

THE HOME.

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

A. H. MERRILL, Editor & Proprietor.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One dollar per year in advance.

Not strictly in advance ten cents per month.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

1 square, 1 time, \$1.00

1 square 3 months, 2.50

1 square 6 months, 4.00

1 square 12 months, 7.50

Contracts at reasonable rates for any specified time and space.

SPECIAL RULES.

The Editors are not responsible for the contents of communications.

The Editors are not responsible for the contents of communications.

The Editors are not responsible for the contents of communications.

The Editors are not responsible for the contents of communications.

The Editors are not responsible for the contents of communications.

The Editors are not responsible for the contents of communications.

The Editors are not responsible for the contents of communications.

The Editors are not responsible for the contents of communications.

The Editors are not responsible for the contents of communications.

The Editors are not responsible for the contents of communications.

The Editors are not responsible for the contents of communications.

The Editors are not responsible for the contents of communications.

The Editors are not responsible for the contents of communications.

The Editors are not responsible for the contents of communications.

The Editors are not responsible for the contents of communications.

The Editors are not responsible for the contents of communications.

The Editors are not responsible for the contents of communications.

The Editors are not responsible for the contents of communications.

The Editors are not responsible for the contents of communications.

The Editors are not responsible for the contents of communications.

The Editors are not responsible for the contents of communications.

The Editors are not responsible for the contents of communications.

The Editors are not responsible for the contents of communications.

The Editors are not responsible for the contents of communications.

The Editors are not responsible for the contents of communications.

The Editors are not responsible for the contents of communications.

The Editors are not responsible for the contents of communications.

The Editors are not responsible for the contents of communications.

The Editors are not responsible for the contents of communications.

The Editors are not responsible for the contents of communications.

The Editors are not responsible for the contents of communications.

The Editors are not responsible for the contents of communications.

The Editors are not responsible for the contents of communications.

The Editors are not responsible for the contents of communications.

THE TIME TO HATE.

I have a friend—I mean, a foe— Whom cordially I ought to hate; But somehow I can never seem To lay the feud between us straight.

When apple boughs are full of bloom, And Nature loves her fellow-men With all the witchery of spring How can you hate a fellow then?

And then when summer comes, with days Full of a joy and languid charm, When even water-lilies sleep On waters without a thought of harm,

When underneath the shadow of my hammock hangs in idlist state, I were an idiot to get up Out of that hammock just to hate.

Then harvest comes. If mine is big, I am too happy with my store; If small, I'm too much occupied With grubbing round to make it more.

In winter! Well, in winter—ugh! Who would add to the bitter foe? Who simply ought to be my friend.

All love and warmth that I can get I want in such dull days as these. No, no, dear foe; it is no use; The struggling year is at an end; I cannot hate you if I would, And you must turn and be my friend.

—Alice W. Rollins, in Harper's Weekly.

THE TWO VASES.

What I am about to relate is absolutely true. It has never appeared in type before. I shall merely make a necessary change in names and locale, leaving the facts exactly as they were detailed to me by one personally interested in the story.

A rambling old rectory, in the Midlands there had stood for more than forty years two fine vases—not specially admired or valued by the owner—dusted by the sacrilegious hands of every chance housemaid, yet, curiously enough, unbroken during that long period of time.

There, look at that," remarks the friend complacently, with the gentle patronage of superior knowledge. "That is china if you like—worth any other ten pieces in the room. Quite unique!"

"Hang it!" said Mr. Fitzroy. "I need not have come all this way to see those vases. Why, they are mine!"

"Yours, Fitzroy? I like that! You have turned humorist in your old age. Don't you wish they were, by Jove! You must take care of your husband, Mrs. Fitzroy. He works too hard."

"Thank you for the insinuation, Somerset. I am sane enough to know my own property when I see it. I tell you these vases are mine. I tell you these vases are mine. I tell you these vases are mine."

"By this time the bystanders had heard the colloquy, and had gathered the import of what was passing. The dealers swarmed around Mr. Fitzroy like vultures upon carrion. They took the facts and the 'greenness' in at a glance.

"I will give you five hundred pound for these vases," "I will give you six hundred pound for those vases," "I will give you eight hundred pound for those vases."

"I will give you ten hundred pound for those vases," "I will give you twelve hundred pound for those vases," "I will give you fifteen hundred pound for those vases."

Accordingly, to town they went, putting up at the Bedford Hotel, in Covent Garden. After a few days spent in enjoyment Mr. Fitzroy received a notice from Christie & Manson that his vases would be sold on a certain day the following week at the end of the sale of Count Mirabeau's china.

"I should like to see this collection of Count Mirabeau's," said Mr. James Fitzroy. "I think we will go to the sale."

With this view, when the day arrived, they went, prepared to swallow quietly their own (and the vases') comparative insignificance. On their arrival in King street they found the rooms, of course, crowded with gentlemen and dealers.

"But you are Robert Fitzroy?" queried the listener, who has been silent for five minutes after the narrator of the story had finished.

"Yes," with another and more vigorous puff of smoke, which may or may not have been expressive of internal emotion, "I gave those vases to my brother."

"That is a good breakfast but a bad supper. Time and adversity are two powerful destroyers."

The first step in debt is like the first step in falsehood. Vice stings us even in our pleasures, but virtue consoles us even in our pains.

"He who decides in any case, without hearing the other side of the question; though he may determine justly, is not there, one just."

Those who excel in strength are not most likely to show contempt in weakness. A man does not despise the weakness of a child.

Repose and cheerfulness are the badge of the gentleman—repose in energy. The Greek battle pieces are calm; the heroes, in whatever violent actions engaged, retain a serene aspect.

To be a good critic, a man must have all the intrinsic elements of a god author, and yet while we have but few good authors, even the solitudes and waste places teem with critics.

We seem to have four kinds of people—those who are moving forward, those who are on the move backward, those who are standing still and those who are going to start in some direction soon.

Life consists not of a series of illustrations or elegant ornaments; the greater part of time passes in compliance with necessities, in the performance of daily duties, in the removal of small inconveniences, in the procurement of petty pleasures, and we are well or ill at ease as the main stream of life glides on smoothly, or is ruffled by small obstacles and frequent observation.

Prince Oscar of Sweden and his wife, Mrs. Eda Munk, are passionately fond of both sailing and skating. It was upon the ice that the two first met, and most of their love-making took place flying side by side over the frozen plains, on Sweden forbidding marriage with a subject, the king and queen opposed their son's fancy for the lady-in-waiting; finally the prince, by giving up all claim to the throne, resigning his state allowance, and all royal privileges and emoluments, secured a consent to his marriage.

All that is left is his barren title, which his children will not inherit; his position as admiral in his long naval service, and a small private fortune. His wife, however, has money enough for both, and they have gone to Bournemouth, England, to live.

Mrs. Scarf, of Niskayuna, New York, is an aged lady, who was born in England many years ago, and when a girl became famous for her skill in weaving damask hangings. William IV., who then occupied the throne of England, heard of her accomplishment, and sent an order to her for twenty yards of damask for bed curtains. His wife, a lady and gave her four days for the task. At the end of that time the maiden presented the ruler with the handsomest damask curtains ever seen in England up to that time, and which are even now on exhibition in Windsor Castle. William was pleased with the work, but sent the young girl only \$5 as a reward for her achievement.

He who strives after a long and pleasant form of life must seek to attain continued equanimity.

Accordantly, to town they went, putting up at the Bedford Hotel, in Covent Garden. After a few days spent in enjoyment Mr. Fitzroy received a notice from Christie & Manson that his vases would be sold on a certain day the following week at the end of the sale of Count Mirabeau's china.

"I should like to see this collection of Count Mirabeau's," said Mr. James Fitzroy. "I think we will go to the sale."

With this view, when the day arrived, they went, prepared to swallow quietly their own (and the vases') comparative insignificance. On their arrival in King street they found the rooms, of course, crowded with gentlemen and dealers.

"But you are Robert Fitzroy?" queried the listener, who has been silent for five minutes after the narrator of the story had finished.

"Yes," with another and more vigorous puff of smoke, which may or may not have been expressive of internal emotion, "I gave those vases to my brother."

"That is a good breakfast but a bad supper. Time and adversity are two powerful destroyers."

The first step in debt is like the first step in falsehood. Vice stings us even in our pleasures, but virtue consoles us even in our pains.

"He who decides in any case, without hearing the other side of the question; though he may determine justly, is not there, one just."

Those who excel in strength are not most likely to show contempt in weakness. A man does not despise the weakness of a child.

Repose and cheerfulness are the badge of the gentleman—repose in energy. The Greek battle pieces are calm; the heroes, in whatever violent actions engaged, retain a serene aspect.

To be a good critic, a man must have all the intrinsic elements of a god author, and yet while we have but few good authors, even the solitudes and waste places teem with critics.

We seem to have four kinds of people—those who are moving forward, those who are on the move backward, those who are standing still and those who are going to start in some direction soon.

Life consists not of a series of illustrations or elegant ornaments; the greater part of time passes in compliance with necessities, in the performance of daily duties, in the removal of small inconveniences, in the procurement of petty pleasures, and we are well or ill at ease as the main stream of life glides on smoothly, or is ruffled by small obstacles and frequent observation.

Prince Oscar of Sweden and his wife, Mrs. Eda Munk, are passionately fond of both sailing and skating. It was upon the ice that the two first met, and most of their love-making took place flying side by side over the frozen plains, on Sweden forbidding marriage with a subject, the king and queen opposed their son's fancy for the lady-in-waiting; finally the prince, by giving up all claim to the throne, resigning his state allowance, and all royal privileges and emoluments, secured a consent to his marriage.

All that is left is his barren title, which his children will not inherit; his position as admiral in his long naval service, and a small private fortune. His wife, however, has money enough for both, and they have gone to Bournemouth, England, to live.

Mrs. Scarf, of Niskayuna, New York, is an aged lady, who was born in England many years ago, and when a girl became famous for her skill in weaving damask hangings. William IV., who then occupied the throne of England, heard of her accomplishment, and sent an order to her for twenty yards of damask for bed curtains. His wife, a lady and gave her four days for the task. At the end of that time the maiden presented the ruler with the handsomest damask curtains ever seen in England up to that time, and which are even now on exhibition in Windsor Castle. William was pleased with the work, but sent the young girl only \$5 as a reward for her achievement.

He who strives after a long and pleasant form of life must seek to attain continued equanimity.

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

STORIES THAT ARE TOLD BY THE FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

An Expert Accountant—Cause for Alarm—Partiality in the Family—He Had Hope, Etc.

"Do you think, Miss Smith," he pleaded, "that in time you might learn to love me?"

"Possibly," the girl replied. "If you could render me a statement of what you are worth, Mr. Jones, I might learn to love you, I'm very quick at figures."

Just as the spring poet timidly opened the sanctum the telegraph editor, who was filling in a dispatch, said to the chief:

"Shall I put a big head on it?"

"No, Fido," she said to her little dog, that was snugly supplied, "one of these hot biscuits is as much as is good for you."

"Can't I have another biscuit, mamma?" asked her little girl.

"Certainly, dear," said the indulgent mother, "you can have as many as you want."

"I can never be more than a sister to you," said a buxom widow, tenderly, to an old bachelor who had proposed.

"Ah, madame, yes you can," he responded, gallantly. "I am not a man to lose hope."

"Yes, but I say I cannot," she persisted.

"You have daughter's, madame," he said, "you may yet be my mother-in-law."

A Personal Allusion. Among Mr. Firth's acquaintances was a young man with a "tip-tilted" nose, of whom he makes mention in his autobiography.

Collecting Money. Husband (to wife)—"I've been out half the day trying to collect money, and I'm not enough to break the furniture. It beats all how some men will put off and put off. A man who owes money and won't pay it, isn't fit to associate with."

An Unfomantic Swain. Cutting it across the country at midnight—otherwise clopping to get married—is a custom that has long prevailed in Kentucky.

Patriotism Vindicated. Kansas Judge—"You are charged, sir, with voting in fifty-five times at yesterday's election."

He Made an Impression. "Small talk," couldn't think of New York, you know, a perfect bore. I may go up again to Rockville where I spent a few days last summer. All the girls were crazy about me there."

Getting Even With Him. Sardapanalus Ferguson, who had been for many years one of the fast young men of Austin, sberred down at last and married a rich old maid.

PIECING THE QUILT.

Deep grows the clover, a soft green sea, Bithely the note of the thrushie rhaps, And Margery, under the locust tree, Sits at her patchwork and sings and sings— Sings and dreams, and her fingers fly, With sunbeams kissed and with shadows floored.

And the fair spring hours flit lightly by With the joy they bring to a ladie elect. And O, what a wonderful quilt will grow! Out of those fragments and tiny bits! And the dimples come and the dimples go As she measures and matches, and trims and fits— A bit of blue in the center there, From a remnant left of her Sunday gown; A strip of white and a rose-pink square, And a border here of chocolate-brown— Chocolate-brown—that was grandma's dress, Bought that year when John first came; Margery's thinking of that, I guess, For in Margery's cheeks shines forth a flame.

And this is a scrap of Jennie's muslin, Dots of white on a ground of green, And tiny, zigzag lines of black, With drooping, golden bells between. The sun-swept earth is very fair To the maid who sits in her shady niche, And a tender thought, that is like a prayer, Is lightly fastened with every stitch; There's a new, sweet world that is just at hand, Where a cozy nest of a home is built, And she wenders and dreams of that un- known land And she sings and pieces her patchwork quilt.

Humor of the Day. A pair of slippers—Two eels. The purchase of a drama is mere buying. Is it necessary to chop down a tree before chopping it up? How to make a Maltese cross—By stepping on his tail. Applause at the opera is cheap—to be obtained for a song. If a girl were to swear at all she would probably swear "By Gum."

One of the bright spots in existence is spot cash.—New Haven News. Where there's a will there's a way? Yes, a way to break it.—New York Herald. Of "pictures in the fire" the poets tell; we only see them when the grate draws well.—Judge. When a poor girl marries a rich gull does she call him by the pet name of "Birdie!"—Boston Courier. The man in the moon has one advantage over his terrestrial brothers: The fuller he gets the more brilliant he gets.—Life. Darwin would have said that man had ascended rather than descended from the ape had he not recognized the superiority of the latter in not talking.—New York Sun.

Barber (to customer)—"Have you heard of the bad scrape young Brown has got into?" "Customer—"Why, no; when did you shave him last?" "The 8, o'clock."

A certain fat man within ten miles of Burlington has a very thin wife. The boys have nicknamed her "enough" and "too spare."—Burlington Free Press. Never judge by appearances. A shabby coat may contain an editor, while a man wearing a high-toned plug hat and supporting a dude cane may be a delinquent subscriber.

"Madam," said the tramp, "I'm hungry enough to eat raw dog." "Well," she responded, kindly putting the action to the word, "I'll whistle some up for you." The tramp left.—New York & Walter. Miss Wabash—"Didn't Mr. Naldo say to you as I entered the parlor last night, Clara: 'Is that the beautiful Miss Wabash?'" Clara—"Yes, dear, with the accent on the 'that.'"

"Sir," said the judge, "I commit you to jail for ten days for contempt of court." "Better make it ten years, Judge," was the response. "I couldn't begin to get over my contempt in less than that."—New York Sun. Teacher (grammar class)—"Tommy, you may parse 'collece.'" Tommy—"Com'n noun, third pers'n, feminine gen'd—'" Teacher—"Feminine gen'der!" Tommy—"Yes'm; I'm parsin' Vassar College."—New York Sun. A Pennsylvania man who went to Nebraska, wrote back to a friend as follows: "I'll get a premium at your county fair next fall for the biggest fool in the county, and I will try to be there." He doesn't fancy billiards.—Chicago Herald. Together they dined and he looked her with sighs, With bashful advances and dull, sheepish eyes; They dined upon quail, and she swears by the moon She'll not dine again upon quail with a spoon.

"Now I know where we are," said a rustic youth, who had been engaged to act as guide by an Austin sportsman, as they plodded with difficulty through a deep swamp. "Well, where are we?" asked the sportsman. "We are bogged."—The Colonel. A thief was about to relieve a Wall street operator of his hankerchief when a bystander called the latter's attention to what was going on. "Let him alone," said the broker, good-humoredly; "we all have to begin in a small way down here."—Judge. Bronson Alcott was a vegetarian, and often criticised meat-eaters harshly. To one of them he declared one day that the eater of mutton becomes sheep, the eater of pork becomes a hog, etc. "And it is also true," interposed the other, "that eaters of vegetables become small potatoes."—Detroit Free Press. Somebody sent the following conundrum to a Dakota paper: "What makes a man's trousers bag at the knees?" The editor replied that he thought wearing them did, but he wouldn't be sure, as he had sent his encyclopedia down to the blacksmith's to have a new cast iron binding put on it.—Commercial Advertiser.

The timber exported to the United States from Canada during 1887, was valued at nearly \$8,000,000.