

"THE HOME CIRCLE"

God's Altars Everywhere.
 Thou who hast set Thy dwelling fair
 With flowers beneath, above with
 starry lights,
 And Thy altars everywhere—
 On mountain heights,
 In woodland valleys dim with many
 a dream,
 And in valleys bright with springs,
 And in the curving capes of every
 stream—
 Thou who hast taken to Thyself
 the wings
 Of morning, to abide
 Upon the secret places of the sea,
 And on far islands, where the tide
 Visits the beauty of untrodden
 shores,
 Waiting for worshippers to come
 to Thee
 In Thy great out-of-doors,
 To Thee I turn, to Thee I make my
 prayer,
 God of the open air!
 —Henry Van Dyke.

The God of the Aged.
 Rust has been the ruin of many
 a bright intellect. The celebrated
 Dr. Archibald Alexander, of the
 Princeton Theological Seminary, kept
 young by doing a certain amount
 of intellectual work every day, so that
 he should not lose his touch. He
 was as full of sap on the day before
 his death as he was when a mission-
 ary in Virginia at the age of two
 and twenty. He prepared and often
 used a prayer that was so beautiful
 that I quote a portion of it for my
 fellow-disciples whose life-clock has
 struck three score and ten:
 "Oh, most merciful God, cast me
 not off in the time of old age; forsake
 me not if my strength faileth. May
 my hoary head be found in right-
 eousness. Preserve my mind from
 dotage and imbecility, and my body
 from protracted disease and excru-
 ciating pain. Deliver me from des-
 pondency in my declining years, and
 enable me to bear with patience
 whatever may be Thy holy will. I
 humbly ask that my reason may be
 continued to the last, and that I may
 be so comforted and supported that
 I may leave my testimony in favor
 of the reality of religion and of Thy
 faithfulness in fulfilling Thy gracious
 promises. And when my spirit
 leaves this clay tenement, Lord
 Jesus, receive it. Send some of the
 blessed angels to convey my inexpe-
 rienced soul to the mansions which
 Thy love has prepared; and, oh, may
 I have an abundant entrance minis-
 tered unto me into the kingdom of
 our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ."
 This beautiful petition flooded his
 closing years with sweet peace, and
 a strength unbroken to the last.—
 Interior.

The Humdrum News.
 The American Humdrum News
 should be the most widely read pa-
 per in all this country. Did you
 ever see a copy? NO—nor I—but
 just glance with me in imagination
 over the pages of one issue, just at
 the headings, if you please:
 First—column heading—10,000
 Bank Cashiers have done their work
 faithfully for periods ranging from
 ten to twenty-five years.
 Second Column Heading—100,000
 Ministers of the Gospel are not
 soundbells—they have labored all
 their lives with tireless unselfishness,
 faithful to their trusts, faithful to
 their God.
 Three-column large type heading
 —Twenty Million Married Couples in
 this country were not divorced last
 year.
 Smaller headings:
 Five Million Laborers kept sober
 all last year.
 Most women are good women.
 Eighty Million Citizens have not
 committed suicide.
 Ten Million People made railroad
 trips in safety last week.
 Would we buy the Humdrum
 News? No, we wouldn't—we would
 believe in it, of course; we might
 even rejoice in it; but pay our good
 money for it—never!
 But there is one thing that we can
 all learn from this never-to-be-pub-
 lished paper, to-wit: the front page
 of the modern newspaper does not
 reflect the real conditions of modern
 life. The reason why the news in the
 daily press is a record of crime and
 misconduct is because it is the one
 case in a thousand. In small type
 and in obscure corners, if at all, is
 the record of the Humdrum Life—
 the life that you and I and the great
 majority of our fellows are doing our
 best to live.—Exchange.

A Matter of Dress.
 I wish I knew how to make you
 like housework," sighed Mrs. Han-
 son to her daughter for the twentieth
 time.
 "I wish you did," replied Helen,
 dejectedly. "As long as I've got to
 do it, I'd be glad to like it. But as
 it is—ugh!"
 "But it is a good exercise; all the
 magazines say so," her mother pro-
 tested. "Why can't you like it as well
 as you did your work in the gym-
 nasium?"
 "Oh, gym work's different. It's
 such fun to get into your gym suit,
 in the first place. You feel so free
 and so frisky you're ready to do any-
 thing. Why, I believe I could even
 like housework in a gym suit!"
 "Suppose I made a suit just like
 your gymnasium suit especially for
 housework. How would that do?"
 Helen's gymnasium suit had al-
 ways been a pleasure to her mother
 because of its trim lines, so unlike
 the loose, baggy effect of the usual
 blouse and Turkish trousers. She
 saw at once its fitness for household
 use, and proceeded to make a dupli-
 cate.
 The problem of a wash material
 that was heavy threatened to prove
 an obstacle until she remembered
 the serviceable creepers and dresses
 of galatea cloth she had made for
 the children when they were small.
 There were such pretty patterns
 to be found in this material that she
 had little difficulty in choosing what
 seemed to her most eminently satis-
 factory even to Helen's fastidious
 taste.
 When Helen found the pretty suit,
 with the numerous dainty waists
 with turn-down collars and shirt-
 sleeves to wear with it, she did not
 try to conceal her delight.
 "Dress does make a difference,"
 she remarked as she went about her
 morning tasks. "Can't I do some-
 thing hard to-day? I feel just
 like it."
 It was no wonder she felt like
 work. There were no skirts danc-
 ing about her ankles to trail up the
 dirt when she swept or to trip her
 up when she ran upstairs. There
 were no constrictions about her waist
 to interfere with entire freedom of
 movement, and yet the suit fitted her
 figure, and felt and looked both neat
 and trim. Her sleeves were short;
 they were not in the way when she
 was washing dishes nor did they bind
 her arms when she stretched them
 out to their utmost. No scratchy
 collars chafed her neck; in a word,
 she was thoroughly comfortable un-
 der all circumstances.—Good Health.

How to Get Strong.
 P. J. Daly, of 1247 W. Congress St.,
 Chicago, tells of a way to become
 strong. He says: "My mother, who
 is old and was very feeble, is deriv-
 ing so much benefit from Electric
 Bitters, that I feel it's my duty to
 tell those who need a tonic and
 strengthening medicine about it. In
 my mother's case a marked gain in
 flesh has resulted, insomnia has been
 overcome, and she is steadily grow-
 ing stronger." Electric Bitters
 quickly remedy stomach, liver, and
 kidney complaints. Sold under
 guarantee at all Drugists. 50c.

**Dear Lord, teach us to use aright
 Thine own
 Great gift of speech; cool Thou
 our anger's heat;
 O set Thy seal on every word and
 tone,
 Till we in everything Thy praise
 repeat.
 Keep Thou our lips and check the
 hasty word
 Our feverish, untrained souls
 would send through them.
 Keep our lips from speaking
 guile, O Lord,
 Who by our words doth judge, by
 them condemn!
 —Stanley P. Chase.**

FOR RENT.
 Two, four, or six-horse farm. Right party
 can make good bargain. Apply to
 J. H. GILL, Iron Foundry,
 BALDWIN, N. C.
 Of F. A. WHITAKER,
 R. F. D. No. 3, RALEIGH, N. C.

A Place for Boys.
 Ms. she says: "S-s-h-h!" Pa, he
 says, "Don't!"
 Aunt Lou, she says: "Kee-ee-ee-
 p still!"
 An' Grandpa says, "Oh, go outside
 if you mus' wistle, Bill!"
 An' even Jane, the hired girl,
 Says, "Goodness, hush that noise!"
 It's plain enough to me 'at home
 Ain't no fit place for boys.

En Pa says: "S-s-h-h!" an Ma says:
 "Don't!"
 An' Grandpa says: "Land sakes!"
 An' 'en Aunt Lou says: "Gracious
 me!"
 What noise one youngster makes!"
 An' Jack, the hired man, he says:
 "My heavens! 'Wat a noise!"
 So I 'uz have to go outside,
 'Cuz home's no place for boys.

En I go down to Uncle Jack's,
 An' he says: "Gracious me!
 Here is that nerry boy of mine.
 Come on, Aunt Moll, an' see!"
 'En we 'st go inside an' make
 Such a big lot of noise.
 It seems to me 'at Uncle Jack's
 The only place for boys.

Nobody never says "S-s-h-h!" there
 Or "Don't!" an' Uncle Jack
 'st cuts up capers like a boy
 Till it's time to go back.
 An' 'en 'st like it was before.
 Aunt Lou says: "Tush, boy, tush!"
 Pa says: "Now, Bill, don't slam the
 door!"
 An' Ma, she 'st says: "Hush!"
 My! but I'd like to live somew'eres
 Where people don't say, "Tush!"
 Or "Goodness me!" or "Sakes alive!"
 Or "Don't!" or "S-s-h-h!" or
 "Hush!"
 Whenever I 'st squeak a chair
 Or make a little noise,
 'Cuz such a place as that would be
 A splendid place for boys.
 —J. W. Foley.

Mary Ann Finds a Pet.
 It was noisy and dirty where Mary
 Ann lived. The big trains thundered
 past every hour of the day and rat-
 tled the windows.
 But there was the tunnel. Not
 forty feet from Mary Ann's front
 gate it opened its great black mouth
 and Mary Ann was never tired of
 watching it swallow the great long
 trains.
 And at the other end of the tun-
 nel was the country. Mary Ann had
 never seen the country, but she knew
 all about it, for that was where her
 mother had lived when she was a
 little girl.

"O, child! If we could get your
 father into the country!" Mary Ann's
 mother would often say, and then
 she would sigh and look up from her
 work at the clouds of smoke pouring
 from the chimneys of the factory
 where her father worked.
 Mary Ann knew why her mother
 sighed. The doctor said it was the
 smoke which made her father's face
 so white.
 One hot day in summer she was
 swinging on the front gate eating a
 radish. She took small bites to make
 it last as long as possible and stop-
 ped now and then to lean out over
 the gate.
 Suddenly Mary Ann heard a pitiful
 little whine. She looked and list-
 ened. She heard it again and this
 time she saw that it came from a
 dirty little bundle of hair that lay
 quivering on the track. She called
 excitedly to her mother and they
 picked up the poor little bundle,
 which they found to be a little,
 dirty, white dog with brown eyes.
 "Run for some water, Mary Ann,"
 said her mother putting the dog
 down on the tiny porch.
 "Look, Mamma," exclaimed Mary
 Ann. "He has a shining color on
 and it has some writing on it."
 Her mother looked and read it,
 "Wiggles"; that must be his name.
 "Dear Wiggles," murmured Mary
 Ann, patting his head softly.

When Mary Ann's father came
 home that night he said Wiggles's
 home was just the other side of the
 tunnel and he would take him home
 on the next train; Mary Ann might
 go, too. Mary Ann caught her breath.
 To go through the tunnel and to see
 the really truly country! It was all
 like a wonderful dream.
 Mary Ann cannot remember just
 what happened next, but she remem-
 bered that she was walking by her
 father's side, the dog clasped tightly
 in her arms, when a little girl in a
 white dress came flying toward them
 and Wiggles gave a bound from
 Mary's arms into those of the little
 girl. And the little girl's father
 shook hands with Mary Ann's father,
 and then Mary Ann and Wiggles and
 the little girl sat down on the grass.
 And what do you think happened
 then? The little girl's father found
 that the factory smoke was making
 Mary Ann's father ill and he asked
 him to bring Mary Ann and her
 mother and live in a little cottage
 covered with roses and take care of
 the lawn and big stable.
 And so he did. The first night
 that Mary Ann was tucked into bed
 in the new home she murmured hap-
 pily, "An' 'twas all on account of
 Wiggles."—The Congregationalist.

A Sure-Enough Knocker.
 J. C. Goodwin, of Reidsville, N.
 C., says: "Bucklen's Arnica Salve is
 a sure-though knocker for ulcers. A
 bad one came on my leg last sum-
 mer, but that wonderful salve knock-
 ed it out in a few rounds. Not even
 a scar remained." Guaranteed for
 piles, sores, burns, etc. 25c. at all
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 paign subscribers for the Caucasian?
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 cure yourselves at home without the help of a
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 ings better than any doctor. I know that my home treat-
 ment is a safe and sure cure for Leucorrhoea or
 White Discharge, Uterus, Displacement or
 Falling of the Womb, Profuse, Scanty or Painful
 Periods, Irritation or Ovarian Tumors or Growths;
 also pains in the head, back and bowels, bearing
 down feelings, nervousness, creeping feeling up
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 ment entirely free to prove to you that you can cure
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 treatment a complete trial; and if you should wish to continue, it will cost you only about 12 cents a
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 me your name and address, tell me how you suffer if you wish, and I will send you free of cost, my
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 strong, plump and robust. Just send me your address, and the free ten day's treatment is yours,
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 LOCAL TIME TABLE.
Goldsboro and Beaufort, N. C.
 Effective Saturday, December 1st, 1906, at 12:01 A. M.

Read Down.		STATIONS.		Read Up.	
3	1	2	4	5	4
Daily	Daily	Eastern Time	Daily	A. M.	P. M.
8:40	8:00	Lv Goldsboro	Ar	11:20	7:55
8:50	8:13	Millers		11:07	7:55
4:01	8:21	Best's		10:58	7:37
4:13	8:31	LaGrange		10:47	7:23
4:25	8:43	Falling Creek		10:35	7:13
4:40	8:56	Kinston		10:22	7:00
4:52	9:13	Caswell		10:08	6:46
5:02	9:23	Dover		9:58	6:36
5:16	9:41	Cove		9:51	6:20
5:26	9:51	Tuscarora		9:41	6:10
5:31	9:58	Clarks		9:26	6:04
5:48	10:10	Ar New Bern	Lv	9:10	5:48
5:55	10:15	Lv New Bern	Ar	9:05	5:40
6:18	10:34	Riverdale		8:43	5:15
6:22	10:38	Croatan		8:39	5:11
6:36	10:59	Havelock		8:27	4:59
6:52	11:08	Newport		8:11	4:43
6:58	11:12	Wildwood		8:05	4:37
7:02	11:16	Mansfield		8:01	4:33
7:20	11:30	Morehead City		7:51	4:22
7:40	11:50	Ar Beaufort	Lv	7:10	4:05
P. M.	A. M.			A. M.	P. M.
Daily	Daily			Daily	Daily

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

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