



# THE HOME CIRCLE

## BOTTLE THE SUNSHINE.

Bottle the sunshine up, my dears,  
And lay it safe away;  
Hammer the cork in good and tight,  
Keep for a rainy day.  
Ear-cloths will come and showers  
will fall,  
And earth and sky look sad;  
Then fling the cheery rays about,  
And make the old world glad.

Bottle the sunshine up, my dears,  
Sweet temper lay away;  
Carry through life a smiling face,  
And let your heart be gay.  
There's sorrow plenty in the world,  
And strife and bitter pain;  
So line the clouds with golden beams,  
And sing a glad refrain.  
—Lizzie de' Armond

## BLIND TO THE TRUTH.

Men who vote to establish a saloon in a community because it brings money into the neighborhood are as blind to the truth as a ground mole is to the light. A saloon takes money out of a community rather than bringing it in. The saloon-keeper is only a hired servant of the liquor trust, who deals out liquid damnation to the citizen who has become a victim of habit, and said money is sent out of the community and goes into the coffers of the liquor trust. How many brewers or distillers reside in your community? Not one. Where does that multi-millionaire, Adolphus Busch, reside? He resides in Pasadena, Cal., the driest of all "dry" places in the United States. Why does Mr. Busch reside in a "dry" city? Because it is the most pleasant

sort of a city to live in and the most desirable place to rear a family. Did you notice not many months ago that the brewers whose homes are in Milwaukee objected to the establishment of a saloon in that part of the city where they reside? They did not want a saloon located where it would tempt their boys. They have no use for a saloon other than as a means by which to exact money from one poor soul who has become a slave to the liquor habit, that it may enrich them, but they do not want their boys to frequent such places. — Nebraska News.

## MAKING PRESENTS.

Did it ever occur to you how much pleasure you could give a friend living in a different part of the country by sending her something from your own part of the country which is new to her? A woman once sent a friend three bay leaves from the South. The recipient had never seen bay leaves, so they pleased her very much. Another woman sent a bayberry bag, such as Southerners used instead of beeswax for smoothing irons. They were incased in little stout bags, and are really quite useful. The girl of the mistletoe district little dreams how much another would appreciate a box of mistletoe, which is so common in some places and so very expensive in others. Then the young woman in the pine district can make pine pillows, and she who lives near the seashore can make pretty shell ornaments. So you see that many things of little value in one section of the country may be highly appreciated in another. The extreme

North can please the extreme South, and the East can please the West in the simplest ways imaginable with little expense attached. One woman prizes a box of mountain ferns and flowers because she never saw the mountains from whence they came. If you happen to know the sentimental nature of a friend, it is easy to touch the heart. It is the finer sentiment, not the price of a gift, that counts so much among real friends. So whether you paint, sketch, or merely sew, it lies at the tips of your fingers to make little gifts or borrow from nature's pretty store so abundantly supplied.—National Daily.

## EATING WITHOUT FILLING.

Southern negroes are very fond of roasted opossums, and a paper of that section tells how an old black hunter captured a fine specimen and, feeling hungry, stopped to cook it in the woods. He built his fire and dressed and spitted his meat; but, being very tired as well as hungry, he fell asleep while the 'possum was roasting.

As he slept, a "low trash" negro came upon the scene, doubtless attracted by the fire and the smell of roasting meat. The new-comer approached cautiously, with one eye on the 'possum and the other on Uncle Eph, who slumbered.

First, he shook the old man, who turned into an easier position, but would not wake. The stranger took in the situation, and then proceeded to take in the 'possum. He, too, was a 'possum-eater, and he made short work of the dainty roast. He ate and ate till little but bones were left.

Uncle Eph was still sleeping, and it occurred to the vandal that he would make Eph think that he had been to supper so that when he awoke he would not suspect the theft. Then the "low trash" negro proceeded to 'possum grease Eph's hands and face and mouth, and to pile in the old man's lap the gnawed bones.

Nights have mornings and sleeping must have its waking. Uncle Eph

awoke and immediately thought of his 'possum. It was not on the fire; it was not anywhere to be seen; but there in his lap were the bones which had been gnawed. His hands, lips, and beard were greased and with the smell of 'possum. He was self-convicted. He concluded that he had eaten the 'possum, yet he could not remember the pleasure the eating had given him.

Weighing all circumstantial evidence carefully, the old man slowly pronounced judgment: "Dat's a fac' I 'se ben eatin' dat 'possum. I 'se ben eatin' it in my sleep."

But then his stomach—why did it not stand out as a witness in his case? It felt empty, and yet it should be full.

"It's certainly sho'r I done eat up dat 'possum. Must a done it when I 'se sleep. But," and the old man placed his hand sadly over his really empty stomach, "but it interferes less'n any 'possum I eber did eat!" —Michigan Advocate.

## TWO LITTLE SHOPPERS.

One lovely sunny day a happy-faced little girl went dancing down the street beside her mother. She was so happy she just couldn't walk quietly, for in her pocket was a bright, new silver piece of money—a quarter, that grandma had given her for finding her glasses—and she was going to the city to buy any pretty thing she wanted.

On the way to the cars the little girl saw a little boy with his mother; and he couldn't seem to keep his feet from dancing either. He hopped and skipped along very much as the little girl was doing, for away down in the bottom of his pocket there was a beautiful piece of silver money, too, just like the little girl's. Mother had given it to him for running errands. There are so many things a boy wants, so he was going to the city to spend it.

The little girl smiled at the little boy. "I have a secret," she said.

"So have I," answered the little boy.

And then they laughed and told each other what they had in their pockets, and where they were going, and above all, that each was going to buy a toy.

After they reached the city it didn't take long to find the stores. All the windows were bright and full of pretty things, but the store was the prettiest of all.

It was hard to choose a toy, there were so many of them, and all so pretty; but the little girl at last found a doll she liked, such a lovely doll with curly hair and blue eyes that looked straight at you! And she bought the doll with her piece of money.

The little boy did not even look at the dolls, not he. He went to the counter where there were boats and tops and cars and all the toys a boy likes. At last he spied a box of soldiers; they were bright and shiny and they would stand up in long rows all by themselves.

"Just the thing!" he said to himself, and he soon exchanged his piece of money for the soldiers.

On the way home the little girl saw the little boy trying to peep into the box at the soldiers.

"Won't you have a good time playing with them?" she asked. But the little boy only laughed and shook his head.

"Won't you have a good time playing with your doll?" he said. Then the little girl shook her head and laughed.

It was strange. They had each bought a toy and neither of them was going to play with it. They looked at each other as though they wanted to ask questions. At last the little boy laughed out loud and the little girl had to put her hands over her face, the smiles were flying around her eyes and mouth so fast.

"I didn't tell you all my secret," she explained; "but I'll tell you the rest if you'll tell me yours. This dollie is going to a little girl who never had a dollie—only an old piece of

cloth rolled up to make believe. She will be so happy when she sees that she's wanted one for such a long time."

Then the little girl looked down to the boy to hear the rest of his secret.

"You see," began the boy, "I like to play soldier-boy, and there's another boy I know who likes to play soldier-boy, too, only he can't walk worth anything, but he'd just love to stand there on his bed and play with them, so I got them for him. When he's all right we're going to play soldier-boy together."

Then the boy and the little girl looked at each other and smiled and smiled.

"Isn't it fun?" they both said.—Churchman.

Never, never wait for post-mortem praise. Speak the kind words while love prompts, and remember that words of loving kindness are the best possible tonic which can be given, even to the happiest of the mortals. —Kate Tannatt Woods

Little Howard came in the other day crying and rubbing several bumps caused by a pet sheep.

"Well, Howard," said his stern, thetic auntie, "what did you do when the sheep knocked you down?"

"I didn't do anything. I was getting up all the time."

## HELPLESS AS A BABY.

Valley Heights, Va.—Mrs. Jennie B. Kirby, in a letter from this place, says: "I was sick in bed for nine months, with womanly troubles. I was so weak and helpless, at times I couldn't raise my head off the pillow. I commenced to take Cardui, and I saw it was helping me at once. Now, I can work all day." As a tonic, for weak women, nothing has been found, for fifty years, that would take the place of Cardui. Try a bottle to-day. It will surely do you good.

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There are four districts and two district prizes shall be given in each district.

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The prizes mentioned above were purchased from the Jolly & Wynne Jewelry Co., Raleigh, N. C., where they may be seen on exhibition.

CONTEST OPENS AUGUST 10, 1911, CLOSING SEPTEMBER 30, AT 9 P. M.

Don't Hesitate, but Nominate Yourself or Friend, and Secure an Early Start.

Remember, "The early bird catches the worm." Be early, and capture one of these beautiful prizes.

For further information, write or call on

CONTEST MANAGER

# THE CAUCASIAN

RALEIGH,

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