

THE HOME CIRCLE

Ode to Autumn.

Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness!
Close bosom friend of the maturing sun;
Conspiring with him how to load and bless
With fruit the vines that round the thatch-
eaves run;
To bend with apples the moss'd cottage trees,
And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core;
To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel-shells
With a sweet kernel; to set budding more
And still more later flowers for the bees,
Until they think warm days will never cease,
For summer has o'erbrimm'd their clammy cells.

Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store?
Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find
Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,
Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind;
Or on a half-reap'd furrow sound asleep,
Drows'd with the fume of poppies, while thy
hook
Spares the next swath and all its twined flowers:
And sometimes like a gleaner thou dost keep
Steady thy laden head across a brook;
Or by a cider-press, with patient look
Thou watchest the last oozings, hours by hours.

Where are the songs of spring? Ay, where are
they?
Think not of them, thou hast thy music, too,
While barred clouds bloom the soft-dying day,
And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue;
Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn
Among the river shallows, borne aloft,
Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies;
And full-grown lambs bleat from hilly bourn;
Hedge-crickets sing; and now with treble soft,
The redbreast whistles from a garden-croft,
And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.
—John Keats.

PLOW BOY THE LEADING MAN.

**It is from the Ranks of the Workers, Who Achieve
Something for Themselves, That Our Great Men
Come.**

It has been said before, but it is pleasant to say again, that the plow boy is the leading figure in this blessed government. Wealth and luxury are well nigh fatal to the youth who would aspire to a high station in American politics. To be born with a silver spoon in the mouth is a calamity rather than a blessing. Unlike any other country in the world the American people go to the fields, and shops, and tanneries for their presidents. England is ruled by its royalty—the United States by their plow boys. In England the aspiring youth depends upon his descent, in America upon his ascent. There the family makes the man, here the man makes the family.

This great and refreshing truth is strikingly illustrated in the nominees of the two great parties for President and Vice-President. Mr. Roosevelt is the one exception to the usual rule of country boys being called to the Presidential chair; but Mr. Roosevelt is a plain American without any frills about him. Judge Parker was born on a farm near Cortland, New York, where he learned the necessity of honest labor. He was too poor to go to college, his father's necessities compelling him to help the family with his own earnings; so he began business for himself with such advantages as the village school and the Cortland Academy could furnish.

Senator Fairbanks, the Republican nominee for Vice-President, was born in a log cabin on his father's farm in Union County, Ohio. Here he spent his boyhood, learning the large lessons that have fitted him for the exalted station he has filled so well. He knew nothing of the social fooleries that belong to dukes, but he was an expert at pulling fodder and rolling logs. At college he cooked his own meals and did odd jobs at carpentering to increase his slender financial resources. He walked right past those who sneered at him and his country called him into high service.

Henry G. Davis found himself in his early

teens a bread-winner for a widowed mother with five children. He hired himself to a neighboring farmer near Woodstock, Maryland, where he was born. His only schooling was the meagre training of a country school. At nineteen years of age he obtained a position as brakeman on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad; from brakeman he was promoted to conductor, and five years of his life were spent in railroad service. His talent and energy brought him rapid promotion. He soon went into business for himself and amassed a colossal fortune. He is not a man of large culture, but he has great common-sense and tremendous executive power.

Thus, with the exception of Mr. Roosevelt, all the candidates for the highest places within the gift of the American people, are men who in their youth went barefooted and fought for bread in a hand-to-hand struggle. It is an inspiration to American youth that these are the boys who win the highest honors of the world.

It is no credit to a man to be born great, but it is a real honor to achieve greatness and compel the admiration and respect of mankind. The sickly young gentlemen who learn how to bow in a ball-room and perform all sorts of social antics are not in the same class at all with the fellows who are wrestling with oxen or handling the maul and wedge.—Charity and Children.

The Philippines Humorously Described.

Mr. Luther H. Corzine, a member of Company D, Seventh Infantry, of Manila, writes home to his father, Mr. David Corzine, some impressions of the Philippines and the Filipinos, which we give below:

"The Philippines, as I saw them, are a bunch of trouble gathered together on the western horizon of civilization. They are bounded on the west by hoodooism and smugglers, on the north by rocks and destruction, on the east by typhoons and monsoons, on the south by cannibals and earthquakes. The climate is a combination of electrical changes especially adapted to raising Cain. The soil is extremely fertile in producing insurrections and trickery. The inhabitants are very industrious, their chief occupation being trench building, the making of bolos and reloading Remington cartridges. Their amusements are cock-fighting and cheating; their diet consists of boiled rice, stewed rice, fried rice and rice.

"The Philippine marriage ceremony is very impressive, especially the clause wherein the wife is given the privilege of working as much as her husband desires. The animal of burden is the caribou. On a three mile journey it only takes three days' rations along; but if the journey be for a hundred miles, the driver usually dies of old age before reaching his destination. The rivers are serpentine in their courses, the water running contrary to all known laws of nature. Manila, the capital and largest city, is situated on Manila Bay, a large land-locked body of water full of sharks, battle ships and transport boats. Their principal exports are rice, hemp, sick soldiers and locoed soldiers. The principal imports are American soldiers, beer, ammunition and tobacco. Luzon, the largest island of the group, resembles a No. 10 boot. Communication has been established between the cities by using mosquitoes, they being much larger and better able to stand the fatigue of the journey than horses. The native costume consists of a flour sack tied about the waist, and anyone under twelve years of age has to wait until next year for theirs. The towns are an aggregation of shacks, built of bamboo and vips, full of bed-bugs, fleas, cur dogs, filth and disorder. The dogs, cats, pigs, lice and family all sleep together on terms of equality. The natives are a friend at the muzzle of a gun. The climate is pleasant for the roaches, snakes, tarantulas and scorpions. On the whole, the islands are a God-forsaken, cannibalized-infested blot on the face of the earth."—Concord Times.

A Matter of Geography.

Representative Heatwole, of Minnesota, was asked by a friend about a mutual acquaintance who lives in the Congressman's district.

"Is he rich?" was one query.

"Well, that depends on geography," said Mr. Heatwole. "Out at home we consider him very rich. He is worth about a million dollars. If he lived in New Jersey. I suppose he would be thought fairly well-to-do, while if he lived in New York folks would be dropping dollars in his hat."—Collier's Weekly.

Don't Let the Children Play in Cotton.

Bryant Partin, the little six-year-old son of Mr. Frank Partin, was smothered to death yesterday morning while playing in a small pile of cotton in front of his father's home.

Mr. Partin had a small pile of seed cotton, not more than half a bale, in his yard. His little six-year-old son playfully dug a hole in the cotton and jumped in. He had not been missed at the house and his dead body was found by his little five-year-old sister who was digging into the loose cotton. The child was found standing on his head in the centre of the hole. When he dived down the cotton covered in and he had no way to extricate himself.—Raleigh Post.

How to Water Plants.

Improper watering is often the cause of failure with plants. The usual plan is to daily sprinkle a small quantity of water in each pot containing a plant. If those who water plants in this manner, as most beginners do, could see the florist water his plants, they might fear the plants were being drowned, but they would learn a lesson in plant culture that would be of much benefit. The florist waters his plants (with a few exceptions) either daily, every other day or twice a week, according to the weather, and when the watering is done the soil about the plant is completely saturated. The pot being well provided at the bottom with drainage material—usually broken pieces of pots—the surplus water passes off, yet the soil is so wet that the roots can absorb from it all the moisture required for the best development of top growth. One watering of this kind a week will do vastly more good to the plants than the daily sprinkling so generally practiced.—September Woman's Home Companion.

The Growls of a Grizzled Bachelor.

Man proposes and woman forecloses.

Too many men with unbleached incomes marry women with hemstitched aspirations.

Marriages are made in heaven. The wise bachelor is content to wait until he gets there.

Whenever I hear a man boasting that his wife made him all that he is, I wonder how many men will confess that their wives have unmade them all that they ain't.

The husband of the average hawk-billed, deep-voiced reformer is perpetually whitecapped by his wife, until it is natural with him to be so thin that when he eats cranberries they stik out like buttons on his vest.

We are told that married men live longer than single ones. Out in Indiana there is a bachelor who is one hundred and seventeen years old. Possibly he would have lived no longer had he been married, but it is a safe wager that he would have been so much thinner he'd have looked longer.—Woman's Home Companion.

"It aint fer me ter say dey aint no good in praying fer rain," said Brother Dickey, "but it happens frequent dat it comes ter nuthin, fer de reason dat de clouds aint got no rain ter spare, or dey is savin' up fer de feller in de nex' county, who lit in ter prayin' two days ahead er you!"—Atlanta Constitution.