



THE HOME CIRCLE

WHEN DAY IS DONE.

Wounded are we and the harvest is not ended,
Our weapons fall us and our sands are run;
Well on who may, for us the night's descended—
Our day is done.

Farewell to failure on the field—for ever
Farewell; few are the sheaves we bring, or none;
Yet will the Master's welcome wait endeavor,
Now day is done.

Farewell, O Earth, they bleak grey skies of sorrow!
For once the homestead of our faith is won;
Why cloud shall cast no shadow o'er to-morrow—
Thy day is done.

East fades the light; and lo, in gloom before us
That voiceless valley which no foot may shun!
Courage, my soul. One Star is brightening o'er us
Since day is done.

Our day is done. Do Thou, O God, ingather
Safe to Thy harvest-home each wandering one—
Leave not one outcasts to the tempest, Father,
When day is done.

—British Weekly.

RAGS.

Not a very euphonious title, but we will see what an important part they take in the little world of the housekeeper or homemaker. Did you ever hear Martha, the housemaid, or Betty, the scrubwoman, in evident hurry to begin their operations, ask for a cloth to fight the valiant fight with dirt that every housekeeper and her contingent must daily encounter?

In many houses, in most, the call is not answered speedily. Rags there may be, but where? How can anyone work without tools? Not the carpenter; surely not the scrubwoman. Housekeepers do not consider the waste of time and the annoyance caused to any good energetic worker by the delay in finding the necessary article.

Many persons who pride themselves on their absolutely tidy habits, put things away so carefully that it would take a detective from Scotland Yard to find them.

To such a one, the following hints will be valuable, provided they are followed.

In the first place, beware of the ragman; the day has gone by when anything can be made by cultivating his acquaintance. He is a delusion and a snare; to this many a masculine martyr can testify.

He would take your entire wardrobe, and that of your excellent spouse as well, provided you are so fortunate as to have one, and proffer to return the magnificent sum of ten cents and a smile.

If you know anyone to whom the cast-off garments will be useful as clothing, give them to the needy; if you do not, you are the needy one.

An old chest, or box with a cover or one of two drawers in some convenient place will make an excellent hiding place for these very useful articles.

All wearing apparel that can be utilized in this way should be stored away here.

First, cut off buttons, seams and any jagged parts, making the fragments as square as possible, do not throw away any because they are small, they will prove useful.

Heavy cloth that is not desirable for cleaning purposes will make good mats for the kitchen table and good holders to use about the range. And there is where the masculine garments will be useful.

With a stout mat on the kitchen table and a thick holder in hand, you can remove a saucepan from the fire, chicken a gravy, wash a vegetable and avoid standing over a hot stove during the operation.

When a cloth has become worn, or it is too soiled, wipe off the range or some sooty pan and consign it to the flames.

Surely, after such a life of usefulness, like a good Norseman, it should have its exit in flames, and will find at last its Valhalla.—New York Observer.

THE VALUE OF REINDEER CLOTHING.

Among the useful and profitable products of the reindeer are the skins for clothing. Of these pelts most varied use is made. From them are fashioned the tight-fitting trousers and that wonderful outer garment, the "parka," universally worn in winter by both male and female natives and many whites. The "parka" extends to the knees and has a close-fitting hood which keeps the head and shoulders comfortably warm even in the severest weather. These reindeer garments are remarkable for their excellent quality of resist-

ing moisture and cold. A close examination of the hair of the reindeer furnishes an explanation of its peculiar value. The hair is not merely a hollow tubular structure with a cavity extending throughout its entire length, but it is divided, or partitioned off, into exceedingly numerous cells like water-tight compartments. These are filled with air, and their walls are so elastic and at the same time have such strong resisting power, that they are not broken up, either during the process of manufacture or by swelling when wet. The cells expand in water, and thus it happens that a person clad completely in garments made of reindeer hair does not sink when in water, because he is buoyed up by the air contained in the hundreds of thousands of air cells.—Southern Workman.

"A GREAT DAY."

"Great morning, isn't it?" called a cheery business man to a passer-by as he hurried down the steps of his home to catch a train.

"Why, so it is," thought the man hailed, looking up in surprise from his moody contemplation of the sidewalk. And unconsciously he straightened his shoulders and stepped out more briskly as he went on his way.

"Great morning, isn't it?" said the business man to a bootblack as he stopped for a shine. And the urchin gave a vigorous polish to a spot on the heel he had been minded to leave unshined and whistled as he went his way.

"Great day, isn't it," said the man to the stenographer as he entered his office. And the girl's fingers flew faster and the keys clicked merrily and the tired eyes smiled as she worked that day.

"It has been a great day," said the man to his wife as, business over, he sank with a sigh of comfort into the easy chair at home.

And the recording angel, closing the account of that man's day, smiled and echoed softly, "A great day."—Exchange.

THE FIGHT AT CAPTAIN RICE'S.

How Cousin Sally Dillard, Mr. and Mrs. Harris and Mose Figured in the Case.

By Ham C. Jones.

The Union Republican prints a story by Col. Ham C. Jones telling of a trial in court in one of the Piedmont counties. The story runs:

A beardless disciple of Themis arises and thus addresses the court: May it please your Worships and you, gentlemen of the jury, since it has been my fortune (good or bad, I will not say) to exercise myself in legal disquisitions, it has never befallen me to be obliged to prosecute so direful, marked and malicious an assault—a more wilful, violent, dangerous battery—and finally, a more diabolical breach of the peace, has seldom happened in a civilized country; and I dare say, it has seldom been your duty to pass upon one so shocking to benevolent feelings as this which took place over at Captain Rice's in this county. But you will hear from the witness:

The witnesses being sworn, two or three were examined, and deposed. One said that he heard the noise, but did not see the fight; another, that he saw the row, but didn't know who struck first; and a third, that he was very drunk, and couldn't say much about the scrimmage.

Lawyer Chops: I am sorry, gentlemen, to have occupied your time with the stupidity of the witnesses examined. It arises, gentlemen, altogether, from misapprehension on my part. Had I known, as now I do, that I had a witness in attendance who is well acquainted with all the circumstances of the case, and who is able to make himself clearly understood by the court and jury, I should not so long have trespassed on your time and patience. Come forward, Mr. Harris, and be sworn.

So forward comes the witness, a fat, shuffy old man, a "leettle" corned, and took oath with an air.

Chops: Harris, we wish you to tell all about the riot that happened the other day at Captain Rice's; and as a good deal of time has already been wasted in circumlocution, we wish you to be compendious, and at the same time as explicit as possible.

Harris: Adzactly (giving the lawyer a knowing wink, and at the same time clearing his throat). Captain Rice, he gin a treat, and Cousin Sally Dillard, she come over to our house and axed me if my wife she moutn't go? I told Cousin Sally Dillard that my wife was poorly, bein' as how she had a touch of the rheumatics in the hip, and the big swamp was up in the road, for there had been a heap of rain lately; but howsomever, as it was she, Cousin Sally Dillard, my wife she mout go. Well, Cousin Sally Dillard then axed me if Mose he moutn't go. I told Cousin Sally Dillard that Mose, he was the foreman of the crap, and the crap was smartly in the grass; but howsomever, as

it was she, Cousin Sally Dillard, Mose he mout go—

Chops: In the name of common sense, Mr. Harris, what do you mean by this rignarole?

Witness: Captain Rice, he gin a treat, and Cousin Sally Dillard she came over to our house and axed me if my wife she moutn't go. I told Cousin Sally Dillard—

Chops: Stop, sor, if you please; we don't want to hear anything about your Cousin Sally Dillard and your wife. Tell us about the fight at Rice's.

Witness: Well, I will, sir, if you will let me.

Chops: Well, sir; gon on.

Witness: Well, sir, Captain Rice he gin a treat, and Cousin Sally Dillard she came over to our house and axed me if my wife couldn't go—

Chops: There it is again. Witness, please to stop.

Witness: Well, sir, what do you want?

Chops: We want you to tell about the fight, and you must not proceed in this impertinent story. Do you know anything about the matter before the court?

Witness: To be sure I do.

Chops: Well, go on and tell it, and nothing else.

Witness: Well, Captain Rice, he gin a treat—

Chops: This is intolerable. May it please the court, I move that this witness be committed for contempt; he seems to be trifling with this court.

Court: Witness, you are now before a court of justice, and unless you behave yourself in a more becoming manner, you will be sent to jail; so begin and tell us what you know about the fight at Captain Rice's.

Witness (alarmed): Well, gentlemen, Captain Rice he gin a treat, and Cousin Sally Dillard—

Chops: I hope the witness may be taken into custody.

Court (after deliberating): Mr. Attorney, the court is of the opinion that we may save time by telling the witness to go on in his own way. Proceed, Mr. Harris, with your story, but stick to the point.

Witness: Yes, gentlemen. Well, Captain Rice, he gin a treat, and Cousin Sally Dillard she came over to our house and axed me if my wife she mout go? I told Cousin Sally Dillard that my wife she was poorly, being as how she had the rheumatics in the hip, and the big swamp was up; but howsomever, as it was she, Cousin Sally Dillard, my wife she mout go. Well, Cousin Sally Dillard then axed me if Mose he moutn't go. I told Cousin Sally Dillard as how Mose he was the foreman of the crap, and the crap was smartly in the grass; but howsomever, as it she, Cousin Sally Dillard, Mose he mout go. So they goes on together, my wife, Mose, and Cousin Sally Dillard, and they came to the big swamp, and it was up, as I was telling, but being as how there was a log across the big swamp, Cousin Sally Dillard and Mose, like genteel folks, they walked the log; but my wife, like a darned fool, hoisted her coats and waded through. And that's all I know about the fight.

"THE SUN WILL SHINE AGAIN."

By William T. McElroy.

A little newsboy, clad only in rags and not many of those, stood on the street corner one chilly morning. The morning was a gloomy and rainy one, and the newsboy was barefooted. Now and then he had to lift up one foot or the other and place it against his other leg to try to get a little warmth. But his shout as he called the morning papers was cheery and shrill.

A gentleman, well clad in a heavy overcoat and protected further by a large umbrella, stopped to buy a paper. He noticed the poor clothing of the little fellow at once. "This kind of weather is pretty hard on you, my lad," he said pleasantly.

"I don't mind it so much," said the newsboy, looking up with a smile. "The sun will shine again after a while."

The gentleman passed on. But the more he thought of the boy's words the more they impressed themselves upon him. In a few days the little newsboy went into his office as office boy. He is now a junior partner. It was his expression, "The sun will shine again," that had gotten him his place and that brought him success.

His thought was a good one. No matter how gloomy or uncomfortable the day was, he was sure that the pleasant, sunshiny day would come.

Saved Child From Death.

"After our child had suffered from severe bronchial trouble for a year," wrote G. T. Richardson, of Richardson's Mill, Ala., "we feared it had consumption. It had a bad cough all the time. We tried many remedies without avail, and doctors' medicine seemed as useless. Finally we tried Dr. King's New Discovery, and are pleased to say that one bottle effected a complete cure, and our child is again strong and healthy." For coughs, colds, hoarseness, lagrippe, asthma, croup and sore lungs, it's the most infallible remedy that's made. Price 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottle free. Guaranteed by all druggists.

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And his anticipation of the better day helped the discomfort of the gloomy one.

We must all have our gloomy, unpleasant days, for they come in every life. Things will go wrong. Even boys and girls have their disappointments and hours of gloom. People will sometimes seem unjust, will judge us wrongly, and will say unkind things to us. There are so many things that will make us unhappy if we permit them to do so. But let us not forget the little newsboy's saying. We have never seen an unpleasant day that did not have a pleasant one to match it. Be sure "the sun will shine again after a while," and our unhappiness will vanish.—The Visitor.

SUNBEAMS.

A Good Third.

"You admit that you are not first in her affections, yet you seem cheerful."

"Oh, I can't expect to compete with the pug dog and the rubber plant."—Washington Herald.

Usual Reason.

"He used to be a straight enough young chap. What made him get crooked?"

"Trying to make both ends meet, I believe."—Toledo Blade.

A Child's Wish.

"I wish I was twins, mother, then half of me could do lessons and half could play."—Punch.

The Liquor Question.

A Cincinnati man who had heard terrible stories of the high prices charged in New York paused doubtfully at the rail of a Broadway hotel bar.

"How much is a drink of whiskey?" he inquired, tentatively.

"Well," replied the bar-keeper, sizing him up, "that depends. Some think a teaspoonful is enough, and then, again, some from 'dry' States want to drink it out of a bucket."—From Judge.

Owued Up Promptly.

One of the boys had broken one of the school rules and no one would own up.

The teacher announced that he would thrash the whole class if some one did not tell him who had committed the offense.

All were silent and he began with the first boy and thrashed everyone in the class until finally he reached the last one. Then he said: "Now, if you will tell me who did this I won't thrash you."

"All right, sir, I did it," was the reply.—Ideas.

Politics Killed Him.

A politician who was making a house-to-house canvass came to a farm-house, when he observed an elderly woman standing at the gate, and the candidate gracefully lifted his hat and politely asked: "No doubt, my dear madam, your husband is at home?"

"Yes," responded the woman.

"Might I have the pleasure of seeing him?" inquired the politician.

"He's down in the pasture a-burying the dog," was the reply from the individual at the gate.

"I am very sorry, indeed, to learn of the death of your dog," came in sympathizing tone from the candidate. "What killed him?"

"He wore hisself out a-barking at the candidates," said the woman.—From London Tit-Bits.

Coffee is still advancing, but as it comes in free the "robber tariff" is not held responsible.—Union Republican.

"I Am Well"

writes Mrs. L. R. Barker, of Bud, Ky., "and can do all my housework. For years I suffered with such pains, I could scarcely stand on my feet. After three different doctors had failed to help me, I gave Cardui a trial. Now, I feel like a new woman."

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