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.

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. Transit'y advertisements must be paid in advance.

Changes for contract advertisements must be in the office of publication 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. McGARVEY, 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. 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, Jno. 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. Furniture made and repaired. 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, 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. 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,	4,796 677.74
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 V. GREET, Manager.

CANADA LOAN & BANKING COMPANY SAVINGS BANK.

CORNER OF JAMES AND VICTORIA 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 set of Harness, either

SINGLE OR DOUBLE

SHOULD CALL AT

R. GREECH'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.

RUBT. GREECH.

Acton, Feb. 26, '73.

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.

IT NEVER PAYS.

It never pays to fret and growl
When fortune seems our foe;
The bravest bred will look ahead
And strike the braver blow,
For luck is work,
And those who shirk
Should not lament their doom,
But yield the play,
And clear the way,
That better men have room.

It never pays to wreck the health
In drudging after gain,
And he is sold who thinks that gold
Is cheapest bought with pain,
An humble lot,
A easy cot,
Have tempted even kings,
For station high,
That wealth will buy,
Not oft contentment brings.

It never pays! A blunt refrain
Well worthy of a song,
For age and youth must learn the truth
That nothing pays that's wrong.
The good and pure
Alone are sure
To bring prolonged success,
While what is right
In heaven's sight
Is always sure to bless.

SELECT READING.

A GLAD RETURN.

A STORY OF THE IRISH FAMINE.

Morning in the "ould country." Just as fair and sweet a morning as ever gladdened human eyes. The summer wind sobbed tremulously through the dewy trees, as if shadowy night wept tears of pain as she floated away to make room for a visitant. In the east the horizon seemed studded with bars of amethyst and emerald, while silver, arrowy streaks of gold shot up and were lost in the blue overhead. Then the sun gathered about him his trailing garments of crimson and purple and began his upward journey.

"Dance light, for my heart lies under your feet, love," the little song floated out through the lattice, which the next moment was pushed open, and the fragrant air, heavy with night dew that had lain for hours steeping in bloom and roses, rushed in and fanned with odorous breath the face of Aileen Clary.

A smile rippled over the face of the pretty Irish maiden as she caught sight of a tall, young fellow slowly coming toward the cottage.

"And sure, Neil," she called in a voice like brook music, "You are rather an early bird, are you not, for the sun is hardly up yet," and going to the door she gayly welcomed him, all the time wondering what made him so sober, so unlike the usually cheery Neil O'Neale.

"Aileen, I am going to America," was Neil's abrupt announcement.

"What!" uttered the maid, gazing up into her companion's face, as the smile faded from her own. "Going to America."

"You surely do not mean to leave us," and the radiant light that had made her face so enchanting a few moments before faded into ashiness.

"Yes, dear, I must go."

"No, no, Neil, you do not mean so. Oh, if you go what shall I do! All the long, long days to sit and cry because I am so lonely. You will not, Neil. Tell me you will not go.

She pleaded as one pleads for a life, and her hard, dry sobs strangled in her throat, but her eyes were tearless and her breath came in quick, painful gasps.

Neil gathered the trembling little figure closely to his heart.

"Aileen, I have been thinking ever since father died that poverty and sorrow would always be our portion if we should remain here where the rent would eat up what little I could raise. If I should go to America I could soon earn enough to enable me to come back after you, and together we would return to that country where a home awaits every man that is willing to work. So dry your tears Aileen and bid me God speed, will you not, ma vourneen!" he said, in a low, assuring tone.

Smiling through tears at his hopeful words, Aileen soon became almost reconciled at the thought of bidding him good bye.

"But two years is such a long time, Neil. I tremble for fear that you will not come back," said Aileen, in a voice that sounded as if it came through waves of tears.

"Aileen, you know that I could not forget you."

"I know it, Neil. But something tells me in this parting hour that after you are gone that dark-faced agent, Morris Leinster, will trouble me. I refused him, you know, and at the time he frightened me, he was so very angry."

Could the girl have perceived the effect of her words on the listener crouched behind the lattice, she would have screamed from very fear.

A blaze of zealous, white heat spread over the dark face of the spy; his eyes darkened with a fierce and evil light; his lips compressed with bitter hatred, and he ground his teeth together as he muttered to himself:

"You may well fear Morris Leinster my fine lady, for the day will come when you, a peasant farmer's daughter, will rue that you slighted the hand of the rich agent for the sake of that beardless son of poverty."

The agent crouched behind the lattice until he became aware that the young couple were coming to the door. Then he hastily hid himself in a clump of bushes that grew close by the cottage. And there he stood, with his livid face, compressed lips and eyes gleaming like a basilisk's, while Aileen gave her lover the promised, cheerful Goodspeed, then silently left the vicinity of the Clarey cottage with a terrible unspoken vow written on the evil face.

* * * * *

"Bread! Bread! We are starving!"

The cry arose, first low, tremulous, as from a sea of tears, then deepened and swelled into a great miserere going up before the throne of the Eternal Spirit. It crossed the ocean and vibrated over the sentient heart strings of all those who heard, for it told them that the "Jewel of the Atlantic" was holding out imploring hands, and praying for life—that over the beautiful island stalked the grim skeleton of famine, converting it into a vast wine press, though the crimson, oozing fluid was not wine, but blood, from those who are among the noblest of the sons of earth.

"Starving!" We who live in a land of plenty with its immense storehouse, its great granaries filled to overflowing with golden grain, hardly know the meaning of the word, for God grant that the hunger wolf may never step over our threshold—that we may never be obliged to refuse the demands of hunger till it scorches, withers even the great passion of life by its incessant calls for food.

And famine forgot not the home of the Clarys. The rounded form of Aileen grew thin and wasted; besides a gray pallor her face had a wan, pinched look; the lips, always so brilliant and laughing, became rigid and ashen hued, and every feature bore the trace of intense suffering, but not a word escaped her, for the pain of witnessing the agony of her parents as they saw their children wasting to skeletons, as they beheld the younger children begging faintly, mutely, with little, claw like hands for food that they had no strength to ask for, numbed even the pangs of hunger.

Then, in those days of wretchedness and woe, came a new trial to the brave-hearted girl. She never forgot the thrill of terror that caused her heart to beat with great frightened bounds, as she beheld the dark face of the agent in the doorway one cold morning. He came into the cold room, laughed triumphantly at the evidences of want about him, took a cool survey of the face over which settled a shadow of fear, and said in a sneering tone:

"So, my dear Aileen, you haven't slipped out of my hands as easy as you thought for."

Then he taunted the family of their poverty—goaded her father almost to frenzy by threatening to turn his starving family out in the snow to die. At last he said, tantalizingly:

"Keep your temper, Mr. Clary! I merely called to tell you of a way by which your family could be lifted above want."

"How!" eagerly, imploringly asked Clary.

"I will provide a way if Miss Aileen will consent to become my wife," and his eyes rested ghastlingly on the shuddering girl.

He said it in a loud tone and at the conclusion of the sentence every member of the family turned an eager, famishing look upon Aileen. She could not bear their intolerable gaze, and with a slight cry she threw up her hands and covered her face. But she said, firmly: "No, no; I cannot be so false."

Not another word was said until the agent, laughing scornfully, left the cottage. He knew that the faces and forms about Aileen would be more eloquent in his behalf than any plea or threat that he could make.

"Aileen," groaned her father, "is your heart turning to stone! Have you no compassion on those who are dying!"

"Aileen," moaned her mother, "how could you say no, when you see the children starving before your eyes!" and a feeble cry arose from the children that went to the very heart core of the suffering true hearted Aileen. She arose, crossed the floor unsteadily and opened the door. A woman staggered up bearing a babe in her arms.

"Bread!" she gasped, "my child and I are dying, dying for food."

The despairing look in Aileen's face told the woman that her prayer could not be answered. The woman gave a cry of anguish.

'Oh, girl you cannot let my baby die! See how pale and thin he is.'

Aileen started back in horror as a little dead face was placed close to hers, and then for the first time she noticed that the fires of insanity blazed in the woman's hollow eyes. The poor creature turned and staggered off, leaving Aileen to make a resolve that she immediately carried out.

She left the cottage and started in the direction of the house in which the agent lived. She walked slowly, for aside from hunger-weakness a sickening agony sped through every pulse, and her very limbs seemed chilled with anguish. She reached the house at last and rapped feebly. A servant admitted her and led the way into the agent's sitting room. An evil leer disfigured the face of Morris Leinster, as he said:

'Ah! how do you do, my dear! Will you please be seated?'

Aileen dropped into a chair without a word. Her torture was too intense for words at the first moment.

At last, through lips that quivered pitifully, came the faintly uttered words:

'Mr. Leinster I have called to inform you that—that I have changed my decision. I consent to become your wife if you will keep my family from starving.'

How utterly dreary and despairing was the pathos of her voice! but Morris Leinster did not mind her, but smiling said:

'Very well, Aileen! I will bring a priest over to your house this afternoon to perform the ceremony. Good-bye, for a very little time, my dear little wife to be.'

He put his arm around the shrinking girl and drew her toward him. Aileen saw the horrible light in his eyes as he bent his head toward her, and with a scream she dashed his arm away and left the house. Leinster stood before the widow and watched Aileen till her flagging steps told him that her momentary strength had departed, and then he turned away, rubbing his hands and chuckling to himself:

'It is of as much use to beat against the bars of fate as it is to thwart one of my plans. Ah! my dainty Aileen, your discipline has just begun.'

Aileen walked on, unheeding whether she went. She only longed to get away from even the sight of the house in which she had spent fifteen wretched moments. On, on, until her strength utterly failed, and it seemed as if she never could reach her home. But at last she reached it and told her family what she had done. Their fervent thanks fell on ears that heard nothing.

'Oh, Neil! Neil!' was Aileens smothered cry. 'What can I do! I hate Morris Leinster, I loathe even the very sight of him, and how can I endure to become his wife!' But a knowledge that an external breakdown would be agonizing to the whole family prevented her from giving expression to the inward anguish that was torturing her with inquisitorial pain.

Quickly, oh, so quickly, the hours sped away. She counted every moment as a miser counts his gold. But she knew that Morris Leinster would keep his word, and she was not unprepared when the agent and a strange priest entered the cottage. Her father greeted them and then turned toward Aileen. Mechanically she arose and placed an ice cold hand on the agent's.

Slowly the ceremony began. Why did Aileen neglect to answer the question of the priest! She bent toward the door in a listening attitude, then, snatching away her hand, she disappeared through the door, hastily pulled open. Nothing was said, for astonishment sealed their lips. They were not less amazed to see a bronzed and bearded man enter the still open door, carrying in his arms a senseless burden. Neil O'Neale's quick wit gave a solution to the scene that met his eyes. He pointed to the door and his eyes gleamed like blue stilettoes, as he said in a stern, imperative tone, 'Go, and bear in mind that if you cross the pathway of Aileen Clary again you take your life in your hands.' Foiled, the cowering agent slunk away. The priest, at a motion of Neil's remained. Soon Aileen had so far recovered, as to be able to place the no longer reluctant hand in Neil's and say the words that bound her to him forever.

If blessings could make a man happy, surely Neil O'Neale must have been the happiest man in Ireland, as he distributed with generous hand, among the starving people of the little village, the bountiful supply that his forethought had provided.

Before the Clary family separated that night Neil told them why he had come back before the two years had expired.

'I arrived all right in America and found everyone talking about some wonderful mines that had lately been discovered, and I joined a party that was going to the Black Hills. Well, to make a long story short, luck followed me and I had a snug sum when I started for New York. There I heard that Ireland was in sorrow and I sailed as soon as possible for the ould countrie.'

Soon Neil and the Clary family emigrated for America, but the last words they heard, as they left the shores of Ireland, was the wail that still crosses the ocean, "Bread! Bread! We are starving!"

About Editors.

Every editor loves to have his friends and particularly his readers, call on him they belong to the same family, as it were. But when you call to see the editor don't stay too long. Editors are generally very busy in business hours. If you have a suggestion to make, or news to communicate, state it in the fewest words possible. Don't offer any excuses, or indulge in a preface to what you have to say. Blurt it right out; all the editors dote on such men as that; they love to receive calls from them. Don't argue with them—don't try to do it. They have no time for argument while at work.

When you write to an editor for publication, cut it short—boil it down. Pitch right into the middle of your subject, and be sure to stop when you are through. Editors always like to have something fresh and original in the way of communications, and are especially fond of news. But the editor must always be judge of what is worthy of publication. Of course every writer thinks his own production the best just as every mother thinks her baby the prettiest ever born. But the editor may be so stupid as to have a different opinion. If so it can't be helped. Don't try to argue him out of his notion, as he is too stupid to remedy his dullness. You may think you are a great deal smarter than the editor and this may be true; but the editor may be responsible, and you are not. There is no class of people who are so anxious to please a majority of people as editors are. There are no class so covetous of the good opinions of others. It is well to remember this fact.

He Went to Church.

AND HE GATHERED SOME TECHNICAL POINTS ON DENOMINATIONAL DIFFERENCES.

To me comes the brakeman, and seating himself on the arm of the seat, says: 'I went to church yesterday.'

'Yes!' I said, with that interested inflection that calls for more. 'And what church did you attend?'

'Which do you guess?' he asked.

'Some Union Mission Church?' I hazarded.

'Naw,' he said; 'I don't like to run on these branch roads very much. I don't often go to church, and when I do I want to run on the main line, where your run is regular and you go on a schedule time and don't have to wait on connections. I don't like to run on a branch. Good enough, but I don't like it.'

'Episcopal?' I guessed.

'Limited express,' he said, "all palace cars, and $2 extra for a seat; fast time, and only stops at big stations. Nice line, but too exhaustive for a brakeman. All train men in uniform, and conductor's punch and lantern silver plated and no train boys allowed. Then the passengers are allowed to talk back at the conductor; and it makes them too free and easy. No, I couldn't stand the palace cars. Nice road, though. Don't often hear of a receiver being appointed on that line. Some mighty nice people on it, too.'

'Universalist?' I guessed.

'Broad gauge,' said the brakeman; 'does too much complimentary business. Everybody travels on a pass. Conductor doesn't get a fare once in fifty miles. Stops at all flag stations, and won't run into any thing but a union depot. No smoking car on the train. Train orders are vague through, and train men don't get along well with the passengers. No, I don't go to the Universalist, though I know some awfully good people who run on that road.'

'Presbyterian?' I asked.

'Narrow gauge, eh?' said the brakeman; 'pretty track, straight as a rule; tunnel right through a mountain rather than go round it; spirit-level grade; passengers have to show their tickets before they get on the train. Mighty straight road, but the cars are a little narrow; have to sit one in a seat and no room in the aisle to dance. Then there's no stop over tickets allowed; got to go straight through to the station you're ticketed for, or you can't get on at all. When the car's full, no extra coaches; cars built at the shop to hold just so many and nobody else allowed on. But you don't often hear of an accident on that road. It runs right up to the rules.'

'Maybe you joined the Free Tthinkers?' I said.

'Scrub road,' said the brakeman, 'dirt roadbed and no ballast; no time card and no train despatcher. All trains run wild and every engineer makes his own time, just as he pleases. Smoke if you want to; kind of go-as-you-please road. Too many side tracks, and every switch wide open all the time, with the switchman sound asleep and target lamp dead out. Get on as you please and get off when you want to. Don't have to show your tickets, and the conductor isn't expected to do any thing but amuse the passengers. 'No, sir, I was offered a pass, but I don't like the line. I don't like to travel on a line that has no terminus. Do you know, sir, I asked a Division Superintendent, where that road runs to, and he said he hoped to die if he knew. I asked him if the General Superintendent could tell me, and he said he didn't believe they had a General Superintendent, and if they had he didn't know any more about the road than the passengers. I asked him who he reported to, and he said 'nobody.' I asked a conductor who he got his orders from, and he said he didn't take orders from any living man or dead ghost. And when I asked the engineer who he got his orders from, he said he'd like to see any body give him orders; he'd run that train to suit himself, or he'd run it into the ditch. Now you see, sir, I'm a railroad man, and I don't care to run on a road that has no time, makes no connections, runs nowhere, and has no Superintendent. It may be all right, but I've railroaded too long to understand it.'

'Did you try the Methodist?' I said.

'Now, you're shouting,' he said, with some enthusiasm. 'Nice road, eh? Fast time and plenty of passengers. Engineers carry a power of steam, and don't you forget it; steam gauge shows a hundred and rough all the time. Lively road; when the conductor shouts 'all aboard,' you can wear him to the next station. Every train lamp shines like a headlight. Stop-over checks given on all through tickets; passenger can drop off the train as often as he likes, do the station two or three days, and hop on the next revival train that comes thundering along. Good, whole-souled companionable conductors; ain't a road in the country where the passengers feel more at home. No passes; every passenger pays full traffic rates for his ticket. Wesleyan house air-brakes on all trains, too; pretty, safe road, but I didn't ride over it yesterday.'

'Maybe you went to the Congregational church?' I said.

'Popular road,' said the brakeman; 'an old road, too; one of the very oldest in this country. Good roadbed and comfortable cars. Well managed road, too; Directors don't interfere with the Division Superintendents and train orders. Road's Mighty popular, but it's pretty independent, too. See, didn't of the Division Superintendents down east discontinue one of the oldest stations on this line two or three years ago? But it's a mighty pleasant road to travel on. Always such a pleasant class of passengers.'

'Perhaps you tried the Baptists?' I guessed once more.

'Ah, ha!' said the brakeman, 'she's a fussy, isn't she? River road; beautiful curves; sweeps around any thing to keep close to the river, but it's all steel rails and rock ballast, single track all the way, and not a side track from the road house to the terminus. Takes a heap of water to run it through; double tanks at every station, and there isn't an engine in the shop that can pull a pound or run a mile in less than two gauges. But it runs through a lively country; these river roads always do; river on one side and hills on the other, and it's a steady climb up the grade all the way till the run ends where the fountain-head of the river begins. Yes, sir, I'll take the river road every time for a lovely trip, sure connections and good time, and no prairie dust blowing in at the windows. And yesterday when the conductor came round for the tickets with a little basket punch, I didn't ask him to pass me, but paid my fare like a little man—twenty-five cents for an hour's run and a little concert by the passengers thrown in. I tell you, pilgrim, you take the river road when you want—'

But just here the long whistle from the engine announced a station, and the brakeman hurried to the door, shouting:

'Zionsville! This train makes no stops between here and Indianapolis!'

A Clever Sell.

A French paper relates the following:—

First—A gentleman, handsomely dressed, goes into a confectioner's store and says to the gentlemanly confectioner, 'I want a hundred and fifty of the best cream tarts you can make.'

'A hundred and fifty! That is a pretty large order; do you want them right away?'

'Within three hours at the very latest.'

'I can have them ready at the time. Ahem! It is customary to ask a deposit on such orders—say ten francs.'

Second—About two hours later a gentleman handsomely dressed goes into a tailor's shop across from the pastry cook's and asks to be shown some overcoats. He selects the nicest and asks the price.

'One hundred and twenty five francs, sir.'

'Very well, I will take it. I have some money to collect at the confectioner's across the way. I presume you have no objection to letting one of your young men come over with me and get it.'

'Certainly not.' A worthy man is my friend, Mr. Puff.

Third—To confectioner's enter handsomely dressed a gentleman now wearing an overcoat and a tailors young man. The confectioner greets the former with respectful friendliness due to a good customer.

'Ah, Poff, I have called round for that 150. You promised to have them for me at 5:30.'

'You shall have them in five minutes, sir.'

'Very well, I have to go round the corner to see a man. You will give this young gentleman 125 of the 150. I will return for the rest myself in a few minutes.'

'I will, sir.'

Fourth—Five minutes later the confectioner gives the tailor's young man 125 cream tarts, and a bill for the balance thereon, twenty-one francs and twenty five centimes.

One minute thereafter a confectioner and a tailor's young man are scouring the neighborhood in search of an handsomely dressed gentleman with a new overcoat, whom the great city, with its ceaseless bustle and confusion had swallowed up as a yellow dog swallows an oyster biscuit.

From the Novel of the Future.

There was a loud noise like a report of an overcharged canon, the bursted boiler sent the splintered iron and steaming vapor high in the air. Marianne, the engineer's lovely daughter, was carried with the debris, and ascended with frightful velocity in the direction of the clouds. She flew heavenward, the employees held their breath and closed their eyes—the spectacle was fearful to witness. But young John, the assistant, who had admired Marianne from afar, was alive to emergency. Seizing a flying machine upon which he had just obtained a patent that morning, he strapped it on to his broad, manly back, and spreading the wings of the machine, vowed he would rescue the girl or die. On he flew in the direction his loved one had taken. He reached her just as her red head had plunged through a cloud. It was but the work of a moment to clasp her to his bosom. "Saved!" came from the crowd below, who had been watching the scene from below through telescopes.