

THE HOME.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY AT THE HOME OFFICE, ON HILLSBORO STREET.

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TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION. One dollar per year in advance. Not strictly in advance ten cents per month.

RATES OF ADVERTISING: Square, 1 line, \$1.00; Square, 1 month, 2.50; Square, 3 months, 5.00; Square, 6 months, 7.50; Square, 12 months, 12.00.

SPECIAL RULES. The Editors are not responsible for and would not be understood as endorsing the views of contributors in the columns of The Home, and they reserve the prerogative of withholding the names of contributors if it should be deemed proper.

Canada is asked to grant an annual subsidy of \$200,000 for fifty years in aid of the proposed subway connecting Prince Edward Island with the mainland.

Thomas A. Edison, the famous inventor, may spend the winter in California. It is reported that he will build a winter home at Thermalito, Butte County, Cal., and erect a fine laboratory.

Professor F. E. Boynton, says in the Popular Science Monthly that a region of country twenty miles in diameter, where North Carolina, South Carolina and Georgia come together, contains more interesting and rare plants than can be found in any spot in the United States occupying the same area.

A Birmingham (Conn.) electrician has a new rat-trap, which, it is said, works admirably. He attaches a piece of meat to one pole of a dynamo machine, which can only be reached by the rat by standing on a plate which serves as the other pole.

At a recent meeting held in Alexandria, Virginia, to further the project to build a grand avenue from Washington to Mount Vernon, it was planned that the proposed avenue would run for two miles through the Arlington property.

A newspaper in Illinois recently brought suit against forty-three men who would not pay their subscription, and obtained judgment in each for full amount of the claim.

"The United States not only continue their work of feeding the rest of the world—they steadily increase the amount that work," says the Philadelphia Ledger. "For the ten months ending August 31 the exports of beef and pork exceeded by \$2,000,000 the exports of the same kind in the same period in 1886.

With a very unusual humility, Jack drew near. Jo blinked his great brown eyes, and wagged his tail lazily, but Agnes never looked up; and in that one minute Jack somehow felt that she was farther from him, more out of his reach, more sacred than she had ever seemed before.

SONG.

Go not, O perfect Day! Go not beautiful, so golden-bright. A little longer stay! Soon in thy western window fades the light; Soon comes the Night! Delay! Go not, O perfect Day! Go not, dear Life, away!

BOTH MISTAKEN.

"Coming out to Rosebud this afternoon, Jack" Mr. Dalton said, as he passed through the office where several young men were busy writing. "I think Agnes said something about expecting you?"

"Thank you, sir," Jack Hardy said, throwing down his pen with alacrity. "I promised to bring Agnes some books. I'll be ready in a moment." "Very good." And Mr Dalton took up a handful of letters, glanced at them carelessly, threw some to Michael Ainger, the chief clerk, and put the others, unopened, into his pockets.

Mr. Dalton was a tall, portly, genial gentleman, with a rosy face, curly hair, and kindly smile. He was the principal lawyer in Westwood, a flourishing country town; he was an estate agent, and was altogether a highly prosperous and respected gentleman.

Jack Dalton was a widower, with one daughter, Agnes, who kept his house, and Jack Hardy was a distant cousin, whom the lawyer had brought up from childhood, and placed in his office, with every prospect of succeeding to the established and lucrative business.

Jack thought there was no place to be compared to it, especially when Agnes stood on the steps smiling a welcome. She was not in sight that afternoon, but she knew the book, and took it for. Taking the book he crossed the lawn with a light, firm step, smiling unconsciously in very gladness of heart, because the world was so beautiful and every one so kind.

"My hope is Miss Agnes," the old clerk said, as he watched his master and Jack drive away that sunny afternoon. "She's too good and wise to encourage the lad in folly, or allow him to delude himself; but I wish the master would open his eyes, and see that they're not children any longer."

"I thought it was quite early in the afternoon," Jack's heart sank lower; she evidently did not miss him, nor even expect him, though he had promised to come, and had been looking forward to the visit all the week.

"I don't know—never mind; I want to talk to you—Agnes—I have something very particular to say to you—but I don't know how to begin—" "Don't begin, then," she interrupted, with a swift divination of his meaning.

"That was Saturday and the Sunday following," Jack said, "and the most perfectly beautiful day of her life. Philip came over to Rosebud early, and they walked to church together through the shady lanes and shining fields."

"I will try together, Agnes," he said, looking at her tenderly. "Hitherto I have done more to increase rather than diminish the sum of human love—but you will help me!"

"If I am right, there is indeed no hope; it only remains for me once more to pray more fervently than ever. Heaven bless and keep you always, and say good-bye in my earnestest."

"Best for you, and best for me! But you will come back some day when I have learned to forget," Agnes said, gently.

"If I never come back till then, I'll never come back at all!" Jack cried, dashing away a tear with the back of his hand. He was very boyish, despite his manly heart.

"Best for you, and best for me! But you will come back some day when I have learned to forget," Agnes said, gently. "If I never come back till then, I'll never come back at all!"

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With a more tenderly sweet expression than in the old time. Two feeble, white-haired old men were pretending to play chess on the other side. The room was small, bare, and chilly, but there was at least love and contentment. The old men were harmless, the girl was tender and patient, and she worked with all her might to supply their few and simple wants.

"My father and Michael?" "Your father will always be my father, dear Agnes, and Michael will always be my dear old friend. The world has gone well with me during the last ten years; and now to find you again, and willing to share my good fortune, I have nothing left to wish for."

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QUEER OLD GRAVESTONES.

QUAINT EPITAPHS IN A CONNECTICUT CEMETERY.

The Burial Place of Some of New Haven's Early Governors—Samples of Colonial Poetry. Glancing to the right through the car window just before the local express rushes upon the little bridge over Mill Creek to the east, and dashes on into the village of New Milford, Conn., the New York bound passenger gets a glimpse of one of the quaintest old graveyards in New England.

Some of the gravestones have sunk almost out of sight. Others, with sides warped and crumpled, push their weather-stained noses up through the rank, tangled grasses in defiance of time's decay. A few lie prone in shamefaced overthrow. The stranger, particularly if he be an antiquarian, will find rare grubbing among these rusty old stones.

One of the earliest inscriptions that has been preserved is on a slab above the rather pretentious tomb of Governor Robert Treat. It reads: Here Lyes Interred the Body of Coll. Robert Treat, Esq. Who Faithfully Served This Colony in the Post of Governor and Deputy Governor Near Sixty Years of His Majesty's Service.

Another puny inscription relates that Isaac Miles, Esq., was a gentleman— "Worn out by a long and distressing asthma, Borne with singular patience, He died on the 15th of November, 1780, in the 57th year of his age."

Mortuary poetry abounds. Some of it is about as original and as startling as the most versatile genius in this line produces. "My father never did anything for me," is an observation which is frequently heard from the lips of young men, but in most cases a little reflection would convince the speaker that he is making a serious error.

There is a list of graves which were in the cemetery of New Milford, Conn., in 1780. It is a list of graves which were in the cemetery of New Milford, Conn., in 1780. It is a list of graves which were in the cemetery of New Milford, Conn., in 1780.

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"WILL HE COME?"

The sun has lit the wood and set; With heavy dews the grass is wet; The fire stands out in silhouette, Sharp, tall and still; Sometimes a rabbit fits in sight, A scurrying whisk—a gleam of white; Naught else. Her scarf she gathers tight— The air is chilly.

There may be nothing new in this world, but there's a heap that's fresh— Trid. Bile. Gamblers are said to frequent ocean steamers because gulls are very thick at sea.—Life.

There is about as much spring in the Waterbury watch as there is in two years in New England.—Somerville Journal. The girl who looks a fish will shrivel. To see its frantic struggles. But when she looks a man—queer freak! She simply grins and grins.—Charleston Enterprise.

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