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	$40.00
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Quarter column one year	30.00
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Half column six months	20.00
Quarter column six months	12.00
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H. P. MOORE,
Editor & Proprietor.

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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, 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. 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.

T. J. FISHER, V. S., GEORGETOWN, Ont., will visit Acton every Wednesday, and will attend to all calls pertaining to his profession. Orders left at McGarvin's Drug Store will receive prompt attention. Terms moderate.
T. J. FISHER.

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.

"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 VINE STS.,

HAMILTON.

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

SAFEST AND BEST SECURITY.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

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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. 7-4m

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. CRECH.

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

GRAINE & SON'S

POETRY.

Mrs. Lotty and I.

Mrs. Lotty keeps a carriage,
So do I;
She has dappled grays to draw it;
None have I;
She's no prouder with her coachman
Than am I,
With my blue-eyed, laughing baby,
Trundling by.

I hide the face lest she should see
The cherub boy and envy me.

Her fine husband has white fingers,
Mine has not;
He could give his bride a palace
Mine a cot;
Here comes home beneath the starlight,
Ne'er caresses she;
Mine comes in the purple twilight,
Kisses me,
And prays that He who turns life's sands
Will hold his loved ones in his hands.

Mrs. Lotty has her jewels,
So have I;
She wears hers upon her bosom,
Inside I;
She will leave hers at death's portal,
By and by;
I shall bear my treasure with me
When I die.

For I have love and she has gold;
She counts her wealth, mine can't be told.

She has those who love her station,
None have I;
But I've one true heart beside me—
Glad am I.
I'd not change it for a kingdom,
No, not I;
God will weigh us in His balance,
By and by,
And then the difference He'll define
Twixt Mrs. Lotty's wealth and mine.

SELECT READING.

AUNT RUTH'S VALENTINE

'Dinah,' said Aunt Ruth, 'thee may light the gas in the hall, and see who is at the door; I hear the bell again.'

'Deed, Missus, it's only another of them mizzable boys with their valentines, I 'spect! My legs is about broken now, and I've got a dreadful misery in my back a-running to the door, with nothing there but them no 'count pieters and chalk marks on the steps!'

Muttering thus she sailed from the room with the air of an offended princess, opened the door cautiously a few inches, and peered out into the snow storm that was raging; but seeing no one, proceeded to shut it with muttered invectives against all 'mizzable white trash,' when a small boy, ten or twelve years of age, black as ebony, scantly clothed in a cotton shirt and ragged pants a world too large for him, which were drawn nearly to his shoulders and held in place by suspenders of twine, and turned up at the ankles, showing a pair of bare feet, rose from a corner beside the door. Surveying her for a moment quite as coolly as she surveyed him, he at last deliberately stepped into the lighted hall, dragging by the hand a shivering little girl almost hidden in the folds of a ragged coat, which he dexterously jerked from her shoulders, saying:

'Here's a wallentine for the lady wot lives here!'

Then turning, he ran rapidly down the steps and disappeared around the first corner in the snowy darkness, while the bewildered Dinah stood staring stupidly after him.

The little, smutty-faced, blue-eyed 'valentine,' so unceremoniously delivered, stood motionless under the gaslight awaiting further developments. Dinah speedily recovering speech and action, closed the door with a bang.

'Missus, missus! for de Lo'd's sake look a-here!'

As the lady obeyed the imperative summons, and stepped into the hall, the little bundle of tatters and rags moved to her side and peered up into the placid face surrounded by the prims folds of Quaker cap. Seeming to recognize a friendly heart shining in the serious eyes, she thrust into her hand a scrap of crumbled paper, saying:

'Dick writ it!'

Aunt Ruth took the document, and, with a puzzled look at the bearer, proceeded to decipher the queer hieroglyphics.

It had evidently been a laborious task for the grimy fingers that had traced them; but she at last picked out the message embodied in letters of all sizes and shapes. The writer had evidently made it his sole aim to give the facts of the case, proudly regardless of the minor considerations of orthography and punctuation:

'This little gurl Hain't got no folks nor no wares to sta only a woman that betes er orfal and me and a Box with straw into it, to slesp at nites. I've brung her to be your wallintine. She's hungree.

"DICK."

While the lady was laboring over the odd missive the little waif stood looking soberly up into her face, and when she raised her eyes, full of pity and compassion, the child said:

'He told me he writ into it that I was nobody's girl only his'n, and that I'd be your wallentine! I don't look like 'em, but I'll be it. I'd like to. It's jolly warm here, only my feet's cold,' and she looked down at the heavy boots she had on, ragged and run over at the heel.' They's Dick's. He made me wear 'em when I cried.'

'Thee may take the child to the kitchen, Dinah, and give her something to eat. I will come presently, and perhaps I can find out where she belongs.'

Dinah led her down the hall, the wet boots shuffling heavily over the carpet, and the bright blue eyes, shining out of the smutty face like stars from a mud hole, lifted apprehensively to the dark face.

'I do declare for it,' muttered the old woman, 'white trash and black trash is mostly alike in their no 'count pranks, that's fact! Blest if this ain't the queerest piece of business I'se ever seen at this house yet! I wallentine! Missus Ruth's ways is so unexpected! Here, you little white beggar!'

Dinah's trusty manner softened a little as she watched the greediness with which the child devoured the big slice of bread and butter; but she melted outright when, as she finished her feast, the 'little white beggar' slid from her chair, and caught and kissed the big black hand, saying:

'I likes you, 'cause you look like Dick. I likes good black folks!'

When Aunt Ruth came down, she found her 'wallentine' seated in Dinah's own rocking chair before the fire. While Dinah herself, down on the floor, had the almost frozen feet in her lap, warming them, and giving vent to some very unorthodox expressions of opinion as to the ordering of Providence.

'Sake's alive! Don't know it's so, but the Lo'd seems to pay a mighty sight of tention to some folks and forget all about the rest. 'Pears like chillun ought to be looked after anyhow. They ain't though, half on 'em! Things is queer in this world, if it is the Lo'd's world!'

'Well, child,' said Aunt Ruth, 'now that thou is warmed and fed, will thee tell thy name and where thee belongs?'

She shook her head.

'Don't belong nowheres. Father always called me 'Drat you Bab!'

Aunt Ruth sighed over this dolorous compound cognamen.

'Has thee no mother?'

'Once. She called me 'Here you Bab!' Father struck her once with a beetle, and in the morning she went dead. And one day the perlice took father away, and old Bet told me to go 'long, too, and I went 'long fer as I could. I hadn't nowhere to stop to, and I crawled into Dick's box, and he put things over me and fixed me a lolly pice place, and every day he took care of me. He made this,—and there the child stooped and drew from one of the capacious boots, which she had put on again upon getting down from the rocking-chair, a doll, whittled from a stick and artistically finished with coal, as to hair, eyes, and mouth. She looked at it admiringly for a moment, re-arranging its drapery of old print, which was somewhat disturbed by its journey in the boot, and restored to its resting-place.

Aunt Ruth sighed again.

'Give her a warm bath, Dinah, and then thee may make her a bed on the lounge in my room. I will give thee something that will serve her as a night-dress.'

The poor little wandering child was soon wrapped in a warm shawl, and curled down on the lounge in Aunt Ruth's pleasant room; too much excited by the novelty of her position to sleep—too comfortable to do anything but hug her wooden treasure and stare, first at the pretty surroundings, then at the kind face at the fireside. Suddenly she raised herself on her elbow.

'Dick said he heard there was angels that lived somewhere an' took care of folks. Be you one?'

'No, no, child,' said Aunt Ruth, gently; 'I am only Aunt Ruth. Go to sleep.

'Yes'm. But I do wish Dick was a wallentine. It's wery cold into his box.'

Aunt Ruth and Dinah sat late into the night hastily fashioning warm garments for the little one, and considering themselves well repaid by the delight with which they were donned in the morning.

While happy Little 'Drat you-Bab' was taking her breakfast by the side of kitchen stove a shadow darkened the window, and the little girl, looking up, exclaimed, joyfully:

'Oh, there's my Dick!'

Dinah opened the door and bade him 'come 'long in,' giving him a jerk to facilitate his movements. He shambled bashfully in, and in a moment the child's arms were around his neck, and her face, pretty in its unwonted cleanliness, nestled against his black cheek, while she poured out a torrent of eager exclamations of satisfaction at being a 'wallentine.'

When she at last released him Dinah took him by the shoulders and seated him firmly in a chair.

'Now,' said she, 'You'se just a-goin' to set there till you 'splain this whole 'rangement to me and Missus. An' you jest lay out to tell the trufe, the whole trufe, an' noffin but the trufe all the way through—that is, if ye kind. Niggas is mostly might unsartin!'

When Aunt Ruth came down she found her 'wallentine' bringer sitting by the fire with little Bab at his side, her two little hand tightly held in one of his own, and supreme satisfaction at the success of his honest face. Her eyes filled as she stood in the door a moment unnoticed by the children, but she was not given to demonstrations and made no comment.

And then Dick rose in his place still holding both the little hands.

'I hain't got much to tell, ma'am. I'm only Dick, the bootblack, an' this yer little girl I found one night last week. Me and Joe Rafferty had been to a place where they had some pieters an' things the man called a panderamer, an' when we came out 'twas late and we was cold an' we run all the way to the box. The box is a big box down by Higby's warehouse, an' we sleep in it. An' we found this little Bab a curled up into it asleep. Joe he was agoin' to bounce her, but when he seen how little she was he didn't. He just yanked his coat off an' put it over her and some old carpet, too, an' we did cover her up elegant, an' she slept till morning'. In the mornin' she told us she hadn't no place to stay, an' we reckoned to take care of her our own selves after that. Joe and me got her crackers and milk an' things when we could, an' we made believe she was our house-keeper. Joe swep' the crossin's, an' one day a team knocked him down and kill him all of a sudden. This here Bab she cried so, an' was so lonesome after Joe that I allowed it was better to try an' find her a home if I could. I seen folks a sending wallentines for presents, an' I thought some one orter like a little girl better than a picter. I seen you on the street, ma'am, the day you gave the lame man some money, an' I followed along to see where you lived, an' when you went up the steps you saw me, an' you smiled out of your eyes so good that I 'most knowed you'd be kind to a little girl what hadn't nobody but me. She's real cute, ma'am. I seen you once, too,' added he to Dinah, who stood with dish-towel in hand, gravely weighing his word. 'I was a-blackin' a feller's boots on the market the day you boxed that chap's ears for dragging the dog over the stones in the gutter. Didn't he run, though, when you let him go.'

'I 'clar for't,' said Dinah; 'he's tellin the trufe! 'Peared like I felt he might be liable the minnit I got eyes on him.'

Dick made no comment on Dinah's change of base, but looked earnestly into Aunt Ruth's face. As she said nothing he repeated, timidly, with a little quiver in his voice:

'She hain't got no mother nor no body in the world, only me, ma'am, an' she's real cute!'

'Dick,' said Aunt Ruth, quietly, 'I should think thee would rather find a home for thyself than to take so much trouble for a strange little girl.'

'Ma'am,' said Dick, gravely, 'I heard a preacher-man on the street one day tellin' about a good feller that wanted the little children took care of, an' that he said into some book or other (he had it, an' read out of it), 'When you do it to them you do it to me, an' I'll remember and be good to you some time for it!' When we found Bab a curled up in the box, looking so little an' so helpless, I thought it meant for us to take care of her, an' poor Joe, he reckoned so, too.'

'I think I'll keep my valentine, Dick,' Aunt Ruth said, with a smile. 'I never heard of sending back a valentine, I believe. And I think I will send one myself, too. Thee may carry it for me to Friend Bradley's office, on Harlem street, Dick.' The note was written in a fair upright hand, in a few concise words:

FRIEND BRADLEY,—I send thee a valentine. Thee will find the lines belonging to the picture in the twenty-fifth chapter of Matthew, fortieth verse.

RUTH HARMON.

It is a year since Aunt Ruth received and sent a valentine, and the 14th of February, 1880, found no happier child than little 'Drat you-Bab;' no prouder boy than 'Valentine Dick, who occupies the post of errand boy in Friend Bradley's office; no more peaceful heart than Aunt Ruth's; and certainly he would fail to spy out, with his strongest beams, a more dignified, undismayed, constitutional grumbler than poor old Dinah, who pets or scolds the two children as inclination and opportunity dictate, and who sums up the whole matter in these words:

'Sometimes children is a comfort, but mostly they is an aggravation. Them two—them two valentines—is a-wearin the life out of my bones, the poor orphanless things! But Missus Ruth is *so set* in her ways that I've got to have them under foot to the end of time, if the Lo'd spares us!'

The Old Mill-Pond.

Who is there who has not in some recess of the memory a dear old haunt like this, some such sleeping pond radiant with reflections of the scenes of early life! Taither in those winter days we came, our numbers swelled from right and left with eager volunteers for the game, till at last almost a hundred strong whorally on the smooth black ice. The opposing leaders choose their sides, and with loud hurrahs we penetrate the thickets at the water's edge, each to cut his special choice of stick—that festive cudgel, with curved and club shaped end, known to the boy as a 'shinny stick,' but to the calm recollection of afterlife principally as an instrument of torture, indiscriminately promiscuous in its playful moments.

How clearly and distinctly I recall those toughening, rollicking sports on the old mill pond! I see the two opposing forces on the field of ice, the wooden ball placed ready for the fray. The starter lifts his stick. I hear a whizzing sweep. Then comes that liquid, twittering ditty of the hard-wood ball skimming over the ice, that quick succession of bird like notes, first distinct and clear, now fainter and more blended, now fainter still, until at last it melts into a whispered quivering whistle, and dies away 'midst the scraping sound of the close pursuing skaters. With a sharp crack I see the ball returned singing over the polished surface and met half way by the advance guard of the leading side. Now comes the tug of war. Strange fun! What a spectacle! The would be striker, with stick up lifted, jammed in the centre of a boisterous throng; the hill sides echo with ringing shouts, and an anxious circle, with ready sticks, forms about the swaying, gesticulating mob. Meanwhile the ball is beating around beneath their feet, their skates are clashing steel on steel. I hear the shuffling kicks, the battling strokes of clubs, the husky mutterings of passion half suppressed; I hear the panting breath and the impetuous whisperings between the teeth, as they push and wrestle and jam. A lucky hit now sends the ball a few feet from the fray. A ready hand improves the chance; but as he lifts his stick a youngster's nose gets in the way and spoils his stroke; he slips and falls upon the ball; another and another plunge headlong over him. The crowd surround the prostrate pile and punch among them for the ball. When found, the same riotous scene ensues; another falls, and all are trampled under foot by the enthusiastic crowd. Ye gods! will any one come out alive? I hear the old familiar sounds vibrating on the air: whack! whack! "Ouch!" "Get out of the way, then!" "Now I've got it!" "Shinny on yer own side!" and now a heavy thud! which means a sudden temper on one's wild enthusiasm. And so it goes until the game is won. The mob disperses, and the riotous spectacle gives place to uproarious jollity.

Elegance of Home.

I never saw a garment too fine for man or maid; there never was a chair too good for a cobbler or a cooper, or a king to sit in; never a house too fine to shelter the human head. These elements about us, the glorious sky, the imperial sun, are not too good for the human race. Elegance fits man. But do we not value these tools for house keeping a little more than they are worth, and sometimes mortgage a house for the mahogany we bring into it. I had rather eat my dinner off the head of a barrel, or dress after the fashion of John the Baptist in the wilderness, or sit on a block all my life, than consume all myself before I got to a home, and take so much pains with the outside that the inside was as hollow as an empty nut. Beauty is a great thing, but beauty of garment, house and furniture are tawdry ornaments compared with domestic love. All the elegance in the world will not make a home, and I would give more for a spoonful of real hearty love than for whole shiploads of furniture, and all the gorgeousness all the upholsterers in the world can gather.

How to Cook a Husband.

The first thing to be done is to catch him. Having done so, the mode of cooking him, go as to make a good dish, is as follows:

"Many good husbands are spoiled in cooking. Some women keep them constantly in hot water, while others freeze them by conjugal coldness; some smother them in hatred and contention, and still others keep them in a pickle all their lives. These women always serve them up with tongue sauce. Now, it cannot be supposed that husbands will be tender and good if treated in this way; but they are on the contrary very delicious when managed as follows: Get a large jar, called the jar of carefulness (which all good wives have on hand) place your husband in it, and place him near the fire of conjugal love; let the fire be pretty hot, especially let it be clear, above all let the heat be constant; cover him over with affection and subjection; garnish him with the spice of pleasantry, and if you add kisses and other confections let them be accompanied with a sufficient portion of secrecy, mixed with prudence and moderation.

A Short Sermon.

Here is a short sermon that Dr. Whewell used to repeat with great unction:—*Text*—"Man is born unto trouble, as the sparks fly upwards." JOB, chapter v., verse 7." I shall divide the discourse into the three following heads—1. Man's ingress into the world: 2. His progress through the world: 3. His egress out of the world. Firstly, his ingress into the world is naked and bare. Secondly, his progress through the world is trouble and care. Thirdly, his egress out of the world is nobody knows where. To conclude—

If we live well here, we shall live well there. And I can tell you no more if I preached a whole year.

Encourage Self-Respect.

A child that is constantly snubbed and thwarted in his wishes cannot be humble. In fact, a child should never be snubbed. Think for a moment what is the effect a hasty word may make on his disposition. The little one may come to you when you are worn out by toil, tired from mental labor, engaged in reading or in conversation, or hurried with some perplexing task, and trouble you with an innocent question. If you are vexed, don't show it; don't frret; don't look cross; don't speak hastily; answer the question as well as you can—some questions that children ask are not easily answered—and send the child away kindly. Its pleasant face will diffuse light and love over the whole house and do you a better service than you at the time being may be aware of. A frown, a rebuke, even the slightest check will show its effect on the childs countenance, and you may be sure it goes deeper than you can see, and lasts longer than you may think. Self respect is the foundation of character, and should be sedulously cultivated. Better that than the education of the schools or fortunate business connections, high birth or influential friends. These are as well as adjuncts, but altogether they are less to be desired than that self respect which begets confidence, energy and self-reliance. Destroy that quality in a child by a course of persistent snubbing, and you are tolerably sure to spoil his character for life.

The Game of Fifteen vs. Twenty.

'What is that puzzle of 'Fifteen' they are all talking about?' says Mrs. Melrose, as her husband dropped into his easy chair the other evening.

'Well, I'll explain the principles of it,' he replied. 'Suppose, now, you ask me for $15 to buy a bonnet.'

'Yes, that would be a common bonnet.'

'I give you the money.'

'Oh, yes! very much you do! I'd like to see myself get $15 you of you for any such thing. You'd have about a thousand excuses, keep me waiting a month and then give me about $7 to but a bonnet and a ton of coal together.'

'As I was saying, I give you the $15,' he went on, a shade of sadness crossing his face.

'Yes, in your mind.'

'Now, the game is to make that $15 get fifteen different articles, instead of one. You could buy me three white shirts, five collars, a pair of socks, a silk handkerchief, and a new pipe, making eleven articles. Your bonnet would make twelve, and the other three articles could be shoes for the children. Thousands of loving wives are playing the game.'

'They are, eh! Well, let 'em play! When I get my hands on $15 of your money I'll march down and play the game of twenty.'

'What's that, dear?'

'Why, I'll pay out all I've got, and run you in debt $5 more!'

Woman's Strategy.

"Jack," said a pretty girl to her small brother the other day, "I want you to do something for me—that's a good fellow.

"What is it?" growled back Jack, who is a brother of the period.

"Why, you know that wig and moustache you used in the theatricals?"

"Well?"

"Well, won't you just put them on and go to the concert to-night? Augustas and I will be there, and Jack, I want you to stare at me the whole evening through your glasses."

"What! you want me to do that?"

"Yes; and as we come out you must stand in the door and try to slip me a note—take care that Gus sees you, too.'

"Well, I declare!"

"Because, you see, Jack, Gus loves me, I know; but then he's awful well off, and lots of other girls are after him, and he's got to be hurried up a little, as it were."

A False Alarm.

He was about leaving her. The ormolu (or something) clock on the Parisian marble mantle had just rung 11 upon its silver bell. The fire crackled in the burning grate. It was a very impressive scene. "My darling," said he, "when shall I look again into the blew depths of your eyes?" and he put both arms around her. 'Come at the earliest possible moment, my king,' said she. Then he drew her toward him, hugged her just a little, and a kiss broke softly on the air. The sumptuous apartment was just flooded with bliss when on the quiet scene, as he clasped her to his heart, there rang out a sound like the crack of a rifle, and he felt something under his arm. 'Oh, jewhittaker!' he yelled, as he rushed out of doors. 'I've broke her rib, by jingo,' and he strauked it down the street, while there floated after him a pleading voice—'O, my heart's idol, come back!' It was only a corset bone!' But he was gone.

A LITTLE GIRL on being told something which much amused her, exclaimed emphatically, "I shall remember that the whole of my life, and when I forget it I will write it down." The child was five years of age.

AMONG the replies to an advertisement of a music committee for "a candidate as organist, music teacher," etc., was the following: "Gentlemen, I noticed your advertisement for an organist and music teacher, either lady or gentleman. Having been both, for several years, I offer you my services."

This is the way the convert converted the minister: A pastor was conversing with him when the convert gave as one evidence of a change of heart that he had abandoned drinking, swearing, smoking, and all other sinful habits. The minister pondered whether he had not better leave off smoking too, and he left off.