

THE HOME CIRCLE

At Fifteen.

Sweet as a half blown, honeyed rose, she stands
On life's fair morning, when the crystal dew
Is on the grass, and all the sky is blue...

-NEW ORLEANS PICAYUNE

If Thou Must Love Me.

ELIZABETH 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...

Our Social Chat.

EDITED BY AUNT JENNIE, RALEIGH, N. C.

There is a column for everybody—ladies, gentlemen, boys, girls, fathers and mothers.
Everybody is invited to write on subjects of interest to them...

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 unite these thousands of our friends...

Last week I spoke of house cleaning but there are other and just as important things that must be done or at least are as conducive to the happiness of woman as a clean house.

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...

I wish Mrs. Fillyaw were my near neighbor so we could take a stroll together for wild flowers. I found 25 different varieties when I was out for a walk one evening.

That furnishes the entertainment. To me, country life would be monotonous if we did not use our powers to make it otherwise.

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

This mountain country is fine for everything and above all for good health. When I first came here I was almost an invalid suffering from a complication of diseases.

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

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.

ROLLS TALKS OF TEACHING AND GIVES SOME ADVICE TO THE YOUNG MEN

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

Jo, I enjoyed your letter so much, because I have taught school myself. Indeed it is a pleasure to witness a little child's mind growing and expanding, and one doesn't feel that he is living for naught when he is helping these little minds to enlarge.

I feel proud that I can say more complimentary things about my neighborhood 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 Hudson, but where every one cultivates his own ground, makes a good honest living, and in general is healthy, happy and contented.

Let him strive to keep the fifth commandment, and have more respect for his parents than to call them "old man" and "old lady."

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.

Let him be cheerful and extend a kindness and pleasant words to his mother or sisters, as he would to his "best girl."

Let him have more respect for himself and his Creator than to use wicked and profane words, and chew the filthy Indian weed.

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 Jennie Acton and Mrs. Fillyaw, it does seem you might be excused for so thinking.

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.)

I was once a boy, but not exactly like Cousin Jennie Acton's brother. I 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'.

I don't 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.

My sisters 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.

Dear Aunt Jennie:—Being 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 boys.

Three cheers and may God bless the five noble, helpful ones in your splendid letter this week. One morning feeling feeble (I'm fifty one years old) I slept till 'O'ld Sol' was up an hour and winking in my eyes.

This little boy keeps the cows 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.

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The Passion Flower of the North.

A writer, so widely known and loved, has been so little written about as Elizabeth Barrett Browning. Until recently nothing claiming to be a biography of her has been published in her native land and letters, of which there are many, have only appeared in fragments without any responsible editorship.

The mystery which has enveloped Mrs. Browning's personal career has been quite a mythology to spring up around her name, and the mystery has only been increased by the publication of those assuming to have authority in these matters.

Elizabeth Barrett was born in London on March the fourth, 1809. Her father, Edward Moulton Barrett, was a West Indian slaveowner who encouraged the little Elizabeth in her early efforts in writing and to this encouragement she probably owed much of her success in afterlife.

Her mother little is known, except that she was several years older than her husband and that, despite their disparity in age, she was tenderly loved by him.

Elizabeth's childhood was a very happy one; the greater part of it was spent in her father's country home at Hope End, Hertfordshire. She was remarkably precocious, reading Homer in the original at eight years of age.

For her health's sake Miss Barrett became an unwilling exile to Torquay more than a year and there the tragedy occurred which, as she wrote Mr. Horne, "gave a nightmare to her life forever." Her favorite brother, Edward, who had gone on a visit to

And so life passed on for this woman, but, in spite of ill health, it did not pass without its fruits. Lying day after day with her dog, Flush, at her feet, she read books in almost every language and wrote the verses which will always live in the English language as some of its most beautiful songs.

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 manhood, strong, robust and energetic, Mr. Browning could but feel pity for a being whose life was outwardly so narrow, and with pity came a desire to take her in his arms to comfort, to care for this woman, whose life was so full of suffering.

It was Mr. Kenyon who first introduced Robert Browning to Miss Barrett. She had read and admired his writings long before and to see and know him was only to love as women of her nature are capable of loving.

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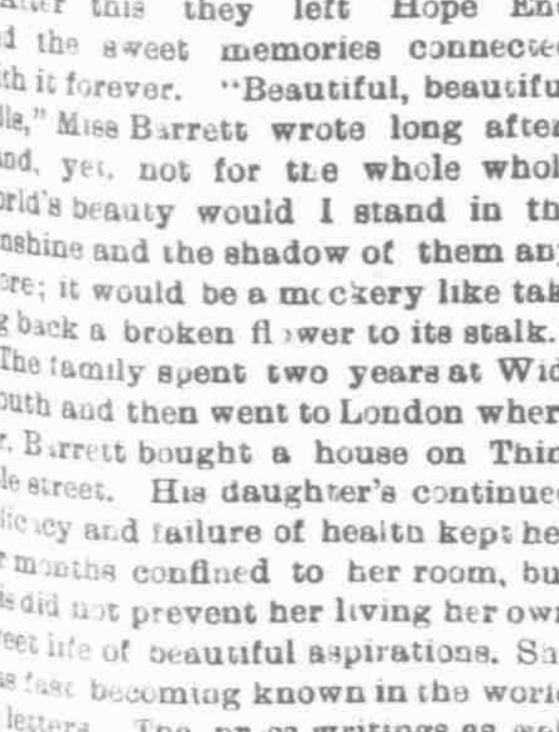
What more fitting epitaph do we wish than her own words: "Sleep soft, beloved," was sometimes say. But have no time to charm away Sad dreams that through the eyelids creep; But never doleful dreams again Shall break the happy summer when He giveth his beloved sleep."

IRONING SHIRTS, COLLARS AND CUFFS

We find a rather grave error in our article with this title in last week's Progressive Farmer. The paragraph column 2 beginning, "After all these 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 after this precaution it is well to lay a piece of old muslin over before pressing with the iron, this will remove 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 accomplished without yellowing. It can readily be seen that an iron medium hot is best for this purpose, that is, one not 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 attire bosom lightly with a damp cloth, rub and polish till the desired gloss is obtained. The dampening of the linen prevents it from "blistering," or, in other words, from separating it from the linings, as it would be apt to do if pressed too long or much. If you find that collars or cuffs have this appearance, dampen them lightly and re-iron and you will find that the "blistered" portions will adhere to the linings without difficulty. In polishing use only the rounded part of the front of the iron, use it as hot as may be without scorching, work rapidly, rubbing up and down the shirt bosom and never crosswise. Now for "helps" in regard to making starch. Gum arabic is quite commonly used, this gives a greater stiffness and it * * * helps to keep the articles stiff longer. Dissolve gum arabic in water until it is about as thick as common muckilage," etc. etc.



Robert Browning in 1855. After a photograph.