



THE HOME CIRCLE

THE BOOKS OF THE BIBLE.

God spake in Genesis, and said: Let there be light, and darkness fled; In Exodus, at His command, All Israel fled from Egypt's land; Their laws, and what their tribes befell.

Leviticus and Numbers tell; God's holy will again we see Contained in Deuteronomy.

Then follow Joshua, Judges, Ruth, Two books of Samuel from his youth; And two of Kings, the record plain Of many a good and evil reign; Two books of Chronicles tell o'er Each monarch's history heard before— Their noble deeds of valor done, Their many battles fought and won.

Historic words our hearts inspire From Ezra and from Nehemiah; And Esther shows the ways of God, While Job receives the chastening rod; The Psalms lifted up the soul with praise, And Proverbs teach in homely phrase; Ecclesiastes next comes on, And then the Song of Solomon.

Isaiah now, with vision clear, Beholds a promised Saviour near, While Jeremiah lifts on high, For Israel's race, his humble cry; And Lamentations paints his grief That Zion weeps nor finds relief; Ezekiel, Daniel, each record The wondrous dealing of the Lord, Hosea, Joel, Amos, too, And Obadiah, prophets true, O'er Israel's faithless nation yearn, And warn from evil to return; Then Jonah, Micah, Nahum show God's tender love and threatened woe;

Habakkuk prays in words sublime That ring through all succeeding time; Next Zephaniah, Haggai, Then Zechariah, Malachi, And we have passed in close review From ancient Scripture to the new.

And now a Saviour's birth behold, In Matthew's Gospel sweetly told; Mark, Luke and John, His works disclose, His sufferings, death, and how He rose. In Acts the Holy Ghost descends, And Christ His Kingdom wide extends;

In Romans, lo! the apostle Paul Commends the gift of God to all; Corinthians and Galatians show The grace that every soul may know. Ephesians and Philippians tell The seal his life portrayed so well; Colossians, Thessalonians, speak Of hope and comfort to the weak; In Timothy, Paul's charge we find, In Titus, friendship warm and kind; Philemon shows how 'love constrains, While Hebrews all the types explain; With James and Peter, John and Jude, And Revelation, we conclude The books that in God's Word divine Like stars of endless glory shine.

—By Fanny J. Crosby.

FIRE DANGER.

Rubbish.—Have you a pile of rubbish in the cellar or in some outbuilding? Rubbish is responsible for many fires. There is no excuse for such fires. Rubbish piles are unsightly and should be removed on that account. But the readiness with which this may be ignited makes them exceedingly dangerous. A carelessly-thrown match or one accidentally stepped on, a lighted cigar or cigarette, or oily waste or rags within the pile, and a thousand other things may set it on fire. Let all rubbish be gotten rid of.

The "Criminal" Match.—Nearly all of us are careless with matches. If we were always careful we should never use anything other than the safety match. All others have been rightly characterized as "criminal." A splendid resolution for us all to adopt would be this: Never to buy, and except in dire necessity to use, any other than the "safety match."

The common parlor match, which can be ignited on the side or the end with equal ease, is a constant source of danger. We have all seen them fly for many feet when struck, and many of us have seen them start fires. The "bird's-eye" or "double-tipped" match is an improvement, but for safety use the "safety."

Matches should never be left within reach of children, and if you still think it necessary to stick to the parlor match, let them be kept in a metal or stone receptacle and out of reach of the little folk.

Oily Waste and Rags.—If you have been house-cleaning and have had occasion to have the floors oiled, you should be certain that any cloths or waste used in the process have not been thrown into a closet or in any enclosed place. Any other greasy

substance is likewise dangerous, because these things ignite spontaneously when placed where there is not a free circulation of air. They should be gotten rid of immediately after they have served their purpose.

Miscellaneous Dangers.—Kerosene or coal oil, the gasoline can, the swinging gas bracket, wood work near a furnace pipe, or a stove pipe or chimney, or near a stove, wood work near or touching a steam pipe, improperly installed, or insulated electric wiring, are all dangers to be looked into and removed. These subjects cannot be treated in detail. —Journal and Messenger.

MANY DUCKS IN CHINA.

Those traveling in foreign lands are apt to note with interest many peculiarities of the people of different nations, and of course are apt to notice the different kinds of fowls and animals found in different countries. There are more ducks in China than in all the rest of the world. Their voices are a familiar sound in every town and country spot of the sea coast and in the interior of the vast empire. Even in the large cities ducks abound. They dodge between the coolies' legs. They flit, squawking, out of the way of the horses. Their indignant quack will not seldom drown the roar of urban commerce. Children herd ducks on every road, on every pond, on every farm, on every lake, on every river. There is no back yard without its duck quarters. All over the land there are great duck-hatching establishments, many of them of a capacity huge enough to produce fifty thousand young ducks every year. Duck among the Chinese is a staple delicacy. It is salted and smoked like ham or beef. It is served as a delicacy prepared in many ways, and a number of travelers declare that only the Chinese know how to cook and serve a nice fat duck. In royal houses and among the very wealthy the duck is served in a particular style in honor of any distinguished guest, and those fortunate enough to have eaten it say that it is far beyond anything they get elsewhere in the way of prepared fowl. Many ducks are exported from China, and it promises to be a growing industry. The climate, as well as the care of the fowls, is said to produce the most excellent flesh. —The Watchman.

FIVE RULES FOR WOMEN TALKERS.

In the November Woman's Home Companion a contributor advises women on talk. Five rules are laid down:

- (1) Don't tell long stories, or even short ones, unless you have an especial gift for it.
- (2) Remember that talking about yourself is an indulgence, and, as such, should be strictly limited.
- (3) If another woman tells you of some sensation or experience of her own, don't immediately cap it with one of yours. "Swapping tastes" is of the lowest order of conversation. I have been in circles where the talk consisted in each woman's taking her turn in telling how she thought or felt about some commonplace subject, such as the digestibility of shellfish, or liability to colds.
- (4) Never lose consciousness of the proportion of the talk you are usurping, and, if you are taking more than your share, be sure that the quality matches the quantity.
- (5) Discriminate always between talk for your own pleasure and talk for your friends. People constantly tell the stupidest anecdotes because these have become charged with some extraneous charm impossible to transmit. Perhaps the occasion when it took place was important because some particular person was there, and every detail of it has taken on a radiance visible only to the narrator.

CONUNDRUMS.

When is it easy to read in the woods? When Dame Autumn turns the leaves.

Which is the largest room in the world? The room for improvement.

Why are the Western prairies flat? Because the sun sets on them every evening.

Why are the laws like the ocean? Because the most trouble is caused by the breakers. —Journal and Messenger.

INDIAN NAMES.

The Indians have a queer way of naming their braves. An Indian who was not a fearless rider would be called "The-Old-Man-Afraid-of-His-Horses." One who had very keen eyes might be known as "Eagle Eye." Another, whose blanket hung too low, would be very likely to catch the name of "Training Blanket." I wonder how this plan would do for naming children. I wonder if little Sue would not be more tidy in her person if she knew she had to be called "The-Girl-With-Dirty-Nails." And what do you suppose Harry would think about telling some things so

hard to believe if every one who met him on the street were to say, "Good morning, Mr. Tangle-Tongue?" I am sure that Dick would try harder to be manly if his teacher called his name on the roll, "Richard April-Eyes." And there would be no more books for mamma to pick from the floor for Frank if he were punished with such a name as "Everything-Out-of-its-Place." —Selected.

TRUE AND JUST.

"To be true and just in all my dealings." There now, mamma, I have got it exactly right at last! That is what I left out when I said it last Sunday. I skipped from 'hurting nobody by word or deed,' to 'bearing no malice or hatred in my heart,' and the teacher said I didn't know the lesson so well as Dick Stevens did. Wasn't it a good trade me and Dick made to-day—my old knife for his old velocipede? I had two knives and he had two velocipedes; so neither of us lost anything."

"Me and Dick made a trade," repeated Mrs. Collins. "I am afraid you couldn't parse 'me' in that sentence. And I hope your principles are better than your syntax. Dick's velocipede seemed to be in perfectly good condition when you brought it home. Was your knife in the same shape when you gave it to him?"

"I haven't given it to him yet. I didn't have it with me when I met him in the park, and he gave me his velocipede. I am to take it to him when I go to school on Monday. My, but I am sleepy!"

And Tom gave a terrific yawn, and lighted his bed-room candle. But half an hour later, as his mother was passing his door, he called to her and said:

"Mamma, I can't go to sleep because it is so warm in here. Would you mind my taking a short walk out of doors to cool off? I can climb down the ladder that the painters have left leaning against my window-sill, so there won't be any need to unlock the front door."

"Very well," returned Mrs. Collins, "but don't go near Mr. Terry's back gate. I am always afraid that that growling dog of his is going to break his chain."

"I am not going that way," returned Tom. "I am going through the pine grove at the back of the house. I'll be home again in half an hour, if the ghosts don't catch me."

"The ghosts don't want you," said Mrs. Collins. "Your conscience is the only ghost that will trouble you if you have done anything wrong."

"It may be that he knows about it," thought Tom as he started off in a run through the shadows of the tall pines; "but if he doesn't, it will be only true and just to tell him about it."

Dick Stevens, whose bed-room was on the ground-floor of a wing of his father's house, was startled that night as he was preparing for bed by the noise of a handful of gravel thrown against the top sash of his window.

"Well, who is it?" asked he as he leaned out of the window and looked down into the darkness.

"It's me," replied a voice from the yard.

"Oh, it's Tom Collins, is it? Have

you come to bring that knife?"

"No," replied Tom. "I have come to tell you that the little blade has been broken for a long while, and if you would like to back out of the trade, I'll come by here Monday morning on my way back to school, and bring your velocipede back."

"And so that is what brought you out at this time o' night? As if I didn't know about that broken blade! Why, I was in the crowd that day at that tennis match when little Anna Ferry borrowed your knife to cut a stick, and didn't have sense enough to use the big blade. Don't you remember, when you were fussing about her breaking the little one how old Mr. Sparks made you madder by telling you about Sir Isaac Newton saying mildly to the little dog who upset the lamp, and burned up his valuable papers, 'G Diamond, Diamond, thou little knowest the mischief thou hast done!'"

"Yes; I don't like to have folks brought up to me as good examples, not even Sir Isaac Newton. I had forgotten you were there, but I am glad, all the same, I came to tell you. I like to be true and just in all my dealings."

"Yes—and to-morrow I suppose you will say 'My Duty Towards My Neighbor' without leaving out a word."

And so Tom did—Clara Marshall in Young Churchman.

SOMETHING ABOUT A WEDDING.

Philip came into the primary school-room one morning, and informed the teacher that the flag was up.

"Is it?" she said doubtfully.

"It certainly is, and it isn't the Fourth of July, or Washington's birthday, or Lincoln's; and I couldn't think why the flag should be up. Why is it?"

The teacher thought a minute or more, but could not remember any anniversary worthy of notice by a flag-raising on that special day.

"I don't know, I am sure," she said at last. "Go and find out, and then come and tell me."

Philip hurried away. In a few minutes he was back with a bright and satisfied face. "It's to celebrate somebody's wedding," he reported.

"Wedding?" repeated the mystified teacher. "There isn't any wedding on the whole list of our historical celebrations."

"That's what it says on the card, anyhow," insisted Philip. "It's something about a wedding."

The teacher pondered a few moments, then she decided that she would look for herself. What she saw on the card was as follows: "This day is the anniversary of the engagement of the Monitor and the Merrimac." —The Lutheran.

HE GAVE HIS BEST.

A gentleman was walking up the street carrying in his hand a bunch of beautiful white water lilies which he had gathered as he returned from a pleasant sail on the bay.

"What lovely lilies!" exclaimed an acquaintance, as she inhaled their fragrance, and looked longingly at the bouquet in his hand.

"Yes, they are rather nice," he re-

plied; "take your pick if you care for one."

"May I? You are so kind," she said, as she reached out and selected a medium-sized flower from the bunch.

"How modest you are! I do believe you have chosen the smallest one you could find. Here, take this one," he said, as he detached the largest and finest flower from the rest and handed it to her.

"You are generous, indeed," she exclaimed. "You have given me the best one of the lot."

"Have I?" he said, smiling. "Well, it's a pleasure to give and still more of a pleasure when we give our best."

This is worthy of our thought. It may not always be easy to give of our best. Selfishness says: "Keep

the best for yourself, and give what is less valuable to your companion or friend." But the greatest happiness to ourselves and others and the highest ideal of life can be reached only when we give the best we have—the employer the best service we can render; to our friends our most valued treasures, and to our Father the fullest love of a loyal heart. —Selected.

WANTED.—Position by young married man, aged 22, as grocery or hardware clerk; three years experience; can furnish best of references; good reason for wishing to make a change; only those looking for high class man answer this advertisement. Apply to Lock Drawer 122, Roanoke Rapids, North Carolina.

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Read the Label

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