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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.

CONTRACT RATES.

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
One column three months	20.00
Half column three months	12.00
Quarter column three months	7.00

Advertisements without specific directions will be inserted till forbid and charged accordingly. Transitory advertisements must be paid in advance.

Changes for contract advertisements must be in the office by 8 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 draughtsman.

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

DOMINION HOTEL, ACTON, ROBT. Aguew, 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 advt. 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 Sheare made of special hard iron. Cheap; $14 cash. New Fences, Stoves, Metal 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. HALLET & Co., Portland, Maine.

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.

Volume. V. No. 37. ACTON, ONT., THURSDAY, MARCH 11, 1880. Whole No. 246.

"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,	4,796,677.74
Total Liabilities,	3,511,734 87
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 VINE STS., HAMILTON.

Six Per Cent Interest paid on Deposits of $1 and upwards.

SAFEST AND BEST SECURITY.

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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.

D. DEXTER, Manager. Aug. 11, 1878. 7-6m

HARNESS, HARNESS.

Any person in want of a good suit 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

O'BRAINE & SONS

POETRY.

Do Not Pay the Printer.

O, do not pay the printer,
He doesn't need your dimes,
He's never short of money,
He never feels "Hard times."
Put by your lucre, don't be rash,
What does a printer want with cash?

O, do not pay the printer,
'Twill not do any good;
He never sees a grocer's bill—
He never touches food!
Just keep your pocket-book closed tight,
A printer has no appetite.

O, do not pay the printer,
He never wants new clothes,
He buys no hats, nor coats, nor shoes,
As through the world he goes.
Don't pay the man who wields the quill,
He does not run a tailor's bill!

Owe, do not pay the printer;
And then, my friend, some day
You'll come from the Division Court
With heavy costs to pay.
Your pocket-book will close with ease
When you have paid the legal fees.

SELECT READING.

EARNING A WIFE.

[There is about as much common sense as romance in the following sketch, and for that reason our readers will pardon us for the infliction of a love story.]

'And so you want to marry my daughter, young man?' said farmer Bilkins, looking as disgusted with life generally from head to toes.

Despite his rather indolent, effeminate air, which was mainly the result of his education, Luke Jordan was a fine looking fellow, and not easily moved from his self-possession; but he colored and grew confused beneath that sharp, scrutinizing gaze.

'Yes, sir; I spoke to Miss Mary last night, and she referred me to you.'

The old man's face softened.

'Molly is a good girl, a very good girl,' he said, stroking his chin with a thoughtful air, 'and she deserves a good husband. What can you do?'

The young man looked rather blank at this abrupt inquiry.

'If you refer to my abilities to support a wife, I can assure you—'

'I know that you are a rich man, Luke Jordan, but I take it for granted that you ask my girl to marry you, not your property. What guarantee can you give me, in case it should be swept away, as it is in thousands of instances, that you could provide for her a comfortable home? You have hands and brains—do you know how to use them? What can you do?'

This was a style of catechism for which Luke was quite unprepared, and he stared blandly at the questioner without speaking.

'I believe you managed to get through college—have you any profession?'

'No sir; I thought—'

'Have you any trade?'

'No sir; my father thought that with the wealth I should inherit I should not need any.'

'Your father thought like a fool, then. He'd much better have given you some honest occupation and cut you off with a shilling—it might have been the making of you. As it is, what are you fit for? Here you are, a strong, able-bodied young man, twenty-four years old, and never earned a dollar in your life! You ought to be ashamed of yourself. And you want to marry my daughter. Now, I've given Molly as good advantages for learning as any girl in town, and she hasn't thrown 'em away; but if she didn't know how to work, she'd be no daughter of mine. If I choose, I could keep more than one servant; but I don't, no more than I choose that my daughter should be a pale, spiritless creature, full of dyspepsia, and all sorts of fine lady ailments, instead of the smiling, bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked lass she is. I *did* say that she should not marry a lad that had been cursed with a rich father; but she has taken a foolish liking for you, and I'll tell you what I'll do: go to work, and prove yourself to be a man; perfect yourself in some occupation—I don't care what, if it is honest—then come to me, and, if the girl is willing, she is yours.'

As the old man said this he deliberately rose from the settle of the porch and went into the house.

Pretty Mary Bilkins was waiting to see her lover down at the garden gate, their usual trysting-place. The smiling light faded from her eyes as she noticed his sober, discomfited look.

'Father means well,' she said, as Luke told her the result of his application. 'And I'm not sure but he's about right, for it seems to me that every man, rich or poor, ought to have some occupation.'

Then, as she noticed her lover's grave look, she said, softly,—

'Never mind—I'll wait for you, Luke.'

Luke Jordan suddenly disappeared from his accustomed haunts, much to the surprise of his gay associates. But wherever he went, he carried with him those words which were like a tower of strength to his soul: 'I'll wait for you, Luke.'

One pleasant, sunshiny morning, late in October, as farmer Bilkins was propping up the grapevine in his front yard, that threatened to break down with the weight of its luxurious burden, a neat looking cart drove up, from which Luke Jordan alighted with a quick elastic step, quite in contrast with his formerly easy, leisurely movements.

'Good morning, Mr. Bilkins. I understood that you wanted to buy some butter tubs and cider barrels. I think I have some that will just suit you.'

'Whose make are they?' asked the old man, as, opening the gate, he passed by the wagon.

'Mine,' replied Luke, with an air of pardonable pride.

Mr. Bilkins examined them one by one.

'They'll do,' he said, coolly, as he set down the last of the lot. 'What will ye take for them?'

'What I asked you for six months ago to-day—your daughter, sir.'

The roguish twinkle in the old man's eyes broadened into a smile.

'You've got the right metal in you, after all,' he cried. 'Come in, lad—come in. I shouldn't wonder if we made a trade after all.'

Nothing loth, Luke obeyed.

'Molly!' bawled Mr. Bilkins, thrusting his head into the kitchen door.

Molly tripped out into the entry. The round white arms were bared above the elbows and bore traces of the flour she had been sifting. Her dress was a neat gingham, over which was tied a blue checked apron; but she looked as winning and lovely as she always did wherever she was found.

She blushed and blushed and smiled as she saw Luke, and then, turning her eyes upon her father, waited dutifully to hear what he had to say.

The old man regarded his daughter for a moment with a quizzical look.

'Moll, this young man—maybap you've seen him before—has brought me a lot of tubs and barrels, all of his own make—a right good article too. He asks a pretty steep price for 'em, but if you are willing to give it, well and good; and hark ye, my girl, whatever bargain you make, your father will ratify.'

As Mr. Bilkins said this he considerately stepped out of the room, and we will follow his example. But the kind of bargain the young people made can be readily conjectured by the speedy wedding that followed.

Luke Jordan turned his attention to the study of medicine, of which profession he became a useful and influential member; but every year, on the anniversary of his marriage, he delights his mother-in-law by some specimens of the handicraft by which he won what he declares to be the best and dearest wife in the world.

Children As Critics.

Mothers, you have little critics around you. They pass just judgment on your actions, and their respect for you is increased or lessened by this reading of your character; but the influence controls them all the same as if they did not read the signs so clearly, and thus you make very much such as you are yourself.

The children know very well for whom you bring out your best things, to whom you speak in your blandest tones, and on whom you bestow your sweetest smiles. See to it that your best efforts are made for those you are in the habit of speaking well of, no matter how poor and obscure they may be. Be very cautious how you receive that individual of whom your children have heard you speak disrespectful words.

The children know when they are justly punished, and in what spirit. The evil caused by a hasty blow, and unjust decree may never be eradicated.

Parents should be especially careful not to do anything themselves that they teach their children to be wrong. I remember, when a child, surprising a beloved aunt on a Sunday afternoon making a cap. She called me to her and said: 'Don't tell your uncle, and I will give you a penny.' Her influence over me for good was lost forever.

A Good Joke.

An Annesville clergyman entered a Utica barber shop and asked to have his whiskers trimmed. They were quite gray, and the barber, who was talking politics or scandal, like the guild in general, and neglecting his business, supposed the minister wanted them dyed. He accordingly got out his dye stuffs, and in twenty minutes the veteran preacher was transformed into a young and festive-looking representative of the cloth. Throughout the entire operation the minister's mind was absorbed, and he did not once notice the operation or the change in his appearance when it was finished. Meeting friends in the street they did not recognize him, and finally, when he chanced to look into a mirror, he waited for an introduction to his reflection before he dared to speak. When he realized the situation he lost no time in returning to the shop and having his face shaved clean. It took him some time to get acquainted with his wife upon his return home, but the joke was too good to keep, and his friends are enjoying it.

"Somebody Loves Me."

Two or three years ago the Superintendent of the Little Wanderer's Home in R——, received one morning a request from the judge that he would come to the court house. He complied directly, and found there a group of seven little girls, ragged, dirty and forlorn, beyond what even he was accustomed to see. The judge pointing to them, (utterly homeless and friendless) said:

'Mr. T——, can you take any of these?'

'Certainly,' I can take them all,' was the prompt reply.

'All! What in the world can you do with them?'

'I'm make women of them!'

The judge singled out one, even worse in appearance than the rest, and asked again:—

'What will you do with that one?'

'I'll make a woman of her,' Mr. T—— repeated, firmly and hopefully.

They were washed and dressed and provided with a supper and beds. The next morning they went into the schoolroom with the children. Mary was the name of the little girl whose chance for better things the judge thought small. During the forenoon, the teacher said to Mr. T——, in reference to her:

'I never saw a child like that. I have tried for an hour to get a smile, and have failed.'

Mr. T—— said afterwards, himself, that her face was the saddest he had ever seen—sorrowful beyond expression; yet she was a very little girl only five or six years old.

After school he called her into his office and said pleasantly:

'Mary, I have lost my little pet. I used to have a little girl here that would wait on me, and sit on my knee, and I loved her very much. A kind lady and gentleman have adopted her, and I should like for you to take her place and be my pet now. Will you?'

A gleam of light flitted over the poor child's face, and she began to understand him. He gave her ten cents and told her that she might go to the store near by and get some candy. While she was out he took two or three newspapers, tore them in pieces, and scattered them about the room. When she returned, he said:

'Mary, will you clear up my office a little for me, and pick up the papers and see how nicely you can make it look?'

She went to work with a will. A little more of this kind of management—in fact, treating her as a kind father would—wrought the desired result. She went into the schoolroom after dinner with so changed a look and bearing, that the teacher was astonished. The child's face was absolutely radiant. She went to her and said:

'Mary, what is it? what makes you look so happy?'

'Oh, I've got some one to love me!' the child answered earnestly, as if it were heaven come down to earth.

That was all the secret. For want of love that little one's life had been so cold and desolate that she had lost childhood's beautiful faith and hope. She could not at first believe in the reality of kindness or joy for her. It was the certainty that some one had loved her and desired her affection that lighted the child's soul and glorified her face.

Mary has since become adopted by wealthy people, and lives in a beautiful house; but more than all its beauty and comfort, running like a golden thread through it all, she still finds the love of her adopted father and mother.

The Points of Law.

'You see, boss, dar's a nigger libin' up my way who orter be tooken car' of,' said an old darkey to the captain at the central station yesterday.

'What's he been doing now?'

'Waal, sah, las' fall I lent him my ax, an' when I wanted it back he braced up an' told me dat posseshun was nine points o' law, an' refused to gib it up.'

'Yes.'

'Waal, de older day I sent de ole woman ober an' she borrowed his buck saw, an' when Julius cum for it I tole him jist like he answered me, an' stood on my dignity.'

'Well!'

'I had nine points o' law, didn't I?'

'Yes.'

'An' how many points am de law composed of?'

'Don't know exactly.'

'Waal, dat's what bodders me, fur dat nigger saw dem nine pints, shet up dis lef eye fur me, pitched de ole woman ober a bar'l an' walked off with his saw an' my snow shovel to boot! If I had nine pints he mus' have hev hed ober twenty, an' then den he didn't half let himself out!'

A Chicago young man is reported to have said, as he hugged his sweetheart in the dark depot, on his return from a journey: "Oh my darling, why didn't you write of this? What is it—spinal disease? or have you dislocated some of your ribs, that you are obliged to wear this great leather bandage?" She explained that it was only her new wide belt.

Not A Vagrant.

Some weeks ago a poorly dressed and seedy-looking person, about fifty years old, entered the post-office, at Detroit, and proceeded to warm his hands at one of the registers. He made no enquiries about mail, and after he had been loafing around for two hours, a policeman got his eye on him and asked:

'Say, old man, have you any business here?'

'Well, no,' was the reply.

'Any work to do?'

'No. I kinder thought I'd lay off this winter.'

'Any friends here?'

'No.'

'I think you are a vagrant,' continued the officer, as he took another look at him.

'Mebbe I am,' sighed the old man.

'And I think I'll take you down.'

'Well, I'll go along.'

The officer escorted him to the station house, registered his name, and then proceeded to search his pockets. Each one panned out a wad of money, making a total of $1,600.

'Why didn't you tell us you had this money?' demanded the police man.

'Why didn't you ask me?'

'Didn't I say I took you for a vagrant, and you didn't deny it either.'

'Well, I don't know anything about your city laws,' quietly remarked the old man. 'I've got two married daughters, and I come to buy each of 'em a $600 piano for New Year's, but if it's ag'in any of your laws I'll take the train for home. I'm getting purty old, and don't want no fuss with anybody.'

'Well, you might have saved yourself all this trouble,' said the officer as he escorted him to the street.

'Don't mention it,' was the answer. 'If I took any trouble on your account it's all right and you needn't thank me. I'm always willing to oblige anybody who can appreciate it. Purty cold day, isn't it?'

Wanted a Little Exercise.

An ordinary looking traveller went into the dining hall of the Union depot the other day carrying a nice satchel. He walked up to the counter, put down the satchel, called for a cup of coffee and a piece of pie, which he devoured. Leaving his satchel by the counter, he sauntered to the other side of the room and entered into conversation with a gentleman there.

A policeman coming in and seeing the satchel apparently without an owner, picked it up and said:

'Hello, anyone know anything about this keyster?'

'That's mine,' said the traveller.

'Better take care of it, or some one will steal it.'

'Oh, I guess not; I'm an old traveller.'

The policeman walked on; in a few minutes in came a dapper little man, looked carelessly around, saw the satchel, carelessly walked over to it, carelessly picked it up, and was going for the door when the owner sang out:

'Hello! where you going?'

'Going to a hotel.'

'Well, what are you doing with that satchel?' going over to him. 'That's my satchel: hand it over.'

But the dapper little man held on to it, and without any ado the traveler knocked him down a time or two, and was proceeding to polish him off nicely when interrupted by a policeman, who separated the men, and while receiving an explanation from the stranger the thief escaped. The traveller put his satchel down by the counter where it was before, and went to the other side of the room to continue the conversation.

The policeman eyed the satchel, then the man, and walking over to him said:

'Now, see here, what do you mean by leaving that bag over there; what sort of a game is this, anyway?'

'Well, I've been travelling for over six weeks, and I'm pining for a little gentle exercise; that's all,' said the traveller.

For Two Cents.

Speaking of goodness calls to mind an incident that happened in one of our shops this week, showing again the poor side of frail humanity. A man from a neighboring village, wealthy and well known as a generous giver, to various institutions, and yet close fisted and penurious withal, was having a little job done in a shop, and as he came for the work an Irishman who had worked for him said to the men: 'See me buy his soul for two cents,' at the same time laying a two-cent piece upon the bench where the work was. The gentleman seeing the money, after hastily looking about the room to see that no one was looking, picked up the money and put it in his pocket. When he came to pay for his repairs he was charged twenty-seven cents. As he had generally paid but twenty five cents for the same work, he enquired what the extra two cents was for, and after some urging he was gently informed that it was to pay for the two cents he had picked up. He quickly left the shop.

A Puzzled Parson.

An old gentleman from the east, of a clerical aspect, took the stage from Denver south in ante railroad days. The journey was not altogether a safe one, and he was not re-assured by the sight of a number of rifles deposited in the coach, and nervously asked what they were for.

'Perhaps you'll find out before you git to the Divide,' was the cheering reply.

Among the passengers was a particularly [it seemed to him] fierce-looking man, girded with a belt of revolvers and cartridges, and clearly a road agent or assassin. Some miles out, this person, taking out a large flask, asked, 'Stranger, do you irrigate?'

'If you mean drink, I do not.'

'Do you object stranger to our irrigating?'

'No, sir.' And they drank accordingly.

After a further distance had been traversed, the supposed brigand asked, 'Stranger do you fumigate?'

'If you mean smoke, sir, I do not.'

'Do you object, stranger, to our fumigating?'

'No, sir.' And they proceeded to smoke.

At the dining place, when our friend came to tender his money, the proprietor said, 'your bill's paid.'

'Who paid it?'

'That man'—pointing to the supposed highwayman', who, on being asked if he had not made a mistake, replied, 'Not at all. You see when we saw that you didn't irrigate and didn't fumigate, we knew that you was a parson. And your bills are all right as long as you travel with this crowd. We've got a respect for the Church—you bet!' It was no highwayman, but a respectable resident of Denver.

A Good Samaritan.

Oberlin, the well known philanthropist of Steinthal, while yet a candidate for the ministry, was travelling on one occasion from Strasbourg. It was in the winter. The grounds were deeply covered with snow, and the roads almost impassable. He had reached the middle of his journey and was among the mountains, but by that time was so exhausted that he could stand up no longer.

He was rapidly freezing to death. Sleep began to overcome him; all power to resist it left him. He commended himself to God and yielded to what he felt to be the sleep of death. He knew not how long he slept, but suddenly became conscious of some one rousing him and waking him up. Before him stood a waggon-driver in his blue blouse and the waggon not far away. He gave him a little wine and food and the spirit of life returned. He then helped him on the waggon and brought him to the next village. The rescued man was profuse in his thanks and offered money, which his benefactor refused.

'It is only a duty to help one another,' said the waggoner, 'and it is the next thing to an insult to offer a reward for such a service.'

'Then,' replied Oberlin, 'at least tell me your name, that I may have you in thankful remembrance before God.'

'I see,' said the waggoner, 'that you are a minister of the gospel; please tell me the name of the good Samaritan.'

'That,' said Oberlin, 'I cannot do, for it was not put on record.'

'Then,' replied the waggoner, 'until you can tell me his name, permit me to withhold mine.'

Soon he had driven out of sight and Oberlin never saw him again.

Childish Expectation.

It was quite cold in the car. The passengers were shrinking up into as small a space as possible, and looking straight ahead into nothing with frowning visages. A very little boy was snuggled up in his mother's arms. The train stopped at a station, and he said— 'An I goin' home, mamma?'

'Yes, dear.'

'Papa's home?'

'Yes.'

'Are you going to see papa?'

'Yes, dear.'

The child lifted up his head, and, looking eagerly into his mother's face enthusiastically exclaimed. 'When papa sees me he'll say, 'Come here, you peshus lam'.'

The smile which illuminated the passengers' faces upon this outburst of childish expectation drove away the frown, and brought them out of themselves for the rest of the journey.

ELOQUENCE IN COMMON LIFE.—Some of these Mills Seminary graduates can throw a very powerful stream of words from the engine of their cultivated intellects, but they can't bluff everybody. The other day a fully diplomaed Miss of eighteen walked into a music store on Kearney street and asked the clerk for a song, entitled, "Demonstrate by ocular proof the verdure of my sepulchre;" and, as he handed her a copy of "See that my grave is kept green," and raked in thirty five cents over the counter, he smiled blandly and said: "Is the ditty known as 'Argentine filaments interspersed with the mureate capillary attractions' a novelty to your auricular repertory?" She concluded to go back to school for one more year.

This is getting to be a well padded world. There are horse pads, foot-pads, hip pads, liver pads, kidney-pads, lung-pads and stomach pads, and some one will soon have a pad for bald heads.

A teacher endeavoring to familiarize a little girl with the various countries of the Western Hemisphere, with little evidence of success, finally asked, "If I were to bore a hole through the earth, and you were to go through at this end where would you come out?" "Come out?" replied the child. "Why, I'd come out of the hole, miss?"