—THE—
Acton Free Press
is published
EVERY THURSDAY MORNING,
BY
H. P. MOORE,
Editor & Proprietor.
AT THE FREE PRESS
PRINTING & PUBLISHING HOUSE,
Next Door to Methodist Church,
Mill Street, Acton, Ont.

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

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

CONTRACT RATES.

One column one year	$60.00
Half column one year	35.00
Quarter column one year	20.00
One column six months	35.00
Half column six months	20.00
Quarter column six months	12.00
One column three months	20.00
Half column three months	12.00
Quarter column three months	7.00

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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.

NOTICE—The Canada Advertising Agency, No. 5 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.

M. FORSTER, M. D. PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, ETC.
OFFICE:—Forster's Drug Store, Next door to Creech's Saddlery, ACTON, ONT.
RESIDENCE: Church street, formerly occupied by Mr. W. Hemstreet, auctioneer.

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.

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 $500 and upwards.

G. REID, 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.
G. REID.

WILL BUY OR SELL.
The undersigned is prepared to purchase any quantity of elm or birch stave bolts, basswood for heading, and pine, cedar or black ash for shingles, in the log, or bolts
—to:—
A good stock of shingles, staves and heading always on hand.
THOS. C. MOORE.

Summoned to Appear Before
THE BARBER.
Where you can get an easy Shave, a stylish Hair-cut, a frothing Shampoon, or a cooling Sea Foam. 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.

FRANCIS NUNAN,
Successor to T. F. Chapman,
BOOKBINDER,
St. George's Square, Guelph.
Account Books of all kinds made to order. Periodicals of every description carefully bound. Ruling neatly and promptly done.

VALUABLE VILLAGE PROPERTY—FOR SALE:
That property on West Main street, Lot 1, Con. 2, in the village of Acton, one-fifth of an acre. On the premises is erected a first-class two-story, rough cast dwelling, containing six rooms, soft water cistern, hard water convenient, commodious stable, and a workshop. The property is a very desirable one, and will be sold at a very reasonable price for cash. For further particulars apply to H. P. Moore, FREE PRESS OFFICE, Acton, or to WM. OVERTON, Haliburton, Ont.

ROYAL, (OF LIVERPOOL)
INSURANCE COMPANY,
FIRE AND MARINE.
Capital, Ten Million Dollars.
Liability of Shareholders Unlimited. Funds Invested, $23,000,000. Annual Income, $5,000,000. Invested in Canada for Protection of Canadian Policy Holders $600,000. The Royal Insurance Company has the Largest Surplus of any Fire Insurance Company in the World.
All kinds of property—Country and Town solicited. Also Money to Loan.
D. McLELLAN, Esq., Hamilton.
A. A. SECORD, Sr., Agent.
Acton, Ont.

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. 40. ACTON, ONT. THURSDAY, APRIL 6, 1882 Whole No. 372.

ACTON BANKING CO'Y.,
STOREY, CHRISTIE & CO.,
BANKERS,
Acton, - - Ontario.
A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS TRANSACTED.
MONEY LOANED ON APPROVED NOTES.
Notes Discounted and Interest allowed on Deposits.

10 CENT STORE,
And Cheap Cash Bazaar,
Upper Wyndham Street, Guelph.
☞ COME & SEE
OUR NEW SPRING ARRIVALS FROM Germany, France, England, and New York! Crowded Store of New Goods! Thousands of Articles of Every Day Use! Household Goods! Ornamental Goods! Useful Goods.
Very Little Money will buy a whole lot of things
—AT THE—
10 CENT STORE and Cheap Cash Bazaar.
Four doors west of Post Office.
JAS. F. KIDNER,
GUELPH.

FLOUR AND FEED.
B. W. NICKLIN,
In tendering hearty thanks to the people of Acton and vicinity for their kind patronage in the past, would respectfully inform them that he has constantly on hand at his Mill, foot of Mill street, a full stock of
Flour, Oat Meal,
Corn Meal,
Buckwheat Flour,
Cracked Wheat and Chopped Stuffs
Of all kinds, any of which he is prepared to deliver daily.
Your patronage is kindly solicited.
Orders left at my residence will receive prompt attention.
Terms Strictly Cash.
B. W. NICKLIN.
Acton, Feb. 9, 1882.

Medical Hall,
ACTON
DR. M. FORSTER.

THE BEST
TEMPERANCE SONG
PUBLISHED.
"Oh! Papa, don't go to the Bar-Room To-night."
By ROBERT P. JOYCE, Ont.
PRICE 20 CENTS.
It will be sent free by member of any Temperance Organization, sending through their Secretary, 75c. 10c., provided the balance, (60c.) be paid into the treasury of such organization to be devoted to the funds for the proper enforcement of the Scott Act. Orders to be delivered to R. P. JOYCE, Box 39, Bronte, Ont. For sale in Acton at the office of the Free Press.

Call and see Day's New Choice Stock of
WALKING STICKS.
Made from all the Foreign Woods.
Irish Thorn, Bark Crab,
Susses Thorn, Cork Wood,
Cabbage Palm, Rose Wood,
Snake Wood, Lemon Wood,
Oak, Hickory,
And Dozens of others,
—AT—
Day's Bookstore,
GUELPH.

WATCHES!
WATCHES.

FOR CASH.
You can get the best bargains ever offered in Guelph, in
Lancaster Watches.
Waltham "
Elgin "
Swiss "
CLOCKS at all Prices.
—AT—
WM. S. SMITH'S
The Watch and Clock House of Guelph.
(The Lancaster has no equal for the money.)

American Watches.
The Finest Stock we ever had of Elgin & Waltham make, in
Nickel, Silver, and Gold Cases.
I claim my Nickel cases are whiter and purer than any other, being made especially for myself.
B. SAVAGE,
Watchmaker & Jeweller,
GUELPH.

East End Butcher Shop.
H. MARLATT & BRO.
Desire to inform the citizens of Acton and vicinity that they have decided to make the butchering business a permanent one, and customers patronizing them can rely on being supplied with fresh meats all the year round.
☞ A call solicited.
H. MARLATT & BRO.

CRAY'S SPECIFIC MEDICINE.

The Great English Remedy. An unfailing cure for Seminal Weakness, Spermatorrhœa, Impotency, and all Diseases that follow as a sequence of Self-Abuse; as loss of Memory, Universal Lassitude, Pain in the Back, Dimness of Vision, Premature Old Age, and many other Diseases that lead to Insanity or Consumption. ☞ Full particulars in our pamphlet, which we desire to send free by mail to every one. ☞ The Specific Medicine is sold by all druggists at $1.00 per package, or six packages for $5, or will be sent free by mail on receipt of the money, by addressing

The Cray Medicine Co. Toronto, Ont., Canada.
After taking.
Sold by J. P. Gerrie, Druggist, Acton.

HOUSE & LOT FOR SALE.
The undersigned offers for sale the splendid stone dwelling on Mill St. near Dr. C. S. Smith's residence—one fifth of an acre, with Stone House in splendid condition, cistern and shed on the premises. Hard and soft water wells. Title indisputable. Terms reasonable. Apply to
WM. McNAB.

THE FREE PRESS.
THURSDAY MORNING, April 6, 1882.

POETRY.

The Price of a Drink.

BY REQUEST.

"Five cents a glass!" does anyone think,
That that is really the price of a drink?
"Five cents a glass," I hear you say;
"Why that isn't very much to pay,"
Oh, no indeed, 'tis a very small sum
You are passing o'er 'twixt finger and thumb,
And if that were all that you gave away,
It wouldn't be very much to pay.

The price of a drink! let him decide
Who has lost his courage and lost his pride,
And lies a grovelling heap of clay,
Not far removed from a beast to-day,
The price of a drink! let that one tell
Who feels within him the fires of hell.

Honor and virtue, love and truth,
All glory and pride of youth,
Hopes of manhood, the wreath of fame,
High endeavor and noble aim—
These are the treasures thrown away,
The price of a drink from day to day.

"Five cents a glass," how Satan laughed,
As o'er the bar the young man quaffed
The beaded liquor; for demon knew
The terrible work that drink would do.
And before morning the victim lay,
With his life blood awfully ebbing away,
And that was the price he paid, alas,
For the pleasure of taking a social glass.

The price of a drink, if you want to know,
What some are willing to pay for it, go,
Through that wretched tenement over there
Where dingy windows and broken stairs,
Where foul disease like a vampire crawls,
With outstretched wings o'er the mouldy walls,
There poverty dwells with her hungry brood,
Wild-eyed as demons for lack of food.
There shame in a corner crouches low,
There violence deals its cruel blow,
And innocent ones are thus accursed,
To pay the price of another's thirst.

Five cents a glass, if that were all,
The sacrifice would be very small,
But the money's worth is the least of all
We pay; and whoever will keep account,
Will learn the terrible waste and blight
That follows this ruinous appetite,
"Five cents a glass!" does anyone think
That that is really the price of a drink.

Miss B. S.

OUR STORY.

A SHORT VISIT.

"What!" said Mrs. Haven, almost in a shriek.

"It's true," said her husband. "They are coming to visit us—every one of 'em. My sister Zelima, because the Saratoga hotels are too intolerably hot for endurance. Cousin Herbert, because he is an æsthetic, and wants to study nature from a level hitherto unknown. Mrs. Johnson, because the children don't recuperate after the whooping cough. Aunt Sadie, on account of a difficulty with her landlady on the subject of poodle-dogs. Uncle Jenks, because he never has visited us and wants to know what my wife is like.

"Dear me! What am I to do?" faintly gasped Mary Haven, looking around her pretty sitting-room, draped in pink chintz; fragrant with fresh flowers, and decorated with gilt bird cages, water color sketches and Kensington embroidery.

"Do!" repeated her husband, who was intent on clipping off the end of a cigar so that it should draw satisfactorily. "There is but one thing to do—let 'em come."

"All at once?"

"Yes, all at once."

"And I with only one girl, and the thermometer at ninety in the shade, and the painters in possession of the third story."

And the lady sobbed hysterically.

"Couldn't be a better combination of circumstances, my dear."

"I don't believe these people care a straw about seeing me."

"Neither do I," said her husband.

"It's only on account of their inconvenience the hot weather, and the high prices at the hotels," added Mrs. Haven. "Hugh, I've a great mind to commit suicide!"

"Don't do that my dear," said Mr. Haven. "I can suggest a better plan. I was just thinking, do you know—"

"Of telegraphing to the city for a new force of servants, a box of provisions from Minardi's and half a dozen cots, with hair mattresses and bedding to match?" eagerly interrupted Mrs. Haven.

"Nothing of the sort," said Mr. Haven, serenely eyeing the distant landscape through the amethyst of cigar smoke. "Of moving."

"Moving, Hugh?"

"To the little cottage by the lake," Mr. Haven explained. "Only for a few days, merely on account of the repairs on the house. Paint smells so disagreeable, and the sound of the carpenters' hammers set my teeth on edge. Besides, Hodge the contractor can work a deal faster if we are all out of the way."

"But, Hugh, the cottage is nothing but a camping-out place, with board floors, and not a particle of plaster or paint about it," remonstrated Mary.

"What of that, my love?" said the imperturbable husband. "Our friends don't come as I take it to admire frescos and gilding, but they come to enjoy our society."

"They'll think we live there always," replied Mrs. Haven, with corrugated brow.

"That is precisely what I wish them to think my dear," Mr. Haven.

"Oh!" said Mrs. Haven.

"You follow my meaning?"

"I think I do," said the wife, with an amused light sparkling in her eyes. "Yes, dear, perhaps it would be a good plan to move—just while the repairs are in progress."

And she hurried up stairs to pack a few necessaries at once.

The cottage by Wiscomac Lake was not an imposing edifice. There was plenty of room in it such as it was, but the floors were of rude pine boards, the windows were undraped, and the furniture was such as was adapted merely to the wants of camping parties who were prepared to "rough it" after the most primitive fashion; and when Mrs. Zuleima Montague Prout drove up to the door in a waggon heavily laden with trunks, she stared through her gold eye glasses in a most ridiculous manner at the rude porch of shingles supported by cedar posts mantled in their native bark, the shutterless windows and unpainted wooden settees on the grass.

"This isn't 'The Solitudes,'" said she. "Drive on, man. You have made a mistake."

"This ere's where Lawyer Haven's folks live," said the man, leisurely chewing a straw. "Guess it's enough of a 'solitude' to suit anybody."

"I thought it was a picturesque cottage," said Mrs. Prout, in accents of the keenest disappointment.

But at this minute Mrs. Haven herself hurried to the door, saying graciously:

"I think you must be my husband's sister Zuleima. Do come in."

"But where are my trunks to go?" asked the fashionable widow, who had dazzled the eyes of the Saratoga world with numerous changes of toilet during the past fortnight.

"You can put them in the shed at the back of the barn," said Mrs. Haven. "I don't believe they will quite go up the stairway."

Mr. Haller arrived later in the day; a long-haired, sallow complected young man in a violet velveteen suit, followed by a countryman carrying his portable easel, color cases, travelling library and writing-desk. He knocked loudly at the door of the cottage with the ivory knob of his cane.

"Can you tell me where Mr. Haven lives?"

"This is the place," answered the hostess.

"This!" echoed Mr. Haller.

"You are cousin Herbert, I suppose. Walk in. My husband will come in the evening train. Allow me to show you to your room. It is rather small but we are expecting a good deal of company, and I dare say you won't mind a little inconvenience."

And she left him in a seven by-nine apartment under the eaves, where he couldn't stand upright, except just in the middle of the room, and where the three-pased window was built close to the floor.

Mary Haven had scarcely got down stairs and resumed the manufacture of raspberry pies, when shouts and cries in various keys announced the coming of Mrs. Johnson and four children on the "buckboard waggon" from the nearest stage station.

"Is this Cousin Hugh's house, ma?" inquired Adelaide, the eldest, discontentedly.

"It ain't nothin' but a shanty!" loudly proclaimed Alexander Gustavus, the second hope of the family.

"There ain't no paint on it," said Helen Louise.

"Lemme get out!" shrieked Julietta, "and play in that lovely black mud where the frog toad is sitting."

Mrs. Johnson sailed in with a scarlet face and a disturbed look on it saying:

"I'm afraid, Cousin Mary, that we shall inconvenience you. There don't seem to be much accommodation here."

"Oh, there is plenty of room up in the garret, such as it is," said the hostess, smilingly. "Of course one expects to live a gipsy life in a place like this, and the lake will be so nice for the little dears to play in, if only they are careful, for it is very deep, and it's lucky you are here, Cousin Johnson, to help me with the pies and bread, for I am not a very experienced housekeeper, and—"

"I thought you kept two or three servants," interrupted Mrs. Johnson frigidly.

"I have only one young girl just at present," said Mrs. Haven; "and of course when there's so much company there's a great deal to do. Oh, here comes an old lady with a sweet little yelping dog!"

"Goodness me, if it ain't the intolerable old Aunt Sadie with her inevitable dog!" groaned Mrs. Johnson, as a fat elderly lady toiled up the path in a scarlet shawl and a black lace hat.

"Bless me!" said Aunt Sadie, purple with heat and dripping with perspiration, "you don't mean to say Niece Haven, that this is the place I've heard tell of on Lake—what do you call it?"

"It is where we live at present," said Mrs. Haven.

"I'm down right sorry I left the tavern at the railroad," said Aunt Sadie, sadly. "I ain't used to these unpainted houses, and I'm almost sure I'll catch cold."

Uncle Jenks was the last to come—a shrewd, keen-eyed old man in a rusty hat with eyes like an eagle. He looked around him, and seemed to take in the situation at a glance.

"No servants, eh?" said he. "Well, it's lucky I came. I'm pretty handy in fetching water and split kindlings, and help round the house, and you're pretty sure, my dear, to do all the work of this house with only a young gal to help you. So, Hugh hain't made up his mind to come to see us, eh? Well, I don't blame him, I've a little to do in the longer upper chamber."

unloosed, and I don't know as I could do better than to lend it to my sister's son."

Thus he spoke, cheery and kind, while Mrs. Prout fanned herself on the porch, and Cousin Herbert did battle with the mosquitoes and midgets.

Mrs. Johnson followed her four children round in ceaseless terror lest they should be drowned, and Aunt Sadie felt her dog's pulse, and groaned over the heat.

"One night at the cottage settled the question 'to stay or not to stay,'" in the minds of Mrs. Haven's guests.

"I never slept in such a hot place in my life," said Mrs. Johnson with a sigh.

"The bed wasn't long enough for me to stretch myself out in; and the eaves touched my forehead," said Cousin Herbert, sadly.

"The owls hooted all night in the woods" said Aunt Sadie, "and kept dear little Tip barking until he was quite hoarse."

"I wouldn't stay here if you would pay me a thousand dollars a week," said Mrs. Prout, thinking of her pink party dress and of her twelve button kid gloves.

"Well," said Uncle Jenks, dryly, "it ain't just the location I should have chosen for a summer residence, but I ain't going off to leave Hugh and his wife while I can be useful to them.

So the company departed with various adieux and insincere prostrations of regard, and then only Uncle Jenks was left.

Mr. Haven took his cigar from between his lips and said:

"Uncle Jenks, suppose we go up and see how the carpenters and painters are getting along with the conservatory up at the house."

"At what house?" inquired Uncle Jenks.

"Mine," said Mr. Haven.

"Don't you live here?"

"Not all the time," said Mr. Haven. "We only came here to accommodate each of our relations as merely wanted to make a convenience of us."

"Oh!" said Uncle Jenks, a slow smile beginning to break over his shrewd, brown face.

And Mary Haven confessed that her husband's advice had proved his own excellence.

Uncle Jenks, the only one of the troop who really cared two straws for them, was with them still—the rest had all been frightened away by the rusticities of Lake Wiscomac cottage.

"And I wish them *bon voyage*," said Mr. Haven, calmly.

"So do I," agreed Mary.

Before Marriage and After.

Before marriage the young girl will generally know or have some idea when the young gentleman will come to see her; she takes great care to look neat and pleasing, waiting to receive him in a tastefully arranged room. And what of the youth? No matter how much "out of sorts" (as he is apt to term it) he may feel, he will dress in his best, look his very best, and start for the home of his ladylove. They meet with a clasp of hands and a pleasant smile, have an agreeable evening's visit, then part with a kind good-night. I do not say this is wrong if there is true love in it, but how different from the home in after years. We too often miss the sweet face, and pleasing appearance of the young girl in the wife. And the youth whose only aim it was to please his ladylove now seems to have forgotten all the little courtesies and gentle attentions that are needed just as much in the husband as in the lover, to make home happy. He finds many other things to look after, and often utters harsh and thoughtless words. You may see the wife of only a few months in a slovenly dress, hair uncombed, the house in disorder, and nearly time for her husband to come home. It is no wonder that he is not happy, and may try to give a little advice sometimes. I make no excuse for her. She may have plenty to do, and more than she can accomplish; still she can, if she will, always look neat, and meet her husband with a smile.

Humorous.

A printer should always marry a good type of girl.

By contracting a disease you help to spread it. Queer, isn't it?

When a pretty Irish girl is stolen away they suspect some boycotter.

The ice-dealer's little venture: "You may talk about hae buildings, but it's the ice-house that takes the cake."

It is said that an angle worm cannot dig more than one inch per hour, but he is always an inch beyond the shovel when you want fish bait.

It is said that a wire 800 feet long can be made from a silver quarter, which is making a small amount of money go a long way.

"What a change," exclaimed the novelist Roe, "one little woman can make in a man's life!" Exactly; and what a deal of "change" she requires while doing it.

The editor of an American paper recently insisted that poets must be fed. He received a compositor settled.

"USE A BLADE OF THE MINIMUM."—Boston Post. But!

A HUSBAND.—It is an uncommon thing to hear folks speak of an "Act of mercy," but the expression would seem to be self-contradictory, for if the saints see they are

THE CONTENTED COBBLER.

The shoemaker sang while he hammered away:
"Oh, who is so happy as I am to-day?
I save twenty soles where the parson saves one;
And I always heal when the doctor heals none.

"I sit on the bench like a judge and boast
The people who say that my measures don't suit;
I cut all my uppers; I care not for caste;
My very first pleasure each day is my last.

"I'm always mending while others fall ill,
And when I'm thirsty, with cobblers I fill,
I'll never peg out, for I always peg in,
And how can I lose when I'm sheer to win?

"My goods are all soled before finished, and I
Can foot many Bills without heaving a sigh;
In fact I am envied by little and tall,
For of this world's blessings alone I have awl."

Words of Wisdom.

Let a man take time enough for the most trivial acts.

Memory is a source of comfort and a stimulent to effort.

The mind without cultivation can never produce good fruit.

The man with true fortitude is like a castle built upon a rock.

Upon the margin of celestial stream alone those simples grow which cure the heartache.

The changes we personally experience from time to time we obstinately deny to our principles.

If a man talks of his misfortunes there is something in them that is not disagreeable to him.

Virtue dwells at the head of a river, to which we cannot get but by rowing against the stream.

True goodness is like the glow-worm, it shines most when no eyes save those of heaven are upon it.

Farmer's Maxims.

Waste not, want not.

Keep good fences and you will have good neighbors.

Read the agricultural papers and attend an agricultural club.

Only work your hired men ten hours a day.

Be not ambitious to be the richest, but the healthiest and happiest.

Neglect of physical laws produces premature infirmity.

Love the singing school.

Marry early; this is very important.

To farmers wives:

A fretful woman is a quiet man's horror.

Do not give vinegar to your husband's friends.

Teach your children that sunrise is more beautiful than sunset.

As a sandy hill is to the feet of the aged, so is a woman of many words to a quiet man.

Spring Wheat.

This first spring crop to be sown in spring, should go into the ground as early as the thorough working of the ground will permit. The "thorough and proper working" of the soil means a good deal. The plowing should not be done when the furrow slices of sticky soil shine as they are turned, lest it afterwards dry into hard clods. Plowing the soil before it will crumble as turned is a great mistake. Besides having a mellow soil, it should be naturally rich enough to grow at least 28 bushels per acre, or else enough manure used to secure this. Much time and strength are wasted in plowing and harrowing wheat which an application of manure would make profitable. This remark holds good in other parts of the farm than the wheat field.

An Early Spring a Wet Year.

One of our prominent attorneys, who is at the same time one of the leading fishermen of the valley, claims that the weather invariably repeats itself, and gives the following as the result of his observation, viz.:

All years ending in 9, 0 or 1 are extremely dry.

Those ending in 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6 are extremely wet.

Those ending in 7 and 8 are ordinarily well balanced.

Those ending in 6 have extremely cold winters.

Those ending in 2 have an early spring.

Those ending in 1 have a late spring.

Those ending in 3 and 4 are subject to great floods.

Who Killed the Chicken.

A story is told in Michigan about one of the members of the Detroit Conference, which is too good to keep. He was spending a day in the country, and was invited to dine. They had a chicken for dinner, of course, much to the grief of a little boy in the household, who had lost a favorite hen to provide the feast. After dinner prayer was proposed, and while the preacher was praying, a poor little lonesome chicken came running into the room crying for its absent mother. The little boy could no longer restrain himself. He exclaimed:—"Peepy, peppy, I didn't kill your mother. They killed her for that big preacher's dinner."

A young lady having "set her cap" for a rather large specimen of the opposite sex, and having failed to win him, was telling her sorrows to a couple of her confidants, when one of them interrupted her with the words, "Never mind, Molly, there is a good fish in the sea as ever was caught." "Molly knows that," replied her little brother, "but she wants a whale."

[illegible]

Some shrewd Yankee has invented a key-board with which any [illegible] can be used to write like a [illegible]. So does the [illegible] Unknown. [illegible] unlocks all the secretions [illegible] kidneys, invigorates the entire system, [illegible] the liver, [illegible] the bowels, [illegible] the lungs, [illegible] the blood, [illegible] the nerves, [illegible] the skin, [illegible] the appetite, [illegible] the spirits, [illegible] the complexion, [illegible] the system, [illegible] the blood, [illegible] the nerves, [illegible] the skin, [illegible] the appetite, [illegible] the spirits, [illegible] the complexion, [illegible] the system.