—THE—

Acton Free Press,

is published

EVERY THURSDAY MORNING,

AT

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	$40.00
Half column one year	25.00
Quarter column one year	20.00
One column six months	25.00
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.

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. CLARE, BARRISTER, Quebec Street Guelph.

BRANCH OFFICE:—In Matthews Building Mill Street, Acton.

Office open every Friday.

T. J. FISHER, L.S. GEORGETOWN, will be in Acton every week-day, 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, and draughtsman.

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

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. 53. ACTON, ONT., THURSDAY, JULY 1, 1880. Whole No. 232.

"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 VINE STS.,

HAMILTON.

Six Per Cent Interest paid on Deposits of $5 and upwards.

SAFEST AND BEST SECURITY.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

D. B. CHESHOLM Esq. President.
W. K. KERNS Esq. of John Wardle & Co.) Burlington. Vice-President.
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WM. FREEMAN, 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-tf

New Boot and Shoe Shop.

W. WILLIAMS WOULD RESPECTFULLY intimate to the people of Acton and vicinity that he has opened a Boot & Shoe Shop in the building opposite W. H. Storey's Glove Works, on MILL STREET, ACTON.

Any one in want of a substantial and good fitting

BOOT OR SHOE,

should not fail to leave their order at his stand

Repairing a Specialty and promptly attended to.

W. WILLIAMS.

Acton, Sept 24, 1879.

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,
Coarse 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.

Guelph Cloth Hall.

Dundas Cotton Shirtings,
Harvard Shirtings,
French Cambric Shirtings,

Blue and Brown Denims,
Twilled Brown Ducks
and Kentucky Jeans.

TWEEDS

By the Yard at very Low Prices.

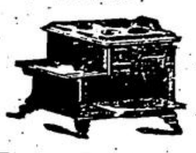
Parties buying Cloth from us can get garments cut in a superior manner, free of charge.

SHAW & MURTON

MERCHANT TAILORS.

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.

September 16th, 1879. J. C. HILL.

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.

The Round of Life.

Some are serving—some commanding
Some are sitting—some are standing;
Some rejoicing—some are grieving;
Some entreating—some relieving;
Some are weeping—some are laughing;
Some are thirsting—some are quaffing;
Some accepting—some refusing;
Some are thrifty—some abusing;
Some compelling—some persuading;
Some are flattering—some degrading;
Some are patient—some are fuming;
Some are modest—some presuming;
Some are leasing—some are farming;
Some are helping—some are harming;
Some are running—some are riding;
Some departing—some abiding;
Some are sending—some are bringing;
Some are crying—some are singing;
Some are hearing—some are preaching;
Some are learning—some are teaching;
Some disdaining—some affecting;
Some assiduous—some neglecting;
Some are feasting—some are fasting;
Some are raving—some are wasting;
Some are losing—some are winning;
Some repenting—some are sinning;
Some are silent—some are soaring;
Some are restive—some are willing;
Some preserving—some are killing;
Some are bounteous—some are grinding;
Some are seeking—some are finding;
Some are thieving—some receiving;
Some are hiding—some revealing;
Some commending—some are blessing,
Some dismembering—some new framing;
Some are quiet—some dispating;
Some confuted and confuting;
Some are marching—some retiring;
Some are resting—some aspiring;
Some enduring—some deriding;
Some are falling—some are rising;
These are sufficient to recite,
Since all men's deeds are infinite;
Some and their parts when some begin;
Some go out—and some come in.

An Hour in a Dissecting Room.

BY MRS. MARY A. DENNISON.

(Continued from last week.)

I opened the door. The flashing black eyes of Miss De Lisle encountered mine; they smiled sweetly. She came in slowly, regally, and brought the perfume of lilies, or some sweet southern flower, with her.

I watched her as she went calmly to a seat—the very chair Elise had sat in yesterday. I watched the shimmering swell and fold of her rich silken garments, as they trembled with every motion.

'Mr. Creighton,' she said, 'I think you told me you needed but one more sitting.'

'Yes,' I answered, gravely, forgetting my 'gracious smile' and 'courtly ease,' both of which she had praised.

'And can I possibly intrude upon you to-day instead of coming to morrow! Some very dear friends have sent word by this evening's mail that they intend visiting me, and I have not seen them for years.

'It will be as well,' I said. 'I was wishing for work just now. It will take me but a short time to prepare.'

'Then I will call my aunt,' she said. 'I was to ring if I wanted her.'

'Allow me,' I said, and touched the silken rope.

Presently came up a diminutive creature, all skin and bone, but dressed as elaborately as a fashionable girl of sixteen, who, as I prepared my colors, kept up an incessing chatter.

'What a beautiful creature your wife is,' Miss De Lisle said, when, at last, I was nearly ready. 'I wonder you do not paint her face in everything.'

The words jarred upon me. I had always been sensitive on that subject. I know it is the way with many artists; but I had been too worshipful of my darling. I could not bear that everybody should gaze upon that peerless face—that rude glances should regard those tender eyes that had so often watched for my coming. No; I had painted her picture, but it was only that I might feast my own senses upon the lovely counterfeit.

'I very seldom paint Mrs. Creighton, Miss De Lisle,' was my answer, though heaven only knew what a great surge of agony swelled up to my throat as all the incidents of the morning came fresh before me.

'I don't blame you,' said her aunt, briskly.

'It isn't well to make a pretty face too common. There's Huddleston, I knew him in England, sat to him, in fact, in London—he had a very lovely wife; and, by all accounts, he was not happy with her. But she served beautiful as a model, and go where you would, you saw her face, or her hand, or her head. She was a very dashy, showy woman, and, I suppose, liked notoriety pretty well, or she would never have allowed it. I admire your good sense, Mr. Creighton,' patronizingly.

'Thank you, madame,' I said, rather stiffly, for inwardly I raged, and wished only for silence, and the desperate wretchedness of my own thoughts.

'You are not looking well Mr. Creighton,' was the next jarring sentence that fell from Miss De Lisle's perfect lips.

At that moment I raised my eyes to a mirror that stood near by, and I could not wonder that she made the remark. My face was haggard, my eyes looked sunken, and the circles underneath were almost purple. My hair was not arranged with its usual precision, and altogether I looked more like a ghost than a man.

'I have not been very well to-day,' I said; 'but my only remedy for illness is work.' It occurred to me then that by Miss De Lisle's look, she suspected (woman's intuitions are so wonderful) that I had quarrelled with my wife. The thought nerved as well as stung me. I roused myself from the depth of my depression. By degrees I became chatty, brilliant. Miss De Lisle eyes shone like stars; she had the vanity of woman of her class of mind, and I was reckless and daring. I saw her aunt look on us with astonishment, as we exchanged our rapid badinage and laughed—at least I did—with all the *abandon* of despair.

But when I had shown the beautiful Miss De Lisle and her beautified, fussy, dressy little aunt down stairs, then came the terrible reaction. My system was entirely unstrung, and I fell down like one utterly helpless. The day passed, as days will, sunshine sifting gently into the windows, and playing upon happy faces and laughing eyes.

Visitors called, with whom I talked as a man in a dream, scarce knowing what I said, and yet forced to be companionable. Once or twice I took up my pen, but I could not write. Inspiration failed me utterly. I think, to the hour of my death, I shall never suffer again as I suffered that miserable time. At length I could endure the agony no longer. To the father of Elise, to Elise herself, I dared not go; but, fortunately, I had an engagement with her cousin, an eminent surgeon in the city, with whom I had sometimes studied the anatomy of the human frame. I had been promised an evening, a rare concession on his part, for his time was golden.

'It may be I shall never have another opportunity,' I said to myself; 'tomorrow he may have learned all, and then perhaps he will despise me.' Besides, I was hungry to look on something that she loved, and she had always been a pet with Dr. Lawrence, and the two were more like brother and sister than cousins.

It was growing dark rapidly as I left my studio, feeling that it and all things else had lost their charm to me. The gas was lighted when I rang the doctor's bell. Dr. Lawrence had not yet come from 'The Corners,' by which I understood the servant that he was still at his place of business. Consequently, I wended my way thither, wishing that I was a fit subject for the doctor's skill, rather than the living, suffering man I was. I found my friend in the dissecting room, quietly reading by the light of one gas burner. It was an immense apartment, and there were three tables and several couches ranged along the centre and sides of the room. The place seemed ghastlier than ever.

'Hallo, Creighton! not well to-night, eh, old fellow?'

'Never was better in my life,' said I, with assumed nonchalance.

'Sit down,' was his response; 'been busy as a nailer all day. Five bodies,' he added, in a whisper; 'uncommon luck, and altogether exceptional subjects—sit down. O, by the way, I'm to give you the evening. I wonder if you'd mind it to stay here till I run home to supper. Been to supper at your house, I suppose; keep early hours there. Stay here or come with me.'

I was in a desperate mood; the dead were my best companions then. It seemed to me that light and laughter and pleasant chat would drive me mad; better the deathly room, with the cold rigid faces of its occupants, and the rows of instruments beside me.

'I'll stay here,' I said.

'Just as you please,' was his response, and rising, he handed me the paper.

I sat down in the chair he had vacated, and he left the room, giving me, as he did so, one or two curious glances. I felt sure his professional eye saw something amiss in me, but I acted indifference, and hoped I had been successful enough to deceive him. I heard the massive front door shut to; it locked with a spring. Nobody could enter from the outside, and I felt sure that none of the occupants beside myself would venture to leave, unless the dead do walk. I took up the *Advertiser*, and, despite my courageous resolve, I felt a cold creeping through my bones, and the rustling of the paper made me jump. Once I lifted my head and took a bold survey of the premises. Every table contained a corpse, with a white sheet thrown over it, showing dimly the outlines of what had once been animated, vigorous flesh and blood.

Again I addressed myself to the news. Was there nothing besides murders and suicides, or was my eye attracted to such paragraphs by some unseen agency! My glance was fixed upon the paper, but upon every hand I saw only corpses—only the dead. Presently I dashed the paper down, and turned boldly round, with my back to the light. I looked at my watch; it wanted a quarter to eight; the doctor had been gone nearly an hour. How strangely my fancy played with me! Surely that stalwart body yonder moved; and that other—was the hand lifted! did the chest heave! What if they should all rise! I thought—all rise and dance together, smiling horrible, ghastly smiles—surrounding me, gibbering at me—Horrors! one of them was moving! Slowly, and yet with resolute, quiet action, the thing half rose, looked round—its staring eyes confronted me.

'Down!' I cried, springing forward. 'Lie down; you're no right to move;' and, half frantic with fear, and a wild, mad throbbing in my brain, I ran toward him, and grasped the object in my hands.

'Murder!' cried the thing.

'Hold your tongue and lie down,' I screamed, now utterly beside myself, as I lay across the body with all my might.

'Murder! Masther, where is yees!' shouted the figure, lustily, kicking and struggling.

'Keep down, you infernal dead man,' I cried again, bestowing a series of scientific blows over his head and his chest, when a loud 'Hallo!' at the door brought me to my senses.

'What's up!' cried the doctor, coming forward; 'why, Mike, how's this! I didn't know you were here.'

'Be the powers, I jest laid down when I brought the last one in, doctor, dear, and when I'd waked, up comes this—felly,' he added, with a gesture of extreme contempt, 'and began poundin' me, bedad.'

The doctor laughed till he cried, but I was scarcely free from my bewilderment yet, though I knew enough to give Mike a dollar, and I presume he would have taken another pounding for the same price.

'Oh, it's nothing unusual, that kind of fright, among men who are not used to these things,' said the doctor, as I apologized; 'but there's a curious case in one of the rooms here—a body so like—your wife—that—if I hadn't seen her less than an hour ago—O, you're going to be frightened again!'

I trembled with horror from head to foot; I felt myself growing white and chill.

'I assure you I'm not frightened,' I said, with chattering teeth; let me see the body.

He led the way to a small room on the left of the passage. There he lifted a cloth, and O, heaven! I cried out with a despairing cry. There she lay, white, and calm, and beautiful—she, ~~or her perfect counterpart. I sprang~~ toward her, but the doctor caught me and held me back.

'My love! my life! O, Elise! I have lost you forever;' and with this I dropped at the doctor's feet like one dead.

When I returned to consciousness, the doctor was bending over me, and I thought I heard the rustling of a dress. I looked around eagerly.

'You're all right, my dear fellow; you must not give way to your e notions in this manner, or I shall be having you on my hands for good,' said the doctor.

Then I told my story, extenuating in nothing, and he heard me patiently, his head turned from me.

'It is a serious matter,' he said. 'I always thought Elise a model woman, in possession of all the domestic virtues.'

'You cannot praise her too highly,' I cried, interrupting him, 'but, alas! I have lost her forever. That beautiful corpse was emblematical of her relation to me. She is as one dead, and I shall never dare think of her but as dead.'

'O, we won't lose heart over it,' said the doctor, thoughtfully. 'You have been shaken to day, and you are not quite yourself now. I advise you to go home, and sleep soundly to night. To morrow, if you wish it, I will take your case in hand, and I think we can bring matters round straight.'

'Sleep,' I groaned, rising.

'Yes, sleep; it is absolutely essential that you should rest and sleep. Here is a powder that will insure you both. Take it before you retire.

I thanked him and walked gloomily home. I looked up to the windows of my room—ours, no longer—and wondered at the bright light there. Slowly I ascended the stairs, opened the door with a trembling hand, and there, in all the radiancy of her beauty, apparelled in her wedding dress, stood my wife—my beautiful! my queen! Ah, my heart beats quickly as I write now, as I remember the sweet smile—that brightened her face, the timid welcome in her eyes, and half out stretched hands.

'It is all a dream!' I cried, as she lay on my bosom, 'a fearful, wicked dream.'

'But this is reality,' she whispered.

The reader devines the plot, and how I had been punished. The doctor was, of course, in her confidence, and knew all about our quarrel. He arranged with my wife that she should simulate death; that was to test my love. And I would almost go through the same anguish again for the transport of the reconciliation. But that one lesson was enough. We have never quarreled since; we shall never quarrel again.

[THE END]

The humble man, though surrounded with the scorn and reproach of the world, is still in peace, for the stability of his peace resteth not upon the world, but upon God.

Country Girls.

Up early in the morning,
Just at the peep of day,
Straining the milk in the dairy,
Turning the cows away—
Sweeping the floor in the kitchen,
Making the beds up-stairs,
Washing the breakfast dishes,
Dusting the parlor chairs.

Brushing the crumbs from the pantry,
Hunting for eggs in the barn,
Cleaning the turnips for dinner,
Spinning the stocking yarn—
Spreading the whitening linen,
Down on the bushes below,
Ransacking every meadow,
Where the red strawberries grow.

Searching the "fixings" for Sunday,
Churning the snowy cream,
Rinsing the pails and strainer,
Down in the running stream—
Feeding the geese and turkeys,
Making the pumpkin pies,
Jogging the little one's cradle,
Driving away the flies.

Grace in every motion,
Music in every tone,
Beauty in form and feature,
Thousands might covet to own—
Cheeks that rival spring roses,
Teeth the whitest of pearls;
One of these country maids is worth
A score of you city girls!

The Same Old Game.

The other afternoon the tools, implements, fixtures, appurtenances and whatever else belongs to the game of croquet, were put in position on a lawn up Woodward Avenue, and as a young lady and a young man who seemed to be her lover, took up the mallets to start the balls, a bony-looking old tramp halted and leaned on the fence and got his mouth puckered up for something good. The young man took the first shot, and, before the ball ceased rolling, the girl's voice cried:

"You didn't knock fair—you've got to knock it over."

Before either of them were half way down she had occasion to remind him that he wasn't playing with a blind person, and that she could overlook no cheating. As she went under the last arch he felt compelled to remark that her playing would rule her out of any club he ever heard of. On the way back she asked him why he couldn't be an honest man as well as a jockey and a falsifier, and he inquired why she didn't write a set of rules to tally with her style of playing.

"It's coming—taint five minutes off!" chuckled the tramp, as he took a new grip on the fence and shaded his eyes with his hat.

"Don't you knock that ball away!" shouted the girl a minute after.

"Yes I will."

"Don't you dare to."

"I'm playing according to the rules."

"No, you aren't. You've cheated all the way through."

"I never cheated once."

"And now you are adding the crime of perjury. Sir, I dare not entrust my future happiness to such a man. I could never trust or believe in you."

"Nor I in you."

"Then let us part forever," as she hurled her mallet at a stone dog.

"So we will," he hissed as he flung his at her sleeping poodle.

She bowed and started for the house ~~to pack up his letters.~~

He raised his hat and made for an approaching street car to get down town in time for the Toledo train.

"That's all I wanted to know," sighed the tramp as he turned away. I've been out in the woods for a few years past, and I didn't know but there had been some changes made in the game of croquet, but I see that it's the same old game clear through."

It is Better to Be

Out of debt than in jail.
A lawyer than a "roustabout."
A Christian than a sinner.
Handsome than ungainly.
Ambitious than indifferent.
A good man than a bad one.
Poor but honest than rich and a thief.
Gay and lively than a sanctimonious bore and wet blanket.
Buried on the hill top than in the bosom of the ocean.
A man than a woman. This is a self evident proposition, and needs no demonstration.
Born rich than lucky, the saying to the contrary notwithstanding. All the chances are in favor of the former.
Blessed with a large family of children than to be a rambling bachelor with no home ties.
Sober — absolutely, entirely, ridiculously sober—rather than "half seas over," even at a royal banquet or a bear-fight.
A superintendent of the Sabbath school than a dweller in the tents of the ungodly. There is more good in it, if not so much fun.
Meek and lowly than vain and impious. Yet the girls take more stock in the latter kind of fish than in the former, strange as it may seem.

How he got out of His Bet.

A Norwich man lately went to the fish market, and told the keeper that he would give $700 for a seven-pound shad, caught in these waters, supposing that there was no probability that he would ever be called upon to purchase such a fish, because there was not a possibility that such a one would be caught. Imagine his surprise two days after when he was informed that the fish was ready for him. He went to the market, wondering how he could get out of the bargain. He put the fish upon the scales, and found that it weighed just seven pounds and one ounce. That ounce saved him. His offer was for a seven-pound fish, and he was safe.

It is easier to suppress the first desire than to satisfy all that fellow is.

FORGETTING HERSELF.—At an evening party one lady was very bitter in referring to an absent acquaintance, of whom she said vehemently that there was not such another for everything that was unladylike or unwomanly.

'Sh-sh, my dear,' whispered a friend to her, "you are forgetting yourself."