

THE
Acton Free Press
is published
EVERY THURSDAY MORNING,
BY
H. P. MOORE,
Editor & Proprietor.
AT THE PRESS.
PRINTING & PUBLISHING
OFFICE.
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; if not so paid, the paper will be sent to the subscriber at the rate of \$1.50 per annum, payable in six 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.
Half column one year \$30.00
Quarter column one year 25.00
One column one year 40.00
Half column six months 20.00
Quarter column six months 15.00
Half column three months 10.00
Quarter column three months 7.50
Advertisements without specific directions will be inserted until further notice, unless otherwise ordered. Transitory advertisements must be in the office of the printer on the day they are to be inserted, otherwise they will be left out.

H. P. MOORE, Editor & Proprietor
THIS PAPER is published for the Proprietor by H. P. Moore at the Press, Acton, Ontario. Second-class postage paid at Acton, Ontario, May 10th, 1881.

NOTICE:—The Canada Advertising Agency, 21 King Street West, Toronto, is authorized to receive advertisements for this paper.

W. W. BUCHNER, 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. MCGARIN, M.D. M.C.P.S.
Graduate of Victoria University, Guelph, Ontario. Will visit Acton on Tuesday and Friday. His services are rendered during any other days of the week, notice left at J. E. McGarlin's drug store will receive prompt attention.

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

L. BENNETT, DENTIST, George St., Acton, Ont.

T. FISHER, V.S., GEORGETOWN, Ont., will visit Acton every Wednesday, and will attend to all calls pertaining to his profession. Orders left at McGarlin's Drug Store will receive prompt attention. Terms moderate.

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

A. LISTER M. CLARK, BARRISTER, Quebec Street Guelph.
OFFICE:—in Matthews Building Mill Street, Acton.
OFFICE HOURS:—TUESDAY EVENING.

W. HEMSTREET, Licensed Auctioneer.
For the Counties of Wellington and Halton, Officers left at the Free Press Office, Acton, or at my residence in Acton, will be promptly attended to.
Money to Loan.
Also money to loan of the most favorable terms, and at the lowest rates of interest, in sums of \$50 and upwards.

PATENTS FOR INVENTIONS EXPE-
ditiously secured and properly secured in Canada, the United States, and Europe. Patent guaranteed or no charge. Send for printed instructions. Agency in operation since 1865.
HENRY GRIST, Ottawa, Canada.
Mechanical engineering, Solutions of Patents, and draughtsmanship.

C. TAYLOR, VETERINARY SUR-
GEON, Georgetown, Ontario. 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, Wood Corner from Literary Stable, Georgetown, Ont.
C. TAYLOR, Licensed Auctioneer.

CASH FOR SKINS.
I am prepared to pay the highest cash price for Hides, Calves, Deer, Lamb and Sheep Skins, delivered at my factory, Lace Leather constantly on hand.
JAMES MOORE, Acton.

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

Summons to Appear Before THE BARBER.
Where you can get an easy shave, a stylish haircut, a foaming Shampoo, or a cooling Face Cream. I spare no pains, and give no pain in the accomplishment of a good shave. Razors and scissors set in perfect order, on shortest notice.
J. WORDEN, BARBER, Mill Street, Acton.

MONEY.
The undersigned has money at his disposal for discounting good interest notes, at a reasonable rate of Discount.
JAMES MATTHEWS, Acton, May 10th, 1881.

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 VII. No. 12.

ACTON, ONT. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1881.

Whole No. 844

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.



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.
Lancaster Road, Birmingham, Eng.

TO ADVERTISERS.

GEO. F. ROWELL & CO'S Select List of Local Newspapers.
An advertiser who spends upwards of \$5000 a year, and who inserts less than \$350 of it in this List, receives "Your Select Local List" and he will not let another come after him. It is not a cheap List, but it is an Honest List.

The catalogue states exactly what the papers are. When the name of the paper is printed in this List, it is in full. It is printed in full. It is printed in full.

The rates charged for advertising are barely one-fifth of the publisher's schedule. The price of this List is \$2000 a year. The price of this List is \$2000 a year.

For full particulars of the "Select Local List," apply to GEO. F. ROWELL & CO., 100 Spruce St., New York.

New Jewelry Store,
25 West Side Wyndham St.,
GUELPH.



WM. S. SMITH, and Jeweller,
PRACTICAL WATCHMAKER

For the past sixteen years at Savage's, he has just opened a first-class store in the above premises, where he will keep on hand a full and choice assortment of the best WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELLERY AND ELECTRO-PLATE.

Fine watch repairing a specialty. Agent for the celebrated Lancaster Watch. All work from a distance the return charges will be paid.

W. S. SMITH.

Office Diaries
FOR 1882.

Full Line now in Stock

Day's Bookstore,
GUELPH.

DAY SELLS CHEAP

T. F. CUMMINGS, Practical Upholsterer,
GUELPH, ONTARIO.

Lambrequins, Curtains, Window Blinds, and Church Cushions. Cleopatra Chairs, Ottomans, Bannetted, Turkish Spring Back and Needle Work a Specialty.

Carpet, Cut, Made and Laid, on the "Pierced" Notice.

Furniture Re-upholstered at the most Reasonable Rates, and in the Latest Style.

T. F. CUMMINGS, Quebec Street, West, Guelph.

VALUABLE Village Property FOR SALE.

The subscriber offers for sale the beautiful situated piece of property (lying north of the H. T. R. Depot, in the corporation of the Village of Acton). The property contains acres more or less, 8 of which are in a state of cultivation and nearly all planted with fruit trees of every description, and all of the best varieties. The balance is in good pasture land, with a never-failing stream running through it, on which is situated a dam pond. On the premises there is a two-story brick dwelling, nearly complete, containing 4 rooms, also back kitchen, with three rooms, good stable and shed, and fire-places here and there.

The whole would be a very desirable place for a retired gentleman, or for a market garden. Terms liberal and made known on application to
M. S. SNYDER, Acton, P.O.

NEW CARRIAGE Repair Shop.

F. A. FORSTER
Has opened a shop in Ryder's old stand, where he is prepared to do all kinds of Waggon and Carriage Repairing on the shortest notice. Nothing but first-class material used. A call solicited.

T. A. FORSTER.

HOUSE & LOT FOR SALE.

The undersigned offers for sale the splendid stone dwelling on Main St. near Mr. O. S. Smith's residence, one full acre of land, with Stone House in splendid condition. Stable and shop on the premises. Hard and soft water wells. Title indisputable. Terms reasonable. Apply to
ARCH. MENAB, Rockwood, P.O.

STARTLING DISCOVERY!

LOST MANHOOD RESTORED.

A victim of youthful indiscretion, suffering from Loss of Manhood, Nervous Debility, Loss of Blood, etc., having tried in vain every known remedy, has discovered a simple and safe method of restoring his health. He will send FREE to any sufferer, a copy of his own experience, with full directions. Address
J. M. BEEVER, 45 Chatham St., N. Y.

THE FREE PRESS.
THURSDAY MORNING, September 22, 1881.

POETRY.

SWEET.
The boy that to his mother says,
As he the pantry passes,
And sighs the tempting syrup-cup,
"Oh! I rhyme some molasses!"
Advanced to ripe years, still cries,
When seated from his classmate,
And lounging at some waiting place,
"Oh! I give me summer laces!"

OUR STORY TELLER.
A STAGE DRIVER'S STORY.

Fourteen years ago I drove from Danbury to Littleton, a distance of forty-two miles, and as I had to wait the arrival of two or three coaches and did not start until after dinner, I very often had a good distance to drive after dark. It was in the dead of winter, and the season had been a tough one. A good deal of snow had fallen, drifts were plenty and deep. The mail that I carried was not due at Littleton by contract until one o'clock in the morning, but that winter the postmaster was obliged to sit up a little later than that hour for me.

One day in January, when I drove up for my mail at Danbury, the postmaster called me into his office.

"Pete," said he, with an important, serious look, "There's some pretty heavy mail packages in that bag, and he pointed to it as he spoke. He said the money was from Boston to some land agents up near the Canada line. Then he asked me if I'd got any passengers who were going through to Littleton. I told him I did not know."

"But I suppose not," says I.

"Why," said he, "the agent of the lower road came in to-day, and he says that there were two suspicious characters on the stage that came up last night, and he suspects that they have an eye on this mail, so it will stand you in hand to be a little careful this evening."

He said the agent had described one of them as a short, thickset fellow, about forty years of age, with long hair and a thick, heavy clump of beard under his chin, but none on the side of his face. He did not know anything about the other. I told him I guessed there wasn't much danger.

"Oh, no, not if you have got passengers all the way through, but I only told you this so that you might look out for your mail, and also look sharp when you change horses."

I answered that I should do so, and then took the bag under my arm and left the office. I stowed the mail away under my seat, a little more carefully than usual, placing it so that I could keep my feet against it, but beyond that I did not feel any concern. It was past one when we started and I had four passengers, two of whom rode only to my first stopping place. I reached Gowans' Mills at dark, where we had supper, and where my other passengers included to remain for the night.

Just six o'clock in the evening I found Gowans' Mills alone, having seventeen miles to go, and a hard seventeen it was, too. The night was quite clear, but the wind was sharp and cold, the loose snow flying in all directions, whilst the drifts were deep and closely packed. It was slow, tedious work, and my horse soon became leg-weary and restive. At the distance of six miles I came to a little settlement called Bull's Corner, where I took fresh horses. I'd been two hours going that distance. As I was going to start a man came up and asked me if I was going through to Littleton. I said I should go through if the thing could possibly be done. He said he was very anxious to go, and as he had no baggage I told him to jump in and make himself as comfortable as possible. It was getting up my lines, when the hostler came up and asked me if I knew that one of my horses had got himself badly. I jumped out and went with him, and found that one of the animals had got a deep cork out on the off fore foot. I gave such directions as I considered necessary, and was about to turn away when the hostler remarked that he thought I came alone. I told that he did.

"Then where did you get that passenger?" said he.

"He just got in," I answered.

"Got in from where?"

"I don't know."

"Well, now," said the hostler, "that's kind of curious. There ain't been no such man at the house, and I know there ain't been none at any of the neighbors."

"Let's have a look at his face," said I, we can get that much at any rate. Do you go back with me and when I get into the pump just hold your lantern so the light will shine in his face."

He did as I wished, and as I stepped into the pump I got a fair view of such portions of my passenger's face as were not muffled up. I saw a short thick frame, full, hard features, and I could almost see that there was a heavy beard under the chin. I thought of the man whom the postmaster had described to me, but I did not think seriously upon it until I had started. Perhaps I had gone half a mile when I noticed the mail bag wasn't in its place under my feet.

"Hallo!" says 'J', holding up my horses a little, "where's my mail?"

My passenger sat on a seat behind me, and I turned towards him.

"Here is a bag of some kind slipped back under my feet," he said, giving it a kick as though he would shove it forward.

Just at this moment my horse lumbered into a deep snow drift, and I was forced to get out and tread down the snow in front of them and head them through it. This took me all of fifteen minutes, and when I got in I pulled the mail bag forward and got my feet upon it. As I was doing this I saw the man taking some thing from his lap, beneath the buffalo, and put into his breast pocket. This I thought was a pistol. I had caught a glimpse of a barrel in the starlight, and when I had time to reflect I knew I could not be mistaken.

About this time I began to think somewhat seriously. From what I had seen and heard I soon made up my mind that the individual behind me not only wanted to rob me of my mail, but was prepared to rob me of my life. If I resisted him he would shoot me, and perhaps he meant to perform that delectable operation at any rate. While I was pondering the horses plunged into another deep snow drift, and I was again forced to get out and tread down the snow before them. I asked my passenger if he would help me, but he didn't feel very well and wouldn't try; so I worked alone, and was all of a quarter of an hour getting my team through the drift.

When I got into the sleigh again I began to feel for the mail bag with my feet. I found it where I had left it, but when I attempted to withdraw my foot I discovered it had become fast in something. I thought it was the buffalo and tried to kick it clear; but the more I kicked the more closely it held. I reached down my hand and after feeling around for a few minutes, I found that my foot was in the mail bag. I felt again and found my hand in among the packages of letters and papers. I ran my fingers over the edges of the opening, and became assured that the stout leather had been cut with a knife.

Here was a discovery. I began to wish I had taken a little more forethought before leaving Danbury, but as I knew making such wishes was only a waste of time. I quickly gave it up and began to consider what I had better do under existing circumstances. I wasn't long in making up my mind upon a few essential points. First, the man behind me was a villain; second, he had cut open the mail bag and robbed it of some valuable matter—he must have known the money letters by their size and shape; third, he meant to leave the stage on the first opportunity, and fourthly, he was prepared to shoot me if I attempted to arrest or detain him.

I resolved these things in my mind, and pretty soon thought of a course to pursue. I knew that, to get my hand safely upon the road I must take him wholly unawares, and this I could not do while he was behind me, for his eyes were upon me all the time; so I must resort to stratagem. Only a little distance ahead was a house and an old farmer named Lougee lived there; and directly before a huge snowbank stretched across the road, through which a track had been cleared with axes.

As we approached the cot I saw a light in the front room, as I felt confident I should, for the old man generally sat up until the stage went by. I drove on and when nearly opposite the

kind of curious. There ain't been no such man at the house, and I know there ain't been none at any of the neighbors."

"Let's have a look at his face," said I, we can get that much at any rate. Do you go back with me and when I get into the pump just hold your lantern so the light will shine in his face."

He did as I wished, and as I stepped into the pump I got a fair view of such portions of my passenger's face as were not muffled up. I saw a short thick frame, full, hard features, and I could almost see that there was a heavy beard under the chin. I thought of the man whom the postmaster had described to me, but I did not think seriously upon it until I had started. Perhaps I had gone half a mile when I noticed the mail bag wasn't in its place under my feet.

"Hallo!" says 'J', holding up my horses a little, "where's my mail?"

My passenger sat on a seat behind me, and I turned towards him.

"Here is a bag of some kind slipped back under my feet," he said, giving it a kick as though he would shove it forward.

Just at this moment my horse lumbered into a deep snow drift, and I was forced to get out and tread down the snow in front of them and head them through it. This took me all of fifteen minutes, and when I got in I pulled the mail bag forward and got my feet upon it. As I was doing this I saw the man taking some thing from his lap, beneath the buffalo, and put into his breast pocket. This I thought was a pistol. I had caught a glimpse of a barrel in the starlight, and when I had time to reflect I knew I could not be mistaken.

About this time I began to think somewhat seriously. From what I had seen and heard I soon made up my mind that the individual behind me not only wanted to rob me of my mail, but was prepared to rob me of my life. If I resisted him he would shoot me, and perhaps he meant to perform that delectable operation at any rate. While I was pondering the horses plunged into another deep snow drift, and I was again forced to get out and tread down the snow before them. I asked my passenger if he would help me, but he didn't feel very well and wouldn't try; so I worked alone, and was all of a quarter of an hour getting my team through the drift.

When I got into the sleigh again I began to feel for the mail bag with my feet. I found it where I had left it, but when I attempted to withdraw my foot I discovered it had become fast in something. I thought it was the buffalo and tried to kick it clear; but the more I kicked the more closely it held. I reached down my hand and after feeling around for a few minutes, I found that my foot was in the mail bag. I felt again and found my hand in among the packages of letters and papers. I ran my fingers over the edges of the opening, and became assured that the stout leather had been cut with a knife.

Here was a discovery. I began to wish I had taken a little more forethought before leaving Danbury, but as I knew making such wishes was only a waste of time. I quickly gave it up and began to consider what I had better do under existing circumstances. I wasn't long in making up my mind upon a few essential points. First, the man behind me was a villain; second, he had cut open the mail bag and robbed it of some valuable matter—he must have known the money letters by their size and shape; third, he meant to leave the stage on the first opportunity, and fourthly, he was prepared to shoot me if I attempted to arrest or detain him.

I resolved these things in my mind, and pretty soon thought of a course to pursue. I knew that, to get my hand safely upon the road I must take him wholly unawares, and this I could not do while he was behind me, for his eyes were upon me all the time; so I must resort to stratagem. Only a little distance ahead was a house and an old farmer named Lougee lived there; and directly before a huge snowbank stretched across the road, through which a track had been cleared with axes.

As we approached the cot I saw a light in the front room, as I felt confident I should, for the old man generally sat up until the stage went by. I drove on and when nearly opposite the

dwelling stood up, as I had frequently done when approaching difficult places. I saw the snow bank ahead and could distinguish the deep cut which had been shovelled through by the drivers. I urged my horses to a good speed and when near the bank forced them into it. One of the runners caught the edge of the cut, (thus throwing the sleigh over about as quick as though lightning had struck it.) My passenger had not calculated on any such movement, and wasn't prepared for it; but I had calculated and was prepared. He rolled out into the deep snow with a heavy buffalo robe about him, while I lighted directly on top of him. Pouncing his head into the snow, I sung out for old Lougee, and the old farmer, who had been waiting to see me pass, had his lantern lighted and was with me in an instant.

"What's to pay?" asked the old man, as he came up.

"Lead the horses into the track and then come here."

Speaking thus I partially loosened my grip upon the villain's throat, and he drew a pistol from his bosom, but seeing it in season his head was jammed into the snow and the revolver taken away from him. By this time Lougee had led the horses out and come back, and the matter was explained to him in as few words as possible. We hauled the man out into the road, and upon examination, we found about twenty packages of letters which he had stolen from the mail bag and stowed away in his pockets.

He swore, threatened and prayed, but we paid no attention to his blarney. Lougee got some stout cord, and when we had securely bound the villain, we tumbled him into the pump. The old man said he would accompany me to Littleton and so we started.

We reached the end of the route with the mail all safe, though not as snug as it might have been, and my mail bags a little the worse for the game that had been played upon them. However the mail robber was secure, and within a week he was identified by some officers from Concord as an old offender, and was sent to state prison, where he yet remains, so far as we know.

That's the only time I ever had any mail trouble, and under the circumstances, got out of even that one pretty well.

Twice a Millionaire.
THE CAREER OF A CANADIAN.

In San Francisco (the other night Johnny Skia was committed to prison in default of \$5 to pay a fine. A few years ago he was a millionaire, to-day he is an outcast. Johnny's history in brief is as follows: He was born in Canada, down near Osawa, and having become an expert telegraph operator drifted to the far west. When they celebrated Comstock lode was opened Johnny was the operator at the mines. He was a first-class hand and everyone had confidence in him. From day to day cipher dispatches were sent from the mines to San Francisco giving the result of the day's operations of the miners. Somehow Johnny got hold of the key to the cipher, read all the messages, went into stock speculation, and became a millionaire in a short time. He bought the Virginia and Gold Hill water-works, supplying water to all the mines, and yielding him suddenly gave out and Johnny was broken. He went east, but while away the miners suddenly struck it rich again, and Skia came back to the Comstock country as fast as a special train would bring him. He was again a millionaire and the lion of all the gold hunters. James C. Flood was second to the Canadian. He gave wonderful trout breakfasts to his friends and did the grand on a lordly scale. Two or three years ago he went down again and landed in the small-pox hospital. On his recovery he kept the books of that institution for a time and then disappeared. It is believed in San Francisco this month on a charge of being disorderly. Lots of Canadians will remember Johnny Skia.

The ~~son~~ of the girl of the ~~is~~ small, tapering, and beautifully shaped, her I saw as brilliant as the ~~sun~~, and she, without a ~~hair~~, her, frown is a ~~glare~~, and her figure exudes ~~an~~ of surprise and a hankering ~~for~~ her.

So low was the Master's call,
That it had not reached her ear;
But he caught the sound, and his swift response
Was full of joy, not fear.

His friends were many, and fair,
Were the blessings that wrought life's way;
Yet, so it departed and to with Christ
Was "better" than here to stay!

Weep not for his sweet release
From earthly pain and care;
Nor grieve that he reached his home and rest.
Ere he knew that he was there:
But think of the quiet stream
That flows from his Saviour's smile,
And walked with him in white!

Weep not! for his toils are o'er,
And they race may as soon be run;
But with undimmed feet, and with staff in hand,
Let thy work for thy Lord be done!
And then, when the message arrives—
Sudden it may be, or slow—
"The Master is come, and he calls for thee."
With joy thou wilt rise and go!

Tired Wives
Written for the Free Press.

How many we see of them! And in it to be wondered at when we see how much unnecessarily work the women of the present day put upon themselves; making tidies, furling and ticking, washing and ironing the same, scrubbing and scouring, where it is not necessary, seems to be the only game of their lives. When will the woman of our day learn that such things are not essential to home comfort.

THE SWEET SURPRISE.
BY REQUEST.

No tender yet and farewell,
From his quivering lip was heard;
So softly he crossed, that the quiet stream
Was not by a ripple stirred.

He was spared the pain of parting tears—
It was spurned all mortal strife;
It was scarcely dying—he only passed.
In a moment from endless life!

So low was the Master's call,
That it had not reached her ear;
But he caught the sound, and his swift response
Was full of joy, not fear.

His friends were many, and fair,
Were the blessings that wrought life's way;
Yet, so it departed and to with Christ
Was "better" than here to stay!

Weep not for his sweet release
From earthly pain and care;
Nor grieve that he reached his home and rest.
Ere he knew that he was there:
But think of the quiet stream
That flows from his Saviour's smile,
And walked with him in white!

Weep not! for his toils are o'er,
And they race may as soon be run;
But with undimmed feet, and with staff in hand,
Let thy work for thy Lord be done!
And then, when the message arrives—
Sudden it may be, or slow—
"The Master is come, and he calls for thee."
With joy thou wilt rise and go!

Tired Wives
Written for the Free Press.

How many we see of them! And in it to be wondered at when we see how much unnecessarily work the women of the present day put upon themselves; making tidies, furling and ticking, washing and ironing the same, scrubbing and scouring, where it is not necessary, seems to be the only game of their lives. When will the woman of our day learn that such things are not essential to home comfort.

You may be a young wife, your husband struggling to make a start in life; you wish to help him all you can. This is very commendable, but pare yourself all you can. Your husband won't think any more of you for making a drudge of yourself! This is a mistake, which many young wives make. They think because Mrs. so and so has every article of furniture in her home covered with flannel, and her beds decorated with trimmed "chairs," that as they don't cost much she must have them too.

So she sets to work filling, tucking, and crocheting, and all this work of course makes extra washing and in consequence heart-breaking hours at the ironing board. She now has no time to read the paper, or any instructive book; to take a walk with her husband, or to attend with him the lectures within their reach, and the consequence is, from close application to work which has not been conducive to her mental, physical, or social powers, she becomes nervous and irritable; always tired and weary. Her husband soon concludes that instead of the angel he thought he married she has turned out something vastly different. Think the matter over!

"Tired wives." Does the sight of those things repay you—or begin to repay you for the toil you have bestowed upon them, and sacrifice of the peace of your home—I trust not. Throw them aside, devote your time to cultivating your mental and physical powers, and better still, let your evenings be spent in a social, cosy chat with your husband, than you can be able to help each other bear the burden of the day, and you will be ready for the next day's necessary toil with much lighter hearts. Make your home as attractive as possible, but do not let it be at the expense of your health or good temper. You cannot be cheerful if you are over-worked, and remember the chief attraction of a home is a cheery wife and mother.

Sable Philosophy.

"My experience in this life has taught me that man who swags miles wide his eyes shut, aim certain to get wust of it. 'Buddley feelin' goes a good way—in case of sickness, for want of death, but it seldom reaches down to a horse trader. If I wud buyin' a mule of a man I had knowed all my life I should begin at de boots and look dat amabile ober ear up to de point of his nose. I should'n't spect dat he'd tell me dat he had filed down any hoof or putted ober any foot cracks. My advice an not to lie or deceive in tradin' mules, but to answer as few questions as you kin, an' seem som' o' kerless whedder your offer an' cepted or not."

A Fastidious Father.

A gentleman had five daughters, the first of whom married a man by the name of Poor, the second, Mr. Little, the third a Mr. Short, the fourth a Mr. Brown, the fifth a Mr. Hogg. At the wedding of the latter her sisters with their husbands were there, and the old gentleman said to his guests, "I have taken pains to educate my daughters that they might act well their parts in life with honor to my family. I find that all my pains, care, and expectations have turned out nothing but a Poor, Little, Short, Brown Hogg."

THE SWEET SURPRISE.
BY REQUEST.

No tender yet and farewell,
From his quivering lip was heard;
So softly he crossed, that the quiet stream
Was not by a ripple stirred.