



The Home-Corner

THE JOY OF WORK.

There is no joy like the joy of work. To see things growing under one's hand. To feel at nightfall that something is done. For the welfare of others, the wealth of the land.

THE DAUGHTER WORTH HAVING.

Two gentlemen friends, who had been parted for years, met in a crowded city street. The one who lived in the city was on his way to meet a pressing business engagement.

"Well, I'm off; I'm sorry, but it can't be helped. I will look for you to-morrow at dinner. Remember, 2 o'clock sharp. I want you to see my wife and child."

"Only one child?" asked the other. "Only one," came the answer, tenderly; "a daughter. But she is a darling."

And then they parted, the stranger getting into a street-car for the park. After a block or two a group of five girls entered the car. They all evidently belonged to families of wealth. They conversed well. Each carried a very elaborately decorated lunch basket.

HARRY'S LESSON.

"I don't know what I can do with that boy," exclaimed Mrs. Benton, as she sank into a chair with a discouraged look on her face. "I've sent him to the store to get sugar to-day for the third time, and I am sure he will forget it, as he generally does; then I can't do my regular baking to-morrow, and it will upset all my plans for the whole week!"

"Borrowing trouble, as usual, Mary," said farmer Benton, glancing up from the harness which he was mending. "Time enough to worry after he comes home without the sugar, if you must worry. But I guess I shall have to take the boy in hand myself. I have left him to your management almost entirely, and he is certainly growing up a heedless, careless fellow. You are good enough at making rules, but you never enforce them."

"I know it," said she, "but I hate to scold him, and he is too big a boy to whip." "Neither is it necessary, Mary," he replied; "only have a little decision, and always mean just what you say."

"Yes, I know; it's easy to preach," answered his wife, "but not so easy to practice. Supposing you try the plan yourself."

"Didn't he always mind me?" he inquired. "Well, yes; but I suppose he would mind me if I didn't tell him to do anything oftener than you do, say once a week."

Just then Harry drove into the yard, sprang from the wagon, and came running to the house with the newspaper and a couple of letters in his hands.

"Well, where's the sugar?" inquired his mother. "The sugar!" echoed the boy in dismay. "I declare, mother, I just forgot it."

"Just as I expected," said she. "Now I can't bake to-morrow; the squash will all spoil, and—"

"Oh, never mind, Mary," interrupted her husband, "we'll fix that all right."

"Now, my boy, just unharness the horse, eat your supper, and then run back to the store and get some sugar."

"What! on foot—to-night?" exclaimed Harry in dismay. "Frank Brown's birthday party is to-night, and all the boys and girls are going."

"Oh, well," said the father, "business before pleasure. No doubt there will be other parties you can attend—that is, if you don't forget when they occur."

The boy was sadly disappointed, but he knew that remonstrance would be useless, as his father's word was law, however much he might disregard his mother's commands.

It was a long way to the village, and it seemed even longer coming back in the dark, and the lonesome journey was rendered particularly unpleasant by the thought that his playmates were enjoying a fine time, the pleasure of which he had been deprived of by his own heedlessness.

The next morning Harry showed his father a hand-bill of a menagerie to be held in the city of C—, twenty miles distant, on the following day. Excursion tickets by rail at one-half fare were offered. Mr. Benton had often promised his son that he should attend the first menagerie that exhibited near, when circumstances were favorable. Harry had never enjoyed a ride by rail, or seen a wild animal bigger than a fox or woodchuck, and here seemed a favorable opportunity for gratification in

more ways than one, if—what a little word, yet how much it means. The boy waited anxiously while his father read the bill, hardly even daring to hope for a favorable word.

"H'm, well, I suppose you want to have a ride in the cars and see the elephant, hey?" inquired Mr. Benton. "Yes, sir; I—I wish I could," replied Harry.

"Well, my boy, I guess we will go. I have some business in C— that I need to attend to, so we can't kill two birds with one stone." But you will have to be up in the morning early, to get your chores done and get ready in season to start for the station by 7 o'clock.

"Yes, sir; I bet I will," he replied, prancing around like a colt and tossing his hat high in the air. "I shall call you early in the morning, remember."

"Remember—I guess I shan't be likely to forget," he answered gaily. Morning came, and with it our hero. He did his chores at the barn before his father milked the cows; then he returned to the house and, spying the last Youth's Companion, he dropped into a chair to read "just a minute," but an uncommonly interesting story made that minute a rather long one, and meanderings and journeys were all forgotten till his mother called him to break fast.

He felt a little uneasy as he took his seat at the table, fearing that he had been negligent in leaving his duties to read; but a glance at his father's face reassured him, for he felt sure that if he needed to hurry he would be reminded of the fact.

Mr. Benton leisurely ate and rose from the table to do some writing, without making any remarks about the proposed journey; but the boy knew his father's word was to be depended upon, so he went about making preparations, but somehow everything seemed to bother him. His coat was torn, and he had forgotten to have it mended the previous day and one stocking was missing, his shoes were not blacked, and it seemed to him that nothing was in order.

"I told you last night, Harry," said his mother, "to get everything ready."

"I know it," he replied, "but I thought there was no hurry."

"Certainly, my son, there was no hurry last night, but always remember that the time to do a job is the time when there is no hurry about it," remarked the father, who happened to be passing through the room and overheard the boy's remark.

When at last Harry was ready, he found his father waiting for him at the gate, with a neighbor whom he had engaged to take them to the station.

When they had gone about half the distance they heard the shrill whistle of a locomotive. Harry started nervously, and inquired: "Do you suppose that was our train, father?"

"I don't know; I hope not," replied Mr. Benton.

But it was, and when they reached the station it had been gone fifteen minutes.

Harry was bitterly disappointed, and ready to burst into tears, but he detected a bit of a twinkle in the corner of one of his father's eyes and thought he wouldn't cry just then, for a new light began to dawn on his mind.

"Oh, father!" he exclaimed impatiently, "if you had hurried me, as you generally do, we should not have been late."

"I know it, my son, and that is the very reason why I didn't. You are starting on a long journey, and the probabilities are that you will not always have a father to prompt you when duties are neglected. Self-reliance is the word, my boy; and remember always, that the time to do a job is the time when there is no hurry about it."

Harry was a sensible boy, and the lessons he had learned were not soon forgotten.—W. F. Heath, in Word and Work.

A TRUE STORY.

Some years ago a young man came from the West to Pittsburgh, as a student. He did not know a solitary human being in either of the "Twin Cities." At his boarding-house he was asked where he thought of going to church. He mentioned the place he had chosen, because it was near at hand. "Well," the questioner replied: "They will soon freeze you out from that congregation."

"I'll give them a chance to welcome me, anyway," was the rejoinder. "I don't believe they are as cold as you think."

The next morning found the student waiting in the vestibule for an usher to show him a seat. All of them were busy at the time, and the young man waited—did not run out of the door, just waited until some one had a fair chance to notice him. After a while he felt a little squeeze of his arm from somebody behind. He turned, and was confronted by a rather stout gentleman of strong but kindly features. There was but one word of inquiry—"Stranger?"

"Yes, sir," the young man replied. "Come with me to my seat."

"Stranger" obeyed. Shortly after two ladies entered the same pew.

Not a word was spoken until after the benediction. Then the stout gentleman uttered another interrogatory word—"Student?"

"Yes, sir," was the reply. "Come and take dinner with me." (Aside: "What's your name?")

"This lady is my mother, and this is

my sister. Here, let me introduce you to one of our elders; and here comes the pastor. Say, Mr. Shelly (a deacon), come over here; here's a new friend I've just found; we want to get acquainted. Now, let's start for home."

(On the way): "Sing?" "A little—not very much—just enough, I guess."

"Come up to our Mission Sabbath-school after dinner, and help us, will you? I am superintendent."

"Sure."

That day was the beginning of three years of happy acquaintance and helpful social intercourse with as cordial a congregation as ever assembled in any church.

The young man found that the best place of all to extend his acquaintance was the mid-week prayer-meeting, which invariably ended in a "chatting," after dismissal. The young man might have shot out of the door the instant the benediction was pronounced, but it seemed to him to be only fair treatment of the church people to give them a chance to approach him.

Some of the members were a little backward, of course, and eyed him a few times, but when he came to a third and fourth meeting the "eyeballing" ceased. Not one of the young ladies rushed up to shower attentions upon him, nor any of the elderly ladies, either, the very first time; but not many "times" passed before the good women of the church began to speak to the young stranger, and when a natural—not an artificial—opportunity came along, the older introduced him to the younger women. Within two years the "stranger" knew and was on cordial speaking terms with almost every one of the four hundred members of that church.

Why was this? Two simple reasons cover the case: First, the stranger did not expect the congregation to make a stampee for him the minute he appeared. Second, the congregation did not expect the stranger to vanish out of the door without giving them a chance.—Pittsburg Christian Advocate.

A BOY WHO STOOD BEFORE KINGS—AND WHY.

By Matthew Henry Frank.

About a hundred years ago two boys were born in a little village up in Maine. They were cousins and the name was Hamlin. Playing together as boys will, they often asked each other: "What are you going to be when you grow up?" Cyrus said he would be a missionary; and he had a strange motto for a small boy: "Seest thou a man diligent in business—he shall stand before kings; he shall not stand before mean men." Cyrus often wondered whether it would come true. Hannibal said he did not propose to waste his life on any heathen. He would be a lawyer and a statesman.

And Hannibal carried out his program to the letter. He was Vice-President under Lincoln. Historians of our country grudgingly allow half an inch to say: "Hannibal Hamlin was born in Maine in 1809. Was Vice-President under Lincoln, and died—." That's all.

Cyrus worked his way through Bowdoin College, was ordained and went to Constantinople. His dreams as a missionary was to found an American Christian college. For many years he worked at great odds. He was not allowed to purchase any real estate. People in America were willing to furnish funds, but it was of no use.

There came a time when the proud general of the British army bowed the knee to an American boy. A great army was in Russia fighting the Crimean War. They were almost starved. The general heard of an American who had a bake oven. (Hamlin was compelled to give his pupils work and food because they were astracated at first.) Hamlin baked bread for the British army and

made thousands of dollars, which he put into his school.

Still he could not buy the site he wanted for his college. He had his eye on a superb location, but they wouldn't take his money. At the close of the Civil War Admiral Farragut was making his triumph tour of the world and touched at Constantinople. He invited Hamlin to visit his flagship and dine with him. Hamlin asked a favor of the doughty admiral which was granted gladly. During the State dinner, in the presence of the great Turkish officials, the admiral leaned over and asked a question: "Hamlin, how is your school getting along?" He did not wait for a reply. But in less than ten days the Imperial Irade (a decree of the Sultan) was granted and Hamlin secured the site he had sought in vain for years.

If you were to visit Constantinople to-day, as you steamed up that magnificent harbor your attention would be attracted by a dazzling pile of white marble on a promontory jutting out into the Sea of Marmora. It is the most prominent feature of the landscape. If you were to ask what it is, they might with truth say: "That is Cyrus Hamlin's monument." But they probably would say: "Those are the buildings of Robert College."

You know what the Young Turk party is. A few years ago they gently lifted old Abdul Hamid from his throne. The Young Turk party might be called "Cyrus Hamlin's boys." During the last forty or fifty years the brightest young men from southeastern Europe and Asia Minor have been educated at Robert College, where they have imbibed American ideas of civil and religious liberty.

Every young man and woman owes it to himself, his parents, his country and his God to sell his life at the highest price. Hannibal Hamlin has his reward—but the glory of Cyrus Hamlin's life has not yet been written. He stood before kings. He trained and created the builders of an empire. He molded the men who have in their hands the destinies of untold millions yet unborn. For God he wrought; that matter if men could forget him.—The Continent.

THE OIL OF GLADNESS.

If there is any one accomplishment worth learning, it is how to be glad, and how to keep so. As a department of mental or moral hygiene, it is neglected the most by those who most need it. Anybody can be glad when there is some overwhelming and ob-

vious reason for joy. But how to be glad, so to speak, on short commons, is the attainment at present only of the wise few, and no amount of bringing it within the reach of everyone seems to persuade the average man or woman to study and possess it.

There are numberless mottoes about joy which people buy and hang up and contemplate without in the least removing the habitual droop from their mouths. One of the most saturnine and joyless clerks in a large business house in New York has a framed motto on his desk (where it strikes even the casual visitor with its discordance): "Be Glad You Are Alive!" and hundreds of women hang up the "Footpath to Peace" on their walls and sit and worry under it. The oil of gladness is not expressed out of mottoes, or out of oneself, it comes from losing oneself in daily living and meeting each small mercy with a grateful recognition. No meditative or self-absorbed person was ever joyful. Gladness is not a solitary growth. It is rather the oil upon the wheels of life, where their busy friction is quickest.

Real gladness makes everything easier around it, and is contagious to a degree.

Its secret is to be ready for the occasions of joy, no matter how small, as they come along. They always do. There is enough gladness of children, and sky, and flowers, and work well done, and friendship and love, and the service of God poured into every day of this round world to make any heart glad that recognizes or thinks about it. Even in sorrowful places, gladness shines, and is the sweeter for the darkness about it. Little children always find it—and it is as little children that those of a larger growth must seek it, too.—Harper's Bazar.

Nothing is more real than what is spiritual, as approaching nearest to the nature of all reality—namely, God Himself.—Thomas Boston.

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