



THE HOME CIRCLE

THE USE OF FLOWERS.

God might have bade the earth bring forth
Enough for great and small,
The oak tree and the cedar tree,
Without a flower at all.
We might have had enough, enough
For every want of ours,
For luxury, medicine, and toil,
And yet have had no flowers.

Then wherefore, wherefore were they made,
All dyed with rainbow light,
All fashioned with supreme grace,
Uppraising day and night,
Springing in valleys green and low,
And on the mountains high,
And in the silent wilderness
Where no man passes by?

Our outward life requires them not—
Then wherefore had they birth?
To minister delight to man,
To beautify the earth,
To comfort man—to whisper hope,
When'er his faith is dim,
For whose careth for the flowers
Will care much more for Him!

—Exchange.

SUPPOSE.

Suppose your mind a garden were,
All ready for the spring,
And everything you planted there
Would soon be blossoming.

Suppose that evil thoughts were weeds
That rankly grew apace,
And every dream of selfish deeds
Should blossom in disgrace.

While every impulse to be kind,
To ease some other's woe,
Should bud and blossom in your mind
A far and fragrant rose.

Suppose that every idle whim
And every thought of scorn
Should find its fruitage in a grim
And poison-laden thorn;

While every purpose to uplift
Your soul from sordid ways
Should burst into a snow-white drift
Of tender lily sprays.

'Tis surely with no danger fraught
Supposing things like this—
And maybe here's a seed of thought
To flower forth in bliss.

—J. K. Bangs.

DAN'S QUEER STRAWBERRY BED.

"Dan," said mother, "will you please run over to Mr. Willis and see if you can buy six quarts of strawberries."

Dan was more than willing. Mr. Willis lived about a quarter of a mile away, and had almost a farm right there in the city. It was several city lots upon which he raised the most delicious garden things, and sold them to a few favored customers. Dan lived in a flat that had no garden at all, for the tiny yard was planted with grass, and no one was allowed to dig it.

Mr. Willis had plenty of strawberries to sell, he assured Dan, and he set out to pick them. Dan went with him into the garden, and he was very much pleased to be allowed to help, especially as Mr. Willis said that pickers might eat what they wanted. The boxes were soon filled with big red berries, and the fun was over.

"Oh, dear, I wish I had a strawberry bed!" sighed Dan.

"Do you?" said Mr. Willis kindly. "Well, now it's too bad you have to live in that tuckered-up place. But say, you could have a strawberry bed next year right where you are."

"In the flat?" cried Dan incredulously.

"Sure, in a flat. I had one once," said Mr. Willis. "Do you want to do it?"

"Yes, I do," said Dan. "If you're sure it won't take too much room."

"It will take just enough room for a barrel to stand."

"Oh, that could be on the flagging back of the house," said Dan.

"All right. I'll tell you what to do, though you needn't make your garden until September. You run home now with those berries for mother, and come back some time when you can stay a whole morning."

Dan went home, but the very next morning he was back.

"Now," said Mr. Willis, "I'll tell you about it first, and afterward you can help me and earn what you will need. There's the barrel. You can roll it home this morning if you want to. Then sometimes when I am passing your house I'll bring along boxes of good earth in the wagon, and you can put the earth in the barrel. Gather up some sweepings from the pavement in front of your house to mix with it. Then when your barrel is full of rich soil you will have to bore holes about an inch in diameter, and about four inches apart all over the sides of the barrel. In September you can plant strawberry plants in the holes. And we'll arrange it so that the plants will give you a crop next June. That's what you can help me about if you want to, and I'll give you enough plants."

"Oh, I do," cried Dan, fairly prancing in his eagerness to begin.

"Come out to the strawberry bed then," said Mr. Willis.

Out in the garden Mr. Willis showed him the strawberry runners reaching out, with little new plants on the end of them. Mr. Willis wanted a number of these tiny plants placed in small pots so that they might make a good growth through the summer, and be ready to transplant in the fall. He showed Dan how to fill the pots with earth and plant the young strawberries without separating them from the parent plant. So Dan helped him all the morning. When the

plants were potted he went home very happy.

It did seem pretty long to September, and then again to next strawberry time. But it came as all good times do. In September Dan had his barrel quite ready, and then he went to Mr. Willis. The little plants which had been growing in their pots out in the garden all summer were now separated from the old plants. Mr. Willis planted his in long rows in the garden, but Dan put his in baskets and carried them home. Then he transplanted them carefully into the holes in the barrel, and watered them well by pouring the water in the top. They never drooped at all, but went on growing as bravely as if they were back in the garden.

The next spring the plants all started out again. Then came the white blossoms, and soon after the red berries. There were not many berries that year, but there were enough to make it interesting to Dan. But you should have seen the barrel the second year. Then Dan could go out and gather berries for the whole family for breakfast. Since that Dan has never been without a barrel strawberry bed. There are some advantages about it, too. He never loses a crop by frost or drought. He can cover the barrel on cold nights, and pour water in the top when it is dry. There are no weeds to pick, for the holes in the barrel allow only the strawberries to grow.

Try one yourself, boys. It is an interesting garden even if you have plenty of room. Almost any strawberry grower will give you the plants for the asking, if you wish to start such a bed.—Zelia Margaret Walters.

THERE'S ANOTHER SIDE.

"There's another side!" said the minister's wife softly.

"How do you know?" asked the visitor who had told the discreditable little, strictly in confidence, as she had herself learned it in the bosom of the Wednesday afternoon sewing circle. The minister's wife had not been present, and it was only right that she should be put right about this family of new-comers in the parish. "Some things had come to the ears of the sewing circle that were not—well—not exactly—"

"There's another side!" repeated the minister's wife, not so softly this time. In fact, there was a noticeable little ring of indignation in her tone, which died out in a sort of wondering pity as she noticed the challenging look of her caller.

"You're glad there is another side, aren't you? Why, of course you are! And, you see, I know all about it!"

"You weren't at the meeting!" said the other stiffly. "If you had been, you—"

"No, I was there—at the house. And I saw—oh, Mrs. Babbit, if you could have seen what I saw!"

"I saw, too—with my own eyes! That daughter of theirs is an opium—"

"She isn't their daughter—not any relation; not even a friend or a friend's daughter, just a poor girl who had been sick so long and so terribly that the doctors themselves had made her a victim of the opium habit. And they have undertaken to try to cure her. They have given up their home—their very lives—to it. They don't say a word about it. I just found it out—with the help of the doctor."

The visitor rose suddenly—almost unceremoniously. For a moment the hostess looked troubled and aghast. Had she spoken sharply, discourteously even? Her mind fled back over the interview as she faltered:

"You are not going yet? You—oh, you aren't offended at anything I've said?"

"Yes, I'm going. Offended—I? I'm going round to see all our ladies, every single one of them!"

"And tell them—"

The minister's wife held her breath for the answer. One may be very bold, but it sometimes means a great deal to offend "the ladies."

"And tell them," said the caller, gathering her wraps about her, "that beautiful 'other side!'"

"Oh!" breathed the minister's wife gratefully. "And tell them, wouldn't you? that there is always another side—always—always! And it is our Christian business to try and find it."—Zion's Herald.

ALL THE WAY ROUND.

"She's my seventh in three months," young Mrs. Crosby announced. Her face was worried, but her tone self-satisfied. "Of course, it's hard, but some things I will have, if I get worn to a bone training new help. As for cooking-dishes, I do this. While my maid is out on Thursday, I ransack her pantry and pull out every kettle and pan that has been put away in bad condition, and when she comes in at night she finds them stacked all over the kitchen table and sink."

"Oh!" exclaimed Mrs. Robinson, whose model housekeeping is acknowledged by even her dearest

friends. Then she bent to her embroidery. The word had slipped out unawares.

"Don't you think it serves her right?"

Mrs. Robinson hesitated. "They come home so tired," she answered, as if apologizing for her own soft-heartedness. "They have to crowd so much into their one free day. To tell the truth, I always contrive a little surprise for Thursday night. I've done it with every maid I've had for years. Perhaps she finds a convenient bit of tinware that she's been needing, or new dish towels on the rack—something improved, you know. And if I have any flowers at all in the house, I put at least one blossom in the kitchen to welcome her home."

"Of all sentimental! Do you mean to say you'd do that and leave a half-washed frying-pan out of sight in the pantry?"

"No—no. I'm afraid I'd wash it and make it as shiny as I possibly could. I believe more in models than critics, myself. And there's always the question whether we may not have given a maid so many other things to do that scouring-time has been crowded out. It's hard to see all the way round a thing with one glance, don't you think? We have to take a peep from both sides."

"H'm!" said Mrs. Crosby, doubtfully. "It sounds to me as if you'd spoil a servant in no time, but if I thought 'twould work—"

"Hilda is certainly a treasure," Mrs. Robinson filled in the pause. "I expect her to stay with me till she marries. My last two have. She's my third in seven years."—Unidentified.

THE CRICKET AND THE LION.

One day the lion was out walking in the woods. As he was stepping near an old rotten log, he heard a tiny voice say: "Oh, please don't step there. That's my house, and with one step more you will destroy it."

The lion looked down, and saw a little cricket sitting on a log. He roared: "And it is you, weak little creature, that dares tell me where to step? Don't you know I am the king of beasts?"

"You may be the king of beasts, but I am the king of my house; and I don't want you to break it down, king or no king."

The lion was amazed at such daring.

"Don't you know, you little weakling, that I could smash you and your little house and all your relatives with one blow of my paw?"

"I may be weak, but I have a cousin no bigger than I who can master you in a fight."

"Oho! O, O!" laughed the lion. "Well, little boaster, you have that cousin here tomorrow, and if he does not master me I'll crush you and your house and your cousin all together."

The next day the lion came back to the same spot, and roared: "Now, boaster, bring on your valiant cousin!"

Pretty soon he heard a buzzing near his ear. Then he felt a stinging. "O! O!" he cried. "Get out of my ear!"

But the cricket's cousin, the mosquito, kept on singing and stinging. With every sting the lion roared louder, and scratched his ear and jumped around. But the mosquito kept on singing and stinging. The cricket sat on the log and looked on. At last he said: "Mr. Lion, are you satisfied to leave my house alone?"

"Yes, anything! anything!" roared the lion, "if you will only get your cousin out of my ear!"

So the cricket called the mosquito off, and then the lion went away, and never bothered them any more. —Good Housekeeping.

Fortunes in Faces.

There's often much truth in the saying "her face is her fortune," but it's never said where pimples, skin eruptions, blotches, or other blemishes disfigure it. Impure blood is back of them all, and shows the need of Dr. King's New Life Pills. Try them. 25 cents at all druggists.

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SALE OF LAND.

In the Superior Court—
Before Millard Mial, Clerk.
North Carolina—Wake County.
J. S. Halley, Administrator of Samuel Chavis,
vs.
John W. Chavis, and others.

By virtue of an order of the Superior Court in the special proceeding of J. S. Halley, administrator of Samuel Chavis; John W. Chavis and others, and numbered 1,779 on the docket, I will offer for sale for cash, at the court-house door in the city of Raleigh, on Saturday, the 18th day of May, 1912, at 12 o'clock m., the following tracts of land, lying and being in House's Creek Township, and more particularly bounded and described as follows, to-wit:

Adjoining the lands of Thomas P. Warren and the heirs of James Cooks and commencing at a forked old-field pine between Turkey Creek and Sycamore Creek, and running south forty (40) poles just crossing Turkey Creek to the line of Cook; thence east thirty six and one-third (36 1-3) poles to a pine, the line of T. P. Warren; thence north fifty-three (53) poles to a stake; thence west forty-one and one-half (41 1-2) poles to the beginning; being the land purchased by Samuel Chavis of Weston R. Rogers and Carolina Rogers, his wife, on March 13, 1872, and registered in book thirty-three (33) at page 651 and 652, in the office of the Register of Deeds in and for Wake County, and containing twelve (12) acres and a fraction. Said sale is to be made for the purpose of making assets to pay the debts of said Samuel Chavis. Title is perfect.

This the 16th day of April, 1912.
J. C. L. HARRIS,
Commissioner.

CERTIFICATE OF DISSOLUTION.

State of North Carolina,
Department of State.

To All to Whom These Presents May Come—Greeting:

Whereas, It appears to my satisfaction, by duly authenticated record of the proceedings for the voluntary dissolution thereof by the unanimous consent of all the stockholders, deposited in my office, that the Royal Knights of Kink Solomon Co., a corporation of this State, whose principal office is situated at No. . . . street, in the town of Wyatt, County of Wake, State of North Carolina (G. W. Mangum being the agent therein and in charge thereof, upon whom process may be served,) has complied with the requirements of Chapter 21, Revisal of 1905, entitled "Corporations," preliminary to the issuing of this Certificate of Dissolution:

Now, therefore, I, J. Bryan Grimes, Secretary of State of the State of North Carolina, do hereby certify that the said corporation did, on the 25th day of November, 1911, file in my office a duly executed and attested consent in writing to the dissolution of said corporation, executed by all the stockholders thereof, which said consent and the record of the proceedings aforesaid are now on file in my said office as provided by law. In testimony whereof, I have here-to set my hand and affixed my official seal, at Raleigh, this 25th day of November, A. D. 1911.

J. BRYAN GRIMES,
Secretary of State.

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