



"THE HOME CIRCLE"

THE SAND MAN.

How often when the little folks
Go trooping up the stairs
So sleepy that sometimes, alas!
They cannot say their prayers
There meets them at the nursery
door
The strangest little man
Whose hair and face in color match
His light-brown suit of tan.
He softly bends low o'er the crib,
(The smallest bed of all),
And though the other children still
Are playing in the hall,
He sprinkles tiny grains of sand
On baby's head and toes
And lo! before our very eyes
To dreamland off he goes.
Then one by one this silent man,
As each child lays him down,
Drops very gently o'er his couch
Some sand from Sleepy-town.
Then, when they all are lying still,
In silence he departs,
And no one but the children know
The magic of his arts.
—Josephine Manning.

THE QUALITY OF PLEASURES.

Goethe says somewhere in "Wilhelm Meister," that each man owes it to himself to hear daily a beauti-

ful song, read a great poem, look at an excellent picture, and, if he can speak a few rational words. To his somewhat new eighteenth-century culture that may have seemed an almost impossible reach. To-day it is within easy grasp of whoever is willing to seize it. Great poetry is cheap and accessible; only the minor poets are expensive to own nowadays. Mechanical devices are ever perfecting means of carrying the best music to the remotest parts of the earth. Great paintings are still difficult to come at, but photographs go a long way, and that comparatively few people care anything about painting in our land may be derived from measuring the New York crowds that throng the Hippodrome against those who frequent the Metropolitan Museum, and the occasional lonely straggler who wanders into the smaller collections.

In speaking of a low level of art, a certain great critic writes: "It catches your attention instead of your attention conquering it." This is the test of all great art. It demands training, effort, submission, work. Pleasures which impose themselves upon our inertia from the outside are

the easy pleasures of a low level, and the pleasures that truly bring us a reward are those which the attention trains itself to select and then enjoy. Great art makes, indeed, the same demands that great virtue makes. First, a deliberate conquering of our natural, inborn inertia, our human tendency to degenerate into an oyster. It requires, like virtue, obedience and submission to authority. When one who has studied long and lived among pictures tells us, for example, that Giorgione is a greater painter than Raphael, we must believe it before we know it. When we are told that a Beethoven quartet given by the Kneisel players is better than ragtime by Prior's band, we have to begin by faith. It is the same story with the higher pleasures as with the higher virtues—"Do the deed and ye shall know the doctrine." Who has fed his mind for many years on Dante and Shakespeare will not be led astray by fourth-rate writers. A standard almost involuntarily grows up in the mind which acts as a preservative.—Harper's Weekly.

"ROCK OF AGES."

Writing of the famous hymn, "Rock of Ages," in the Delineator, Allan Sutherland says, "When the hymn was written is not known, but we may be sure that it was nothing less than the voice of the Almighty that inspired the author to write words of such soul-stirring power. The hymn first appeared in an unfinished form, in the Gospel Magazine of October, 1775, and more fully the succeeding year in the March

number of the same periodical. This grand Christian song has had an enormous influence for good on humanity, and has been a favorite with many great persons. When Prince Albert, the husband of Queen Victoria, lay dying in Windsor Castle, almost his last words were, "I have had wealth, power, and fame, but if these were all that I had had, what would I have now?" And then he was heard repeating softly and reverently,—

"Rock of ages cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee."
Gladstone translated it into Italian, Greek and Latin, but not all translations have been as happy as his. A missionary in India writes that he employed a Hindoo scholar to assist him in translating "Rock of Ages" in the vernacular. His surprise may be imagined when he read, as the result of the effort of the learned Oriental, the first two lines:—"Very old stone, split for my benefit. Let me get under one of your fragments."

PLEASANT CORNERS.

"Why, Auntie," we exclaimed as we found the dear old lady out of doors, "you are putting some of your choicest rose-bushes away out here in the back yard."
"Yes; and I'm going to put geraniums and pinks and other things which bloom all summer out here, too, child"—and a more tender look dimmed the twinkle in the kindly eyes which she nodded toward an upper window in the dingy wall of a tenement house opposite.

"I know they'll be sort of out of sight from our house, but there's a woman sits sewing at that back window day after day, week in and week out, and I'm fixing this corner for her. No, I don't know her, only she's always busy and tired-looking, and maybe the flowers will put a bit of brightness into her life."
Who can tell what memories, what hopes, what lessons, the beauty of the blossoms and their fragrance bore to that poor little room through the long summer days? And how many ways there are for making pleasant corners to gladden tired eyes, if only we were not too selfishly busy to notice the eyes or plan the corners.—At Home and Abroad.

THE DISCOVERY OF PIKE'S PEAK

By boat Pike pushed up the Missouri to the mouth of the Osage, ascended that affluent to the Osage villages, in western Missouri, and restored the Indians to their tribe. Getting horses, he rode into Kansas, delivered the Pawnees at their home on the Republican River, near the Nebraska line, and then swung southward to the Arkansas, which was reached at the present Great Bend, close to the center of Kansas. From that point Lieutenant Wilkinson and a few privates went down the Arkansas to the Mississippi River and returned home, while Pike and the rest of his men followed the Arkansas into Colorado, wandered through it in a zigzag course, and discovered the mountain with which his name is connected. He first thought it was a "small blue cloud," but when his

party got a little nearer to it, he gave three cheers to the "Blue Mountains." Pike was at his peak many years before the peak got his name. Searching for the Red River, which was the boundary between the United States and New Spain in that vicinity, Pike crossed the line, crossed the Rio Grande instead, was captured by the Spaniards on February 23, 1807, for invading their territory taken to Santa Fe, and from there the Governor of New Mexico sent him to Chihuahua. From that point, escorted by the Spaniards, he made a detour through Texas, and on July 10 reached the United States near Natchitoches, on the Red River. A year later, in the war against England, Pike, as brigadier-general and commander at the capture of York (now Toronto), was killed at the moment of victory, and has earned his mortality by giving his name not only to a mountain summit, but to many counties, towns, and streets throughout the United States.—Charles M. Harvey, in the American Monthly Review of Reviews.

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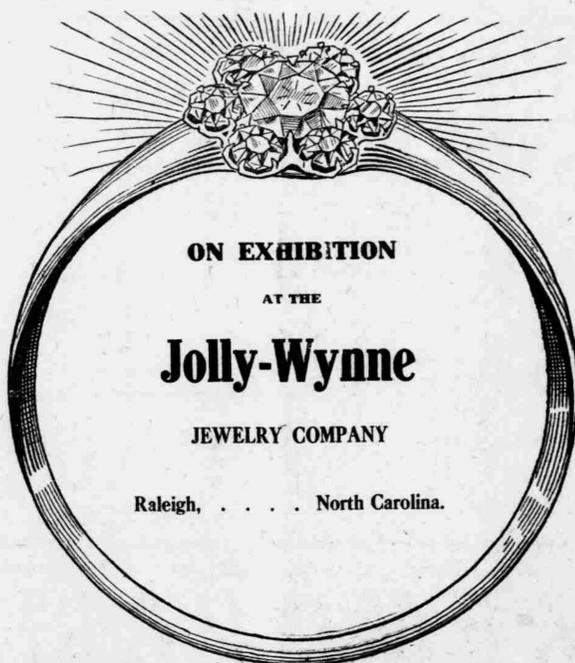
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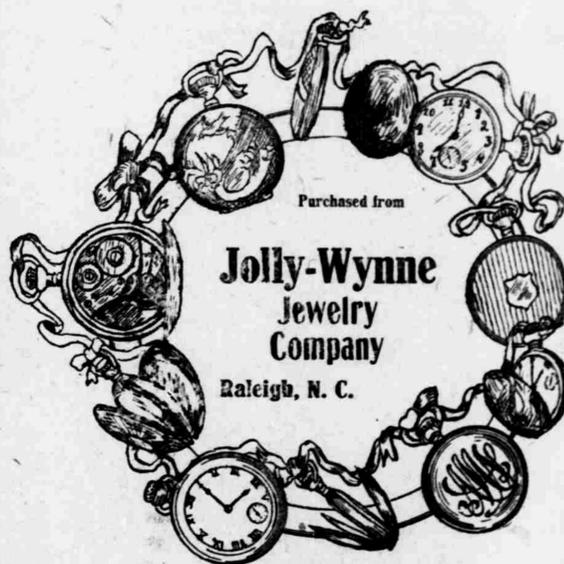
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