

THE HOME.

THE HOME.

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SPECIAL RULES. The Editors are not responsible for the views of contributors to the columns of the Home.

A St. Louis man who killed a Chinaman has been killed all to pieces by a verdict of murder in the first degree.

The Cincinnati Commercial calculates the loss on coal to retail buyers at \$1,000,000 per year.

The whole court at Berlin is now entirely composed of new people.

A recent letter from a gentleman visiting the Argentine Republic shows how little is known of the importance of that American neighbor.

The officials of the Bureau of Steam Engineering in Washington have had a curious experience.

A new source of trouble has been developed in India through religious conflicts between the Mohammedans and the Brahmans.

The rapid increase of the foreign population in France is causing great concern to the Government.

It has been estimated that an average of five feet of water falls annually over the whole earth.

The interior of Africa is still harassed by kidnapers and slave dealers.

MOODS.

Upon a mountain-summit high A trysting place of earth and sky.

Another in the vastness caught The essence of a poet's thought.

The third—a stranger in those arts That moved and thrilled his fellows' hearts.

At this juncture their carriage drove up, and after administering to Joseph, they proceeded to the depot.

At the next street they passed the before-mentioned gentleman and his friend, but he did not see the white face.

"Hail, my dear friend," he said, "I had—would that I had—"

"I had," he said, "something in his tone so indescribably sad that his friend looked at him for a moment in astonishment.

"No answer to this. The question was not pushed, and so they walked on in silence.

"Well, here I am at home. Will you step in for a while?"

"Hal, you've something on your mind. Only don't deny it; your face shows it.

"Thanks, old fellow, thanks! You have been a true friend to me, Chester, and therefore why should you not have my confidence?"

"After a few moments Hal plunged abruptly into his recital.

"Chester, you asked me awhile ago whether or not I cared for Helen's home.

"He had overcome his agitation, and now spoke with due deliberation.

"The interior of Africa is still harassed by kidnapers and slave dealers.

"It is estimated that 30,000 persons yearly are stolen from their homes.

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HAL'S ROMANCE.

The first—his father, who for daily invited them to make his dwelling their headquarters.

Two months later saw Hal and Chester on their way to the north of Scotland.

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THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

He must have recognized me by the taste.—Epoet.

Stories that are told by the funny men of the press.

A Drummer's Plea—Mysteries of Pocket-Mining—A Possible Exception—It Was Safe Enough, Etc.

Baggage smasher take that trunk-lead it high upon the truck.

Miss Shady-side—"How bored that poor Mr. Joneys looks with that frivolous young thing he is with."

It Was Safe Enough. There's a fifty-cent piece lying on the sidewalk," said Blythe.

Why He Gave In. "Now that we are married, George," she said, "I hope you will change your mind and let mother come and live with us."

Why the Dog Ran Away. "Boggs—"I wonder what the matter with the dog? He came down to the office with his hat tucked in, and when I tried to send him home he howled so I had to give it up."

Bound to be Famous. "There is a man whose name will go down in history," said a traveling man to a companion.

Salt Fish Cure Typhoid Fever. A beautiful young woman, over whose head had passed but eighteen summers.

A Question of Time. "Ginevra," filtered the young man, "I despair of being able to express my feelings toward you as I would like, and I am afraid you will not have the patience to listen to me."

An Indiscreet Merchant. "I understand that you wish to employ a traveling sales man, sir," said a young man to a merchant.

Astor's Expensive Yacht. With a stone's throw of a South Brooklyn pier recently were fifteen yachts, sloops and schooners.

He Had Feasted There Before. "You're not your usual self, George, to-night," said the girl somewhat coldly.

Fate of Old Shoes. Every morning the first class shoe stores of the city are visited by a certain class of Russian and Polish Jews.

WHEN THE LADIES VOTE.

When will the country be, When the ladies vote? Still the land of liberty.

When the ladies vote? Will they govern every town? Will they crush the poor man down.

When the ladies vote? Will they stand up in the cars? When the ladies vote?

When the ladies vote? Will they close up all the bars? When the ladies vote?

When the ladies vote? Will they wait and watch at night? For a husband when he's tight?

When the ladies vote? Will conductors pull their bells? When the ladies vote?

When the ladies vote? While the fair exchange farewells? While the ladies vote?

When the ladies vote? Will they start their cars and go? As they do just now, you know?

When the ladies vote? No, they will not dare do so? When the ladies vote?

When the ladies vote? Oh! the men won't be so mean. When the ladies vote?

When the ladies vote? And go when the acts between? When the ladies vote?

When the ladies vote? Nor the funny writers say? What they've said for many a day?

When the ladies vote? Of the high hats at the pay. When the ladies vote?

When the ladies vote? Oh! we'll all be better days. When the ladies vote?

When the ladies vote? We will walk in woman's ways. When the ladies vote?

When the ladies vote? All kinds of trade will bloom. And the happy time will come.

When the ladies vote? The grand millennium. When the ladies vote?

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

"Line upon line"—The transatlantic fleet. The man with twins is decidedly happy.

A pilgrim—One of the old blue mass variety. Continually going up and bursting—Rockets.

Never allude to a dressmaker as Miss Sew-and-sew. The greatest hard ships in the world are—Iron-clads.

Sometimes the lawyer's "hardest case"—The office boy. Things that always pan out well—Buckwheat cakes.

An epitaph for a faithful car conductor—"He took his last farewell." Nothing will turn a woman's head so completely as a bonnet that passed by.

A Cape Cod fisherman calls his boat "The aise," because it is nothing but a smack. "George, do the Indians always travel in single file?" "I never saw but one and he hid."

Most people believe in "the greatest good to the greatest number," and their greatest number is number one. Virtue is its own reward, and the pay isn't big enough to keep many people in the business.—S. M. J. Journal.

Which is the longest word in the English language? "Smiles," because there is a mile between the first and last letters. Waiter—Mr. Topsy is dainty about his eating. Head waiter—Is he an epicure? Waiter—No, he's a dyspeptic.—Chicago Globe.

"Handsome! Yes, beyond expression. Rich! Immensely so! I hear. Love him! That is a gross distinction. Marry him! At once, my dear!"—Mercury.

Young Wife—"Before we were married, George, you never smoked in my presence." Young Husband—"I know it, my dear, and you never wore curl-papers in mine."

An old lady, seeing a paragraph headed "Well, inventors," said: "Boy inventors! Well, I hope some of 'em will invent a boy that'll stay in the house all his life."—New York News.

"Large Directors' affairs will be seen this winter," says an exchange. If they are anything like the case last year, they will see last summer's worth of money to do with them.—Herald Post-Express.

The barber thinks he's funny. When he entertains his folks: But won't be for big money. Shave the wags from his folks. —Detroit Free Press.

Fater Familias—"Why, Ethel! You don't mean to tell me you want to marry that bald-headed Professor Wiseman? Ethel—"It is true he is bald, but think how many young men of to-day are bald on the inside of their heads."—Ides.

Date palms constitute the wealth of the Arabs of the desert, but unlike rare coins their value does not depend upon the antiquity of the date. A palm with a recent date is worth more than it would be if dated before the noon.—Stranger.

"No, my man, I haven't anything for you," said a gentleman to a tramp who outstretched his hand. "Who asked for anything?" replied the latter indignantly. "Don't you see I'm a politician? All I wanted was to shake."—Boston Transcript.

An extreme specimen of a dandy alighted from a four-wheeler and went round to pay the driver. The poor old rack-of-bones man turned her head to gaze at him. "Yes," said the driver, "identically the same as the passenger before me." "That's the blessed subject you've been a-drawin' of!"