







SWEET HOME.  
Payne's "Home, Sweet Home," as it now stands was changed by the author two or three times after it was written. As originally written the song was as follows:  
Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,  
Be it ever humble, there's no place like home.  
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us here,  
Like the love of a mother,  
Which, through all the world, is never met,  
With sweet home,  
There's a spell in the shade,  
Where our infancy played its gambols,  
Even stronger than time, and more deep than despair,  
An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain;  
Oh! give me my lowly thatched cottage again,  
The birds sing, and the lambs that came at my call,  
Those who named me with pride,  
Those who played by my side,  
The joys of the palace through which I roam,  
Only Father heart's anguish—there's no place like home.

AS PUBLISHED BY MR. PAYNE IN NEW YORK IN 1831.  
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THROUGH THE TUNNEL.  
It was a bright, clear, cold morning in early December. When Kathie entered the car there was scarcely a vacant seat to be seen. To be sure, there was one stout, old gentleman sitting alone, but he was next to the aisle, and seemed so deeply absorbed in thought that Kathie disliked to disturb him. Then there was a middle-aged woman, but she had no umbrellas, parcels and wraps in the seat beside her, and she apparently took her all in was so forlornly, that Kathie passed her by. There was but one seat unoccupied. It was beside a gentleman who sat close to the window resting a paper.  
"Is this seat engaged?" asked Kathie, with timid hesitancy.  
"It is not," was the answer, in a pleasant tone; "but," springing up as he spoke, "would you prefer the seat by the window?"  
"Oh! no! Thank you! Not at all!" murmured Kathie, and sat down beside him.

The gentleman turned his attention again to his paper, and Kathie immediately felt wishing that she had taken the seat by the window. For the gentleman sat at her right hand and her purse was in her cloak pocket, and had not her Aunt Kate warned her over and over again to be on her guard against pick-pockets, and had declared that they were quite as likely to be young, agreeable and polite as the reverse? And was not this person all three? Kathie stole a shy glance at him. His dark eyes were intent on his newspaper. He was fine looking and well dressed, and to all intents, quite oblivious of her existence. Kathie wondered demurely what sort of an expression his face would wear if he knew that any one thought that he might perhaps be a pick-pocket.

She might take her purse and hold it in her hand, but that would seem ostentatious and tiresome; moreover there would be ample time for the gentleman—her cloak like a gentleman certainly—should put down his paper and Kathie could no longer see his hands.  
It was her first trip to Boston quite alone. Aunt Kate had always been with her before to take care of her, but this year Aunt Kate's rheumatism was so much worse than usual that she did not hope to be equal to a trip to Boston.  
And so it came about that Kathie, feeling quite alone and a little nervous on her way this bright December morning to the city. She mentally planned her days work and portioned out her money for the various things she was intending to buy. While Kathie was thus engaged the train swept into the tunnel.

As it grew dark the gentleman beside her put down his paper, turning slightly towards Kathie as he did so. And then Kathie was sure to feel a shudder like a cold towards her cloak pocket. Quick as thought her hand went down to seize her purse, when—oh, horrors!—there was the man's hand in her pocket. Kathie did not withdraw her hand. On the contrary being resolved that she would not let the man's hand touch her property at all hazard, she felt about with her fingers as well as she could for her purse, but could not find it. It was already gone.  
Then Kathie seized the intruding hand with the firmest desperation, fully determined to make an alarm as soon as the cars emerged into daylight again. If he did not have the purse in his hand, there, at least, was his hand in her pocket, and some of the passengers would see her righted, and her purse restored. Fortunately her purse had her name printed on the inside. How long the minutes seemed before the train came out again into the light! Then Kathie still clasping firmly the man's hand, looked up and down the aisle with sparkling eyes and flushed cheeks, for the conductor.  
"Beg your pardon," said her captive in such a low tone that Kathie could scarcely catch the words, "but have you not made a mistake in the pocket?"  
Kathie gave one swift glance. Good heavens! Her hand was still in his pocket! If she had touched a burning coal she could not have relinquished her hold and withdrawn her hand more promptly. She was overcome with confusion. She ventured one deprecatory glance at the gentleman. His expressive face wore a mischievous smile.  
"I thought—" began Kathie tremulously, but she could get no further. The revolution of her mind was too great. The brightness of her eyes was suddenly quenched by greater tears, and her lip quivered ominously.  
"That it was your pocket, of course," said the gentleman, completing her sentence. "I understand perfectly. Pray do not let the mistake disturb you," he continued with imploring earnestness. In the midst of her distress Kathie could not help thinking how musical his voice was.

Kathie became outwardly composed after awhile, and her mind was still a little unsettled. Suppose he had turned the tables upon her, and denounced her as a pick-pocket, as he might very well have done! She shivered at the mere thought of it.  
Once or twice as they neared the city the gentleman glanced at her as if he would speak; but Kathie's resolutely averted face and downcast eyes gave

him no opportunity, and not another word was spoken until they reached the station, where he left her with a courteous bow and "Good morning."  
"Hateful thing!" said Kathie to herself. "I hope I shall never see eyes on him again. I then she watched him with admiring eyes as she distinguished his fine form in the hurrying crowd.  
Her purse, it is scarcely necessary to say, was safe in her pocket, and she soon set about directing its contents. Nevertheless, the mischievous beginning of her trip, her day proved quite successful and satisfactory. Her own errands and Aunt Kate's commissions were all executed, and there was still a hour to spare for a stroll to Aunt Will's office, and when the time drew near for her train to leave, he escorted her to the station. The train was in readiness when they arrived, and as they walked along to reach the right car, a form approached them from a byway, and a small, dark, and a very large of clear days a small port on the coast of Kamchatka was reached in safety.

But there were sad days in store for the poor and defenseless sea-cows. The escaped sailors told wonderful stories of these creatures, and soon other sailors, especially those in charge of whaling ships, sought out the island, and waged relentless war upon the sea-cows, which proved valuable for their strong stouts, the nourishing meat, which, salted or dried would keep for a whole year, and for the immense quantity of fat—an article much valued in the cold countries of the far North. So extensive was the slaughter of the sea-cows that in less than thirty years not a single animal remained.  
Many explorers of more recent times have tried in vain to find one of the animals described by Steller; but it seems to be entirely extinct, and the only traces which have been discovered, are a few skeletons bleaching on the barren sand.

"You will take the seat by the window this time," questioned Mr. Thorn, and Kathie silently took it.  
After he had arranged her parcels in the rack and seated himself, Kathie said with a frank smile, "I really hoped that I should never see you again."  
"Did you not think I was an eternal banishment?" he asked lightly.  
"Oh, no! It was rather I who merited it," said Kathie. "So long as you did not know me it did not matter what you thought of me, but now,"—ah, where were Kathie's words leading her?  
"If you should tell Cousin Will," she continued quizzically, "I should never hear the last of it."  
"I assure you, was the earnest answer, "I will never mention the mistake to which you refer to Will or to anyone else. No one besides ourselves need ever know aught of it." And then he skillfully turned the conversation, and Kathie was quite like old friends.

"That memorable ride through the tunnel occurred some years ago, and Kathie's relations with Mr. Thorn have changed so greatly that now, instead of being his helper in taking her money, she appropriates with great coolness funds from his pocket-book for the shopping.  
Mr. Thorn sometimes laughingly declares that instead of his wife waiting for him to offer his hand, as ladies usually do, she took possession of it the first time that she ever saw him; but his most intimate friends ask in vain for an explanation of his jest.

An Extract from "The Cruise of the 'Arctic'."  
BY HELEN S. CONANT.

On a black day in November, 1741, more than one hundred and forty years ago, a Russian ship which had been driven through icy seas to a small harbor on an unknown and rock-bound coast.

On board the ship was the Arctic explorer Behring, who on a previous voyage had discovered the strait which separates Asia from America, and which bears his name. Many of the men who were with Captain Behring were sick and dying, and any harbor was welcome. Although not a tree or shrub of any kind could be seen on the desolate shore, the barren rocks and sand heaps were better than the stormy sea.  
After anchoring the vessel those of the crew who were strongest went on shore. They found a stream of fresh water which was not yet frozen over, although the sides of the mountains were covered with snow. Along the banks of this stream, the men made a fire, and the sand which they roamed over with their sleds they removed their sick companions.

The cold grew more bitter every day, and more the sick died from want of food and proper care. On the 8th of December the party had the misfortune to lose the commander, Captain Behring. He died after great suffering, and was buried on the desolate shore.  
Not long after his death a great storm arose, and the vessel, the only means of escape of these poor sailors, was wrecked upon the rocky coast. There was but a small portion of the ship's provisions remaining, and few of the men were left with no hope of escape for months to come.

The situation was dreadful, but the men faced it like true heroes. Instead of setting on the cliffs and watching for a sailing ship, those far from home might never appear, and at once set to work to see what they could do to help themselves. The first thing to do was to secure all the beams and timbers of the wrecked vessel before another storm could sweep them away.

Happily the carpenter's tools had all been brought on shore, and although three of the Russian carpenters had died, there was a Cossack among the crew who had once worked in a shipyard, and who was able to direct the building of a new vessel. It was decided to begin the new ship as soon as the snow melted so the men could work, and meanwhile they must discover where they had been cast ashore, and if the land contained anything to support life.  
About ten miles from the coast was a high hill, and on climbing to the top the men found that they were on a large island. This island, now known as Behring Island, in honor of the discoverer who lies buried in its sands, is the most westerly of the Aleutian group, and at the time these poor Russian navigators were cast away on it was uninhabited, except by foxes and other wild animals.

The creature that was to play the most important part in saving the lives and health of these shipwrecked men was a sea-cow. To their great delight they found large herds of these creatures lying in the bays and inlets of the rocky island. In honor of the discoverer who lies buried in its sands, it was decided to begin the new ship as soon as the snow melted so the men could work, and meanwhile they must discover where they had been cast ashore, and if the land contained anything to support life.

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awkward. The head was small, the mouth large; the hair, covered with scattering short stiff hairs, lay in great wrinkles all over the huge body.  
When the Russian sailors first saw these beasts they were puzzled how to capture them; but starvation was almost upon them, and food must be obtained at any price. The animals were not afraid of men for they had evidently never seen human beings before, and were not suspicious of evil. At length one was secured by means of a harpoon, and to the great relief of the men the fish was found to be similar in flavor to beef, while the thick coating of fat, with which the creature was covered under its skin was useful as lard.  
Good and wholesome food was now abundant, as more sea-cows were captured and killed, and the men went to work to build their ship, their hearts filled with courage and hope. It was slow work, as their materials were poor; but at length a small vessel was completed and successfully launched, and about the middle of August the men set sail from the island where so many of their former comrades were buried.  
The ship was well supplied with salted and dried sea-cow beef, and after a voyage of several days a small port on the coast of Kamchatka was reached in safety.

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Howard Ins. Co., of New York, Cash Assets, \$1,000,000.  
Agricultural Insurance Comp'y, WATERBURY, N. Y., Cash Assets, \$1,200,000.  
Losses liberally adjusted and promptly paid.

W. H. H. BOYLAN & Co.,  
PAINTERS  
and Dealers in  
French, American & Plate Glass.  
Sign Writing, Paper Hanging, Decorating, Frescoing, etc.  
16 S. Main St., 2nd Floor.  
W. TREMAIN  
GENERAL  
Insurance Agency  
Over Casper Rinsey's Grocery Store,  
COR. HURON AND FOURTH ST.  
North British Insurance Comp'y (Of London and Edinburgh)  
Capital \$1,000,000, Gold.  
Cash Assets, \$1,000,000.  
Springfield Ins. Comp'y of Mass., Cash Assets, \$1,800,000.  
Howard Ins. Co., of New York, Cash Assets, \$1,000,000.  
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Columbus Time.  
Through time table in effect January 27th, 1883.  
GOING NORTH.  
STATIONS.  
GOING SOUTH.

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Catarrh Cure  
Is Recommended by Physicians!  
\$100 REWARD FOR A CASE IN WHICH IT FAILS IN A SINGLE INSTANCE.  
We manufacture and sell with a positive guarantee that it will cure any case, and will furnish the above amount if it fails in a single instance.  
It is unlike any other Catarrh remedy, as it does not irritate, and it acts directly on the blood. If you are troubled with this disease, please get your Druggist's receipt and accept no imitations or substitutes. If he has not got it, send us and we will forward immediately. Price, 75 cents per bottle.  
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Randall's  
Portraits  
NEW  
ESTABLISHMENT  
Cor. Williams St. and Madison Ave.—Opposite East Grand Circus Park.  
Reduced Rates to Clubs of 10 or Over.  
1883. ALWAYS 1883.  
FIRST IN THE MARKET!  
We are now offering Something New nearly every day in  
SPRING STYLES!  
The fashionable public will bear in mind we are the only House between Detroit and Chicago who employ men to make pants.  
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Merchant Tailors,  
No. 19 S. Main St.  
P. S.—FULL and SEMI-DRESS Suits a specialty.  
GET THE BEST  
Fire Insurance  
\$2,000,000  
Security held for the protection of the policyholders.  
CHRISTIAN MACK  
Represents the following first-class companies:  
\$250,000 of which one, the Zenith, has alone paid \$100,000 for losses in sixty years:  
Genesee, Hartford, Franklin, Philadelphia, German American, National Assurance Corporation, Phoenix, North German, Hamburg, Pacific, Brooklyn, Underwriters, etc.  
Losses liberally adjusted and promptly paid. Policies issued at the lowest rates of premium.  
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RINSEY & SEABOLT'S  
BAKERY, GROCERY  
—AND—  
FLOUR & FEED STORE.  
We keep constantly on hand,  
BREAD, CRACKERS, CAKES, ETC.,  
FOR WHOLESALE AND RETAIL TRADE.  
We shall also keep a supply of  
SWIFT & DEUBEL'S BEST WHITE WHEAT FLOUR, DELHI FLOUR, EYE FLOUR, BUCKWHEAT FLOUR, CORN MEAL, FEED, etc.  
At wholesale and retail. A general stock of  
GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS  
constantly on hand, which will be sold on as reasonable terms as at any other house in the city.  
Cash paid for Butter, Eggs, and Country Produce generally.  
Goods delivered to any part of the city without extra charge.  
RINSEY & SEABOLT  
INSURANCE  
and  
Real Estate Agency  
of  
J. Q. A. SESSIONS  
Dwellings Sold or Rented.  
Mr. Sessions has done an extensive insurance business in this city for fourteen years, and is well known in the following old and reliable Fire Insurance companies:  
Phoenix Ins. Co. Hartford Conn. As-sets, \$1,000,000  
California Insurance Co. \$1,000,000  
Manufacturers' Insurance Co. Boston Assets, \$1,000,000  
Rates low as any other Insurance Co.  
Losses liberally adjusted and promptly paid.  
Office of Huron Street, opposite St. Ann's Church, Ann Arbor, Mich. 1090-1041.

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