

The Home Circle.

THE RAINY DAY.*

The day is cold, and dark, and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;

My life is cold, and dark, and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;

Be still, sad heart! and cease repining;
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining;

-Henry W. Longfellow.

THE CASTLE BUILDER.*

A gentle boy, with soft and silken looks,
A dreamy boy with brown and tender eyes,

A fearless rider on his father's knee,
An eager listener unto stories told

There will be other towers for thee to build;
There will be other steeds for thee to ride;

Build on, and make thy castles high and fair,
Rising and reaching upward to the skies;

-Henry W. Longfellow.

FOOTSTEPS OF ANGELS.*

When the hours of day are numbered,
And the voices of the night
Wake the better soul, that slumbered,

Ere the evening lamps are lighted,
And, like phantoms grim and tall,
Shadows from the fitful frelight

Then the forms of the departed
Enter at the open door:
The beloved, the true hearted,

He, the young and strong, who cherished
Noble longings for the strife,
By the roadside fell and perished,

They, the holy ones and weakly,
Who the cross of suffering bore,
Folded their pale hands so meekly,

And with them the being beauteous,
Who unto my youth was given
More than all things else to love me,

With a slow and noiseless footstep
Comes that messenger divine,
Takes the vacant chair beside me,

And she sits and gazes at me
With those deep and tender eyes,
Like the stars, so still and saint-like,

Uttered not, yet comprehended,
Is the spirit's voiceless prayer;
Soft rebukes, in blessings ended,

Oh! though oft depressed and lonely,
All my fears are laid aside
If I but remember only

-Henry W. Longfellow.

INTELLECTUAL PROGRESS OR INTELLECTUAL DRY ROT?

It is a curious fancy that education is a thing to acquire in a lump and have done with as soon as possible, as if it were measles.

One does not so when he enters the business with a fixed purpose. He knows that his preparation is never complete; that he must always study, examine and inquire; that he could not know all that is to be known of a subject if his lifetime were doubled.

After falling into business habits not one person in a thousand tries to fall out of them. The easy way is the usual way, though it is not always the way of the higher profits.

language, or a science, or an art, and double his usefulness and happiness. And that is the main thing: to increase content.

We can then associate with our seniors when we are young, and with our juniors as our hair grows gray; for as we age our minds will broaden instead of harden.

Michael Angelo carried his books with him so long as he could read, and spoke of himself as a schoolboy. Newton said that his great discovery was but as a single pebble on the shore of the ocean of truth.

IT SILENCED HIM.

Michael J. Fleming, a prominent lawyer of Pottsville and formerly principal of the Donalson High School, related the following anecdote:

"One day at school I gave a very bright boy a sum in algebra, and, although the problem was comparatively easy, he couldn't do it. I remarked:

"You should be ashamed of yourself. At your age George Washington was a surveyor."

"The boy looked me straight in the eyes and replied: 'Yes, sir, and at your age he was President of the United States.'" - Philadelphia Times.

Brown—Oh yes, the world moves! Jones—Yes, and it has to hustle to keep up with the United States.—Puck.

TWO KINDS OF READING.

A young man found that he could read with interest nothing but sensational stories. The best books were placed in his hands, but they were not interesting.

"No," was the reply, "his mind will run out if he keeps on reading after his present fashion. He used to be a sensible boy till he took to reading nonsense and nothing else."

The boy sat still for a time, then rose, threw the book into the ditch, went up to the man who said his mind would run out, and asked him if he would let him have a good book to read.

"Will you read a good book if I will let you have one?"

"Yes, sir."

"It will be hard work for you."

"I will do it."

"Well, come home with me, and I will lend you a good book."

He went with him and received the volume that the man selected.

"There," said the man, "read that and come and tell me what you have read."

The lad kept his promise. He found it hard work to read simple and wise sentences, but he persevered. The more he read, and the more he talked with his friend about what he read, the more interested he became.

SOFT HEADED.

A gay young spark, of a flippancy turn, traveling in a stage-coach, forced his sentiment upon the company by attempting to ridicule the Scriptures, and among other topics, made himself merry with the story of David and Goliath, strongly urging the impossibility of a youth like David being able to throw a stone with sufficient force to sink it in a giant's forehead.

MAKE THE MOST OF YOUR PLEASURES.

There is a story told of an old gentleman who never ate cherries without putting on his spectacles, so that each cherry should look as large and tempting as possible.

Some young folks act on just the opposite principle from this old philosopher. They save their magnifying glasses till there are difficulties in the way. Every mole-hill is made to appear a mountain.

SHE EXPLAINED THE MEANING.

One of the easiest ways for a lawyer to confuse a witness is to make him explain the meaning of a word. Few people can define a word satisfactorily, even if they know its meaning.

"Shy?" "Shy" a book? What do you mean by that? Will you explain to the court what the word 'shy' means?"

The girl leaned over the desk beneath the witness box, picked up a law book, and threw it so accurately and so forcibly at the lawyer that he had hard work to dodge it.

"I think the court now understands the meaning of the word 'shy,'" said the judge, gravely. The girl was allowed to finish her testimony.

Our Social Chat.

AN EDITORIAL NOTE: This department of The Progressive Farmer, we have some of the most wide-awake and progressive young ladies and young men and some of the most entertaining writers among the older people of this and other States, the ages of the members ranging from sixteen to more than sixty.

YOU ARE REQUESTED to join by sending us a letter on some subject of general interest, and writing thereafter as often as possible.

WHEN WRITING, give full name and post-office address for Aunt Jennie's information. If you do not wish your real name to appear in print, give name by which you wish to be known as a Chatterer.

TWO WEEKS OR MORE must, as a rule, elapse between the time a letter is written and the date of its publication.

ADDRESS all letters to Aunt Jennie, care of The Progressive Farmer, Raleigh, N. C.

AUNT JENNIE'S LETTER.

"Why should we ever weary of this life? Our souls should widen ever, not contract; Grow stronger, and not harder in the strife,

Crossus was the richest king mentioned in history. One day after showing his riches to Solon he asked him whom he thought the happiest man in the world, expecting of course that he would reply Crossus; but not so.

"The man whom heaven smiles on to the last," was what he really said; and how true it is. Happy indeed is the man who has the approval of his Maker in his every act.

"Whether a man be born in pagan darkness or in some corruption of revealed religions, whether he be the slave of some superstition or in possession of some portion of Scripture, in any case he has within his breast a certain commanding dictate—not a mere sentiment, not a mere opinion, or impression, or view of things, but a law—an authoritative voice, bidding him to do certain things and avoid others.

To those who use what they have more is given. At the same time the more a person tries to obey his conscience the more he gets alarmed at himself for obeying it so imperfectly.

Ruth's letter was crowded out last week, but we publish it with pleasure this week and hope all our girls will read and remember its contents.

Sister Kate joins us this week in a spicy letter competing for the tucker. And I am delighted to give to our readers this week the real name of the fortunate winner of Mr. Poe's book.

THE IDEAL GIRL.

DEAR AUNT JENNIE:—Never having written for publication, I hesitate to make the attempt, but something in Rebecca's letter in your columns calls to mind the thought whether, as the American girl has made such wonderful progress intellectually and become man's equal in everything except physical strength, has she not lost something of that finer instinct that goes to make up the perfect woman?

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even to the present, is gladly welcomed by all intelligent beings. But such loving service as Sarah gave to Abraham, Rebecca to Isaac, glorifies a woman's life. A tender mother, a devoted wife, is the noblest woman who lives.

We know we are capable of learning more than music and embroidery. A young ladies finishing school in Philadelphia in the 50's mentioned only these two accomplishments in an advertisement, together with etiquette and good manners. There were exceptions even then; some women of that time became deep thinkers, brilliant writers, and were known to the world.

Our girls are allowed too much liberty. Too much confidence is reposed in their ability to take care of themselves. They are not capable of proper prudence. The buoyancy of youth is likely to develop into loudness, if without the restraint of older persons. It is wisdom to guard our girls carefully until they arrive at the age of discretion.

Teach them that to talk loudly in public or seek to attract attention is a mark of ill-breeding almost always, certainly lack of wise training. If a man is attracted by the beauty of a girl who is not refined, his infatuation will be transient. He may think himself deeply in love for a time, but something she will do or say will shock and disgust him, and he will decide he has made a mistake.

I have in mind an example of devoted constant love to a girl who was always gentle, refined, low-voiced, womanly in every respect. She won his love twelve years ago, but was not ready or willing to marry. Year after year passed. He saw her often, usually every week and grew more devoted and determined that of all women she was the only one who could make him happy.

After an engagement of ten years they were married and, of course, with such a foundation happiness is assured. Now had she been a thoughtless, self-confident miss, of whom we see so many, his love would have stood a few months' test perhaps; then his visits would have become fewer and at last ceased altogether, because man is not especially constant; it takes true worth to hold his affections.

You may say to marry is not your goal, nor a man's heart the fortune you would win. If not that, the world's good opinion is worth much, and that is given to the gentle, prudent woman.

I think the greatest compliment to a girl is to say that she would make a noble wife and devoted mother, for "the hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that rules the world." And there is no higher compliment to a mother than that her girls are truly refined and womanly.

Jones Co., N. C.

TWO GUESTS.

DEAR AUNT JENNIE:—I will send you a parable, and its explanation this week as my contribution to our column.

A certain woman expecting a very distinguished guest, made every arrangement for his comfort and convenience. The rooms he was to occupy were swept and garnished, and made very beautiful. But the ones she did not intend for him to see were left in dust and disorder.

"It is no use," she said, "to wear one's life away doing things when no one will ever know the difference if left alone."

The guest arrived and was made very welcome, and rejoiced to see the beauty and order of his friend's home and the sumptuousness of her fare. But on coming down one day to the morning repast, he, by mistake, opened a wrong door from which escaped a very disagreeable odor. On looking in he was astonished to see so untidy and stifling a room in what he had thought to be a model home.

He said nothing of his mistake, however, and his hostess wondered at his departure at so much earlier date than she had expected. The good man left with his heart full of pity, somewhat tempered with disgust, however, for a woman who cared only for outward appearances, leaving the inner workings of her household to run riot. Indeed, he left that home a sadder but wiser man.

Now, each of us may entertain a

royal guest, if we choose. Indeed, He will abide with us always, even unto the end, if we ask Him. We must clear the hallway of conscience and ask Him into it and pray for His aid in cleansing, and purifying the rooms of the soul, for if one room is full of lust and one of selfishness, others filled with garbage of unkind thoughts, and all filled with the dark furnishings of sin, not until He has driven these out, with the whip-rod of eternal truth and the sword of the spirit, can He enter in.

Many believe they can give Christ a small chamber of the soul and reserve the other rooms for the emissaries of the world, the flesh and the devil. How vain is this hope! Cry unto him, "Create in me a clean heart and renew a right spirit within me; enter into my soul, and dwell forever."

The Lord is in his holy temple (which temple ye are); let the earth keep silence before him. Keep your body a pure and living sacrifice, holy and acceptable unto the Lord. We may perchance hide the defects and the shortcomings of our lives from our friends, but we cannot hide them from the all-seeing eye of Jesus.

Gaston Co., N. C.

ANOTHER NOTE FROM REBECCA.

DEAR AUNT JENNIE:—I will comply with your request for name and postoffice "that the readers of THE PROGRESSIVE FARMER may know the real name of the successful competitor." I would have replied sooner, but was late getting our paper. Oh, for a rural free delivery route in our neighborhood, that we might get our mails regularly!

Very truly yours, Mrs. J. E. RHODES.

Catherine Lake, N. C.

SAD END OF A COW.

A Larimer County farmer lost a cow in a queer manner. The animal in rummaging through a summer kitchen found and swallowed an old umbrella and a cake of yeast. The yeast, fermenting in the poor beast's stomach, raised the umbrella, and she died in great agony.—Ex.

EXCERPTS FROM CARNEGIE'S PHILOSOPHY.

A basketful of bonds is the heaviest basket a young man ever had to carry. I would almost as soon leave a young man a curse as burden him with the almighty dollar.

I attribute most of my success in life to the fact that trouble runs off my back like water from a duck. Men who in old age strive only to increase their already great hoards are usually the slaves of the habit of hoarding formed in their youth. At first they own the money; later in life the money owns them.

College graduates will usually be found under salaries, trusted subordinates.

It is not from the sons of the millionaire or the noble that the world receives its teachers, its martyrs, its inventors, its statesmen, its poets, or even its men of affairs. It is from the cottage of the poor that all these springs.

It will be a great mistake for the community to shoot the millionaires, for they are the bees that make the most honey, and contribute most to the hive after they have gorged themselves full.

Money is left by millionaires to public institutions when they must relax their grasp upon it. There is no grace, and can be no blessing, in giving what cannot be withheld.—From Carnegie's New Book, "The Empire of Business."

MAKE YOUR LEARNING USEFUL.

Booker T. Washington believes in the culture which makes one more useful in the world, and more helpful to those about him. The following bit of advice which he often gives his own students, is worth the attention of young people everywhere:

Learning is of no use to you unless it makes you better able to live. The knowledge you acquire from books is of use only when you apply it. Young man, use your geometry in helping your father lay out his cotton rows, your chemistry in showing him how to raise better crops. Young woman use your chemistry in helping your mother to cook and wash, your skill in embroidery to assist her in the family mending.

Young man, when you go home from school to night, put on your overalls and say, "Father, go sit in the shade and rest, while I hoe the crop or do the milking." Young woman, tie on an apron and say: "Mother, you must be tired. Sit down and rest, while I wash and iron, or get the supper."—Young People's Weekly.

*Nos. 40, 41 and 42 of our series of the World's Best Poems, arranged especially for THE PROGRESSIVE FARMER by the editor. In this series selections from the following authors have already appeared: Burns, Bryant, Mr. and Mrs. Browning, Lord Byron, Campbell, Eugene Field, Goldsmith, Leigh Hunt, Holmes, Omar Khayyam, Kipling, Lamartine, Lanier.