Corner

BEIN' ALONE.

When yer pa an' ma has gone 'way T' see some folks er see a play, An' yer left a-1-o-h-e, What's that drefful m-o-a-n 'At goes creepin' round the back shed, An' makes yer hair stand on yer head, An' yer heart drop with a sick chug Right to yer toes 'at's on the rug? The wind? That long woo-oo-oo? Not much! It's a Gobble-um-goo.

That's what 'tis who's getting' through! A Gobb'lum, Gobb'lum, Gobb'lum-goo!

When yer pa an' ma has gone 'way T' see some folks er see a play, An' ver left a-l-o-n-e, What makes Carlo g-r-o-a-n, An' prick his ears an' spread his eyes, An' straighten up there where he lies,

As fidg'ty as a dog can be 'At's heard something he can't see? A mouse? That faint scree-oo-oo? Not Much! It's a Gobble-um-goo. That's what 'tis who's prying through, A Gobb'lum, Gobb'lum, Gobb'lum-goo!

When yer pa an' ma has gone 'way T' see some folks er see a play, An' yer left a-i-o-n-e, Feelin' cold's a s-t-o-n-e, What's that black thing a-tremblin' there On the curtain, clost by yer chair,

Like a man outside peckin' in, An' wobblin' round his big old chin? Yer shadder? That big shoo-oo-oo? Not much! It's a Gobble-um-goo. That's what 'tis who's peekin' through, A Gobb'lum, Gobb'lum, Gobb'lum-goo!

When yer pa an' ma has gone 'way T' see some folks er see a play, An' yer left a-1-o-n-e, Why ain't they some t-o-n-e. 'At will break the awful quiet, An' make a noise, leastways try it,

Jes' so 't drownd that poundin' clock, An' make yer feel-Uggh! what a shock! The door-knob? That rat'ly-oo-oo? Yes'r-ree! It's no Gobble-um-goo But pa an' ma who's comin' through, No Gobb'lum-goo; Hur-roo, Hur-roo! -Richard Braunstein.

THE WAITER FELLOW.

Sydney Dayre.

"A winter, somewhere on the Pacific Coast," the doctor had said; and mother had caught her breath, for there was more to be thought of than the separation, which was bad enough.

"I don't see how it can be managed." said Phil, when he was alone with her.

'It must be," she said, recalling last winter with the weeks of grippe and pneumonia.

"There isn't much money to go

"But there is enough for an investment in your health."

Mark, noticing the grave faces, came boys are always up to capers." near to listen.

"Telling her I must go to California. As if I couldn't brace up and do very can get to do." well here."

slight frame, unequal, he knew, to you always bring my plates hot." the demands upon it of the enthusiasthat there had been consumption in the family only a little way back.

"I'll send him," he said. "Uncle Mark!-It would be too

much." and keep you at a good place till you burden to any one. are able to swing yourself. And you

can pay me when you are able." "In four months, certainly," said Phil, eagerly, "I ought to be strong enough to come home. The winter

will be nearly over. "Four months be it, then."

A little later Phil Graham, rejoicing in every breath of the sun-blest air, found himself pleasantly located in what was a half sanitarium, half yet," said Phil. boarding-house. A few invalids were there, some older people accompanied by younger ones, among whom Phil found agreeable companionship. Alt that he had ever heard of the land of the palm and the orange he seemed to more than realize as, wisely setting aside everything except what might tend to the recovery of his health, he gave himself up to delights which with least expense came within his reach.

He continually sought the beneficent fresh air, with its blessed burden of glowing sunshine; read a little, joined heartily in all the sports liked by young and old through his genial good fellowship and readiness of the young people, making himself to be kindly and helpful to those about him.

All too soon the months flew by, and Phil was obliged to acknowledge to himself that although his health was much improved he could by no means yet call himself strong.

"You ought not to think of going back yet," said a doctor with whom he had made friends. "It would be perilous for you to encounter all the early springtime changes of weather in the East."

Phil felt that this was correct, but -what was he to do? Apply to his mother? Never! Apply to his uncle? Never, again.

near-by town, but found that every- ous times. I'm afraid my side of and Beth, finding herself standing thing seemed filled by those who the correspondence is very dull, for before a very attentive audience with were, like himself, striving for a foot- I've nothing to tell." hold for the sake of the climate.

one day went in to dinner, "we hear |-the highland wood, the mountain story and began. There was a qualmuch about God's free air, but just stream, and the wonderful view of ity in her voice which won the inhere it seems not free to me."

contrasted with the usual smooth enthusiasm. running of things at the table. Mis-

head of the house came and apologiz- out now. Come go with me." to fill their places.

place and obtained it.

here will think, or say," he thought bungalow to the woodland. to himself, as, with his white linen apron on the next morning he took his place in the dining-room. "Well, I don't care much. It's so good to be where I can write to mother and Uncle Mark that I'm earning my livto stand a little snubbing."

There was snubbing; not much, but Phil was forced to own to himself that what there was could not be called pleasant. The older people and some of the younger ones met his ser vices with a matter-of-course friendliness, a few others showed plainly, that being now a waiter he was no longer regarded as one of them; and Mr. Frank Percival, a young fellow who was there with his Uncle, stared dignant at his having ever presumed to consider himself as his equal, and -offered him a tip!

when, with a swift second thought, he checked himself.

"It's a part o fit," he said to him-argued. self, as he bowed and took the grat-

their hands, casting indignant glances closely about her. "But I mean hu-

long as to tire out the waiters, look- live here."

the white apron. "A wager, or some- down a wooded slope to a dell, al "What is the trouble?" Uncle thing of that kind, I suppose. You carpeted in moss and overhung with

"Doctor Brand has been talking said Phil. "I want to stay out in this slope they could hear a monotonous nonsense to mother." said Phil. country. I can't let my relatives sup- voice reading aloud in a slow, hesi-

"That's it, hey? Well, I hope them. Uncle Mark looked at the boy's you'll make a good waiter. Be sure

tic spirit within, and remembered nected with the duties of a waiter, Phil found it easy to keep much out standing before a group of children of the way of those with whom he had lately consorted, as was his prefthem who felt only admiration for a "Oh, I don't mean that it should young fellow who would do what be so very much. I'll put you there came in his way, rather than be a

> Mr. Garde appeared to take to the new waiter, to judge by a good deal of friendly chaffing and domineering

with him. a waiter now, and might graduate," he began.

"I am wanting some one to do a

little overseeing on a ranch. Would you like to try it?" asked Mr. Garde. "You could only expect one answer to that," said Phil, the beam in his eyes emphasizing his delight in the

proposition. "A few months of outdoor life might fit you for, say, a place in my tried to help the teacher. But you bank." And as Phil breathlessly waited to hear more he went on: "I like the kind that will do what they more time than any other at school, can when they can't do what they

"Bank? Bank? they're talking about-a position in a in the expression entertainments. bank?" Frank Percival asked it as Can't you read to them from their

Graham into his bank," he was told. tell during the Saturday story hour

"It looks as if some one else was way into the out-of-door school. getting in. And that 'waiter fellow' After a moment's hesitation, Beth Christian Intelligencer.

THE VACANT WOOD.

"O, Alicia is having such a beauti- tell you some nice stories." ful, beautiful visit-just one round "Mornin'," the children replied in of social pleasures-while I'm doing chorus, and the teacher added, nothing but rusticating all summer!" "Thankee," as she handed Beth the He tried to obtain light work in the reading. "She writes of such glori- brothers. Mrs. Warren sat down, too;

pretty, home-like little houses during not leave without a promise to come you never saw such a happy little and no sign of a boat's retain.

Three-quarters of an house terms. my long walks, and I've seen some back often and assist the teacher in girl .- Mary L. B. Branch. very interesting looking children her work and tell other delightful playing about the doors," said Aunt tales. Flo. "There's something in this high- "I'm glad to find that the woods takes were made, and guests waited land air that makes me want to walk are not vacant, after all. They don't long to be served. At length the for miles and miles. I'm just setting seem near so lonely now that I've raged all night with wild and relent- when suddenly the faint outlibe of a

dealy, and he had not yet been able wearily. "Get Uncle Dan to go with Christian Advocate. you."

As Phil waited with the others a "Your Uncle Dan isn't well enough sudden thought came to him. "I for the walk this morning; and if could do that." He applied for a you don't go with me, I'll have to go alone," said Aunt Flo as she started "Now, I wonder what my friends down the path which led from the

Beth Carter, whose parents had died when she was a wee little girl, made her home in the city with her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Dan Warren. Mr. Warren's health had broken down in the early spring, and ing and a little more, that I'm willing at last his physicians had sent him away to the heart of the highland wood for the summer. Mrs. Warren and her niece had accompanied him; and Beth was spending a rather lonely vacation, separated from her schoolmates and with none of the social diversions which in former vacations she had enjoyed.

"Isn't the breath of the highland wood refreshing? and don't you like to follow the pathways which lead you through the very heart of nature -sweet, wild, uncultured nature?" haughtily at the new waiter, as if in- said Aunt Flo as she tripped gayly along the way.

pose, but I'm always impressed with The blood rushed to Phil's face, the loneliness of the vacant wood, and he was turning angrily away Beth replied as she followed somewhat behind her aunt.

"But it isn't vacant," Mrs. Warren

"O, I know that there are creeping things and birds and snakes-O! Some of the friendly ones clapped and Beth gathered her skirts more man life. The woods seem so remote "Well, well-how's this" Mr. and quiet and deserted. One finds Garde, an elderly gentleman, who al- only an occasional hut and wonders, ways read at table, and delayed so how human beings ca nbe content to

ed up in kindly inquiry as Phil "Well, I've made some very nice brought his coffee after the other friends here, and I believe I'll take you to see them this morning," Mrs "This, I mean," he added, touching Warren announced as she led the way a canopy of reddening boughs.

"Nothing of that kind at all, sir," As they heard the foot of the port me any longer, and this is all I tating manner, stumbling over the words and mispronouncing most of

"Look," Aunt Flo bade her niece, "there beyond the sassafras bush." As there were other things con- Beth did as she was told, and saw a tall, barefooted, plainly clothed girl ranging from her own age down to infancy, seated upon the moss. They erence, although there were many of were looking up at the reader as if wholly unaware of her deficiencies in the art. It seemed to Beth that she had never seen a more attentive au-

"Who are they? and what are they

up to?" she inquired in a whisper. "They are the Todd children; and on his part; and, at the end of a Ann Eliza, the oldest one, and also month or so, sought an interview the only one who has ever attended Pimer evened off the ground and school, is reading aloud to the oth-"I think you are pretty capable as ers and trying to teach them. Poor have a mowing lot the next summer, child! She has a very hard time, for he said. But what do you supposed she knows very little to teach, and happened? It turned out to be the "I don't see my chance for that reading is painfully difficult to her But the little ones are eager to learn, and the summer school is progressing nicely , considering the circumstances I ran across them just here one morn ing not long ago. They live in tha cabin down yonder at the foot of the glade. You can see the blue smoke curling up from the chimney, al though the house is hid by shrubbery. I have read to them some and know I never was a good reader, while you have given the subject and have taken the prize as the best reader in your class, and have always been chosen to take the leading part! some of the house chat came to his own book just a simple little story or else tell them a tale? You know "Mr. Garde's going to take Phil lots of splendid ones that you used to "That waiter fellow? Why, my fa- at the kindergarten, you remember," ther has been trying to get me in said Mrs. Warren, And then, without waiting for a reply, she led the

is going to have a good chance. - followed, and her aunt announced. confidently: "Good morning, little teacher and pupils. I have brought you a visitor this morning, a young lady who will read aloud to you and

Beth Carter sighed as she tossed oil-cloth bound reader and sat down aside the letter which she had been on the moss beside her sisters and an open book in her hand, could "It seems to me you might find think of nothing else to do but read. "Well," he said to himself, as he lots to tell about this beautiful place So she turned to a familiar little the valley land, which we get from stant attention of listeners, and she There was some little friction as the piazza," Aunt Flo observed with had a gift of expression which vivified the meaning of what she read to "O, she wouldn't care for a de- such an extent as to present the pic-

scription of the country, however ture immediately before the eyes of wide half-circle, and then proceeded choked with emilions, MacGregor and picturesque it might be. I mean that the audience. The children sat as if straight to Miss Colby's back gate. picturesque it might be. I mean that the audience. The children sat as it straight to said hand upon her frail shoulders and there's nothing to do here," Beth re- enrapt with a novel delight, and "That is Sadie's popy path!" said hand upon her frail shoulders and looked down upon her the woods if they're vacant, and one their little hands eagerly. Beth was "They shan't be mowed down," tires of gazing at the view, which so pleased that she sat down on the said Mr. Pimer. gives an impression of vast loneli- moss in front of them and told them And all the rest of the summer. ness, and it is no fun rowing or fish- some of her very best kindergarten whenever Sadie could think of an er- word he kissed his mother to her to Miss Colby's, she directed his men to the ing just by ourselves all the time." stories. It was nearly noon when rand to take her to Miss Colby's, she directed his men to the boat and a g just by ourselves all the time." stories. It was nearly noon when raid to the poppy path, and was was again pushed out into the strate. It dare say the woods aren't va- Mrs. Warren and her niece bade the walked by the poppy path, and was was again pushed out into the strate. "I dare say the woods aren't va- Mrs. warren and ner niece bade the walked of the say gling waters. A half hour want by

found that I'm needed here," said ed for the shortcomings, explaining "O, I'm not in the mood for walk- Beth as she and her aunt followed

THE POPPY PATH.

she herself was there.

gets here.'

"Don't break them!" said Miss I've tied purple yarn on them." "Oh, what a nice way!" said Sadie.

yarn tied on them?" "Poppies," replied Miss Colby. "Nature is pretty enough, I sup- "The leaves fell off long ago, and the and said: "Well, he is worth saving;

heads and making the little seeds rattle inside.

you a paper bag."

out of them into the bag when she

"I shall have hundreds and hundreds of red poppies next summer in my yard!" she exclaimed joyously, dancing off down the path. "I'm going to tell mamma, and thank you, Miss Colby!" So out of the yard she went, and

began to cross the potato-field, shaking the bag to make the seeds rattle, never dreaming there was a little slit of a hole down in one corner. Suddenly she saw some potato-

bugs, and darted off on one side making a wide circuit, for she had a horror of potato bugs. Then she came to a rock, and jumped over it; and then she ran straight home. "Seems to me there are not many

seeds," said her mother, when she ooked into the bag. "The heads are all empty. O, Sadie, here's a hole! Your seeds have all run out!" Sadie almost cried, but she set her

lips tight and bore it. If Miss Colby had known, she would have given her more seeds; but Sadie did not like to tell her.

When the potatoes were dug, Mr. sowed it to grass. He was going to prettiest mowing lot you ever saw. As the grass grew up, something else grew up with it; but nobody noticed till a little before haying-time, when all of a sudden poppies began to bloom. They bloomed along in a line from Mr. Pimer's fence to the foot of a rock, where they rioted in a big clump. Then thye ran off in a

"IT WAS BROTHER JIM."

less fury and as the morning broke boat was seen in the midst of the dull and gray, the storm ceased not its mist and rain. They watched it as that two of his waiters had left sud- ing this morning," Beth answered the path back to the bungalow.— fearful warfare. The villagers arose it gradually grew nearer, sometimes and commenced their daily tasks, in lost to sight because of the water fear and trembling. Suddenly the sometimes in clear view, because w boom of a cannon was heard. Every- stood on the crest of a wave A lea body hastened to the beach for they the nearer and they could fee that w Miss Colby was very fond of her knew it was a signal of distress. Then was the life-boat that had left the garden, with its gravel walks. While they looked out upon the mountain shore an hour and a half before she felt kindly toward children, she of rolling waves and far out they Nearer and nearer it came, taking did not always like to have them en | could faintly see the masts of a ves- for its life with the storm. These ter her garden, certainly not unless sel, as it was seemingly beating itself on shore could see a man standing to pieces upon the rocks. The call up in the prow and finally they could "There comes Sadie Pimer across came for the life-boat crew. It quick- see it was the giant captain Then her father's potato-field," she said ly gathered. They looked around for as the boat got within halling da one day, as she stood in her door their captain, MacGregor. He could tance, they shouted out to the man "There never was such a child for not be found. Finally, the second in the boat: "Did you get him" flowers, and I can't help liking her; in command ordered the crew into Then they could see MacGregor reach but I'd best be out working when she the boat, pushed the frail craft into over the prow, put his hands to his the angry waters and the boat was mouth so that his voice would carry So Miss Colby put on her garden soon lost to view. A half hour went and then he shouted back this men hat, and was very busy tying up her by and the anxious watchers on shore sage: "We got him, and tell mother were rewarded by seeing the boat it was brother Jim." Selected The pale purple asters were in full reach the shore and grate upon the bloom, and Sadle bent over to smell beach. As the people gathered around the rescued and the rescurers, some one asked: "Did you get them Colby. "They are for seed. You see all?" The answer was: "We got them all but one. That poor fellow was frozen to the mast. Our boat "What are those things with the red was in danger of being swamped any moment and so we left him." Just then a giant sailor stalked forward we will go after him." It was Mac-Gregor, the captain. Some one touch-So she carefully pulled off all the ed him on the hem of his great coat heads that had red yarn tied under and looking around he saw that it was his aged mother. With tears writes, "that all our family thought "There are ever so many more streaming down her face she said to he was going into consumption, but left," said Sadie, touching the dry her boy: "Oh, John, don't go out he began to use Dr. King's New Da there this time. This is the anniver- covery, and was completely cared by sary of your father's death. He died ten bottles. Now he i sound and "You may have those if you want on just such a mission. Your brother well and weighs 218 pounds. Far them," said Miss Colby. "I will give Jim left our little home seven years many years our family has used this ago, to be a sailor lad. We haven't wonderful remedy for Coughs and Sadie gathered all the brown heads heard from him since, and doubtless Colds with excellent results " its that were left, and the seeds rattled he has met a similar fate. You are quick, safe, reliable and guaranted my only comfort, my only aid. Please Price 50 cents and \$1.00. Trial botstay with me.' With his own voice the free at all druggists

to his mother, as he put his strong looked down upon ber care wars face: "Mother, it is my duty to go out there. If I am lost God will take care of you." And without another Three-quarters of an hour and son no boat An hour and the men shook their heads, and the women commenced to cry. An hour and a On the coast of Scotland the storm quarter and all hope seemed ging

> There are people who would as great acts, but, because they want togreat opportunities, life passes, and the acts of love are not done at all F. W. Robertson.

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