Acton Free Press.

TERMS...$1.00 in Advance. *The Newspaper.—"A Map of Busy Life, its Fluctuations and its Vast Concerns."* $1.50 if not so paid.

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—THE—

Acton Free Press

is published

EVERY THURSDAY MORNING,

BY

H. P. MOORE,

Editor & Proprietor.

AT THE FREE PRESS

PRINTING & PUBLISHING HOUSE,

Next Door to Methodist Church,

Mill Street, ... Acton, Ont.

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

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

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One column one year	$40.00
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Changes for contract advertisements must be in the office of 8 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.

NOTICE.—The Canada Advertising Agency, No. 23 King St. West, Toronto, is authorized to receive Advertisements for this Paper.

W. W. BUTCHER, Manager.

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 University. GEORGETOWN, ONTARIO, Will visit Acton on Tuesday and Friday, from 2 to 4 p. m. If his services are required during any other days of the week, notice left at J. E. McGarvin's drug store will receive prompt attention.

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

L. L. BENNETT, DENTIST, Georgetown, Ont.

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.

R. W. KING, Engineer, Iron Founder & Machinist, GEORGETOWN. Machinery of every description made to order on the shortest notice and most reasonable terms. Repairing promptly attended to.

ALISTER M. CLARK, BARRISTER, Quebec Street Guelph. BRANCH OFFICE:—In Matthews Building Mill Street, Acton. OFFICE OPEN EVERY FRIDAY.

WM. HEMSTREET, Licensed Auctioneer. For the counties of Wellington and Halton. Orders left at the FREE PRESS Office, Acton, or at my residence in Acton, will be promptly attended to. Terms reasonable.

MONEY TO LOAN. Also money to loan on the most favorable terms, and at the lowest rates of interest, in sums of $ and upwards.

PATENTS & INVENTIONS EXPEDITIOUSLY properly secured in Canada, the United States, and Europe. Patent guarantee for no charge. Send for printed instructions. Agency in operation ten years.

HENRY GRIST, Ottawa, Canada. Mechanical engineering, Solicitors of Patents, and draughtsman.

C. TAYLOR, VETERINARY SURGEON, Georgetown, Graduate of the Ontario Veterinary College, will visit Acton every Tuesday, from 1 to 4 p.m. All calls received promptly attended to, by night or day. Horses bought and sold on commission. Residence, West Corner from Livery Stable, Georgetown, Ont.

C. TAYLOR, Licensed Auctioneer.

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.

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.

CARRIAGE PAINTING. Having opened a Paint Shop in the premises next door to Nicklin's Bakery, I am prepared to do carriage painting and sign writing of every description, and would respectfully solicit the patronage of the people of Acton and vicinity. JAMES SCOTT.

CHANGE IN BUSINESS. WM. COON, BARBER, takes this method of announce to the people of Acton and surrounding country, that he has purchased from Mr. J. P. Worden his barber business, and intends to carry it on in all branches, in the same stand. The new proprietor intends giving his whole personal attention to the business, and trusts that all who have patronized the shop in the past will continue to favor it with their favors. WM. COON.

H. H. KITTREDGE,

BANKER,

ACTON, - - ONTARIO.

A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS TRANSACTED.

MONEY LOANED ON APPROVED NOTES.

Notes Discounted and Interest allowed on Deposits.

REFERENCE—

The Bank of Montreal.

W. H. STOREY & SON,

ACTON, - - ONT.,

Glove Manufacturers,

The best description of GLOVES and MITTS in every variety of material and style are manufactured by us.

STOREY'S "EUREKA" SPRING GLOVE FASTENER, PAT'D

We are also Patentees and Inventors of Storey's Eureka Spring Glove Fastener, justly acknowledged the most perfect fastener in use. Patented in Canada, the United States and Great Britain.

FOREIGN OFFICES.

Spruce Street, New York, U. S. A.
Lime Grove, Birmingham, Eng.

TO ADVERTISERS.

GEO. P. ROWELL & CO'S Select List of Local Newspapers.

An advertiser who spends upwards of $5000 a year, and who invests less than $350 of it in this List, writes: "Your Select Local List paid me better last year **than all the other Advertising I did."**

It is not a Co-operative List.
It is not a Cheap List.
It is an Honest List.

The catalogue states exactly what the papers are. When the name of the paper is printed in FULL FACE TYPE it is in every instance the best. When printed in CAPITALS it is the ONLY paper in the place. The list gives the population of every town and the circulation of every paper.

The rates charged for advertising are barely one-fifth the publishers' schedule. The price for single issues ranges from $2 to $50. The price for one inch one month in the entire list is $625. The regular rates of the papers for the same space and time are $7,956.14. The list includes 852 newspapers of which 181 are issued DAILY and 762 WEEKLY. They are located in 788 different cities and towns, of which 26 are State Capitals, 363 places of over 5,000 population, and 466 County Seats. For copy of List and other information address GEO. P. ROWELL & CO., 10 Spruce St., New York.

THE MUTUAL LIFE ASSOCIATION OF CANADA.

HEAD OFFICE, HAMILTON, ONT

Government Deposit over $60,000.00

Policies on the "RESERVE FUND PLAN" issued by this Company only (and copyright) contain a Plain Statement of the amount of cash value of paid-up insurance the Policyholder will be entitled to receive, if discontinuing the payment of premiums after 5, 10, 15, 20, 25, 30, 35 payments, &c.

H. P. MOORE, Agent,
FREE PRESS, Office.
Acton.

A GREAT CAUSE OF HUMAN MISERY

Is the Loss of

MANHOOD

We have recently published a new edition of Dr. Culverwell's Celebrated Essay on the radical and permanent cure (without medicine) of Nervous Debility, Mental and Physical Incapacity, Impediments of Marriage, etc., resulting from excess etc.

Price, in a sealed envelope, only 6cts. or two postage stamps.

The celebrated author, in this admirable Essay, clearly demonstrates, from thirty years' successful practice, that alarming consequences may be radically cured without the dangerous use of internal medicines or the use of the knife; pointing out a mode of cure at once simple, certain and effectual, by means of which every sufferer, no matter what his condition may be, may cure himself cheaply, privately and radically.

This Lecture should be in the hands of every youth and every man in the land.

Address,
The Culverwell Medical Co.,
41 Ann St., New York.
Post Office Box 4586.

HELLO.

Agents can make more money selling our new Telephone than in any other business. Send $4 for sample pair and wire to put up and exhibit. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Large profits. Address,
U. S. TELEPHONE CO.,
123 S. Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

$5 Outfit sent free to those who wish to engage in the most pleasant and profitable business known. Everything new. Capital not required. We will furnish you everything. $10 a day and upwards is easily made without staying away from home over night. No risk whatever. Many new workers wanted at once. Many are making fortunes at the business. Ladies make as much as men, and young boys and girls make great pay. No one who is willing to work fails to make more money every day than can be made in a week at any ordinary employment. Those who engage at once will find a short road to fortune. Address H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine.

FLOUR AND 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 & 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.

MANHATTAN FEED.

For Horses, Cattle, Sheep, Pigs, and Poultry. Good for horses having Epizootic.

LAWSON BROS

Acton, Jan. 15, 1881-tf.

A SPLENDID STOCK

—OF—

New Wall Paper,

—AT—

DAY'S BOOK-STORE,

Day gives his customers the advantage of a large stock of Paper and Border to select from, and

His Prices Are Low.

DAY SELLS CHEAP.

VALUABLE Village Property FOR SALE.

The subscriber offers for sale that beautifully situated piece of property lying north of the G.T.R. depot, in the corporation of the Village of Acton. The property contains 12 acres more or less, 8 of which are in a high state of cultivation and nearly all planted with fruit trees of every description, and all of the best varieties. The balance is good pasture land, with a never-failing stream running through it, on which is situated a fish pond. On the premises there is a two-story brick dwelling, nearly completed, containing 8 rooms, also back kitchen with three rooms, good stable and shed, and first-class hard and soft water, etc.

The above would be a very desirable place for a retired gentleman, or for a market gardener.

Terms liberal and made known on application to

ELI SNYDER, Acton, P.O.

HENRY E. GRINLINTON,

—PRACTICAL—

House Painter, Grainer, Paper Hanger, and Decorator,

Is prepared to take contracts for Painting, Paper Hanging, and Kalsomining.

Orders promptly attended to in town or country. Terms Reasonable.

Having an experience of thirty years, I can guarantee satisfaction to all.

H. E. GRINLINTON,
Mill St., Acton.

FARMERS & STOCK-BREEDERS ATTENTION.

C. Taylor, Veterinary Surgeon, Georgetown, will call in Acton, at Bennett's hotel, Professionally, every Tuesday, from one to four p.m. He will bring with him his celebrated Stallion, "King George." He will call at Silver Creek, on his way to Acton, from 10 to 12 a.m. "King George" is the closest bred "Royal George" in Ontario. McKindley's celebrated "Royal George" is "King George's" grand-sire and great-grand-sire. He is also thrice bred in the "Sir Henry's."

C. TAYLOR.

MONEY.

The undersigned has money at his disposal for discounting good, endorsed notes, at a reasonable rate of Discount.

JAMES MATTHEWS.
Acton, May 10th, 1881.

NOTICE TO DEBTORS.

All parties indebted to the estate of the late Ransom Adams, either by note or book account, are requested to call and settle their accounts forthwith.

W. H STOREY, D. W. CAMPBELL, } Executors.
Acton, May 4th, 81.

STARTLING DISCOVERY!

LOST MANHOOD RESTORED.

A victim of youthful imprudence causing Premature Decay, Nervous Debility, Lost Manhood, etc., having tried in vain every known remedy, has discovered a simple self cure, which he will send FREE to his fellow-sufferers, address J. H. REEVES, 46 Chatham St., N. Y.

THE FREE PRESS.

ACTON, THURSDAY, July 14, 1881.

POETRY.

THE MOTHER'S BOTHER.

"Oh, dear, what a bother is baby!"
The careworn mother sighed out,
As she looked at the things on the carpet
The little rogue'd scattered about—
Reels from her basket and papers
Torn by the fingers so small,
And a great dingy spot where, that morning,
He'd let Teddy's medicine fall.

"Such a baby for getting in mischief!"
She said, as she sat down to sew,
"I'm busy from morning to bedtime,
Yet the room's never tidy, I know.
I'm always behind with my sewing;
There's never a moment to rest,"
And she dropped her tired head on the table,
With life and its worries oppress.

She thinks of her washing and mending,
And the household troubles beside,
The big coal scuttle wants filling,
And the beefsteak isn't half fried.
Yet baby screams out in his cradle,
And the father comes home at e'en,
She hastens to get everything ready
Before he appears on the scene.

* * * * *

There's a slow, muffled sound on the pavement.
She looks through the mist-clouded pane,
And sees almost under her window,
A hearse going by in the rain.
It holds a small, flower-strewn casket,
And then by her tears it is hid,
As she thinks of the heartstone whose darling
Lies under the coffin's small lid.

She sees the poor mother sit weeping
Alone at the coming of night,
Listening for pattering footsteps,
Missing the face hid from sight.
She hears the little one's father
Weep softly, as strong men will,
Alas, for the arms that are empty,
And the house so strangely still!

She goes to her baby's bedside,
And drops down all in tears,
And the prayer that is mute and wordless
The loving Father hears.
No longer the child seems a "bother,"
As she thinks of the coffin small,
And of home without the baby—
The dearest blessing of all!

THE WEDDING PRESENT.

'So,' said Aunt Deborah, severely eyeing her nephew, 'you are going to marry a sewing girl!'

Felix Rockingham smiled.

'I am going to marry a young lady, Aunt Debby,' said he, 'who has been sensible enough occasionally to eke out the insufficient means of her family by a little honest and honorable work.'

Aunt Deborah shrugged her shoulders. She was a tall, high featured old woman, with Scotch-red hair, prominent cheek bones, and eyes that glittered like cells of jetty light in their cavernous sockets. And as she sat there beside her big work basket, with a piece of uncompromising knitting-work in her hands, Felix felt the old sensation which had so often come over him as a child of being summoned before some stern judicial tribunal.

Aunt Deborah was the moneyed member of the family. It was Aunt Deborah whose tastes were courted; Aunt Deborah whose advice was solicited in every important crisis in the Rockingham family, and the old lady could hardly believe her own senses when she heard that her nephew, Felix, had actually dared to select a wife according to his own taste and fancy.

'Humph!' commented Aunt Deborah. 'And I suppose you will expect me to give you a wedding present?'

'That is just as your own judgment and liberality may dictate,' said Felix, with a hidden sparkle of mischief under his eyelashes.

'Humph!' again uttered Aunt Deborah. 'Bring her to see me to night.'

Amy Falkland was half frightened out of her pretty little wits when her lover told her that Aunt Deborah had desired her presence.

'Oh, Felix,' said she, coloring pink and white, 'I'm afraid!'

'When the queen issues her commands,' said Felix, laughing, 'all the liege subjects must obey. And Aunt Debby is queen in our family.'

'Is she very terrible?' said Amy.

'As hard as a rock and as cold as an icicle,' replied Felix, gravely.

'Does she hate me?'

'By no means,' laughed Felix. 'She only called you a sewing girl!'

'Well, but that is exactly what I am,' said Amy, lifting her pretty eyebrows. 'If that is the worst she has to say about me, I think I can endure it.'

So the bride elect presented herself to Aunt Deborah, blushing, pretty, and confused, that selfsame evening.

'So you're going to marry my nephew,' said Aunt Deborah, almost in the words wherewith she had catechised Felix in the morning.

'Yes,' confessed the pretty little culprit, scarcely daring to lift her eyes from the ground.

'And I suppose you expect to be very happy?'

'Yes.'

'What fools people are!' said Aunt Deborah, in a general way. 'Well, my dear, I've no pearls and diamonds to give away, and if I had you wouldn't know what to do with them. Here's an old sealskin jacket that I've worn a few times. Take that. You're handy with the needle, and you can easily fit it up to do a great many winters' service.'

'Thank you, Aunt Deborah,' said Amy, with a pretty little courtesy.

'You may kiss me, my dear,' said the old lady, relenting a little under the sunshine of the soft blue eyes and timid voice.

And Amy put up her cherry lips to the old spinster's thin and wrinkle-seamed face.

'I've given your brother Halbert's bride elect just such another sacque,' said Miss Deborah to her nephew. 'I dare say she expects a set of jewels, or a thousand-dollar necklace, or some such piece of frivolity and nonsense—but she'll find herself mistaken. I intend to show no partiality to my nephews.'

Amy Falkland took home the venerable old fur garment, which gave signs of long and hard service, and viewed it with earnest eyes.

'It is old,' said she, 'but there is a deal of wear in it yet.'

'I should say,' hazarded Felix, 'it was only fit for the rag bag.'

'But you are not a judge of fur,' said Amy. 'Now, when I have ripped it up, sewed it over again, and relined it, you will see what a pretty and substantial garment I shall have.'

Felix looked admiringly at her.

'I haven't the least doubt,' said he, 'that you will look pretty in anything you choose to wear.'

'Don't be a goose,' said Amy. And she sat down at once, with her scissors and work basket, for Miss Falkland's *trousseau* was by no means so extensive but that she had time enough to attend to these little details herself.

But Miss Hortensia Waldron, the bride elect of Mr. Halbert Rockingham, Felix's elder brother, viewed the wedding gift of her husband's aunt with considerably less favor. Miss Waldron was a beauty and a belle, with an uncle in the United States Navy, a father who dealt extensively in mining stocks and bonds, and a French maid. And the Rockinghams were all delighted, and said, 'what a great thing it was for Halbert to marry into such a family.'

'Good gracious me!' said Miss Waldron, eyeing the ancient sealskin wrap through a gold eye glass, 'what does the old eccentricity mean by sending me such a rag as that?'

And the mamma, the sister, and the French maid didn't find themselves prepared with an answer.

'Therese,' said Miss Hortensia, 'take that old thing to Mrs. Levi's, on seventh Avenue. She will give you something for it, I dare say, and I can lay it out in six-button gloves.'

'But, my dear,' remonstrated Mrs. Waldron, 'What will Halbert's Aunt Deborah think?'

'What she pleases,' said Miss Hortensia, with a toss of the head. 'But you needn't look so frightened, mamma—she will never know. How could she?'

'I do hate such stinginess,' said the sister.

'So do I,' said Hortensia, with emphasis.

And Ma'amselle Therese, whose mother had been Aunt Deborah's humble friend and seamstress, and who was in that lady's secret service, carried off the jacket, not to Mrs. Levi's, on seventh Avenue, but back to its original donor.

'She don't want it, eh?' said Aunt Deborah. Ma'amselle Therese shrugged her shoulders. 'Oh, well,' said the old lady, indifferently, 'just as she pleases.'

Early the next morning, while Aunt Deborah was yet drinking her coffee, in matutinal curl papers, there came a knock at the door. It was Amy Falkland, flushed and lovely.

'Eh?' said Aunt Deborah. 'What's wanting?'

'It's the sealskin jacket, please, Miss Rockingham,' said Amy, breathlessly. 'I was ripping it up to put in a new lining, and there, quilted into a square panel at the very back of the old brown silk facing, I found—a thousand-dollar treasury bond?'

'Nonsense!' said Aunt Deborah. 'Such things only happen in old legends.'

'But indeed it has happened to me,' said Amy. 'And Felix and I agreed that the money didn't belong to us, and so I have brought it back. Look!'

'Kiss me, my dear,' said Aunt Deborah, setting down her coffee cup. 'you are wrong—the money *does* belong to you. I put it there myself with the express intention that you should find it. I put another one into the jacket that I gave the girl who is going to marry Halbert. But she'll never get it now.' And Aunt Deborah chuckled.

'Oh,' cried Amy, 'do you really mean to give us—Felix and me—all this money? A—thou—sand dollars!' and she opened her eyes very wide.

'I do really mean it,' said Aunt Deborah, smiling down upon the fresh, primrose like face.

Miss Hortensia Waldron was much chagrined when the rumor of the thousand dollar treasury bonds that were hidden away in the two old sealskin jackets reached her ears. She sent at once to Mrs. Levi, but the jacket, as might have been expected, was never recovered.

'And I do believe,' said Mrs. Halbert Rockingham, 'that that is the reason Aunt Deborah makes such an absurd pet of Felix's china doll of a wife. I wish I hadn't been in such a hurry about the seal skin jacket.'

The Man Who Watched.

A day or two ago, soon after the hour of noon, an individual who seemed to be laboring under considerable excitement entered a grocery store on Michigan avenue and asked for a private word with the proprietor. When the request had been granted he explained:

"I believe myself to be an injured husband, and I want to verify my suspicions by watching a house on the other street. This I can best do from the rear of your store. Have you any objections to my taking a seat back there by the open window?" The grocer granted the favor and the agitated stranger walked back and took a seat on a box of codfish and began his watch. His presence had almost been forgotten when he returned to the front of the store with hasty step and quivering voice and said:

"Great Shakespeare! but I'll kill her! Yes, I'll shoot her through the heart!"

"Your wife?"

"Yes, my idolized Mary! I can no longer doubt her guilt, I'll be a murderer in less than ten minutes!"

The grocer tried to detain him, but he broke away and rushed around the corner. Not hearing anything further of him for half an hour the grocer began to investigate, and he discovered that fourteen rolls of butter, a crock of lard, two hams, and other stuff had left the back of the store by way of the window at which the watchful husband was stationed.

They Were One.

A Gratiot avenue doctor received a call the other evening from a couple who had not been in this country over a year, and who had decided to checkmate any danger from smallpox by vaccination. The husband bared his left arm and the operation was soon completed. He then rolled up his other sleeve and held out his right arm.

"One arm is enough," replied the doctor.

"But I guess I takes two of 'em," was the reply.

"What for?"

"Why, dis one is for me, and de odder one for my frow. It ish better dot I cotches all der smallpox myself. Go ahead mit your stabbing."

The doctor did not succeed in convincing them that one could not be vaccinated for both, and the woman sullenly refused to let the latter [illegible] her arm.

NOW.

'Tis now the balmy zephyr blows
The petals from the crimson rose,
And the glasses from the poet's nose.

'Tis now beside the raging sea
Fair maidens stroll right merrily
Coquetting with the festive he.

'Tis now, at eve, that Jack and Kate
Till ten o'clock from half past eight
Swung happily on the garden gate.

'Tis now upon the mountain top
Doth George to Angeline pop—
'Tis now—'tis now just time to stop.

Measuring the Baby

Don't measure the baby! Do you see that name written in lead-pencil on the door-casing? Well, that's where we measured the baby. If you get down on your knees you will be able to read, "Jim; just so high." It wasn't a year ago that we all came out here, father, mother and the girls, and got down on the grass and stood him up there. He was a sight to look at—all pink and white, with the softest rings of hair and eyes like violets in the spring, and he'd laugh and tumble down and we'd all laugh and cheer him up again, and Jenny laid the pencil flat on his head and notched the wall, and then we wrote that to mark the spot, but I've wished many a time since I'd never had it done. You see we had been reading some pretty verses about that very thing, and it just fitted to our baby exactly in the beginning:

We measured the riotous baby
Against the cottage wall,
A lily grew on the threshold,
And the boy was just as tall.

That was so like our baby that I cut that verse out, and pasted it on the blank leaf of the big Bible. Then Jenny said there were more verses that suited him, but after getting the full drift of the poetry, I most wished we hadn't seen it, but I took two more verses and let them go with the others; here they are:

His eyes were wide as blue bells,
(That's little Jim exactly,)
His mouth like a sunflower unblown,
(That's him again,)
Two little bare feet, like funny white mice,
Peeped out from his snowy gown.

And we thought with a thrill of rapture
That yet has a touch of pain,
When June rolls round with her roses
We'll measure the baby again.

Now if it had stopped there, as I expected it would, I'd have nothing to say, and there'd be another mark on the door-casing "so much higher," but—but—well, what's the use of beating about the bush in this way. You see there's no mark there, and it wasn't any superstition after all. I went to-day into the room where he lay, all white and peaceful-like, and so still that it was a sin to cry and disturb his sleep, and I added the rest of the poetry, that Jenny had kept without knowing why, to the old Bible:

We measured the sleeping baby
With ribbons white as snow,
For the shining rosewood casket
That waited him below.

And out of the darkened chamber
We went with a childless moan,
To the height of the sinless angels
Our little one had grown.

That tells the story of little Jim better than I could tell it; that is why there's a hush all over the house, and the sun is too bright, and the birds have stopped singing, and we can never again measure the baby, for he has gone "so high" that we can only reach him by the golden ladder of death.

Pearls

Whole homespun is better than ragged velvet.

Ambition often plays the wrestler's trick of raising a man up, merely to fling him down.

When a man speaks the truth you may count pretty surely that he possesses most other virtues.

Some men are with their character much as they are with their money; the less they have the more careful they have to be.

In the man or woman whose childhood has known caresses there is always a fibre of memory that can be touched to gentle issues.

Any man may walk up to a cannon's mouth; but it is only one here and there that will walk out against men's opinions because he thinks it is right.

No man can stilt himself up, or seek applause on friends in high places, or loud praise. If he belong to the front he will get there in time, and will remain there when he does arrive.

Mexican Women.

The Mexican ladies are exemplary wives and fond and loving mothers. Their home to them is their entire world; their husbands the idols of their hearts; while their children are angels which make their homes their heaven. Yet, strange to say, there is no word in the Spanish language that can express the idea conveyed in our dear old hearty Anglo-Saxon word "home." The nearest approach to it is found in hogar, which may be translated "hearthstone," or simply, "the home."