

S. F. H. E. M. O. N. I. T. O. R. S.

Number 1

Admin. & pieces published and edited

For the Home News

Jack's visit to New York
By Abel S. Lee.

Jack Davis was a green country boy, had never seen the city, and did not know anything about it. But he imagined he did, and thought he could travel the world over, so concerted was he, but he could not safely, as he was soon to see to his sorrow.

He had worked harder than ever on the farm that year and earned quite a little sum of money, and he made up his mind to run away to the city. He knew his parents would object to his going anyway, so he thought he would run away. Accordingly that night he packed what clothes he had, took his money and by the way he had a silver watch which he took with him.

When all were fast in oblivion, he stole down stairs, slipped out the back door, not before he had eaten a good supply of food from the pantry. He happened to know which train went to city. He walked several miles

at 10 o'clock, July 1st 1874

before reaching the depot and was very tired when he arrived there, but at last he was seated in the car and was on his journey. He took a seat with a man, a gentleman to all appearance.

The man seemed very polite, offered him a paper to read, treated him to confections, etc.

Jack meanwhile grew sophisticated with him. The driver drew him into conversation, asked him where he was going, and earnestly asked him how much money he had with him and warned him to beware of pickpockets. Often this the man seemed more polite than ever. He said he had been in the city and hinted that he would be pleased to help Jack stay if he could.

said he would like to have Jack go home with him and spend the night. Jack of course accepted the invitation, and when they arrived there the gentleman said he would not ride as it was not far to his home. They walked and walked until Jack began to think it was more than a little ways. He noticed that in that every once and a while the gentleman would dodge behind a post or something else, and acted very strangely. At length they reached a comfortable house that looked in the eyes of Jack it is almost almost a palace. They entered and were met by a very comely faced looking lady, whom the gentleman said was his wife. Jack saw the gentleman wink and look at his wife, whereupon she received Jack very cordially, said she was glad to see him etc. That night Jack was shown to a very good room and being weary did not stop to lock the door or think about the money. In the course of the slumber and thought he heard a noise. He could see plainly it being moonlight a man and woman approaching his bed. This alarmed him, and he was about to scream when

a strong arm caught him round his neck, and that was all he knew about it. In the morning Jack woke up, but where was he? Not in the house of his friend certainly. He asked where he was and some one told him he was safe. It seems this kind friend of his had taken it upon himself to do him the favor of strangling him and knocking his reason out for a little while this was not all either not satisfied with this he stole everything that he had. Jack recovered however and started for home, not before he had received many warnings, and had grown a little wiser. He found his kind friend and wife who had entertained him so charmingly were thieves who brought strangers to their house, pretending to be their friends while in reality they intended it not. Thus Jack was welcomed home not to receive the scolding that he ought to have had, but to be folded to the arms of his mother with "Thank God from his father."

The rain
By Ray Gray

The rain the rain the beautiful
Rain is falling softly. The
Grass receives it with thankful
Joy. The farmer lifts up his
Eyes and utters a prayer of
Thanksgiving. Everybody looks
Glad and happy, & the flowers
seem to utter thanks for their
closed lips. And everything
Is full of joy and gladness.
And the rain falls on.
Refreshing every living being.
Is it not beautiful?
God bless the rain



The weather is growing
warmer, the city is becoming
oppressive and all sorts of
are flocking to the country
and seaside. But just
think of those poor creatures
"beggars" who never see a
green field, who never know
what it is to breathe pure,
fresh air. Cannot some one
among the wealthy deny
themselves a little and give
ever one of these poor creatures
a day in the country,
and refresh and gladden
their hearts.

Girls are growing lazy
is a fathers daily complaint

We are pleased to think
the centennial is approaching.
How must those persons feel
that have lived a century,
to compare the old things
with the new, to look back
on the old years and see
the improvements that have
been made.

We hope in the next
hundred years the people
that are living now will
see as much improvement
as we do in the past.

Frank News.

Messrs. Brown & Leathen
in opposition with Minor
seem to be trying to set
which was have the
longest pole stick of their
window with the sign
"See Cream" on it

The Frank school has
closed for the season, and
many a parents heart rejoices.

Sari Spier

Mrs Sarah Spier Dickerson
Sister of Sarah Spier says
visited her native village on
Saturday, returned to Brooklyn
Monday.

It has now become the
fashion to wear hats so
many kinds as you can get

~~Handwritten scribbles and crossed-out text at the top left of the page.~~

The Home News
Advertisements

Also Kennedy's Medical
Discovery if you are troubled
with a humor, or any other
complaint. Thousands have
tried it and fallen in love
with it.

If your face is wrinkled,
If your hair is gray,
If your nose is too long,
If you are fat, and
ugly every way, just send
a postage stamp and
your address to J. H. Wheeler
Cleveland
Ohio

for a bottle of Wheeler's
P. I. Don't fail to do it.

Sing "Sing" it is the life
of health, but I hear some
folks say saying, I don't
know anything to sing besides
I have not the money to learn
how. Don't be a Doubting
Thomas, earn money. Girls take
huckleberries or any other berries
Boys, hoe gardens and when
you have to sell, just send
it with your name and place
to J. H. Wheeler for "Smith's
silver bells" and you will
be all right.

Union Hotel is now open
for the season to tourists.
All will receive good attention
and proper care.

Martha
Wingard,
141 West St.,
Mass.

Send your address and
twenty five cents and get
your name beautifully printed
on thirty tinted Bristol cards
Ditto card of
141 Broad St. New York
N.Y.

Boys be with it
coming and you will want
to be ready for it.
Just step to the "Widow
Brown's" stand and buy
your fireworks.

Corner of Water
and Main St.
Frank
Carr

Winegar bitters will
cure every ill that
flesh is heir to
try it and see

Clothing to be had
cheap at Brown's
East Water St. N.Y.C.

THE HOME JOURNAL.

(EXCELSIOR.)

A. C. and W. F. Spicer, Publishers and Editors..
Frank. Conn. August. 1878..

Pleasures in the country.
By one unused to them.

It was on a burning morning in mid-summer, that I, a simple "schoolman" set out from my city home for a month's vacation in the country. You must know that my school was composed of the children of the most elite of the city, and that this made it a great responsibility for me, an unpretending body. As I said before, it was, a burning morning, in the height of the term. It seemed as if the sun never before had been so insolent, and forgetting its oft-times courtesy and cheerfulness, it had resolved to stare, and succeeded admirably, for it almost stared the life out of us. On we swept, going farther and farther away from the hurry and

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bustle of the great city. Now gliding by, green fields and punting brooks, and then making a bold move through some stately old trees. In spite of the heat which was at times so oppressive, it was quite a relief from having the care of so many little heads, and initiating them in the first principles of learning. Oh! what a relief to think that for a whole month I had not to settle such momentous questions as; How should Tommy and so be reconciled, when Frankie stole his lunch away from him? I would not have the reader infer for a moment that I am dissatisfied with my work, far from it. I am very much attached to my little flock, still it is a relief sometimes to get away from those who are endeared to us.

Well! The journey came to an end; as all journeys will.

My destination was a simple country farmhouse, two miles from the station.

The resort had been recommended to me, by a friend who had boarded there the summer before.

I alighted, and saw a hardy sunburnt son of the soil, approaching me.

He touched his hat; "Be you the woman as wants to go to Mr. Brandon's?" he asked, eyeing me curiously.

I nodded an affirmative, "Then jump right in."

I looked to see what I was to jump into, and beheld a good sized express wagon. With a comfortable seat, however,

My driver seated himself beside me, and with a "get upfehn!" (as the expression is) we "jogged" on. But as our steed did not fly quite as swiftly as the wind, "fehn" seemed rather an improper appellation.

We drew up in a short time at the door of not as

the story books will persist in having it, an old red farmhouse; but a comfortable white one.

Very homelike in appearance I was ushered into what I suppose in the phraseology of a country house would be called the middle room.

Presently mine hostess entered. On being introduced I found her to be a pleasant motherly woman, middle-aged, one of those nice, cheerful women, that we so like to see.

After partaking of refreshments such as I think can not be excelled for excellence at even the most fashionable restaurants, I retired to my room.

I was called betimes; On completing my simple toilet, I went forth to enjoy the beauties of a summer morning in the country, and as I presume my readers know that these are not to be despised,

Oh! How little we know in the city of Nature in its true state. We know but little of the rising of the sun;

in its full glory.

Even in the parks the birds do not seem to sing with their full freedom, but as if they knew they were under restraint.

(To be continued)

Daniel Webster.

Daniel Webster was the youngest son of a poor farmer in New Hampshire.

His father had nine children besides Daniel to support. Daniel was a sickly youth but the fire of ambition was burning in his breast and could not be quenched.

Daniel saw that his father could ill support so many and so resolved to work for himself. But his father also saw that he had a taste for study, and managed "by hook or by crook" to send him through college.

Daniel was grateful for this and unselfish as may be seen from the following. We worked hard and

earned enough to help his elder brother through college, who also had a desire for knowledge. Daniel taught school, and in his spare time studying law, finally he was admitted to a bar a short distance from his home and so he gradually rose to the topmost peaks of fame, there to remain forever.

What wonders ambition can do! What obstacles overcome! What great things achieve! Ah! Did I say ambition alone, it is not along with it is united unflinching integrity and steadfast perseverance.

We see what may arise. By working and waiting, and none should despise a small undertaking.

Notices! All articles for the Journal must be addressed to the Publishers, and will be courteously received and read, and if adapted to the wants of our paper, will be inserted therein.

NOANK ITEMS.

Robert Palmer is intending to lay a new set of ways. He has had a diver here for the purpose of clearing away the pieces of the old one, finding lost rollers, etc. etc!

L. Spicer has been having a new wharf built, and it is said by competent judges to be one of the finest on the river.

Several race boats have been built this summer, imitations in miniature of the Harvard canoe, built for the purpose of racing on Mystic River.

Mystic Island Hotel has been open for some time to visitors, which last article seem to be very plentiful there. All seem pleased with the accommodations there, and to depart pleased with their sojourn there.

There was a sail boat race between Robert Palmer, Jr. and W. Obbetts, Jr. in which W. Obbetts was beaten $\frac{7}{8}$ exactly.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

L. Spicer presents a good stock of groceries and boating goods generally. Will supply all parties on reasonable terms. (Cash down.)

M.D.
C. C. Miner cures all diseases with the greatest skill and care,
Noank.

Down
Latham and Rathbun
groceries and dry goods
merchants.

Main Street.

G. Potter, Ship chandler
and grocer.
So. E. Bodblack et al,
Noank, Ct.

THE HOME JOURNAL.

A. C. SPICER, PUBLISHER.

NOANK, SEPTEMBER 1878

A Saturday's Holiday.

It was a beautiful day in the month of Sep. that I set out on my ramble. My companions were my brother and the work girl of the family.

Jumping into our little skiff we soon pulled across the river which divides my native village from the opposite island, known as Mason's island, our destination. The reader should be informed that this island has only a few houses, scattered at various distances over it. So that in some places it is rather lonely.

On coming to the shore we were at first rather startled by the sight of a woman whom at first we took to be a tramp. But she kindly told us where to fasten our boat, and on

landing found her to be very harmless, she being there for the purpose of catching some fish to satisfy the appetite of her favourite cat, which she embraced tenderly, and appearing to fear, ^{lest} we were come with the intentions of kidnapping "Pretty Tabby".

But as such was not the case we clambered "over the hills, and far away" and soon came to a fish manufactory, and by the way the perfumes of this worthy and useful establishment should be inhaled to be realized, for they are at times so invigorating as to cause a brisk walk in the opposite direction accompanied by a scarf-torn of the nasal organ, as if seeking some purer atmosphere. At this manufactory we saw mess,

busy at work. A few feet from the building stood two or three old houses, or rather huts where these men sleep and board. Certainly cleanliness did not seem to be the prevailing element. Inside one of these houses we caught shy glimpses of frowsy headed women going to and fro in their dwellings appearing happy and contented. We moved on, the delightful perfume still accompanying us, as they were wafted stronger and stronger to us on the seabreezes. We were not discouraged, however, on catching sight of a house in the distance, we at once determined to go up and inspect the land.

The house had a pleasant homelike appearance, with the cattle grazing around the door. On we walked and it did seem as if the air was more inspiring, if anything, than on a beau-

tiful day in June. There were also many pleasant views. Right opposite lay another island. To the north could be seen the pretty village of Mystic, its rising hills rising towards the sky, its white spires and houses gleaming in the sunshine, trees and water interspersed to relieve the tameness, certainly it was a pleasing picture. We finally came to a little bridge and after watching the fast flowing tide, we returned. On our way meeting, here and there a peaceful lamb, which after quietly staring us in the face, went on its way rejoicing, their hearts (if tick an outicle they possess) gladdened no doubt by the sight of some civilized beings. We arrived home in time to partake of an appetizing supper, our appetites whetted no doubt, by our

search after health and happiness.

Education.

A common sense writer in the "Educational Journal" gives the following. He says: What is true education?

This question may well interest many more people than it does now.

Many persons when they have graduated from the high school or college, look, and indeed remark upon it as having finished their education.

This is a mistaken idea, for if we have improved well, all our opportunities for learning, and for getting book knowledge, we have only laid a good foundation, upon which to build a lofty structure, if we will do so.

It should be a part of our education, to gain right ideas and views concerning life, in order that

we may live wisely and well. We should educate our selves to think deeply and well on all subjects worthy of our notice.

Aside from the text books in our schools, newspapers and books should be read and studied, not such as are of a doubtful character; but those that when weighed in the balance of truth will not be found wanting.

To read profitably we should think over carefully what we have read; just as much as our food to benefit us should be digested properly.

This will help to make us strong and intelligent characters.

We should also cherish a love for the beautiful, and train ourselves to seek beauty in everything around us, and in this way we will be able to weave poetry into all the practical duties of life, and the so called drudgery of work will become pleasant to us.

Straight as a stove pipe, narrow as is possible, is the present fashion.

The Farmers Life..

- (1) Up in the morning,
Early and free,
The life of a farmer,
Oh give to me.

^{2nd} To rise with the lark,
Breaking the dew from the ^{corn} furrow,
Catching the sun's first spark,
As it comes from over the mountain.

- (2) All that we have,
Is ours; to hold,
Nor do we envy
Another man's gold.

- (3) Hard work ^{needs} ~~is~~ ^{not}
Be the farmer's toil,
Clearing the weeds,
From the barren soil.

- (4) Though doing nothing,
But earning our bread,
A life of honesty,
Is by us lead.

NOAN KITEMS.

Mrs Julia Foster wife of
the Hon. Judge Foster.

has been making her
cousin Mrs. Hewl Spicer,
a short visit.

was celebrated at the
Spicer mansion; as the birth
day of the venerable owner.
Capt. Oliver Spicer, an
appetizing dinner was
had, at which his dining
table. Mrs. Dickenson
was present. The old
gentleman was taken
to his son's residence in
Ingotic; Capt. O. Spicer
Jr. coming on for the
purpose of taking tea
with his aged father.
Knowing his love for the
weed, each of his grand
children presented him
with a plug of the best
tobacco. So we judge
that the Capt. on returning
home retired happily
that night, to dream that
tobacco angels were hover-
ing round him to protect
him from all harm.
A pot of Brocton; a cane
belonging to O. Spicer;
The finder of it on returning ^{it}
to the owner, will be suitably re-
warded.

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THE HOME JOURNAL.

((EXCELSIOR))

A. C. and W. J. Spicer, Publishers and Editors.
Noank, Conn. September. 1878.

Pleasures in the Country.
(Continued from Aug. number.)
Before unused to them..



The surroundings were delightful. In a peaceful valley the farmhouse lay. On nearly every side the high hills towered up like good soldiers, watching their camp, with jealous care lest some evil enter therein. It seemed to impress one with a feeling of strength just to look at them. Down a little valley below the house there ran a tiny brook. What music there is in the rushing of a brook. To me there is more real melody than a great deal we hear by some modern daughter of fashion, as she artistically thumps and bangs on her so-called piano. But I fear I am wandering from my text. Like many another brook

This one had its weeping willows. Underneath was arranged a little rustic seat. Here I contemplated spending many happy hours with a book for company. Peace seemed to be the prevailing element in the whole outstretched landscape. I went to breakfast feeling more refreshed than I had for months. That day with due respect, I was initiated into the mysteries of butter-making. To me it was really delightful. But I have no room to tell of the many pleasant rambles over the country. I enjoyed for would I weary the reader with a description of them. One little episode of my visit I wish to relate. It was one morning near the close of my sojourn there that I was informed that on that day it was appointed

to visit the "celebrities".

The persons answering to this title were called Aunt Abbie and "Little Finn".

I will tell their story as nearly as can be remembered.

It seems that Aunt Abbie had been the belle of the village. It was not because she was a coquette, for she

excelled in all womanly qualities, therefore her society was courted, and she was beloved by all.

Among the many suitors, she rejected all save one, a young physician who dwelt in a neighboring village across the river.

It was the eve before her marriage, when everything was prepared for the happy event, that her betrothed started out to cross the river for her home.

But by some accident unknown to this day, his little skiff was upset, his cries were heard too late, and he perished beneath the gloomy waves, and so the gay marriage

festivities were exchanged for the mournful solemnities of the funeral, and instead of the filmy white veil, lo!

one of mourning floated nearly as from the glossy brown hair.

Instead of being the subject of a pathetic tragedy, by dying of a broken heart she resolved to live, which like a true heroine she did wisely.

She remained with her aged parents as a comfort to their declining years and it was her hand that smoothed their dying pillow.

Then Aunt Abbie remained alone in the world.

One cold winter's night a stranger lady came to her door seeking shelter for herself and little boy.

She was nearly exhausted, and sank down helplessly.

The lady never recovered, and after a few days illness she died, as no cure could ever be found to the

mystery "Little Finn" was welcomed to Aunt Abbie's heart and home with the

utmost kindness.
 And now this good woman's appearance bearing the motto seemed to be "Give products of a fishing expedition for others"; for she was contentedly bestowing little favors upon others, and no one in the village scarcely ever received an act of kindness without having it in some way associated with "Aunt Abbie". So you may be sure that after this description I was more than anxious to visit the "Celebrities". We drew near an old fashioned plain but neat little cottage surrounded by trees and with roses climbing well over the little front porch, it looked as if it might be the abode of peace and rest. We announced ourselves by a little tap and on hearing a pleasant voice we entered. After having conversed a few minutes I took the opportunity to study Aunt Abbie more closely. Every feature of her face seemed to express peace and good will. The green eyed monster of jealousy seemed not to have dared to find a lurking place in her soul.

By dry time Master Jim made home for their evening meal. He was a bright looking little boy and gave evidence of careful training. He made signs to depart but the kind lady would not permit it without having first tasted of her hosh (athly). After tea Master Jim entertained us with some jingle songs that Aunt Abbie had taught him and as sunset was approaching we paid our fare and way home well paid with our visit. The next week I returned to my vocation feeling refreshed in body and mind but that I gained more true pleasure than if I had spent the season at some fashionable resort. Notice! all articles for the journal must be addressed to the Publishers and will be cheerfully received, and if adopted to the wants of our paper will be inserted therein.

Night

In silence hushed is all the earth,
Slowly fades the light,
For all are awaiting,
The birth,
Of the monarch, Night.

All hail, the sable king,
Who's come,
In silent glory,
Scanned by many, welcomed
By some,
Even the hoary,

Crown Wiv, and with a
Royal train,
Of starry gems bright,
So may he all,
Powerful reign,
Until morning light,

Fainter comes the breath,
Of night,
Night that brings us peace,
Soon will it depart from
Our sight,
And then rest will cease,

Sad one: Climbing the hill,
Of life,
Night is to thee, blest.

a respite amidst all the
strife,
Night brings to thee rest.

NEWS OF THE DAY.

Some of the readers of the Journal may be interested to hear that our valued assistant Editor W. S. Spicer is taking a vacation "up country." We hear of his being at Camp meetings, and it was rumored that he ever went so far as to turn "milk ^{on my lips} ~~swan~~. Oh, what a fall was that, my brethren! We hope he will not like the famous "Lotus" Gaters, be so charmed with that fair country, that he will forget home and Kiddy d, but above all that there exists such a thing as the "Home Journal". However we hope for better things of him.

THE HOME JOURNAL.

NOANK, OCTOBER, 1878..

ANNIE C. SPICER.

EDITOR..

Saint Sarah's Story..

One morning while visiting at my aunts, she accidentally spoke of her "little girl of the woods", on asking what this expression meant she smiled and said "did I never tell you about her?" and at my request, she related the following story. One summers day while out on a pleasure excursion with a number of friends we rode to a place called the "old gorge", and by the way this beautiful spot should be visited to be appreciated. It consists of a long, deep ravine, with huge masses of rocks towering up on either side, like high stone walls. The pleasant music of a little brook is heard running between these rocks, and the

walls are covered with mosses and lichens while these are seen growing from out of the top of these walls. Before reaching the gorge I was obliged to pass through some bars and cross a field. The remainder of the party had crossed over, and as I happened to be the last one, casually looking around, I saw a little girl running towards me, her hair streaming in the wind, barefooted, carelessly swinging in one hand a dilapidated sun bonnet, dirty and ragged. Truly she was a child of the woods! She came up to me so innocently, and in her childish voice asked, "Do you care if I come?" I bid her welcome, and so she skipped along beside me, chatting as if she had never

known the meaning of fear,
I asked her her name.

Lena Witten: she replied.
When we reached the rest
of the company I introduced
her to them: In the party was
a little girl city bred and
richly cultivated.

As these two walked along
side by side chatting gaily
with each other, there did
not really seem to be much
difference between them.

Outwardly one was clothed
in pure white; while a beau-
tiful sash encircled her
waist, While the other was
a true child of nature: dirty
and ragged. But there seemed
to be more true refinement in
this one: if anything, than
in the other. The soul was
clothed in purity if it be
if the body without was
not. We arrived at the
gorge, and after admiring
it greatly and paying it our
respects; we turned to go
back. As we were starting

for home Lena expressed much
sorrow at our departure.

In meantime had learned some-
thing of her nature. Had
talked with her of the trees,
the birds and flowers.

I asked her if she liked
house plants; But she
did not understand me
so after telling her about
them I asked her if she
would like some for her
own. "Oh yes! I would very
much": she said. A way
across the fields could be
seen her house, so I made an
arrangement with her that
I would bring her some.

So she said she would come
every day and look for her
gift. A few weeks afterwards
while out driving with my
brother I happened to think
of my promise to the little
girl, so at once went to
the greenhouse, ^{and} after pur-
chasing two or three choice
plants, rode to the gorge
and after alighting I set

the plants near the bars and
waved my handkerchief
vigorously in the direction
of the far distant house
hoping that I might attract
the attention of some one.

I did not wait long, for pres-
ently I saw a little figure
coming, almost flying
over the fields; through the
tall grass, and Lena was
before me. "I knew it was you"
she said: and on receiving
the plants she thanked me
with as much grace as any
lady would: and manifested
so much pleasure with them
that I immediately felt the
joy of bestowing even little
pleasures upon the others.

She excused her soiled appear-
ance by saying with a mat-
terly air: "mother was not very
well this morning, so I have
been doing the washing."
The manner was ^{very} amusing
in one so young. My last
glimpse of her as I drove away
was as she went over the

fields bearing her precious
burden in her arms.

Who shall say whether by
dropping this seed into the
child's life everlasting good
will be accomplished: or whe-
ther it will be the means of
creating that ambition which
would make the child un-
happy. However I favor the
motto: "Persevere! and do
not despise small things!"

Dear Editress;

As you have
often asked me to contribute
to your paper; perhaps et i-
quiete, if no higher motive
should induce me to com-
ply with your request.

But at the very first allow me
to offer an apology, as I am
less in the habit of composing
for a paper, than for the fam-
ily. The requisites of these
compositions necessarily
widely differs, but both require
a certain amount of brain

work; without which we could never be successful; however much may be wrought with the hands besides. I have often been libeled as very practical, but with my present views of a house-keeper's life, do not see how it can be otherwise. Though home duties are at times very irksome I do not desire to lay them all aside.

But would learn to look for the bright side which there surely is for those seeking it aright. With our good poet "I must learn to labor and to wait!" I trust your efforts in conducting the "Home Journal" will be successful and that you with other readers of it will find both pleasure and profit by its perusal in the future.

Subscribers or
"Alma Mater"!

HOANK JOHNNYCAKES.

Scarlet fever has been raging around Hoank for several months.

Mr. L. Spicer, the super-printer, offers to the worthy citizens

of Hoank, great inducements in printing.

L. Spicer has been off on a tour to Mystic; a distance of $\frac{20000}{10000}$ miles.

Oct. 30, 1878. Weather ^{trous} Indica!
The barometer has fallen 440 degs. since twelve o'clock last night & a stormy day is expected.

Our worthy Editor is a great traveller and tries to improve and electrify her journal to the best of her ability.

A new hotel has just been opened at Spicer's Wild Hoank, Conn. The proprietress offers to visitors a bill of fare consisting of Baked beans; chicken, and fish. Her motto is: please all!

John Wilbors
Special Reporter "

THE HOME JOURNAL.

FOR DECEMBER, 1878.

H. C. SPICER, PUBLISHER AND EDITOR.

Letter from our correspondent. This is a beautiful sheet
Our special correspondent of water, pearly clear, the sides
has been to a visit to Brook are bicked up, and around
lyn the beautiful city the whole lake is another
of churches" and sends the iron fence.
following incident of that He leisurely strolled a-
visit. One beautiful round the Lake, enjoying
morning in company with the prospect, spread out
my aunt and brother, I before us, little thinking
set out to visit that lovely that we were within prison
resting place of the dead. walls, at least so they
"Greenwood." On our way proved to us. After going
there we thought we would the rounds and seeing
stop and take a look at the all the sights, we descend
Reservoir, and get some descended the steps preparatory to
inite edge of the lake which going to "Greenwood",
supplies the city with wa. But imagine our conster-
ter. This is vitiated on oration and dismay when
the summit of a little we found the high, iron
hill near which is a small gate, locked. Securely fast
stone house, the residence eyed with an iron lock.
of the keeper. Yes, we were prisoners behind
The top of this hill is at an iron grating as strong
tained by ascending two as any murderer ever
long flights of steps. beheld. It happened that
The entire grounds are in we had been meditating
circled by a high, iron, pick a visit to the "Tombs" in
et fence, so that access is the afternoon, now we felt
almost impossible except that we could sympathize
by the gate. We entered with the poor unfortunates
and proceeded to the lake, within those walls.

Our only consolation was that we had a clear conscience. We resented the steps to try and see if we could not obtain entrance to the dwelling and perhaps warm our chilled bodies, if nothing more. But our efforts proved to be of no avail. After such a shaking of doors and windows as might have awakened the "ever sleepers" if they had been there, we at last gave up in despair. "Necessity is the mother of invention" they would that we might invent some expedient that would release us from our bondage, for you must know that by this time we were chilled with the piercing December air. We however went back to the gate. Our only hope now was in the sympathies of the passers by and perhaps these would be of no benefit to us.

But as the saying is "Nothing ventured, nothing gained" Aunt Sarah commenced

violent demonstrations, to the occasional passers by. These were mostly men of the working class.

One man was hailed, a bright, good natured looking fellow. On hearing our story he smiled and hastened after a policeman to assist us in some way if possible. Thus two or three men were dispatched after policemen

but there seemed no hope of relief. A street car passed by. A group of men were standing on the platform outside, and on perceiving our pitiable condition, hearty laughs were heard rending the air, almost to the rending of our hearts. We had nearly despaired when

an Irishman came riding along on a very high cart. We thought perhaps the cart might be driven up to the fence and we be able to climb over in some way. Therefore Aunt Sarah in her excitement thrust her hand through the

grating and vigorously wa-
ved her handkerchief to
the teamster, But lo! This
man slowly and decidedly
shook his head and went
on his way with an air
that seemed to say, "If
you do look like a fine lady,
this son of Erin has self-
respect enough left not to
be flirting with the loikes
of you"; for we had no
doubt such were his im-
pressions. Now this last
was almost too much for
human nature. But ah!
there is always a bright
side, if we will but look
for it. Yes a man was
approaching one who look-
ed almost too substantial
to vanish from our sight
as he approached.
What thrills of joy ran
through our hearts as
he unlocked the prison
gate and we were released.
It seemed that he was the
keepers brother, and the
keeper not perceiving us
had gone out.

We saw us in the dis-
tance and came to our

relief. He seemed to be
so really sorry, that we
put off the scolding
that was to be dealt on
the offenders head, who
ever he might be.
Perhaps we no need to say
what real pity we felt
for the prisoners when we
visited that "doleful
prison," the "Jombs" in the
afternoon.

In a dark alley in
New York city,
Lived a little girl,
Whose name was Kitty.
A kind lady once told her a story
About Christmas and
All of its glory.
Both of her parents,
Were long ago gone.
No had she a fa-
ther when she was born,
Thus living often-
times on Charity,
She had a knowledge
Of its rarity,
How good old Santa,
Claus comes in the night
But goes with the first
Glimpse of morning light
How he fills the Stacks.

Engs up to the him;
And how with the plea
Sure his eyes grow dim.
Only a stocking,
Without any foot.
That she had found among
The ashes and soot.
But she pinned it up as
Well as she could,
That Santa Claus might
Put in all he should.
Early in the morning,
When the sun's first ray
Had announced the coming
Of the glorious day.
Kitty arose to,
Look for her treasure,
And her heart began
To swell with pleasure.
Oh dear reader, if,
You had seen Kitty,
Your eyes would have over-
flowed with tears of pity,
To seem hard that God can
So had passed by one done,
But the stocking was empty
By and one heart was sore,
Oh, cannot we learn,
From this little tale,
A lesson to make,
We check some sad wails,
But, let us remember,
Whatever is done,

God, sees and remembers
The sorrowing
Christmas at the Spicers:
Long before the Christmas sun
came creeping into the dormi-
tories of the "officer mansion", heads
had bobbed up from their pil-
lows, anxious eyes had peered
out into the darkness, if perchance
they might discover some traces
of the "Santa Claus", whose visitation
was expected with some degree
of fervor. But no! the cruel
darkness would not permit
them to behold anything,
and so sorrowfully they lay down
again, but not to sleep. Ah! No, they
were not in a mood just then to
allow "Nature's sweet restorer", to
sleep. Well, finally light came, and
then how eagerly the stockings were
searched. Everyone was remembered,
from the aged grandfather to the
youngest child. Ladies stocking
overflowed with good things.
Annie and Willie were well remem-
bered, among Papa's things were a
china cup and saucer, and the
smiles of satisfaction that stole
across his countenance, while he
drank his steaming coffee from
them, well repaid the weary joints
over his fork for them.
Continued in the next number.

THE HOME JOURNAL,

For December, 1878.

A. C. Spicer, EDITOR.
Novelty printing works.

W. Spicer, Publisher.

A "Thanksgiving Story,"
Part I
Outside a ^{part} date mansion
in a stately old town, a
storm was raging; a fit
emblem of the storm within.
The inmates consisted of
the master, mistress, a
married daughter and
two little grandchildren.
Although surrounded with
wealth and the luxuries
of life, they were far from
being happy. The cause
of their grief was the only
son, the pet and pride of
the household.

Mr. Rowland, the owner of
the mansion, was an en-
ergetic business man, who
had achieved wealth and
honor by commencing at
the lowest round of the ladder
and working his way
up, until he stood on the
topmost step. His wife
possessed qualities not in-
ferior to his own, being a
refined, accomplished
woman. Two beautiful
children had adorned
their home, there grew up

the one into a handsome,
impetuous generous hearted
The other into a gentle lady
like woman. The son
was being educated at col-
lege and had entered up
on his second year there.

His parents were congrat-
ulating themselves (as they
supposed) upon his first
success in college life when
by a letter from the President
their hopes were all blasted.
They seemed to be thrown
into complete darkness.

They learned from this that
their son was obliged to be
expelled in disgrace.

That he had fallen into
bad habits and getting
into debt had taken money
unjustly to pay for them.

Mr. Rowland hastened to
the town in which the
college was, but all too
late.

He found that his
son had fled, no one knew
whither. He had written
a letter home saying
it would be useless to
search for him, for he

would not be found, that his impetuous nature had ruined him, and he would not come back to disgrace the family, and so his father had come home to grieve and mourn for him and his mother pursued her duties so sorrowfully and as if heavily laden.

For a long time they could not seem to realize that their idol, the one in whom their hopes had rested had disappointed them; but so it was.

Part 2nd

Years had elapsed since that event occurred and in the same mansion were Thanksgiving eve might be seen hurried bustle, for they were preparing for the feast of the year, the day of rejoicing. In the midst of the hurry the door-bell rang not an unusual occurrence but it rang so furiously as to cause the servant to hasten to the door, what was her surprise and alarm to see coming up the steps a litter on which lay a body lame

by four men. Mrs Rowland hearing the noise, at once hurried to the door and was amazed on beholding this sight. She demanded an explanation but the men not heeding his question, said that a bed must be obtained on which to lay the unconscious man. After having deposited their burden they explained their proceedings in the following manner.

This gentleman was riding in a carriage when suddenly the horse becoming frightened, he was thrown from the carriage: while the frightened animal ran on some ways ahead, being finally stopped in his wild career. In the meantime a crowd had gathered around the injured man. He had just strength enough remaining to tell them where to take him, which to Mrs Rowland's fortune was but a short distance. So of course the excitement in the old mansion increased. A phy

isian was immediately removed, the injuries proved to be nothing more than a broken limb, a few bruises and a severe shock to the nervous system. Mr. R. was bewildered to know whom he was thus called ^{upon} so suddenly to befriend. And as he was expecting no visitors the mystery could not be explained. At length after persistent efforts consciousness was restored and as the sick man gazed around him; he numbered father, mother and home. Then perceiving them all looking puzzled he spoke suddenly with an imploring look to Mr. R.'s daughter "sister! don't you know me?" Then there were cries of "my son! my brother!" until the doctor declared he would be obliged to send them all away unless grief reigned. It was true that the "prodigal" had returned at last, to find that love undying remained for him. What though his body was bruised and bleeding

this only endeared him to his loved ones. The "fatted calf" was indeed made ready with rejoicing in that household, and when the morning dawned prayers of thanksgiving ascended from every heart. Sorrow and sighing were put away. He need not write that he was nursed tenderly until he recovered. This the stay of his past life was this. He being expelled from college he went to a far distant city, not having any settled determination as to his plans, only seeking to get away from within reach of his friends. Arriving there he had spent all the money he had with him recklessly. His wife he was taken penniless without a place to lay his head better feelings came over him. Then the form of each of his kindred came before him while each spirit seemed to plead with him to return: Then it was that he resolved to live a better life, to start a new

but never go back to his friends until he had achieved success. These resolutions strange to say he had firmly adhered to, until now he was a rising lawyer in the same city. Then he had hastened home to be received by his friends in the manner we have shown. On his father's death which occurred a few years afterward he removed to his native town and there took care of his widowed mother. Thus have I told the story of one wanderer probably an emblem of many others. Therefore let no one think that undying love will be unrequited!

ITEMS OF INTEREST,

In the storm of yesterday one life was lost; being nothing more than a large wharf rat the stowing of which afforded amusement to several men. This is the latest occupation for a rainy day. We fear that much damage was done along the coast as

the storm was unusually fierce and wild. The tide rose to a height not often seen around here. The usual Thanksgiving feast of turkey and numerous other good things was had at the Spicer residence at which Mr. C. Spicer jr. and Mrs. S. Dickerson were present. The faces gathered around the festive board seemed happy and cheerful, but perhaps more more more so that that of Capt. Spicer senior. The "rare bird" was quickly divested of its useful members, and the way in which they disappeared into invisible regions, did honor to the occasion, but perhaps satisfaction could have been felt by no one more than by the favored cook Mrs. Spicer. Mr. C. Spicer returned to the city in the afternoon, his sister remaining to spend a few days in her native village. The hotel at Spicer hill has been closed as the owner of the property attached the furniture and all belongings.

The Home Journal.

For January - 1879.

Annie C. Spicer - Editor and Publisher - Frank C.

The reign of a Rose.

I do not propose dear readers to rebate to you the history of some brilliant daughter of fashion, with the romantic name, "Rose," but of a little sickly plant seeming almost feeble to live. In the suburbs of a thriving town, was a beautiful residence. The grounds were laid out tastefully with flowers and handsome shrubbery. Among these one day was a gardener, busy at work. When in the act of throwing refuse plants away, he was suddenly stopped by a little girl, poorly clad, who said, "please give me just one, sir." She spoke in such a pleading tone that the gardener, although prejudiced against all beggars, as he called them, let her select one. It happened to be a little rose bush, very small and tender, but she eagerly took it and departed.

acquainted with this trait of humanity. Having passed by a number of tasteful residences, she turned into a wretched alley which formerly was called "Rag Court," and entered one of the poorest tenements. "Oh sister! just see what I have bought you!" these words were addressed to a pale, dark-eyed maiden lying on a miserable cot in one corner of the room. The girl looked up with a weary air, a faint light crept into her eyes, but quickly died out again. It could be plainly seen that she was a subject of the powerful monarch "Pain." This girl had been left an orphan at the age of fifteen, with a little brother and sister, dependent upon her efforts for daily sustenance.

It was indeed a sad lot, but a sadder fortune was in store for her. One winter's morning while going to service, for she had obtained a situation where she could go out to daily work, she slipped on the ice, fell, and received many serious injuries by which she was made a cripple for life. Now indeed she feared they would perish from want, in her trouble she almost wished she might die. Her only hope of supporting a new silk handkerchief and sister. The little boy frequently found employment in running errands for the wealthy people, and the little girl would be forced to beg whatever charity would be stown upon her. And so they had lived on, with not much improvement it is true, until this little flower came, bringing with it light and cheer.

To be continued in the next number.

Christmas at the Spicers.

(Continued from Dec. number)

As Industrious is Hammer's chief fate, she felt well pleased to find a pretty silver thimble which for a long time had been wishing for an owner to appreciate its good qualities. And Grandpa! well, he sat down to the breakfast table and found his plate fortified by his greatest luxury, a tower of the best tobacco, hard chief for a foundation. Even Lily, the girl, seemed pleased. She had crept into bed perhaps thinking "Santa Claus was nothing to her, but between the sheets she found a package containing a nice, new dress, and in the morning during her operations in dressing, numerous other gifts were found in unsuspecting looking places. So "Christmas" passed off pleasantly and wishment went up from every heart, that everyone might be as well

remembered as they had been.

Though we cannot,
Like the eagle,
Scale at once,
The mountain's top,
We should never,
Be discouraged,
Nor in good endeavors, stop.

Though we may not,
At one trial,
Hold the highest,
Seats of fame,
We should practise,
"Self-denial,"
Striving for an honest name.

Let us view small
Things despise,
But still seek,
Some good to find,
From all things,
That do arise,
Though seeming trifles to the mind.

"Perseverance,"
And "Endeavor,"
Be the watchwords,

Of our time,
And may they with us,
Cease, never,
'Till we do a work sublime.

If we but do
Our work with zeal,
Ours will be,
A happy fate,
And much happiness,
We'll feel,
If we only learn to wait.

An essay on Our Cat

I feel in duty bound to write this little essay on "Our Cat," because I fear in times gone by, I have unjustly slandered her character. I will begin therefore by giving a description of our kitty's personal appearance.

Her fur is of a soft gray color. As the "physiognomist" of the family states, she has very classic features, the bump of vener-
(at least for one of the feline races)

olence at the top, being well developed. Her nose for a cat might be called a "Greek nose". Her eyes are of the grayish green color, said to be so fascinating at times. Altogether she is quite an attractive pussycat, and to add to her personal ^{beauty} charms, she has intellectual charms. She is often of a meditative nature, for she will sit at the window for a long time as if looking forward to the future with anxious eyes. She seems also to be a great lover of nature. She will delight to watch the varied landscape, spread out before her. On her first entrance into my family I (chameful to relate) thought her brain might never fully develop, but I see my mistake now; it was because I was so dull that I could not understand her nature. Now she has wound herself around all our hearts by her gentle ways.

Let me give one instance

of the affection held for her. One morning after a severe snow storm, before many paths had been made, Kitty in some way had climbed onto a wooden fence which surrounded the garden and there was seated, mewling piteously. Grandpa hearing her cries, and being touched by them, procured a broom, and swept a path to the fence where she stood. He seemed well repaid by her expressions of thankfulness on being released. - Note - Not every path ^{is} swept for them. At the present time she is to all appearances leading a happy, and as she seems to think a useful life.

and I can only add that I hope it will continue to be so until the green grass waves over the little mound where her bones are at rest.

The "Home Journal" for 1879, will continue to be of much interest to its readers, all of whose patronage is respectfully solicited.

The Home Journal.

For February - 1879.

Annie G. Spicer - Editor and Publisher - Newark, Conn.

The reign of a Rose -

Continued from Jan. number.

From that time there could be seen a marked improvement in the little household.

Cleanliness seems allied to prosperity, and oh! what joy there was when a beautiful red rose appeared. There may have been other roses more beautiful than this one, but I think none ever brought more pleasure to sorrowing hearts than did this one.

But let us leave them here and look upon another scene.

In a beautiful little cottage on the outskirts of a city, one evening were two ladies, appearing to be about twenty and thirty years of age.

The younger one was sitting at a table in a very cozy sitting room, working among many colored needles.

She on close inspection, probably would not have been called pretty, but she certainly would not have been judged plain looking.

There was something about her very pleasing, and when busy with her own thoughts had an air of firmness pervaded her countenance.

In fact, she looked like one who had had to fight some hard battles in life, but had come forth from them

victorious, and self possessed. The elder lady reclined on a sofa pale and feeble looking.

They were evidently sisters. They seemed to be anxiously waiting for the arrival of some one.

Soon the younger of the sisters went to the window and peered out into the darkness.

"Henry is not usually so

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late as this, she said,

"I think you need have no fears". the elder one replied.

"He has been able to take care of himself so far, and I think he will continue so," but she had scarcely spoken when a step was heard

in the hall, and a tall, handsome young man entered,

It could be plainly seen that he was the pride of these two sisters. While seated round the pleasant tea table, he

recounted to them the experiences of the day, and gave the reason for his late coming home. So just here we will relate a little of his history.

He was the head book-keeper in a flourishing mercantile house. He had exemplary habits and good business capacities. The senior partner

retiring from business with an ample fortune, it was no wonder that the junior member of the firm while seeking a worthy partner, had

chosen the young man, whom we have introduced in this story.

He had been detained that evening to transact business connected with this change, and so explained to his sisters. How proud and happy they were that night.

That evening was set apart as a time to talk over their past and to look forward

to bright prospects in the future. Reader, you may think

it strange that I have introduced these characters to you in such a manner, but just listen one moment

to what the young man is saying, "I think I owe all my good fortune to that little flower on the wall."

As he spoke he looked with grateful eyes to a pressed rose with a few withered leaves, in a pretty gilt frame.

A stranger might have wondered why something more attractive was not chosen for such a handsome

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frame, But dear reader, I think by this time you will understand.

Yes it is the little rosebush that so many years before the little girl (now the young lady) had carried home.

And you here see what in a great measure it had helped to bring about.

How fortune had favored those three poor waifs and how they had risen to affluence and happiness.

"Winter Thoughts"

Pleasant it is,
When winter snaws,
Are heaped around our door,
To listen to,
The wind that blows,
And hear its angry roar.

Then seated round,
The fire-side grates,
For living coals we seem,
To see fourfold,

Some happy fate,
As in a pleasant dream.

On reading in,
Some ancient book,
Forgetting all besides,
With steadfast eyes,
And intense look,
We scan all that betides.

What care we for,
The tempest's blast,
Though seas do rear us rage,
We roam through scenes,
Long ago past,
In mind the present age.

And so methought,
It is in life,
If we keep its sunshine,
In our hearts when,
Sorrows are rife,
Peace like wreaths will wound us
Twine-

Oh! the times! Oh the woes
of the times! is exclaimed
by a weary house wife when
after scrubbing a floor to

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snovy whiteness, her slatternly wish them much success, husband, tracks across it with ^{muddy foot} every step stamping like an elephant just let loose. To say the least we think it is provoking.

Noank Stems.

A series of very interesting meetings are being held at the Baptist church on the hill. We hope they will be productive of much good.

The editress of the Home Journal was the happy recipient of an astonishing valentine. But as no post mark was attached to the envelope she has her suspicions as to whom the guilty party is.

The Noank Band, judging from the soul-inspiring strains which proceed from their practising room seem to be getting along nicely. We hear that they contemplate giving a concert before long, the

How much improvement must have been made this winter if every person has spent their evenings profitably.

Those who have read good instructive books and digested them thoroughly, must have been benefited greatly.

We hope such has been the case with many, for until they have tried this plan they cannot tell how much profit there is in it.

The wife of the Mystic merchant Mr. S. W. Denison spent the day not long since with her sister, Mrs. Levi Spicer of Noank. As far as we can learn her presence brought sunshine into Mrs. D.'s home, and both parties separated happily.

The Home Journal.

For March, 1879.

Annie C. Spicer, Editor and Publisher, Noank, Conn.

The Shipwreck.

We had been begging an aged man for a story, something closely connected with his own life.

And so he told us the following one of "the shipwreck."

When a young man, I at one time was sailing in a large ship bound for a distant land.

One night a strong wind was blowing which caused the waves to beat furiously about the ship.

Nevertheless I had become accustomed to this so much that I could

lie down in my berth peacefully.

Soon I was dreaming of home, and while in my fancies I was seated by my own hearthstone,

and relating my numerous adventures to my admiring parents, I was suddenly

aroused by the sharp cry of "Fire! Fire!" piercing the night air.

At first I raised myself from my berth,

but seeing nothing unusual, I lay down ^{again} thinking that

I had suddenly fallen a victim to some horrid night

mare. But hearing great confusion and cries around

me I hurriedly slipped on some clothes and went

forth to see what trouble was brewing.

I cannot convey to you but in a very small measure, the awful

reality of the scene.

But just imagine for a moment, a large ship in

mid ocean, the flames made more furious by the increasing

gale, licking up with their ruddy tongues, everything

within reach, like some wild monster lashing its sides with fury, ready

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to pounce upon any prey and devour it rapidly. I had always been called cool-blooded even when a youth, but I confess this scene completely unnerved me, I stood unable to move, while that fearful sight was burned as it were into my memory. Unheeding the flames coming nearer and nearer. To this very day I can hear the cries of the men, women, and children which smote the air. I can see ^{them} struggling with the flames, their hands raised, vainly imploring help, while others in their frenzy plunged into the mad waves and their foundation a watery grave. My friends, I think no creation of our minds of the world of darkness, can equal that scene. It seemed as if God had forsaken all the occupants of that ill-fated ship.

But he had not everyone of them, and why I did not perish like the rest, I cannot tell. I suppose I lost all consciousness, for the next thing that I can remember I found myself on an old wreck, floating on the ocean which was not free from all commotion. Never was human being more desolate. Nothing to eat. Though on a watery plain, not a drop to drink. I could then easily imagine myself a spectre from another world. But soon hunger gnawed at my vitals reminding me that I was human and of my hopeless condition. How much longer I could have existed in this way, I know not. But when it seemed that no hope was near, I looked forth over the boundless waste, and descried a speck in the distance.

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Only a speck, but oh! there was a world of hope in it. Gradually it grew larger and larger I could hardly believe my eyes for it was a large ship coming towards me. Friends, joy seems to mild axe road to us to express the feeling of thankfulness I felt. I made all the signs to them that we in my power, and finally they discerned me and came to my rescue.

I have many times since then been near death's door, but never did I escape so thankfully as I did there. I think I can truly say that since that awful time a prayer of thanksgiving has gone up from my heart every hour of my life.

He who has learned to exercise complete self-control over himself at all times, and in all circumstances, is

greater than the mightiest ruler in the universe.

Charity.

In the bright circle of gems which the virtues compose more should be more admired than "Charity"

Though other qualities may shine with greater brilliancy, and may be the first to attract the eyes of the beholder, there is none that sheds a softer lustre, and has a more lasting influence than "Charity"

Much may be said concerning the cultivation of the fine arts. Many fine arguments may be brought forth showing how the study of them will tend to make the human race higher minded and more refined, and truly they should tend to have such an influence, but it seems to us as if "Charity" should be as earnestly sought after, if not more so

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than the fine arts. For what can be more refining, more ennobling, more useful, and more profitable than true charity.

In this age of the world it often appears as if "Charity" had been discarded as not worthy of a place among the virtues,

so little proof have we of its existence. But at rare intervals we see it represented in some person who is full of good-will to others and always has a good word to speak for everybody.

They come like a welcome ray of light amid the gloom. Would that there were more charity in this world.

How fewer strifes among kindred and friends there would be. How much happiness everyone would have.

For the small, petty jealousies, and imagined injuries which seem to maintain in size, would be done away with, and only peace would reign.

Friends, let us hope for a better time, when peace and good will to all shall

be the key note of our lives, and let us individually help to bring about that time, by cultivating with honest endeavor that golden virtue "Charity."

Failure! We have to announce this month the sad failure of our esteemed friend Mr. Spicer. Having heard of his fate, our most truthful reporter hastened to the spot, so the following is a true statement. While our worthy friend was engaged in building a chicken coop, preparatory to going into an extensive business in raising chickens, which he hoped would be of great pecuniary profit to him, a storm which had been threatening for some time came down with all vengeance upon the almost finished structure, tearing it up from the very foundations, and leaving but slight traces of its previous existence. Mr. Spicer was at first quite overcome, but we are happy to say is now feeling more cheerful over it, and we hear contemplates building another, in a more retired spot, where the direful storms will not deign to reach out a destroying hand.

We can say that we wish him all success in his enterprising project.

The Home Journal.
For April - 1879.

Annie C. Spicer Editor and Publisher. Waukegan, Ill.
"where there's a will, there's a way."
"where there's a will, there's life into his system, now had he hoped in vain."

Several years ago in a small settlement in what was then called "The West," there lived a family by the name of Ray. The members of the family consisted of Mr. Ray, his wife, a daughter, then a girl of fifteen years and two little boys aged two and six years. This family had been ban and bought up in Conn., though not wealthy, they had been in comfortable circumstances, and were very intelligent.

But Mr. Ray's health had begun to fail under exposure to the changeable climate of the New England states, so at the earnest advice of a physician he had sought another home, hoping that a change of climate would put new

life into his system, now had he hoped in vain. He arrived just in time to find a comfortable log-cabin and garden plot, offered for sale, from which the occupants had recently been removed. He purchased this and with the aid of his wife and daughter a pleasant little home was soon made for them. By the time a thrifty little garden could be seen, Mr. Ray was much improved in health. For he had, perhaps that contact with "mother Earth" is an excellent medicine for every disease, both of body and mind. He had not been alone in his work, for his little daughter Edith had assisted him. In the evenings when Edith was not employed in study, father

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and daughter would sit together and talk over crops, present and prospective.

And so interested did the younger one seem, that Mrs. Ray would laugh and declare that she had no one on her side to maintain woman's rights. Edith was naturally a thoughtful girl and wise beyond her years.

During the long winter she spent much of her time in reading and study, or in teaching her little brothers as there was no school in their vicinity. There were

few neighbors near them but they improved all their opportunities for social intercourse. One night after Edith had been out calling she came home and all the evening seemed so unusually quiet, that her mother feared she was ill. But she was only thinking intensely and to her mother's

questioning, she answered thus: "I have been to Mrs. Thomas this afternoon, and she said she wished so much there was a school for she could not bear the thoughts of having her children grow up ignorant, and I have heard many of the other neighbors say the same, and mother, I have been thinking it would be so nice if I could teach them myself. You know it has always been my desire to teach school.

"I could have them study and recite in your room and we could manage so well," after many objections had been brought forth, and arguments to remove them Mrs. Ray said, "Well child, go to bed now and I will think about it."

Edith was pretty happy that night, for she well knew that her mother had almost consented to her plan. In the morning she was up

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bright and early filled with little school gown and flourish
a new zeal. Having gained until when the small settle-
her parent's consent to the plan, ment had become a large town,
she started out to look for pur- there was no more noted school
pils. The parents were much around than "Miss Ray's day
pleased with her statement, boarding school."
and she returned home, having I have shown what can be ac-
engaged six scholars who - complished by perseverance
were to come the next week. - and how the old motto; "where
In the meantime she was busily there is a will, there is a way."
employed in fitting up the room - many may not have
which was to serve as a school - such a calling for some portico
room by day and a sleeping ground work as did that little
at night. Monday morning country girl, but all may ac-
found the little school mistress - complish much if they will but
at her post, ready for work, and the persevere in their endeavors.
fresh rosy faces of her young pu-
pils hardly presented a pleas-
anter aspect than did that
of the little school ma'am -
Well the first day passed very
pleasantly, Of course, after the
novelty wore off, she sometimes
grew weary of her task, but nev-
er would have been willing to
have given it up. But I have
no time to tell how the number
of scholars increased, how the

Spring Time.

Spring has come!

Let all the earth rejoice!

Lift up your hearts!

And sing with glad voice!

Spring has come!

March with its angry winds,

Was now gone into the past.

And April, calm, serene,

Some shadows of May doth cast

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Spring has come!

Soon will the queen of months,
In garments of living green,
Bedecked with flowers fair,
In regal beauty be seen.

Spring has come!

The bird-songs in the air,
The breezes whispering low,
All things remind the farmer,
'Tis high time the seed sown

In our life's bright spring time, honored and unsung."

Let us sow some seeds of love,
So that its pleasant fruits,
He'll reap in that land above.

It may not be generally known
throughout the country that much
more honor should be attached
to April 1st, than that day is
used to receive. But so it is,
and if it has not been announced
before, we take pleasure in her-
alding that on that day,
one of the most illustrious
of that noble race, the "Spicer"
was born. Yes on that

day Mrs. Carrie Spicer, wife of the
Hon. Levi Spicer, passed another
mile stone in life's journey.

Reader! If I should tell how
many such mile stones she had
passed ere this, I fear that she
would rise up against me with
vengeance bursting forth from
her shining eyes, and denounce
me as a villain, who should
go down to the vile dust from
whence he sprung, unscathed and
unsung."

and surely you will forgive me, if
I do not attempt to satisfy your cu-
riosity and bring down such
sad afflictions upon my de-
serving head. Suffice it to say
she was much encouraged and
invigorated on life's journey,
by receiving from her worthy
son, the present of a little
basket, the workmanship
of his own hands.
With the good wishes of all her
friends (and those are not a few)
we leave her to pursue her
way faithfully, as she
has always done, hoping
that her life may be
crowned with many more
happy birthdays.

The Home Journal.

For July 1879.

Annie C. Spicer. Publisher & Editor. Noank. Conn.

My Excursion to Watch Hill. here and there a farm house nestled in their bosoms.

I believe in sightseeing when one has time and opportunity, and as I had both are fine a small peninsula, with the morning I started out with beautiful water surrounding my friend Mrs. Walton, an elderly lady. it, where aged stones pointed out the resting place of some

Our destination was Watch Hill, a small watering place situated on a point of land extending out into the Atlantic Ocean. We rode from the village of Mystic to the town of Stoughton, where we took a small steamer which carried us there. The ride was delightful. Though a July morning the heat was not oppressive, for the most part the way a delicious sea breeze accompanied us.

The views around us were worthy of notice. In a point of land the little steamer pitched and tossed rocking from side to side, but it was for so short a time that none of the passengers were troubled with motion.

The deep green woods, the hills and the quiet valleys with sight of Watch Hill and

In a short time we came in

Trains "Oh my!"

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soon we were at the wharf. Watch Hill consists of numerous hills, with hotels scattered over them, were it not for these it would be almost as barren as a desert. Not a tree or a flower is to be seen. Nothing but sand bearing a few sickly weeds. Were it not for the hotels, the people and the bathing it would be almost unendurable.

At the largest hotel Mrs. W. had a nice boarding, whom we immediately started to find. On inquiring we found that she was not in. We therefore visited the beach but nowhere in sight was she. After amusing ourselves, watching the company along the shore we wended our way back to the hotel.

We were shown to Mrs. M's rooms, but found no one but except the nurse and the two little daughters of Mrs. M. While waiting we were entertained by their childish prattle. They were beautiful children. The older one had a very sweet face with hazel eyes. The younger not so pretty a face but something indistinct in it with its laughing brown eyes. When we had waited long Mrs. M. came in in excellent spirits after her exercise, for we learned she had been bowling. Very pleasant and agreeable she was.

Evidently she possessed a good education.

On the whole she looked as if capable of enjoying herself in life.

We had not waited long before the gong sounded for dinner and we were invited by Mrs. M. to the dining room. This was unexpected by me as we

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had taken an ample supply of beef, potatoes, peas, and of lunch with us thinking to quietly enjoy it in some sequestered spot.

I solemnly call the fates to witness if there was not much fearing with your humble servant as I anticipated undergoing the horrors of dining "at the most fashionable Hotel at Watch Hill" that I, a simple country girl should be called to pass through such an ordeal seemed almost more than a poor human being could bear.

However, like Patrick Henry I braced up my mind with the resolution that "sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish" go, I would.

After being seated at the table the dreadful bill of fare was presented me, and with as much composure as I could well command

I meekly ordered Roast

beef, potatoes, peas, and a person who came under my observation whom

until now I have not mentioned. She was the mother of Mrs. In. I had heard my friend speak of her and express a wish that I might see her, but as yet she had not made her appearance.

I cannot do the severe justice but at the ^{very} moment when I was undergoing a struggle with the aforementioned beef I happened to glance up and there was a vision met my eyes and, reader shall I say it? hatred was the first feeling that welled up in my soul toward that being but it was I trust soon followed by one of pity.

After when meeting a person for the first time

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what peculiar impressions that was out of the question we have of them. Sometimes for was not the name ^{of} ~~and~~ at first sight we are attracted to cause my heart to toward them but often other flutter? I therefore simply

vise, Dignity and chose custard pie, feeling coldness were the chief ex- secretly piqued however pressions on that face. when I saw Mrs. W's ~~pie~~

The eyes were brown and marange was so easy looked as if they never could to be comprehended and shed tears of pity for any hu- so harmless in appearance. man being however unfortun- Well dinner was gotten mate they might be. through with as all din-

This person reminded me ners must be (much to very forcibly of an iceberg. my relief)

In the meantime I had pro- On leaving the hotel gressed finely with my eat- for the steamer I felt ing apparatus when my that even I might enjoy friend Mrs. W. mentioned spending a week at the dessert. Again that ominous L. House, much as I should bill of fare was presented have dreaded it before. we produced and consult- What wonders are ed. Mrs. W. called for wrought by time!

peach pie and Blackberry My friend and returned Marange, and asked me well pleased with our trip if I would not like the as also with the studies same. The peach pie of character we had did not care for and as been permitted to for taking the marange enjoy that day.

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followed by reading of the scriptures and prayer by the Rev. Stephen Carroll. Afterwards singing by a quartette, and then the Rev. Dr. Hunt of Mystic was introduced as the orator of the day.

His address was very interesting. At its conclusion the band rendered some of their best music. The benediction being pronounced the company returned home, no doubt feeling well-paid for going, and also pleased with the ambition of their fellow neighbors as well as their own.

How pleasant it is to have people like you! The hearts of the Spicers leaped for joy as they saw crossing their threshold one day not long ago the welcome form

of Mrs. S. Dickerson their esteemed relative.

She had come back to her childhoods home for a visit, and as she said expressly to rest, and to see the apple trees in bloom.

But we flatter ourselves in thinking that there were other things that drew her home.

She seemed to enjoy her visit very much, and returned to Brooklyn on Saturday after a visit of a week.

We hope much invigorated by the pure country air.

She took with her a huge bouquet of ferns, buttercups, apple blossoms etc. ~~through~~ which are very rare articles in the city.

It might be a good plan if instead of the foolish compliments ^{which} young ladies are sometimes ^{delivered} to receive, they should receive such as did a young lady recently from her younger sister, who said "you are the foolishest ^{one} I ever saw."

Supplement to "The Home Journal," for May.

Decoration Day, being to hear the soul-in-

spiring strains of the "Noank
Decorated Day this year was Bass Band," which has
dawned bright and beautiful. The sun shone
in all its glory, the birds
sung with all their sweet-

ness, and the trees, the
grass and flowers seemed
to have put on a holiday
dress in honor of the day.

Never before has Noank
made such a display on
that day. Nearly every
year previous to this the

relatives of the deceased
soldiers with a few friends
have visited the little cen-

tery and placed their of-
ferings of flowers on the
graves of "the Brave", and
after singing a hymn
quietly gone home, but
this year the citizens,

"one and all" put on their
holiday dresses and lit-

rally "turned out."
The chief attraction

being to hear the soul-in-
spiring strains of the "Noank
Bass Band," which has
come into existence du-
ring the past year.

Opposite the "South Church"
a long procession formed
lead by the band.

Then beautiful with
flowers and flags came
the "floral car"; then the rel-
atives, then the school chil-
dren bearing in their
hands flags, and lastly
the citizens of Noank.

On reaching the cemetery
the flowers were scattered
over the graves, while the
band discoursed fine

music. After which the
long procession wended its
way back to the church,
and in a few minutes
nearly every seat in the
house was occupied.

The exercises commenced
by the introductory ad-
dress of Mr. C. Potter.