THE ACTON FREE PRESS.

Volume III. No. 39—Whole No. 144. | ACTON, ONT., THURSDAY, MARCH 28, 1878. | $1.00 per annum in Advance

THE ACTON

FREE PRESS

Is Published

EVERY THURSDAY MORNING,

AT THE

Free Press Building,

Next to the Post Office.

TERMS.—One dollar a year, strictly in advance. If not paid before three months one dollar and a half will be charged; or two dollars if not paid till the end of the year. Single copies three cents. No paper will be sent to any person more than one year unpaid.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.—Eight cents per line for first insertion, and two cents per line for each subsequent insertion. Short advertisements of eight lines and under $1 for three insertions. Business Cards of eight lines and under, $1 per annum.

A liberal discount allowed on advertisements inserted for extended periods. Advertisements without special instructions inserted till forbid, and charged accordingly.

Any Special Notice, the object of which is to promote the pecuniary benefit of any individual or company, to be considered an advertisement.

Transient advertisements to be paid for when ordered. All advertising accounts rendered quarterly.

Notices of Births Marriages and Deaths inserted free.

MOORE & GALBRAITH.

T. A. MOORE, Manager. S. W. GALBRAITH, Editor.

BUSINESS CARDS.

W. H. LOWRY, M. B., M. C. P. S. Graduate of Trinity College, Member of College of Physicians and Surgeons. Office and Residence—Frederick Street, Acton, in the house lately occupied by R. Little, Esq.

DR. R. MORROW, Physician, Surgeon, &c., of Bellevue College, New York, and Graduate of Victoria College, Canada. Consultation days—Tuesdays and Fridays, from 9 a. m. till 4 p. m. Residence—West Bower street, Acton.

D. HENDERSON, Conveyancer, &c., also Agent Canada Life Assurance Co. Deeds, Mortgages, &c., prepared in the most correct manner, and on reasonable terms. Money to Loan on Mortgage security. Office—Glasgow House, Acton.

J. D. MATHESON, Attorney, Solicitor in Chancery, &c. Office—Corner of Main and Church Streets, Georgetown.

T. W. COOPER.

Provincial Land Surveyor and Civil Engineer, Guelph.

Orders by mail promptly attended to.

WM. LAIDLAW, Barrister, Attorney-at-Law, Solicitor in Chancery, &c. Office—Hamilton, 10 King street; Milton, Main street. The Milton Office will be under the management of R. W. Campbell, and Mr. Laidlaw will attend at the "Milton Office" on Friday of each week.

HENRY L. DRAKE,

INSURANCE AGENT, GUELPH,

Agent for the Mercantile and Waterloo. All business intrusted to his care will be faithfully attended to. Office at Day's Bookstore, Guelph. Orders by mail addressed to Guelph or Dom Post Office will receive prompt attention.

H. L. DRAKE

PATENTS for INVENTIONS either Mechanical or Chemical properly secured in Canada, the United States and Europe, Patent Agency in operation ten years. Terms reasonable. Send for printed instructions. HENRY GEIST, Mechanical Engineer, Solicitor of Patents and Draughtsman. Hespeler, Ontario, Canada.

OLIVER LOZIER, Plasterer, Acton, Ont. Every description of Plastering and Rough-casting done on the most reasonable terms, and satisfaction guaranteed.

ROSSIN HOUSE, Acton. Close to the G. T. Railway Station. Excellent accommodation for the travelling public. THOS. CAMPBELL, Propr.

DOMINION HOTEL, Acton. Robert Agnew, Proprietor. This new Hotel is fitted up in first-class style with new furniture. Commercial Travellers will find good accommodation and commodious Sample Rooms. Special attention paid to the wants of the travelling public. Bar supplied with the best Liquors and Cigars. Good Stabling and attentive Hostlers.

WM. HEMSTREET,

Licensed Auctioneer

For the Counties of Wellington and Halton. Orders left at the FREE PRESS Office, Acton, or at my residence, in Rockwood, will be promptly attended to. Terms reasonable.

F. TROLLOPE CHAPMAN,

Practical Bookbinder.

All Descriptions of Binding Neatly Executed.

Account Books of all Kinds Made to Order.

Ruling Promptly Attended to.

BINDERY—St. George's Square, Guelph.

☞ Orders left at the FREE PRESS Office will receive prompt attention.

THE ROYAL EXCHANGE HOTEL,

ACTON.

This well-known house, has recently undergone a thorough renovating and repairing, is now furnished with new and modern furniture of the best description, and is prepared to provide first-class accommodation to the public. The present proprietor has received a license, and he will keep the bar well supplied with the very best of liquors and cigars. The stabling is large and well-fitted up; also ample shed-room. The patronage of the public is respectfully solicited.

JOHN MANEY.

Acton, June 26, 1877.

ACTON BAKERY

ROBT. T. GALLOWAY.

West End Bookstore.

GUELPH,

FOR

BOOKS & STATIONERY

Seaside Libraries,
Lakeside Labraries,
Fireside Libraries,
Boy's Libraries,
N. Y. Libraries.

And all the Latest Novels.

Silent and True. Mildred. A Jewel of a Girl, Young Musgrave, &c.

Orders sent by Mail promptly attended to.

R. W. PETRIE

THE ONTARIO

SADDLERY,

ACTON.

Buy your Harness at the Ontario Saddlery, where you get the worth of your money.

A splendid lot of NEW COLLARS on hand:

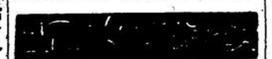
☞ All parties intending to purchase Harness should do so at once before the rush commences in order to secure a good set.

R. CREECH.

Acton, Jan. 7, 1878.

LEARN

TAKIGRAFY



(*Tachos* Rapid, *Grapho* Writing.)

Those wishing to learn

SHORT-HAND

would do well to address

S. W. GALBRAITH,
Free Press, Acton

UNDERTAKING.

UNDERTAKING.

The undersigned begs leave to inform the people of Acton and surrounding neighborhood that he has procured a magnificent HEARSE. And is prepared to attend and conduct Funerals on the shortest notice and most moderate terms.

Caskets, Coffins, Burial Robes,

And all kinds of Funeral Furnishinge kept in stock, and supplied on the shortest notice.

Hat Bands and Gloves supplied when required.

JOHN SPEIGHT.

Acton, Feb. 10, 1877.

U can buy first-class PIANOS and ORGANS cheaper of DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington, New Jersey, than any other manufacturer in the United States. Why? Because he sells only for cash, takes no risks and has no book accounts. Every instrument is fully warranted for six years as strictly first class, and are sent on from 5 to 15 days' test trial, money refunded and freight paid both ways by him if they are unsatisfactory. Send for Illustrated ADVERTISER (Catalogue Edition) and read testimonials from his patrons, some of whom you may know. Address DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington, New Jersey.

THE NEW CHURCH DOCTRINE.

There's come a singular doctrine, Sue,
Into our church to-day;
These cur'us words are what the new
Young preacher had to say;
That literal everlastin' fire
Was mostly in our eye;
That sinners dead if they desire,
Can got another try;
He doubted if a warmer clime
Than this world, could be proved;
The little snip—I fear some time
He'll get his doubts removed.

I've watched my duty, straight an' true,
An' tried to do it well;
Part of the time kept heaven in view,
An' part steered clear o' hell;
An' now half of this work is naught,
If I must list to him.
An' this 'ere devil I have fought
Was only just a whim;
Vain are the dangers I have braved,
The sacrifice they cost,
For what fun is it to be saved,
If no one else is lost?

Just think—suppose when once I view
The heaven I toiled to win,
A lot of unsaved sinners, too,
Comes walkin' grandly in!
An' acts to home, same as if they
Had read their titles clear,
An' looks at me, as if to say,
"We're glad to see you here!"
As if to say, "While you have b'en
So fast to toe the mark,
We waited till it rained, an' *then*
Got tickets in the ark!"

Yet there would be some in that crowd
I'd rather like to see!
My boy Jack—it must be allowed,
There was no worse than he!
I've always felt somewhat to blame,
In several different ways,
That he lay down on thorns o' shame
To end his boyhood's days;
An' I'd be willing to endure,
If that the Lord thought best,
A minute's quite hot temperature,
To clasp him to my breast.

Old Captain Barnes was evil's son—
With heterodoxy crammed;
I used to think he'd be the one
If anyone was dammed;
Still, when I saw a lot o' poor,
That he had clothed and fed,
Cry desolately round his door
As soon as he was dead;
There came a thought I couldn't control,
That in some neutral land,
I'd like to meet that scorched-up soul
An' shake it by the hand.

Poor Jennie Willis, with a cry
Of hopeless sad distress,
Sank sudden down one night to die,
All in her ball-room dress;
She had a precious little while
To pack up an' away;
She even left her sweet good smile—
'Twas on the face next day;
Her soul went off unclothed by even
One stitch of saving grace;
How *could* she hope to go to heaven,
An' start from such a place?

But once, when I lay sick and and weak,
She came, an' begged to stay;
She kissed my faded, wrinkled cheek
She soothed my pain away;
She brought me sweet bouquets of flowers,
As fresh as her young heart—
Through many long an' tedious hours
She played a Christian part;
An' ere I long will stand aroun'
The singin' saints among,
I'll try to take some water down
To cool poor Jennie's tongue.

But tears can never quench my creed,
Nor smooth God's righteous frown,
Though all the preachers learn to read
Their Bibles upside down.
I hold mine right side up with care
To shield my eyes from sin,
An' coax the Lord, with daily prayer,
To call poor wanderers in;
But if the sinner won't draw nigh,
An' take salvation's plan,
I'll have to stand and see 'em try
To dodge hell if they can.

A TRAP FOR A YOUNG BRIDE.

PART III.

(Continued.)

I quickly produced a glass and poured out a glassful, which was drunk eagerly. New life sparkled from his eyes.

"Yes," he continued, "I was Arthur Temple, brought up for the Church, ha! ha! ha!" he laughed wildly. "It was bad company, bad company brought me to this! I went from bad to worse. The night before my sister's wedding (I and my wife were hidden in my mothers cottage then), I robbed Miss Marsden's house with a mate who was caught and hanged for the murder I committed! How well I remember the horrors of the next day, how I lay concealed in Colebrooke woods, in momentary fear of detection, and only waited till they were married to extort, by fair means or foul, from my brother-in-law, the means to enable me to fly from the gallows! It was about half past seven o'clock at night that I saw the police constable enter the hall. Soon after I saw my sister on the terrace-walk in front of the drawing-room; I confided to her my dreadful situation; I entreated her for money. I told her unless she gave me some her brother would be hanged. How shocked she was! Would fifty pound do? she asked; it was all she had. Yes; I urged her to hurry. She ran to her room, and returned breathless with a roll of notes. I buttoned them beneath my coat and said farewell. I could not kiss those pure lips, but I wrung her hand, and we parted. She promised she would try to detain the constable for half-an-hour. Meanwhile, I had a gig ready, and would be off with my wife to Bristol, where more money would be sent me to fly to America. I saw her run across the shrubbery towards the house. I waited for a few moments to catch the last glimpse of her as she entered the drawing-room window, but lost sight of her; she must have gone some other way. I never saw her again. Since then I have roamed the earth as a fugitive and vagabond—alone, for I lost my life in a shipwreck. Our vessel was lost, and I alone was spared to grow old with the mark of Cain on my brow."

"And what of Lady Colebrooke? Do you know that she was never seen since that interview with you? It is supposed that she fled with some paramour on that very night it is supposed he was Miss Marsden's murderer!"

"She never did; she told me that evening that she had married the man she loved; there was never such a thing as falsehood in her!"

"Then, what could have become of her? Wretched man, if you know aught, confess it, for the unhappy husband's sake, who mourns her as false—for your own sake, for God's sake, speak!"

"Man, do you think that I would have harmed one hair of her head? I tell you I never heard of her disappearance till many years afterwards. I know nothing more than I have told. No—bad as I was, blasphemer, drunkard, gambler, robber, murderer?" raising his voice as each word till he almost shrieked the fearful climax, "I would not have wronged my gentle, loving sweet sister! No, no, no; I swear by the God before whom I shall stand this day, I know nothing more!—nothing more!"

Overcome with the exertion of speaking he sank down on the pillow—he gasped for breath, clutched the bedclothes convulsively, a shudder shook his frame—It was all over, and the immortal soul of Arthur Temple returned to Him who gave it. We know his earthly, what was his eternal fate? who shall tell? Perhaps a mother's prayers were answered; perhaps the good seed sown by his pious father, though it long lay dormant, may have sprung up at last. Like the dying thief on the cross, he may have sought and found mercy at the eleventh hour. It is not for us to judge. Let us part from him in Hood's words:—

"Owning *his* weakness,
His evil behaviour;
And leaving with meekness
His sins to *his* saviour."

PART V.

FOUND.

"Her truth too dearly proved."—*Lacy.*

That drive home was a very silent one, very different from the drive out. Awed at the death scene, and amazed at the revelation we had heard, neither of us were inclined to speak. The approach gates were in sight ere I said to my even more sombre companion, "Instead of clearing up the mystery that man's confession seems to add to it.

"Would God he had never spoken; would God he had died with his secret!" exclaimed the young clergyman in an agonized tone of voice.

"Why, Richard, what is it?" I asked, astonished at his emotion.

"Can *you* ask," he replied. "Was not that poor wretch my blood relation? Till to-day I was proud of my name, proud of my family! I did not know we numbered among our race a felon! This morning I asked for your daughter's hand; how can I sue for it now?"

"You forget, Richard, that he was by marriage, too, my uncle's brother-in-law. One cannot help such things. You should remember that amongst the chosen Apostles one was a devil! If I know Alice rightly this will not make her alter her mind; besides, there is no occasion for the matter to being made public; you and I can keep this as a secret of the confessional!"

"I thank you for your generous view," said the young man, his face brightening up again. We had now reached the lodge, where two of my children were ready to greet us.

"Oh, papa, come quick, and see the big hole George has found," said little Annie, a rosy-faced child of five, "so deep, so deep!"

"What hole? Where?"

"In the shrubbery, answered George, who was aged eight, "very deep; I couldn't reach the bottom with the long fishing-rod."

"In the shrubbery," repeated Richard Temple.

"Was it near the drawing-room?"

"Yes, close," answered the children.

"The spot where poor lady Colebrooke was seen to disappear. Can she have fallen down that very pit?"

"I do believe you are right," said I. "You have fathomed the mystery; but say nothing yet—we may be wrong."

Following the eager children, Richard Temple and I soon arrived at the spot where all the rest were gathered. There, sure enough, among the dead leaves and rubbish, between the evergreens, was a yawning chasm with rotton wood clinging round its edges, the deserted shaft of a coal pit.

"Keep back, children," cried I. "And George, run and fetch McPherson and the gardener, and tell them to bring a good long rope; we must explore this mine."

The children were all in high glee, and soon the gamekeeper and head gardener, accompanied by several other outdoor servants, arrived. Jem Archer, who rode a thorough-bred steeple-chase mare for me, readily volunteered to descend first. The crowd around the pit's mouth was momentarily increased, first by my wife and daughter Alice, and then by the nurses and other servants. We lowered a lighted candle for fear of foul air, and then Jem Archer, lantern in hand, was let down by the strong arms of McPherson, a stalwart Scot, with instructions to shake the rope violently when he wished to be pulled up.

Richard took the opportunity for a *tete-a-tete* with Alice down the Firwood Walk. Leaning over the mouth of the abyss, we watched the light descending, descending, circling round and round, till it looked like a spark only. At last it became stationary, and then moved along to the left.

"He has now ground," said Sandy McPherson, "an unco' depth it is, twa hundred foot, sheer!"

The rope shook violently, and they commenced hauling up. What an age it seemed to us bystanders before Jem Archer's head appeared again! He was looking very white and scared.

"What hae ye seen, lad?" asked McPherson.

"Stand back, give the boy time," I said. "What is it, Archer?"

"Richard Temple, who had returned at this moment hastily whispered in my ear: *Your* prediction has come true; Alice is unchanged; now for *mine*."

"There has been a murder down yonder, sir," said the boy, who had recovered his voice. (I exchanged glances with Richard.) "I saw a skeleton, the skull dashed in. There has been foul play as sure as my name is Jem Archer."

"I must go down next," I said.

"And I!" exclaimed Richard.

"And I, and I," from several others.

"And I, too, pa," said little Annie.

"And at a time, I'm hoping," said McPherson, in his dry way.

"There's a windlass and bucket over the old well that would do first-class, sir," said the gardener.

"You are right, in! two can go down at a time; get it fixed at once; and Jem, you saddle a horse, and ride over to Hereford and bring back the policeman."

The impromptu apparatus was quickly set up, and Richard and I were lowered into the pit. Deeper, and deeper still! It was not the first time either of us had descended into a coal mine, but this was, as it were, exploring the secrets of the grave. We did not for a moment doubt into whose tomb we were let down. At last we reached the bottom. It was the very scene for a tragedy. For above us, shrunk to a span, was the irregular surface, strangely studded with stars; I had often before noticed this, but not so markedly. Around us were the dim galleries of the deserted mine. Beneath our feet, lying among decayed leaves and rotton wood, were the relics of mortality that so alarmed Archer. I threw the light of my bull's-eye lantern on the remains. There was the poor skull, crushed in by the terrible fall; there was the double row of pearly teeth (once so admired); there were the hollow chasms, where once beamed those deed violet eyes. And this was all left of that peerless beauty! as if to banish the smallest doubt from our minds, on the third bony finger of the left hand, hanging loosely around, were the plain band of gold with which she was wed, and its keeper, a whole hoop of emeralds and diamonds, the exact counterpart of the ring given to Annie on her marriage by my uncle. Stooping down, I reverently removed the sparkling gauds which seemed a mockery there, and then I gave the signal to be drawn up. It was all clear as daylight. After performing the act of mercy which saved her wretched brother from the vengeance of the law, she must have hurried back across the shrubbery, all eagerness to detain the constable, ignorant of that ghastly *trap for a young bride* concealed beneath the dead leaves. The boarding, placed over the abandoned shaft by careless miners long years ago, grown rotton by exposure to the rain and damp, gave way beneath her light tread, and precipitated the unfortunate lady into an untimely grave on her wedding night! There she had mouldered peacefully away, whilst her more unfortunate partner had sought from shore to shore, as he supposed, a faithless wife.

"I must take the first train to town to-morrow morning, Annie," I said to my wife, after detailing our discovery. "My poor uncle must not be kept in ignorance another day; it will console him in his grief to know that she was leal and true after all."

"Let us thank God," said my wife (with a true mother's feeling), "that none of the dear children fell down that fearful pit; you must have it built over the first thing."

"I will, my love, as soon as we have removed my aunt's remains from their unhallowed tomb, and buried them in consecrated ground; meanwhile, I will have a strong fence put round it."

PART VI.

TOO LATE.

"Thou com'st like sunny skies,
Too late to cheer the seaman's eyes
When wrecked, and lost, his bark before him lies."—*Moore.*

At half-past eleven o'clock the express train rattled into Paddington, and, chartering a hansom, I drove at once to my uncle's residence in Park-lane. The blinds were down. I rang the bell with that sinking sensation which is often like a presentiment of evil. The door was opened by old John Bennett, and I saw by his face that something was wrong.

"What is the matter, John? Is my uncle ill?"

"Ill—he is dead, Sir Henry. Did you not get my telegram this morning?" and the faithful domestic fairly gave way and cried like a child.

"My God! I came too late, then. Oh, John, if he had lived one more day—it is all cleared up now, the mystery of Lady Colebrooke's disappearance?"

"Oh, sir, you cannot mean it!"

"I do. Only yesterday afternoon, at the bottom of an old shaft close to the drawing-room windows, I discovered her bones. I identified them by his ring—do you know it?"

"The very one my lady wore that day—I remember it well—thinking it was the handsomest ring I ever saw; and, strange to say, my master must have been taken ill about the time you made that discovery."

"And why—why did you not inform me then?"

"Because my master gave the strictest orders you were not to be summoned. He told me he wished to die alone—he often mentioned my Lady by name, and said 'I shall know it all soon.' Do not grieve, Sir Henry, he knows it now! He knew it *before* you could have told him. He is happier where he is. How often he longed for death, how often he said: 'If it would please God to take me—but His will be done!' He was a really good gentleman." My tale is drawing to a close. I only need add that in a week after this there was a double funeral at Colebrooke Church, and husband and wife parted so long were together laid in the cold wedlock of the grave. A simple marble slab records who rests below. Upon it are inscribed the following words and lines which a friend suggested as peculiarly applicable:—

Sacred to the memory of
SIR JOHN ALEX. COLEBROOKE, BART.,
aged 89 years.
Also of
ALICE TEMPLE,
his wife, aged 18 years.
By a stranger fatally
These two never met from their wedding day
Until the day they were together laid to sleep here,
Where they rest in hopes of a glorious resurrection.
R.I.P.

Idleness not Happiness.

The most common error of men and women is that of looking for happiness somewhere outside of useful work. It has never yet been found when thus sought, and never will be when this world stands; and sooner the truth is learned the better for every one. If you doubt the proposition, go around among your friends and acquaintances and select those who have the most enjoyment through life. Are they the idlers and pleasure-seekers? We know what your answer will be. Of the miserable human beings it has been our fortune or misfortune to know, those were the most wretched who had retired from useful employment in order to enjoy themselves.

How to Pop the Question.

'Gracious,' says I, 'I'm twenty-one past, and it's time to look after Nance I'?

Next day down I went. Nancy was alone, and I axed her if the Squire was in. She said he wasn't.

''Cause,' said I, makin' believe I wanted to see him, 'our colt has sprained his foot, and I came to see if the Squire wouldn't lend me his mare to go to town.'

She said she guessed he would. I'd better sit down and wait till the Squire came in.

Down I sat; she looked sorter strange, and my heart felt queer round the edge.

'Are you goin' down to Betsy Martin's quiltin'?' after a while, sez she.

Sez I, 'Reckon I would.'

Sez she, 'Suppose you'll take Eliza Dodge?'

Sez I, 'I mought, and then again I mought not.'

Sez she, 'I heard you was goin' to get married.'

Sez I, 'I wouldn't wonder a bit.'

I looked at her and seed the tears comin'.

Sez I, 'Maybe she'll ax you to be bridesmaid.'

She riz up, she did, her face as red as a boiled beet. 'Seth Stokes!' and she couldn't say any more, she was too full.

'Wouldn't you be bridesmaid, Nance?' sez I.

'No,' sez she, and burst right out.

'Well, then,' sez I, 'if you won't be the the bridesmaid, will you be the bride?'

She looked up to me. I swan to man I never saw anythin' look so awful purty. I took right hold of her hand.

'Yes or No,' sez I right off.

'Yes,' sez she.

'That's the sort,' sez I, givin' her a kiss and a hug.

We soon hitched traces to trot in double harness for life, and I never had cause to repent my bargain.

Winning Ways.

A good story is told on Judge George Miller, of Jefferson City, which we believe has never appeared in print. The Judge is a very successful politician and at one time knew every voter in the district. Time, however, has faded the Judge's memory a little, although he will not admit it. He shakes hands with, and pretends to know, everybody.

He was holding court in Miller county a short time ago, and was approached by a long, lubberly specimen of the Osage hills, who held up his paw and said:

'How d'ye do, Judge; you don't know me, do you?'

'Oh, yes,' said the Judge. 'How is your father?'

Osager—'Oh, he's been dead eleven years.'

Judge—'Sure enough; but how is your mother?'

Osager—'Why, she's been dead eighteen years!'

Judge—'Well how the devil are you? You ain't dead, I know!'

This brought down the crowd, which soon adjourned to the nearest grocery, to drink to the live man's health.—*Saludia Bazoo.*

The Tanner's Sign.

A tanner having erected a building on the main street for the sale of his leather, the purchase of hides, etc., began to consider what kind of a sign would be the most attractive. At last, what he thought, a happy idea struck him. He bored an auger hole through the doorpost and stuck a calf's tail in it, with the bushy end flaunting out. After a while he noticed a grave looking person standing near the door with spectacles on gazing intently at the sign. So long did he gaze that finally the tanner stepped out and addressed the individual:

"Good morning."

"Morning!" replied the man without moving his eyes from the sign.

"You want to buy leather?"

"No!"

"Want to sell hides?"

"No!"

"Are you a farmer?"

"No!"

"Are you a merchant?"

"No!"

"Lawyer?"

"No!"

"Doctor?"

"No!"

"What in thunder are you?"

"I'm a philosopher. I've been standing here half an hour trying to decide how that calf got through that augerhole, and for the life of me I can't make it out."

You should forgive many things in others, but nothing in yourself.

Work for other people's vanity, not your own; this is the art of arts.

To-Day and To-Morrow.

Morrow is a town of some importance about forty miles from Cincinatti. A new brakeman on the road, who did not know the names of the stations, was approached by a stranger the other day.

Stranger.—"Does this train go to Morrow to-day?"

Brakeman, thinking the stranger was making game of him.—"No, it goes to-day yesterday, the week after next."

Stranger.—"You don't understand, I want to go to Morrow."

Brakeman.—"Why don't you wait till to-morrow, then, and not come bothering around to-day; you can go to-morrow, or any other day you please."

Stranger.—"Won't you answer a civil question civilly? Will this train go to-day to Morrow?"

Brakeman.—"Not exactly; it will go to-day and come back to-morrow."

As the gentleman who wanted to go to Morrow was about to leave in disgust, another employee, who knew the station alluded to, came along and gave the desired information.

A Key to a Person's Name.

By the accompanying table of letters, the name of a person or word may be found out in the following manner:

A	B	D	H	P
C	C	E	I	Q
E	F	F	J	R
G	G	G	K	S
I	J	L	L	T
K	K	M	M	U
M	N	N	N	V
O	O	O	O	W
Q	R	T	X	X
S	S	U	Y	Y
U	V	V	Z	Z
W	W	W		
Y	Z			

Let the person whose name you wish to know inform you in which of the upright columns the first letter of his name is contained. If it be found in but one column, it is the top letter; if it occurs in more than one column, it is found by adding the alphabetical numbers of the top letters of these columns, and the sum will be the number of letters sought. By taking one letter at a time in this way, the whole can be ascertained. For example, take the word Jane. J is found in the two columns commencing with B and H, which are the second and eighth letters down the alphabet; their sum is ten, and the tenth letter down the alphabet is J, the letter sought. The next letter, A, appears in but one column where it stands at the top. N is seen in the column headed B, D and H; these are the second, fourth and eighth letters of the alphabet, which added give the fourteenth, and so on. The use of this table will excite no little curiosity among those unacquainted with the foregoing explanation.

Handling Improved Poultry.

One of the important principles in the breeding of improved poultry, and the principle will apply as well to the breeding of stock of any kind, is the absolute necessity that each individual should be absolutely without fear of those who care for them. Many clutches of eggs are ruined every year by unattention to this matter. The birds should be used to be handled, and should be taught to come freely to the breeder or attendants at call. If birds are early taught this lesson, and are not allowed to be frightened, they will have no fear whatever of those about them and will soon come to be as much attached to the attendants as the house dog. On the other hand, if allowed to be driven and goaded about they never forget it, and will not only give uniform satisfaction while setting and rearing their flocks, but will also thrive better and fatten more kindly. There will be no fear displayed while on the nests, when examinations are made, nor at any other time.

A case has been before the Courts in Bryan, Ohio, which is of a novel character and has excited great interest in that locality. A branch of the Mennonites, called the "Church of God," placed one John Lechty under the "ban," forbidding all the members of his family speaking to him except when strictly necessary, and eating at the same table with the culprit, until he repented. The wife, however, was allowed to keep house for her husband. For a year Lechty strove to overcome the sentence, and then sued the Church authorities for $10,000 for estranging his wife from him. After hearing the evidence a jury awarded him $2,500.

Misery requires action—Happiness repose.