—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. Transitory advertisements must be paid in advance.

Changes for contract advertisements must be in the office by 9 a. m. on Mondays, otherwise they will be left over till the following week.

H. P. MOORE,
Editor & Proprietor.

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.

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. 49. ACTON, ONT., THURSDAY, JUNE 3, 1880. Whole No. 258

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 [illegible]

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 Hatthews Building Mill street, Acton.
OFFICE OPEN EVERY FRIDAY.

T. J. FISHER, V. S., GEORGETOWN. Out will visit Acton every Wednesday in 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, and draughtsman.

DOMINION HOTEL, ACTON, ROBT. Aguew, proprietor. The new Hotel is fitted up in first-class style with new furniture. Commercial Travellers will find good accommodation and commodious Sample Rooms. Special attention paid to the wants of the travelling public. Bar supplied with the best of Liquors and Cigars. Good Stabling and attentive Hostlers.

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.
Dec. 10, '79.-24-1m. CHAS. CAMERON.

"We must have Bread,"
So say Ireland's poor, and so say we.

B. & E. NICKLIN
BAKERS & CONFECTIONERS,
CORNER MAIN & MILL STREETS, ACTON,
Beg to intimate that they are prepared to supply the village and surrounding country with
Very Best Of Bread,
BUNS, CAKES, PASTRY AND
CONFECTIONERY,
BREAD DELIVERED.
While thanking those who have favored us with their patronage in the past, we solicit a continuance of the same, and will welcome new customers.
ICE CREAM PARLOR.
We have now opened our ICE CREAM PARLOR, and will always be prepared to supply pure Ice Cream, Fruit Drinks, Fruit, &c. Ice Cream supplied by the quart if desired. A Call Solicited.
B. & E. NICKLIN.
Acton, May 6th, 1880.

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 KING STS.,
HAMILTON.
Six Per Cent Interest paid on Deposits of $1 and upwards.
SAFEST AND BEST SECURITY.
BOARD OF DIRECTORS.
D. B. CHISHOLM Esq., President.
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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

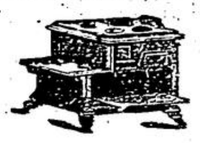
HARNESS,
HARNESS.
Any person in want of a good suit of Harness, either
SINGLE OR DOUBLE;
SHOULD CALL AT
R. CREECH'S SADDLERY
ACTON,
Where they can get better value for their money than any place in the County.
A GOOD ASSORTMENT OF
TRUNKS AND VALISES
On hand, all of which will be sold cheap for cash.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

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 COLOURING.
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 LINDS, 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 Store 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 18th, 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.

POETRY.

A Blizzard from Biddy.

See thim two ruined ragged min,
Wid bleared an' puffy eyes;
'Tis not long since they did begin
To taste the cup that lies.
It made thim feel so friendly like,
They soon tuk a "renewer,"
"Fill up yer glass," says Tim to Mike,
"Who dares say we are poor!"

Av their money thin they both 'ad boast,
Till, from trating one another,
They'd call up ivry bar-room ghost
Their appetite to smother.
Well plazed the landlord tuk their cash
An' flung it in his till,
An' doled thim out his poison thrash
Their sinses for to kill.

Yis! he doled thim out the divil's pills
Their reason to derange,
Thin tuk from thim their dollar bills
But gev back little change.
Fair! he robbed them both before their eyes,
Nor niver thought it risky,
For he knew how soon the senses flies
Whin sinceped in rot-gut whiskey.

The landlord pushed thim from his dore,
Whin their last dim' was spent;
Thin staggering off an' reeling sore
Into the ditch they went.
Deep down they sank, like betther min,
Who thin curst whiskey tastes;
Like gintlemen they all begin,
But end worse than the bastes.

'Most all who dhrink the devil's blood
Are soon baptized in mire;
For, to see his victims rouled in mud
Is the Ould B'y's pet desire;
An' thim that tap his fiery veins,
And gloom on firesides cast,
May count their base unholy gains,
But *their* turn will come at last.

Yis! thim that sell and thim that dhrink
Are followed wid a curse;
Stern Justice's eyes may search and sink
Ere it see which is the worse.—
There! I've broke me pin an' spilt me ink,
No more these thoughts I'll nurse;
For I've had my say, an, troth, I think
I'll end wid this same verse.

MISTRESS BIDDY KONIKILL.

A BRAVE MAN.

Miss Mildred Heathcote and Mr. Ray Harding stood side by side, looking down the Devil's Fall. The scene was one of awful grandeur, yet just then neither felt its spell. The lady was petulant and her lover nonchalant. Yesterday he had asked her to marry him and she had hesitated, saying, "I will tell you to-morrow,' knowing very well that her answer could be nothing but 'Yea.' Just now he repeated the question, but in that cool, high and mighty way of his, which piqued her, though she knew he meant nothing by it, so she still coquetted and hesitated.

"Pooh!" said Mildred, pouting prettily, "you men talk eloquently enough of devotion and adoration, but you never do anything to prove it. For my part I wish we were back in the good old days of chivalry when a knight, if he loved a lady, rode bravely into the lists and challenged the world in her name. But nowadays you are all carpet knights. You can bow, and waltz, and talk nonsense, but you never fight. The word 'heroism' should be marked 'obsolete' in the dictionaries."

Ray stood with folded arms, listening with an absurd smile to this very absurd rhodomontade. Then, suddenly becoming grave, he said: "It is not so Mildred. I am no hero, nor do I pretend to a superfluous amount of courage. Yet, for your sake, if need be, I could face death a thousand times, too."

She looked up at him admiring, half frightened by his vehemience; yet still she foolishly went on: "and would you be my own true knight and do what ever I bade you?"

"Anything reasonable."

"Why do you say 'anything reasonable?"

"Because I would not do anything unreasonable."

"But I would not ask you for anything so very unreasonable, of course. I would not wish you to die for me you know; only what the commonest knightly gallantry would require For instance, I might express a wish for that bunch of wild flowers." And she pointed down the rock to a little venturesome tuft of blossoms growing but a few feet from them, yet in such a position that mortal man could hardly have reached them and lived.

"So you might express a wish for the moon," he answered, rather curtly.

"But if I asked for them, would you not get them?"

"No." And he spoke now quite impatiently.

"The lady's dark eyes flashed with sudden determination.

"Ray," she cried, imperiously, "please get me those flowers. I have taken quite a fancy for them."

"Excuse me, but—I decline."

She regarded him angrily a moment, then drawing herself up haughtily, she said: "Mr. Harding, last night you did me the honor to make me an offer of marriage."

"I did, and just now I repeated it."

"Well, excuse me, but—I decline." And thus quoting his own words, she turned away towards the path which led back to the road.

"Very Well," he said, biting his lips in smothered wrath. And they walked back to the hotel together, talking polite common places as indifferently as though they had met but yesterday. That evening he sought her again, but she was icily cold. At 9 o'clock he went to his room, blaming himself for his folly in fancying so heartless a woman as Mildred Heathcote, and hastily packing his valice departed by the late train, vowing never to see her again, and she the next morning found, alas! too late, that she had put her own happiness away from her, perhaps forever.

* * * * *

It took a whole year of vague unrest and constant wandering up and down the earth to convince Ray Harding that, after all, Mildred Heathcote was not any the less loveable for her capracious humors, and that, whether she was or not, he could not possibly get through life without her. It was a full year. I say, before he arrived at this conclusion, and three months more before he could so far overcome his pride as to seek her once more. But one beautiful September morning saw him get out of the train at the little country village, where Mr. Heathcote's country seat was, and hasten off down the road towards the house. He found Mildred's father, with whom he was but slightly acquainted, asleep on the front piazza. The old gentleman awoke—ill natured, of course, and the gentleman was informed rather shortly that Miss Heathcote was at the city and not expected down until the 5 o'clock train. In no very complacent humor he returned to the village tavern, where he found a passably good dinner and managed to doze away a good portion of the afternoon. At a little past 4 o'clock, unable to keep still any longer, he sauntered out and strolled off down the road where it crossed the railway. With no particular object in view, he turned aside here and walked slowly and thoughtfully along the line, abstractly counting the sleepers as he walked, and wondering how Mildred would receive him in the evening.

About a mile from the village, at the point where he now was, the railway and carriage road crossed a narrow river by bridges separate, though side by side. Beyond the two roads separated, the turnpike turning off to the left and crossing the railway again where the latter made a broad curve a mile further on. So much is necessary that the reader may understand what followed. As Ray advanced across the covered railway bridge he suddenly became aware that the timbers at a certain place suddenly yielded to and trembled violently beneath his tread. The movement was so different from that ordinarily produced by stepping from one division of the bridge to the other that he was prompted to stoop and examine the line. Great heaven! what fiend had been at work here! There were bits of chips and traces of sawdust lying around, and as his eyes became accustomed to the darkness he discovered a narrow fissue in the beam on either side made partly by an axe, through which he caught a glimpse of the river foaming and boiling below.

Strange to say, while at the instant his mind grasped the whole truth that the down train from the city must pass this very spot in a few minutes and be hurled far down in the depths below, yet there came no thought of the hundreds of human beings upon whose destruction some wretch had calculated. One idea alone possessed his mind. One person only he thought of—she who was all the world to him. Mildred Heathcote was in the train which, even now, was rushing to its fate. He might hasten down the line, but could he get far enough to enable the train to draw up before reaching the fatal spot? By the pike road, however, it was but a short three quarters of a mile to the crossing. A faint whistle came to his ears from away down in the valley, and a glance across the line decided him. There was a young man slowly crossing the other bridge on horse back. Ray ran down the embankment and across the narrow field between, and with one bound clearing the low stone wall, he confronted the astonished horseman. "Dismount—quick!" he gasped.

"The deuce! and what for, pray?" demanded the other, making a pass to move on.

Ray, wild with excitement and dread, grasped the bridle and reined up the horse so violently as to cause the rider to slide from his seat. "The bridge has been cut and I must stop the train!" he shouted, and without more words leaped into the saddle, struck the horse heavily with his clenched hand and galloped away.

Three quarters of a mile. Only a question of two or three minutes at his present rate of speed. But would that be soon enough? He strained his eyes to watch the crossing far down the road. No sign of any train yet, thank heaven! But hark! A whistle louder than before. Oh, God, and not half a mile passed yet! Now, good horse, do all you know. You two—you and Ray Harding—shall save the life of the loveliest girl in the country to-night—aye, and of many a lovely girl besides, and of parents and brothers too. Only a few rods now to the crossing. Ray became more sanguine. His dread grew less and less. Yet even now the express might come rushing out of the woods which were so near the road and flash across his path.

There came a shriek of the locomotive closer at hand, and then a trace of smoke above the trees and the rattle of the rails. A man stood at the crossing waving a red flag for him to keep back. The train was close upon him then. But he heeded not the warning. The man advanced to bar his passage; but he dashed upon him and forced him aside, and riding straight upon the track, reined in his foaming horse directly across the rails. He shouted and waved his hat wildly at the great iron monster rushing towards him and now not a furlong away. The signal man, too, who now comprehended some what the state of affairs, advanced to his side and held up the flag. The whistle shrieked again, the engine was reversed, the breaks applied and slowly the great mass lessened its speed. The horse reared and plunged as the train approached, and, turning in spite of the rider's firm hand, dashed away down the road; but not until Ray had slipped from his seat. He moved slowly backwards along the track as the train came close to him, still possessed with an insane kind of fear that it might get by him after all.

Impatiently and in a few words he described the situation to the conductor and passengers who came crowding about him, and then broke away, leaving them there taking up a collection and passing complimentary resolutions in his behalf. What cared he for all those strangers! As he felt then, he would not have given one of a certain pair of little fingers he knew were in the train to have saved them all. He found her in the very foremost carriage, just the one he thought that would have gone first to destruction, and in her fright and bewilderment she greeted him as if there were no cloud between them. Not but that she would have been beside herself with joy to have seen him at any other time; but she might have concealed that joy from him.

Strange to say, she did not learn that it was to Ray Harding she and so many others owed their lives until that evening at tea, when her father came in and greeted Ray as the hero of the hour. A while after, as the two were sitting in the moonlight together, and he once more repeated the offer he had made at the Devil's Fall, she put her hand in his and acknowledged that she had found her own true knight at last.

A Local Editor's Dream.

Once upon a time a local editor dreamed that he was dead and in another world. He approached a city before him and knocked for admittance, but no one answered his summons. The gate remained closed against him. Then he cried aloud for an entrance, but the only response was scores of heads appearing above the wall on the other side of the gate. At sight of him the owners of the heads set up a dismal howl and one of them cried: "Why didn't you notice that big egg I gave you?" At this horrid and most unexpected interrogation the poor local turned in the direction of the voice to learn its owner, when another voice shrieked: "Where's that piece you were going to write about my soda fountain?" and close upon this was the awful demand: "Why did you write a piece about old Tomlinson's hens, and never speak of my new gate?" Whatever answer he was going to frame to this appeal was cut short by the astonishing query, "Why did you spell my name wrong in the programme?" The miserable man turned to flee, when he was rooted to the ground by these terrible demands: "Why did you put my marriage among the deaths?" He was on the point of saying the foreman did it, when a shrill voice madly cried: "You spoilt the sale of my horse by publishing that runaway!" and another: "If I catch you alone I'll lick you for what you said about me when I was before the police court." Another: "Why didn't you show up the school question when I told you to?" And this was followed by the voice of a female hysterically exclaiming: "This is the brute that botched my poetry and made me ridiculous!" Whereupon hundreds of voices screamed: "Where is my article? Give me back my article!" And in the midst of the horrid din the poor wretch awoke, perspiring at every pore and screaming for help.

If dough spells do, and e-i-g-h-t spells ate, and b-e-a-u-x spells boz, we ought to write poughteighteaux for potatoes. One is just as "good" spelling as the other.

A Georgia farmer who lives in a noted snake region kills the serpents and uses them for fertilizers, laying a snake in a furrow and then planting corn on it. As he was thus at work one day, he was heard to soliloquize: 'So things go on in a constant round. These snakes produce corn; that corn produces whiskey; and then that whiskey produces snakes again.'

Mary's Goat.

Mary had a William goat,
And he was as black as jet;
He followed Mary 'round all day,
And liked her! you just bet!

He went with her to school one day,
The teacher kicked him out;
It made the teacher grin you know,
To have that goat about.

But tho' old Whack'em kicked him out,
Yet still he lingered near;
He waited just outside the door
Till Whack'em did appear.

Then William ran to meet that man—
He ran his level best;
And met him just behind, you know
Down just below the vest.

Old Whack'em turned a somersault;
The goat stood on his head,
And Mary laughed herself so sick
She had to go to bed.

The Orchard.

Orchards.—With newly planted trees it will pay to give a little time in examining their condition. If they are loose or leaning to one side, a minute spent in pressing the soil about them with the foot will often save them. A mulching, if not already given to the young trees, should be provided before the long drouth. Almost any substance that will cover the soil and protect it from the sun will do.

Grafts set this spring should be looked to; and if the bud or buds grow too vigorously, pinch back into shape; in fact a graft should be treated as if it were a young tree. Cut away all shoots that come upon the stock below the graft, that the nourishment may go to the graft. See that the branches of the graft have plenty of room, and the growth is not interfered with by surrounding branches.

Pruning.—June is a good time for pruning. Larger limbs may be cut away now, covering all cuts with varnish, paint, or melted grafting wax.

Thinning Fruit.—The sooner this essential to the production of the best fruit is done the better. It is seldom overdone, and too frequently entirely neglected. Thinning increases the size and improves the quality of the fruit, and with young trees, just starting into bearing, it is a necessity.

Uncle Mose.

A correspondent at Houston, Tex., writes the following anecdote: A queer, angular character was Uncle Mose Watkins, or as he was most familiarly known, 'Uncle Mose.' He was a deacon in the church, and attended church every Sabbath; but as I heard a bright youngster remark, his 'religion didn't *hurt* him a bit.'

At any rate he was the most contrary, stiff-necked, selfish old chap that it was ever my lot to meet with. He was taken quite sick, and in answer to his growling a neighbor remarked that 'sometimes afflictions were sent to us for our good.' The sick man half raised himself in bed and answered, 'The Lord is mistaken if he tries to manage me that way.'

But the old man kept growing worse and thought he was going to die, and sent for the minister to help him make his peace with earth. "There was brother A he hadn't treated just right; he was a little too hard with brother C, and so on," and was decidedly in a very penitent sort of mind. But when the minister got up to leave he called out, "Now mind, Brother G. if I get well I *take every single word back.*"

Well, the old fellow didn't die that time, and was none the better for his late remorse when he got around again.

Things an old farmer has noticed

I have noticed that there are farmers who are afraid to trust their farms, and their farms show it. I have noticed that there are farmers who feed their mowings spring and fall, and usually a considerable portion of their barn room can be rented. I have noticed that some farmers' horses have a habit of stopping at every liquor saloon they have come to. I have noticed also that the horse and driver resembled each other in this respect—each wears a shabby coat. I have noticed that the man who can manage his own and his neighbor's business successfully, is the coming man. At any rate he has not arrived yet. I have noticed that some farmers swear with their tongues, and some with their milking stools. The cows prefer the former style, but the devil don't care which. I have noticed that poor fences make unruly stock and bad neighbors. I have noticed that if a team gets "set," it is better economy to take a part of the load from the wagon than to take a part of the flesh from the horses. I have noticed that it is a good plan to take notice of the good and the bad, so that we may follow whatever is good and shun that which is bad.

Why Cats Wash.

An amusing reason is given for cats washing their faces after a meal. A cat caught a sparrow and was about to devour it, but the sparrow said,

"No gentleman eats till he has first washed his face."

The cat, struck with this remark, set the sparrow down, and began to wash his face, on which the sparrow flew away. This vexed Puss extremely, and he said,

"As long as I live I will eat first, and wash my face *afterward.*"

Which all cats do even to this day.

We have a new fifteen puzzle. It is a young man who works on a salary of fifteen dollars per week, spends five dollars per week for board, three for horse hire, one for washing, three and a half for cigars, two dollars and thirty cents for drinks, two dollars and twenty five cents for theatre tickets, the twenty-five cents is for a gallery ticket at a variety show. Now, the puzzle to be worked out is this: How can a young man save enough at the end of the year to pay $5 borrowed money