## HOME

Sweet as a half blown, honeyed rose, she stands On life's fair morning, when the crystal dew Is on the grass, and all 'he sky is blue As those that bend above E ysian lands. The sards of time, for her, are golden sands. To her rapt vision, all the earth is new; There is naught false, because her heart is true: An untried power lies in her slender hands. B hind her, childhood's careless, sunny days, Before her, like an open, unread hook, An unlived story, all the future lies. She walks no more within the chidish ways:

At Fifteen.

A deeper meaning shows in tone and look, A woman's soul is in her dreamy eyes.

- NEW ORLEANS PICAYUNE

CIRCLE

## If Thou Must Love Me.

FLIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING, IN "SONNETS FROM THE PORTUGUESE."

If thou must love me, let it be for naught Except for love's sake only. Do not say, "I love her for her smile, her look, her way Of speaking gently-for trick of thought That falls in well with mine, and certes brought sense of pleasant ease on such a day." For these things in themselves, Beloved, may Be changed or change for thee-and love so wrought May be un wrought so. Neither love me for Thy own dear pity's wiping my cheeks dry-A creature might forget to weep, who bore Thy comfort long, and lose thy love thereby. But love me for love's sake, that evermore Thou mayst love on, through love's eternity.

## The Passion Flower of the North."

ave only appeared in fragments withut any responsible editorship.

round her name, and the mystery has Leigh. ply been increased by the publica ions of the those assuming to have aubority in these matters.

Elizabeth Barrett was born in Lonon on Marcu the fourth, 1809 The sther, Eiward Moulton Barrett, was West indien slaveowner who enouraged the little Etz beth in her arly efforts in writing and to this ncouragement she probably owed much of her success in afterlife. Of er mother little is known, except that he was several years older than her husband and that, despite their dis Barity in age, she was tenderly loved suffering she must have endured.

Enzabeth's childhood was a very appy one; the greater part of it was pent in her father's country home at Hope E.d. Hertfordshire. She was emarkably precocious, reading Homer in the original at eight years of age. emarkably precocious, reading Homer The said that in those days the Greeks were her demigods and she dreamed more of Agememnon than Moses, her lack pony. The result of this was an epic on the battle of Marathon-Empieted before its author was eleven and Mr. Barrett was so proud of the production that he had fi ty copies of printed and detributed. Sue says: wrote vers s very early, at eight lears old and older. But what is less ommon, the early fancy turned into will and remained with me."

Thus Engineth's childhood passed, a reading much, in writing her ear lest verses, and in joining with others her age in the enjoyments tha host interest children. When about liteen years of age she fell from a lorse and in some way injured her many years from the effects of it.

In her seventeenth year she pubranslated the Prometheus Asschylus. About this time her ler widowed father, and to some de gree, the guardian of her younger brothers and sisters.

After this they left Hope End and the sweet memories connected with it forever. "Beautiful, beautiful fills," Miss Barrett wrote long after, and, yet, not for the whole whole world's beauty would I stand in the linshine and the shadow of them any more; it would be a mcckery like tak ag back a broken flower to its stalk." The tamily spent two years at Wid Fouth and then went to London where fr. Barrett bought a house on Thin-File street. His daughter's continued Sie sey and failure of health kept her months confined to her room, but bisdid not prevent her living her own seet life of beautiful aspirations. She as fast becoming known in the world letters The press writings as well ber poems gave ner an enviable rep ation among the writers of that

For her health's sake Miss Burrett or more than a year and there the t. Horne, "gave a nightmare to her e forever." Her favorite brother,

owriter, so widely known and its ning and it was long before she re- features, but out of the veil looked loved, has been so little writt n covered sufficiently from the shock to sweet, sad eyes, rusing and far seeing as E zabeth Barrett be taken home. After her removal and weird. Her fairy fingers looked Until recently nothing from Torquay to Thinpole street she too airy to hold, and yet their pressure Isiming to be a biography of her has passed many years in confinement to a was very firm and strong. The small en published in her native land and sick room where few except members est possible amount of substance en grietters, of which there are many, of her own family were admitted. clos sher soul, and every particle of it Among these exceptions were her de is infused with heart and intellect. voted friends, Miss Mitford, Mrs Jam The mystery which has enveloped e-on and above all, her friend and deemable, perishable dust in any huin Browning's personal career has dearest cousin, Mr. Kenyon, to whom man being." sped quite a mythology to spring up she a't rwards dedicated Aurora

> will always live in the English lan she shed the beauty of her sweet and and Builder is God." noble mind, unspoiled by the intense

It was Mr. Kenyon who first intro duced Robert Browning to Miss Bar rett. She had read and admired his writings long before and to see and know him was only to love as women | Fiesole. There where the tall cypress of her nature are capable of loving.

The story of their love and marriage is a truly idealistic one. It was a true union of heart with heart, soul with soul. Himself in the prime of man hood, strong, robust and energetic, Mr. Browning could but feel pity for a being whose life was outwardly so narrow, and with piy car a desire to take her in his arms to comfort, to care for this woman, whose life was so full of suffering. This feeling grew until he at last, in an outburst of love and devotion, begged for the consum ma ion of his life's desire. She, wo man like, fearing to be only a burden to the man she loved, told him that his hopes could never be realized; that her life w uld ever be one of solitude, devoted to her writings. But, as the days went on, she real z d more and article with this title in last week's more his undying devo ion to herself, pine so seriously that she suffered and, touched, as every woman is, by the love of a good and noble man, she at last yielded to his wishes and prom ished her essay on Mind and ised to become his wife He knew from the first that she would be an in curable invalid, and yet he asked for nother died and Enzabeth, herself an nothing more than the right to take availd, was left the chief consoler of care of her, to comfort her, while life should last.



It was during this time that she wrote the most beautiful, the most impassioned love songs the world has ecame an unwilling exile to Torquay ever known—the sonnets from the Por tuguese. Mr. Browning did not know agedy occurred which, as she wrote of the existence of these poems until longer. Dissolve gum arabic in water some years after their marriage. He until it is about as thick as common was unconscious of the fact that while lward, who had gone on a visit to be loved her with a love that knows no er, was accidently drowned while end, her soul fourth this song:

"I love thee to the depth, the breadth, the height

My soul can reach, I love thee with the breath. Smiles, tears of all my life; and if God choose

I shall but love thee better after death.' On September 14 1846, Elizabeth Barrett was married at the Maryle bone parish church to Robert Brown ing, and immediately after the newly married couple started for Italy, by way of Paris.

In spite of the anger of her father, who never forgave her for the step she had taken, her married life was ever a happy one. Blest with love of hus band and child, spent undes the bright skies of Italy, where her health im proved wenderfully, it could hardly be other wise.

The poem, "Casa Guidi Windows, was written while she lived in Flor ence and took its name from the old palace which was her place of residence while there It was in this relic of ancient royalty that many Americans learned to know and love this woman, whose genius has so enriched the world of literature and whose sweet verses have bound England and Italy together by an unbreakable chain.

Mrs Hawthorne thus describe the personal appearance of Mrs. Browning "V-ry small, delicate, dark and ex pre s.ve. she looked like a spirit. A cloud of hair falls on each side of her face in curls so as to partly veil her was never conscious of so little unre

After all, bright, useful lives must come to a close as well as others; gen And so life passed on for this woman, ius must lay down its arms before the but, in spite of ill health, it did not corquerer, Death, and take its flight pass without its fruits. Lying day into the vastness of eterity. And so after day with her dog, Flush, at her "The Passion Flower of the North," feet, she read books in almost every as she is often called, leaving a huslanguage and wrote the verses which band whose perfect love had beautified her life, a child whom she loved with guage as some of its most beautiful all the wealth of a mother's love leavsongs. Shut out from the outside the bright temple of Fame, whose glit world she kept herself in harmony tering pinnacles then shone brightest with it; things bright and lovely were around her, entered into a temple hers by nature and on all around her far more beautiful, "whose Maker and

> She died at Forence at half past four in the morning of June 29, 1861. in the fifty third year of her life, of congestion of the lungs.

Oa July 1st all that remined of Eng land's greatest poetees was reverently on the ground try having some stout bore to the lovely little Protestant posts put in the yard and place your cemetery, which looked out toward es wave over the grave, where the sunny skies smile above, and beauti ful hills keep watch, they laid her.

Tous lived and died El zabeth Bar rett Browing, truly one of the greatest poets who have sounded the strings of the mystic lyre in any age What more fitting cpitaph do we

wish than her own words:

'Sleep soft, beloved,' we s motimes

But have no time to charm away Sad dreams that through the eyelid

But never doleful dreams again shall break the happy sumper when He giveth his beloved sleep."

EVA HEITMAN in The (Greensboro, N. U) Uoilege M stage

IRONING SHIRTS, COLLARS AND CUFFS"

We find a rather grave error in our Progressive Farmer. The paracrapo column 2 beginning, "After all the res of the shirt is ironed," should read as follows: "After all the rest of the shirt is ironed,

lay the bosom board under the bosom,

take a dampened cloth and rub the

bosom from top downward; even af-

ter this precaution it is well to lay a piece of old muslin over before pressing with the iron, this will re move any surplus starch or lump of starch, which may lurk unseen to spoil the work of an otherwise perfect laundrying. The bosom must be ironed until dry, and if the irons are scorching hot this can hardly be ac complished without yellowing. It can readily be seen that an iron medium hot is best for this purpose, that is, one not hot hot enough to scorch, and yet hot enough to dry well After the bosom has been ironed dry, then take the polishing iron again, and having dampened the shirt bosom lightly with desired gloss is obtained. The dampening of the linen prevents it from "blistering," or, in other words, from separating it from the the linings, as long or much. If you find that collars or cuff a have this appearance, dampen them lightly and re-iron and you will find that the "blistered" portions will bate. adhere to the linings without difficulty. In polishing, use only the roun ted part of the front of the iron, use it as hot as maybe without scorching, work rapidly, rubbing up and down the shirt "helps" in regard to making starch. \* \* \* helps to keep the articles stiff

mucilage," etc., etc. All that part of the article between the two sets of asterieks was inadver-

tently omitted las: week.

Social Chat.

EDITED BY AUNT JENNIE, RALEIGH, N. C.

Here is a column for everybody—ladies, gen-tlemen, boys, girls fathers and mothers. Everybody is invited to write on subjects of interest to them. Never mind if you are not perfect as a writer, give us your thoughts and we will see that they are in good shape before they are published.

THE PROGRESSIVE FARMER is a paper for every member of the family and young and old alike are its patrons and its friends. We hope to are its patrons and its friends. We hope to unite these thousands of our friends "in a bond of friendship that will be a help and an inspiration to each one of us." The friendship of each of our readers, the confidence of the old North State's sturdy sons, and the trust of each of her daughters, is what this paper aims to win "by helping each one of them to do more, to be more and to enjoy more in this hearting world." We and to enjoy more in this beautiful world." We hope this soirit will animate each letter, and breathe through every page. Address letters to "Aunt Jennie," care of THE PROGRESSIVE FARMER, Raleigh, N. C.

Last week I spoke of house cleaning but there are other and just as import ant things that must be done or at least are as conducive to the happiness of woman as an clean house. Had you thought that that leaning, bent old fence has caused the good wife many mo ments of worry? Fix it up for her; it will add so much to the appearance of the place. A "handy" husband is a treasure but one who takes no interest in his surroundings lacks much of being an ideal husband.

Did you mend the hinge on that gate or does the person who wishes to open it have to lift it every time? There is nothing more pleasing to the eye than a well kept place and few things more disgusting than to see every thing "run down" as the last named state of affairs is evidence of somebody's laziness or indifference. I do not approve of a woman's managing a man's business unless she finds that she must. Neither do I believe that it is a man's duty to give out the meals unless there is no woman at home who can. Be mutu ally helpful. The husband should help the wife with her flowers, fix the boxes for her, dig trenches around the porches and bury planks on either side of it, thus forming a nice receptacle for either roots or seeds of the vines she wishes to have shade it this sum mer. Do not fret if she plants vines near all the unsightly fecces, broken walls etc., for they will add so much to the appearance of the place in midsummer. No place looks home like without flowers. By sure to have some even if they must be of the most com mon varieties. "Wood bine" is one of the prettiest of our wild vines and un less you have tried it you have no idea how gracefully it adapts itself to odd corners in the yard. It is not difficult to grow and stands transplanting nicely. If the chickens "boss" things and will not allow you to have flowers pot, bucket, or box on top of them and I think Mistress Hen will acknowledge her defeat and you will be delighted with the success attending your ven-

We little folks had our flowers in the garden and what a pleasure they were to us, and how generously we gave others of the treasures Natura nad so lavishly bestowed on us. Allow the little folks a place for individual gardens and you will be surprised at the interest they will take and at the variety of vegetables and flowers they will make grow in so small a space. Din't forget to cultivate heart-sun -nine; and there is nothing so con dusive to its healthful growth as out door exe cise.

"A friend in need is a friend indeed How I realized the truth of this old adage when I received "Wedge Wood's" letter. It was the first to reach me after last week's dearth of letters. Her three boys are to be com mended and how glad I would be to know them. Their mother I have met but she does not recognize in "Aunt Jennie" an old acquaintance. Many thanks for your nice letter and we hope that you will come often.

Rulins, letter, is interesting and her neighborhood a model one. Would there were more such as she describes. She also tells us what traits she thinks an ideal young man should possess

Hurrah for the boys who read our letters and dare enter the discussion of that seemingly dreaded subject, "Which is most selfish, man or wo man?" See what one boy thinks of it-Read Jack's letter this week. By the way-this is his first visit but we give a damp cloth, rub and polish till the nim a cordial invitation to come again. I am delighted to know that our cir cle has afforded Happiness some rec reation. Many thanks for your inter it would be apt to do if pressed for est in O ir Chat. Your letters are al ways readable and helpful. I am glad you are interested in the proposed de

The ice is broken by Jack this week and I hope each of you will give expres sion to your thoughts on the subject. A letter from one who signs himself bosom and never crosswise. Now for S renno has just arrived but it is such an interesting article that I feel that it Gum arabic is quite commonly used, must be given a place this week. We this gives a greater stiffness and it nope to hear from him often. -Aunt

THE TUESDAY EVENING CLUB.

Dear Aunt Jennie: - As I promised Club, I will say it is the Social Chat filthy Indian weed.

that furnishes the entertainment. To me, country life would be monotonous if we did not use our powers to make it otherwise. So that is why I have called the Social Chat, "Tuesday Evening's Progressive Club" and it is with pleas ant anticipation I await the coming of The Progressive Farmer and am wo fully disappointed if the water courses prevent the mail reaching our office.

I think our neighborhood needs a Farmer's Club so there would be some interest created for our boys in farm ing. I wish we had a man, in our midst to carry on such a club and explain inensified farming, etc.

and boys to love the farm and make it

health When I first came here I was discussions and much good common almost an invalid suffering from a sense shown by your contributorscomplication of diseases; not able to do uncles, aunts, nephews, and nieces. anything. Now I am real strong; do | The "old bachelor," the "old maid" all the work of a good sized family and the young tolks have all talked with ease; can walk two miles to well. Now if you will all pardon me church; and have not taken any medicine since I moved here nearly four have a word with you as the "old widyears ago. I wish more people would ower." Of course all the old bachelors move here such as are seeking a healthy climate and are interested in farming. The scenery is grand. I will not attempt to portray it with my poor pen for words are inedequate.

April is here with her showers and sunshine, making the grass green, warming the soil, and bringing the beautiful flowers every where.

I wish Mrs. Fillyaw were my near neighbor so we could take a stroll to gether for wild flowers. I found 25 different varieties when I was out for a walk one evening. Some of them were beautiful. The mountain nearest us is covered with the sweet scented Trail ing Arbutus. I took with me a peck basket and brought it home full of it, white cypress seed that I would divide with any one who wishes them.

I am much interested in the debate and hope it may prove a grand success for there is nothing to be compared to a debating society to bring the young folks to the front. I have seen the good effects in years gone by so I hope to see our Chat advance along that line. - Happiness.

ROLLINS TALKS OF TEACHING AND GIVE SOME ADVICE TO THE YOUNG MEN

Dear Aunt Jennie:-As it has been some time since the date of my last let ter, I will answer to roll call again.

Jos, I enjoyed your letter so much, because I have taught school myself. Indeed it is a pleasure to witness a lit tle child's mind growing and expand ing, and one doesn't feel that he is living for naught when he is help ing these little minds to enlarge. It is an interesting study for the teacher to of notice and learn the different natures the children—so many, and yet every one different. On the whole, I think teaching is more enjoyable than disa greeable.

I feel proud that I can say more complimentary things about my neigh borhood than I can about some others I know of. I live in the country where the scenery is not so picturesque as that in Switzerland or along the Hud son, but where every one cultivates his own ground, makes a good honest living, and in general is healthy happy and contented. Our young peo ole are bright, jolly, industrious, and, above all, are very temperate which is the best thing that can be said of any one or any place. To be thoroughly happy, and to make the most of life one must be temperate in all things It is the highest and noblest life one can aspire to, or ever attain.

If we wish to establish the principles of temperance in life, and make them the controlling power through life, we must begin with the youth. Then they have high aspirations to be good and making soda biscuit. The rice-nice true. They know nothing of the dark side of life, and naturally avoid it. But if a boy is neglected to be reformed after he is grown, it is like trying to not selling so high I would have stramstraighten a tree after the sapling has been bent and twisted, for the tree is of my boys and just had to rub my inclined as the twig is bent.

If Aunt Jennie doesn't think me too silly, I will tell Careless Tom what kind of young man, my ideal is. First of all, let him be a consistent Christian with a heart tender enough to shed a tear, and think it no crime

Let him strive to keep the fifth com mandment, and have more respect for his parents than to call them "ole man" | D ar me, no, indeed. He walks a and "ole lady." When a man gets big mule and looks after twenty turkeys, enough for this, the seams in his vest needs to be made smaller if not, they

L t him as cheerily extend a kind ness and pleasant words to his mother | u-, your boys are so smart." or gisters, as he would to his "best girl." If he neglects his duty towards bachelors I will close by extending a them, he most assuredly will towards special invitation to the five boys to hia wife.

Lat him have more respect for him to as many splendid young ladies, se f and his Creator than to use wicked fresh from State Normal-now out in to tell you of our Tuesday evening and profane words, and chew the the world, some of its workers -

Let him be strictly temperate, intelligent, industrious and economical. There are many other graces that will add much to the perfect gentleman, and beauty is not, by far, the first thing to be considered; but if my ideal is to be handsome-very well, so let him be, with dark hair and dark eyes, if you please.

But for fear of making some one tired, I will stop and leave the floor for a more able speaker.—"Rollins."

Dear Aunt Jennie: - Well, last week's paper finds you grumbling as if you had been forgotten. And but for Miss I think we need such men in our Jennie Acton and Mrs. Filyaw, it does neighborhood to cause the young men seem you might be excused for so thinking. But there are some who do not write and yet they read and This mountain country is fine for think of Aunt Jennie. I have been ineverything and above all for good terested, pleased and amused at the and Aunt Jennie will admit me, I will and old maids are satisfied with their lot. The old batch, will continue his own house keeping arrangement and the old maid will stick to her knitting or fancy work-they are satisfied. But what of old widowers? Let us hear how they manage. And any good advice will be thankfully received.

With four or five little darlings to feed, clothe, to instruct, to patch for, wash for, and take through the bathroom every Saturday night, to be with them in the house and at the same time for them in the field, how would you manage that? Of course the widower is a good cook, a splendid laundry woman neat at patching (he learned that while enjoying the bliss of batch.) and it remained fresh for many days but when it comes to cutting and bastwhen placed in water. I have a great | ing and sewing their little dresses and many Cosmos, Redsage, and R d and knee-breeches, what do you do then? Then you will want something nice for Sunday and there will be the fashion plates to follow and Grace will want this and Joe will want that and every one must go to Sunday-school. How do you get up all these things and send each one off just as though he or she had the very pest and most thoughtful of mothers? These questions are all a botheration down here and the way we are answering them we will not say, but I expect little Joe and darling Grace would thank you all to help them in finding a true solution to the puzzing problem.

I was once a boy, but not exactly like Cousin Jennie Acton's brother. was always getting some new picture or frame for my room, and the fact was I wanted my room to look equally as tidy and neat as sisters'. And if she presented me with any little ornament or useful article for my room I was determined to go her two better. My little boys are beginning life the same way.

I don's blame Cousin Jennie for deciding to be an old maid for the trials of the wife are many and severe, but when I would sometimes tease my dear companion, now in heaven, she would always say the happiest part of

her life was in our home, M stakes are often made in marriage -no doubt of that-but there need not be so many. Mr . Ayer, in the World, says any woman of good common sense can keep any man's love after marriage if it is worth keeping. If we determine to be happy we can be, and if we decide to be miserable we can be. Good common sense and love ought to lead us aright.—Serenno.

THREE HELPFUL BOYS, ETO

Dear Aunt Jennie:-Steing and appreciating your real distress, in getting only one letter from the Chatterers this week I thought I would help just a little, by telling you about our three

Three cheers and may God bless the five noble, helpful ones in your splendid letter this week. One morning feeling feeble (I'm fifry one years old) I slept 'till 'Od Sol" was up an hour and winking in my eyes. Much astonished, dressed hastily and went down to the gitchen. To my utter astonishment one little boy was parching coffee and it was beautiful too. Another was as it could be-was simmering on the back of the stave and on top of the reservoir was a plate of crisp sausages. And he laughingly remarked 'if eggs were bled some for breakfast." I was proud This little boy keeps the cars out to graze, finding spots of juicy grass here and there, our butter being nicer, richer and sweeter than when we had to stall feed them in the winter. The largest boy comes in as general "handy man," keeps store, helps milk the cows, sits up and nurses the sick as tenderly as a woman, and helps keep every thing straight. You say, "Wnat of the husband; he seems to be ignored?" laying in the wood, has two hundred eggs setting, cultivates two hundred acres, and keeps the rest of us straight, tease or give room some way or other. and he says all the credit he gets is, You ought to be a head of the rest of

I just love boys because the most of them look like orphans-especially the visit us promising to introduce them

"Wedge Wood."