

Devoted to the vindication of the truth of Southern History, to the preservation of Southern Characteristics, to the development of Southern Resources, under the changed relations of the Labor System, and to the advancement of Southern Interests in Agriculture, Mining, Manufacturing and the Mechanic Arts.

In addition to the contributions from the old corps of writers of "THE LAND WE LOVE," the services will be secured of thorough men of Science, and of Practical Farmers, Miners, Machinists, &c.

TERMS OF SOUTHERN HOME: One copy, one year, in advance, \$2.50 Five copies, one year, 12.00 Ten copies, one year, 22.50

To those wishing to subscribe to an Agricultural paper we would state that we will furnish the Southern Home and Rural Carolinian at 4.00 and Southern Cultivator 4.00 and Richmond Farmer 4.50 and Carolina Farmer 4.50 and Practical Planter, 3.50

TO ADVERTISERS.—The Southern Home, having now the largest circulation of any paper west of Raleigh, affords a fine advertising medium. Terms moderate.

H. BISCHOFF, J. H. WULBERN, C. PFEIFER, Henry Bischoff & Co., Wholesale Grocers, AND DEALERS IN

Wines, Liquors, Segars, Tobacco &c. 107 EAST BAY, CHARLESTON, S. C. Ca. Rice and N. O. Molasses constantly on hand. Dec. 9-6m

Notice This. Don't let your child die of Cholera. No necessity for that. Read the following certificate.

THIRD CREEK STATION, W. N. C. R. R., Sept. 1st, 1872. REV. C. PLYLER—Dear Sir: I tried your remedy for Hog Cholera. It is all it claims to be—no other hog sickened or died after I commenced the use of it.

ALEXANDER & BLAND, DENTISTS, CHARLOTTE, N. C. ALL WORK GUARANTEED. Teeth extracted without pain, by "Nitrous Oxide Gas."

Central Hotel. CHARLOTTE, N. C. H. C. ECCLES, PROPRIETOR. The patronage of the traveling public is respectfully solicited. Jan 27, '73—ly [Feb. 12, '72

J. B. JONES, JOS. GRAHAM, Jones & Graham, PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS, CHARLOTTE, N. C. Office over Kilgore & Cureton's Drug Store. April 1, '72-ly

Z. B. VANCE, A. BURWELL, VANCE & BURWELL, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, CHARLOTTE, N. C. Office in the Court House. April 1, 1872.

Charlotte Hotel. Charlotte, N. C. W. M. MATTHEWS & SON, Proprietors. Trust that the liberal patronage of the public will be continued. 66-ly

F. SCARR, Druggist and Chemist, CHARLOTTE, N. C. Has a well selected stock of PURE DRUGS AND CHEMICALS, Oils, Paints, Lamps, &c.

W. F. COOK, (Trade Street, on North Carolina Railroad.) CHARLOTTE, N. C. The public will please call and see the CIDER MILLS, Old Greeley Cider Mills, Ida Greeley Cider Churns, Old Man Greeley Plows, Harrows &c. All Orders promptly attended to. Jan 23-ly

F. M. SHELTON, UNDERTAKER, And Dealer in Furniture, &c., TRADE STREET, OPPOSITE THE MARKET, CHARLOTTE, N. C. A full supply of Coffins and Caskets constantly on hand, ready for use. Jan 6, '73-ly

TO TAX-PAYERS. All who owe BARRINGER & WOLFE are requested to come forward and settle. We have been patient. We cannot wait any longer as the old business must be settled up. Call at once. We desire to settle up with everybody ourselves. Nov. 4. BARRINGER & WOLFE. FOR SALE ATTIDY'S BOOK STORE: Ryles' Expository Thoughts on the Gospel, Hodge's Commentary on Romans, (with Questions), Jews, by C. F. Deems, History of the Bible, by Dr. Wm. Smith, Eighteen Christian Centuries—White, St. Paul—Conybeare and Howson, Personal Religion—Goulburn, The Recovery of Holiness—The Recovery of Jerusalem, Livingston's Travels in South Africa, Spurgeon's Gems.

WE HAVE RECEIVED: 500,000 Envelopes, 30,000 Paper Bags, 30 Dozen Noiseless Slates, A large and varied Stock of Writing Paper, Emerson's Cliffs and Files, and many other goods which we are offering at fair prices. Oct 14. TIDDY & BRO.

The Southern Home.

VOL. 3. CHARLOTTE, N. C., MONDAY, APRIL 4, 1873. NO. 164

L. W. SANDERS. J. E. OATES. W. C. BLACKWOOD.

SANDERS, OATES & CO., 200 TONS GUANOS DAILY ARRIVING & IN STORE.

The following Guanos will be sold either for Cash or on Time, with approved security. When planters so desire, we will bind ourselves to receive cotton in payment next Fall, at 15 cents per pound, giving them the benefit of the advance, if there should be any.

WILCOX, GIBBS & CO'S. MANIPULATED GUANO. Wilcox, Gibbs & Co's. Phoenix Guano.

NAVASSA GUANO. The NAVASSA is manufactured in Wilmington, N. C., by an association of Southern business men and planters of known responsibility.

STONO GUANO, STONO PHOSPHATE. (Valuable For Composting with Cotton Seed.) SANDERS, OATES & CO., Charlotte, N. C. Jan 20, '73-ly

R. M. MILLER & SONS, GROCERS AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS, HAVING completed our New Three-story Brick Building, on the corner of College and Fourth Streets, we have just removed into it, and are ready for our customers.

FIRST DEPARTMENT—FANCY GROCERIES. Soaps, Candles, Candy, Starch, Soda, Raisins, Oysters, Sugar, Coffee, Teas, Spices, Prize Candles, Brandy Peaches, &c. SECOND DEPARTMENT—HEAVY GOODS. Molasses, Bacon, Flour, Lard, Mackerel, &c. THIRD DEPARTMENT—PRODUCE. Cotton, Corn, Wheat, Oats, Rye, Hay, &c. FOURTH DEPARTMENT—PHOSPHATES. We are Agents for ZELL'S and other SUPER PHOSPHATES. FIFTH DEPARTMENT—LEAF TOBACCO WAREHOUSE.

New Inducements!! In order to make room for a HEAVY SPRING STOCK, we will sell all our Fall and Winter Goods AT Greatly Reduced Prices!! Your attention is particularly invited to our Stock of FINE DRESS GOODS, SHAWLS, FLANNELS, CASSIMERES, BLANKETS, and all kinds of Woolen Goods, together with a large Stock of Ready-Made Clothing, WHICH WE WILL SELL VERY LOW. McMURRAY & DAVIS. Jan 27

Diamond Spectacles. These Spectacles are manufactured from "MINUTE CRYSTAL PEARLS" melted together, and are called DIAMOND on account of their hardness and brilliancy. It is well known that spectacles cut from Brazilian or Scotch pebbles are very injurious to the eye, because of their polarizing light. Having been tested with the polariscope, the diamond lenses have been found to admit fifteen per cent less heat rays than any other pebble. They are ground with great scientific accuracy, are free from chromatic aberration, and produce a brightness and distinctness of vision not before attained in spectacles. Manufactured by THE SPECTACLE OPTICAL MANUFACTURING COMPANY, New York. For sale by responsible agents in every city in the Union. J. T. BUTLER, Jeweler and Optician, is sole agent for Charlotte, N. C., from whom they can only be obtained. No peddlers employed. The great demand for these Spectacles has induced unscrupulous dealers to palm off an inferior and spurious article for the "Diamond." Great care should be taken to see that the trade mark (which is protected by American Letters Patent) is stamped on every pair.

W. R. BURWELL & CO. (Successors to Kilgore & Cureton.) Druggists and Apothecaries, AND DEALERS IN Drugs, Medicines, PAINTS, OILS, DYE STUFFS, &c. SPRINGS' CORNER, CHARLOTTE, N. C. Jan 1, '73 ly NEW GOODS WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELRY, Spectacles, &c., AT JOHN T. BUTLER'S, CHARLOTTE, N. C. These wanting Goods in my line, will do well to examine my stock before trying the Northern markets. MY PRICES ARE MUCH LOWER, as I have moved to the store Next the Express Office. MY STOCK CONSISTS OF FINE GOLD and SILVER WATCHES, JEWELRY, DIAMONDS, SILVER AND PLATED WARE, SPECTACLES, &c. And everything usually kept in a first-class Jewelry Store. Call and examine my stock and prices. JOHN T. BUTLER. Oct. 17, 1871. LARD DEEDS—A lot just printed and for sale at this Office. Nov 11-ly

Selected Poetry.

A WOMAN'S QUESTION. Before I trust my fate to thee, Or place my hand in thine, Before I let thy future give Color and charm to mine, Before I peril all for thee, question thy soul to-night for me. I break all slighter bonds, nor feel A shadow of regret, Is there one link within the past That holds thy spirit yet? Or is thy faith as clear and free, as that which I can pledge to thee? Does there within thy dimmed dreams A possible future shine, Wherein thy life could henceforth breathe, Untouched, unsharred by mine? If so, at any pain or cost, oh, tell me before all is lost. Look deeper still. If thou canst feel, Within thy inmost soul, That thou hast kept a portion back, While I have staked the whole; Let no false pity spare the blow, but in true mercy tell me so. Is there within thy heart a need That mine cannot fulfill? One chord that any other hand Could better wake or still? Speak now—lest at some future day my whole life wither and decay. Lives there within thy nature hid The demon-spirit Change, Shedd'ing a passing glory still On all things new and strange? It may not be thy fault alone—but shield my heart against thy own. Could'st thou withdraw thy hand one day, And answer to my claim, That fate, and that to-day's mistake— Not thou—had been to blame? Some soothe their conscience thus; but thou, oh, surely, thou wilt warn me now. Nay, answer not—I dare not hear. The words would come too late: Yet I would spare thee all remorse, So, comfort thee, my fate; Whatever on my heart may fall—remember, I would risk it all.

Selected Story.

THE EMERALDS. One wintry afternoon in January, away up in the bleak attic of a wretched tenement house, a pale, sad-eyed woman sat sewing. The garment upon which she was engaged was a very rich dress. The twilight closed in rapidly, with a blinding fall of snow, a bitter, wailing blast, that made the windows rattle in the casements. Still the pale-faced woman stitched on. "Mother," piped a sweet voice from the cot beneath the window, "shall you get the fine dress done? Oh, my mother, I'm so hungry. If I could only have some tea and a bit of sausage." She worked on steadily for a few moments, paused only to brush a tear from her pale cheek, then arose and shook out the glittering robe. "This done at last," she said. "Now mother's little girl can have her supper; only be patient a little longer, Flora—Ross, Ross, where are you my boy?" A manly little fellow came out from the little bedroom beyond. "The fine dress is done, Ross," said his mother, "and you must run home with it as fast as you can. Miss Garcia will be out of patience, I know. Tell her I couldn't finish it one moment sooner, and ask her to give you the money. We must have it to-night. And you can stop in at Mr. Ray's, as you come back, and buy some coal; and we must have some bread and tea, and a mite of butter, and you must get a sausage, Ross, for poor little Flora." "I'll get 'em all, mother," he said, "and be back in time. You shall have a big sausage, little sis," he added, turning toward the cot. The girl nodded her curly head, and her great, wistful eyes sparkled with delight. "And you, shall have half of it, Ross," she piped in her slender bird voice. "Hadh't you better put on your thick jacket, my boy?" continued his mother. "The wind cuts like a knife." "Pshaw, little mother; I don't mind the wind," and away he went down the creaking stairs and out into the storm. Miss Garcia Fontenay was in a perfect fury of impatience and anger. Her dear five hundred friends were assembled in the halls below and her handsome dress had not come home. What did that beggar woman mean by disappointing her? At that moment there was a ring at the door, and a voice in the hall. "Please tell Miss Garcia my mother could not finish it sooner; she wants the money to-night." The servant took the handsome dress and message. "I'll never give her another stitch of work," cried the angry beauty; "I ought to have had it three hours ago. Here, Farchon, dress me at once; there's not a moment to lose! No, I can't t'p to-night; I haven't time. He must call to-morrow." "But we've no fire and nothing to eat, and my little sister is sick," called the boy pushing up the grand stairway. "Shut that door, Farchon!" commanded Miss Garcia. And the door was closed in his face. From the porch at the parlor window Pansie watched the whole scene, her violet eyes distended with childish amazement. "Poor little boy," she said, as Ross disappeared down the stairway; "sister Garcia ought to pay him. It must be dreadful to have no fire and nothing to eat." She stood for a moment, balancing herself on the tip of one dainty foot, her rosy face grave and reflective, then a sudden thought flooded her blue eyes with sunshine, and snatching something from the table, she darted down stairs. The servant had just closed the street door, but she flattered past him like a humming bird and opened it. On the steps sat Ross, brave little fellow that he was, his face in his hands, sobbing as if his heart would break. "What is the matter, little boy?" questioned Pansie. Ross looked up half believing that it was the face of an angel looking down upon him through the whirling snow. "Oh, I cannot go home without the money," he sobbed; "poor mother worked

his heart for so many long years. Little Pansie? "You wish to sell them all?" he asked, striving to steady his voice and the wild throbbing of his heart. The lady hesitated an instant, and then she put out her slender hand and drew the emeralds toward her. "I dislike to part with this," she said, "it was my father's gift—and—and—but no matter, take them all; I must have the money." In her eagerness she had thrown aside her veil, revealing a face lit by lustrous sapphire eyes. Ross Dunbar stood silent a moment, every nerve in his manly frame quivering with supreme delight. He had found her at last, the idol of his life. "They are very fine gems," he said, after a moment, "and I am willing to give you a fair price—suppose we say one thousand dollars—will that do?" The girl flashed a dazzling glance of surprise from beneath her heavy veil. "So much as that?" she said tremulously. "You are very kind, sir. Oh, you cannot know how much this money will help me." The young man made a polite reply and proceeded to put aside the jewels and draw a check for the money. The March winds were still blustering without, and the girl shivered and drew her wrapper closer as she started out. "Won't you let me run down to the bank for you?" said the jeweller, catching up his hat. "You can play shop lady the while; it won't be but a minute or two." "But I am troubling you so." "Not a bit; just take this warm seat, please, you'll not be likely to have any customers." And seating her beside his desk, he took the check and hurried out. Pansie Fontenay threw back her veil and leaned her head upon her hands, a puzzled reflective look upon her sweet face. "Where have I seen this face?" she asked herself over and over again. "It is so familiar; who in the world can it be?" His return broke in on her meditation, and after receiving her money she hurried away to her humble lodgings. The following afternoon was even more blustering and stormy; the wind roared and the sleet tingled against the windows of the little room in which Pansie and her father sat. Severe misfortune and reverse had reduced them to poverty, and the old man being an invalid, all the care fell upon Pansie's shoulders. She sat with her father, reading aloud from a new book which she had bought for him with some of the money received for her jewels. Her sweet face was wan and sad, and her future stretched before her sad, hopeless and gloomy. There is a ring at the door, and a servant brought up a package for Miss Fontenay. An exquisite bunch of pansies, fragrant and golden-hearted, done up in tissue paper, and attached to them a card, bearing the simple words: "Ross Dunbar has not forgotten little Pansie." Pansie sat amazed for a moment, and then a rich bloom darted up her white cheeks. "Oh, father," she cried, "I knew him—I knew him! Oh, we have found Ross at last." An instant later, Ross was in the room, clasping her fluttering hands in his, and into her blue eyes looked with a glance that brought the rosy bloom to her face. And a few weeks later, when the blustering winds were over, and the blue birds sang in the hedges and the golden-hearted pansies bloomed on the garden borders, little Pansie became Ross Dunbar's bride, and for her bridal gift, he gave her back her string of emeralds. GRANT AND THE SAN DOMINGO JOB.—AS SOON as General Grant was inaugurated as President he seems to have become an associate in this windmill, and its most active agent. He sent General Babcock to San Domingo and leased the Bay of Sanama for ten years at an annual rent of \$150,000 in gold. Babcock paid down the first year's rent in advance, using for the purpose a large balance of secret service money voted to the State Department during the war. The sharpers who were assembled in San Domingo got the money. Nor was this all. The President began to press the annexation scheme. The money spent for the lease of the Bay of Sanama reappeared in Washington. It served to stimulate a powerful lobby who were seconding the President's attempt to force annexation through Congress. Even the President himself became a persistent lobbyist, and threatened every Republican member of Congress who dared oppose his will.—Senator Sumner was removed from his place as Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations because of his opposition. Others were punished by the removal of their friends from office. A political reign of terror existed in Washington. The revelations made by our correspondent are important, because they show that the President was concerned in this scheme before his first nomination and inauguration. He knew that the prime movers of annexation were mere sharpers, and knowing this he lent them his powerful aid, and actually assisted them in getting a large sum of money from the Treasury of the United States in their own pockets. Had he succeeded in forcing their annexation project through Congress, it would have put millions of money belonging to the people of the United States in the possession of the same gang of sharpers.—Savannah News. Simpkins, having married and settled down, accumulated a slight scar over his eyebrow, the cause of which is unnecessary to state, but an inquisitive acquaintance asked him whether it was the mark of the chicken-pox. "Worse than that," replied Simpkins; "it's a mark of the henpeck." A witty son of St. Patrick was in charge of a ferryboat. A lady passenger being frightened by the water, asked him: "Are people ever lost by this boat?" He gave her the encouraging reply: "Not often, ma'am; we generally find them after by dragging the river." The Pope is hard upon the marriage state, for he wittingly said, on hearing that Father Hyacinth was married: "The saints be praised, the renegade has taken the punishment into his own hands. The ways of Providence are inscrutable." A Texan tells this story of lost opportunities: "Now, you see," said he, "land was cheap enough at one time in Texas. I have seen the day when I could have bought a square league of land, covered with fine grass and timber for a pair of boots." "And why didn't you buy it?" asked his companion. "Did he have the boots?" said the Texan.