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. 44. ACTON, ONT, THURSDAY, APRIL 29, 1880. Whole No. 253

—THE—

Acton Free Press,

is published

EVERY THURSDAY MORNING,

BY

H. P. MOORE,

Editor & Proprietor.

AT THE FREE PRESS

PRINTING & PUBLISHING HOUSE,

Next Door to Methodist Church,

Mill Street, ... Acton, Ont.

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

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

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One column one year	$60.00
Half column one year	35.00
Quarter column one year	20.00
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H. P. MOORE,
Editor & Proprietor.

THIS PAPER may be found on file at Geo. P. Rowell & Co's Newspaper Advertising Bureau (10 Spruce St.), where advertising contracts may be made for it IN NEW YORK.

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.

SURVEYOR. JOHN DAVIS, PROVINCIAL Land Surveyor, Civil Engineer and Draughtsman, of Guelph, is prepared to attend to all surveys in Acton and vicinity. Orders left at J. E. McGarvin's Drug Store, Acton, will be promptly attended to.

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

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

ALISTER M. CLARK, BARRISTER, Quebec Street Guelph.
BRANCH OFFICE:—In Matthews Building, Mill Street, Acton.
☞ OFFICE ONE WEEK IN EACH MONTH. ☜

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.

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, &c.

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.

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 Hides, Calfskins, Deacons, Lamb and Sheep Skins, delivered at my tannery. Lace Leather constantly on hand.
JAMES MOORE, Acton.

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.

MONEY TO LOAN.
$1,500 to loan on first-class farm security, at a reasonable rate of interest. Apply to
H. P. MOORE,
at FREE PRESS Office, Acton.

ARCHIBALD RIDDELL, GEORGETOWN
For Sewing Machine, and general repairs, try the Georgetown Novelty Works.
ARCH. RIDDELL,
22-tf. Main St., Georgetown.

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.

Acton Free Press.

"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.

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.
D. B. CHISHOLM Esq. President.
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R. K. CHISHOLM Esq., Oakville.
WM. FERGUSON, M. D., Georgetown.
H. S. GRIFFIN, M. D.
C. B. SNOW, Esq., (Manager Cotton Mills,) Dundas.
Money to loan on Real Estate in sums to suit borrowers, and on easy terms.
☞ Office open every week-day from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.
D. DEXTER, Manager.
Aug. 11, 1878. 7-6m

HARNESS, HARNESS.
Any person in want of a good sett of Harness, either
SINGLE OR DOUBLE;
SHOULD CALL AT
R. CREECH'S SADDLERY ACTON,
Where they can get better value for their money than any place in the County.
A GOOD ASSORTMENT OF
TRUNKS ND VALISES
On hand, all of which will be sold cheap for cash.
☞ Repairing promptly attended to.
ROBT. CREECH.
Acton, Feb. 26, '79.

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

WM. NELSON,
(CREWSON'S CORNERS,)
is prepared to do all kinds of
WHITEWASHING & COLORING
on the shortest notice, and at reasonable rates.
☞ Leave your ORDERS at the FREE PRESS Office, Acton.
P. S.—Clothing Cleaned & Renovated.
WM. NELSON.

FLOUR & FEED STORE!

LAWSON BROS.
would respectfully inform the people of Acton and vicinity that they have opened in the premises opposite Dr. McGarvin's residence a
FLOUR AND FEED STORE,
and will keep constantly on hand a full stock of
FLOUR OF ALL KINDS, including
Family Flour,
Buckwheat Flour,
Graham Flour.
MEALS.
Corn, Meal, Oat Meal,
Cracked Wheat,
Bran.
Course Shorts,
Fine Shorts,
Chopped Peas,
Chopped Oats,
Mixed Chops,
Oats and Peas,
And all kinds of feed usually kept in a first-class store.
☞ *All Goods delivered to any part of the village as soon as ordered.*
☞ *A call is respectfully solicited.*
LAWSON BROS.
Acton, Jan. 15, 1880-tf.

DOMINION
Boot & Shoe Store.
KENNEY & SON
MAIN STREET, ACTON,
Would intimate to the people of Acton and surrounding country that they are now receiving their Spring Stock of
Boots and Shoes,
which will be found to consist of an assortment
Superior in Material, Quality and Style of Manufacture
to any stock heretofore received in Acton.
Everything Sold Cheap FOR CASH
Custom Work & Repairing
In our Custom and Repairing Department, we are prepared to execute all orders entrusted to us in a most satisfactory manner.
Nothing but the best material used in the shop.
A call solicited.
Kenney & Son.
Acton, March 4th 1880.

STOVES! STOVES!
CHEAP,

AT J. C. HILL'S.
A Large Stock of all kinds of STOVES just received—manufactured of the best quality of Iron—The finest finish and the most handsome Stove in the market.
COOK STOVES
of all sizes at the very lowest prices.
A well selected stock of
TINWARE,
ALWAYS ON HAND.
EAVETROUGHING & ORDERED WORK, ARE SPECIALTIES,
and will be executed on the shortest notice.
COAL OIL,
a good stock of superior quality, cheap.
COME AND SEE for YOURSELVES.
J. C. HILL.
September 16th, 1879.

New Butcher Shop:
ADAM COOK
Would intimate to the people of Acton that he has purchased the butcher business lately carried on by Mr. R. Story, and that he has always on hand a first-class stock of
BEEF, PORK,
MUTTON, SAUSAGE,
FISH, &c., &c.,
and hopes by strict attention to business to secure a fair share of the patronage of the public. MEAT delivered at any time to any part of the town.
TERMS CASH.
A CALL SOLICITED.
ADAM COOK.
26-tf.

POETRY.

House Cleaning Time.

A scene of desolation greets the eye;
The carpets up, the curtain down, fires out,
Furniture all upset and piled about;
While back and forth, with heads in towels bound,
With skirts looped up a foot above the ground
And arms all bared, fly creatures—can it be
My lovely wife and servants neat I see
Tearing about in those outrageous duds,
And stirring up this awful smell of suds,
While in their eyes there gleams of dangerous light!
Great heavens, 'tis they! Oh, what a dreadful sight.
The dog, once scalded, from them keeps aloof,
The cat has sought for safety on the roof,
And in the dining room, where I had thought
To find a toothsome dinner, they have got
A fiend of Afric blood, who joys to swing
A white wash brush, and spatter everything,
But I am not forgot. A feast is spread
Out in the wood shed on a barrel head.
One slice of bread, a plate of warmed-up beans,
Some water in a mug, a dish of greens.
Oh, banquet rich! And best of all you see
I've brought fellow home to dine with me.

TAKING BOARDERS.

'It was a scandal!' the neighbors said, 'that Miss Delia should be obliged to take boarders, after all she'd been through; and Heaven knows boarders didn't help a body to work out her salvation. And so much money in the family, too, taking it by small and large. Wasn't her Uncle Eben, over at Dover, well to do, and not a chick of his own to care for, except the boy he had adopted, who was no credit to him? It was odd, now, that a man with poor relations should take a stranger, when his own flesh and blood was needy; but sometimes it did seem as if folks had more feeling for others than for their own kith and kin. Then there were cousins in the city, forehanded and fashionable, who never were worth a row of pins to Delia; and there was her great-uncle John's widow a larking on the Continent, a gambling at Baden-Baden, and trying the waters of every mineral spring in the three kingdoms, for no disease under the sun but old age. She'd been known to say that her own folks were too rich already, and probably she would endow some hospital with her property.' Plainly, wealthy relatives were of no value to Miss Delia. To be sure, she had never seen her great aunt since she was a child, when her uncle John had brought her into their simple life for a month's visit, with her French maid and dresses, her jewels and fallals, which won the heart of her little namesake. Since then uncle John's widow had became a sort of gilded creation; always young and always beautiful; for, though Delia had received little gifts from time to time across the seas for the last fifteen years, she had neither heard nor seen anything of the being who had inspired her youthful imagination, and was quite uncertain if such a person as Mrs. John Rogerson was in the land of the living. Dead or alive, she seemed to have made no material difference in Delia's humdrum life. After having nursed her father through a long illness, Delia found that he had left a heavy mortgage on the homestead, and her mother and herself on the highroad to the poorhouse, unless they should bestir themselves. As her mother was already bedridden, the stirring naturally fell upon Delia, and she advertised for summer boarders:

GOOD BOARD IN THE COUNTRY, by the river-side, at seven dollars a week. Large chambers, broad piazzas, fine views, berries, and new milk. One mile from the station. Address
DELIA ROGERSON,
Crofts-borough, Maine.

'Cheap enough!' commented an elderly lady who happened upon it. 'Delia Rogerson. An old maid, I suppose, obliged to look for herself. I've a good mind to try the broad piazzas and new milk. If I don't like it, there'll be no harm done.'

And so Delia's first boarder arrived—an elderly lady, with a false front of hair, brown, wrinkled skin, faded eyes, a black alpaca gown and a hair trunk. Delia made her as welcome as if she had been a duchess; lighted a wood fire in Mrs. Clement's room, as the night was damp, and brought out her daintiest cup and saucer, with the fadeless old roses wreathing them. 'Wonderfully kind,' reflected Mrs. Clement, as she combed out her whisp of grey hair and confided the false front to a box. 'Wonderful kindness for seven dollars a week. She's new to the trade. She'll learn better. Human nature doesn't change with latitudes. She'll find it doesn't pay to consider the comfort of a poverty stricken old creature.' But, in spite of her worldly wisdom, Mrs. Clement was forced to confess that Delia had begun as she meant to hold out, though other boarders came to demand her attention, to multiply her cares. The fret and jar of conflicting temperaments under her roof was a new experience to Delia. When Miss Gresham complained of the mosquitoes, with an air as if Miss Rogerson was responsible for their creation; of the flies, as if they were new acquaintances; of want of appetite, as though Delia had agreed to supply it, along with berries and new milk; of the weather, as if she had pledged herself there should be no sudden changes to annoy her boarders, of the shabby house and the antiquated furniture, 'too old for comfort and not old enough for fashion'—then Delia doubted if taking boarders was her mission. 'What makes you keep at my dear?' asked Mrs. Clement, after a day when everything and everybody had seemed to go wrong. 'Why didn't you ever marry? You had a lover, I daresay?'

'Yes; a long, long time ago.'

'Tell me about him—it!'

'There isn't much to tell. He asked me to marry him. He was going to Australia. I couldn't leave mother and father, you know (they were both feeble,) and he couldn't stay here. That was all.'

'And you—you—'

'Now all men besides are to me like shadows.'

'And you have never heard of him since?'

'Yes. He wrote; but where was the use? It could never come to anything. It was better for him to forget me and marry. I was a millstone about his neck. I didn't answer his last letter.'

'And, supposing he should return some day, would you marry him?'

'I dare say,' laughed Delia gently, as if the idea were familiar, 'let the neighbors laugh ever so wisely. I've thought of it sometimes, sitting alone, when the world was barren and commonplace. One must have recreation of some kind, you know. Everybody requires a little romance, a little poetry, to favor everyday thinking and doing. I'm afraid you'll think me a silly old maid, Mrs. Clement.'

'No. The heart never grows old. The skin shrivels, the color departs, the eyes fade, the features grow pinched; but the soul is heir of eternal youth—is as beautiful at fourscore as at sweet sixteen and twenty.' Time makes amends for the ravages of the body by developing the spirit. You didn't tell me your lover's name. Perhaps you'd rather not.'

'His name was Stephen Langdon Sometimes Capt. Seymour runs against him in Melbourne, and brings me word how he looks and what he is doing! tho' I never, never ask, and Stephen never asks for me, that I can hear.'

Delia's summer boarders were not a success, to be sure. If they took no money out of her pocket, they put none in it. She was obliged to eke out her support with copying for Lawyer Dunmore and embroidering for Mrs. Judge Durr. One by one her boarders dropped away, like the autumn leaves; all but old Mrs. Clement.

'I believe I'll stay on,' she said. 'I'm getting too old to move often. Perhaps you take winter boarders at reduced rates Eh?'

'Do you think my terms high?'

'By no means. But when one's purse is low—'

'Yes, I know. Do stay at your own price. I can't spare you.' She had grown such a fondness for the old lady that to refuse her at her own terms would have seemed like turning her own mother out of doors; besides, one month more would not signify. But she found it hard to make both ends meet, and often went hungry to bed, that her mother and Mrs. Clement might enjoy enough, without their appearing to be 'just a pattern.' At Christmas, however, came a ray of sunshine for Delia, in the shape of a hundred dollar bill from an unknown friend. 'It can't be meant for me,' she cried.

'It's directed to Delia Rogerson,' said her mother; 'and there's nobody else of that name, now your Aunt Delia's dead.'

'We're not sure she's dead,' objected Delia.

'Horrors! Don't you know whether your own aunt's dead or alive?' asked Mrs. Clement, in a shocked tone.

'It isn't our fault. She is rich and lives abroad. I was named for her. I used to look in the glass and try to believe I'd inherited her beauty with the name, though she was only our great uncle's wife.'

'She ought to be doing something for you.'

'How can she, if she's dead? I don't blame her, anyway. Her money is her own, to use according to her pleasure. Uncle John made it himself and gave it to her.'

But if she should come back to you, having run through with it, you'd divide your last crust with her, I'll be bound.

"I suppose I should,' said Delia.

The winter wore away, as winters will, and the miracles of spring began in fields and wayside; and Delia's boarders returned with the June roses, and dropped away again with the falling leaves, and still Mrs. Clement stayed on and on. Just now she had been some weeks in arrears with her reduced board. No money had been forthcoming for some time, and she was growing more feeble daily, needed the luxuries of an invalid and the attention of a nurse, both of which Delia bestowed upon her without taking thought for the morrow.

'I must hear from my man of business to morrow, Delia. I'm knee-deep in debt to you,' she began, one night.

'Don't mention it!' cried Delia. 'I'd rather never see a cent of it than have you take it to heart. You're welcome to stay and share pot luck with us; you're such company for mother and me.'

'Thank you, my dear. I've grown as fond of you as if you were my own flesh and blood. There, turn down the light, please. Draw the curtain, dear, and put another stick on the fire, please. It grows chilly, doesn't it? You might kiss me, just once, if you wouldn't mind It's a hundred years or so since anyone kissed me.'

And the next morning, when Delia carried up Mrs. Clement's breakfast, her boarder lay cold and still upon the pillow.

The first shock over, Delia wrote directly to the lawyer of whom she had heard Mrs. Clement speak as having charge of her affairs, begging him to notify that lady's relatives, if she had any. In reply, Mr. Wills wrote: 'The late Mrs. Clement appears to have no near relatives. Some distant cousins, who having an abundance of this world's goods, yet served her shabbily when she tested their generosity, as she has tried yours, are all that remain of her family. In the meantime, I enclose you a copy of her last will and testament, to peruse at your leisure.

'What interest does he think I take in Mrs. Clement's will,' thought Delia; but read, nevertheless:

'Being of sound mind, this 15th day of June, 18—, I, Delia Rogerson Clement, do hereby leave one hundred dollars to each of my cousins; and I bequeath the residue of my property—viz., thirty thousand dollars invested in the Ingot Mining Company, fifty thousand in Fortune Flannel Mills, and my jewels, to the beloved niece of my first husband, John Rogerson.

DELIA ROGERSON,
"of Croftsborough, Maine."

'For I was a stranger, and ye took me in; hungry, and ye fed me; sick, and ye ministered unto me.'

'Goodness alive!' cried the neighbors when the facts reached their ears. 'What a profitable thing it is to take boarders! Everybody in town will be trying it. Of course, Steve Langdon will come home and marry her, if she were forty old maids. You may stick a pin in there!'

Delia did not open her house to boarders the next season. She found enough to do in looking after her money and spending it; in replying to letters from indigent people, who seemed to increase alarmingly; in receiving old friends, who suddenly found time to remember her existence. And, sure enough, among the rest appeared Steve Langdon, and all the village said:

'I told you so!'

'It's not my fault that you and I are single yet, Delia,' he said.

'And we are too old to think of a change now, Steve.'

'Nonsense! It's never too late to mend. I'm not rich, Delia; but I've enough for two and some to spare.'

'I wouldn't be contented not to drive in my carriage and have servants under me now,' laughed Delia.

'Indeed!' Then perhaps you have a better match in view. Capt. Seymour asked me, by the way, if I had come to interfere with Squire Jones' interest.'

'Yes! Squire Jones proposed to me last week.'

'Now, see here, Delia. Have I come all the way from Melbourne on a fool's errand? There I was, growing used to my misery and loneliness, when the mail brings me in a letter in a strange hand, which tells me that my dear love Delia Rogerson, loves and dreams of me still, is poor and alone, and needs me—me! And the letter is signed by her aunt, Mrs. Clement, who ought to know. I packed my household goods and came—'

'I'm glad you did.'

'In order that I may congratulate Squire Jones.'

'But I haven't accepted him. In fact—I've refused him—because—'

'Because you will marry your old love, like the lass in the song, Delia?'

In Crofsborough people are not yet tired of telling how a woman made money by taking boarders.

FIXING A HAT.—Did you ever notice the broad, comfortable, shady-looking Leghorn hats in the milliner's windows? Just buy a woman one, and the first thing she will do will be to double up her dainty fist and punch a three cornered dent on the right side; then she will punch the front rim down and the back rim up, and then stave in three or four more big dents at odd corners; and, when it resembles in shape an old tin pan that has been a target for a stone-throwing match, she will remark upon the "elegance and grace" of the affair. But just let a man jam in one side of his hat, and he will be at once proclaimed an idiot.

That Hired Girl.

When she came to work for the family on Congress street the lady of the house sat down and told her that agents, book peddlers, hat rack men, recommenders, ash buyers, tinkers, and all that class of people, must be met at the front door and coldly repulsed or if she had to break every broomstick in Detroit.

And she did. She threw the door open wide, bluffed right up at 'em, and when she got through talking, the cheekiest agent was only too glad to leave. It got so after awhile that peddlers marked that house, and the door bell never rang except for company.

The other day, as the lady of the house was enjoying a nap, and Sarah was wiping off the spoons, the bell rang. She hastened to the door, expecting to see a lady, but her eyes encountered a slim man, dressed in black and wearing a white neck-tie. He was the new minister, and he was going around to get acquainted with the members of his flock, but Sarah wasn't expected to know this.

"Ah—um—is Mrs.—ah——"

"Git!" exclaimed Sarah, pointing to the gate.

"Beg pardon, but I'd like to see—see——"

"Meander!" she shouted, looking around for a weapon, "we don't any dour-sifters here."

'You are mistaken,' he replied, smiling blandly, "I called to——'

'Don't want anything to keep moths away—fly,' she exclaimed, getting red in the face.

'Is the lady in?' he inquired, trying to look over Sarah's head.

'Yes, the lady's in, and I'm in, and you're out!' she snapped, and now I don't want to stand here talking to a fly-trap agent any longer! Come, lift your boots!'

'I am not an agent,' he said, trying to smile, 'I am the new——'

'Yes, I know you—you are the new man with a patent flat-iron, but we don't want any, and you'd better go before I call the dog!'

'Will you give the lady my card, and say that I called?'

'No, I won't. We're bored to death with cards and handbills and circulars. Come. I can't stand here all day.'

'Didn't you know that I was a minister?' he asked as he backed off.

'No, nor I don't know it now; you look like the man who sold the woman next door a dollar chrome for eighteen shillings!'

'But here is my card.'

'I don't care for cards, I tell you! if you have that gate open I'll heave a flower pot at you!'

'I will call again,' he said, as he went through the gate.

"It won't do you any good!' she shouted after him; 'we don't want no prepared food for infants—no piano music—no stuffed birds! I know the policeman on this beat, and if you come round here again he'll soon find out whether you are a confidence man or a vagrant!'

And she took unusual care to lock the door.

The Wanderer's Prayer.

On a cold, dreary evening in autumn, a small boy, poorly clad, yet clean and tidy, with a sack on his back, knocked at the door of an old Quaker in the town of S———, 'Was Mr. Lanman at home?' The boy wished to see him and was speedily ushered into the host's presence.

Friend Lanman was one of the wealthiest men the county, and president of the L———Valley Railroad. The boy had come to see if he could obtain a situation on the road. He said he was an orphan—his mother had been dead only two months, and he was now a homeless wanderer. But the lad was too small for the filling of any place within the Quaker's gift, and he was forced to deny him. Still he liked the looks of the boy, and said to him:

'Thee stop in my house to-night, and on the morrow I will give thee the names of two or three good men in Philadelphia, to whom thee may apply, with assurance to a kind reception at least. I am sorry that I have no employment for thee.'

Later in the evening the old Quaker went the rounds of his spacious mansion, lantern in hand, as he was wont, to see if all was safe before retiring for the night. As he passed the door of the little chamber where the poor wanderer had been placed to sleep, he heard a voice. He stopped and distinguished the tones of an earnest, simple prayer. He bent his ear nearer, and heard these words from the lips of the boy.

'O Good Father in Heaven! help me to help myself. Watch over me as I watch over my own conduct! Bless the good man in whose house I am sheltered, and spare him long that he may continue his bounty to other suffering and needy ones. Amen.

And the Quaker responded another amen as he moved on; and as he went on his way he meditated. The boy had a true idea of the duties of life, and possessed a warm grateful heart. 'I verily think the lad will be a treasure to his employer!' was his concluding reflection.

When the morning came the Quaker had changed his mind concerning his answer to the boy's application.

'Who taught thee to pray?' asked friend Lanman.

'My mother, sir,' was the soft reply, and the rich brown eyes grow moist.

'And thee will not forget thy mother's counsels.'

'I cannot; for I know that my success in life is dependent upon them.'

'My boy, thou mayest stay here in my house, and very soon I will take thee to my office. Go now and get thy breakfast.'

Friend Lanman lived to see the boy he had adopted rise, step by step, until he finally assumed the responsible office which the failing guardian could hold no longer.