

Acton Free Press.  
EVERY THURSDAY MORNING.  
FREE PRESS POWER PRINTING HOUSE.  
MILL STREET, 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.  
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Graduate of Trinity College, Member  
of College of Physicians and Surgeons.  
Office and residence, at the head of Front  
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Successor to T. E. GUYMAN,  
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Periodicals of every description carefully  
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Terms reasonable.

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C. S. SMITH,  
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TIMBER WANTED.  
The undersigned is prepared to purchase  
any quantity of elm, birch, red beech, soft  
maple, pine, oak, red oak, basswood, white  
oak, poplar, white, yellow, black, and  
other species, in either bulk, or  
logs, or standing trees. Apply at once to  
THOS. C. MOORE,  
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From \$10 to \$100 Per Acre.  
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These farms are improved with buildings,  
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good water, plenty of timber land, good  
roads, schools and churches, good markets,  
only 25 miles from Philadelphia; plenty of  
game, oysters and game; very productive  
land, climate mild and pleasant, come and  
see for yourself and be convinced. I am  
prepared with teams and cartage to take  
visitors to see the farms free of charge.  
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Agent for Fire Insurance Co's,  
Life  
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Insurance Tickets.  
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Agent for the Dominion Steamship Co.,  
return tickets issued, or tickets to bring out  
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OTHER LINE.

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STOREY, CHRISTIE & CO.,  
BANKERS,  
Acton, Ontario.  
A GENERAL BANKING BUSI-  
NESS TRANSACTED.  
MONEY LOANED ON APPROVED  
NOTES.  
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allowed on Deposits.

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MRS. W. C. KING.  
Herby announces that she will open to-day,  
Thursday, Queen's Birthday,  
A parlour where will be supplied first-class  
Ice Cream, Soda Water, Ginger Ale, &c.,  
which will be continued throughout the  
summer.

Fresh Confectionery always on  
hand, and Fruits served in their season.  
Pies and puddings supplied with Ice  
Cream, &c. &c. A call solicited.  
MRS. W. C. KING,  
Acton, May 21, '88.

A SPLENDID NEW STOCK  
IN EVERY LINE.

BARGAINS  
—IN—  
LADIES' & GENTS'  
GOLD AND SILVER  
WATCHES.

A LARGE STOCK OF  
ELECTRO PLATE  
—JUST RECEIVED—  
ALL NEW STYLES.  
Big Bargains in Spectacles  
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Arrivals.

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In Great Variety.

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EACH PLUG OF THE  
MYRTLE NAVY  
IS MARKED

T. & B.  
IN BRONZE LETTERS.  
None Other Genuine.

\$1.50  
IS THE PRICE OF THE  
IRON AXLE WAGGON.  
T. J. DAY  
Has bought a carload direct from the manu-  
facturers, and, saving the profits paid  
to Toronto Merchant prices.  
Gives his Customers the Benefit  
—IN THE—  
REDUCED PRICE OF \$1.15.  
This is the difference in buying direct  
from the manufacturers rather than from  
middle men.

FARMERS  
—AND—  
Railway Men!



Patent Dust-Proof Case,  
With Waltham Movement.  
B. SAVAGE,  
GUELPH.

THE OLDEST DRUG STORE  
IN GUELPH.



Pure Paris Green.  
We have imported a large supply

GENUINE PARIS GREEN,  
And we can guarantee our cus-  
tomers a reliable article at very  
lowest price. We always make  
it a point to test our Green before  
setting it, therefore those who  
buy from us are never disap-  
pointed.

MACHINE OILS  
Is complete, and we can give you  
a variety of Oils for all kinds of  
machinery, varying in price ac-  
cording to quality.

Best Canadian Coal Oil,  
Best American Coal Oil,  
always on hand.

W. C. SMITH & CO.,  
Dispensing Chemists.  
Bignol's Block, Guelph.

Acton Free Press.  
THURSDAY MORNING, AUG. 9, 1888.  
POETRY  
LOVE'S ANSWER.  
The other day I turned the pages  
Of an old volume, stained by time,  
In which are writ the words of sage,  
Whom most pure and thoughtful scribe.  
To see it had been a pleasure.  
For in the days of yore I had  
Read this same and glad to see  
Adorned by many a noble name.  
And there was one who sometimes used  
My friends or in my study room,  
Would gladly and with patience hear me  
As I read from that good old book.  
All those were precious days to me,  
Of life they were the fairest days.  
The tree with brilliant foliage green,  
And when we walked for pleasant ways.  
One day—oh, well, do I remember  
In the sunset of a late September,  
I spoke some words she understood.  
She gave no answer; kindly-hearted  
I knew she had been to me  
And yet we then in silence parted.  
There was no pledge and both were free.  
Two days passed by all came October,  
The tree with brilliant foliage green,  
Though all the wild wood glades were silent,  
I sought our favorite book alone.  
And opened the old volume's pages,  
And read what oft I had read before.  
The garnered wisdom of the ages,  
Thoughtful's choicest words and richest lore.  
And as I turned the pages over  
Upon the margin of a leaf  
I read some words, as sweet as love  
Had ever coined, though they were brief.  
"Answer ye" the sentence thrilled me,  
'Twas writ by her familiar hand  
With joy unspeakable it filled me  
As the welcome answer scanned.  
And now with age and children round me  
We sometimes seek that study book.  
Where Love, the captor, caught and bound us  
While we pursued our favorite book.

OUR STORY.  
THE BLIZZARD.  
A STORY OF THE WESTERN SNOWS.

In October 1881, Company A of the  
regiment was ordered to a post in the  
Northwest some hundred miles beyond  
the limits of railway travel. The com-  
mandant, Capt. Edgar, was east on for-  
ough at the time, and owing to some  
avoidable delay, did not reach the  
railway terminus, until his men had de-  
parted in the ambulances provided for their  
transportation.  
"What a shame!" exclaimed his son  
Frank as they stood on the piazza of a  
comfortable apology for a hotel. "To think  
those fellows half way through with the  
disagreeable trip, while we have it all be-  
fore us!"  
The breakfast bell rang, and they enter-  
ed the house by a door on which "Dining  
Hall" was printed in chalk, the letters  
being more remarkable for size than regu-  
larity.  
The dining hall proved to be a long, low  
room lighted by a single window, and filled  
with a mixed crowd of frontier travellers.  
These appeared to be a representation of  
every class from gentlemen businessmen to  
emigrants and Indians. One of the latter,  
with blue earrings and a slit nose, occupied  
a seat opposite Frank, and his primitive  
style of eating his breakfast seriously in-  
terfered with Frank's appreciation of his  
own fried beef and speckled biscuit.  
"Can you tell me," said the captain to a  
red-faced man, "if I can get a team here  
to take a couple of passengers to Fort  
Edgar?"  
"You kin; a stage runs regular to the  
Indian Agency, and a team comes down  
there to meet it for the first mail."  
"Who is the driver?"  
"I be." Having finished his meal, this  
laconic person left the room, but immedi-  
ately thrust his head back and shouted,  
"Them as wants to go to the Agency had  
better be setting their traps and get ready  
to pile on in thirty minutes. I shan't wait  
for nobody."  
"We know what to expect now, and that  
is a great deal," said the captain, rising  
briskly. Make haste and dress yourself,  
Frank.  
"Why I've only to put my overcoat on,"  
replied the boy.  
"You never crossed the plains in winter  
before, while I have crossed a number of  
times, and know just enough about it to  
provide against all possible contingencies.  
I have several things to get yet."  
Frank was pulling on his second pair of  
stockings when his father came in with  
these purchases.  
"Here's a pair of felt boots for each of  
us," said he, handing one pair to his son.  
"They are half an inch thick and un-  
usually warm for leather for riding. Tuck  
your pantaloons inside the legs."  
"What else have you?"  
"Red pepper and some nuts; you can  
put them in the pocket of my buffalo coat,  
my compass and matches are in my inside  
pocket. Now, then, I believe we are ready,"  
said pulling his fur cap well over his ears,  
the captain went down stairs with Frank  
to find the driver just driving up.  
The stage was a springless double wagon  
with a rickety top, drawn by a pair of  
Indian ponies that looked as if they had

seen more than their share of hard times.  
The captain and Frank promptly seated  
themselves, while the semi-savage, semi-  
civilized and wholly repulsive Indian, who  
had disgusted Frank at breakfast, took the  
remaining seat by the driver.  
In ten minutes, the half dozen horses  
that bore the name of Morris City, were  
out of sight; and in front and on all sides  
nothing was to be seen but withered grass,  
that rustled dolefully in the ceaseless wind.  
Nothing broke the monotony of the scenes  
but an occasional "claim shanty," which  
rather added to the general dreariness.  
Once in a while a jack-rabbit reared him-  
self on his hind legs to view the wagon,  
and then went off in great leisurely leaps.  
"It is like being at sea, only a good deal  
more forlorn," said Frank; but no one  
seemed inclined for conversation, and they  
drove on in silence till noon, when the  
ponies were drawn up at a small frame  
house containing one room about six feet  
square.  
"We'll feed here," announced the driver,  
"and you'd better hurry up and get at it,  
as I want to be started again. It's too  
cold to fool on the way, and it will be dark  
early."  
A plate of fried fat pork and another one  
of just such speckled biscuit as Frank had  
taken exception to at breakfast time, formed  
the meal.  
"How are you feeling, Frank?" said his  
father, throwing off his coat and warming  
himself by the fire.  
"I'm chilly, without being cold clear  
through, except my feet."  
"Feet cold, are they? Well, now is the  
time for the pepper. Just slip off your  
stockings and pepper the inside with this  
cayenne, and you won't be troubled any  
more."  
Frank had found his father's advice too  
useful to disobey it, and when he had pep-  
pered his stockings, the captain did the  
same thing with his own. The captain also  
ate heartily of the unwholesome dinner,  
much to his son's surprise.  
There is nothing like a good dinner to  
keep out the cold," he said.  
When dinner was over, the man of the  
house advised the driver to put up over  
night, and pointed to the threatening  
clouds.  
"Let 'em threaten," said George. "I've  
made my trip in many a blizzard, and I  
don't think I shall stop for an October  
gale. It's chilly, though, and I'll put on  
my storm clothes." He pulled out a couple  
of newspapers, folded them to half the  
width and buttoned them inside his vest.  
When they again took their seats the  
gun was entirely obscured by light clouds,  
and a peculiar whitish-gray cloud lay all  
along the west.  
George "guzzled himself up," as he de-  
scribed his grazing by a drink of whiskey,  
and passed the bottle to the captain, who  
refused it. "No, thank you," he said.  
"Nothing is so dangerous as whiskey in a  
cold day like this."  
"Very well," the surly fellow replied.  
"I've got a man along that knows more  
than you do, if he is an Indian." And the  
liquor was passed to the Indian, who  
grasped it eagerly and drank until the  
owner took it away.  
It was growing colder every minute now,  
and it was no longer possible to talk with  
comfort.  
In a short time the outlines of the Dako-  
ta hills, which had been visible for the  
last two hours, disappeared behind the  
lowering cloud that came steadily on.  
"It is no use trying to escape it; we're  
in for a blizzard!" exclaimed the captain.  
"Guess there's no mistake about it this  
time," answered George, who was then  
roughly excited by the liquor, and was  
standing up, shouting and beating the  
joins.  
"How near are we to a house?" asked  
Frank.  
"Haint any this side of Agency, and  
that's fifteen miles off."  
"Then," said the captain, "the best plan  
is to turn around at once and make for the  
house where we had our dinner; it can't  
be more than five miles off, and we shall  
have the advantage of going with the wind  
instead of against it."  
"I won't do it!" said George, obstinate-  
ly.  
Here the Indian, who had been lying in  
the bottom of the wagon, thrust his head  
out of his blanket and took a long look  
at the sky, after which, without a word to  
any one, he made a bound over the wagon-  
wheel, and went skurrying back along the  
road like an animated rag-bag.  
"The varmint is scarce," commented the  
driver. "I shan't be, while my comforter  
lasts; I'm uncommon cold, though, and  
he took another drink.  
"Then let that liquor alone or you'll  
freeze!" shouted Captain Edgar. "Let  
me have the reins," he added.  
"I won't do it, I tell you! I own every  
hair of them little beasts, and I won't let  
anybody hold the reins over them."  
"It was no use; he could not be coaxed  
or threatened, and presently the storm  
struck them with all its fury. The ponies  
staggered and stopped, but after bracing  
themselves, and holding their heads close  
down, they struggled on again, urged by  
the savage driver.  
Frank, trembling with excitement and  
cold, choked and blinded with the snow,  
called out, "Father, don't you think it  
would warm us up to have some of that  
man's whiskey?"  
"No!" thundered the captain, "don't  
think of fooling that. I'll give him  
another chance for life," and reaching for-  
ward, he took the bottle from the driver's

coat-pocket and flung it out into the  
snow.  
"No more nonsense, now," he said,  
asserting his authority. "Give me the  
reins."  
He did not wait for George to obey, but  
took them out of his hand and pushed him  
into the bottom of the wagon, where the  
stomped man lay threatening and growl-  
ing. George tried to raise, but the cold  
and liquor together had made him helpless,  
and he pulled the buffalo robe over him  
and went to sleep.  
The ponies were urged and encouraged  
in every possible way, but the storm was  
so thick it was impossible to guide them,  
and they stumbled repeatedly. The wagon  
got into all sorts of ruts and jostled them  
about unmercifully. Suddenly Frank cried  
out:  
"Father, we must have lost our way!  
The road was smooth enough, and, besides,  
the wind is in our faces again."  
It was only too true; they were travel-  
ling in a circle, as is too often the case with  
travelers lost in a blizzard.  
The captain stopped the ponies, and  
tried to consider what had best be done. "Frank,"  
he said, "shake up that driver; it will  
never do to let him go to sleep, he'll freeze  
to death."  
The words were hardly out of his mouth  
when a gust of wind seized the wagon-top,  
and sent it spinning with the captain and  
Frank clinging to it. They were so con-  
fused by the fall, and so blinded, that they  
were unable to tell which way to turn for  
the wagon.  
"Where are you, George?" the captain  
shouted.  
"Hillo, that!" came back the stupid  
answer, but when the captain tried to go  
towards the sound it receded farther and  
farther, and he finally very nearly lost  
Frank, whom he had directed to hold  
firmly on to the wagon-top, in fact, to sit  
down on it as the only means of holding  
it stationary.  
After wandering a few feet, however, he  
was guided by his son's voice and found  
him.  
"Well, Frankie," he said, we are now  
reduced to our last chance, but Indians  
often outlive a blizzard, and I guess we  
can. We must bring the wagon-top round  
from the wind and camp inside."  
It was not a cheerful place to spend the  
night, and after seating themselves close  
together and drawing the buffalo-robe,  
which had fortunately also blown out,  
about them, they did not exchange a word  
for many a long hour, though they shud-  
dered at the howling of the wind and the  
piercing cold.  
In a short time the wagon top was com-  
pletely drifted over, and our travelers were  
entirely shut in as foxes in their holes.  
It was warmer then, much warmer, and  
the sound of the wind was deadened. "I'm  
really warmer," said Frank at last, cheer-  
fully, "but tremendously hungry."  
"This is an excellent opportunity to dis-  
pose of my nuts," said the captain in reply,  
and he drew from his pocket a quart of  
shelled walnuts. "There is not an article  
more nourishing. These and the red-pep-  
per will prove as good as life preservers to  
us after all."  
Towards morning a small hole was made  
in the drift to secure fresh air, and as  
dawn appeared, the captain applied his eye  
to the aperture and discovered that the  
storm had ceased, and that the house  
where they had dined the previous day  
was only half a mile away. Both Captain  
Edgar and Frank were stiff and chilled,  
but it did not take them long to reach the  
shelter, where they found that the only  
real damage done was in a couple of frost-  
bitten fingers and a frost-bitten nose.  
It was a melancholy sight, however, to  
see the ponies come straggling through the  
snow a few hours later, still drawing the  
wagon, loaded with a snowdrift, which  
covered the body of their dead driver. "It  
is a temperance lesson," said Capt. Edgar.  
"The whiskey proved only an evil in such  
an emergency."

Ice for Teething Children.  
The pain of teething may be almost done  
away with, and the health of the child  
benefitted, by giving it fine splinters of ice,  
picked off with a pin, to melt in its mouth.  
The fragment is so small that it is but  
a drop of warm water before it can be  
swallowed, and the child has all the cool-  
ness for its feverish gums without the  
slightest injury. The avidity with which  
the little things taste the cooling morsel,  
the instant quiet which succeeds hours of  
restlessness, and the sleep which follows the  
remedy. Ice may be fed to a 3-months  
child this way, each splinter being no larger  
than a common pin, for five or ten minutes,  
the result being that it has swallowed in  
that time a teaspoonful of warm water,  
which, so far from being a harm, is good  
for it; and the process may be repeated  
hourly as often as the fretting fits from  
teething begin.

Gin ruins genius, says an exchange.  
"Yes," adds the *Elmira Gazette*, "but genius  
runs a good deal of gin, so it's about a  
stand-off."  
The Rev. Dr. Behrens heard a solid  
criticism of himself where in a horse car  
on his way to his new pulpit on a recent  
Sunday morning. "While are you going  
to church?" he heard a young man ask a  
friend. "Oh, we are going down to the  
Central Congregational Church. They say  
they have a devil of a preacher there."  
Springfield Republican.

A Business Son.  
"Yes, there's a heap of difference in  
boys," replied the old man, as he tied up  
a bag of oats. "There's my son, John, for  
instance. Everybody beats him in a boss  
trade, swindles him in a watch dicker, and  
leaves him out in the cold when he farms  
on sheer. He's good-hearted, but there's  
no business about him. If I had to depend  
upon John I'd die in the poor-house."  
He wrestled the bag aside, seized another,  
and continued:  
"And there was my son Philip—been as  
a razor-eyes wide open, and so sharp that  
no man in New Jersey dare offer him a  
pair of old boots for a \$300 loss for fear of  
being cheated."  
"Is he dead?"  
"Yes, he's gone, and that was the sharpest  
trick of all. He found he'd got con-  
sumption, and what did he do but hunt up  
a life insurance agent, take out a \$5,000  
policy, give his name for the premium, and  
come home and fall off a load of hay and  
run a pitchfork clear through him. Some-  
one would have hung on and doctored  
around and waited current till and chicken  
soup for eighteen months; but that wasn't  
Phil. No, Sir. He didn't even ask for  
anything better than a \$200 tombstone, and  
said I needn't get that unless the marble-  
cutler would trade even up for a blind  
calf."—*Wall Street News*.

Humor of the Day.  
A thunderstorm is a high-toned affair.  
A laughing spook—A collection of good  
jokes.  
A hog may be considered a good mathe-  
matician when it comes to square root.  
Cucumbers are here and the population  
will soon double up.  
People should invent themselves about  
the tariff. It is every man's duty.  
To wash a mile safely, do it with a gar-  
den hose, and stand on the other side of  
the fence while you do it.  
"Sponge undereaching is the latest sen-  
sation," writes a fashionable scribbler. "It  
is nothing new. Fashion's sponges every-  
thing, and fashionable young men sponge the  
tailors."  
"Pa," said a young man, "How does a  
man make anything by lending money?"  
"He doesn't," my son," replied the parent,  
"not if he lends it to your uncle Henry,  
not if he jugs-fall he doesn't."  
The carpenter of the period, "Look  
here, Primrosefinger, if I were you I'd get  
a carpenter to repair that house." "Yes, I  
dinks sponges it; but who will repair does  
retain ven dot carpenter ish done?"

NOT ALWAYS WHAT THEY SEEM.  
Only the leaf of a rosebud,  
That fell to the ball room door,  
Fell from the linked clusters  
Of the big bouquet the wore.  
Quickly he snatched and seized it,  
"The leaf of a rose," said he,  
"Tinted with summer's blushes  
And clearer than gold to me."  
"Lovely and fragrant petal,  
Some sweet summer night, who knows,  
I may have a chance to tell her  
I treasured the leaf of the rose."  
But when to his lips he pressed it,  
He mistook it in accounts worth.  
"The blam'd thing is artificial  
And made out of cotton cloth!"

Paragraphs.  
Great seizer: The sheriff.  
Cornucopia—Plenty of corns.  
When you introduce a moral lesson let  
it be brief.  
The best education in the world is that  
got by struggling to get a living.  
We never desire for a good purpose.  
Knavery adds malice to falsehood.  
Whatever is becoming is honest, and  
whatever is honest must always be becom-  
ing.  
Adam was not a polygamist, although in  
his day he married all the women in the  
world.  
What is defeat? Nothing but education;  
nothing but the first step to something  
better.  
A woman should never accept a lover  
without the consent of her heart, nor a  
husband without the consent of her judg-  
ment.  
If you don't want evil things said of you,  
don't do evil things. It is poor policy to  
grow feathers for your enemy's arrow.  
To educate a man is to form an individ-  
ual who leaves nothing behind him; to  
educate a woman is to form future gener-  
ations.  
What makes many persons discontented  
with their own condition is the absurd idea  
which they form of the happiness of others.  
A health journal says that you ought to  
take three-quarters of an hour for dinner.  
It is well also to add a few vegetables and  
a piece of meat.

The Solitude of Tradesman.  
Say you are a well-to-do servant or  
mechanic, writes Burdette to the *Hawkeyes*,  
you can afford to employ a servant to make  
life easier for your wife. Well, that ser-  
vant lives alone. Your wife and yourself  
discourage "followers." You don't like  
her to have much company of either sex  
in the kitchen. Your wife can not associ-  
ate with her. The kitchen is her sitting  
room; the smallest and most remote room  
in the house is her bed room. From 6 A.  
M. until 9 P. M., or earlier or later, may be  
her hours for work. In all that time she  
speaks when she is spoken to, and she is  
spoken to when there are orders for her,  
just as convicts are allowed to speak in a  
penitentiary.  
Well, now, the lonely creature in the  
kitchen is a woman. Do you wonder she  
wants to go to the jolly gossip? Do you  
wonder that when she goes to the hall she  
stays until some time the next day? She  
sits down three times a day and eats her  
meals in solitude. So utterly alone that  
she can hear herself swallow. I wonder  
that she doesn't go mad. The man who  
works at the lowest occupation has an  
easier time than that. The man who  
cleans the streets has his company in his  
own class. He eats his dinner with his  
fellow laborers. The rag picker meets  
rival rag pickers every day.

A Business Son.  
"Yes, there's a heap of difference in  
boys," replied the old man, as he tied up  
a bag of oats. "There's my son, John, for  
instance. Everybody beats him in a boss  
trade, swindles him in a watch dicker, and  
leaves him out in the cold when he farms  
on sheer. He's good-hearted, but there's  
no business about him. If I had to depend  
upon John I'd die in the poor-house."  
He wrestled the bag aside, seized another,  
and continued:  
"And there was my son Philip—been as  
a razor-eyes wide open, and so sharp that  
no man in New Jersey dare offer him a  
pair of old boots for a \$300 loss for fear of  
being cheated."  
"Is he dead?"  
"Yes, he's gone, and that was the sharpest  
trick of all. He found he'd got con-  
sumption, and what did he do but hunt up  
a life insurance agent, take out a \$5,000  
policy, give his name for the premium, and  
come home and fall off a load of hay and  
run a pitchfork clear through him. Some-  
one would have hung on and doctored  
around and waited current till and chicken  
soup for eighteen months; but that wasn't  
Phil. No, Sir. He didn't even ask for  
anything better than a \$200 tombstone, and  
said I needn't get that unless the marble-  
cutler would trade even up for a blind  
calf."—*Wall Street News*.

Humor of the Day.  
A thunderstorm is a high-toned affair.  
A laughing spook—A collection of good  
jokes.  
A hog may be considered a good mathe-  
matician when it comes to square root.  
Cucumbers are here and the population  
will soon double up.  
People should invent themselves about  
the tariff. It is every man's duty.  
To wash a mile safely, do it with a gar-  
den hose, and stand on the other side of  
the fence while you do it.  
"Sponge undereaching is the latest sen-  
sation," writes a fashionable scribbler. "It  
is nothing new. Fashion's sponges every-  
thing, and fashionable young men sponge the  
tailors."  
"Pa," said a young man, "How does a  
man make anything by lending money?"  
"He doesn't," my son," replied the parent,  
"not if he lends it to your uncle Henry,  
not if he jugs-fall he doesn't."  
The carpenter of the period, "Look  
here, Primrosefinger, if I were you I'd get  
a carpenter to repair that house." "Yes, I  
dinks sponges it; but who will repair does  
retain ven dot carpenter ish done?"