

The Home Circle.

AFTER ALL.

We take our share of fretting,
Of grieving and forgetting;
The paths are often rough and steep, and heedless feet may fall;
But yet the days are cheery,
And night brings rest when weary
And somehow this old planet is a good world, after all.

Though sharp may be our trouble,
The joys are more than double.
The brave surpass the cowards, and the leal are like a wall
To guard their dearest ever,
To fail the feeblest never;
And somehow this old earth remains a bright world, after all.

There's always love that's caring,
And shielding and forbearing,
Dear woman's love to hold us close and keep our hearts in thrall;
There's home to share together
In calm or stormy weather,
And while the hearth-flame burns it is a good world, after all.

The lip of children's voices,
The chance of happy choices,
The bugle sounds of hope and faith, through fogs and mists that call;
The heaven that stretches o'er us,
The better days before us,
They all combine to make this earth a good world, after all.

—Margaret E. Sangster, in the July Woman's Home Companion.

HOW ANDREW CARNEGIE MADE HIS FIRST \$1000.

Choose at random almost any self-made American millionaire, get if you can his real life-story, and in studying it you will find that the hardest part of the work of building a great fortune is the laying of the foundation,—the first \$1000.

Andrew Carnegie, for instance, spent the best eighteen years of his life accumulating his first \$1000,—years of hard, constant work. He began saving pennies at the age of twelve, but not until he was thirty did he stand forth owing no man and owning \$1000.

On the twenty-fifth of November last Mr. Carnegie celebrated his sixty-first birthday by making himself a present of a \$1,000,000 plot of ground, two blocks long, on Fifth Avenue. Here he intends to spend another \$1,000,000 building a "plain, roomy, comfortable home," to be presented to his daughter two years hence.

Since that proud day thirty-one years ago when he deposited the thousandth dollar,—the cornerstone of his present \$25,000,000 fortune,—in the bank of Pittsburgh, Mr. Carnegie has become the largest manufacturer and exporter of steel products, and one of the largest employers in this country. The steel and coke companies of which he is the head, and, as such, the controller of \$60,000,000 capital, include seven distinct plants within seven miles of Pittsburgh, and 40,000 of coal lands in the Connellsville district. He employs 15,000 men in the steel works, and 10,000 more in the coke works, in mine- and in transportation. His monthly pay-roll exceeds \$1,125,000, or nearly \$50,000 for each working day.

Orator and essayist, he is, besides, the author of three books of noticeable success. Vexed if called a philanthropist, he has given Pittsburgh a \$1,000,000 library, and has promised to spend \$1,000,000 more in the city in which he made his fortune. For libraries in other Pennsylvania towns he has given another \$1,000,000, and to Scotland, his native land, half a million.

When Carnegie Made One Dollar a Week.—"Everything comes to him who works while he waits," is one of Mr. Carnegie's mottoes. Waiting, but working meanwhile, he began laying up his first \$1000 while making \$1.20 a week as "bobbin-boy" in a cotton-mill in Allegheny City. His father, mother, younger brother and himself—the family—had just come from Scotland, and had hardly got their two room house "to rights" when "Andy" brought in his first contribution to the family earnings. But the lad of twelve was doing a grown man's work, finding his way to the mill and beginning on his bobbins while it was still dark outside, every morning except Sunday, and working until dark every evening with only forty minutes interval at noon.

Seven steps above this, eight steps in all, he had to climb before he finally put that thousandth dollar in the bank.

The second step was made in his thirteenth year. He became a dummy-engine tender in a bobbin factory, in Allegheny City. But his work there was even harder than in the cotton mill; for he was put to firing the boiler in the cellar, as well as to tending the little engine which ran the machinery.

Carnegie as Engineer.—The full responsibility of keeping the water at the right temperature, and of running that little engine, the danger of making one mistake that would

bring the building crashing down upon him—he stood this strain and this worry very bravely, for one reason, namely: that he was contributing \$2.50 a week toward the expenses of the Carnegie household. Even then he managed to keep out a few pennies every week for himself, and, instead of spending them, he put them away in a bureau drawer that was all his own.

After months in the cellar he was at last promoted to the office, and his income increased to three dollars a week. As he was skilful with figures, and could write a legible, schoolboy hand, he became his employer's only clerk, making out bills and keeping crude accounts. Thus he stood firmly on the third step, and nickels instead of pennies were deposited in the bureau-drawer bank.

The fourth step, at the age of fourteen, brought him into a new realm. The family had moved to Pittsburgh, and here he found a "job" as messenger boy. A stranger in the city, his great anxiety was that he might lose his position because he knew so little about the names and addresses of the men for whom telegrams came pouring in.

Memorizing All Business Addresses in Town.—He spent the evenings, therefore, wandering up and down the streets, and before long he could start at the head of any given business street and, with his eyes shut, name every firm on either side all the way down. He was now earning only a per centage on each message delivered or called for. When, at the end of the week, the amount exceeded \$3.50 he added the surplus to the fund in the drawer; when less, he drew on the private bank to make up the deficit.

While he sat on the bench in the office, waiting his turn, the other boys talked, but "Andy" listened to the click of the telegraph instrument. At last one of the men taught him the mysterious alphabet, and very soon he became one of the very few persons in the United States who could take messages by ear—at that time extraordinary.

The Future Millionaire Works Overtime.—This led to his taking the fifth step. He was made an operator, and his salary became enormous—\$25 a month. With this he could and would take almost entire care of the whole family. But how was he to pay the bills and save money—even a little—at the same time?

One evening, reading as usual, he came across the words "extra compensation for extra work." He began thinking. The six newspapers in Pittsburgh were receiving their telegraphic news in common. Six copies of each dispatch were made by the operator at the next table, who received six dollars a week for the work. The next day the ambitious young Carnegie told the six-dollar man that he, "Andy," would copy the dispatches for one dollar a week. The offer was accepted, and thus a hundred cents a week went into the bureau drawer.

One day a locomotive came bellowing over new tracks into a new station, bringing the first train over the Pennsylvania Railroad into Pittsburgh. The Superintendent rushed over to the telegraph office and gave Carnegie a message to wire to the General Manager at Altoona.

The young operator who was then only sixteen, clicked off the message as fast as the Superintendent talked. Later, when the Pennsylvania

strung a wire of its own, that Superintendent chose "Andy" as "clerk and operator," and subsequently as train-dispatcher, at \$35 a month.

What a fortune was this to come with his sixth step upward! The family, with money from other sources, was doing nicely with his \$300 a year; but here was \$420,—tremendous sum! One Saturday night the hoard in the drawer was augmented by a whole two dollar bill, later by a crisp five-dollar note, and finally \$10 were deposited in a lump. Thus, by dint of "Andy's" persistent work, did the Carnegie family rise.

With the seventh step Andrew Carnegie became a shareholder in the Adams Express Company, and for the first time he earned money by other means than work. He was told that a man had died who owned ten shares of the Express Company stock, and that the shares could be had for \$60 each. Carnegie, then past twenty, jumped at the opportunity. But how was he to get the \$600? He went home, and the family, in joint session, decided that the brave son must be given a start. They had bought a home in order to save rent. Mr. Carnegie's recollection is that the house cost \$800; anyway, they mortgaged it, and thus, with what "Andy" took from his bureau drawer, the \$600 worth of shares were paid for in cash. The Express Company was then paying monthly dividends of one per cent. The day on which he received his check for the first two months' dividend "Andy" understood that he was a capitalist.

His First \$1000 in Sight.—Mr. Carnegie remained with the Pennsylvania Railroad for thirteen years. The important incident, the eighth step, which led to "his first \$1000," occurred on a train as it rushed toward Altoona. A tall, gaunt man, who looked like a farmer, came and sat beside Mr. Carnegie, and handed him a model of the first sleeping-car. The tall, gaunt man was Mr. Woodruff. Instantly Carnegie understood its value. He took it to his employer and friend, the Superintendent of the road, and a contract was made with the inventor, who thereupon offered Carnegie a share in the enterprise. He accepted; but to his dismay he was told that his first monthly payment would be \$217.50.

Perplexed, yet determined, he went to the local banker, who knew him well, and boldly asked for the loan, declaring that he would return the money in small monthly payments. The banker agreed, and Mr. Carnegie signed his first note.

The receipts from his sleeping-car investment more than covered the monthly payments due at the bank, and within two years Andrew Carnegie, free of debt, had to his credit in that bank his first \$1000.—Saturday Evening Post.

BUSINESS METHODS.

It is strange that so many people never learn the importance of conducting their business by methods universally conceded to be sound and safe.

No status of business is wise if not in accord with law. "Set thine house in order," embraces in its sweep an injunction to keep secular affairs in such shape as will involve no loss to one's family or to any else or any painful litigation after death. Many people allow their business to fall into a shape that can entail no contention while they live, but must do so after death. It is a well-known fact that the state of the private business of very many is in such condition that at death the heirs and just beneficiaries of their estates that have been accumulated by a lifetime of toil must lose all or a large part of them. A proper recognition of the value of doing business of all sorts according to the requirements of the law would avert such misfortunes. Even titles to realty are felt to be matters of little concern. A very large number of the tracts of land in this country are held by titles that will not stand the test of the investigation by our courts. All these things are admittedly true, and yet men go on in the ways of unbusiness-like and illegal methods.—Robesonian.

Every society has a right to fix the fundamental principles of its association and to say to all individuals that, if they contemplate pursuits beyond the limits of these principles and involving dangers which the society chooses to avoid, they must go elsewhere for their exercise.—Thomas Jefferson.

PAN-AMERICAN SCULPTURE.

Elaborate and Beautiful Decorations Upon the Grounds of the Exposition at Buffalo.

The sculpture of the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo is upon a most elaborate scale. There are some 125 original groups and many other pieces of statuary, numbering in all about 500. The buildings and grounds are so profusely adorned as to constitute in themselves a vast art gallery. The sculpture is used chiefly about the fountains, in the courts, the entrance to the principal buildings, upon the Triumphal Bridge, the Electric Tower, Plaza, Propylæa, and along the main thoroughfare called The Mall, which runs between several of the principal buildings. A harmonious and poetic sculptural scheme, carrying out many allegorical ideas, was devised by Mr. Karl Bitter, Director of Sculpture.

THE THANK-YOU HABIT.

We are sometimes humiliated that we have shown so little appreciation for kindness done to us. We are often amazed that others think so little of our attempts to serve them. We are often amazed to see how much some will allow us, and other people, too, do for them without a word of thanks. Sometimes this is due to a lack of appreciation, sometimes to thoughtlessness and sometimes to pure neglect. The thank-you habit is a good one to acquire.

We need to get into the way of always thanking those who serve us even though the service they render is small, and unimportant. It may be a greater service in their eyes than in ours, they may have taken great pains, and they may be looking for the appreciative word. We are not advocating flattery, and we have no patience with gush, but we do think those who serve us should be thanked. And the more humble and lowly the one who serves the more readily should they be thanked. Yet our observation goes to show that those who care less about such things are the very ones we are careful to thank, while those whose faces would light up with a smile of gratification if we should bestow a hearty thank-you upon them never receive it. It will be good for us and for those who are about us if we should acquire the thank-you habit. Put it into practice with the children and servants about the home and you will not likely neglect it when you go out into the world.—Selected.

SO FRIENDLY.

After they had kissed each other, and each had disposed of a chocolate to show that there was no ill feeling between them, the blonde said: "So Mabel is married?" "So I've heard," returned the brunette.

"Nice girl," ventured the blonde. "Oh, yes," returned the brunette. "I wouldn't say a word against her for the world."

"Neither would I. How do you suppose she ever got him?"

"I'm sure I don't know. Do you?"

"No; I would give anything to know."

"So would I. It certainly wasn't her beauty."

"Oh, no."

"Or her cleverness."

"The idea is absurd."

"I can't understand it at all. They say she was married by the registrar first, and afterwards at the church."

"I shouldn't wonder; she naturally wanted to make awfully sure of him."

"Of course; it is the only way she could keep him. But I am glad she has caught some one. Mabel is a dear girl, and it would be cruel to say anything against her."

"Indeed it would; I wouldn't do it for the world!"

"Neither would I."—New York Press.

This is the preparation for a good old age: duty well done, for its own sake, for God's sake, and for the sake of the commonwealth of man. When a man works only for himself, he gets neither rest here nor reward hereafter.—Robert Collyer.

SUMMER PERSPIRATION NATURE'S BEAUTIFIER.

The summer time is the golden opportunity for the girl troubled with pimples and comedones. The torrid heat offers an efficacious substitute for the Turkish or Russian bath. The healthy streams of perspiration with which Dame Nature strives to eradicate these facial blemishes should never be dammed by the opposing powder rag. Rather encourage the very friendly drop which adds its tiny share in promo-

ting the health and purity of the complexion.

I am reminded here of a young girl who has happily been cured of some very disfiguring pimples of the chronic type which physicians had prescribed for in vain. One intolerably hot day she tried to catch a nap in the attic where the temperature equaled the hot room of the Turkish baths.

A member of the family called her to come down to cooler quarters.

"Oh, no, mamma," she replied, "this is part of the cure! I am told that I must perspire!" and she resolutely turned a deaf ear to all exhortation. When last seen, that girl had a complexion without a blemish.—Stella Stuart, in July Ledger Monthly.

A DEAD POET.

At the age of sixty-five Theophilus Hunter Hill has passed away at his home at Raleigh, the town of his nativity. The writer only a few weeks ago had sent him by Mr. Hill a poem which may have been his last, and its subject and sentiment not only manifested an abiding trust and undimmed hope as to the better life beyond, but the poem reads now in the view of his death as if he may have had a prevision of a speedy close of life and the coming glory that awaited him. His last stanzas were these:

"For I know that his mercy endureth,
Else it never had waited for me;
His life my salvation ensurcth,
And thine, for he waiteth for thee.

"As of old, ever new the sweet story
Of Christ—the Redeemer of men;
When grace is transfigured to glory
May we sing it together again!"

We trust and feel assured, that his immortal spirit is now with the God who made it in the realms of the sanctified and glorified. We knew Mr. Hill since about 1858. In that year or the year later we read his first volume of verse, and wrote of it at some length, perhaps as much as two columns in a newspaper. He was not a prolific versifier, but he produced some poems of true melody and grace, and with original inspiration of their own. We think Mr. Hill was a genuine poet, not of a commanding or very original type, but he sang sweetly, sometimes pathetically, and there is to be found in his best work something of genuine lyrical excellence, and a careful art as well as the sincere utterance of one who was blessed with a God-given inspiration and poetical refinement. He had the poet's touch and the "swallow's song." If he was not a poet then we fear North Carolina is poor indeed, without one poet to strike the lyre. We mean that he has no superior among our native singers with their "wood-notes wild." Indeed, upon a re-reading of judgment we incline to the view that Theophilus Hill was the best of North Carolina poets.

We are not essaying to write a criticism, for that was done by us long ago. We add merely that like all poets he had moods. Sometimes he was even gay, something rollicking in his humor. But the more prevailing quality of his verse leaned to pathos with much of a religious tone. There may be found, we dare say, a phase of melancholy in his writings. He certainly produced some memorable poems. He had smoothness, felicity, natural grace and form and was careful in phrasing, knowing the artistic use of words.—Dr. T. B. Kingsbury in Wilmington Messenger.

NORTH CAROLINA AND THE STAMP ACT.

The July number of the "North Carolina Booklet" will be written by that noted scholar, Col. Alfred Moore Waddell, on the subject "The Stamp Act Proceedings on the Cape Fear." It will be remembered that when Dr. Houston, the stamp master, came to Wilmington, the people with drums beating and colors flying took him to the court house and made him resign, and with a mournful cortege burned the effigy of Liberty; and later seven hundred men with arms in their hands under their chosen leaders, Ashe and Waddell, marched to Old Brunswick and took the crown officers from the Governor's residence and made them swear not to issue any stamps, and forced the British sloops of war to release two merchant vessels they had seized because their papers were not stamped. This hostile demonstration against the Royal ships of war was far bolder than any other proceeding at that time elsewhere in America. Indeed, the whole affair was unique and picturesque no less than bold and resolute.

GOOD SUGGESTIONS.

We predict a long, unusually hot summer, attended by severe storms. The crops will no doubt be greatly benefited, but, we beg to repeat, where great care is not taken much sickness may be expected. In such weather over-eating and drinking must be avoided, and frequent bathing indulged in.

Sprinkle lime on the premises and round about the house, especially in cellars. This will destroy many a disease germ as well as many insects of more or less annoying proclivities.—Raleigh Post.

DON'T BE A "PORCHER."

At every summer hotel there is to be seen an army of women and girls who have been named "porchers." Don't be a "porcher," even though you have to spend your holidays at a hotel. The "porcher" well, she sits on the porch. That's all. Perhaps she crochets idly, or dawdles over a bit of lace or muslin which she misnames her work. "Dressed up" and ready for inspection morn, noon and night, the "porcher" sits and rocks in her chair, meanwhile gossiping over the really live people who come and go between her and the rest of the world. My dear girls, run about on the grass, in the woods, along the country roads, afoot, on wheels or on horse-back; row on lakes, drift on streams and rivers, dip in the salt sea; camp in the pine woods; rejoice in the natural life of the farm; journey the world round, or stay in the sugar-camp cabin with a jolly party of friends, and be happy in whatever you do, finding change, exercise, happy companionship and rest; but never; never be a "porcher!"—Ada C. Sweet, in the July Woman's Home Companion.

A COOL ONE.

We have received a poem from southwest Georgia which strikes the warm weather favorably. Following is an extract:

"I would not rest, with burning soul,
Beneath a weeping willow;
But let me roll
From pole to pole,
With an iceberg for my pillow!
Oh, when they come to lay me low,
Be it upon a bed of snow,
With icicles a-hangin' low,
And an iceberg for my pillow!"

"Well, suh," said Brother Dickey, "dey may say what dey a-mind ter, but dis hot weather hez sho been a blessin' in disguise ter me. Hit run de rheumatism clean outen my right shoulder into my wooden leg; in hit wuz so hot dat de leg koteded fire, en de fire dat consumed de leg took de rheumatism wid it!"

"My fust wife," said the old colored citizen, "wuz kilt by lightnin'; but lightnin' know better dan ter come roun' de one I got now!"—Frank L. Stanton.

LITERARY NOTES.

The Autobiography of Jacob A. Riis, published under the title of "The Making of an American," which has been running for several months in The Outlook, continues to hold the attention of its readers, and the installment in the current number is of especial interest as Mr. Riis tells of his first work in Mulberry street as a reporter on the Tribune. (\$3 a year. The Outlook Company, 257 Fourth Avenue, New York.)

THE UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA.

The last session of the University was the most prosperous in its history and everything points to an increased prosperity and usefulness during the coming session. The faculty has been greatly strengthened by the addition of eight new teachers, making forty-three in all. There are two new dormitories, new recitation rooms, water-work, central heating plant and electric lights. Board, lodging, heat and lights can be secured at from \$10 to \$12.50 per month. The session opens September 12th. Examination for entrance September 9, 10, 11.

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