—THE—
Acton Free Press
is published
EVERY THURSDAY MORNING,
AT
The Free Press
Power Printing & Publishing
OFFICE,
Next Door to Methodist Church,
Mill Street, Acton, Ont.

Terms:—The Free Press will be sent to subscribers, post-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 each. Professional Cards, 10 lines or less, $10 per annum. 1 square, 12 lines, $5.00 per annum, payable in 6 months from date of insertion. Any Special Notice the object of which is to promote the pecuniary benefit of any individual or company, to be considered an advertisement. The number of lines reckoned by the space occupied, measured by a scale of solid Nonpareil.

CONTRACT RATES.

One column one year	$40 00
Half column one year	25 00
Quarter column one year	15 00
One column six months	25 00
Half column six months	15 00
Quarter column six months	10 00
One column three months	20 00
Half column three months	12 00
Quarter column three months	7 00

Other business notices without specific directions will be inserted till forbidden and charged accordingly. The width of professional cards must be one inch.

Changes for contract advertisements must be in the office by 9 o'clock Monday, otherwise they will be left over till the following week.

H. P. MOORE, Editor & Proprietor

THIS PAPER may be found on file at Geo. P. Rowell & Co's Newspaper Advertising Bureau (10 Spruce St.), where advertising contracts may be made for it IN NEW YORK.

Business Directory.

W. H. LOWRY, M. B., M. C. P. S., Graduate of Trinity College, Member of College of Physicians and Surgeons. Office and residence: 2nd door south of Fredrick St., Acton.

L. L. BENNETT, DENTIST, Georgetown.

JOHN LAYSON, GRADUATE OF ONTARIO Veterinary College, Toronto, and Ontario Veterinary Association, Acton, Ont. Office in Kerr's Livery Stable, Main street, Acton. Residence on Church street. Horses examined as to soundness, and certificates given. All calls attended to promptly. Terms cash.

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, cash.

T. J. FISHER.

C. H. RIGGS, L.D.S., of the firm of Riggs & Ivory, Toronto, will be at Campbell's Hotel on the first Monday of every month, in the practice of his profession. All work executed in the latest and most improved style of the dental art. No charge for examination.

FULLERTON, HALL & STOREY, Barristers, Solicitors, Notaries Public, Conveyancers, &c., Supreme Court, Chancery, &c. Office—No. 4, Church street, Toronto. Money to Loan. Offices at Acton and Georgetown. W. Nassau Fullerton, Acton. W. H. Hall, Georgetown. W. Storey, Q.C., Toronto.

WM. HINSTHREE, 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 $200 and upwards.

LIME FOR SALE. Lime can be had at the Canada Lime Works in small or large quantities at any time. Apply at the Kiln, near Tolton's mill, or to C. S. SMITH. Box 172, Acton.

May 1st, 1882.

TIMBER WANTED. The undersigned is prepared to purchase any quantity of elm, hemlock, red beech, soft maple, rock maple, red oak, basswood, white ash, poplar, white wood, balm of gilead, pine, cedar or black ash, in either logs, lumber or standing trees. Apply at once to THOS. C. MOORE, Acton, Ont.

HANLAN BARBER SHOP.

J. P. WORDEN Has opened a Barber Shop in the premises lately occupied by Dr. Forster as a medical office, and solicits a share of the patronage of this vicinity. Every department of the business will be conducted in first-class style. Give us a call. J. P. WORDEN.

Jan. 23rd, 1883.

FRANCIS NUNAN, Successor to T. F. Chapman, BOOKBINDER, St. George's Square, Guelph.

We make Books of all kinds made to order. Perforating of every description carefully done. Binding neatly and promptly done.

JAMES MATTHEWS, Agent for Fire Insurance Co's, " " Life " " " Accident " " " Insurance Tickets. ($3000 for 25c. per day.) Agent for the Dominion Steamship Co., return ticket issued, or tickets to bring out your friends CHEAPER THAN ALMOST ANY OTHER LINE. Money to Loan. Good joint or endorsed short date notes discounted. Agent for the Canadian Loan & Savings Co., Toronto.

—CONVEYANCER OF— Deeds, Mortgages, Discharges, Chattle Mortgages, Farm and House Leases Agreements, &c. Clerk Div. Court, County Queen's Bench; &c., Issuer of Marriage Licenses. CASH FOR GRAIN AND PORK.

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. VIII. No. 33 ACTON, ONT. THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1883. Whole No. 408

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.

BIG BARGAINS IN WATCHES and JEWELRY, FOR THIS MONTH

I intend giving the best bargains ever offered in GUELPH.

Don't fail to examine my stock.

Shop open every evening during the Holidays.

WM. S. SMITH, The Watch and Clock House of Guelph.

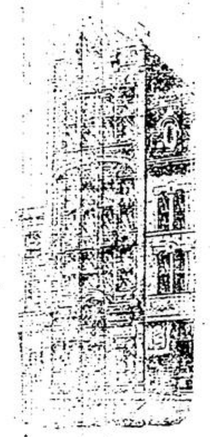
Card of Thanks

We return our sincere thanks to our customers for the Xmas business we have done, the store being packed to the doors with purchasers, from morning till night although we had five times our usual number of assistants we could hardly supply the demand. Thanks and if we can, a big one and prosperous New Year.

10 CENT STORE, and Cheap Cash Bazaar, JAS. F. KIDNER, Upper Wyndham Street, Guelph. Our Goods and Prices Draw the Crowd.

SCHOOL BOOKS! All the School Books used IN THE CITY And City Schools Will be found Cheap —AT— Day's Bookstore, GUELPH. DAY SELLS CHEAP.

IF YOU ARE IN WANT —OF— PURE DRUGS —AND— MEDICINES, —GO TO— PETRIE'S



New Drug Store, GUELPH. You will there find the best quality at Moderate Prices.

Horse and Cattle Medicines carefully compounded.

DYE STUFFS. My stock is selected with the greatest care. All my own colors guaranteed. Handy package dyes every color kept.

Trusses, Supporters, Bandages, I. R. Stockings, &c. A very full line of these goods kept. They are fitted on without extra charge.

IN PATENT MEDICINES my stock is very large, and constantly adding all the new remedies.

MACHINERY OILS All kinds: Castor Oil, Elephant Oil, Neatsfoot Oil, Seal Oil, Lubricating Oil, Sewing Machine Oil, &c., at bottom prices.

Paints, Oils, Colors, Turpentine, Harness Varnish, Hoof Ointment, Store Varnish, Carriage Varnish, Turpentine Varnish, Furniture Polish.

COAL OIL, COAL OIL. Wholesale and Retail. The best quality always kept, and the lowest prices.

Come and see the New Store. A. B. PETRIE.

GUELPH CLOTH HALL.

FUR CAPS. In South Sea Seal, Persian Lamb, Beaver. Our Caps have been very carefully selected, and we are showing very choice Furs very low prices.

SHAW & GRUNDY, Merchant Tailors GUELPH.

CAUTION. EACH PLUG OF THE MYRTLE NAVY IS MARKED T. & B. IN BRONZE LETTERS. None Other Genuine.

The Free Press. THURSDAY MORNING, Feb. 15, 1883.

POETRY.

A LITERARY CURIOSITY.

The following very remarkable little poem is a contribution to the San Francisco *Times* from the pen of Mr. H. A. Deming. The reader will see that each line is a quotation from some one of the standard authors of England and America. This is the result of years of laborious search among the voluminous writings of thirty-eight leading poets of the past and present. The number of each line refers to its author below:

1. Why all this toil for triumphs of an hour?
2. Life's a short Summer, man's a flower.
3. By turns we catch the vital breath and die,
4. The cradle and the tomb, alas! so nigh.
5. To be is better far than not to be,
6. Though all man's lives may seem a tragedy;
7. But light comes spark when mighty griefs are dumb
8. The bottom is but shallow whence they come.
9. Your fate is but the common fate of all;
10. Unmingled joy here no man can befall.
11. Nature to each allots a proper sphere;
12. Fortune makes folly her particular care.
13. Custom does often reason overrule,
14. And throw a cruel sunshine on a fool.
15. Live well; how long or short, permit to heaven;
16. They who forgive most shall be most forgiven.
17. Sin may be clasped so close we cannot see its face:
18. Vile intercourse where virtue has no place.
19. Then keep each passion down, however dear,
20. Thou pendant there is but a single hair.
21. Her sensual snares let faithless pleasure lay,
22. With craft and skill to ruin and betray.
23. Soar not too high to fall, but stoop to rise:
24. We masters grow of all that we despise.
25. Oh, then, renounce that impious self-esteem!
26. Riches have wings, and grandeur is a dream.
27. Think not ambition wise because 'tis brave:
28. The paths of glory lead but to the grave.
29. What is ambition? 'Tis a glorious cheat—
30. Only destructive to the brave and great.
31. What call the gaudy glitter of a crown?
32. The way of ease is not on beds of down.
33. How long we live not years, but actions tell—
34. That man lives twice who lives the first life well.
35. Make, then, while yet you may, your God your friend.
36. Whose Christian worship, yet not comprehend
37. The trust that's given guard and to yourself be just.
38. For live we how we can, die we must.

1, Young; 2, Dr. Johnson; 3, Pope; 4, Prior; 5, Sewell; 6, Spencer; 7, Daniel; 8, Sir Walter Scott; 9, Longfellow; 10, Southwell; 11, Congreve; 12, Churchill; 13, Rochester; 14, Armstrong; 15, Milton; 16, Bailey; 17, Arnaud; 18, Somerville; 19, Thompson; 20, Byron; 21, Smollet; 22, Crabbe; 23, Massinger; 24, Cowley; 25, Beatty; 26, Cowper; 27, Sir Walter Davenant; 28, Gray; 29, Willis; 30, Addison; 31, Dryden; 32, Francis Charles; 33, Watkins; 34, Herrick; 35, Wm. Mason; 36, Hill; 37, Dana; 38, Shakespeare.

OUR STORY.

ACTING WISELY.

When Mary Clairmont's engagement was proclaimed to the world there was a general expression of surprise.

Miss Clairmont was only one-and-twenty, a tall, imperial beauty, with dewy black eyes, a skin as fresh as damask roses, and dark brown hair, coiled in shining bands at the back of her head.

She had just graduated from Medfield Medical University and had taken out her diploma as an M.D.

"And only think of it," said Aunt Jo, bursting into tears of vexation and disappointment, "that she must needs go and ruin all her prospects by getting engaged to Harry Marlow."

"It does not seem strange, Aunt Jo, when I think of it," said Dr. Mary, laughing and blushing. "Six months ago my profession was all the world to me. I neither cared or wished for anything outside its limits."

"Humph!" growled Aunt Jo; "any brainless idiot can get married and keep a man's house and mend his shirts for him, but you are made for something higher and more dignified, Mary."

Mary's dew bright eyes sparkled.

"Higher, Aunt Jo?" said she. "More dignified? There you're mistaken. There's no higher or more dignified lot in life than that of the true wife of a noble husband."

"Fiddlesticks!" said Aunt Jo. "As if every poor fool who was dazzled by the glitter of a wedding-ring didn't say the same thing. You've disappointed me, Mary Clairmont, and I'm ashamed of you; that is the long and short of it."

Mary smiled.

"Dear Aunt Jo," said she, "I shall not let my sword and shield rust, believe me. Harry has only his own talents to advance him in the world, and it will be at least a year before we shall be ready to marry. In the meantime I shall accept the post of visiting physician to the Aldenbury almshouse, and practice my profession just the same as if there were no engagement."

"I wish to goodness there wasn't," said Aunt Jo. "I tell you what, Mary, I don't fancy that smiling, smooth-tongued young man of yours, and I never shall."

Still Mary Clairmont kept her temper.

"I'm sorry, Aunt Jo," she said pleasantly, "but I hope you will eventually change your mind."

"I used to keep a thread and needle store when I was a young woman," remarked Aunt Jo, dryly, "and I always could tell the ring of a counterfeit coin when a customer laid it on the counter. I could then and I can now; and I tell you what, Mary, there's base metal about Harry Marlow."

Dr. Mary bit her lip.

"Aunt Jo is wrong," reflected the pretty young M. D. to herself.

"Mary is making a fool of herself," thought Aunt Jo.

Aldenbury was a pretty manufacturing village with a main street shaded by umbrageous maples; and a little way out of the village the almshouse, built and endowed by a certain smuggling sea Captain, whose conscience had pricked him during his latter days, raised its gray stone gables to the sky, and made a picturesque background to the landscape.

Dr. Mary Clairmont made something of a sensation at Aldenbury.

Up to this time all the resident M. D.'s had been snuffy old gentlemen with wigs, or pert young ones with eye-glasses.

A beautiful young lady, who wrote prescriptions and compounded pills and potions was a novelty in the town, and by no means a disagreeable one.

People rather liked the idea, once they had convinced themselves that the lady doctor understood herself and her patients.

And the poor people at the almshouse grew to love Dr. Mary, and listened with eager ears for the sound of her carriage-wheels over the gravel drive which led to the portico.

It was a brilliant December day when the young physician stood in the neatly-carpeted reception-room, drawing on her fur gloves, previous to entering her neat phaeton once again, while she received from the white-capped maid some directions respecting old Ann Mudget's rheumatism, when the matron hurried in.

"Oh, I beg your pardon, Dr. Clairmont," said she, "but I clean forgot the new old woman."

"The new old woman," repeated Dr. Mary, with a smile.

"That is," explained Mrs. Cunningham, "she only came last night—a quiet old soul, half blind and quite bad with the asthma. Perhaps you'd better just see her before you go."

She looked timidly up as Dr. Mary came in, from under the borders of her cap.

"I'm a poor body, Miss," said she, "and I'm sensible I'm making a deal of trouble in the world. But the Lord don't always take us, miss, when we'd like to go."

"This is the doctor," said Mrs. Cunningham.

The little woman would have risen up to make a feeble courtesy, but Dr. Mary motioned her to keep her seat.

"What is your name?" said she, pleasantly.

"Louise Marlow, miss."

"Marlow? That is an unusual name, isn't it?" said Mary Clairmont, coloring in spite of herself.

"We're English, miss," said the old woman, struggling bravely with her asthma. "There ain't many of us in this country. I've a son, miss, in the law business, as any mother might well be proud of."

"A son," echoed Mrs. Cunningham, "and you in the almshouse?"

"Not that it's his fault," the old creature made haste to explain. "My son is to be married to a fine, proud young lady, as is fit for any prince in all the land, and of course he can't be expected to burden himself with a helpless old woman like me. He says I'm to write and let him know how I get along, and if I'm sick or anything, he'll try to see me. I sewed carpets until the asthma got hold of me, and supported myself comfortably. But of course I couldn't lay up anything for a rainy day—who could? And Harry couldn't help me, for he's getting ready to be married, poor lad. So I went to Dr. Merton, and asked him did he know of any decent place where an old woman like me could end her days in peace. And he gave me a card to come here, and some money to pay my travelling expenses—Heaven bless him!—and here I am."

Mary Clairmont had listened quietly to the garrulous tale, but the color had varied in her cheek more than once as she stood there.

"Is your son's name Harry Marlow?" she said, slowly and thoughtfully.

"Yes, miss, at your service," said the old woman, with a duck of her white-capped head, which was meant to do duty in place of the impossible courtesy.

"Is he like this?" said Dr. Mary, taking a photograph from her pocket.

The old woman with trembling hands fitted on her iron-rimmed spectacles and looked at the picture, uttering a little cry of recognition.

"Sure, miss, it's his own self," she cried. "You're acquainted with him, then?"

"Somewhat," said Dr. Mary, composedly, as she returned the photograph to its place.

"Perhaps you know the young lady my son is to marry."

"Yes," said Dr. Mary, writing something in her prescription-book. "I have seen her."

"Perhaps, miss," faltered the old woman, "you would give her my humble duty, and tell her I would just like to see her once, and see what she is like. There's no fear of my troubling her, miss, for I mean to end my days here. But I would like to see her just once, miss. Would you please write to my son and tell him where I am? for I am no scholar myself, and I'm his mother, after all. And if it wouldn't be asking too much——"

"I'll write to him," said Dr. Mary, quietly, and so she went away.

"I never see a lady doctor afore," said old Mrs. Marlow, with a long sigh; "but she's a pretty creetur, and it seems good to have her around. I hope she'll come again soon."

"You may be very sure of that," said the matron, briskly. "Dr. Clairmont ain't one to neglect poor people because they are poor."

That evening Aunt Jo, frying crullers over the kitchen fire, was surprised by a visit from her niece, who came in all wrapped in furs, with her cheeks crimsoned with the frosty wintry air.

"Bless me! this ain't you?" said Aunt Jo, peering over the rims of her spectacles.

"I drove over to see you, Aunt Jo," said Mary, "to tell you that you were right. The medal was counterfeit."

"Eh?" said Aunt Jo, mechanically lading out the brown curly crullers, although she did not look at what she was doing.

"I have written to Harry Marlow, cancelling our engagement," said Dr. Mary calmly, albeit her voice faltered a little. "The man who will heartlessly let his poor old mother go into an almshouse, sooner than take the trouble to maintain her, can be no fit husband for any woman."

And then she sat down by the fire and told Aunt Jo everything, for crabbed, crusty old Aunt Jo had been like a mother to her, and the girl's heart was full to overflowing.

When she had ceased speaking Aunt Jo nodded her head.

"You have done well and wisely," said she.

Old Mrs. Marlow died that winter in Aldenbury almshouse, with her head on Dr. Mary Clairmont's arm, and never knew that her garrulous confession had deprived her son of his promised wife.

And Mary says, quietly and resolutely, that her profession must be husband and home to her henceforward.

Humor of the Day.

Always best on shooting—A bow.

An international air—The wind.

Hatters are the people of honest caught napping.

"Tales for the marines" are now published serially.

The dancing master's motto—Beware of the first wrong step.

Barber—"How will you have your hair cut, sir?" Man in chair—"In silence."

He that is in trade is wise all his goods to advertise, for that is the reason why half the people come and buy.

Nantucket has a girl pilot only seventeen years old.—*Boston Advertiser.* And we'll wager that she is familiar with every buoy on the squad.—*Breckinridge News.*

An editor wrote a headline, "A Horrible Blunder," to go over a railway accident, but thought it was the printer's fault that it got over the account of a wedding.

Wise Words.

By taking revenge a man is but even with his enemy; but in passing it over he is superior.

Riches are given to make life pass comfortably; but life is not given only to mass riches.

Each man is a hero and an oracle to somebody, and to that person whatever he says has an enchanted value.

The discovery of what is true and the practice of what is good are the two most important objects of life.

To-morrow's fate, though thou be wise,
Thou canst not tell nor yet surmise;
Pass, therefore, not to-day in vain,
For it may never come again.

He who is false to present duty breaks a flaw in the ice, and will find the flaw when they have forgotten the cause.

Is It Worth the Money?

That's the question. Will it pay to suffer day after day when a twenty-five cent bottle of PUTNAM'S PAINLESS CORN EXTRACTOR will give prompt and permanent ease and comfort? Thousands testify that it is a good investment, and if you are a sufferer from corns, try it. Sure, safe and painless. Sold by druggists everywhere. N. C. POLSON & CO., Kingston, Proprietors.

Mothers! Mothers! Mothers!!! Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with the excruciating pain of cutting teeth? If so, go at once and get a bottle of Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately—depend upon it; there is no mistake about it. There is not a mother on earth who has ever used it, who will not tell you at once that it will regulate the bowels, and give rest to the mother, and relief and health to the child, operating like magic. It is perfectly safe to use in all cases, and pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Sold everywhere at 25 cents a bottle.

TWO WOMEN.

A grandma sits in her great arm-chair;
Balmy sweet is the soft spring air.

Through the latticed, lilac-shadowed pane
She looks to the orchard, beyond the lane,

And she catches the gleam of a woman's dress
As it flutters about in the wind's caress.

"That child is glad as the day is long—
Her lover is coming, her life's a song!"

Up from the orchard's bowery bloom
Floats fragrance faint to the dark'ning room

Where grandma dreams, till a tender grace
And a softer light steals into her face.

For once again she is young and fair,
And twining roses in her hair;

Once again blithe as the lark above,
She is only a girl, and a girl in love!

The years drop from her their weary pain;
She is clasped in her lover's arms again!

The last faint glimmers of daylight die,
Stars tremble out of the purple sky.

Ere Dora flits up the garden path,
Sadly afraid of grandma's wrath,

With rose-red cheeks and flying hair
She nestles down by the old arm-chair.

"Grandma, Dick says, may we—may I—"
The faltering voice grows strongly shy.

But grandma presses the little hand:
"Yes, my dearie, I understand!"

He may have you darling! Not all in vain
Did grandma dream she was a girl again!

She gently twists a shining curl,
"Ah, me! the philosophy of a girl!

"Take the world's treasures, its noblest, best—
And love will outweigh all the rest!"

And through the casement the moonlight cold
Streams on two heads, one gray, one gold.

Cheese Picnic in a Church.

"I was over to the dairy fair at the Exposition building Saturday night," said the bad boy to the grocery man, "and when they were breaking up, me and my chum helped to carry boxes of cheese and firkins of butter, and a cheeseman gave each of us a piece of limberger cheese, wrapped up in tin foil. Sunday morning I opened my piece, and it made me tired. O! it was the offulest smell I ever heard of. It was just like a old back number funeral. Pa and ma were just getting ready to go to church, and I cut off a piece of cheese and put it in the inside of pa's vest, and I put another in the lining of ma's muff, and they went to church. I went down to church, too, and sat on the back seat with my chum, looking just as pious as though I was taking up a collection. The church was pretty warm, and by the time they got up to sing the first hymn pa's cheese began to smell a match against ma's cheese. Pa held one side of the hymn book and ma held the other, and pa he always sings for all that is out, and when he bruced himself and sang, "Just as I am," ma thought pa's voice was tinctured with biliousness, and she looked at him and hunched him and told him to stop singing and breathe through his nose, cause his breath was enough to stop a clock. Pa stopped singing and turned around kind of cross towards ma, and then he smelled ma's cheese, and he turned his head the other way and said, "whew," and they didn't sing any more, but they looked at each other as though they smelled frowsy. When they sat down they sat as far apart as they could get, and pa sat next to the woman who used to be a nurse in the hospital, and when she smelled pa's cheese she looked at him as though she thought he had the small-pox, and she held her handkerchief to her nose. The man in the other end of the pew, that ma sat near, he was a stranger from Racine, who belongs to our church, and he looked at ma sort of queer, and after the minister prayed and they got up to sing again, the man took his hat and went out.

Well, sir, before the sermon was over everybody in that part of the church had their handkerchiefs to their noses, and when the minister got over his sermon and wiped the perspiration off his face, he said he would like to have the trustees of the church stay after meeting, as there was business of importance to transact. He said the question of proper ventilation and sewerage for the church would be brought up, and that he presumed the congregation had noticed this morning that the church was unusually full of sewer gas. He said he was a meek and humble follower of the Lamb, and was willing to cast his lot wherever the Master decided, but he would be blessed if he would preach any longer in a church that smelled like a bone-boiling establishment. Everybody looked at everybody else, and pa looked at ma as though he knew where the sewer gas came from, and ma looked at pa real mad.

Me and my chum hit out, and I went home and distributed my cheese all around, I put a slice in ma's bureau drawer, down under her underclothes, and a piece in a spare room under the bed, and a piece in the bath room in the soap dish, and a slice in the album on the parlor table, and a piece in the library in a book, and I went to the dining room and put some under the table, and dropped a piece under the range in the kitchen. I tell you the house was loaded. Ma came home from church first, and when I asked where pa was, she said she hoped he had gone to walk around a block to air himself. Pa come home to dinner, and when he got a smell of the house he opened all the doors, and ma put a comfortable around her shoulders and told pa he was a disgrace to civilization. She tried to get pa to drink some carbolic acid.

Pa finally convinced ma that it was not him, and then they decided that it was the house that smelled so, as well as the church, and all the afternoon they went visiting, and this morning pa went down to the health office, and got the inspector of nuisances to come up to the house, and when he smelled around a spell, he said there was dead rats in the main sewer pipe, and they sent for plumbers, and ma went out to a neighbors to borrow some fresh air, and when the plumbers began to dig up the floor in the basement I came over here. If they find any of that limberger cheese it will go hard with me. But I guess I will go over to the house and stand in the back door and listen to the mocking bird. If you see me come flying out of the alley with my coat-tail full of boots, you can bet they have discovered the sewer gas."—*Peck's Sun.*