

THE HOME CIRCLE.

Written for The Progressive Farmer.

DISENCHANTED.

The change that comes as years are born, To doubt where once we did confide, With trust and confidence all gone, In what we thought we could abide, Destroys the sense that nature gives In soul-felt trust of fellow man, And only sees in all that lives The false and mean the more we scan.

—UPON B. GWYNN.

THE HOUR OF REST.

DO you know, Jennie, that you are one of the most wasteful women I have ever known? "Wasteful" The pretty woman, in her neat calico dress and pretty checked gingham apron dropped her busy hands in her lap, and sat staring with wondering eyes at the sweet-faced, gray-haired lady who had just uttered such unpleasant words.

which once existed between your husband and yourself. In short, you are both becoming mere automatic working machines, without a thought of pausing to enjoy the benefits of your labor." Jennie was silent for a time, and when she did speak her voice was low and unsteady. "I know every word you say is true, Auntie, and sometimes I have cried when I thought of the difference between my real life and the life I used to picture for myself, as Charlie's wife."

Aunt Margaret left the next day, but Jennie had scarcely time to miss her, so busy was she in working out this new plan of home happiness. And gradually it became quite the usual thing for Charlie to spend the noon hour and the hour before bed time, with Jennie and children, and there was always something to interest them all. Games and puzzles, and books, and papers, and, best of all, perhaps, were the hours when they just laughed and talked, or when, gathered around the evening lamp they sang together the sweet old hymns.

IT TAKES COURAGE.

"A great deal of talent is lost to the world," said Sydney Smith, "for the want of a little courage." If a man would accomplish anything in this world, if he would make his mark on his age, he must not be afraid of assuming responsibility. Of course, it requires courage to take chances of failure, to be subjected to the risk of criticism for an unpopular cause, to expose oneself to the snafu of everybody's ridicule; but the man who is not true to himself, who cannot carry out the sealed orders placed in his hands at his birth, regardless of the world's "yes" or "no," of its approval or disapproval; the man who has not courage to trace the pattern of his destiny, which no other soul knows but his own, can never rise to the true dignity of manhood, or attain success.

SURPRISING.

Pat came to the dentist's with his jaw very much swollen from a tooth he desired to have pulled. But when the suffering son of Erin got into the dentist's chair and saw the gleaming pair of forceps approaching his face he positively refused to open his mouth. The dentist quietly told his page boy to prick his patient with a pin, and when Pat opened his mouth to yell the dentist seized the tooth, and out it came.

Our Social Chat.

EDITED BY AUNT JENNIE, RALEIGH, N. C.

AS CONTRIBUTORS to 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.

AUNT JENNIE'S LETTER.

"Every day is a fresh beginning— Every day is the world made new." What inspiration the morning brings, and how often we forget that there has just passed a night of blackness!

"I am very glad she has not," answered Jennie, "else she might not have spent that two weeks with us last summer, and I would have missed my lesson, you see."—Ina King.

DEAR AUNT JENNIE:—A happy New Year to you and our Band! A little late, perhaps, for New Year's greetings but this is my first 1900 letter.

DEAR AUNT JENNIE:—To the one of moderate means or straightened circumstances, there comes a desire to purchase some cheap things in order to allow for the purchase of other articles of dress, but cheap things are sometimes the most expensive in the end; and especially is this true of cheap wraps.

WRAPS FOR LADIES.

A nice light wrap is one of most convenient articles in a lady's wardrobe as it affords the warmth required for warm winter or spring days, when worn with a heavy street gown, and as a nice wrap of good material will last for years with ordinary care, it is worth while to study well over the matter before purchasing a new cape unless one has a plethora of them.

results. Some times the material can be made up with the wrong side for the outside of the new garment but it is usually necessary to change the color to freshen it up sufficiently.

A most serviceable jacket was made of the best parts of a light colored overcoat of all wool goods. The material was carefully washed in a warm suds and dyed a beautiful dark blue with Diamond dye for wool.

DEAR AUNT JENNIE:—It is a true saying "Procrastination is the thief of time." I confess I am guilty of that fault I know, however, that no one has suffered from it as the Social Chat has been replete with letters far better than I can write.

POLITICS AND LITERATURE.

DEAR AUNT JENNIE:—I was especially struck with Pansy's letter in last week's paper because I am much interested in the factory problem.

DEAR AUNT JENNIE:—I was especially struck with Pansy's letter in last week's paper because I am much interested in the factory problem. Her suggestion (that the factory owners utilize a part of their enormous profits in building comfortable school buildings and reading rooms for operatives) is good, but not of practical value because the factory owners are, like other mortals, filled with that love of money which makes them cling to every dollar that comes in the shape of mill earnings.

DEAR AUNT JENNIE:—I was especially struck with Pansy's letter in last week's paper because I am much interested in the factory problem.

DEAR AUNT JENNIE:—I was especially struck with Pansy's letter in last week's paper because I am much interested in the factory problem.

HAPPINESS.

DEAR AUNT JENNIE:—I was especially struck with Pansy's letter in last week's paper because I am much interested in the factory problem.

cease to be interesting. To me, as a rule, a book of poetry makes hard reading but I did not find Tennyson's "In Memoriam" so. But of all the poetry I have read for a year past I have most enjoyed old Omar Khayyam's "Rubaiyat."

DEAR AUNT JENNIE:—I was especially struck with Pansy's letter in last week's paper because I am much interested in the factory problem.

OUR CIRCLE, BOOKS AND BADGES.

DEAR AUNT JENNIE:—I was especially struck with Pansy's letter in last week's paper because I am much interested in the factory problem.

DEAR AUNT JENNIE:—I was especially struck with Pansy's letter in last week's paper because I am much interested in the factory problem.

DEAR AUNT JENNIE:—I was especially struck with Pansy's letter in last week's paper because I am much interested in the factory problem.

DEAR AUNT JENNIE:—I was especially struck with Pansy's letter in last week's paper because I am much interested in the factory problem.

DEAR AUNT JENNIE:—I was especially struck with Pansy's letter in last week's paper because I am much interested in the factory problem.

DEAR AUNT JENNIE:—I was especially struck with Pansy's letter in last week's paper because I am much interested in the factory problem.

DEAR AUNT JENNIE:—I was especially struck with Pansy's letter in last week's paper because I am much interested in the factory problem.

DEAR AUNT JENNIE:—I was especially struck with Pansy's letter in last week's paper because I am much interested in the factory problem.

DEAR AUNT JENNIE:—I was especially struck with Pansy's letter in last week's paper because I am much interested in the factory problem.

DEAR AUNT JENNIE:—I was especially struck with Pansy's letter in last week's paper because I am much interested in the factory problem.

WHI E MAN'S MYSTERIES.

Mr. Francis Fox, a recent visitor to Bulawayo, says that a Matabele there made some very interesting remarks on the locomotive. This was his manner of describing it: "It is a huge animal belonging to the white man. It has only one eye. It feeds on fire and hates work. When the white man pumps it to make it work, it screams. It comes from somewhere, but no one knows where."