Acton Free Press.

TERMS...$1.00 in Advance. *The Newspaper.—"A Map of Busy Life, its Fluctuations and its Vast Concerns."* $1.50 if not so paid.

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—THE—

Acton Free Press,

is published
EVERY THURSDAY MORNING,
BY
H. P. MOORE,
Editor & Proprietor.
AT THE FREE PRESS.

PRINTING & PUBLISHING HOUSE,
Next Door to Methodist Church,
Mill Street, ... Acton, Ont.

TERMS:—The FREE PRESS will be sent to subscribers, postage paid, for $1.00 per annum in advance; $1.50 if not so paid. No paper discontinued till all arrears are paid, except at the option of the publisher.

ADVERTISING RATES.—Casual advertisements, 8 cents per line for the first insertion; and 2 cents per line for each subsequent insertion cash. Professional Cards, 10 lines or less, $4.00 per annum. 1 square, 12 lines, $5.00 per, annum, payable in 6 months from date of insertion. Any Special Notice, the object of which is to promote the pecuniary benefit of any individual or company, to be considered an advertisement. The number of lines reckoned by the space occupied, measured by a scale of solid Nonpareil.

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One column one year	$60.00
Half column one year	35.00
Quarter column one year	20.00
One column six months	35.00
Half column six months	20.00
Quarter column six months	12.00
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Half column three months	12.00
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Changes for contract advertisements must be in the office by 9 a. m. on Mondays, otherwise they will be left over till the following week.

H. P. MOORE,
Editor & Proprietor.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

W. H. LOWRY, M. B., M. C. P. S., Graduate of Trinity College, Member of College of Physicians and Surgeons. Office and residence, at the head of Frederick St., Acton.

N. McGARVIN, M. D., M. C. P. S., Graduate of Victoria College. Residence, corner of Mill and Frederick streets. Consultation daily from 8 to 10 a. m., and 3 to 6 p. m.

ALISTER M. CLARK, BARRISTER,
Quebec Street Guelph.
BRANCH OFFICE:—In Matthews Building Mill Street, Acton.
☞ 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.
HENRY GRIST,
Ottawa, Canada.
Mechanical engineering, Solicitors of Patents, and draughtsmen.

J. D. MATHESON, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Solicitor in Chancery, &c. Office, next door to Wallace's Hotel, Milton.

DOMINION HOTEL, ACTON, ROBT. AGNEW, proprietor. The 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 of Liquors and Cigars. Good Stabling and Attentive Hostlers.

CHARLES CAMERON,
Main St., Acton.
Agent for the Bell Organ, manufactured by Messrs. W. Bell & Co., Guelph. Orders left at his residence will receive prompt attention. For particulars see adv. on other side. Give him a trial.
CHAS. CAMERON.
Dec. 10, 79.-24-3m.

ROYAL EXCHANGE HOTEL, Acton, Jas. Campbell, Proprietor. Mr. Campbell, late of the Rossin House, near G. T. R. Station, takes pleasure in announcing to his many old friends and patrons that he has recently purchased and refitted the Royal Exchange in the neatest and most comfortable style, and is prepared to accommodate all who may favor him, in the most comfortable manner. Choice Wines, Liquors, Cigars and cool summer drinks always in stock. Stable in charge of an attentive hostler. The patronage of the public is respectfully solicited, and no effort will be spared to give the very best attention.

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.
JAMES MOORE.

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 Beam, Steel Board and Shears made of special hard iron. Cheap; $14 cash. New Fences, Stoves, Medal Letters, and Casting of all kinds.
JOHN CROWE.

STRAYED or Stolen advertisements of this nature inserted very cheap in the Acton FREE PRESS, the best local paper of Halton Co.

MERCHANTS and farmers alike should advertise and support 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.

$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.

"EXCELSIOR"
BAKERY.

B. & E. NICKLIN
take this opportunity of thanking their friends and patrons for their very liberal support in the past, and trust that they will continue it. We have always on hand a full supply of

Bread, Cakes, Buns,
PASTRY,
CONFECTIONERY,
Fruits, Canned Fish, Oatmeal, Cornmeal, Graham and Buckwheat Flour, &c., &c.,

all of which we are prepared to sell at
BOTTOM PRICES FOR CASH.
In connection with the Bakery we have just opened an
Oyster Parlor,
and will serve oysters in every style. We have also constantly on hand a stock of oysters in both can and bulk, cheap.

N. B.—Oyster Suppers supplied at shortest notice, and Wedding Cakes made to order.
B. & E. Nicklin.

THE TRAVELLERS
LIFE and ACCIDENT
Ins. Co., of Hartford, Conn.,
Write 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.

FEDERAL BANK
OF CANADA.
GUELPH BRANCH.
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,
Manager.

CANADA
LOAN & BANKING COMPANY
SAVINGS BANK.
CORNER OF JAMES AND KING STS.,
HAMILTON.
Six Per Cent Interest paid on Deposits of $1 and upwards.
SAFEST AND BEST SECURITY.
BOARD OF DIRECTORS.
D. B. CHISHOLM Esq., President.
WM. KERNS Esq., of John Waddle & Co.) Burlington, Vice-President.
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WM. FREEMAN, M. D., Georgetown.
H. S. GRIFFIN, M. D.
C. R. SNOW, Esq., (Manager Cotton Mills,) Dundas.
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.
D. DEXTER, Manager.
Aug. 11, 1878. 7-6m

HARNESS,
HARNESS.
Any person in want of a good sett of Harness, either
SINGLE OR DOUBLE;
SHOULD CALL AT
R. 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.
ROBT. CREECH.
Acton, Feb. 26, '79.

5000 CUSTOMERS
WANTED THIS WEEK,
—AT THE CENTRAL—
BOOT & SHOE STORE.
YOU CAN BUY BETTER
BOOTS AND SHOES
AND GET BETTER BARGAINS
In Acton, than to go away from home to make your purchases. Call at
CRAINE & SON'S

POETRY.

Neighbor Jones.

I'm thinking, wife, of neighbor Jones, the
man with the stalwart arm—
He lives in peace and plenty on a forty acre
farm;
When men are all around us with hearts
and hands a score
Who own two hundred acres, and still are
wanting more.

He has a pretty little farm, a pretty little
house;
He has a loving wife within, as quiet as a
mouse;
His children play around the door, their
father's heart to charm,
Looking just as neat and tidy as the tidy
little farm.

No weeds are in the cornfield, no thistles in
the oats;
The horses show good keeping by their fine
and glossy coats;
The cows within the meadow, resting 'neath
the beechen shade,
Learn all their gentle manner from a gentle
milking maid.

Within the field on Saturday, he leaves no
cradled grain
To be gathered on the morrow for fear of
coming rain;
He lives in joy and gladness, and happy are
his days;
He keeps the sabbath holy; his children
learn his ways.

He never had a lawsuit to take him to the
town,
For the very simple reason there are no
fences down;
The bar room in the village for him has not
a charm;
I can always find my neighbor on his forty-
acre farm.

His acres are so few that he plows them
very deep;
'Tis his own hands that turn the sod, 'tis
his own hands that reap;
He has a place for everything, and every-
thing in its place;
The sunshine smiles upon his fields, con-
tentment on his face.

May we not learn a lesson, wife, from pru-
dent neighbor Jones,
And not sigh for what we haven't got—give
vent to sighs and groans?
The rich aren't always happy—nor free from
life's alarms,
But blest are those who live content, though
small may be their farms.

SELECT READING.

Mrs. Clements' Help.

"Of all things this is the worst! If I ever in my life expected to hear such news! Why our George has gone and got married! D'ye hear!"

Good Mrs. Clement pushed her steel-bowed spectacles off her bright eyes, and dropped her letters in her lap, as she turned round to her husband, the stout, clever old farmer, who was contentedly stroking an old white cat.

"Deacon, d'ye hear!"

This time when she asked the question there was a touch of sadness in her voice.

"Yes; what if he is married! I'm sure it's natural enough. It kind o' runs in the family, 'pears to me."

But Mrs. Clements would take no notice of the pleasantry.

"Well, if you like it, I can tell you I don't. He needn't think he's coming here with his fine city bred lady, all airs and graces, and ruffles and furbelows."

There's plenty of girls hereabout that wanted him. Right in the middle of work, too! to talk of bringing a lady here in hog killin' time! I do declare, I think George is a fool!"

* * * * *

A graceful, dainty little lady, in a garnet poplin and a ruffled apron, with a small, proudly-poised head, covered with short, dusky curls, having a pair of dark-blue eyes, so wistful and tender, a tiny rosebud of a mouth, and a dimple in each pink cheek.

That was Mrs. Marion Clements. Was it any wonder that George had fallen in love with her?

She sat in the bright little parlor, close beside the lace-curtained window, watching for the loved husband's return; and then when she heard the click of the latch key in the hall, flew for the welcome kiss. Looking up, she asked:—

"Haven't you the letter this time, George! I've felt sure of it all day. Indeed, I've quite decided what dresses to take with me."

He smiled and shook his head. A cloud passed over his handsome face.

"Oh, George! Isn't it too bad! And I do believe they won't write because they are sorry you married me."

He put his arms around her neck. "And supposing such to be the case, do you think it would make any difference to me!

"Oh, no, no! Only it would grieve me so if I knew I had alienated your own parents from you."

"And a one sided alienation it would be, too! They have never seen you. And when they know you they can't help loving you!"

"Oh, George!"

The exclamation was caused by the kiss accompanying his own flattery.

"That's true as preaching. By the-bye, my dear, what would you say if the firm sent me off on a travelling tour for six weeks!"

A little dismayed cry answered him.

"You won't stay here alone, oh! But Marion, it would be $500 clear gain to us."

"What need we care for money! I'd rather have you."

A mischievous smile played over the young man's lips; he was more matter-of-fact than his romantic, tender little wife.

"I think the addition to our balance at the bankers would be very consoling for the abschee. But never mind, little pet. Let's go down to dinner. I hope we'll get a letter from them soon."

And soon it was; for Marion snatched it from his pocket the very next night. But her husband's face looked grave and stern, and his eyes looked angry when she looked gleefully over the enveloped.

"My dear, you must remember I care very little what the letter contains. Remember, I did not write it; that you are dearer to me than ever before. Kiss me, first, while I watch you."

A little pang of misdoubt troubled her when she glanced over the note; then tears stole from under her lashes, and George saw her tender mouth quiver and tremble; then, when she had finished it, she laid her head upon his shoulder and cried.

"It was cruel to let you see it, my wounded birdie. Let me burn it. And don't forget, darling, what our little says—that a man shall leave father and mother and cleave to his wife. You are my precious wife, Marion, and to you I turn for all happiness my life will ever hold.

He dried her tears, and then they talked it over.

"Just because I am city bred she thinks I am fine, and haughty, and dainty, and—"

"Never mind Marion. She will find out some day. My father—"

"Yes, bless the dear old man! He has added: 'My love to my daughter Marion.' Oh, I know I should love him, and your mother too, if she would let me."

"We will invite them down when I come. By the way, Marion, I will stop at the farm on my way home and invite them down, and bring them home with me."

"George, dear, I've been thinking about that trip West. I think you had better go and leave me at home. It won't be so very long."

Marion was eating her egg while she spoke across the little breakfast table.

"Spoken like my little true Maron, and when I come back I'll bring you a present. What shall it be, dearest!"

"Your father and mother from the farm. It shall be the hope that shall bear me company when you are gone."

A fortnight after that, Marion Clements ate her breakfast alone, the traces of a tear or so on her pale cheeks: then she dashed them away with a merry, joyous laugh.

"This will never do, and now that George has gone for six weeks, to prepare for his return. And I pray heaven that it shall be such a coming as shall delight his soul.

* * * * *

"I'm sure I don't know what to say. The land knows I need help but it 'pears to me that such a slender little midget as you couldn't earn your salt. What did you say your name was!"

"Mary Smith. And, indeed, if you will try me for a week, I'm sure you will keep me till the season's over."

Mrs. Clements looked out of the window at the great clouds that were piling gloomily up; and then the wind gave a great wailing shriek around the corners of the house.

"You can cook, can you! or shake up feather beds—good big ones, forty pounders!"

A gentle little laugh came from Mary's lips.

"Indeed I can. I may not cook to suit you, but I can learn."

Mrs. Clements walked out to the huge open fire-place in the kitchen where the deacon was shelling corn.

"What d'ye say, deacon! keep her or not! I kind o' like her looks, and the dear knows it 'ud be a good lift while we're killin,' if she couldn't do no more'n set the table or make mush for the bread."

"Take her, of course, Hanna. You are hard driv,' I know. Let her stop a week or so, anyhow."

So Mrs. Clements came slowly back and sat down again.

"You can't get away to-night, anyhow; there's a snow storm been brewin' these three days, and it's on us now, sure enough. See them 'ere flakes fine and thick. You may as well take your things upstairs to the west garret, and then come down and help me get supper."

Then followed directions to the west garret, and when she was gone Mrs. Clements turned to the deacon and said:

"I never saw a girl before I'd trust up stairs alone. But such as her don't steal. I can tell you that, if nothing else."

Directly she came down in a purple print dress and white apron; her hair brushed off from her face into a net, a narrow linen collar, fastened with a sailor's loop of narrow ribbon. It seemed as if she had life, too, so handily she flitted in and out of the pantry and then down the cellar. Then, after the meal, she gathered the dishes in a neat, quiet way that was perfect bliss to Mrs. Clement's ears.

"She determined to earn her bread, anyhow, and I like her turn, too."

And the deacon had "taken a shine" to Mary Smith. One by the days were on; the hog-killing was over and done; long strings of sausages hung in fantastic rings, arranged by Mary's deft fingers; sweet hams and shoulders were piled away in truly housewifely manner, and now Mary and Mrs. Clements were sitting in the sunny dining-room, darning, patching and mending.

"I don't know what I'm going to do without you, Mary. I dread to see you pick up your clothes."

A blush of pleasure overspread Mary's face.

"I am so glad you have been suited with my work. Indeed I have tried."

"It ain't the work altogether, tho', goodness knows, you're the smartest gal I've seen this many a day. As I say, it ain't the work, its you Mary—me and the deacon—"

Mary's voice trembled at the kindness of the old lady's voice, but she sewed rapidly on.

"It's so uncommon lonesome since the boy left the farm," she went on, "but it's worse since he got married. It seems like deserting us altogether."

"Have you a son! You never mentioned him."

"No, George has gone his way, and we must go ours. Yes, he married one of those crack-headed, boarding-school people, who can't tell the difference between a rolling-pin and a milk pan."

But despite her scorn Mrs. Clements dashed off the tears with her brown fist.

"Is his wife pretty! I suppose you love her dearly!"

"I don't know anything about her, and never want to know. He's left us for her, and his old folks will leave him for her too. Mary, just turn them cakes around; seems as if they're burning."

When Mary had turned the cakes, Mrs. Clements was leaning on the arm of her chair.

"Mary, supposin' you stop with us another month yet, anyhow. The deacon will make it all right."

It isn't the money I care for, Mrs. Clements, I only wish I might stay always. You don't know how much I love you."

"Love us! Do you! Bless your heart. If poor George had only picked you out, what a comfort it would be to us all! But it can't be helped now."

She sighed wearily, then glanced out of the window, looked a moment, and then threw down her work.

"Bless my soul, if there ain't my son George coming up the lane! Deacon! deacon! George is coming!"

With all her mother love rushing to her heart, she hurried out to meet him. Oh, the welcoming, the reproaches, the caresses, the determination to love him still, despite poor innocent little Marion! Then when the table had been set in the next room by Mary's deft fingers, and she had returned to her 'west garret,' Mrs. Clements opened her heart.

"There's no use talkin', George, this fine, fancy lady o' yours 'll never suit me. Give me a smart girl like Mary Smith, and I'll ask no more. Come into supper, now, Mary, Mary."

She raised her voice to call the girl, when a low voice near surprised her.

"Oh, you dressed up in honor of my boy! Well, I must confess I never knew you had such a handsome dress, and you look like a picture with your net off, and them short, bobbing curls! George, this is Mary Smith, my—"

George came through the door and glanced carelessly at the corner where the young woman stood. Then, with a cry, sprang forward with outstretched hands to meet the little figure that sprang into them. The deacon and Mrs. Clements now stood in speechless amazement. Then Marion, all blushes and tearful smiles, went over to the old pair and took them both by their hands.

"I'm George's wife. I was so afraid you would never love me, so I came determined to win you if I could. Mother, father, may I be your daughter!"

And a happiest family, when they had exhausted their powers of surprise, amazement and pride in the beautiful Marion, never gave thanks over a supper table.

Talk Up Your Town.

Don't run it down: if it has good schools, say so; if it has liberal-minded wholesouled merchants and tradesmen, support them liberally; if its streets are clean and sidewalks passable, speak well of the officers in control: if its churches are attractive and ministers able and wide awake, encourage them; if the people are public spirited and enterprising—aid them in every noble work. If you have a thoroughgoing newspaper, one that is not afraid to talk out plainly—support it without grudging. Don't grumble if your ideal is not realized in every undertaking. Don't tell strangers it is the worst place in the world to bring up children in—unless you know it to be so. Don't discourage any creditable enterprise. For no man liveth to himself without injuring himself.

If money be not thy servant, it will be thy master. The covetous man cannot so properly be said to possess wealth, as that wealth can be said to possess him.

He Broke up the Match.

Squire Bray, of Caswell, was hunting for another wife, but his son Bob, a wild blade, knocked him out of it.

In the capacious breast pocket of the Squire's great coat reposed a pocket pistol, well filled, that he only proposed using on his way back from the Widow Brown's.

Now, just before he started, Bob slipped the pistol out and put in its place a small alarm clock, carefully wound up, and set for 11 p.m.

The Squire sat till the fire was out, and was well on with his overcoat, holding the widow's hand at the door.

"Yes, your first husband, my dear, was one of my best friends and we'll visit his and my lost Hannah's grave, won't we, love!"

"Ah, yes, for where was there a sweeter woman than your Hannah!" said the widow.

"A good woman; she was good enough, but here's a living one just as sweet," said the Squire, and he was drawing her to him, when—whizz—grizz—tang! bang!—the clock went off.

"Oh, o-o-oh!" screamed the widow, "he's shooting to pieces. It's Hannah's pianny a playin' inside of him!"

She said she'd haunt me! She allers told me so!" said the Squire, running for his horse, with both hands pressed to his breast, and the clock still striking ting, ting!

He rode as if old Nick was after him, and never knew the rocket till he felt for his pistol, and then pulled out the little clock that Bob had bought at an auction.

Then he laughed till the tears ran. But he promised Bob never to speak to another woman if he'd only keep the joke from the neighbors.

The widow believes to this day that old man Bray is a walking volcano.

A New Game.

A story is related of a jolly sugar planter, who, in the days of specie and slavery, found himself in New Orleans with the proceeds of his crop in his pockets, anxious to invest them in the pursuit of happiness.

Having duly primed himself at the St. Charles, he was wandering along the streets in search of a faro bank, when his attention was attracted by an Italian who was turning the crank of his hand-organ, on the top of which moved and danced a number of puppets, one of which had a place for contributions. Taking this for a novel game of chance, the planter, wholly unsophisticated and more than half inebriated, resolved to play the tiger, and placed a five dollar piece on the plate. The Italian ground on, the figure dexterously tilted the money into a basket, and the Italian solemnly placed it in his pocket.

"Here goes to get even," said the planter, as he flanked a ten, which shared the same fate. "Fifteen out; here's a twenty."

The imperturbable Italian pocketed the twenty, and still turned the crank. The disgusted planter departed with the remark,—

"Well, I never was lucky, but I blamed if ever I see a game before where all the percentage was in favor of the dealer!"

Innocent Simplicity.

One of the assistants at the post office happened to be standing at one of the delivery windows the other day when a buxom damsel of about eighteen summers hailing from Berrytown, stepped up and asked if stamps were sold there. Upon being told that they were, she said she wanted to buy $1 worth.

"One dollar's worth," repeated the smiling assistant; of what denomination!"

The damsel showed symptoms of embarassment and hesitated to reply. She twirled her shawl fringe nervously, cast her eyes about to see if any one was near, moved a little closer to the window and finally asked, in a timorous voice:

"Do you bet to write it down!"

"By no means," answered the courteous assistant; "that is not necessary; but I presume you have some preference as to the denomination!"

"Ah — well — yes," replied the stranger, her face turning scarlet, "I hev some. I generally go to the 'Piscopal Methodist myself; but the fellow I'm buyin' the stamps for he's a Universal Orthodox."

A New Idea.

The editor of the *Southern Planter* says: "The other day we met a gentleman from Alabama who gave a piece of information as to ascertaining the age of a horse after it had passed the ninth year, which was quite new to us, and will be, we are sure to the most of our readers. It is this:—After a horse is nine years, a wrinkle comes in the eyelid, at the upper corner of the lower lid, and every year thereafter of his age over nine. If, for instance, a horse has three wrinkles; he is twelve; if four, thirteen. Add the number of wrinkles to nine, and you will always get it. So says the gentleman; and he is confident that it will never fail.

A Witty Parson.

A Scotch clergyman by the name of W. Morrison was a man of irrepressible humor. On one occasion a young officer scoffed at the idea that it required so much time and study to write a sermon as ministers pretend, and offered to bet that he would preach half an hour on any passage in the Old Testament without the slightest preparation. Mr. Morrison took the bet and gave for the text, "And the ass opened his mouth and he spake." The parson won the wager, the officer being rather disinclined to employ his eloquence upon that text.

On another occasion Mr. Morrison entreated an officer to pardon a poor soldier for some offence he had committed. The officer agreed to do so if he would in turn grant him the first favor he should ask.

Mr. Morrison agreed to this. In a day or two the officer demanded that the ceremony of baptism should be performed on a puppy. The clergyman agreed to it; and a party of many gentlemen assembled to witness the novel baptism.

Mr. Morrison desired the officer to hold up the puppy, as was customary in the baptism of children, and said:

"As I am a minister of the Church of Scotland, I must proceed according to the ceremonies of the church."

"Certainly," said the Major; "I expect all the ceremony."

"Well, then, Major, I begin by the usual question." "You acknowledge yourself the father of this puppy!"

A roar of laughter from the crowd; the officer threw the candidate for baptism away, and thus the witty minister turned the laugh against the infidel, who intended to deride the sacred ordinance.

The Lawyer's Client.

Some time since a number of Boston lawyers invested in and nailed up at their desks a sign reading that they were very busy just then, but would see the visitor later. One day a withered up old man entered an office, gazed stupidly around, and, at last enquired.

"Can I see the lawyer for a few minutes!" He had a book under his arm, and that settled his case. His eyes were directed to the sign, and after reading it he turned away, saying, "Well, it you're very busy I won't stop. It was a case where there was about $50,000 at stake—" But he was out in the hall by that time, and he didn't seem to hear the invitation to come back. The lawyer, vexed and annoyed, tore down the sign at once, and hoped the old man might return. Sure enough, he entered the office again next day, and not seeing the sign, he said, "Very busy this morning!"

"Oh no; plenty of time," was the reply.

"Sure I won't annoy you!"

"Oh, you can't annoy me at all, I shall listen to you with the greatest of pleasure."

"Well, then," said the old man, as he slowly undid his book, "I'd like to call your attention to the *Life of Napoleon*. It is said that the engravings alone cost $50,000. We are selling the book at—"

The lawyer grew white around the mouth, and asked to be excused for a moment. He put on his hat, and went down for a ride on the omnibus, calculating to be gone just two hours.

A Parting Scene.

Did you ever hear two married women take leave of each other at the gate on a summer evening! This is the way they do it:

"Good-bye!"

"Good-bye! Come down and see us right soon."

"Yes, I will. You come up right soon."

"I will. Good-bye!"

"Good-bye! Don't forget to come soon."

"No, I won't. Don't you forget to come up."

"I won't. Be sure and bring Sally Jane with you next time."

"I will. I would have brought her up this time, but she wasn't very well. She wanted to come awful bad."

"Did she, now. That was too bad. Be sure and bring her next time."

"I will. And you be sure and bring the baby."

"I will. I forgot to tell you he's cutting another tooth."

"You don't say. How many has he got now!"

"Five. It makes him awful cross."

"I guess it does this hot weather. Well, good-bye, don't forget to come down soon."

"No, I won't. Don't you forget to come up soon. Good-bye."

And they separate.

A Slight Error.

A supremely happy and green young countryman, with an equally ardent and happy bride came to the city to spend Christmas, and upon seeing their names, Mr. and Mrs. ——, for the first time in writing on the register of the hotel, got considerably flurried, and when pointed to the elevator, walked in at once, wondering what a small parlor it was for such a big house. The young man suddenly remembered that he had forgotten his carpet bag, and ran back to the office for it, while the elevator conductor whisked off the surprised bride up six flights of steps and brought down another lady whom the husband embraced, supposing it to be his restored wife. In the meantime the abducted lady found her wife and her way down stairs, and arrived in time to witness the rapturous embrace. The tableau was highly effective, and it took four clerks and seven black waiters, assisted by the steward, to explain the situation.

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