



THE HOME CIRCLE

THE BEST THINGS.

The world is old, but the heart is young. And its sweetest songs are yet unsung; Earth's richest treasures are yet unsought; Earth's bravest battles are yet unfought.

Down deep in the earth—in the blackened soil— Shut out from the light does the miner toil; But, see, at the sound of each ringing blow, How the factories hum and the hearth fires glow!

A black-browed man in a humble room Sits patiently tending an ancient loom; But, see, from his hand what hues arise Of tapestry, rich in Eastern dyes!

The farmer wakes with earliest light, And toils in his field from morn till night; No king could a worthier service yield, "For even the king is served by the field."

Then, work and win! for the world is wide, And its doors will open on every side; Look not on the path with vain regret, For "the best things haven't happened yet."

—Zion's Herald.

A VALENTINE OF VICTORY.

"It's all very well for mother to say, 'Let not the sun go down upon your wrath,' but if she were a boy and another boy had been so ugly and hateful to her!"

"Well," said Kate, as her brother paused for breath, "what do you think she would do?"

"Just what I'm going to do!" flashed Dick. "Send him the meanest old comic valentine that can be found. He can't bear ridicule, and if I can find a mean one it'll sting him like a lash."

"I wouldn't, Dick," she pleaded gently. "No, of course you wouldn't; you are too much like mother!" said Dick, never noticing how contradictory his statements were.

"I don't think any one could be too much like mother," said Kate. "But now I must go to my music. Come along with me, Dick."

"I'll come later," growled Dick, and moved away.

Dick and Robert had always been great friends. During Robert's illness Dick had visited him regularly every day. Robert's illness had left him thin, pale and nervous. On this day he had been so hateful that Dick was highly incensed. He soon found a hideous picture of a long, lank, skeleton-like creature, with just a few stray hairs standing out at angles from the nearly bare cranium. Underneath he wrote, "This is the way you look to me."

On his way home Dick spied in the windows of an art store a small photograph of the splendid antique statue, "Victoria." Knowing how perfectly delighted his sister would be with it, he resolved to buy it and send it to her as a valentine.

When he came out of the store with the little picture of "Victoria" in his possession, he would have felt quite happy had it not been for that bitter feeling of anger toward his friend.

When he reached home he ran right up to his room. One he addressed in a queer, cramped hand to "Miss Kathryn Lloyd"; the other in his natural large hand, "Robert Miles." Just then he was called to tea, after which he had his lessons to learn. Before retiring he hastily slipped the two valentines into the envelopes and hurried them into the post box down at the corner of the street.

Then, feeling oddly unhappy, he crept up to bed.

In the morning he was more unhappy than ever. For some reason the mail failed to come at the usual hour, and Kate did not receive her valentine until she was on her way to school.

As Dick turned the corner at the top of his speed, he almost ran into Robert Miles—the last boy on earth he wanted to see just then! He tried to hurry by without appearing to notice him, but Robert stopped him, with outstretched hands.

"Dick, you noble fellow!" he cried, joyously. "It was like you, and I can't tell you how glad—and how ashamed—I am!"

Dick looked at Robert in amazement. "I—I don't understand"—he muttered, stiffly.

"Yes, but I do!" said Robert. "And you needn't try to look so unconscious! It was fine of you to forgive me—first! I've been just miserable over our quarrel, and I hardly slept a wink last night for thinking of it. I wanted to run over last

evening and apologize, but mother said it wasn't prudent for me to go out. She guessed whatever I had to say would keep till morning. But I had a bad night of it. And when your valentine came just now and I saw that you had forgiven me without my having said one word—I knew that your victory was the best victory of all! I'm going to have that picture framed, Dick, and keep it forever."

"Then a sudden light broke in on Dick's bewildered brain, and he knew what a mistake he had made the night before.

"Oh," he stammered in confusion, "but you don't understand—I never meant!"

"But I did," said Bob, regretfully. "I meant every word I said, and I have been repenting bitterly ever since. But I've learned a lesson; mother has always told me that the most splendid victory that a fellow can gain is over his own ugly temper, and you've shown me that it's true!"

Just then Kate came running up all out of breath.

"Oh, Robert," she panted, "let me speak to you just a moment! Dick," she said, as Robert stepped aside, "things aren't what they seem. The ugly valentine you sent for Robert you sent to me! I'm so glad! You haven't told me yet you"

"I wanted to, and I'm going to."

"You must not," cried Kate decidedly.

"I believe me so much better than I am," Dick protested.

"I can prove that you can really be what she thinks you are, and keep your seat for your punishment."

When, as Robert joined them, they all three walked to the school together.

"I'll give the valentine Dick sent me," said Robert, showing her the picture of her favorite "Victoria."

"Oh," she said, joyfully, "that represents a victory indeed! Don't you remember that ruleth his spirit is better than he that ruleth a city?"

—By Death Spencer in The Lutheran.

THE STORY OF ST. VALENTINE.

The children of the parish of No-Matter-Where get the first part of the pastor's morning sermon, and if he has anything left after the children have been served he gives it to the older folks. One Sunday morning in February he gave the younger members of his flock the story of St. Valentine, because he wanted them to be dipping deeper into the spirit of the day than young folks are likely to do unless they have a little instruction to help them. He told them of good Bishop Valentine who lived in the days of Emperor Claudius, and who spent his life doing things to make other people happy, especially poor people and old people and little children; and something of Valentine's imprisonment because he could not worship God just as the Emperor Claudius thought people ought to; and how he used to write little letters to the poor people, and the little children in whom he was interested, and throw the letters out between the bars of the window of his prison cell; and how when found they were sent to the ones to whom they were addressed; and how when he died the people began to observe his birthday by sending every year little kindly messages—love messages—to their friends.

"Be ye kind one to another, tender-hearted," said the minister of the parish of No-Matter-Where to the older folks that morning. "The Bible has a great deal to say about what people ought to believe, but it also has a great deal to say about how they ought to behave. We have some times rather overlooked that. The history of the church is blotted with the doings of people who believed all right, but who forgot to behave all right. Emperor Claudius had a belief, a doctrinal basis for his religion; but he didn't behave as man who holds a religious belief ought to. He remembered his doctrine, but he forgot to be kind to other people, tender-hearted. He said, 'You've got to believe just as I believe, or I'll make you suffer for it.' And he carried out his threat. Good, kind, tender-hearted Valentine had to go to prison because he couldn't quite see things as Emperor Claudius saw them."—Selected.

THE STORY OF COAL.

It was a very cold winter night, and as Jack sat before the blazing coal fire, he felt very comfortable, indeed. The fire never seemed so pretty to him, and he sat and watched the glowing coals so long that his mother thought he had gone sound asleep, as grandfather had done in his big, easy chair.

"I'm not a bit asleep," Jack declared. "I've been wishing I could go down to a coal mine and see how coal is made."

"But it isn't made," his mother said; "it is in the ground all ready to be taken out for our use. Once upon a time this hard coal was a great, beautiful forest—ferns, leaves, moss

and vines and large trees of every kind. Hundreds of years went by, the old trees rotting away and new ones coming on, until at last instead of being the lovely green things, all was black and ugly. And then, one day, after so many years of darkness, men with lamps went down into the earth with long picks in their hands and began to loosen the black pieces of rock. A boy came along and tossed it into a cart, and along the narrow covered path which led to the earth and the beautiful sunshine, the coal came out of its hiding place. This coal family is a large one, with relatives all over the world. Their real name is Peat, but only in one country, in Ireland, are they known by that name. In every country coal is found—in sunny Italy, cold Russia, China, Japan, and indeed, everywhere. Some are a soft and some a hard lot," mother ended, laughingly.

"A coal miner has a hard life, and yet how brave he is, going deep down into the earth to bring us this comfort and brightness! Winter would be a cheerless time were it not for coal. It's one of the things we should be thankful for. How good God is to put such comforts away, deep, down in the earth! The story of coal is a very wonderful one, and some day you will learn how beautiful trees and growing things can make the hard, black rocks we burn."

"Perhaps I'll be a miner myself and wear a cap with a lamp on it," said Jack, "that is, if I ever am brave enough!"—The Child's Gem.

ANCIENT SHOES.

Nobody knows who was the first shoe-maker. There must have been a time when everybody went bare-footed, and the first shoes were probably made of woven reeds or skins. The original shoemaker doubtless sought comfort more than style.

The Celt, who at times wandered over moor and morass, at others over mountains, invented a shoe that suited his purpose exactly. A sole of heavy hide protected his feet from the sharp stones, while uppers or legs of lighter skins protected his ankles and legs from thorns and bushes. The buskin was so constructed that the water exuded from it as soon as the foot ceased to be immersed. In the modern shoe, the idea is that water be kept out, not let out.

The Celtic buskin was tough and elastic, and could be replaced wherever there were untanned skins at hand. Every Celt was his own shoemaker.

With the Norman Conquest came the introduction into the British Isles of tanned leather, which had long been in use in Normandy, where it had been introduced by the Romans.

Shoes then began to take on style, and the styles have never been duplicated in later days. From close-fitting shoes, fashion went to long, pointed toes, which, in time, grew so long that they had to be fastened to the wearer's knees.

Shoes were gorgeous affairs in the Middle Ages. King Richard, the Lion-hearted, had his boots stamped with gold. John Lackland, his brother, wore boots spotted with golden circles, while Henry III wore boots checkered with golden lines, every square of which was enriched with a lion. Cardinal Wolsey's shoes were "Of gold and stones precious, Costing many thousand pounds."

Sir Walter Raleigh wore shoes studded with diamonds said to have cost eighty thousand pounds sterling. The gallants in Charles II's time wore the high boot-tops turned down to the ankles to show the gorgeous lace with which they were lined.—Indianapolis News.

TO CONQUER WORRYING.

Consider what must be involved in the truth that God is infinite and that you are a part of His plan.

Memorize some of the Scripture promises and recall them when the temptation to worry returns.

Cultivate a spirit of gratitude for daily mercies.

Realize worrying is an enemy which destroys your happiness.

Realize that it can be cured by persistent effort.

Attack it definitely, as something to be overcome.

It wastes vitality and impairs the mental faculties.

Help and comfort your neighbor.

Forgive your enemies and conquer your aversions.

The world is what we make it. Forward then! Forward in the power of faith, forward in the power of freedom, forward in the power of hope, forward in the power of God! —Bishop Vincent.

HOW A BIG NEW YORK BAKERY PREPARES ITS BREAD.

On one of the streets of New York the visitor may see an immense structure of white stone. It is said that in this building many thousands of loaves of bread are baked every day.

Huge white mixers, molders and weighing machines take the flour, yeast and milk and prepare the loaves for the ovens. Twenty-four thousand loaves are baked at a time. The white-gloved attendants touch the flour only twice on its entire journey from the cars until the loaves are delivered, clean and white, to the grocer or the home. Two hundred automobiles carry the bread away to fill the hungry mouths of

many boys and girls. Every worker, from the man who first receives the flour to the driver of the electric motor car, is dressed in white. Just think of it! White flour to start with, white machinery, white walls, white-gloved and uniformed attendants, white buildings and an assurance of white, clean, wholesome bread!

A physician is in charge to see that the workers are all in good health, both when they are first employed and after they have been there some time. A roof garden, where the tired workers can rest during the noon hour, is provided. At first glance the building from the outside appears to be a continuous line of windows. This firm evidently believes in giving lots of sunshine and fresh air for their employes.—Exchange.

SPICE BOX.

"Why does the giraffe have such a long neck?" asks the teacher.

"Because its head is so far away from its body," hopefully answers the boy.

Since little Paul wrote his composition on snow, his mother hopes that he may be a poet.

"I don't really know what snow is," he began, "but I think it may be air with clothes on."

"I won't wash my face!" said Dolly defiantly.

"Naughty, naughty," reproved grandmother. "When I was a little girl, I always washed my face."

"Yes, and now look at it."

A little girl of twelve years, the daughter of a clergyman, was asked: "Sadie, does your papa ever preach the same sermon twice?"

After thinking a moment Sadie replied: "Yes, I think he does; but I think he hollers in different places."

When on his way to evening service the new minister of the village met a rising young man of the place whom he was anxious to interest in the church.

"Good evening, my young friend," he said solemnly, "do you ever attend a place of worship?"

"Yes, indeed, sir, every Sunday night," responded the young fellow with a smile. "I'm on my way to see her now."

A teacher was giving to her class an exercise in spelling and defining words. "Thomas," she said to a curly-haired little boy, "spell 'ibex.'"

"I-b-e-x." "Correct. Define it."

"An ibex," answered Thomas, after a prolonged mental struggle, "is where you look in the back part of the book when you want to find anything that's printed in the front part of the book."

Did you ever notice that not one of the Democratic orators and editors who are discussing the tariff ever attempt to defend the tariff laws the Democrats put on our statute books? Why? Because everybody knows these tariff laws brought more want and misery to our people than all the wars and famines and pestilence we have suffered as a people.—The Lincoln Times.

Indian Killed on Track.

Near Rochelle, Ill., an Indian went to sleep on a railroad track and was killed by the fast express. He paid for his carelessness with his life. Often it is that way when people neglect coughs and colds. Don't risk your life when prompt use of Dr. King's New Discovery will cure them and so prevent a dangerous throat or lung trouble. "It completely cured me, in a short time, of a terrible cough that followed a severe attack of Grip," writes J. R. Watts, Floydada, Tex., "and I regained 15 pounds in weight that I had lost." Quick, safe, reliable and guaranteed. 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottle free at all druggists.

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