



THE HOME CIRCLE

THE BROOK.

Adown the rough mountain, so gray and so old,
The brooklet came dancing in sandals of gold;
With dimples and ripples and gushes of fun,
She bade her good morning to earth, air and sun.
She played hide and seek 'mid the rocks in the pass,
She playfully pulled the long hair of the grass,
She tossed the light spray high above her in glee;
In cool rocky valleys, so glad and so free,
She spent all her playtime, till, reaching the mill,
She sprang to her labor with hearty good will.
Her feet danced the mill-wheel as gaily as when
She skipped o'er the rocks in the cool, shady glen,
And the words which the brook each day seemed to say,
Were, "Work while you work, and play while you play."
—Anna Nell Gilmore.

THE BOX'S COMPANIONS.

"Where is John?" Father, who had just returned from his day's work, made this inquiry concerning his five-year-old son.
"I thought he was out in front, watching for you," mother replied.
"I did not see him."
"He must have gone down the street, then. I cannot keep track of him any more. He is off every chance he gets."
"He'll be back in a few minutes," father remarked indifferently.
Why be concerned about the child's absence? There was no danger. The street was a quiet suburban one, with no cars and few vehicles.
No danger? Ah, but John is more than physical body. He is mind and soul as well.
John returned just as father said he would. He had been in a neighbor's house, and there was no harm done.
No harm? Then why did John hurry so with his supper, and leave the house so quickly when the meal was ended?
Ah, well, the neighbors liked him. Of course, they did. Who could help it? His absence had its advantages also, for father had time to read the afternoon paper, and mother to do her evening work.
"Where is John?"
Five years later, father asks the same question.
"I think he went down to Anderson's," mother replied.
"Why does he go there so much?"
"The boys have built a cabin in Anderson's yard."
"Which boys?"
"O, the Andersons' and the Griffiths' and Will Hamer and Sam Van Leer and a few more."
Boys from the best families in the neighborhood. No cause for alarm here.
But come, father, and see that cabin. Come quickly, for the moments are precious. This it is. Open the door. Whew! What an odor of stale tobacco smoke! Do not hesitate on the threshold, for your boy is part owner here.
What is that small box behind the rafter? Ah, cigarettes. And these papers, father; what are these? Dime novels. And this little book with no title on its yellow cover, which is pushed away back beneath the other papers; what is this?
Quick, father! Have you a match? Burn them—the booklets, the papers, the cigarettes, the shanty—all of them!
But stop a bit. The nicotine poisoning, the lies, the false conceptions of heroic manliness, the evil stories, the impure thoughts, the corrupt practices! Can you burn these things out of your boy and leave him unscarred? Can you gather them together in one hideous mass of corruption, and so utterly destroy them that he will know them no more forever?
Can you? Say, father, if you can do this, come with the speed of the lightning's flash and the glory of the morning's light, to show us other fathers how to do it.
"Where is John?"
The same inquiry is made when another five years is past.
"He went down to the creek," mother answered.
"Why does he go down there so much?"
"They have a boat and a boat-house."
"Who?"
"The Anderson and the Griffith boys, and Will Hamer and Sam Van Leer."
The same old crowd—boys from the best families in the neighborhood. But mother, did John forget to tell you that a few more boys had joined that company—Jack Quinn, whose father keeps the notorious saloon; Mike Donnelly, son of a low-bred politician; and more of that type? No matter. Perhaps they are not so very different from your boy after all.
"But this is Sabbath, father suddenly remembers. "Doesn't he go to Sabbath school any more?"
"He hasn't been there for several weeks."
"Why?"
"I suppose he thinks he has grown too big."
Go after the boy, father. To the boathouse? Yes, or to any other place he may be this Sabbath after-

noon. Do not go in anger, with stern reproach or arbitrary command, but go with loving pity and sympathy to bring him back. And wherever he goes, be his companion. Let his interest be your interest. Learn his ambitions. If he has none, create some.
Another five years pass, and there come the same old query:
"Where is John?"
"I don't know," mother replies.
"He never tells me now."
Ah, the pathos of it; But try as you will, sweet mother lips, you cannot utter the sob that is in the heart. It seems but yesterday those same lips sang the baby John to sleep, while the heart built magnificent castles—virtue, love, achievement. They seemed so sure, so strong, those castles; but now they are blown over with the breath of these few words: "He never tells me now!"
"Where is John?" You have asked that question many times in the past, father; and you were satisfied when mother answered. You will ask that question many times in the future; but there will be no answer. Long after the lips have ceased to repeat the query, your heart and soul will reiterate it, for in your innermost being will be the bitterness of a fearful disappointment. How gladly would you then recall the days when the little fellow romped through the house, while you complained of his noise or shunned his society! Because you spurned his companionship then, you will one day yearn for a fellowship which you cannot win.—Harry E. Bartow, in Mother's Magazine.

ON PROBATION.

"So you want to marry my daughter, do you?" said old farmer Scott, as he wiped the perspiration from his brow and inspected the young man rather sharply.
Despite his indolent, almost effeminate air, which was the result of leisure and wealth, Robert Leslie, Jr., was a fine-looking young man. As a rule, he was not easily embarrassed, but he colored and grew confused under that sharp, searching look.
"Yes, sir, I spoke to Margaret last evening. She—well, she referred me to you."
The face of the old farmer became softened, and he said musingly: "Maggie is a good girl, and deserves a good husband," and, then, suddenly looking up asked: "What can you do?"
Leslie was almost dumbfounded at this unexpected and abrupt question.
"If you mean my ability to support a wife—"
"I know you are wealthy, Robert," interposed Mr. Scott, "but I take it you asked my girl to marry you, and not your property. What guarantee could you give me, in case you were to lose your fortune, that you would be able to support a wife? Do you know how to use your hands and brains?"
Robert was entirely unprepared for such catechism; consequently he stared blankly at his questioner without speaking.
"I believe you have been through college," continued Mr. Scott; "have you any profession?"
"No, sir, I thought—"
"And you want to marry my daughter?" interposed the old man. "I have given Maggie better advantages than most girls have, and she hasn't thrown them away. If she couldn't work she'd be no daughter of mine. I did say once that she shouldn't marry any lad who had the misfortune to have a rich father, but she's taken a liking to you, so I'll tell you what I'll do—you go to work like a man, and perfect yourself in some occupation; then come around, and if the girl's willing, you may have her."

Having said this, the old man turned and slowly entered his house.
Pretty Margaret was awaiting her lover at the gate, their usual trysting-place. The smile faded from her lips, as she noticed his gloomy, discomfited look.
"Pa means well," she said, when she heard the result of the interview, and then, after a thoughtful pause: "I'm not so sure but he is right. It seems to me every man should have some occupation." Then, noticing his grave look, she added softly: "Never mind, Robert, I'll wait for you."

To the surprise of all his gay associates, Robert Leslie suddenly disappeared from his accustomed haunts. Nothing was heard of him, except as Margaret occasionally received a letter. He had applied for many positions, and after repeated failures, factory in Albany. But wherever he went, he carried with him her last words, "Never mind, Robert, I'll wait for you," and this urged him on to his best efforts.

One pleasant, sunshiny morning, early in the next spring, as farmer Scott was mending his front fence, a light cart drove up, from which Robert Leslie alighted, with a quick, elastic spring, quite in contrast to his former leisurely movements.
"Good morning, Mr. Scott; I understand you want to buy some butter-tubs and cider barrels. I think I have some here that will just suit you."
The older man looked quizzically at the younger one, hardly recognizing in this brisk, energetic business man, the easy-going youth of a year previous.
"Whose make are they?" he said, as he paused by the wagon.
"Mine," replied Robert, proudly, "and I challenge any cooper in the State to make better ones."
Mr. Scott examined each one critically.
"They'll do," he said, as he set down the last of the lot. "What will you take for them?"
"What I asked you for a year ago to-day—your daughter."

The roguish twinkle in the old man's eyes broadened into a smile. "You've got the right mettle in you, after all," he said. "Come in, lad, come in. I shouldn't wonder if we might make a trade."
Robert followed silently.
"Maggie, oh, Maggie, called Mr. Scott, going to the kitchen door. Margaret tripped lightly through the door. Her round, white arms were bared above the elbow, and traces of the flour she had been sifting might be seen. She was dressed in a neat dark-blue calico gown, over which was tied a checkered gingham apron. When she saw Robert she blushed and smiled, and then turned doubtfully toward her father.
The old man looked at her for a moment affectionately, and then said: "Maggie, this young man—maybe you have seen him before—has brought a lot of tubs and barrels of his own make. He asks a pretty dear price for them, but if you are willing to pay it, all right. Your old father will stand by whatever bargain you make."

Mr. Scott considerably left the room. The kind of a bargain the young people made may readily be conjectured. In three months Robert led a happy bride to the altar.
Believing that he could be of greater use in the world if he engaged in some other line of activity, Robert Leslie turned his attention to the study of medicine, of which profession he became a useful and prominent member. Each year, however, on the anniversary of his marriage, he remembers his aged father-in-law with a specimen of the handicraft by which he won his best and dearest possession.—Lutheran Witness.

CLAUDE'S CAPTIVE.

"I've been setting a trap," said Claude, coming in to supper, with a very bright face.
"Where?" said Aunt Ruth.
"Down by the big elm, just over the creek. Jason helped me to make it, and I've put a forked stick in it, with a nice bit of apple on its end. I'm sure I'll catch a squirrel before morning."

"Why do you wish to catch a squirrel, Claude?" said his aunt.
"O Aunt Ruth, a squirrel is such fun! And in the attic is a cunning little cage, with a wheel on purpose for the fellow to run up and down. It is a shame to have that cage and nothing to put in it! I'll be real good to my squirrel, Auntie. He shall have fresh water and plenty of nuts, and I'll make a perfect pet of him."

"But he'll be a prisoner," said Aunt Ruth.
"Oh, he'll soon get used to that," replied Claude, taking another slice of bread and butter.
Aunt Ruth said no more, but she secretly hoped that Claude would not succeed in catching his squirrel. For several days he said nothing about it, returning from his little trips to the elm-tree with a disappointed look. One evening, however, he came flying with great leaps over the meadow and as he drew near the house he called out, gayly: "Hello, Aunt Ruth! I've got him!"

"Let me beg, then, Claude, that you will not shut him up after the free life of the woods, in that cubby-hole of a cage. Put him in the loft over the granary—that will be a splendid place for him."

But Claude shook his head. He was proud of his captive, and meant to be good to him, and every day he fed him plentifully—or tried to do so—though often the nuts were untasted. The sharp little teeth tore at the bars, and the bead-like eyes fairly snapped with anxiety to be free. "Let me out! Let me out!" Mr. Squirrel kept saying with all his might.

Aunt Ruth would stop and take a pitying peep at him, now and then, saying: "Yes, you poor creature, I would, in a minute, if you were not my nephew's property—and perhaps I'll do it anyway."
She set her wits to work to see if she could not give Claude a lesson, and one day not a great while after, the little boy, who had gone to one of the upper rooms of the house on an errand, found himself to his surprise, locked in; somebody had turned the key on the outside.

He knocked, called, and listened; but no one came, and not a step did he hear. He glanced from the window. Aunt Ruth, with her little velvet bag on her arm, was tranquilly walking down the road to a neighbor's. A party of boys were going nutting. He heard their merry shouts but could not make them attend his calls. Once Rob Farley did look round, but presently went on, as though he had been mistaken in his supposition.

"If this isn't a mean shame!" said Claude.
He looked around as he spoke. He was in one of the prettiest chambers in the cottage, and as he began to notice things more particularly he discovered that a basket of fine, melting pears and a plate of cookies were standing on the table. There was a pitcher filled with cool water from the well. At another time Claude would have eaten the fruit, and enjoyed it, but he now felt so angry that he scorned to touch it.
"I wouldn't have believed Aunt Ruth would play such a trick on me," he said, as he sat sullenly down beside the window.

Presently Tim, the hired man, crossed the yard below, and stopped a minute to speak to Sally in the kitchen.

"That 'ere poor 'squirrel of Claude's is grievin' himself to death," were the words that reached the boy's ears.

"Tim! Tim!" cried Claude, leaning far out over the sill; "send Sally up here, won't you, please!"

Sally's slow, heavy steps came up the stairs. He could hear her panting with the exertion. When she reached the third landing, Claude said very pleadingly: "Unlock the door, Sally; there's a dear, good woman."

She needed no urging, and after an hour's confinement Claude was at liberty. He rushed down to the barn, set wide the door of Bunny's prison, and let the little victim go back to the woods and groves.

That night his Aunt Ruth told him the story of a great painter named Leonardo da Vinci, who used to buy cages and cages of birds in the markets, just for the pleasure of setting them free. Claude's eyes sparkled, and he said: "Aunt Ruth, that's just what I mean to do when I grow up."—Pittsburg Christian Advocate.

CHEST DEVELOPMENT.

Both health and looks depend upon the development of the chest. For if the chest is not properly developed, it means that the lungs are cramped and that the air does not or cannot enter them sufficiently. The chest depends for its correct position upon the general carriage of the body. The

MALARIA

headache, biliousness, indigestion, rheumatism, pimples, blotches, yellow complexion, etc., are all signs of poisons in your blood. These poisons should be driven out, or serious illness may result. To get rid of them, use

Thedford's Black-Draught

the old, reliable, purely vegetable, liver medicine.

Mrs. J. H. Easler, of Spartanburg, S. C., says: "I had sick headache, for years. I felt bad most of the time, I tried Thedford's Black-Draught, and now I feel better than when I was 16 years old." Your druggist sells it, in 25 cent packages.

Insist on Thedford's

shoulders, which have a general tendency to push forward, should be squared and kept in position. They should be held well back, the chest carried forward and outward, as if supporting an imaginary rosette on the most prominent part. The position is best attained by thrusting a cane or a stick through the elbows as the arms are doubled up close to the sides; the cane at the back holds the shoulders in position. Take long deep breaths at the same time. These exercises practiced night and morning will give a chest expansion in a very little while. The amount of development thus obtained can be gauged by measuring the chest with a tape-measure once a week, being careful to place it in exactly the same position each time. It should pass above the breasts and just under the arms.—Exchange.

A HOME-MADE REFRIGERATOR.

Take two large boxes, the second one somewhat smaller on all sides, and bore two one-inch holes in each correspondingly, to give drainage and ventilation. Fill up the bottom of the larger box with powdered charcoal (or sawdust, if charcoal can not be procured) until the smaller box will stand on a level with the top of the larger box. Put the inner box in place, and fill up all the space around the sides with the charcoal. Fasten lids on both boxes to fit tightly. On each side of the inner box, by means of cleats, put several shelves, leaving a space in the center for the ice.

A rack made of lathing may be laid at the bottom, for the new rest upon. Legs may be added, and the drainage and ventilation in this way be improved. This is a rough refrigerator, to be sure, but one that has been successfully used in our home for years.—Woman's Home Companion.

If a man's device can produce pure white paper from filthy rags, what should hinder God in raising from the dead that vile body and fashioning it like the glorious Body of Christ?—Gotthold.

Famous Stage Beauties

look with horror on Skin Eruptions, Blisters, Sores, or Pimples. They don't have them, nor will any one who uses Bucklen's Arnica Salve. It glorifies the face. Eczema or Salt Rheum vanish before it. It cures sore lips, chapped hands, chilblains, heals burns, cuts and bruises. It is equal for piles. Only 25 cents at all druggists.

THREE FOR \$1.00.

The Caucasian will be sent from now until November 1st, or after the election, for 25c, for single subscription, or 75c for three subscriptions for \$1.00. Please get up as many clubs as you can and send us

New and Second Hand FURNITURE Of Every Description.

PIANOS AND ORGANS

You can get 5 per cent discount if you mention The Caucasian.

KOONCE BROTHERS

105 and 111 East Harget St., Raleigh, North Carolina.

THE CAUCASIAN

and

Uncle Remus Home Magazine

Both One Year for Only

\$1.25

Uncle Remus' Home Magazine was founded by Joel Chandler Harris, the author of the "Uncle Remus" stories, and is the best magazine of its class published in the United States. Jack London, Frank L. Stanton, and other prominent writers contribute to this magazine. It is published in Atlanta every month and the subscription price is \$1.00 a year. The Caucasian is the best weekly newspaper published in the State. Why not have both of these excellent publications in your home? Subscribers who are in arrears must pay up and renew their subscription in order to take advantage of this exceptional offer. This is the best bargain in reading matter we have ever been able to offer to the reading public. Send in your subscription to-day. Don't delay—but do it now.

Address,

THE CAUCASIAN

RALEIGH, N. C.

A MODERN ATLAS FREE!

Don't You Want a 1911 Edition of Hammond's Modern Atlas of the World

This new Atlas contains 128 pages of MAPS, printed in colors, representing every portion of the earth as it is TO-DAY. These plates have been engraved from new drawings, based on the latest surveys, and the publishers believe them to be the most complete and carefully edited series of like size covering the whole earth. The lettering is carefully graded in size to convey at a glance relative importance of places. Railroads are shown and named and almost every railroad station and post-office is named.

The work contains double page maps of many sections of this country and of other countries, while the other States and other countries are shown on single pages and are uniform in style, detail, etc. On the margin of each map is an ALPHABETICALLY ARRANGED INDEX OF COUNTIES (or other minor divisions), CITIES AND TOWNS. A division or place may be instantly located without turning the page. The convenience of such a quick reference index will be readily appreciated.

Another valuable feature of this work is a very complete list of the cities of the world, giving the latest population statistics, including the

1910 Census of the United States

with the new population figures of all States, Territories, counties and the principal cities. An illustrated chapter on the Panama Canal gives a detailed description of this great enterprise, with maps in color.

The lives and portraits of our Presidents from Washington to Taft is another valuable feature. This Atlas is printed on high-finish paper, is strongly and handsomely bound in red cloth, with attractive cover stampings. It measures, closed, 10 1/2 x 13 1/2 inches.

The price of this Atlas is \$3.00. It would cost you that amount if you should send to the publishers for it. We will give you a copy of this modern ATLAS OF THE WORLD FREE if you will send us four new year subscriptions to The Caucasian at one dollar each. We are able to offer so valuable an Atlas as a premium for four subscribers because we are partly paying for Atlas in advertising, and are giving the benefit of the advertising to all our agents. Every household in the State should have a good Atlas. Every boy should try to secure one of these excellent premiums. We will send the Atlas to any one who wishes to buy it, postpaid, for \$3.00, or remember, we give it FREE for FOUR yearly subscribers to The Caucasian. Address,

THE CAUCASIAN, : : : : Raleigh, N. C.