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.

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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. CLARE, BARRISTER, Quebec Street Guelph.
BRANCH OFFICE:—In Hatchews Building Mill Street, Acton.
OFFICE OPEN EVERY FRIDAY.

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

"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 $1 and upwards.
SAFEST AND BEST SECURITY.
BOARD OF DIRECTORS.
D. B. CHISHOLM Esq., President.
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WM. FREEMAN, M. D., Georgetown.
H. H. GRIFFIN, M. D.
C. B. KNOX, 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 3 p.m.
D. DEXTER, Manager.
Aug. 11, 1878. 7-6m

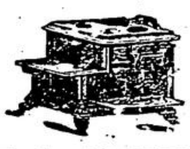
New Boot and Shoe Shop.
W. WILLIAMS WOULD RESPECTFULLY intimate to the people of Acton and vicinity that he has opened a Boot & Shoe Shop in the building opposite W. H. Storey's Glove Works, on MILL STREET, ACTON.
Any one in want of a substantial and good fitting
BOOT OR SHOE,
should not fail to leave their order at his stand
Repairing a Specialty and promptly attended to.
W. WILLIAMS.
Acton, Sept 21, 1878.

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. 2-tf.

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 Bucks
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.

Don't Do It.

Don't put on airs or fancy styles
Till your money says you may;
Don't spend your salary as it comes
And forget the rainy day.
Don't strut about in borrowed plumes,
Nor clothes for which you owe;
Remember that the lilly's plain
Till it's had time to grow.

Don't think because your father's rich
That you will also be;
Don't think because his station's high
The same will fall to thee;
Don't scorn some neighbor's humble lad
Because his station's low;
Remember, he may richer be
When he's had time to grow.

Don't ever whip your baby boy
Till he's old enough to spank,
Don't put him to the treadmill work
Till he can turn the crank
Don't try to air your knowledge
Till you're old enough to know
That potatoes don't amount to much
Till they've had time to grow.

The Romance of a Dish-Towell

'How happens it, Tom, that you never married?' asked Henry Stanhope of his friend Tom Meredith, as the two sauntered along Broadway one fine spring afternoon.

'Because I could never find a women who would have me I suppose,' answered Tom, laughingly.

'No use to tell me that, old fellow,' replied Harry. 'Girls are not so foolish as to decline taking a good looking man like you, with plenty of money; yet here you are, nearly thirty years old, and no more prospect of settling than you had ten years ago. Now, if it were me, why the case is very different. A doctor just struggling into practice, is scarcely considered 'elegible by the match making mammas, to say nothing of their worldly-wise daughters; but they are all ready and eager to smile upon you, and you might as well make your choice.'

'Thank you,' answered Tom still laughing. 'When I find a young lady who can come up to my grandmother's standard of domestic virtues, I will invite her to become Mrs. Thomas Meredith.'

'And what was your grandmother's peculiar doctrine on the subject?' inquired Harry.

'I presume she had more than one,' said Tom, 'but this she particularly impressed upon my mind. 'Always look at a woman's dish-towels,' she would remark with much solemnity. No matter how well she plays the piano, or sings, or how many different kinds of languages she can speak, never marry her, unless you see that she uses soft, dry towels, and plenty of them when she wipes her dishes! Be sure that a girl who uses soiled or wet dish towels does not know enough to be the wife of an honest man.'

Harry laughed at this definition of house wifely knowledge, but presently said in a serious tone—

'There is considerable truth in the old lady's ideas after all, but I don't understand how, in these days you can apply the tests, most young ladies that we know have perhaps never seen a dish towel. Now I think of it, I promised to introduce you to my cousins. There are three of them, all bright pretty girls, though I think it doubtful whether they would fulfil your grandmother's requirements as a wife. Still you may find them pleasant acquaintances, and if you like I will go there with you now.'

'Agreed,' responded Tom, and the two friends soon found themselves in the parlor of Mrs. Renshaw, Harry's aunt.

The young ladies were all at home, and as Harry had said, were bright, pretty girls. Ida, the eldest, was a tall, queenly brunette, whose magnificent dark eyes and abundant raven tresses seemed to compel universal admiration, though she had a powerful rival in Adele, the second daughter, whose delicate blonde beauty showed to fresh advantage beside her more brilliant sister. The two were acknowledged belles in the circle; and few who knew them ever paused to give a second glance at their younger sister,—little Violet. As shy and shrinking as her floral namesake, she avoided the gay assemblages in which her sisters loved to shine, and passed her hours pleasantly and peacefully with her books, her music and her flowers. She was not present when Harry and his friend entered; but when her cousin, with whom she seemed a great favorite, asked expressly for her, Miss Adele carelessly desired the servant to call her.—Tom, who was conversing with Ida, did not notice her entrance, till aroused by Harry's voice saying—

'Mr. Meredith, let me introduce you to my cousin, Miss Violet Renshaw.'

And turning quickly he was surprised at the sight of the tiny creature, so unlike her elder sisters. There was nothing magnificent, and little that could be strictly termed beautiful in the almost childish figure, but something indescribably winning in the clear, gray eyes, and in the rich chestnut curls about the broad, low forehead. Tom had little time for observation, however, as Ida and Adele claimed all his attention, while Harry monopolized Violet in a frank, brotherly way, quite unlike his more formal and unceremonious manner with the elder sisters.

'Well, what do you think of my three cousins?' was Harry's natural question, when he and Tom were once more on the street.

'I can only express my admiration by saying, that I wish it were possible to divide myself into three separate individuals that I might offer each of the fair enslavers my hand and heart,' replied Tom, with much solemnity.

'What! Without ever waiting to discover whether their dish towels are in proper order?' retorted his friend.

Tom laughed.

'I have a presentiment that I shall forget my revered grandmother's advice till it is too late, when the important event of meeting my fate shall arrive.'

'And then remember it the rest of your life, I suppose,' observed Harry; 'on the principle of marrying in haste and repenting at leisure. Well I hope my fair cousins will not be the cause of such a catastrophe; but I must leave you here, as I have a patient in this house.'

And he ran up the steps.

Left to himself, Tom sauntered slowly along, thinking of the young ladies whom he had just seen. It must be confessed that little Violet occupied but a very small portion of his thoughts, which were filled with Ida and Adele. 'But I doubt if either of them ever saw a dish towel,' was the concluding reflection, as he reached his boarding house.

Weeks passed on. Tom was devoted in his attentions to the Misses Renshaw. Rumor had assigned him first to Ida, then to Adele, and waited with impatience for the time when the engagement should be publicly announced.

Meanwhile every day brought him good and sufficient excuse for him to call at Mrs. Renshaw's pleasant house; a new poem, the latest song, an invitation for a drive, or a plan for some excursion. Of Violet he saw less than he did of the other sisters, though they were very friendly, and he treated her with the same brotherly frankness as Harry.

One lovely June morning, he presented himself at Mrs. Renshaw's at quite an early hour, intending to invite the three sisters to pass the beautiful summer day in a long country drive.

He noticed that there was some delay in answering his ring, which was not usually the case with Mrs. Renshaw's well trained servants, but at length he heard a light footstep in the hall, and in another moment the door was opened by Violet. She had a broom in her hand, and a dusting cap covered her bright curls, but she bade him good morning with as much cordiality as usual, and invited him to enter, adding:—

'Please walk into the dining room, for I am sweeping the parlor.'

Secretly wondering, Tom obeyed.—As he turned the handle of the dining room door, there was a sudden rush, a hasty bang of a door, and a hurried exclamation of 'O Violet! how could you!' and he found himself in the presence of the fair Adele, though for a moment he scarcely recognized her in the slovenly dressed girl, with dishevelled hair, who stood by the breakfast table, dabbling the cups and saucers in some greasy water, and wiping them on a towel which, to say the least, was very far from being spotlessly clean. She colored, and with some confusion said:—

'Ah, good morning, Mr. Meredith. So you have come to find us all at work this morning. It happens that we have for our three servants a brother and two sisters. They received this morning the news of their mother's dangerous illness, and mamma at once gave them all permission to go home. We supposed we could get a woman who sometimes does extra work for us, but she was engaged for the day, so we are obliged to do the best we can ourselves. I assure you,' she continued, with a little laugh, which Tom before had often thought pretty and engaging, but which now sounded false and affected, 'that I am by no means accustomed to such work, nor have I any desire to become so.'

'Cannot you allow me to assist you?' asked Tom, politely. 'I was brought up on a farm, and have often washed dishes, and made myself generally useful about the kitchen.'

'You!' exclaimed Adele, in such an astonished tone, that Tom could not forbear laughing.

'Yes, certainly; why not?' he inquired.

'Oh,—I don't know—only I thought—you never did anything,' stammered Adele: then endeavoring to feel at ease she said, 'Yes, if you will help, please take this heavy kettle into the kitchen, and set it on the stove.'

Tom seized the kettle, and throwing open the door leading to the kitchen, and was crossing the room towards the stove, when his progress was arrested by the sudden appearance of Ida from a store room beyond. If Adele looked slovenly and disheveled what shall be said of Ida? An old dress, dirty and torn, slippers run down at the heel and burst out at the sides, no collar or ruffle, very little hair instead of the magnificent tresses he had so often admired, and what there was, hanging uncombed about her face, no wonder Tom stared in blank astonishment.

A heavy frown took the place of the usual smile, as she curtly bid him good morning. Tom muttered an apology for his intrusion as he deposited his burden on the stove, and turned to retrace his steps, just as Violet entered the dining room. She did not see him, but, addressing Ida, said—

'Run away now, Ida dear, and dress before the callers come for you. I have already sent Adele up stairs, and will finish the dishes now that I have finished my sweeping.'

'You have been long enough about it, I hope,' muttered Ida, ungraciously, but nevertheless availing herself of her sister's offer with much alacrity.

'Here are the dish towels, Violet,' she said, extending several greasy, blackened articles to the young girl.

Tom had been meditating an escape, not an easy affair, as the sisters stood directly in his path; but at the word dish towels he involuntarily stopped and glanced around.

'No wonder my grandmother cautioned me,' was the first thought as the soiled towels met his sight, and he hastily approved the look of disgust which crossed Violet's face as she quickly laid them aside, opening a drawer, she took from it a plentiful supply, soft, dry and clean.

Ida and Adele had both disappeared, and Tom ventured to renew his offer of assistance to Violet, who started as little as she for the first time noticed his presence. But she recovered her composure at once, and quietly answered, as she deftly filled the dishpan with hot suds,—

'No, thank you, Mr. Meredith, I shall do very well without assistance. My sisters have not left much for me to do. You had better walk into the parlor and they will soon join you.'

'No, indeed,' said Tom. 'I will take myself out of the way, with apologies for my untimely intrusion, unless you will really let me be of some service. And believe me,' he added earnestly, with an admiring glance, at the neat little figure tripping so lightly about the kitchen, and mentally contrasted her with her two sisters, 'you will make me very happy by allowing me to help you.'

'O, very well,' said Violet, smiling and blushing a little as she met his gaze. 'If you are really so much in need of employment, I will try to provide you with some. Suppose you set these dishes on the lower shelf of the closet, as I wash them,—then I can arrange them after they are all done.'

Tom obeyed, and was rewarded by being allowed to carry a hod of coal from the cellar, do various other little errands, during which time he was noticing the neatness and despatch with which Violet worked, and was especially observant of the clean, dry dish towels, and the skill with which, when done using them, she washed and scalded them, and hung them up to dry.

He declined the invitation to dinner, given by Mrs. Renshaw, when she came and found him assisting Violet, and made his way directly to Harry's office.

'I have made my choice at last, Harry!' he announced: 'It is one that would suit my grandmother!'

'Might I enquire who the fortunate damsel is?' asked Harry, laying down his book: 'and now are you so sure of your revered approval?'

Tom told his morning's experience, concluding with: 'if she will only accept me, I shall be the happiest man alive, and all owing to my dear old grandmother's advice.'

That Particular Night.

Several days ago a man charged with stealing chickens was arraigned before an Arkansas Circuit Court. The proof against him was pretty strong, and when the prosecuting attorney arose he showed exactly how the defendant lifted the chickens from the roost. He described the surroundings and the excited haste of the prisoner, until the charged man arose and said:

'Judge, I reckon you'll let me say a few words.' No objection was expressed and the man continued.

'Jest set me down guilty.'

'Do you plead guilty?'

'I reckon I'd gist as well. This fellow is determined that I did steal the chickens, an' rather than dispute his word, fur he seems to be a clever sort of a feller, I'll let it go his way.'

'The question is, did you steal the chickens?'

'No, Judge, I was at pra'r-meetin' on that night an' can prove it, but rather than make the young feller feel bad I'll let him have his way.'

'You say you were at prayer meeting on that night?'

'Yes, sir.'

'What night?'

'Why, on the night I stold the chickens.'

Ten minutes after his declaration he was sentenced to the penitentiary for two years.

Why He Drinks.

He drinks when he is very cold;
It heats his blood always;
And when he's hot a little glass
Knocks off the "steam," he says.

He drinks when he has wetted got,
To guard away the cold;
And when he feels he's "awful dry"
A glass is worth pure gold.

He drinks because his nerves are weak,
His head is rather achy;
And because with rheumatism
His nerves are sometimes shaky.

He drinks because a bargain's made—
Sure, of course, to make it—
And because he some cash paid, and
Hard was prest to take it.

He drinks—well, I shall tell you why,
Without any ruses—
It's just because he likes it well—
Takes and ne'er refuses,
And being afraid that such was thought,
Makes all those excuses.

Six O'clock.

Six o'clock! How sweet these words sound to the weary laborer when he hears the evening bells chiming through the town, and knows that he is free at last to return to wife and little ones!

Six o'clock! How welcome to the ears of the tired sewing girl, as she leaves by her work, and hastens down the narrow street, and sees the light shining from the window she knows so well!

Six o'clock! The words are dear to us, for they speak of a release from labor, of recreation after toil, of calm, God-given rest.

At last, in the words of Longfellow;

"The day is done, and the darkness
Falls from the wings of night,
As a feather is wafted downward,
From an eagle in its flight."

Now the pen is laid down, the anvil grows cold, the workshop is deserted, and, with Cowper, I rejoice, thinking of the delights which crown this peaceful hour in many a happy home:

"Now stir the fire, and close the shutters fast;
Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa round,
And while the bubbling and long-hissing urn
Throws up a steamy column, and the cups
That cheer, but not inebriate, wait on each,
So let us welcome peaceful evening in."

Ah, yes! we find so much joy at this moment in the great, sinful world that I seem to understand at last the ever-patient watchfulness and the silent glory of the stars.

Oh, you who seek for happiness, you will not find it in the schools of epicureans or of stoics; you will not find it in the pursuit of wealth, in ambition, or in dreams; you will find it only in that labor which buys for you the precious, priceless privilege of rest!

Through the hours of the dusty, sunglaring day, there is a nameless joy in looking forward to the calm, delicious eve, and to the kiss of welcome which, like an angel's benediction, will then fall upon the lips.

It is this that sweetens labor—to know that our toil may bring happiness to hearts we love. And if our burdens grow heavy, and our tasks are wearisome, there is comfort in the jingling words of an old rhyme which tells us:

"Be the day weary, or be the day long,
At length it ringeth to even song."

How He Kept His Promise.

"Save me, doctor, and I will give you a thousand dollars."

The doctor gave him a remedy that eased him and he called out:

"Keep at it doctor, and I'll give you a check for five hundred dollars."

In half an hour he was able to sit up, and he calmly remarked:

"Doctor, I feel like giving you a fifty dollar bill."

When the doctor was ready to go, the sick man was up and dressed, and as he followed the doctor to the door, he said:

"Say, doctor, send in your bill the first of the month."

When six months had been gathered to Time's bosom, the doctor sent in a bill amounting to five dollars. He was pressed to cut it down to three, and after so doing he sued to get it, got judgment, and the patient put in a stay of execution. We know lots of people of the same kind.

A short time back, records a Virginia (Nevada) newspaper, a green-looking couple, evidently newly married called at the photographic gallery of Beals and Waterhouse, and wanted their "pictures taken." Just as Mr. Beals had his plate ready, the man called him aside, and said he wanted to ask a favor. 'I was told in Carson you took the best pictures in the State. Now you see Sal and I got hitched down there last Monday; now her folks go a deal on style, and they live in the States. They never saw me, and if I send my mug East they be dead agin me sure. I'm a sight better than I look, and when people come to know me they vote me a brick. Now what I want is to get some good lookin' man to sit with Sal for a picture. Will you stand in? She's willin'. Them big side whiskers of yours I catch 'em sure, and create harmony. You look like a solid capitalist, and they'd take me for a petty larceny thief.' Mr. Beals enjoyed the idea immensely, and sat with "Sal" for the picture, which doubtless by this time has carried joy into the household of her Eastern relatives.

Of the late Bishop Ames the following anecdote is related. While presiding over a certain conference in the West, a member began to tirade against the universities and education, thanking God that he had never been corrupted by contact with a college. After proceeding thus for a few minutes, the bishop interrupted with the question, 'Do I understand that the brother thanks God for his ignorance?' 'Well, yes,' was the answer, 'you can put it that way if you want to.' 'Well, all I have to say,' said the bishop, in his sweet, musical tones, 'all I have to say is that the brother has a great deal to be thankful for.'