VOL. V.

PITTSBORO, N. C., THURSDAY, APRIL 5, 1888.

NO. 16.

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

A. H. MERRITT, Editor & Proprietor.

One dollar per year in advance.

square, I month, square, 3 months

I square 12 months, Contracts at reasonable specified sime and space. 12.00 rates

SPECIAL RULES. views of contributors to the columns of The Home, and they reserve the prerogative of withholding the names of contributors if it should be doemed proper. No communication will be allowed a place in the paper unless accompanied by the name of a responsible party. No indecorous personalities will be published. Obtuary notices to the extent of eight lines will be admitted free of charge. Ten ceuts will be charged for every line in excess of this number. Contributors are requested to write an only one

seven threatening letters per day, but pays not the slightest attention to them, He reasons that any man who had a plan to take his life would not write a letter to put him on his guard.

The geographical center of the United States is Krasas. 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. The center of population is a few miles cortheast of Cincinnati.

Mr. George Fay, a wealthy Englishman, who has lived for several years at Guanajuata, Mexico, is now creeting in the suburb of that city a magnificent palace on which he expects to expend \$6,000,000. The building will be not tess than 100 feet high, and it will be surrounded by immense gardens that will recall the famed hanging gardens of Babylon, and to which access will be

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. A movefor the use of the students.

mined, and the lowest average profit over all expenses can be placed at two and a half cents per bushel, which would produce \$184, 320,000 -a sum almost beyond comprehension and belief,

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. E even great diamonds in a foliof the crown support this cross and ruby, and on either si le is a hoop of thirtyeight pearle, than which there are no

stop in at the towns visited, where the finest views are, etc.

Chicago Heral I, Americans continue to offer all sorts of inventions, ridiculous as well as usefu', to the patent office. One of the curious notions which have been patented is the idea of a lantern for the top of a horse's head, A hood fitting over the top of the head and cars has a lantern fastened to it. One can easily meture a street lighted by these bobbing lanterns,

Sickness insurance is meeting with some favor in Leipsic 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. The action of this law is very noticeable in the tax for maintaining the sick poor, it having decreased 21,673 marks in Hamburg in one year. The total number inscred under the law is 4, 294, 173, or 91.7 per 1900 of the population.

FORGIVE AND FORGET.

Were we but generous, kind and forbearing, Soon would this earth be an Eden of flow-

wearing

Be lost in the laughter of happier hours: Then would a holier light Make life's dark pathway bright, Shining where anger and distord have met.

Then would all warfare case, Angels would whister "Peace!" If we would only "forgive an i forget." When a loved friend we have thoughtlessly

wounded, Let us not seek his forgiver as alone; Owning our error, with courage unbounded,

Oh! let us earnestly strive to atone; Conquer cur pri le, and then Hold out our hand again,

Sure that cur friend will respond to us yet; Then will be haste once more-Knowing our wrath is o'er-Fager as we to "forgive and forget.

E'en 'mid the children so artless and soving Often the voice of dissension may rise Angels bok Barthward with faces reproving The glances of anger that flash from their

But ere the night descends, Lo! all the tumult ends, Innocent kisses and tears of re ret Mingle with gracious words, Teaching the warbling birds Chi'dhood's sweet lesson, "forgive and fer-

Frien's that are charest may cruelly grieve

B tter resentment but adds to our pain; Le us he merciful soon they may leave us, Let them not seek our forgiveness in vain.

Thou h we have suffered long Under a cloud of wrong, They who have wounded may comfort us yet; Tongu's can but idly preach,

Only kind actions teach Life's no blest lesson, "forgive and forget," -Fanny Forrester, in Cassell's Magazine,

AN UNKNOWN FRIÊND.

Bill Lewis had seen nature in all her the slide in the time proposed. been convicted of a dozen crimes, and how long before they reached it!

twenty days together, and Bill Lewis was abandoned every hope. another of the seven. His name was There was no Bill Lewis there.

before coming to the gulch-and was illy | ahead. fitted to meet the vicissitudes of a mountain life. He might have been born for they alive or dead? an artist or poet, or both; he certainly was never intended for a miner.

In coming into the gulch the party had an unusually serious trip. The trial was illy 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. For all this, They were not invalid tourists, and they bad weather to be much troubled by one for six long hours.

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 know. Look an' see." spirit, and he had succumbed. He lay in his tent in his rough blanket bed, sick,

prostrated, exhausted.

an' keeps talkin' of his mother."

Bill Lewis, before silent and sullen, started up at once. "I'll go see the kid,"

He went, and all followed in wonder. The bed was warm enough, and soft at timber line. enough. But it and its surroundings were terribly rough for one like him in the eastern slope of the main range. Low his condition. The pale face amid the down on the big timber, nestled in a shaggy blankets, lit up by a tallow candle warm nook, with an eastern and southern burning in a can; the saddles, ropes, exposure, was a miner's cabin. Already kettles and tools scattered around among the water was dripping from the roof-logs the bushes upon the earth floor-all to- which overhung the front; the pile of gether formed a scene weird and impres- mineral specimens on the rude shelf be-

height, and upon it a storm was raging. within.

though by this trail there would be no storm, there was worse. There were slides, precipices, and difficulties innum-erable. Beside, it would only lead into the broad valley of the Gunnison. The Then would the frowns we are constantly range must yet be crossed to the east before a railroad town cou'd be reached or the advantages of shelter and medical at-

tendance secured. They believed the boy would die before morning. How, then, could he be saved? "Bill, seeing their questioning looks,

answered them: "See here, pards; the boy ain't near so the week Bill called the two Half-Moon sick as ye think he is. He's tired, were men out for a little talk. out, an' tectotally discouraged; but he's young, ain't burnt out with whisky!an' in my opinion's more homesick than sick. I've seen them feliars before. If we can make him understand there's a chance of his gittin' home, he'll hang on so we kin git him home. I'll rig a litter on Balaam (Balaam was Bill's burro), an' Creek. A couple o' you fellars kin then Copper Creek, an git more fellars thar, an' meet me an' the kid on the summit of Red Mountain. Ther's an empty cabin at timber-line on the west o' Red Mountain, an' meet me thar an hour by sun tomorrow. If yer hustle yer'll git thar. Yer ought ter fetch up by midnight on the summit."

idea of what this plan involved. They were ready in an hour. Bill

"Now, pards, let's have no hitches. Gunni on. One of that adventurous kin make it. If it storms God help us. FRIEND." class known as "prospectors" had, in You must be that at the summit at midthe fall of 1881, wandered through 'hat night. If the snow's drifted bad, Bacountry, following a burro which bore laam can't make it, an' we'll have to and had brought into winter quarters in storms, hunt 'round, an' yer'll find me the valley of the Arkansas such promis- an' Balaam an' the kid somewhar in the

than thirty years; had traversed the winding way. Not a word was spoken. Johnny?" asked the fond parent. Johnvet his depravity was immense! He had an age before they saw the top, and, oh, in her wrath soared down on the small

There was another man -or rather boy cold west wind chilled them through.

where in a mining region as one wholly snow, and then struggling through deep out of place. He was light, delicate and drifts, until, half a mile from the summit, fragile—though seemingly in good health | they saw something dark in the snow

It could be nothing else. But were Good, faithful Balaam! no man shall

sins be forgiven thee! cabin by tramping the snow in front of Balaam, a hundred yards at a time, and going over the ground several times until the animal could pass through, and then however, most of them cared but little. repeating for another hundred feet. This he had done in biting blast and blinding had crossed the range too many times in snow, never faltering, never despairing,

> Bill's greeting was characteristic: but whether alive or dead now I don't

Little John was alive and warm. He's crazy now, an' thinks he's in Ohio; in'. You kin wait for me. I'll come - Scientific American. for I've learnt sumthin' at that thar cabin, an' I'm goin' to see this thing through!"

The six men took up the litter, and

The next morning was a bright one on rards! that yer kid must be saved," the dog basked upon the chips; the bursaid Bill Lewis. 'If you fellers have a mind to turn in an' help—well an' good; watering-place; the fire was snapping in but anyhow, that kid's going to be saved for his mother?" It was thirteen miles east over the men were sitting on the shafting timbers range to the nearest cabin. The summit which were piled around, smoking their was nearly fourteen thousand feet in pipes and talking of the sick boy who lay

The spurs to the north and west were ut- Little John had already made his way terly impassable. The only way out was to these stranger's hearts.

down the gulch by the same route over which they had recently come in. Al-pale, and wore a hopeless look that wa.

pitiful. No one of them thought he had HUMOROUS PRESS STORIES. yet come out from under the dark shadow, and there was a sadness in their faces LAUGHABLE LINES FROM THE FUN-

and a hush in their voices. After a few hours Bill came. The miners proposed to go to the railroad station for physician and such delicacies as mining camps do not afford. Bill accepted the proposition in regard to the delicacies, but insisted that he himself would be the

nurse and physician. Under his rough but gentle care the boy rapidly improved, and at the end of

"Hev yer got any plans bout this

Both answered that they had not. They left everything to him. "This kid wuz clear-headed at the cabin on t'other side, an' him an' me talked: We've talked here: An' you see, he wuz a clerk or sumthin' in a bank, back we'll take him down the valley to Taylor in Ohio, an' there wuz money stole! They took him up for stealin' it; but somehow cross the range by Brush Creek trail to they couldn't prove it on him, an' had to turn him loose. But many people said he stole it all the same, an' he couldn't bear the disgrace, an' so come to the mountains. His mother's poor. What he got in the bank wuz all both on 'em had. Since he come to P'eblo he's found out who did steal the money. But he hain't got a shiner to go back It is useless to attempt to convey an with an' set himself right. That's how

he's here. "Now, pards, I've got nineteen rigged a litter upon his burro, as Indians thousand odd in the Leadville bank, paid do, and in it placed Little John. At in on my Belden sale. I hain't got a 11 8'clock the procession started down pesky relation in the world, an' if I git the guich; There were two men beside my hands on that money I'll likely blow While these went forward and it all in. So I'm going to send that kid picked out the trail, Bill attended to the home, an' give ten thousan' to his mother. litter. Their progress was slow and The balance is a big enough stake fur their mishaps many, but without serious me; an' then, ye see, if I do a good thing accident they reached the valley at daylight, and at 12 o'clock were at Taylor the infernal meanness I did to mine! So we'll tak him down to Hayden's, an' one Little John was no worse. He was o' you can stay with him an' t'other go partly conscious and had been made to up with me to Leadville an' get some understand that he was going toward money an' a draft-I've got her name home. Bill's assistants were to leave and whar she lives-an' then we'll come him at this point, and he delivered a last back an' send him home, an' send the draft to his mother. D'ver see?"

Three days afterwards they put Little I kin make the cabin in five or six hours | John in a sleeping car, with a ticket and easy enough, an' shall stop thar an hour fifty dollars in his pocket, and on the to rest an' warm. If I kin make the same day a draft for ten thousand dollars Half-Moon was a new mining camp in next two miles over the summit the was mailed to his mother in a letter of a deep canon at the head waters of the thing's done. If it's quiet-like, mebbe I remittance signed "AN UNKNOWN

The Old Gentleman's Mistake.

"Nice child, very nice child," observed upon its back all his worldly wealth, carry the boy. When you git thar, if it 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 ing specimens of brittle and ruby silver snow. Now git; an'—an'—if you ever paper. "How old are you, my son?" that many, seeing them, were induced to loved yer mothers—don't you fail!" "None of your business!" replied the "None of your business!" replied the go in the spring to spy out the land. The two departed; reached and passed youngster, taking aim at another passen-And so it happened, on a March night in the summit before daylight had faded, ger. "Fine boy," smiled the old man, 1882, that a dozen camp-fires were and at six o'clock were in the timber of as the parent regarded her offspring with brightly burning, a dozen tents were Copper Creek on the eastern slope. In a pride, "A remarkably fine boy, What dimly outlined in the shadows and open- few minutes more they were in a snug is your name, my son?" "Puddin' Tame!" ings of the stunted pines, and forty or cabin by a glowing fire, telling their shouted the youngster, with a giggle at fifty men, in groups of from three to six, story to four fearless, big-hearted miners. his own wit. "I thought so," continued were gathered around the fires smoking their exthe could win if any man could; but they given me three guesses at it, that would periences and wonderful finds of the year had little hope of finding Little John have been the first one I would have efore.

Among fifty men brought together made ready to set out. They had eight those things pretty straight, can't from every part of the world, in a wild miles of comparatively easy trail, which you?" "You bet!" squealed the boy, country, by a purpose born, to some ex- they thought they could do in three delighted at the compliment. "See tent at least, of selfishhess and greed, hours, leaving them two hours in which me take that old fellow over some are likely to be found in whom to climb the two miles from timber-line there!" "No, no!" exclaimed the old brutishness predominates. There were to Red Mountain summit. Without gentleman, hastily. "Try it on the old several such in the camp at Half-Moon. great difficulty they reached the foot of woman I was sitting with. She has boys' of her own and she won't mind." Can't majesty, moods and aspects for more. One by one they crawled up the fearful you hit the lady for the gentleman, country from the Missouri to the Pacific No one had heart to speak or breath to ny drew a bead and landed the pellet shore: lunched on the highest summits spare. Even minutes seemed long in a right on the end of the old woman's and camped in the deepest gorges. And time and place like this, and it seemed nose. But she did mind it, and rising boy like a blizzard She put him over committed an hundred others without They had hitherto been warm enough. the line, reversed him, ran him But when they turned the summit the backward till he didn't know which end of him was front, and finally dropped in that camp; but he could not be seen! There was no snow falling, but the wind him into the lap of the scared mother. that evening around any of the fires. He was driving and swirling the recent snow with a benediction whereof the purport had come into the gulch in a crowd of in small cyclones of horror around their was that she'd be back in a moment and seven, who had been on the trail some shrinking forms. In a moment they had skin him alive. "She didn't seem to like it, Puddin'," smiled the old gentleman, softly, "She's a perfect stranger Zeno Brown. His comrades had failed. There was no council held; there was to me, but I understand she is the mato catch or comprehend his first name, no time for that; but instinctively every tron of a truants' home, and I thought and he had come to be called "Little man rushed forward for some slight she would like a little fun; but I was shelter. Onward they went, at times mistaken." And the old gentleman He would have been remarked any- easily and rapidly over the hard, old sighed sweetly as he went back to his seat. - Jerseyman.

Church Fires. The Chronicle states that nearly eight hundred churches-an average of about eight per month-have been destroyed by abuse thee more. Brave Bill Lewis! Thy fire in the United States in the past nine years. According to the fire tables of Bill had worked his way up from the the above-named journal, there were one hundred and nineteen churches destroyed during the year 1882, at a loss of \$672,170, and a loss to insurance companies of \$312,280. Among the principal causes ascribed for these fires are defective flues and heating apparatus and incendiarism. The incendiary is no respecter of buildings, and not only bears his flaming torch through the thorough "Well done, pards! I know'd you'd fares of our large cities, but also appears come. The kid was better at the cabin; at intervals in our smaller cities and obscure country towns. Churches, and particularly those located in country towns, are too often built of the cheapest "Now, pards, there's six of you. Ba- and weakest material, and present strong laam's pretty nigh played out. Shoulder temptations to the inherent lovers of fires They had been talking of him around the ends o' them 'ere poles, an' strike for and easy prey to the fire fiend. Church hundred of patents returns the inventor | the fire when some one, coming from a Caspar's cabin-first trail to the left after societies owe it to themselves to pay more ye strike timber. Balaam an' Pil go back attention to the building of their edifices "I think Little John'll go up to-night. to the cabin, an' come over in the morn- as well as to the prevention of fire .-

A White House Boom.

A room in the White House is decor-Bill and Balaam went back to the cabin ated in the style of the thirteenth century. It contains also a Japanese screen, the portraits of Grant and Van Buren, a piece of tapestry showing Gutenberg reading aloud from his first block-letter Bible, and furniture of cherry wood. When, after the lapse of a century or two, the decorative artists of that period search for specimens of nineteenth century decorations, they will doubtless find themselves a trifle puzzled on entering this room .- The Current.

> 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

"Don't you be sure about that, answered the charming girl: "pa may be out in the back yard at this moment ting the dog loose."-Lowell Citizen.

Place for the Cow. a'rher—He Didn't Engage Her—A Haked Bean Dis-aster—Crushed "Hazers."

MY MAN'S CHAIN OF HUMOR.

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. The road was in a wretched condition, and the trains consequent-

ing his ticket, Artemus remarked: 'Does this railroad company allow passengers to give advice, if they do so in a respectful manner?" The conductor replied in gruff tones that he guessed so.

"Well," Artemus went on, "It occurred to me that it would be well to detach the cowcatcher from the front of the engine and hitch it to the rear of the train. For you see we are not liable to overtake a cow, but what's to prevent a cow strolling into this car and biting a passenger?"

HE DIDN'T ENGAGE HER.

A young lady went to an intelligence office the other day, and, as there was no girl in at the time, sat down to wait for one. She is a Jefferson avenue belle, and leads the gay procession in society circles; she is also a good daughter and model housekeeper, taking all the care of a large establishment off her mother's ageing shoulders.

As she sat and waited in the intelligence office a gentleman whom she knew came in to get a girl; she had met him at a social reception a few nights previous, he in full evening dress, she in a costume of pink silk and Spanish lace. with roses in her hair. He had whispered sweet words of admiration to her, and she had blushed beneath his too ardent gaze. It was only a rehearsal of that foolish old play, "Love's Young Dream," but it had left pleasant memories with

She could not help showing she was But he passed her to speak to the woman at the desk, who supplied "help" to domestic Macedonia:

"My brother's family are in need of a girl, Mrs. - Can you send one up there to-day?" "No, sur," said the woman, stolidly,

'tha' ain't one in now." "Why won't this one do?" asked the gentleman, curtly, turning upon the young lady, who, in her plain walking dress and veiled turban sat trembling with apprehension.

"La, now, she ain't no girl," said the mistress of the intelligence, but the customer paid no attention to her. "See here, Miss, or Mrs. what's your

name," he asked, abruptly, "can you do general housework, wash, iron and cook? If you can and are worth your salt, you can get the place-d'ye hear?" The girl shrunk hastily from his extended hand, and he asked:

"Are you a German or a Swede? Because if you can't speak English we don't want you. What's the matter with you? Ain't deaf and dumb, are you?"

chair, she walked out, leaving him star-'She will meet and she will miss hi n,

There will be one vaca it stare." But he will never know what fate did for him in the intelligence office. - Detroit

A BAKED BEAN DISASTER. Probably as laughable a thing as has light.

couple of weeks ago. There was to be a remain. Two lines of names are entirely baked bean banquet for the visiting vet- removed from the paper; not a vestige erans, and half the families in town fur- of ink remains to show that names were nished a pan of baked beans for the oc- ever there. Ben Franklin's name is easion, sending them to the armory late entirely gone. Roger Sherman's name is in the afternoon piping hot. A couple fast fading. I could not find the name of boys, sons of a soldier, were entrusted of Thomas Jefferson, and Elbridge Gerry with a large pan of red hot baked beans has lost his last syllable. Robert Carroll to take downtown, and they put the pan and John Adams have been scoured off on a hand-sled and started. Arriving at by the light, and only eleven names out the top of the big hill, where the road of the fifty odd can be read without a runs straight down into the business microscope. street, the temptation to ride down was too great, and the boys got on the sled with the pan of beans in front of them, It is on foolscap paper, yellow with age, steaming hot. They started. Every and worn through where the manuscript crossing they struck a gob of the beans would fly out, and before they were half down the hill the boys were covered with beans from head to foot. They and it remains as fresh as when it left shut their eyes and let the sled "went." A girl stood by a crossing as they passed, It is full of erasures and interlineations, and as the sled struck a hummock, a handful of beans hit the girl in the hair, and as the hot mass began to heat up she John Adams .- Correspondence Cleveland felt that the hairs of he head were num- Leader. bered, and put her hand to her head, and when the beans burned her hand she yelled fire and went away on a gallop. A dog ran along beside the sled and barked at the boys, but a quart of beans struck the dog and the weather was too warm for him, and he ran away with a hot box, The sled finally turned over and boys, beans and sled rolled and slid for half a block, and the street was paved with boys got up, scraped the beans off of engineering, and special implements for good intentions and baked beans. The their clothes, thought the matter over the purpose. There are scrapers of various a minute, when each took hold of a side of the empty pan, and they carried it down to the armory, and reported to the committee on beans. The circumstance was related to the soldiers, and the empty pan, the hand-sled and the boys decorated with beans created as much amusement for the old veterans as any one thing.

CRUSHED "HAZERS."

played some two years ago by a fresh-

ence with the president of the college and the same day the champion, who bore the appearance of a meek-looking young man with eye-glasses and a bad cough, was entered as a student and asigned a room in the dormitory.

That night about twenty of the "Wahoos," as the hazers called themselves, stole softly to the new member's room. Having arranged their "ear twisters," "toe pinchers" and other in-struments of torture to their satisfaction, they took off their costs, rolled up their sleeves and tapped gently on the door of their victim, who mildly invited them

The invaders lit the gas, and behold ly were run at a phenominally low rate of speed. When the conductor was punching a cigarette, and benignly regarding the

mob through his goggles.
"Get up there, Freshie. We're going to have some fun with you," they said. "Not really?" said the victim, with a hollow cough. "Yes; look spry now!"

"Well, if I must, I suppose I must, whimpered the new man, jumping out on the floor. The next moment the ringleader of the inquisitors got a "facer that drove him clear across the room and through the sish of a window.

The survivors of what followed all agree that language fails to do justice to the scene. Sullivan kicked the door shut, and then sailed in and began piling up the dead. Some of them didn't get around again for three weeks, and half a dozen bally flattened "Sullivan" noses can be seen in this year's graduating class.

This is the story most of our readers have heard. The result was to entirely abolish "hazing" at Princeton until the beginning of the present session, when the old custom started in with renewed

A student named Harrison, from Cleveland, learned that his "den" was to be raided upon a certain night. That day he repaired to the outskirts of the town, and by means of a cabbage, decoyed to his room, under cover of darkne s, a peculiarly vigorous and vindictive billygoat, the terror of that quarter.

He had kept the animal in a pacific frame of mind by much provender until the hour for the assault. When the glad to meet him again, and half rose: freshman heard the stealthy gathering of the class outside the door, he turned off the gas; gave the goat a few jabs with a penknife to liven it up, and dodged behidd the door.

As soon as the besiegers had rushed in he shut the door, locked it, and hastily climbed upon the wardrobe, being just in time to escape the first rush of the billy, who knocked three men over the bed the

The pandemonium of shrieks, curses and butts lasted for some five minutes. Then a forlorn hope of battered hazers managed to grope their way to the door and tear it open. As they tumbled out into the now crowded hall half a hundred excited voices asked what the matter

"Matter?" gasped one of the worst used up of the gang, "Why, they've rung that Sullivan in on us again!"-San Francisco

The Declaration Fading Out.

Few people know that the original

Declaration of Independence is kept in By this time the indignant girl had the library of the state department, says collected her wits, and, rising from her a Washington letter. It is in a cherry case and under glass. But the doors are thrown open all day long and strong rays of light are eating up its ink day by day. The Constitution is written on parchment. The text of it is in a hand as fine as copper-plate and the ink of this part can still be plainly read. The signatures, however, are written in a different ink, and they are very fast disappearing under the action of the The bold signature of been seen in a long time took place at John Hancock is faded almost Janesville at the Grand Army reunion a entirely out. Only a J, o, h and an H

> Just below the constitution lies the original of it in Jefferson's handwriting. has been folded. The writing is fine and close, and the whole constitution occupies but two pages. The ink is good, the quill of Jefferson over 100 years ago. some of which are in Franklin's handwriting and others in the strong script of

Harvesting Ice. Some idea of the magnitude of the ice

industry in America may be gathered

from the fact that it supports a monthly

trade paper, and that the total annual ice-crop of the States is twenty million tons, of which some twelve million tons are consumed. Mining and storing this ice has given rise to a separate branch of kinds to remove the snow; tracers, hand-plows, to mark out the areas to be cut by grooves. These grooves are afterward deepened by a tool, called a marker, fitted with knifeedges, which, on being lowered to the ice, cut it deeply. The ice-area is cut and cross-cut with these tools, then trenched or sawn by the ice-plow shown in the figure, until two-thirds of the total th ckness is cut through. This plow consists of a succession of curved blade-Everyone knows of the trick that was like teeth attached to a long beam. The teeth are so formed as to clear themselves, man at Princeton coilege, at which time and carry the chips out of the groove the custom of "hazing" in a really brutal with little resistance. A channel is cut minner was so prevalent there. The by the above means between the ice-field hazing gang of sophomores that year and the elevators which raise the blocks were so rough and cruel that the faculty was at its wit's end to devise some means loosed by ice-chisels, floated to the elevafor its suppression. One or two cases of tors, and raised by steam-power on endfor its suppression. One or two cases of severe and lasting bodily injuries to the victims placed so serious an aspect upon matters, that applicants for scholarships were few. At this juncture the father of a new man, who had incurred the enmity of the hazers by stubbornly resisting their attacks, conceived an ingenious ider. He quietly hunted up Sullivan, took him up to Princeton, had a confer.

I tors, and raised by steam-power on endless chains working up an inclined plane. The ice-rooms are built one hundred feet long by forty feet wide, and the ice-cakes are placed so as to leave a three-inch space all around to prevent undue wasting when broken out for summer use. The cost of all this preparation is only twenty-five cents per ton.—Castell's

WITH HUSKY-HAUGHTY LIPS, OH,

With husky-haughty lips, Oh Sea! Where day and night I wend thy surf-beat

Imaging to my sense thy varied strange sug-

gestions,

Thy troops of white-maned racers racing to the goal.

Thy ample, smiling face, dash'd with the sparkling dimples of the sun, Thy brooding scowl and murk-thy unloos'd

hurricanes, Thy unsubduedness, caprices, willfu'ness; Great as thou art above the rest, thy many tears-a lack from all eternity in thy

(Naught but the greatest struggles, wrongs, defeats, could make thee greatest-no less could make thee),

Thy lonely state-something thou ever seel'st and seek'st, yet never gain'st, Surely some right withheld-some votes, in huge monotonous rage, of freedonlover pent,

Some vast heart, like a planet's, chain'd and chafing in those breakers, By lengthen'd swell, and spasin, and panting bretak.

And rhythmic rasping of thy sands and And serpent hiss, and savage peals of laugh

And undertones of distant lion roar (Sounding, appealing to the sky's deaf exr-

but now, rapport for once, A phantom in the night thy confidant for

The first and last confession of the globe, Outsurging, muttering from thy soul's abysms, The tale of cosmic elemental passion,

Thou tellest to a kindred soul. -Walt Whitman, in Harper's Magazine

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A man skilled in forging .- A black-

Christopher Columbus was one of the first men to "go West."-Siftings. While rummaging in the garret last

night we came across a . old diary

Every affliction has its blessing. The man with a wooden leg never knows what it is to have rheumatism in that ankle .-No, my son, the great talker is not

bearing the date 1884.—Philadelphia Call.

necessarily a mathematician simply because he understands how to multiply words, -Boston Transcript. By rubbing a cat's back in the dark you can see the electricity fly, and when

the cat claws your hand you can feel the shock,—Philadelphia Chronicle. Speaking of feats of strength reminds us that we saw a Fort Wayne man knock down a horse and two cows the other day. He was an auctioneer. - Hoosier.

Old Lady-"Only think, one missionary for 10,000 cannibals." Young Lady -"Mercy! they must have terrible light appetites or awful big missionaries!

forgotten so soon what I told you about using your fingers?" "Well, mamma; fingers were made before forks !" "Yes; I know very well they were; but not your fingers."-Statesmar. She went into a store to buy some toilet soan, and when the clerk was ex-

patiating on its merits, about made up

"Use your fork, Johnnie! Have you

her mind to purchase, but, when he said "it would keep off chaps," she remarked that she didn't want that kind, "What influence has the moon upon the tide?" asked the professor. The class wag replied that he didn't know exactly what influence it had upon the tied, but that it had a tendency to make the untied

awful apoony .- Burlington Free Press. "If there's anything I love, it's roast goose," remarked Fenderson, as he passed up his plate for a second helping. "It does you credit," said Fogg; "there's nothing so beautiful as affection among the members of a family."-Boston Transcript.

There is said to be an old gentleman in this city so fond of music that he cannot keep his foot still. Only the other night a young man began to serenade his daughter, and the way the old fellow's foot didn't keep still is reported to be a caution.—Pittsburg Chronicle. A merchant traveler took his place at

the table of a Western hotel, where the landlord was the only waiter, and after finishing a very scanty meal he said persuasively, "I should like some desert." "Desert? Wot's that? We sin't got none." "Well, give me some pie."
"Pie! We ain't got no pie! Help yourself to the mustard!"—Merchant-Traseler.

"Bread!" exclaimed a Vassar College girl. "Bread! Well, I should say I can make bread. We studied that in our first year. You see, the yeast ferments, and the gas thus formed permeates everywhere and transforms the plastic material into a clearly obvious atomic structure, and then-" "But what is the plastic material you speak of ?" "Oh! that is commonly called the sponge." "But how do you make the sponge?" "Why, you don't make it: the cook always attends to that. Then we test the sponge with the thermometer and hydrometer of which I don't remember, and then hand it back to the cook, and I don't know what she does with it then, but when it comes on the table it is just splendid."-Chicago Herald,

A School in Tunis.

We visited a college for young boys in Tunis, (North Africa) writes a correspond-ent. The class-rooms were small, without windows, and lighted from the entrance door only. Little benches a foot high were used for desks, the scholars and teachers sitting on the floor. They all studied aloud. Each scholar in reciting took his sent directly in front of the teach er, and within easy reach of his rod, both er, and within easy reach of his rod, both continually swaying their bodies back and forth. Most of the professors were quite young men, with very intelligent faces. French is considered very essential in the education of boys. The poor girls are not educated at all, very few being able to read. We only heard of three who had this accomplishment, and these were the daughters of the secretary of the bey. The women spend their time in making their clothes, dressing and aleeping.

THE HOME.

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gained by a gigantic elevator.

ment is also under way to erect an alumni hall to contain a large auditorium In a radius of 12 miles square about Leavenworth, Kan., there are 92,160 scres of coal lin i, which will produce from the voin now worked 80 000 bushels per acre, and from the area of 12 miles 7,872 800,000 bushels can be

ated arch rising from the front and back

handsomer known. The Pennsy vania 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. She posts herself beforehand about the route and makes herself useful as an imparter of information. She goes through a train and introduces herself to the ladies, and then tells them where she can be found if wanted. She ascertains the best places for them to

In spite of the fact that not one in a a dollar for his pains, remarks the tent in a grove near by, said: