



THE HOME CIRCLE

GETTING INFORMATION OUT OF PA.

My pa, he didn't go to town last evening after tea. But got a book and settled down as comfy as could be. I'll tell you I was awful glad. To have my pa about. To answer all the things I had been tryin' to find out.

And so I asked him why the world is round, instead of square. And why the piggies' tails are curled. And why don't fish breathe air? And why the moon don't hit a star. And why the dark is black? And just how many birds there are. And will the wind come back?

And why does water stay in wells. And why do June bugs hum. And what's the roar I hear in shells. And when will Christmas come? And why the grass is always green. Instead of sometimes blue. And why a bean will grow a bean. And not an apple, too?

And why a horse can't learn to moo. And why a cow can't neigh? And do the fairies live on dew. And what makes hair grow gray? And then my pa got up, an' gee! The awful words he said. I hadn't done a thing, but he jest sent me off to bed.

A SONG OF HOPE.

Imitation of Tennyson's well known song of Tears
Joys, empty joys, I know not what they mean;
Joys from the height of an immortal hope
Rise in the soul and glisten in the eyes
In looking on earth's wasted winter fields
And thinking of the days that are to come.
Fresh as the ray that shows the coming ship,
Laden with treasures from a distant shore,
Bright as the light which gladdens over one
That brings our loved ones back from absence long,
So bright, so fresh the days that are to come.

Ah, strangely glad as in bright summer dawns
The blithesome note of happy tuneful birds
To waking ears, when unto waking eyes
The window quickly glows with radiant day,
So strangely glad the days that are to come.

Dear as love tokens pledged for future joy,
And sweet as those by mother love prepared
For infant life unborn, yea, deep as love,
Deep as God's love, and rapturous with hope,
O life from death, the days that are to come!
—E. C. Dargan, D.D.
Macon, Ga.

HOW TO SELECT YOUR CLIMBING VINES.

A house almost entirely covered with vines is quite as unsatisfactory as the yard so filled with shrubs that all traces of the lawn are lost in a general effect of thicket. We often see houses so overrun with vines that scarcely anything of the house is in evidence.

One good vine, trained up the house walls, and prevented from rambling where there seems to be no need of a vine, will afford much pleasure, says the New Idea Woman's Magazine for July. But, in order to secure this result, the character of the vine used must be understood before planting, and it must be given a place where its attractions can be given ample chance to display themselves.

A vine that has a tendency to go away up, up, up until it can hang its festoons of greenery from the cornice seems sadly out of place when obliged to confine itself to a one-story building. Such a vine is our native Ampelopsis, better known as American Ivy or Virginia creeper. This cannot do itself justice unless allowed to climb to a considerable height, as it always does when growing in the forest and along streams. There it chooses a lofty tree for its support, and it is not content until it reaches its topmost branches. When planted by a house, it will be sadly ineffective if it cannot clamber to the second or third story.

The celastrus—generally known as bitter-sweet—is a native plant of great value for house use, if the right kind of support can be given it. It has no tendrils, but climbs by tightly coiling its branches as it grows.

We often find old plants of its growing over trees into whose branches it has embedded itself so deeply that it cannot be separated from them. The best support for

it, when planted about the house, is a large, stout wire extending from the ground to the cornice, or in whatever direction you desire the vine to grow.

TRY TO "HAPPY UP."

Agnes is a little girl with such a bright, happy face that it is a pleasure to look at her. One day, in answer to her mother's call, she came running home from a neighbor's two or three doors away. Her eyes were so bright, her lips so smiling, that her mother smiled, too. "Do you want me, mother?" asked Agnes.

"No, dear," said her mother. "Not for anything important. I missed you, that is all. Where were you, daughter?"

"At the Browns'. And oh, mother, Walter was cross, but I hopped him up so that he got all over it; and then the baby cried, and I had to happy her up; then some one stepped on the kitten's tail, and I was just going to happy her up when you called me."

The mother laughed. "Why, what a happy time you had! It must make you happy yourself to happy up little boys and babies and kittens, for you look as happy as possible."

And this is true. The more we try to make others happy, the happier we shall be ourselves. Then put away frowns and pouting lips. Try to "happy up" those who are troubled, cross, or sick, and soon you will find yourself happy.—Selected.

IN HONOR PREFERRING ONE ANOTHER.

Paul's father had given him a spotted pony for a birthday present. When Gyp was led into the barn lot, Paul was so delighted that he could hardly contain himself. He ran out and told Joe, the negro man, to saddle him up right away, for he wanted to take a ride through town before dinner. In a few moments Paul was on his pony's back and at the front gate.

Just then his mother came out of the door and called: "Why Paul, are you going to leave your cousin Sam here all alone? You know he's just come this morning, and he's crippled and can hardly get out of doors."

"O, mamma, I forgot," Paul replied; "I won't be gone long. I'm just going up town and back."

"Well, get down and ask your cousin Sam to excuse you," the mother commanded.

Paul dismounted, tied his pony to the hitching-post, then went into the house.

"Paul, I am afraid you have forgotten the golden text of your Sunday-school lesson," his mother suggested. "You know you said you would try to live up to it."

"Let's see," began Paul. "Be kindly affectioned one to another with brotherly love; in honor preferring—O, yes, Cousin Sam, I tell you what we're going to do. Mamma will help you on Gyp, and you shall have the first ride. I'll lead him for you, and we'll go right up through town."

Sam had begun to clasp his hands with joy. "Won't that be great!" he cried; then added, "but I expect you'd better take the first ride, Paul."

"No, no," Paul replied, "I'll feel better to have my little cousin initiate me."

So Paul's mother helped Sam out to the fence and lifted him on the pony's back, and they started off. It was hard to tell which boy's heart was the merrier.—The Children's Visitor.

DATE AND DABITUR.

It is remarkable how often liberal givers are blessed of God. He endows with greater means of giving those who can be trusted to do good with their means. Luther used to tell a parable in illustration. He said there was in Austria a monastery noted for its gifts to the poor. The monastery prospered and was famous for its wealth. The monks began to hoard the money instead of giving it to the needy. Soon the monastery became poor. One day a saint in the guise of a mendicant went into the monastery and asked for alms. The monks told him they had none to give.

"Do you know why the treasury is empty?" he inquired.

The monks gave several reasons. "None of these is the real reason," said the saint. "You once had two brothers in your monastery named Date and Dabitur. You thrust out Date, and then when Dabitur felt lonely without his brother he left of his own accord."

The monks protested that they never had such inmates.

"Have you forgotten your Latin, too?" asked the saint. "Date means give; and Dabitur, it shall be given to you. When Date is again an inmate of your house, Dabitur will return, and your treasury will no longer be empty."—Watchword.

Children think not of the past, nor of what is to come, but enjoy the present time, which few of us do.—La Bruyere.

HOUSEHOLD SHORT CUTS.

All wash goods should be shrunk before making up. Let the goods lie in warm salt water three hours, allow to partly dry, then iron with a hot iron. The material cannot be told from the unwashed goods. Then, when you make the little dresses, make the hems wide, and run a one or two-inch tuck in them by hand. They will be long enough all summer without any tiresome ripping of machine work.

Get cotton batting, cut it in small squares and bake in a hot oven twenty or thirty minutes. This makes each little square puff up light and feathery, and sofa pillows filled in this way are light as down.

Keep a cup with glue in it always in the kitchen, and if a handle comes off a knife or coal shovel put the cup on the stove in a vessel of warm water and quickly repair it. Such a cup has many uses. One may even stick a leather patch on the sole of a house shoe with it. It takes about twenty-four hours to dry thoroughly.

If there are children who annoy busy mothers by getting their rubbers mixed, or have any trouble keeping mates together, teach the children to fasten them together, when they remove them from their feet, with a clothes-pin on which their initials appear. This can be done in a small amount of time and save much trouble.

To rid the house of flies, place pots of mignonette in the different rooms. Their odor is very distasteful to flies, and they will not remain near them.—The New Idea Woman's Magazine for July.

A BEAUTIFUL HOME.

"Of course, in the end, it all comes to this: The beauty of a house depends almost wholly on the adaptation of its design to its surroundings; don't you think so, judge?"

They had been discussing various styles of house architecture and, at the college man's question, the judge lifted his eyes to those of the speaker and matching his finger tips thoughtfully together, answered: "Yes, from your point of view I suppose it does; but a good deal more of its beauty depends on adaptation to other things besides the location. There's a good deal more to it," continued the judge, deliberately.

"The most beautiful home I ever visited would have been beautiful anywhere, and yet I'm not at all sure about the adaptation of its design," and he smiled quizzically. "Still, it was a beautiful home for those days and it was surrounded by lawns and gardens. There were swings and sky-parlors in the trees, there was a brook where you could always fish, and there was a pond where you could always fall in—and I often did." The judge chuckled.

"But it wasn't so much the beauty of the place in itself that I remember; it was the use it was put to. It was because other people's boys were always enjoying it, and the little tots from the orphans' home. They used to romp and gather chestnuts or flowers and then sit down and be filled up with good things to eat. And I can see them now, on the floor of the drawing-room, eating ice cream around the lighted Christmas tree. It was a beautiful drawing-room and there were many artistic things in that home, but its chief beauty to me was that almost always there was someone enjoying it who needed its comfort; a tired missionary from India with thrilling stories for us boys, or a tired stenographer from the city who regarded her stays in that home as sort of visits to heaven. The books were always being lent to those who hadn't many, the garden was always being shorn of its fruits and flowers, the carriages were always out—carrying the invalids to drive, or the minister's wife to make calls, or some old lady back to spend the day. And the dear lady herself—the soul of this home—how beautiful she was!"

"Yes," said the judge, leaning back in his Morris chair, "I've seen many beautiful estates, in different parts of the world, but I never knew any that gave as much pleasure as that one; I have never seen any one's carriage which went on so many errands of mercy; I've been in a great many fine and artistic homes, but I've never seen one that seemed as truly beautiful as that home. Oh, no, boys, the real beauty of a home depends on a good deal besides an artistic design and its adaptation to the location."—The Standard.

WHAT MOTHER RECEIVED.

"Mother gets up first," said the new office boy. "She lights the fire and gets my breakfast so I can get here early. Then she gets father up, gets his breakfast and sends him off. Then she an' the baby have their breakfast."

"What is your pay here?"

"I get \$3 a week and father gets \$3 a day."

"How much does your mother get?"

"Mother!" he said, indignantly, "why, she don't have to work for anybody."

"Oh! I thought you just told me she worked for the whole family every morning."

"Oh, that's for us! But there ain't no money in that."—Exchange.

THE TARDY ASTER.

Little Bessie Berry was almost always late for school. She was almost always later for everything. It wasn't because she had to run errands or mind the baby, but because she was an "In-a-minute" and a "Pretty-soon" and an "After-awhile" little girl, who liked to dilly-dally better than anything else in the world.

There were some other children in Bessie's room who were often tardy, so the teacher began to wonder what she could do. And soon she thought of something. She went to the seedsman and bought some seeds. They were aster seeds in paper packets.

"Listen, children," said the teacher. "How many of you ever had a flower garden?"

"Bessie had; most of the children in Bessie's class had."

Then the teacher said a nice thing: "These seeds are for you—one little packet for each one in this room."

Here Bessie raised her hand: "Please, may I pass 'em?"

But the teacher shook her head. "One for each one in the room," she went on, "who isn't tardy a single time this month."

That wasn't all. They would plant the seeds, and after awhile have flowers. And then the seedsman would give a prize to the boy or the girl who had the finest flowers. It was really two prizes.

So the children looked at the seeds longingly, and promised they would not be tardy one single time. And some weren't. But Bessie was—four times.

The next month was April, and the tardy ones tried again. Bessie was tardy twice. They were to try once in May.

"Try, try again," said Bessie's papa. So she tried again. And mamma helped. Every morning and afternoon she said "Seeds!" when she kissed her little girl good-by. Bessie said "Seeds!" over and over all the way to school, and didn't dilly-dally once. And on the last day of May she took a packet of seeds home. Bessie and her mamma planted them right off. They didn't dilly-dally about it at all. Bessie hoped she might win the seedman's prize.

But it was late and dry, and the seeds didn't come up very quickly. Only one seedling grew. Papa called it a dilly-dally flower. It just would not catch up with Clara Bell's, across the street. But Clara Bell had won her seeds in March.

When the day for the flower show was nearly come, some of Bessie's friends had big blue and white asters in their gardens, and Bessie had one fine aster plant, with hard, green knobs at the top. Every morning she counted the days that were left, until at last a bit of white showed in one of the knobs. But then there was only one day left. So everybody, even Bessie, knew that it would be a tardy aster, just as Bessie had been a tardy little girl.

When at last the day for awarding the prize came, it was a very, very sad Bessie who stood in the back garden looking down at the tardy aster, while all of her little friends, with hands full of punctual asters, went to the flower show. Wasn't it too bad? But it must have been a good lesson for Bessie, for she doesn't dilly-dally any more.—Lulu G. Parker, in Little Folks.

FORGETFUL.

Absent-minded Annette belongs to a club of young women. She went to a bridal shower given by the club, and left her present at home.

"I'm so sorry that I forgot it!" she said.

"Never mind," the other girls told her; "you can send it around later."

A few weeks later the club gave another bridal shower, and again Annette left her gift at home.

"Do you know what I've done?" she said when she discovered her mistake. "I've forgotten my present."

No one felt disposed to help her out. "But, then," she added, "didn't one of the girls forget her present last time, and didn't we say it would be all right if she sent it around later? I'm sure that happened to somebody."

Clothier—Were you pleased with the overcoat which I sold you? Customer—Oh, yes; all my boys have worn it. Clothier—Well, think of that! Customer—Every time after a rain the next smaller one had to take it.

"Bridget, has Johnnie come home from school yet?" "Yis, sorr." "Have you seen him?" "No, sorr." "Then how do you know he's home?" "Cause the cat's hidin' under the stove, sorr."

Saved From Awful Death.

How an appalling calamity in his family was prevented is told by A. D. McDonald, of Fayetteville, N. C., R. F. D. No. 8: "My sister had consumption," he writes, "she was very thin and pale, had no appetite and seemed to grow weaker every day, all remedies failed till Dr. King's New Discovery was tried, and so completely cured her, that she has not been troubled with a cough since. It's the best medicine I ever saw or heard of." For coughs, colds, la-grippe, asthma, croup, hemorrhage—all bronchial troubles,—it has no equal. 50c, \$1.00 Trial bottle free. Guaranteed by all Druggists.

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