

THE HOME.

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

Jay Gould receives an average of seven threatening letters per day, but pays not the slightest attention to them.

The geographical center of the United States is Kansas. The point midway between the eastern and western extremities of the United States, including Alaska, is said to be in the Pacific ocean, a few miles west of San Francisco.

Mr. George Fay, a wealthy Englishman, who has lived for several years at Guanajuato, Mexico, is now erecting in the suburb of that city a magnificent palace on which he expects to expend \$500,000.

The University of Pennsylvania will break ground soon for a handsome library building which will cost \$150,000. Of this amount \$120,000 has already been raised, and the trustees expect soon to raise the remaining \$30,000 for the building and \$150,000 additional for an endowment.

In a radius of 12 miles square about L'averworth, Kan., there are 92,160 acres of coal land, which will produce from the vein now worked 80,000 bushels per acre, and from the area of 12 miles 7,872,800,000 bushels can be mined.

The imperial crown of all the Russias is the finest ever worn by a sovereign. It is in the form of a bishop's mitre and carries on its crest a cross composed of five of the most beautiful diamonds ever cut supporting the largest ruby in the world.

The Pennsylvania railroad employs a female "chaperon," Mrs. H. F. Bender of Philadelphia. It is her duty to look after unprotected ladies who go upon tourist trips.

In spite of the fact that not one in a hundred of patents returns the inventor a dollar for his pains, remarks the Chicago Herald, Americans continue to offer all sorts of inventions, ridiculous as well as useful, to the patent office.

Sickness insurance is meeting with some favor in Leipzig and other German cities. The law authorizing the operations of such companies permits the insurance to all classes of hand-workers except clerks and salesmen, but these may be included by local authority.

FORGIVE AND FORGET.

Were we but generous, kind and forbearing, Soon would this earth be an Eden of flowers. Then would the frowns we are constantly wearing, Be lost in the laughter of happier hours.

Friendship is the best of all things, and the most precious. It is the bond of union between the human race, and the source of all our happiness.

AN UNKNOWN FRIEND.

Half-Moon was a new mining camp in a deep canon at the head waters of the Gunnison. One of the adventurous class known as "prospectors" had, in the fall of 1881, wandered through that country.

Among fifty men brought together from every part of the world, in a wild country, by a purpose born, to some extent at least, of selfishness and greed, some are likely to be found in whom brutishness predominates.

There was another man—or rather boy—in that camp; but he could not be seen that evening around any of the fires. He had come into the gulch in a crowd of seven, who had been on the trail some twenty days together, and Bill Lewis was another of the seven.

In coming into the gulch the party had an unusually serious trip. The trail was ill defined, the snow was deep and soft, they had been compelled to unpack their animals a score of times, and to sleep in wet clothes and wet snow.

But with Little John the case was different. He had never before been thus exposed, and was evidently not sustained to any considerable extent by a hopeful spirit, and he had succumbed. He lay in his tent in a wretched blanket bed, sick, prostrated, exhausted.

They had been talking of him around the fire when some one coming from a tent in a grove near by, said: "I think Little John'll go to-night. He's crazy now, an' thinks he's in Ohio; an' keeps talkin' of his mother."

It was thirteen miles east over the range to the nearest cabin. The summit was nearly fourteen thousand feet in height, and upon it a storm was raging. The spurs to the north and west were utterly impassable.

though by this trail there would be no storm, there was worse. There were slides, precipices, and difficulties innumerable. Beside, it would only lead into the broad valley of the Gunnison.

"Bill, seeing their questioning looks, answered them: "See here, pard; the boy ain't near so sick as ye think he is. He's tired, wore out, an' teetotally discouraged, but he's young, an' ain't burnt out with whisky, an' in my opinion's more homesick than sick."

They were ready in an hour. Bill rigged a litter upon his burro, as Indians do, and in it placed Little John. At 11 o'clock the procession started down the gulch.

Little John was no worse. He was partly conscious and had been made to understand that he was going toward home. Bill's assistants were to leave him at this point, and he delivered a last injunction.

The Old Gentleman's Mistake. "Nice child, very nice child," observed an old gentleman, crossing the aisle and addressing the mother of the boy who had just hit him in the eye with a wad of paper.

They had hitherto been warm enough. But when they turned the summit the cold west wind chilled them through. There was no snow falling, but the wind was driving and swirling the recent snow in small cyclones of horror around their shrinking forms.

Good, faithful Balaam! no man shall abuse thee more. Brave Bill Lewis! Thy sins be forgiven thee! Little John was alive and warm.

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A Hint of Unseen Danger. They were in the parlor and she was playing the piano and singing the new song. "Oh, where have the Old Folks Gone?" He wanted to be funny and said: "Guess they've gone to bed by this time."

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HUMOROUS PRESS STORIES.

LAUGHABLE LINES FROM THE FUNNY MAN'S CHAIN OF HUMOR. Place for the Cow. A Baked Bean Disaster—Crushed Hazards.

Place for the Cowcatcher. Of the countless good stories attributed to Artemus Ward, one of the best is the one which tells of the advice he gave to a Southern railroad conductor soon after the war.

HE DIDN'T ENGAGE HER. A young lady went to an intelligence office the other day, and as there was no girl in the time, sat down to wait for one.

She could not help showing she was glad to meet him again, and half rose. But he passed her to speak to the woman at the desk, who supplied "help" to domestic Macedonia.

The Declaration Fading Out. Few people know that the original Declaration of Independence is kept in the library of the state department, says a Washington letter.

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Church Fires. The Chronicle states that nearly eight hundred churches—an average of about eight per month—have been destroyed by fire in the United States in the past nine years.

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WITH HUSKY-HAUGHTY LIPS, OH, SEA!

With husky-haughty lips, Oh, Sea! Where day and night I wend thy surf-beat shore, Imaging to my sense thy varied strange suggestions.

The invaders lit the gas, and befriended the new comer lying in bed, smoking a cigarette, and benignly regarding the mob through his goggles.

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