flames without wondering how much provision they were consuming; but we are obeying orders. They distinctly read, "Engage and destroy."—June St. Nicholas.

**How Many Prophets?**

A Maine correspondent sends to the Companion a dialogue between a little girl and her mother. It occurred in church at the morning service. The rector had just read, "On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets."

"Mamma, mamma," said little Effy, in a loud whisper, "how man—" "Sh!" said the mother.

"But mamma, just one question, only one—" "Well, softly," answered the mother, seeing that the question must come.

"How many prophets were there?" "I don't know." "Can't you guess?" "Were there three?" "Oh, yes. Sh!" "Ten?" "Yes. Don't ask another question!"

"Twenty?" continued Effy, her eyes distending. The mother was in despair, and answered, "Yes."

"Then, mamma, tell me this—" "Hush!"

"Just this," and by this time the little girl's voice was quite audible, "how could twenty prophets all hang on two commandments?"

**What Dolls Think.**

It is true we're stuffed with sawdust And can never learn to cook; It is true we have no organs And can never learn to talk; It is true we're only dollies And dollies must remain; But we're free from faults and follies That might cause our mamas pain.

Can you tell us when you ever Saw our faces spoiled with frowns? And we're sure you never heard us Make a fuss about our gowns! Then we do not tease the kitty, We are always kind in play, And we think 'twould be a pity For a doll to disobey!

When the parlor clock strikes seven; Not a fretful word is said, And our little mamas tell us It is time to go to bed. So you see, though we are dollies And dollies must remain, We are free from faults and follies That might cause our mamas pain.

—Our Young Folks.

**Baked Hams.**

It is frequently asked why some hams taste so much better than others. This would not be the case if they were baked, and not boiled until all the sweetness was extracted, which is generally done in the majority of cases where they are found tasteless and discolored. Of course a great deal depends upon the quality of the ham, and none but the best sugar cured should be selected. Here is a good rule for their treatment:

Make a stiff paste of flour and water, with which completely cover the ham. Then place it in a bakopan containing a little water, with which it must be occasionally basted. It will require about four or five hours to bake a ham of medium size in a moderate oven. The cook must, of course, use her judgment by testing it occasionally with a fork. At the expiration of that time remove the ham, and the entire top can be peeled off like a sheet of leather, leaving only the fat exposed, which must be well covered with bread crumbs. Return to the oven long enough to brown, then set aside until cold before using, as it is twice as easy to cut in tempting thin slices, besides lasting as long again. Bear in mind one thing—never cut ham against the grain; always begin in the center, and you will do well.

**Edison's Mother.**

"My mother was the making of me. She was so true, so sure of me, and I felt that I had some one to live for, some one I must not disappoint," said Thomas A. Edison to a writer for the New York World. Mr. F. A. Jones, in "Thomas Alva Edison," says that all who knew her appreciated her goodness.

"I did not have my mother very long," Edison said, at the time spoken of, "but in that length of time she cast over me an influence which has lasted all my life. The good effects of her early training I can never lose. If it had not been for her appreciation and her faith in me at a critical time in my experience, I should very likely never have become an inventor.

"I was always a careless boy, and with a mother of different mental caliber I should probably have been turned out badly. But her firmness, her sweetness, her goodness were potent powers to keep me in the right path. I remember I used never to be able to get along at school. I don't know what it was, but I was always at the foot of the class. I used to feel that the teachers never sympathized with me, and that my father thought that I was stupid, and at last I almost decided that I must really be a dunce. My mother was always kind, always sympathetic, and she never misunderstood or misjudged me. But I was afraid to tell her any of my difficulties at school, for fear she, too, might lose her confidence in me.

"One day I overheard the teacher tell the inspector that I was 'added,' and it would not be worth while,

keeping me in school any longer. I was so hurt by this last straw that I burst out crying, and went home and told my mother about it. Then I found out what a good thing a mother was. She came out as my strong defender. Mother-love was aroused, mother-pride wounded to the quick. She brought me back to the school and angrily told the teacher that he didn't know what he was talking about, that I had more brains than he himself, and a lot more talk like that. In fact, she was the most enthusiastic champion a boy ever had, and I determined right then that I would be worthy of her and show her that her confidence was not misplaced."—Youth's Companion.

**The Cruelty of War.**

It is part of war's destruction, "When unable to capture, spike your enemy's gun." The port at Cavite was equipped with a battery of the latest improved Krupp cannon, every one of which we wound with a bandage of guncotton. Guncotton looks just like cube sugar strung on copper wire. When each gun had a string round its middle, we switched on the current and the deed was done. They were effectually choked, resembling long rolls of butter that had been grasped between the thumb and finger, leaving an encircling depression. Of course it was a shame and a pity, just as it was a shame to treat the Mindanao as we did.

**How Many Prophets?**

A Maine correspondent sends to the Companion a dialogue between a little girl and her mother. It occurred in church at the morning service. The rector had just read, "On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets."

"Mamma, mamma," said little Effy, in a loud whisper, "how man—" "Sh!" said the mother.

"But mamma, just one question, only one—" "Well, softly," answered the mother, seeing that the question must come.

"How many prophets were there?" "I don't know." "Can't you guess?" "Were there three?" "Oh, yes. Sh!" "Ten?" "Yes. Don't ask another question!"

"Twenty?" continued Effy, her eyes distending. The mother was in despair, and answered, "Yes."

"Then, mamma, tell me this—" "Hush!"

"Just this," and by this time the little girl's voice was quite audible, "how could twenty prophets all hang on two commandments?"

**What Dolls Think.**

It is true we're stuffed with sawdust And can never learn to cook; It is true we have no organs And can never learn to talk; It is true we're only dollies And dollies must remain; But we're free from faults and follies That might cause our mamas pain.

Can you tell us when you ever Saw our faces spoiled with frowns? And we're sure you never heard us Make a fuss about our gowns! Then we do not tease the kitty, We are always kind in play, And we think 'twould be a pity For a doll to disobey!

When the parlor clock strikes seven; Not a fretful word is said, And our little mamas tell us It is time to go to bed. So you see, though we are dollies And dollies must remain, We are free from faults and follies That might cause our mamas pain.

—Our Young Folks.

**Baked Hams.**

It is frequently asked why some hams taste so much better than others. This would not be the case if they were baked, and not boiled until all the sweetness was extracted, which is generally done in the majority of cases where they are found tasteless and discolored. Of course a great deal depends upon the quality of the ham, and none but the best sugar cured should be selected. Here is a good rule for their treatment:

Make a stiff paste of flour and water, with which completely cover the ham. Then place it in a bakopan containing a little water, with which it must be occasionally basted. It will require about four or five hours to bake a ham of medium size in a moderate oven. The cook must, of course, use her judgment by testing it occasionally with a fork. At the expiration of that time remove the ham, and the entire top can be peeled off like a sheet of leather, leaving only the fat exposed, which must be well covered with bread crumbs. Return to the oven long enough to brown, then set aside until cold before using, as it is twice as easy to cut in tempting thin slices, besides lasting as long again. Bear in mind one thing—never cut ham against the grain; always begin in the center, and you will do well.

**Edison's Mother.**

"My mother was the making of me. She was so true, so sure of me, and I felt that I had some one to live for, some one I must not disappoint," said Thomas A. Edison to a writer for the New York World. Mr. F. A. Jones, in "Thomas Alva Edison," says that all who knew her appreciated her goodness.

"I did not have my mother very long," Edison said, at the time spoken of, "but in that length of time she cast over me an influence which has lasted all my life. The good effects of her early training I can never lose. If it had not been for her appreciation and her faith in me at a critical time in my experience, I should very likely never have become an inventor.

"I was always a careless boy, and with a mother of different mental caliber I should probably have been turned out badly. But her firmness, her sweetness, her goodness were potent powers to keep me in the right path. I remember I used never to be able to get along at school. I don't know what it was, but I was always at the foot of the class. I used to feel that the teachers never sympathized with me, and that my father thought that I was stupid, and at last I almost decided that I must really be a dunce. My mother was always kind, always sympathetic, and she never misunderstood or misjudged me. But I was afraid to tell her any of my difficulties at school, for fear she, too, might lose her confidence in me.

"One day I overheard the teacher tell the inspector that I was 'added,' and it would not be worth while,

**Her Gladness.**

My darling went Unto the seaside long ago. Content I staid at home, for, O, I was so glad Of all the little outings that she had! I knew she needed rest. I loved to stay At home awhile that she might go away.

"How beautiful the sea! How she enjoys The music of the waves! No care annoys Her pleasures," thought I; "O, it is so good That she can rest awhile. I wish she could Stay till the autumn leaves are turning red."

"Stay longer, sister," all my letters said. "If you are growing stronger every day, I am so very glad to have you stay."

**My darling went**

To heaven long ago. Am I content To stay at home? Why can I not be glad Of all the glories that she there has had?

She needed change. Why am I loath to stay? And do her work and let her go away? The land is lovely where her feet have been; Why do I not rejoice that she has seen Its beauties first? That she will show to me The City Beautiful? Is it so hard to be Happy that she is happy? Hard to know She learns so much each day that helps her so? Why can I not each night and morning say, "I am so glad that she is glad today?" —Selected.

**How Many Prophets?**

A Maine correspondent sends to the Companion a dialogue between a little girl and her mother. It occurred in church at the morning service. The rector had just read, "On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets."

"Mamma, mamma," said little Effy, in a loud whisper, "how man—" "Sh!" said the mother.

"But mamma, just one question, only one—" "Well, softly," answered the mother, seeing that the question must come.

"How many prophets were there?" "I don't know." "Can't you guess?" "Were there three?" "Oh, yes. Sh!" "Ten?" "Yes. Don't ask another question!"

"Twenty?" continued Effy, her eyes distending. The mother was in despair, and answered, "Yes."

"Then, mamma, tell me this—" "Hush!"

"Just this," and by this time the little girl's voice was quite audible, "how could twenty prophets all hang on two commandments?"

**What Dolls Think.**

It is true we're stuffed with sawdust And can never learn to cook; It is true we have no organs And can never learn to talk; It is true we're only dollies And dollies must remain; But we're free from faults and follies That might cause our mamas pain.

Can you tell us when you ever Saw our faces spoiled with frowns? And we're sure you never heard us Make a fuss about our gowns! Then we do not tease the kitty, We are always kind in play, And we think 'twould be a pity For a doll to disobey!

When the parlor clock strikes seven; Not a fretful word is said, And our little mamas tell us It is time to go to bed. So you see, though we are dollies And dollies must remain, We are free from faults and follies That might cause our mamas pain.

—Our Young Folks.

**Baked Hams.**

It is frequently asked why some hams taste so much better than others. This would not be the case if they were baked, and not boiled until all the sweetness was extracted, which is generally done in the majority of cases where they are found tasteless and discolored. Of course a great deal depends upon the quality of the ham, and none but the best sugar cured should be selected. Here is a good rule for their treatment:

Make a stiff paste of flour and water, with which completely cover the ham. Then place it in a bakopan containing a little water, with which it must be occasionally basted. It will require about four or five hours to bake a ham of medium size in a moderate oven. The cook must, of course, use her judgment by testing it occasionally with a fork. At the expiration of that time remove the ham, and the entire top can be peeled off like a sheet of leather, leaving only the fat exposed, which must be well covered with bread crumbs. Return to the oven long enough to brown, then set aside until cold before using, as it is twice as easy to cut in tempting thin slices, besides lasting as long again. Bear in mind one thing—never cut ham against the grain; always begin in the center, and you will do well.

**Edison's Mother.**

"My mother was the making of me. She was so true, so sure of me, and I felt that I had some one to live for, some one I must not disappoint," said Thomas A. Edison to a writer for the New York World. Mr. F. A. Jones, in "Thomas Alva Edison," says that all who knew her appreciated her goodness.

"I did not have my mother very long," Edison said, at the time spoken of, "but in that length of time she cast over me an influence which has lasted all my life. The good effects of her early training I can never lose. If it had not been for her appreciation and her faith in me at a critical time in my experience, I should very likely never have become an inventor.

"I was always a careless boy, and with a mother of different mental caliber I should probably have been turned out badly. But her firmness, her sweetness, her goodness were potent powers to keep me in the right path. I remember I used never to be able to get along at school. I don't know what it was, but I was always at the foot of the class. I used to feel that the teachers never sympathized with me, and that my father thought that I was stupid, and at last I almost decided that I must really be a dunce. My mother was always kind, always sympathetic, and she never misunderstood or misjudged me. But I was afraid to tell her any of my difficulties at school, for fear she, too, might lose her confidence in me.

"One day I overheard the teacher tell the inspector that I was 'added,' and it would not be worth while,

## This Is To Remind You of the latest development in White Goods

# FLAXON

It has a permant linen thread finish and all the merits of handkerchief linen lawn with double the strength of India linens or Persian lawn. It is used for waist suits and underwear. 40 inces wide, 25c. Call or write for samples.

**Special Sale in Men's Oxfords**

Broken lots and odds sizes, regular \$3.50 Oxfords for \$1.98, if your size is here you will find a great bargain.

**HUNTER BROS. & BREWER COMPANY**

WE GIVE TRADING STAMPS

**L. M. HORNADAY, Wheelwright and Machinist, Cardenas, North Carolina.**

**SHOP AT JOHNSON'S MILL.**

I build Log Wagons and Log Carts. Good work at best prices. Repair all kinds of wagons and buggies. Repair engines and boilers and do all kinds of machine work. Give me a trial.

**WE PAY THE FREIGHT.**

## Durham Marble Works

DURHAM, N. C.

Monuments, Tombstones and Tablets. Granite Work and Marble Tile for Building.

Write for estimates or particulars. : : Established in 1878.

### Anticephalalgine

The Wonderful Headache and Neuralgia. The one that has stood the Test for years. 25 cts. and 50 cts. Bottles. 10 cts. Dose at Fountains.

There are a number of new preparations on the market—but Anticephalalgine still leads them all in elegance and efficiency.

**FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGIST**

## GENERAL MERCHANDISE.

To my friends and customers throughout this section: I am prepared to offer a better stock of general merchandise for the winter trade than ever before.

**HIGHEST PRICES FOR COUNTRY PRODUCE**

**FULL LINE OF SHOES.**

Call and see my stock.

**C. J. RHODES, - EAGLE ROCK, N. C.**

## ALWAYS IN THE LEAD!

INSPECT MY STOCK OF

### Fruits, Candies, Confectioneries, Heavy and Fancy Groceries, Cigars and Tobaccos.

A complete up-to-date stock all the season. Come to see me at my old stand (Spence Building), 126 East Martin Street, and ask for prices before you make your purchases elsewhere. Yours truly,

126 E. Martin St., Raleigh, N. C. **R. C. BAICHELOR.**

## BRIDGERS TAILORING CO., Inc.

HIGH CLASS TAILORING AT REASONABLE PRICES

216½ Fayetteville Street RALEIGH Over Glass's Cafe

We give you the Latest Style, Perfect Fit, and Best Workmanship. All work made in our own Shop. Satisfaction guaranteed in every respect. Call and see our Fall Line of Woolens. : : : : :

**CLEANING AND PRESSING DONE FOR A SMALL COST**

ALTERATION A SPECIALTY

\$1.00. EXPRESS. \$1.00 EXPRESS PAID

## "Ideal Alcohol" Gas Stove

For Travelers, Sick-Room, Camp, Chafing Dish, Light House Keeping, or Wherever Gas is not Available or Desired.

IT MAKES ITS OWN GAS—ABSOLUTELY SAFE.

Smokeless and Odorless, Weighs Only Eight Ounces

CAN CARRY A VESSEL WEIGHING 100 POUNDS.

It Boils a Quart of Water in Nine Minutes.

\$1.00. Express Paid. \$1.00. Express Paid.

**Hart-Ward Hardware Company, RALEIGH N. C.**

## Raleigh Marble Works

Shipments made to any part of the State at same price as at shop.

# MONUMENTS

**COOPER BROS., Props**

RALEIGH, N. C.

SEND FOR CATALOGUE.

**FRANK T. BOYD**

## TYPEWRITER MECHANIC

I Repair all makes of Typewriters and Talking Machines. Give me a Trial.

The Only Typewriter Mechanic In

RALEIGH, NORTH CAROLINA.

Bell 'Phone 653.

## Norfolk and Southern Railway

LOCAL TIME TABLE

Goldsboro and Beaufort, N. C.

Effective Saturday, December 1st, 1906, at 12:01 A. M.

Read Down.	STATIONS.			Read Up.	
8	1	2	4	5	6
Daily	Daily	Eastern Time	Daily	Daily	Daily
				A. M.	P. M.
8:40	8:00	Lv Goldsboro	Ar 11:20	7:55	7:55
8:50	8:13	Millers	11:07	7:55	7:55
4:01	8:21	Best's	10:58	7:37	7:37
4:18	8:31	LaGrange	10:47	7:28	7:28
4:25	8:43	Falling Creek	10:35	7:13	7:13
4:40	8:56	Kinston	10:22	7:09	7:09
4:52	9:13	Caswell	10:08	6:46	6:46
5:02	9:23	Dover	9:58	5:36	5:36
5:16	9:41	Cove	9:41	6:20	6:20
5:26	9:51	Tuscarora	9:31	6:10	6:10
5:31	9:58	Clarks	9:26	6:04	6:04
5:48	10:10	Lv New Bern	Lv 9:10	5:48	5:48
5:55	10:15	Lv New Bern	Ar 9:05	5:40	5:40
6:18	10:34	Riverdale	8:43	5:15	5:15
6:22	10:38	Croatan	8:39	5:11	5:11
6:36	10:59	Havelock	8:27	4:59	4:59
6:52	11:06	Newport	8:11	4:43	4:43
6:58	11:12	Wildwood	8:05	4:37	4:37
7:02	11:16	Mansfield	8:01	4:33	4:33
7:20	11:30	Morehead City	7:56	4:22	4:22
7:40	11:50	Ar Beaufort	Lv 7:10	4:05	4:05
P. M.	A. M.		A. M.	P. M.	
Daily	Daily		Daily	Daily	

By R. E. L. BUNCH, Traffic Manager, Goldsboro, N. C. Nov. 30, 1906

By H. C. HUDGINS, Gen. Freight Agent, Goldsboro, N. C.

## Raleigh and Southport Railway Company.

TIME TABLE NO. 23.

Effective Sunday, April 26th, 1908, at 12:01 A. M.

SOUTHBOUND			NORTHBOUND			
2ND CLASS	1ST CLASS		1ST CLASS		2ND CLASS	
Monday Wednesday Friday	DAILY	DAILY	DAILY	DAILY	Tuesday Thursday Saturday	
57	58	51	54	52	58	
A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	
6:45	1:30	6:00	Lv..... Raleigh T t .....	9:25	4:30	12:05
7:00	1:40 f	6:11 f	..... Caraleigh .....	9:10 f	4:20 f	11:50
.....	1:44 f	6:19 f	..... Sylvaola .....	9:01 f	4:15 f	.....
.....	1:50 f	6:25 f	..... Barnes .....	8:33 f	4:07 f	.....
.....	1:57 f	6:32 f	..... Hobby .....	8:45 f	4:00 f	.....
7:55	2:05 s	6:42 s	..... McCullers .....	8:40 s	3:56 s	11:00
.....	2:10 f	6:47 f	..... Banks .....	8:31 f	3:50 f	.....
8:20	2:20 s	7:00 s	..... Willow Springs .....	8:20 s	3:40 s	10:15
.....	2:28 f	7:10 f	..... Cardenas .....	8:10 f	3:33 f	.....
8:45	2:33 s	7:13 s	..... Varina .....	8:05 s	3:30 s	9:45
9:10	2:43 s	7:23 s	..... Fuquay Springs .....	8:00 s	3:20 s	9:30
.....	2:50 f	7:30 f	..... Rawles .....	7:46 f	3:13 f	.....
9:50	2:57 s	7:40 s	..... Chalybeate .....	7:40 s	3:07 s	9:00
10:00	3:02 s	7:45 s	..... Kipling .....	7:35 s	3:02 s	8:50
10:20	3:15 f	8:00 f	..... Cape Fear .....	7:20 f	2:46 f	8:20
10:50	3:21 s	8:08 s	..... Lillington .....	7:15 s	2:41 s	8:08
11:00	3:28 f	8:16 f	..... Harnett .....	7:06 f	2:32 f	7:30
.....	3:33 f	8:21 f	..... Bunlevel .....	7:00 f	2:26 f	.....
11:30	3:43 s	8:32 s	..... Linden .....	6:50 s	2:16 s	7:10
.....	3:50 f	8:40 f	..... Carlos .....	6:41 f	2:09 f	.....
12:00	3:54 f	8:44 f	..... Buckner .....	6:37 f	2:05 f	.....
.....	3:59 f	8:49 f	..... Siocomb .....	6:33 f	2:01 f	6:45
.....	4:08 s	9:00 s	..... Carver's Falls .....	6:23 f	1:51	.....
12:30	4:17 f	9:10 f	..... Tokay .....	6:16 f	1:44 f	6:25
12:45	4:30	9:25	Ar..... Fayetteville.. T Lv.	6:00	1:30	6:10
P. M.	P. M.	A. M.		A. M.	P. M.	A. M.
DAILY	DAILY	DAILY		DAILY	DAILY	DAILY

Eastern Standard Time

T. Telegraph stations t. Telephone stations. s. Regular stop. f. Stop on signal. All regular trains from Fayetteville to Raleigh have precedence over trains of the same class moving in opposite direction, except that No. 55 has right over No. 52. Trains Nos. 57 and 58 will not carry passengers.

Tokay, and one mile north of Cape Fear, and one mile south of Sylvaola are water stations.

Connections: At Raleigh with Southern Railway and Seaboard Air Line Railway; at Varina with Durham and Southern Ry.; at Fayetteville with Atlantic Coast Line R. R. Meeting and Passing Points are indicated by black capitals and black figures.

JNO. A. MILLS, Pres. and Gen. Mgr.

NOTICE—This Time Table shows the Time at which trains may be expected to arrive at and depart from the several Stations and to connect with other trains, but their arrival, departure or connection at the time stated is not guaranteed.