Acton Free Press.

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The Acton Free Press,

A FIRST-CLASS LOCAL AND GENERAL FAMILY NEWSPAPER PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING AT THE FREE PRESS PRINTING AND PUBLISHING HOUSE, NEXT TO THE METHODIST CHURCH, MILL STREET, ACTON, ONT.

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Every facility for Book, Plain and Fancy Job Printing. Experienced workmen. Newest styles of Type. Presses good. Charges moderate.

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Editor and Proprietor.

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Office and Residence, at the head of Frederick St., Acton.

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☞ OFFICE OPEN EVERY FRIDAY. ☜

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.

PATENTS FOR INVENTIONS EXPEDITIOUSLY and properly secured in Canada, the United States, and Europe. Patent guaranteed or no charge. Send for printed instructions. Agency in operation ten years.
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Ottawa, Canada.
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JAS. CAMPBELL.

CASH FOR SKINS.
I am prepared to pay the highest cash price for all classes of Lamb and Sheep Skins, delivered at my tannery. Lace Leather constantly on hand.
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BIRTHS, Marriages and Deaths inserted free in the ACTON FREE PRESS, the best local paper of Halton Co.

CARDS, Billheads and Circulars of every description executed neatly at the ACTON FREE PRESS office, the best local paper of Halton Co.

COMMUNICATIONS on local questions of interest will gladly be received by the ACTON FREE PRESS, the best local paper of Halton Co.

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Pumps! Pumps! Pumps!
W. E. ADAMS, Manufacturer of superior Well and Cistern Pumps, which will be put in on short notice. Repairing promptly done. Charges moderate. Also saws filed and set. Give him a call. Shop on Frederick street, opposite Dr. Lowry's residence.
W. E. ADAMS.

—THE—
"CLIMAX PLOW"
—MADE AT—
Crowe's Iron Works, Guelph,
Is ahead of all competitors for general purposes. Iron Beams, Steel Board and Shears made of special hard iron. Cheap; $14 cash. New Fences, Stoves, Metal Letters, and Casting of all kinds.
JOHN CROWE.

$66 A WEEK in your own town, and no capital risked. You can give the business a trial without expense. The best opportunity ever offered for those willing to work. You should try nothing else until you see for yourself what you can do at the business we offer. No room to explain here. You can devote all your time or only your spare time to the business, and make great pay for every hour that you work. Women make as much as men. Send for special private terms and particulars, which we mail free. $5 outfit free. Don't complain of hard times while you have such a chance. Address H. HALLETT & CO., Portland, Maine.

CANADA LOAN & BANKING COMPANY
Savings Bank,
CORNER OF JAMES AND VINE STS.,
HAMILTON.
Six Per Cent. Interest paid on deposits of $1 and upwards.
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Money to loan on Real Estate in sums to suit borrowers, and on easy terms.

☞ Office open every week-day from 9 a.m to 5 p.m.

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Aug. 11, 1879. 7-6m

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A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS DONE.
DRAFTS and BILLS OF EXCHANGE Bought and Sold.
DEPOSITORS
Are allowed interest at the rate of five (5) per cent. per annum in the Savings Bank Department, and six (6) per cent. per annum will be allowed on Deposit Receipts, provided the money remains in the Bank not less than six (6) months, and three (3) months notice be given of its withdrawal.
THOMAS Y. GREET,
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THE TRAVELLERS
Life & Accident Ins. Co.,
OF HARTFORD, CONN.,
Writes everything desirable in the way of Life and Accident Insurance.
Rates Low. Security Unquestioned.
Ample deposit made with the Dominion Government, for the security of Canadian Policy Holders.

Paid up Cash Capital,	$ 600,000.00
Gross Assets,	4,798,677.74
Total Liabilities,	3,511,734.37
Surplus to Policy Holders,	1,286,943.37

JAMES MATTHEWS, Agent,
Acton, Ont.

BAKERY
AND
CONFECTIONERY.
MESSRS. B. & E. NICKLIN would intimate that they have opened up their
NEW BAKE SHOP
ON THE
Corner of MILL and MAIN Sts.
ACTON,
And that they will always be supplied with A 1. Bread, besides Buns, Cakes, Pastry &c., &c., &c.
A LARGE STOCK OF CHOICE
Confectionery
will be found on hand, which is all new and fresh—
OATMEAL,
CORNMEAL,
BUCKWHEAT FLOUR,
CRACKED WHEAT, &c.,
always in stock.
This will be found to be the place where the best goods will be kept at the lowest prices.
☞ TERMS: CASH.
B. & E. NICKLIN.

HARNESS, HARNESS.
Any person in want of a good set of Harness, either
SINGLE OR DOUBLE;
Should call at
Creech's Saddlery,
ACTON,
Where they can get better value for their money than any place in the County.
A good assortment of
TRUNKS AND VALISES
On hand, all of which will be sold cheap for cash.
☞ Repairing promptly attended to.
R. CREECH.
Acton, Feb. 26, 1879.

A LECTURE TO
YOUNG MEN.
WE have recently published a new edition of Dr. Culverwell's Celebrated Essay on the RADICAL AND PERMANENT CURE (without medicine) of Nervous Debility, Mental and Physical Incapacity, Impediments to Marriage, etc., resulting from excesses.
☞ Price, in a sealed envelope, only six cents, or two postage stamps.
The celebrated author, in this admirable Essay, clearly demonstrates, from thirty years' successful practice, that alarming consequences may be radically cured without the dangerous use of internal medicine or the application of the knife; pointing out a mode of cure at once simple, certain and effectual, by means of which every sufferer, no matter what his condition may be, may cure himself cheaply, privately and radically.
This Lecture should be in the hands of every youth and every man in the land.
Address,
The Culverwell Medical Co.,
47 Ann St., New York.
Post Office Box 4586.

The Old Story Continued.

She read till the could not see—
Did "Ivanhoe" grow weary?
Then dropped the book upon her knee,
And said her life was dreary.
"From day to day I still must tread
The same dull round of duty—
Of darning socks and baking bread,
Without one glimpse of beauty.
"From week to week my landmarks are:
A sermon dull on Sunday;
On Friday night the Plumville Star;
The weekly wash on Monday.
"And, oh! there's never a line of grace,
And never a hint of glory."
She sighed and lengthened her pretty face
"I'm always the same old story!"

She dried her eyes and curled her hair,
And went to the conference meeting
From the garden gate to the vestry stair
The self-same words repeating.
At last the final hymn was sung,
And all the prayers were ended,
When one from the doorway crept among
Her homeward steps attended.
They left at length the village street,
And sprang the low wall over,
To cross through Captain Peasely's wheat
And Deacon Eucomba's clover.
The moon seemed shining overhead
To flood the path with glory;
They whispered low, but what they said
Was—Only the same old story!

A Young Woman of Culture.

Miss Pallas Enders Von Blurky—
She didn't know chicken from turkey;
High Spanish and Greek she could fluently speak,
But her knowledge of poultry was murky.

She could tell the great uncle of Moses
And the dates of the Wars of the Roses,
And the reasons of things—why the Indians wore rings
In their red, aboriginal noses!

Why Shakespeare was wrong in his grammar,
And the meaning of Emerson's "Brahma,"
And she want clipping rocks with a little black box
And a small goldenfed hammer!

She had views upon co-education
And the principal needs of the nation,
And her glasses were blue, and the numbers she knew
Of the stars in each high constellation.

And she wrote in a handwriting clerky,
And she talked with an emphatic jerky,
And she painted on tiles in the sweetest of styles
But she didn't know chicken from turkey.

CLARISSA'S CHOICE.

It is growing dark. The fire in the library, although the time is early June, is burning briskly. A greyhound, a very handsome specimen of its kind, lies sleeping on the hearth-rug. There is a general air of comfort in all the surroundings, yet Mr. Dugdale—whose admiration for the country is not unrestrained, and who has come down to his neglected estate only because a long-forgotten sense of duty and a new steward have called him—is sitting with his hands before him, wondering, in a melancholy fashion, what on earth he is going to do with himself for the next month.

If, he soliloquizes, he even knew any one in the country! Of course they will all call, the Katkins especially, but new acquaintances are such a bore. And dinners where French cooks are unknown—pah! He doesn't know a tenant on his estate, or a landlord in the district, except old Major Hyde, who, probably, would be considered uncandurable in town. He wonders, vaguely, what Thistleton is doing now, and Dunmore, and all that lot; perhaps—

"A lady wishes to see you, sir," says Hickson, speaking in a respectful undertone from the doorway.

"I sincerely hope not, Hickson," responds his master, lazily, without turning his head. "I really couldn't, you know. I have come down here, against my will, partly to escape all that kind of thing. And having sacrificed myself, I insist on quiet."

"She says, sir—"

"I know all about it," with an impatient gesture; "just say I am ill, dying, dead, *buried*—anything, only send her away."

"I beg your pardon, sir," with an apologetic cough, "but she seemed so urgent, and I could not possibly take it upon myself to dismiss the lady in question. I believe you would not wish it, sir, if—"

"You have evidently made up your mind I shall receive her," resignedly; "there is, therefore, nothing for it but to submit; I am incapable of argument under my present depressing circumstances. Is she, desperately, "a woman or a lady, Hickson?"

"A lady *sir*; *quite* the lady."

"Ah!—old or young?"

"Not old, sir; and not *too* young, either."

"Neither old nor young. That generally means forty. *Is* she forty?"

"Dear me, no, sir—nothing of the kind. I beg pardon, sir, I merely meant to imply she was a good deal more than eighteen."

"You are invaluable, Hickson; I have always said it," with a flash of admiration. "Show her in."

"Another of the personal begging-letter sort," says Mr. Dugdale to himself, with a meek shrug, unlocking a drawer that contains money. "Better have it ready; the only thing I know of to get rid of them in a hurry." Sinking back in his chair, he puts on his most miserable air, and prepares for an ignominious defeat.

There is some slight delay; then the faint rustle of a woman's skirts, a word or two from the admirable Hickson, who then throws wide the door, and announces "Miss Carew," in his usual well-bred monotone.

Dugdale, rising from his seat with some precipitancy, makes her a deferential bow. There is extreme respect, though a good deal of irrepressible surprise, in his manner as his eyes meet hers.

She is young—about three-and-twenty—very slender, very excellently formed, of middle height, and extremely pretty. Her eyes are a clear, dark grey; her light brown hair is covered by a large hat, trimmed handsomely with feathers; a grey gown fits her rounded figure to perfection; her hands are incased in irreproachable gloves. Dugdale, as he looks at her, repents him of the "begging-letter" idea, and, at the bare remembrance of it, colours slightly. So does his visitor, though from far different motives.

"I must ask you to pardon this—this intrusion," she says, in a low tone, though perfectly distinct and full of dignity and sweetness. "I would not have come myself, but my brother is quite an invalid, suffering from an accident, and it was necessary one of us should see you. When we heard you were returning to town again so soon it frightened us into action."

"I do not return to London for a month."

"*Indeed!*" with suppressed chagrin; "We were told you intended leaving to-morrow, or next day. Had I known the truth—"

"Pray sit down," says Dugdale, courteously handing her a chair, "and let me know what I can do for you."

"I should have introduced myself, she says, with a faint smile. "My brother and I are your tenants, Mr. Dugdale, and have, I think, some slight claim on your forbearance. The place—Weston Lodge; you know it?—has been in the possession of our family for years. First, my grandfather had it from *your* grandfather; then my father had it; now my brother has it; but our lease has expired." She pauses.

"You make me feel ashamed that I know so little of my tenants or their wishes or concerns," he says. "I know, indeed, nothing of the neighbourhood. My living so much abroad is my only excuse. But, that my late steward, poor fellow, died, and that the new man insisted on my presence here for a few weeks, I should not be in this house now. Yes, you want a new lease—is that it?"

"That *is* it," with a glance of surprise at his evident indifference to, or ignorance of, all that has been going on of late. "The question is, shall we get it? The new man you speak of—Graham—has, I think, advised you to the contrary. He wishes to take on farm, and incorporate it with the fields that lie beyond it, and let it all out at a higher value. Of course we can retain the house, but without the land it is useless to us, as my brother is fond of farming. We are willing you should raise our rent—we would gladly take all those fields I speak of, that stretch to the south of us, but, unfortunately, just now we cannot. I thought, if I were to ask you, you would perhaps reconsider your steward's advice, and let us keep our home."

The sweet voice trembles over such a little, the grey eyes fall, the little delicately-gloved hand taps nervously upon the table near her.

"Have you spoken to Graham?" asks Dugdale, who, just at this moment, could have soundly rated his own zealous manager.

"No. We thought it better to see you, yourself. Will you think of it?" She raises her eyes again, and regards him earnestly, entreatingly. "To me it would not so much matter," she adds, gently, "but my brother—his heart is in the place; he has been delicate of late, and all this anxiety preys upon him, and retards his recovery. We have been good tenants; I would ask you not to dispossess us."

"I shall speak to Graham to-morrow. Pray do not disturb yourself about it; I promise you," says Mr. Dugdale, who is singularly pliable where beauty pleads, "you shall keep your home. Nobody shall dispossess you."

"How shall I thank you?" exclaims she with grateful warmth, rising. Tears of emotion shine in her dark eyes. "I hardly dared hope when I came, and now"—she pauses, and again a smile curves her lips—"I can go back to George and make him happy."

"It makes yourself happy too, I trust?"

A little shadow falls into Miss Carew's eyes. They droop.

"Thank you—yes," she answers, but there is a faint weariness, a curious pain, discernible in her tone.

She bows slightly, and turns to the door.

"Let me see you to your"—carriage, he is going to say, but hesitates. She certainly looks like a woman who should have carriages at her disposal, but he remembers hearing from Graham that Weston is but a small place, and checks himself.

"Yes—I drove over," she says, quietly. And then he follows her to the hall-door steps, and sees there waiting for her a tiny phaeton, a tiny pony, and a groom holding its head. All is well appointed, and though small, perfect.

Miss Carew gives her hand to Dugdale, and steps into the phaeton; the groom springs in behind and hands his mistress the reins; she turns and bestows upon her landlord a smile, short, though exceedingly sweet, and in another minute pony, tiger, lady, and all have disappeared down the avenue.

He, left standing upon the gravel, watches her retreat, until distance has, indeed, swallowed up all traces of her, and as he looks he muses.

What a sad little face she had, but how expressive! what sweetness in the eyes! Yes, beyond doubt it all lay in her eyes; there wasn't much to speak of in the rest of her features, except her mouth, which was charming, but there was certainly a fascination in her eyes. What did Graham mean by creating such confusion, all about a paltry few pounds a year, more or less? It was most officious of him. After all, a fellow ought to come down and see about his tenants every now and then, and consult their wishes, and see after their—

"Well, Dugdale, my boy, and how are you?" says a mellow voice behind him, and turning, he beholds *the* Major.

"Ah, Hyde, I'm uncommonly glad to see you," exclaims he, brightening, and telling the honest truth. Even Hyde, old-fashioned as he is, brings a welcome with him, being, as it were, a breath from the world of town.

"Thank you. Heard of your arrival, and just dropped down to get a look at you, and ask you to dine to-morrow night. Know how slow you must find it vegetating in the wilderness. I came through the park, and just saw Miss Carew driving away. Monstrous pretty girl I take it. Came about the lease, eh? You must give her her own way there, Dugdale, you must indeed, you know," says the kindly Major.

"I have given it," says Dugdale.

"Glad of it—glad of it. The only right thing to do. I might have known that she would get no refusal from you. Beauty in distress, my boy, is all powerful, eh? You have nothing that can touch on her this season, come now," says the ancient hero, with an airy laugh that still retains the freshness of nineteen. "I lay you anything you like you haven't seen a prettier girl this year."

"Yes I have," laughing, "but few so—so—*haunting*. I like grey eyes. Come in and dine with me, Hyde; it will be a charity, and may perhaps save me from suicide; I can't stand my own company."

"I shall be delighted," says the Major, who, next to having some one to dine with him, likes best to dine with some one. He is fond of society and young men, and is especially fond of Dugdale.

As they lounge through the gardens enjoying a cigar before dinner, the Major grows communicative, and relates many things. Touching on the Carews, he finds himself encouraged by his host, and forthwith enlarges on the topic.

"There is only she and George," says he, "and they are quite devoted; *she* thinks there is nobody like George, and *he* thinks the same about Clarissa, and I quite agree with him."

"You seem rather *epris* there," says Dugdale, smiling. "George, as you call him, is ill, is he not?"

"Knocked himself to bits last winter, out hunting. Ribs, leg, head, all went to smash, and even now he is only slowly recovering. No doubt he will pluck up in a hurry, now that this lease worry is at an end, but at one time I confess I thought he was done for. That poor child, Clarissa, was very ill, between grief and nursing."

"Ah! That is what makes her look so sad, I suppose."

"Well, no—not altogether," mysteriously.

"Anything more!" turning sharply; "not a disappointment in love, surely! It is an impertinence even to imagine it."

"I may as well tell you about it," says old Hyde, who adores the sound of his own voice, and is beginning to enjoy himself intensely. "All the world here knows the story, so as you are sure to hear it from some quarter, sooner or later, I shan't be breaking confidence by telling you. And you may as well hear a true version of it. You made a good guess; it *was* an unhappy love affair.

"He had bad taste, whoever he was," says Dugdale, with a faintly unpleasant ring in his tone. He has already begun to feel an interest in his lovely tenant, and when a man feels an interest in a woman, however slight, he takes it badly when he is told she, in her turn, has felt an interest in some foreign quarter.

"You know Sir Wilfred Haughton? Well, he was the man. They were engaged to be married about three years ago; everything was arranged; never was there a fellow so much in love, he was thought, when suddenly a cousin of Clarissa came on the scene. A pretty girl, I am bound to say, but bad, sir, bad to the heart's core. There was something fetching about her, I suppose, because every man in the neighbourhood (except myself, Dugdale, I am proud to say) made an ass of himself about her. But she laid her plans cleverly, and never ceased till she had wiled Haughton from his allegiance, and I verily believe, broke Clarissa's heart. She has never held up her head since. Fairly crushed she was, and all for a most unworthy object, as I cannot help thinking him."

"You put it mildly. A man who could be guilty of such an act must be termed an unmitigated blackguard," says Dugdale, calmly knocking the ash of his cigar.

"So I think. But the cream of the joke is to follow. Madame Violet having made her little game, and cajoled Haughton to the top of her bent, coolly threw him over at the last moment, and married a city man with no birth to mention, but unlimited coin."

"Serve him right," viciously. "I knew him slightly, but can't say I fancied him; weak, it seemed to me, and self-opinionated. He has been abroad for some time."

"Fit of the spleen. They say he is coming home at the end of the month, so I dare say he has got over it."

"How will Miss Carew like his being in the neighbourhood again?"

"She is very game," says the Major; "proud, you know, and that—she won't show what she really feels. Perhaps his coming will cure her effectually, and settle matters for ever."

"You mean, she will probably accept him a second time?"

"*Accept* him! Nonsense, sir, she will *reject* him, and that with scorn—with *scorn!*" says the Major, flushing with indignation.

A month renders the Carews very intimate with their landlord—which is hardly to be wondered at, as scarcely a day passes without his coming to Weston, avowedly to sit with George, but in reality to see Clarissa.

Now, he does not even care to conceal from himself the fact that his early admiration for her has deepened into love. Yet his attachment causes him only unhappiness, having in it all the elements of disappointment to come, Clarissa, apparently, being utterly indifferent to it. She is very sweet, very gentle, and treats him with all the kind familiarity of a sister, but even he cannot deceive himself into the belief that there is anything sentimental in her regard.

One evening towards the close of this month, Dugdale happens to be dining at the lodge. He has dined there often of late, young Carew having taken an enormous fancy to him, being, indeed, almost low-spirited when he is out of his sight. All through dinner Clarissa has been singularly distraite and meditative; there is a far-off look in her clear grey eyes, her lover is quick to mark. Strolling in the garden with her, later on, through the warm, sweet, wooing July air, he suddenly breaks the long silence by saying,

"How quiet you are this evening. Has anything vexed you—disturbed you?"

"Have I betrayed myself even to you?" she says, with a smile, and a rare faint blush. "No—yes—I confess it; I *should* not be disturbed, but I am—in that lies my self-contempt. It makes me angry with myself to know that I am annoyed, but I cannot help it. I heard to-day Sir Wilfred Haughton is coming home to-morrow!" Her voice has fallen slightly.

"Yes, I know." He has turned his face away from hers.

"Of course you have heard all that old story," she says, quite calmly, but with another blush so vivid as to bring tears to her eyes. "It seems very old now. Every one knows it; *that* thought was very bitter to me just at first, but now I scarcely seem to mind it, and you are so good a friend I can speak to you about it. It is very disheartening, is it not," with a little constrained laugh, "that, after all one's inward lectures, one should find one-self as far from indifference as ever?"

Mistaking her meaning altogether, he winces perceptibly.

"Does his coming distress you?"

"Yes," slowly, "it distresses me; and yet I cannot say whether it makes me glad or sorrow. After all, he was an old friend, before—before anything foolish occurred between us. I do not forget that."

"No doubt he has, long ere this, repented his crowning—nay, his *only* act of folly." They have got down to the wicket-gate by this time, that leads into the haggard, and he, leaning his arms upon it, continues, always with his eyes turned from hers, "What if he is coming home because the first and best love is still strong within him? It may be that he is coming to gain forgiveness."

"Oh, no, *no!*" shrinking, "I hope not. That would be terrible. I *hope* not! But," with an effort, "it is impossible."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Good Talkers.

The first requisite of a good talker is genuine social sympathy. A man may not say, out of some selfish motive, or some motive of personal policy, "Go to! I will become a good talker." He must enjoy society, and have a genuine desire to serve and please. We have all seen the talker who talks for his own purposes, or talks to please himself. He is the well-known character—the talking bore. The talker who gets himself up for show, who plans his conversations for the evening, and crams for them, becomes intolerable. He lectures: he does not converse; for there is no power of a talker so delightful as that of exciting others to talk, and listening to what his own inspiring and suggestive utterances have called forth. Genuine social sympathy and a hearty desire to please others are necessary to produce such a talker as this, and no other is tolerable. Social sympathy is a natural gift, and there is a combination of other gifts which constitute what may be called *esprit*, that are very essential to a good talker. This combination includes individuality, tact and wit—the talents, aptitudes, and peculiar characteristic charm which enable a man to use the materials of conversation in an engaging way, entirely his own; for every good talker has his own way of saying good things, as well as of managing conversation based on his *esprit*.

Yet it is true that there are no good talkers who depend upon their natural gifts and such material as they get in the usual interchanges of society. For the materials of conversation we must draw upon knowledge. No man can be a thoroughly good talker who does not know a great deal. Social sympathy and "the gift of gab" go but a short way towards producing good conversation, though we hear a great deal of this kind of talk among the young. Sound and exact knowledge is the very basis of good conversation. To know a great many things well is to have in hand the best and most reliable material of good conversation. There is nothing like abundance and exactness of knowledge with which to furnish a talker. Next to this, perhaps, is familiarity with polite literature. The faculty of quoting from the best authors is a very desirable one. Facts are valuable, and thoughts perhaps are quite as valuable, especially as they are more stimulating to the conversation of a group. The talker who deals alone in facts is quite likely to have the talk all to himself, while the man who is familiar with thoughts and ideas, as he has found them embodied in literature, becomes a stimulator of thought and conversation in those around him. Familiarity with knowledge and with the products of literary art cannot be too much insisted on as the furniture of good conversation.

Beyond this, the good talker must be familiar with the current thought and events of his time. There should be no movement in politics, religion and society that the good talker is not familiar with. Indeed, the man who undertakes to talk at all must know what is uppermost in men's minds, and be able to add to the general fund of thought and knowledge, and respond to the popular enquiry and the popular disposition for discussion. The man who undertakes to be a good talker should never be caught napping, concerning any current topic of immediate public interest.

How to carry and convey superiority of knowledge and culture without appearing to be pedantic, how to talk out of abundant stores of information and familiarity with opinion without seeming to preach, as Coleridge was accused of doing, belongs, with the ability to talk well, to "the art of conversation." It has seemed to us that if young people could only see how shallow and silly very much of their talk is, and must necessarily be, so long as they lack the materials of conversation, they would take more pains with their study, would devote themselves more to the best books, and that, at least, they would acquire and maintain more familiarity with important current events. To know something is the best cure for neighbourhood gossip, for talk about dress, and for ten thousand frivolities and stillnesses of society. Besides, a good talker needs an audience to understand and respond to him, and where is he to find one if there is not abundant culture around him?

Foreigners in Westminster Abbey.

There is plenty of precedent for making Westminster Abbey a place to commemorate, as well as to bury, strangers in. The second person of private rank recorded to have been buried in the older church was that Geoffrey of Manneville, or Mandeville, who was among the followers of William the Norman, and who gave to the Abbey the great estate of Hyde, of which parts still remain to the Dean and Chapter. One of the oldest monuments in the whole church is that of William de Valence, Earl of Pembroke, in St. Edmund's Chapel. He was step-brother of Henry III., and was born, as his name signifies, at Valence, and died also abroad—namely, at Cayenne, 1296. His son made the tomb, which is beloved of heralds, and remarkable in the history of art for its enamelled ornaments. The effigy itself is curious, for it is of oak covered with bronze in plates. The Earl is believed to repose within the stone base of the monument. The Register, which commences in 1607, furnishes the names of something like a score of foreigners of all ranks interred here during the last three [illegible] Dorislaus, whose tragical death at The Hague, when representing the Commonwealth, was followed by his funeral in Henry VII.'s chapel, a few months only after the execution of Charles I. Dorislaus was himself a Dutchman by birth. His body did not rest here long but at the Restoration was removed to St. Margaret's Churchyard. In 1710 Spanheim, the Ambassador from Prussia, and ten years later one "Don Hyacinth Borges Pereira de Castro," the Portuguese Ambassador, were likewise laid in the Abbey, as was also St. Evremond. Foreign divines, too, are to be found in plenty. Such was Anthony Horneck, who, as preacher at the Savoy, attracted the crowds noticed by Evelyn. Such, too, were the ex-Capuchin de Breval and Isaac Bessubon. Nicholas Oudart, who was Latin Secretary to Charles II., should perhaps be mentioned in this connection; but the greatest of the foreigners were soldiers. We have forgotten Field Marshal De la Rochefoucald, who after spending a lifetime in the English army, was buried here in 1739; but an unpleasant savour seems to attach itself to the name of Louis De Duras, Earl of Feversham, the victor of Sedgemoor. He was originally buried in the French chapel at the Savoy; but his remains, thirty years later, with those of his nephew, Armand De Bourbon, and a niece, Charlotte, were disinterred and reburied "in the north cross of the Abbey." They were all Protestants, even Feversham, which may be one reason why he did not follow his master to exile to St. Germains. The next reign brought a large crop of foreigners to the Abbey. There, in 1709, was borne the body of the faithful Bentinck, whose name was the last word William III. was heard to utter. There are Schombergs and Nassaus and Auverquerques in the Tudor Chapel, and among them a young Prince Eugene of Savoy—not the hero, but his nephew, who died of small-pox while visiting England in 1712. There are some Hanoverian names, too, a little later, the greatest of which is Handel.

Francis Bacon and His Warts.

Francis Bacon supplies a very effective piece of evidence as to the influence of the imagination of external growths which seem to have their origin in deficient vitality of certain parts of the external surface of the body, as warts, wens, and the like. Bacon did not, however, treat the evidence afforded in his own case with the acumen which might have been expected from the inductive philosopher. "I had from my childhood," he says, "a wart upon one of my fingers; afterwards, when I was about sixteen years old, being then at Paris, there grew upon both my hands a number of warts—at least one hundred in a month's space. The English Ambassador's lady, who was a woman far from superstitious," (a statement which must be taken *cum grano*,) "told me one day she would help me away with my warts; whereupon she got a piece of lard with the skin on, and rubbed the warts all over with the fat side; and among the rest that wart which I had from my childhood; then she nailed the piece of lard, with the fat towards the sun, upon a post of her chamber window, which was to the south. The success was that within five weeks' space all the warts were quite away, and that wart which I had so long endured for company. But at the rest I did little marvel, because they came in a short time, and might go away in a short time again; but the going away of that which had stayed so long doth yet stick with me."

THERE are strings in the harp of every life which, though covered with dust, give out music when the wings of truth stir the air.

A WOMAN was told to "make oath" in a New Haven court. She blushingly said "D——n it," and protested against the rigor of legal necessity.

Catholicism in Germany.

The Roman Catholic Church is one compact organization. The Pope stands, since the dogma of July 18, 1870, was universally adopted, as its sovereign infallible head; his colleagues and vicars are the bishops; they carry out what Rome wills; the people obey, and still recognize as bishops those whom the State, by a judicial sentence, has deprived of office. The name Catholic embraces three groups, which in the eye of the State all occupy the same legal status. The first, the Ultramontanes, or strict Roman Catholics, comprehend the great mass of the Catholic population, and the majority of the nobility. These are unquestioning followers of Rome. The second, the Old Catholics, who openly avow their allegiance to old, as distinguished from modern Catholicism, are a small number, about 50,000 in all Germany. Their importance consists in this: that they form a protest against the alleged violence done by the Papacy to the Church; that they make an essential point of rejecting all abuses; that by their organization they had restored to the Church its rights, and have brought the State to recognize religion and church-life as a thing which cannot be overruled by a mere peremptory decision. The third group consists of the indifferent, those who are absolutely without any faith, and the State Catholics, who think they can unite their belief in an infallible Pope with their duties to the State, who attempt to obey at once the laws of the Pope and those laws of the State which Rome has denounced as subversive of the Divine right. Ultramontanism can, as we have already shown, ignore the utterly indifferent, nay, can even regard them as its best helpers. It is accustomed to pay as little regard to the State Catholics, since it knows that these are carried hither and thither by any wind that blows from high quarters, and that they would soon alter their course if the Government sounded the summons to retreat.

German Servants.

I have never known a German servant able to make the ordinary calculations of daily life as well as most English servants. Once away from school, an ordinary girl never opens any book but her *Gesangbuch*, nor does anything in the way of work except knit her own stockings. Her school-life over, she is turned out into the world to earn her own living, and knitting is the one thing she will ever use of all she has been taught. As to education in the proper sense of the word, she has had none. For eight years she has been grinding away in an impassive, uncomprehending way, and knows as little of practical life as a girl with us who has never been out of a district school. She is so unfitted for service that people are coming to the conclusion it is less trouble to do the work themselves than to teach her, and the proposal sometimes made in joke here of being one's own servant is fast becoming the accepted order of things in Germany. The crowds of servants out of place in Frankfort alone, spoken of not long ago in the newspapers, is one proof of it. Of course, hundreds do begin again, forget all they have previously learned, and, in the hands of mistresses who are never weary of telling and who require no brains in their servants, become hard-working domestic machines.

Do not Face the Light when at Work.

Statistics kept by oculists employed in infirmaries for eye diseases have shown that the habit of some persons in facing a window from which the light falls directly in the eyes as well as on the work, injures their eyes in the end: The best way is to work with a side light, or if the work needs strong illumination, so that it is necessary to have the working table before the window, the lower portion of the latter should be covered with a screen, so as to have a top light alone, which does not shine in the eyes when the head is slightly bent over and downwards toward the work.

In the schools of Germany this matter has already been attended to, and the rule adoped to have all the seats and tables so arranged that the pupils never face the windows, but only have the side lights from the left; and as a light simultaneously thrown from two sides gives an interference of shadows, it has been strictly forbidden to build school houses with windows on both sides, such illuminations having always proved injurious to the eyes of the pupils.

We may add to this the advice not to place the lamp in front of you when at work in the evening, but a little on one side; and never to neglect the use of a shade, so as to prevent the strong light shining in the eyes. This is especially to be considered at the present time, when their intensely luminous lamps, become more and more common.

Thorwaldsen.

Though his family is said to have descended from the Danish King Harold Stildetand, he was born (in 1770) the son of one Gottschalk, who, half workman, half artist, was employed in carving figures for the bows of vessels. From his earliest childhood little Bertel accompanied his father to the wharves and assisted him in his work, in which he showed such intelligence that in his eleventh year he was allowed to enter the Free School of Art. Here he soon made wonderful progress in sculpture, but could so little be persuaded to attend to other studies, that he reached the age of eighteen scarcely able to read. In his twenty-third year he obtained the great gold medal, to which a travelling stipend is attached, and thus he was enabled to go to Rome, where, encouraged at first by the patronage of Thomas Hope, the English banker, he soon reached the highest pitch of celebrity. Denmark became proud of her son, so that his visits to his native town in 1819 and 1837 were like triumphal progresses, all the city going forth to meet him, and lodging him splendidly at the public cost, but his heart always clung to the Eternal City, which continued to be the scene of his labours. Of his many works perhaps his noble lion at Lucerne is the best known.

A PHOTOGRAPHER announces that, besides other accessories, he has a "new front gate, just the thing for a lover's picture."

THE Duke of Argyll is about to marry the widow of the Hon. Major Anson. Mrs. Anson is a daughter of the Bishop of St. Albans, and niece of Lord Dudley. It is said his Grace proposed and was accepted by telegraph.

THE first Napoleon endowed all his family splendidly. According to the *Continental Times*, the records of St. Helena show that a sum variously estimated at from $20,000,000 to $100,000,000 of money was at the command of the exiled emperor at Amsterdam, Frankfort, and London.

BARRELS made of paste-board have been introduced for the packing away of woollens and furs. These are seamless, and regarded as moth proof. The head, which fits down snugly, is the only available entrance for the moth, and directions are given to paste a layer of brown paper over this almost invisible line when the barrel packed.

ELISHA GRIMES said in a prayer meeting at Little York, Ind., that he was wholly prepared to die. George Jones called him out of doors a few minutes afterwards, and killed him with a knife. It is conjectured that Jones thought Grimes, professing readiness, might as well die at once, for no other motive has been discovered.

WHEN a bee brings pollen into the hive, he advances to the cell in which it is to be deposited and kicks it off; another bee, one of the indoor hands, comes along and rams it down with his head, and packs it into the cell as the dairy-maid packs butter into a firkin.—*Josh Billings.* We would prefer not to have any dairy-maid back our butter that way.—*Record.