

to die for it wherever it has floated. It rests with all the people, with you and us, and with those who shall come after us, to maintain its old-time glory. Mighty deeds have been performed, noble martyrdoms have been won beneath its folds. It is a beautiful and holy emblem. It speaks of aspiration and achievement. It links together with the country's past and future the whole mighty family of her living sons. It is a badge of brotherhood and of a common destiny. You should look up to it and see in it the emblem of the country's honor. It stands for majesty and might, and we must keep it the badge of worth as well as the badge of power, that all men shall make haste to bow before it."

General Barr being then introduced, made the following remarks addressing chiefly the scholars of the school:

"It is very fitting that the gentleman who has presented the flag should have the opportunity to make such an interesting address as that just made by General Hall, for he has defended the flag in many climes and on many occasions, and he knows its worth and its value to your race. Many of your race also have fought for the flag and died for the flag. I remember one instance in particular wherein a sergeant of a Massachusetts regiment who died in a successful attempt to prevent the flag of his regiment touching the ground. Never let the flag touch the ground! In the instance I am recalling three men were killed trying to keep the flag afloat and finally it fell to the lot of this sergeant to snatch the flag staff and when his superior officer found him he was holding up the flag. Look at it! It means much to you! When you are older you will understand better and appreciate its value. Be good children! Be good boys and girls and grow up to be good useful citizens worthy to live under the flag.

"And now to the visitors of my race: This school means much to all of us. No nation is stronger than its weakest part. We know that illiteracy is the weakness of the colored race. I am told the state or county only appropriates sixty dollars a year towards the support of this school and it deserves your help so that the means may be at hand to keep this school open six months in the year at least.

Turning to the children General Barr said:

"Study hard, children, and try to help one another. Help the slow ones and everlastingly keep at it. Stick to it! Try to follow the advice my mother gave me when a boy: Never give up."

The flag being in readiness amid the strains of the "Star Spangled Banner" by the orchestra, was hoisted aloft by General Hall and its ascension was hailed with the applause and cheers of the multitude. Long may it wave! and we hope to see a few more in our village ere long.

Report of subscriptions and disbursements for the Dickinson school for colored children from Dec. 1, 1901 to April 15, 1902:

From General Fund,	\$ 4.80
From Pinehurst Guests,	123.02
From Earnest Workers Society of King's Daughters, Jefferson Highlands, N. H.,	10.00

From Woman's Missionary Society, Knoxboro, N. Y.,	8.00
From A Friend,	5.00
From Presbyterian Sunday School, Summit, N. J.,	5.00
From Pinehurst Sunday School,	16.00

Total received,	\$171.82
MONEYS EXPENDED.	
For School Supplies,	\$ 25.50
For Painting School and Teacher's Cottage,	22.60
For Printing Bill,	2.50
For Finishing Interior of School House,	44.56
For Sundries,	5.66
Total Expended,	\$100.82

Total Received,	\$171.82
Total Expended,	100.82
On Hand,	\$ 71.00

This amount will be used to carry on the school work beyond the school year.

A box of clothing and school books has been received from a friend in Germantown, Pa.

The ladies of the Berkshire also made and donated several useful articles of clothing.

A box of Sunday school supplies, singing books, etc., was sent from the Presbyterian Sunday school of Summit, N. J.

A large barrel of Sunday school supplies, papers, books, pictures, picture cards, etc., was received from the Primary Department of the North Presbyterian church Sunday school, Buffalo, New York.

Also two packages of picture cards, Sunday school papers, etc., from Mrs. Cornelius S. Hood, Seneca Falls, N. Y.

EMMA C. DICKINSON.  
Pinehurst, April 14, 1902.

#### A Texas Pig.

Rather than to look for a bargain in pigs at two dollars and ninety-eight cents or thereabouts, a contributor to the *Dallas News* decided that it would be more generous to get an orphan or tramp pig—one that had had a pretty hard time and would appreciate hospitality. The animal cost the man four dollars, and was the most forlorn object that ever crossed the path of charity. How the philanthropic effort turned out is described by the owner of the pig in language which partakes somewhat of the largeness and freedom of the greatest State in the Union.

It was plainly evident that he didn't have a pedigree, but he made up for that deficiency in tail and bristles. He also had a pair of well-developed ears, and when he lowered his head and remained on the earth for a few moments, he resembled a caricature of want crouching under a rawhide shed. He had an appetite that could be photographed.

I had taken great pains in building a pen for his accommodation—an octagonal concern seven feet high, thinking that I had a terrestrial animal to deal with; but no sooner had we lowered him into his new quarters than he promptly broke the record for a standing high jump. He didn't seem to jump, either, but bent his long, skinny legs back under his excuse for a body and flew up like a piece of whalebone or a barrel stave. A long, spiteful swish through the air, and a few

moments later we beheld him three hundred yards down the road, leisurely eating a spool of barbed wire.

One of my neighbors had a lot of dogs that would tackle anything from a piece of meat out of a smoke-house to a family of wildcats, but when they charged upon that mild-eyed pig they met their master.

They attacked him in a bunch, and for one brief second he gave them a mysterious, pitying grin as much as to say, "You poor, misguided creatures. I hate to weave myself into your shaggy hair and leave you crippled for life, but remember that you are the aggressors." Then he suddenly unwound himself, and a low, rumbling, sputtering noise accompanied a sharp, bony wheel twenty-four feet in diameter on its revolving mission of destruction.

The dust and hair finally revealed a solitary figure leisurely plowing up the hard soil with his snout. Two of the dogs have voluntarily left a good home, and the rest of them wear a hunted, troubled look and can't bear the sound of machinery.

I think that when I have the pig thoroughly domesticated I can use him for a disk plough, a sorghum mill and a hay-rake.

#### An Expensive Telegram.

Punctuation, which used to be regarded as a very essential part of composition, does not receive the same attention today which was formerly given to it. There is, however, one man who, if he were asked, would be likely to concede its importance.

He is a wealthy business man of New York, a man of large liberality, and very generous to his family. During his absence from the city his wife desired to make a purchase of laces amounting in value to two thousand dollars. The sum was large, and although she knew his generosity, she decided to telegraph to him for his sanction before buying.

In reply to her telegram of inquiry came the answer, "No price too high." Touched by such liberality, and stimulated by the cheering message, she proceeded to buy not only the laces which she had in mind, but other goods to the value of eight thousand dollars.

When the husband returned and his wife showed him her purchases, he asked to see the telegram which she had received. It was something of a surprise to him, but he said nothing. What he had written was, "No. Price too high."—*Youth's Companion*.

Here is a juvenile story picked up by *The Chicago News*: "What bright eyes you have," said the visitor to five-year-old Tommy. "You must get plenty of sleep." "Yes'm," he answered; "my mamma makes me go to bed every night at 8 o'clock." "That's to keep you healthy," said the visitor. "No, it ain't," replied the youngster. "It's so she can mend my clothes."

"Ma, these kittens ain't got a bit o' sense." "Why, Dickie?" "Well, ma, I put 'em in my little wagon, 'an when I git to the corner they ain't there."—*Indianapolis Journal*.

Ethel (to her younger brother, who had been whipped)—"Don't mind, brother, don't mind. Brother (between sobs)—That's just what I was licked fer."

Harry, aged 5, was taking his first ride on the cars, and was curious to know the meaning of certain signposts along the track. "Papa," he asked, "what does W and R mean?"

"It means for the the engineer to ring and whistle," was the reply.

"Well," said the little traveler, "I can see that W stands for wring, but I can't see how R stands for whistle."—*Exchange*.

"Belinda didn't answer the letter in which I told her I wanted to come and visit her."

"Well, I suppose she thought the invitation you gave yourself was cordial enough."—*Detroit Free Press*.

Bacon—Men are always looking for exalted lineage.

Egbert—Unless they are traveling on the railroad; then they are after a lower berth.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

She (before a copy of *Venus de Milo*)—Poor thing, I wonder how she lost her arms.

He—Looks as if she twisted 'em off trying to hold a lookin'-glass so she could see her back hair.—*Philadelphia Press*.

"Did you have fun at the rummage party?"

"Some of them did; but Harry got the package I took, and I got the package he took!"—*Indianapolis Journal*.

Miss Cross—So you're engaged. Huh! I wouldn't marry the best man living.

Miss Pechis—You couldn't. I've got him.—*Philadelphia Press*.

Mrs. Haughteigh—"Why didn't you stop, sir, when you saw me wave my hand?"

Trolley Conductor—"I thought you were throwing me kisses, mum."—*Collier's*.

"What would you say," asked the fair Theosophist, "if I should tell you that I was born in Egypt three thousand years ago?"

"Why," said the party addressed, "I should certainly say you don't look it."—*Brooklyn Life*.

"Isn't it delightful to be dining together without a chaperon?"

"I Should say so! Marriage is certainly a great economy."—*Puck*.

"Shrinkshy is a very reserved man." "Yes, indeed. Of course, I don't know, but I honestly believe he could have a toothache without anyone knowing it!"—*Harper's Bazar*.

Father (calling from head of stairs at 11:30 p. m.)—Jennie, don't you think it's about time to go to bed? Jennie—Yes, papa, dear. What on earth keeps you up so late?—*Chicago News*.

"Dear me, I've brought only one piece of music." "Never mind, professor; play it over again every time you are called on. Nobody will notice it's the same."—*Chicago Tribune*.