—THE—

Acton Free Press.

—IS PUBLISHED—

EVERY THURSDAY MORNING,

—AT THE—

FREE PRESS POWER PRINTING HOUSE,

MILL STREET, ACTON, ONT.

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

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

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One column one year	$60.00
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One column three months	20.00
Half column three months	12.00
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Changes for contract advertisements must be in the office by 9 a. m. on Mondays, otherwise they will be left over till the following week.

H. P. MOORE,
Editor & Proprietor

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

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.

L. L. BENNETT, DENTIST, Georgetown, Ont

JOHN LAWSON, GRADTATE OF ONTARIO VETERINARY COLLEGE, TORONTO. Veterinary Surgeon, Acton, Ont. Office—in Kinney & Son's boot and shoe store, residence in the rear. Horses examined as to soundness, and certificates given.
All calls, night or day, promptly attended to. Terms easy.

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.

C. H. RIGGS, L.D.S., of the firm of RIGGS & IVEAY, 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 consultation.

MOWAT & McLEAN,
Barristers, Solicitors, Notaries, Conveyancers, &c. ☞MONEY TO LOAN.
OFFICE:—Secord's Block, Mill St., Acton.
J. A. MOWAT. W. A. McLEAN.

G. S. GOODWILLIE,
Barrister, Solicitor, Notary Public
GEORGETOWN & ACTON.
☞Acton Office—in Mrs. Secord's Block.

JOHN DAY,
ARCHITECT,
Guelph, Ontario.
OFFICE,—Queen's Hotel Block, Market Square.

W. B. BRAGG,
PRACTICAL MILLWRIGHT.
Re-arranging of Flour Mills a Specialty.
—P. O. Address,
Box 103, ROCKWOOD.

PATENTS SECURED FOR INVENTIONS.
HENRY GRIST, OTTAWA, CANADA.
10 Years Practice. No Patent, No Pay.

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.

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.

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,
May, 1st, 1882. Box 172, ACTON.

SHINGLES, STAVES AND HEADING FOR SALE.
The undersigned has now in stock first-class Pine, Cedar and Ash Shingles, Staves and Turned Heading. Call and examine stock if you require anything in the line.
THOS. C. MOORE,
Acton P.O.
Those owing me are requested to call at once and settle their accounts, otherwise the court will collect them.

DELAWARE FARMS For Sale.
From $10 to $40 Per Acre.
—BY—
J. D. HENDRICKS, Real Estate Agent,
Houston, Delaware.
These farms are improved with buildings, fences, fruit trees, and berries of all kinds, good water, plenty of timber land, good roads, schools and churches, good markets, only 95 miles from Philadelphia; plenty of fish, oysters and game; very productive land, climate mild and pleasant, come and see for yourself and be convinced. I am prepared with team and carriage to take visitors to see the farms free of charge.
J. D. HENDRICKS, Houston, Delaware.

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 IX. No. 25. ACTON, ONT., THURSDAY, DEC. 20, 1883. Whole No. 442.

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.

SPECIAL NOTICE.
GRAND XMAS SALE
—AT THE—
10 Cent Store, and
CHEAP CASH BAZAR,
Upper Wyndham Street, Guelph.
Our purchases of German, French and British Toys, Vases, Dolls, Xmas Cards, Christmas and other Fancy Goods this season has been larger than ever before. In many lines of goods our stock is TOO BIG altogether, so we purpose offering our customers
Special Inducements
to make large purchases. Our intention is to sell out our Magnificent Stock by New Year.
10 Cent Store and Cheap Cash Bazar.
JAS. F. KIDNER.

THE FAVORITE
Oyster Parlor
A. E. MATTHEWS
—IS NOW RECEIVING DAILY FRESH—
Oysters, Finnan Haddies,
Canned Fish and Fruits,
Lemons, Oranges, Grapes,
CONFECTIONERY,
And all other goods in his line.

Biscuits.
The largest assortment of plain and fancy Biscuits in town, and from the best manufacturers.
My customers will find all my goods fresh and in every way satisfactory.

THE OYSTER PARLOR
Oysters served in any style during the season, or will be supplied by the can, quart or gallon.
☞Good cooking apples always on hand.
A. E. MATTHEWS.

FARMERS
—AND—
Railway Men!

—SEE OUR—
Patent Dust-Proof Case,
With Waltham Movement.
B. SAVACE,
GUELPH.

JAMES MATTHEWS,
Agent for Fire Insurance Co's,
" " Life "
" " Accident "
" " Insurance Tickets.
($3000 for 25c. per day.)
Agent for the Dominion Steamship Co., return tickets 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, Com'r in Queen's Bench, &c., Issuer of Marriage Licenses.
CASH FOR GRAIN AND PORK.

The Great Dr. Dio Lewis.

His Outspoken Opinion.

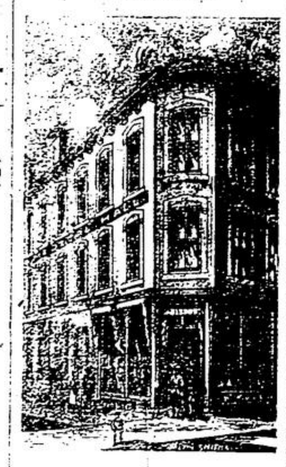
The very marked testimonials from College Professors, respectable Physicians, and other gentlemen of intelligence and character to the value of Warner's SAFE Cure, published in the editorial columns of our best newspapers, have really surprised me. Many of these gentlemen I know, and realize their testimony I was impelled to purchase some bottles of Warner's SAFE Cure and analyze it. Behold, I took some, swallowing therefrom the prescribed quantity. I am satisfied the medicine is not injurious, and will frankly add that if I found myself the victim of a serious kidney trouble I should use this preparation. The truth is, the medical profession stands dazed and helpless in the presence of more than one kidney malady, while the testimony of hundreds of intelligent and very reputable gentlemen hardly leaves room to doubt that Mr. H. H. Warner has fallen upon one of those happy discoveries which occasionally bring help to suffering humanity.

Dio Lewis

$1,600 WORTH
—OF—
Christmas Cards,
—ALSO—
$3,000 WORT
—OF—
New Fancy Goods.

$500 WORTH OF DOLLS,
—OPENED—
AT DAY'S BOOKSTORE,
GUELPH

THE OLDEST DRUG STORE
IN GUELPH.



BEST CANADIAN COAL OIL,
ONLY 20c. a gallon.
Now is the time to buy your COAL OIL
—:—:—
HIGINBOTHAM'S
Condition Powders
have given universal satisfaction, and all who have used them for horses and cattle testify to their excellence. Prepared only by
W. G. SMITH & CO.

Winter Fluid.—An elegant preparation for Roughness of the Skin, Chapped Hands, Sore Lips, Frost Bites, &c. Prepared only by
W. G. SMITH & CO.

Thorley's Horse and Cattle Food.
Sold in any quanality to suit purchaser.

Diamond Dyes, the best and cheapest in the market.

W. C. SMITH & CO.,
Dispensing Chemists.
Guelph, 7th Dec., '83.

Acton Free Press.
THURSDAY MORNING DEC. 20, 1883.

POETRY

Christmas Bells.

Christmas bells, old Christmas bells,
I hear your tones again,
That softly steal o'er snowy dells
With a solemn, sweet refrain.
Ye bring but joy to this lone heart,
Dear harbingers of peace;
O, Love divine, where'er thou art
Thou bidst all sorrow cease.

Ring out, ring out, ye joyous bells,
Your love notes sweet and clear,
For oh, your softly sounding knells
Bring music to mine ear.
Ye speak a language from above,
With mild, melodious flow,
Soul music from the land of love
That whispers sweet and low.

O merry bells, O joyous bells,
Ye bring again to me
The dreams of youth's illusive spells
That haunt my memory.
And peace to many a weary breast
Long torn and tempest-tossed,
To all at last long-sighed for rest,
When stormy seas are crossed.

Ye bring to me that hallowed spot,
The fairest spot on earth;
I see within my father's cot
Fond faces round the hearth;
I'm on the sunny paths of youth
My fond heart ever dwells,
Where first I knew but Love and Truth
And heard the Christmas bells.

OUR STORY.

A Story of Christmas Day.

"A merry Christmas and a happy New Year, sir!" said Dame Sparkit to Robert Dyson, minister of Redlands, as he passed her cottage on his way to the Manse. "Doubt but you'll have busy times at the church this week. Miss D'Almaine's a rare one at decoration. It did look that beautiful last year, you couldn't think!"

"Yes, we begin them to-morrow, dame," laughed the young clergymen; "and all work under Miss D'Almaine's orders. She declares this year shall excel the last. A merry Christmas and a happy New Year!" he repeated, as he proceeded on his road. "Surely, if any man is certain of that, I am."

And the Reverend Robert Dyson whistled a secular air below his breath. Indeed, he was remarkably happy; and but for his cloth, was light-hearted enough to have liked to join the youngsters skating on the pond, their joyous, free-from care shouts that echoed in the clear, frosty air, harmonizing with his humor.

Robert Dyson had reason for his happiness. Not only did he love, but he had been accepted by, Helen D'Almaine, and their marriage was to take place the early part of the New Year.

His whistling, there being no one near to condemn it as unclerical, continued until, crossing the churchyard, he reached the small gate leading into the Manse garden. Then he stopped, for he perceived a man leaning over it—a fair, far from ill-looking man, but with furtive, shifty eyes, and with, taken altogether, a poverty-stricken appearance.

On beholding him, Robert Dyson halted, darkly frowning, and exclaiming in startled angry tones. "What, you here again?"

"Yes," replied the other, frouting round, and laughing easily; "like the proverbial bad penny, I am sure to turn up. How are you, Bob? I called at the house, and found you weren't in."

"What right had you to call? What do you want?"

"What a question after these years of experience! I want fifty pounds to save me——"

"Stop! Do not trouble to utter falsehoods for excuse!" broke in Robert Dyson, sternly. "When I gave you the last, I vowed never to yield again to your extortion. I value my word, and shall not break it!"

"You know the consequences?"

"Perfectly; and accept them. I was an idiot ever to pay you for silence?"

"Really!" laughed the other. "Do you fancy, then, the world has grown more generous since you did so? I hear you are going to be spliced. What will Miss D'Almaine say to a husband whose father——"

"Yours, not mine!" broke in Robert Dyson. "My poor, deceived mother's husband, but not my father. No blood of his flows in veins! Yes, I am going to wed Miss D'Almaine; but do not imagine I do so with such a secret hidden from her; and she knowing, the whole world may know! You see, John Buchanan, your power is gone; all is over between us!"

As he spoke he moved towards the gate. The other stepped back with a peculiar expression in his countenance; but when the minister was about to pass through, he caught his arm, detaining him, while he said, "Do you mean this, Robert Dyson? Have a care!"

"I mean it!" was the firm response.

"Be wise. Give me the fifty this once. You are rich, I am poor."

"There are both poorer and more honest in this village. To give to them would be a charity; to give to you, a sin, for it would go to be lost, or enable you to cheat others, at the green-cloth. Never!—you have my answer. I will not give you another shilling!"

"You will repent it," remarked the other through his teeth.

Robert Dyson slightly shrugged his shoulders, and went on.

"Very well," exclaimed John Buchanan, leaning over the gate. "Go; but before the week is out, Bob Dyson, you shall curse this day—shall wish that you had given me a hundred instead of fifty; but then it will be too late. My father was a forger, was he?—but you were not his son. No; but I know more than that—so shall all Redlands. Wait!"

What did he mean? Involuntarily Robert Dyson halted, half a mind to go back. Tut! it was but a threat. Had not this man, his dead mother's stepson, used such for years? Now was the time to make a firm stand and cast this incubus from him. Reaching the house, the minister looked round. John Buchanan had disappeared.

Before two days were over, Robert Dyson had ceased to remember the visit. He had far pleasanter matters to think about. The fine old church was to be decked in green in honor of Christmas. A whole cartload of boughs had come from the Manor, with heaps of hot house flowers, and many were the fair hands enrolled under pretty Helen D'Almaine's orders to make garlands and bouquets, which a band of eager male volunteers, headed by Robert Dyson, waited to nail and fasten up.

"Did you ever see the holly fuller of berries?" laughed Helen, gaily, to the minister. "That's the clear, cold, beautiful weather we have had. It makes everything more beautiful!"

"Everything that is capable of being rendered more so," he retorted, with an ardent glance.

"Don't be absurd, Robert," she answered, gaily. "I do not like compliments, you know."

"These are truths, Helen, dearest!"

"Have a care, sir, or I may convict you of the reverse. Did you not say only last night that the frost made my eyes more brilliant than you had ever previously seen them? I am afraid, Robert, you are like the rest of your sex, so accustomed to compliments, that flattery falls from your lips at random."

"Then, Helen, it is your fault, for you are the only woman I have ever complimented."

"And you are eight-and-twenty," she laughed. Yet, with secret curiosity not uncommon to her sex, who are loved. "Do you really, actually mean, Robert, that you had never cared for anyone—just even a tiny little bit—before you met me? Now"—stopping him jestingly, with upraised finger—"be careful how you answer. Remember, you are on your oath!"

"Oh, in that case," he rejoined, smiling, "I must confess that, some fifteen years or so ago, I had a strong fancy for a certain young lady in frocks, with pink cheeks and golden hair; also for another golden-haired inamorata, who was old enough to be my mother. I always loved golden hair, Helen. Are you jealous?"

"Not of those two; and am too busy to catechise you more closely at present. Pray hold this branch; I want to tie these flowers in it. Dear, how slowly we get on. There's the font to be done yet; and"—looking up towards the windows—"evening is already upon us."

"Then we must work as yesterday, dearest, by gaslight. My fear is that you may be tired."

"I? Oh, no! I feel quite as fresh as in the morning. I want this Christmas to be the happiest, merriest——"

"To me, it must be so!" said Robert Dyson, taking advantage of the shadow in which they stood to secure one of the girl's small hands. "I could never have believed such happiness possible as mine at this moment." And his lips brushed her cheek.

"My dear Robert," she exclaimed, blushing, and drawing back, though leaving her hand in his, "remember where we are. Janet and Rose will be reckoning us idlers. There! the garland is done. Now, please, bring me some laurel boughs."

As he started off to obey, Helen called one of her companions to assist her in what was to be the crowning glory of their artistic taste—the decoration of the font.

They were busily occupied—Rose at the edge, Helen at the foot, when their attention was attracted by an exclamation of surprise uttered by Robert Dyson. Advancing with some branches of laurel, he had stopped abruptly, and was gazing fixedly towards the entrance. The girls naturally looked in the same direction, and became equally interested by what they beheld.

The large ruby-red curtain veiling the church entrance was being held back, apparently by a small child between three and four years old. The pure snow without, made dazzling by moonlight, formed a background to the tiny, graceful little figure. One small hand rested on the curtain, the other held a poor, furred hood and cape about her shoulders, while from a shower of golden hair, a pretty, baby face, with large blue eyes, peeped forth.

"Gracious! what little winter fairy is this, the little darling?" cried Helen D'Almaine.

At the sound of her voice the child turned; then, extending her small arms, ran a few steps towards Robert Dyson, exclaiming, "Papa, papa. Meenie is so cold, and so is mamma!" Then, timidly, she stopped, meeting no response.

Helen D'Almaine looked at her lover, who was gazing at the child, and advancing, said, "My darling, who are you—who do you want?"

"I'm Meenie; and mamma sent me in for him—for papa."

"Child, I am not your father," said Robert Dyson.

"Surely, Robert, you have not the hardness of heart to disown your own offspring?" broke in a female voice; and, glancing up, they saw, standing in the doorway, a woman.

She was neatly clad, but quite insufficiently for the inclement season. Once pretty, her features were now meagre and pinched, while tresses of sunny golden hair fell about her shoulders.

"My offspring!" ejaculated Robert Dyson, indignantly. "Never have I seen you or this child before. What do you mean, woman? Who are you?"

"Who am I?" repeated the woman, sadly, entering and drawing the child to her. "You ask that? Ah! What matters it to you if we starve and die, while you live in comfort? P'r'aps I ought not to have come like this, but I was driven to despair. I thought the sight of her might move you. Don't—don't cast us off!" And, bending over the child, the woman sobbed bitterly.

Robert Dyson was white to the lips, which were sternly set. The church decorators had gathered near, surprised, scandalized, curious.

Helen D'Almaine moved forward.

"Woman," she said, "who are you?"

"I'm living with—of this child's father. Ask Robert Dyson if he dare deny it."

"All that this woman says is utterly false!" exclaimed Robert Dyson, rousing himself and stepping forward, calm but stern. "I swear it by the sacred edifice in which we stand! This is a plot to bring disgrace and trouble upon me; but I know well who has formed it, and on him the punishment shall fall. Gregson"—turning to the verger—"run to the village—tell the constable I need him. This woman must be arrested."

(Concluded next week.)

The Old Saxon Christmas.

On Christmas day, in the old Saxon time, every wealthy Thane saw to it that the humblest serf on his estate was gorged with as much swine's flesh as he could hold, and was furnished with all the mead sufficient to make him spend the latter part of his Christmas in drunken unconsciousness. It was considered the duty of everyone, great and small, to celebrate the day by getting drunk. We retain the customs of our ancestors, though happily modified and refined by time, and Christmas with us is not Christmas without Christmas cheer. This sentiment is echoed and re-echoed through all the Christmas poetry in our language, which treats of the subject in a hearty, jovial, manly way apart from its sacred character. The older English poetry is full of this cheery, hearty, thoroughly English vein, which smacks of a love of good living and good fellowship. In our opinion, these old writers are the best interpreters of this element in the spirit of the Christmas season. We have only room for one illustration from them, and we unhesitatingly select two or three verses from a poem written by a contemporary of Shakspeare—George Wither, that sterling, true English soul, whose quaint but sturdy and kindly nature is revealed in all he wrote. Is not the aroma of these lines like the mingled scents of a good dinner to a tired and hungry traveller?:—

"Now all our neighbors' chimneys smoke,
And Christmas blocks are burning;
Their ovens they with baked meats choke,
And all the spits are turning.
Without the door let sorrow lie;
And if it be to die,
We'll be merry in a Christmas pie,
And evermore be merry.

"Now poor men to the justices
With capons make their errants;
And if they hap to fall by these,
They plague them with their warrants.
But now they feed them with good cheer,
But what they want they take in beer,
For Christmas comes but once a year,
And then they shall be merry.

"Hark! now the boys abroad do call
Each other forth to rambling;
Anon you'll see them in the hall,
For nuts and apples scrambling.
Hark! how the roofs with laughter sound—
Anon they think the house goes round,
For they the cellar's depths have found
And there they will be merry.

"Then wherefore, in these merry days,
Should we, I pray, be duller?
No, let us jin: some roundelays
To make our mirth the fuller.
And while we thus inspired sing,
Let all the streets with echoes ring;
Woods and hills, and everything
Bear witness we are merry."

Thackeray has caught the spirit of the old English vein, and he trolls out a Christmas song which would have done credit to the best of these old singers. Here are three verses of it:—

"Christmas is here:
Winds whistle shrill,
Icy and chill;
Little care we—
Little we fear
Weather without,
Sheltered about
The Mahogany tree.

Evenings we know
Happy as this;
Faces we miss
Pleasant to see,
Kind breasts and true,
Gentle and just,
Peace to your dust
We sing round the true.

"Sorrows become!
Life and its ills,
Duns and their bills,
Bid we to flee.
Come with the dawn,
Blue-devil sprite—
Leave us to-night
Round the old tree."

The jovial and hearty way in which our ancestors celebrated their Christmas is still the most conspicuous element in its celebration. It is yet "merry Christmas" with us, and long may it remain so! So long as the season is observed in the same cheery, whole-souled manner that it now is, so long will there be far more practical Christianity at Christmas time than during any other season of the year. It is an unfailing rule that when we feel good ourselves we want to make others feel good. This pure philanthropy, and the carrying out of our good impulses is practical Christianity. These good impulses which come to us with such unusual force at Christmas time should be indulged and carried into practical effect. The result of so doing is to bring contentment and true happiness into the heart of the person who so exerts himself or herself.

Scandal.

One of our exchanges offers the following as a first-class scandal receipt:—Take a grain of falsehood, a handful of runabout, the same quantity of nimble tongue, a sprig of the herb backbite, a teaspoonful of don't-you-tell-it, six drops of malice and a few drachms of envy; add a little discontent and jealousy, strain through a bag of misconstruction, cork it up in a bottle of malevolence, shake it occasionally, for a few days, and it will be ready for use. Let a few drops be taken before walking out and the dreadful result will follow.

Knowledge or Wealth.

Give young men fortune without education, and at least one-half will go down to the tomb of oblivion—perhaps ruin. Give them an education and they will be a fortune to themselves and their country. It is an inheritance worth more than gold, for it buys true honor—they can never spend or lose it. Through life it ever proves a friend and in death a consolation.

Bigmery is the last of trades.

A Christmas Hymn.

BY MARY H. HADLEY.

This night God's greatest kindness
Is shown us from above;
The child whom holy angels serve,
To us brings peace and love;
A thousand suns shine not so bright
As in our darkness shines his light.

My soul, be thou enlightened,
Send not this grace away;
The light of the lowly manger
To the whole wide world brings day;
It drives away the darkest grief,
From sin and death it gives relief.

And, though the moon and stars on high
And glorious sun depart,
This blessed light shall never die
In any humble heart;
The shining of its beams so bright
Shall be our heaven, though all is night.

Lord Jesus, Sun of Christmastide,
Shine on us with thy grace;
Thy light shall be our Christmas joy
Till we behold thy face.
If we can learn to see thy light,
All days, like Christmas, shall be bright.

In The Tunnel.

A party of four persons were traveling on the Hudson River road one summer. In a seat was a young lady, and a young gentleman who had been very attentive to her. In the seat behind them sat their friends, one of whom was a sportive young lady, fond of practical jokes and rather defiant of public opinion. As the train dashed through a short and very dark tunnel she leaned over and imprinted a resonant kiss on the cheek of the young lady in front of her. A scream followed and laughter came from the darkness all over the car. As the train ran into daylight the insulted young lady turned on her innocent escort and with snapping eyes and flaming cheeks said:

"How dare you insult me in this manner?"

"I assure you," he said, stammering in confusion at the strangeness of his position, "that I have done nothing.

"Nothing!" she repeated, and burst into tears.

The passengers now ceased laughing and looked at the unfortunate young fellow indignantly. After further protests, which were not heeded, he went to the smoking car. The sportive young lady wrote a note the next day and explained matters. The young couple were reconciled, married, and the other young lady was not invited to their wedding.

The Man With an Income and Nothing to Do.

A man who has nothing to do is a pitiable object. He is simply a kept man. He is living on charity. Some amiable snoozer, now dead, has left him the money he lives on, and all he has to do is to draw the money and eat, drink and sleep. No eyes can brighten with happiness when he comes home, because he only comes home when the other places are closed. He cannot come home tired, and be petted and rested by willing hands, because it would be a mockery to pet a tired man who had got tired doing nothing. If he would wheel a barrow and earn a dollar, and get tired, and buy a beefsteak with the dollar, and have it cooked and eat it while the appetite was on that he got wheeling the barrow, he would know more enjoyment than he had ever known before. That man with nothing to do on earth no doubt thinks, as he lies around and smells frowsy, that he is enjoying life, but he knows no more about enjoyment than a tom-cat that sleeps all day and goes out nights to play shortstop to a lot of bootjacks and beer bottles. Such a man is a cipher, and does not know enough to go in when it rains. If there were less incomes left to lazy young fellows, and more sets of carpenter tools, there would be more real enjoyment.

Guests.

Don't invite them if you don't want them.

Don't run into debt to entertain them in style.

Don't wear your Sunday dress when you are cooking the dinner.

Don't show them off too publicly if they happen to be distinguished individuals, and don't hide them if they are poor relatives.

Don't change the complexion of your family prayers to match the religion of which they happen to belong.

Don't tell them every minute to make themselves at home, but make your house so home-like they can't help feeling at home.

Humorous.

The woman's cause—Because.

A tough time—Roughs on a spree.

A great many Wall street men now-a-days are men of note.

A new play is called "The Burglar." It ought to take well.

The riches which always take to themselves wings—Ost-riches.

Iron is decidedly the most ironical of metals, for it is so often a railing.

It is only the man with the pocketful of rocks that can afford to throw stones.

What room would one expect to find in a castle in the air? A "brown-study," to be sure.

When fish are rare, even a crab is a fish.

Every little frog is great in his own bog.

One old friend is better than two new ones.

Trust in God, but do not stumble yourself.

Money is not God, but it shows great mercy.

Go after two wolves, and you will not even catch one.

The deeper you hide anything the sooner you'll find it.

Ask a pig to dinner and he will put his feet on the table.

Be praised not for your ancestors, but for your virtues.

Never take a crooked path while you can see a straight one.

Disease comes in by hundred weights and goes out by ounces.

Fear not the threats of the great, but rather the tears of the poor.

A father's blessing cannot be drowned in water nor consumed by fire.