The Acton Free Press.

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The Acton Free Press

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—AT THE—

FREE PRESS POWER PRINTING HOUSE,

ACTON, ONTARIO

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THREE MONTHS.....25 CTS.

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ADVERTISING RATES.

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Changes for contract advertisements must be in the office by 9 a.m. on Tuesdays, otherwise they will be left over until the following week.

H. P. MOORE,
Editor and Proprietor.

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 street, Acton.

JOHN LAWSON, GRADUATE OF Ontario Veterinary College, Toronto—Veterinary Surgeon, Acton, Ont. Office:—In Kenny Bros. 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.

L. L. BENNETT, L.D.S., DENTIST, GEORGETOWN, ONTARIO.

A. C. McKINLAY, L.D.S., SURGEON DENTIST, Georgetown, Ont., uses the new system of Nitrous Oxide Gas (commonly called Vitalized Air) for extracting teeth without pain. Having been Demonstrator and Practical Teacher in Royal College of Dental Surgeons, Toronto, patrons may depend upon receiving satisfaction in any operation performed. Will visit Acton every second and fourth Wednesday of each month. Office:—In Agnew's Hotel.

J. H. CARRIQUE, SURGEON DENTIST, MILTON, Honor Graduate of the Royal College of Dental Surgeons of Ontario, will visit Acton Thursday of each week, beginning the first of July. Office in Agnew's Hotel. Preservation of the natural teeth a specialty. Artificial teeth inserted on gold, celluloid or rubber-base; guaranteed perfect. Vitalized Air, Nitrous Oxide and other anæsthetics used for painless extraction of teeth.

JOHNSTON & McLEAN

Barristers, Solicitors, Notaries, Conveyancers, &c. Private funds to loan.
Office:—Town Hall, Acton.
E. F. B. JOHNSTON. WM. A. McLEAN.

J. A. MOWAT,
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, NOTARY PUBLIC.
Money to Loan.
OFFICE DAYS—Tuesday and Saturday.
OFFICE:—Matthews' Block. Acton, up-stairs

M. E. MITCHELL,
SOLICITOR, CONVEYANCER, &c.
Office:—First door west of the "Champion" office, Main street Milton. Money to loan at 6 per cent.

SHILTON, ALLAN & BAIRD,
Barristers, Solicitors, &c.,
TORONTO AND GEORGETOWN.
Offices:—Creelman's Block, Georgetown, and 86 King street east, Toronto.
W. H. ALLAN, J. SHILTON, B.A. J. BAIRD, B.A.

BAGEROW & CARSON,
BARRISTERS-AT-LAW, &c.
Office:—Ontario Hall, 30 Church street, Toronto.
G. W. BAGEROW, M.P.P. JOHN CARSON, B.C.L.
CO. CROWN ATTORNEY.

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

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.
Also money to loan on the most favorable terms, and at the lowest rates of interest, in sums of $500 and upwards.

J. A. MURRAY,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER
For the Counties of Halton and Wellington. Orders left at his residence, Main street, opposite Church street, Acton, or addressed to Acton P. O., will receive strict attention. Terms reasonable. Notes discounted if desired.

JOHN DAY, ARCHITECT,
GUELPH, ONT.
OFFICE:—Queen's Hotel Block, Market Square.

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

THE HANLAN BARBER SHOP,
MILL STREET, ACTON.
An easy shave, a stylish hair-cut, a good tea-foam, an exhilarating shampoo, always given. Razors honed and put in first-class condition. Ladies and children's hair tastily cut.
J. & H. WORDEN, Tonsorial Artists.

Guelph Business College.
GUELPH, ONTARIO.
THE THIRD SCHOLASTIC YEAR begins September 1st. Patronage drawn from Ten States and Provinces. Young men and boys thoroughly prepared for business pursuits. Graduates eminently successful as Accountants, Business Managers, Shorthand Writers, Clerks, Salesmen, Travellers, etc., both in Canada and the United States. Moderate rates, thorough, practical work and courteous treatment characterize the institution. Ladies admitted to all the advantages of the College. Splendid facilities afforded for the acquisition of French and German.
For information address
M. MACCORMICK, Principal.
wtf

Lumber, Shingles, AND LATH.
The undersigned desires to inform the public that he has now on hand and will keep in stock a full line of Pine and Hemlock as well as other kinds of Lumber, also, First and Second class Pine Shingles & Lath.

Coal & Wood.
Having purchased the Coal business of Mr. C. S. Smith, I am prepared to supply all kinds of Stove Coal. I have also a good stock of Wood—Hardwood, Ash, Cedar and Mill Wood, at reasonable prices. Wood and Coal delivered.
JAMES BROWN

MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY,
—OF THE—
COUNTY OF WELLINGTON,
ESTABLISHED 1840.
HEAD OFFICE, - GUELPH.
Insures Built Risks, Merchandise, Manufactories and all other descriptions of property, on the Premium Note System.
F. W. Stone, President. Chas. Davidson, Secretary.
JOHN TAYLOR Agent.

Acton Banking Company,
STOREY, CHRISTIE & CO.
—BANKERS,—
Acton. - - Ontario.
A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS TRANSACTED.
MONEY LOANED ON APPROVED NOTES.
Notes Discounted and Interest Allowed on Deposits.

Find the Puzzle.
THE undersigned is prepared to furnish on the shortest notice, in any quantity and at bottom prices, first-class
Lumber, Lath, Staves, Heading, Shingles, Wash Tubs, Churns, Butter Tubs, Pork Barrels, Wood, Flour and Feed,
and anything in the line of farmers', housekeepers' or contractors' necessities.
The puzzle is to find a better place than
THOMAS C. MOORE'S
to buy anything in the above lines, also to find out if you are indebted to him for anything purchased from him. His books say some are and he would like the money.

W. H. RUTLEDGE,
THE BUTCHER,
Deals in everything in the Meat line. No cits establishment can be found better stocked at all seasons.
No Questionable Goods Offered to Customers at any Price.
Lowest prices and square dealing is my motto. One trial convinces on these points.
Cash always paid for cattle. The highest price paid for hides and sheepskins.
W. H. RUTLEDGE.

Wellington Marble Works.
QUEBEC ST., GUELPH.
Hamilton & Clark,
PROPRIETORS.
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Marble, Granite and everything pertaining to Cemetery work. Direct importers of all kinds of Granite and Marble.
Having lately visited the Bay of Fundy granite quarries, and having purchased the entire stock of gray and red granite monuments, headstones, crosses, urns, etc., of Alexander Taylor, at less than cost, we will, until further notice, sell at prices never before known in Ontario. For instance—Granite monuments, 1t. high, $60, 7 ft. $75, 8 ft. $90, 9 ft. $100, 10 ft. $120. All work and material warranted first-class. Parties wanting anything in this line will do well to call and see us before purchasing elsewhere as we guarantee our prices are from 30 to 50 per cent. below all other dealers.

LIVERY.
J. & H. WORDEN
HAVING assumed proprietorship of the livery business lately carried on by Mr. W. E. Smith, would solicit the patronage of the public, and will do their utmost to please all customers.
Well Equipped and Stylish Rigs Can Always be Secured.
First Class Outfit for Commercial Travellers at Special Rates.
A comfortable bus meets all day trains and night also if ordered. Give us a call.
J. & H. WORDEN.

HELLO!
Pause and Consider
That it will be to your own interest to patronize home trade. We would respectfully inform the inhabitants of Acton and surrounding country that we are again in full running order, and in a better position than before the fire to fill all orders entrusted to us. To parties building
Lumber will be Dressed
while you wait, and Mouldings, &c., made with neatness and despatch.
N.B.—We are also prepared to fill all orders for
PUMPS
on short notice, and from long experience in the business we feel confident that we can give satisfaction every time. So come on with your orders and help to roll the ball along. Money makes the more go, whether she has legs or no.
THOS. EBBAGE, Manager

THE FALL
will be here before you know it, but
KENNEY BROS.
—OF THE—
Dominion Boot & Shoe Store,
MAIN STREET, ACTON,
have anticipated its early arrival and laid in a splendid stock of
Boots & Shoes
&c., for fall wear.
Our reputation for good goods and superior value is well established. We can suit you all.
Our Custom Department Is
turning out first-class work as usual with good stock, and repairing is always promptly and neatly done.
KENNEY BROS.

RE-OPENING
Of Schools.
All the books used in the High and Public Schools to hand at Day's Bookstore.
Day's 5 cent Exercise Books is the largest and best in the City.
200 page Scribbling Book for 5 cents.
All Kinds of School Supplies
—AT—
DAY'S BOOKSTORE,
GUELPH.
DAY SELLS CHEAP.
—JUST ARRIVED AT—
THE BAZAAR
—A LARGE STOCK OF—
Wools, double and single Berlin, Zepher Andusian Fairy Zepher, and all kinds of Fingering Wools for the Fall and Winter Trade. A Lovely Assortment of Embroideries in Cambric and Muslin.
Handsome Baby Robes and Cashmere Cloaks Lovely Shades in Plushes, Felts, Satins, Arrasines, Embroidery Silks, Fillosellos, Pompons, Chenille Cords, Bangles, and all the Latest Trimmings for Tidies, Banners Draperies, Etc.
Underwear made to order.
Stamping a specialty.
And don't forget this is where you can get the
LIGHT RUNNING
New Raymond Sewing Machine.
The Machine everybody wants. Needs no recommendation. It recommends itself.
Call and see this Popular Machine and inspect our Stock of Fancy Goods.
FRANK R. WEBBER.
Acton, August 18th, 1887.

C. W. KELLY
Sole Agent for Acton and vicinity for the celebrated
BELL ORGAN
AND LANSDOWNE PIANO
In the FREE PRESS I notice that Mr. J. C. McLean's advertisement doubts my sole agency for the Bell Organ.
I now state that I have a written contract, duly signed by Messrs. W. Bell & Co. giving me the sole agency for the sale of the Bell Organ for the City of Guelph and a radius of twenty miles, including Acton, Rockwood, Eden Mills, Everton, New Germany, Breslau and Hespeler. The above mentioned contract can be seen by any lady or gentleman on calling at my Music Store opposite the Post Office. I believe the reliable firm of W. Bell & Co. are adhering to the letter of the contract, and that any person other than my agents who are selling the Bell Organ in the above territory is obtaining them in some unsatisfactory way or is selling a second-hand instrument. I notice Proprietor recommended the Bell Organ to Customer. The indisputable reputation of this organ is such that all dealers recommend to customers.
C. W. KELLY,
(Opposite Post Office)
GUELPH.
My warerooms is well stocked with musical instruments, including Pianos, Organs, Guitars, Banjos, Violins, Harmonicas and Accordians. Also a full line of the latest sheet music, and am receiving new instalments daily.
C. W. KELLY.
—RIGHT—
TO THE FRONT
OF ALL COMPETITION WE PLACE OUR
Elegant and Substantial Goods.
Splendid in Quality!
Complete in Assortment!!
Overflowing in Generous Bargains!
—IN—
MEN'S, WOMEN'S AND CHILDREN'S
Boots and Shoes
RUBBERS, OVERSHOES, &c.
At prices that always lead to speedy sales
LOWEST PRICES
—CONSISTENT WITH—
GOOD QUALITY.
Custom Work and Repairing promptly attended to.
W. WILLIAMS,
Mill Street, Acton.

The Picture Gallery, Guelph.
WATERS BROS.,
WHO WERE
BURNT OUT MONDAY NIGHT
have temporarily removed to
NELLES' OLD STAND,
where they are preparing to
Sacrifice their tremendous Stock.

Poetry.

DEEDS OF KINDNESS.

O, sound not the cymbal,
The trumpet do not blow,
Let not the people
See the alms you bestow.

Charity is not proud,
But modest in her ways,
And from a gazing crowd
She seeketh not the praise.

Be it much or a mite,
Which you're giving away,
Do look cheerful and bright,
And be pleasant as day.

For a cheerful giver
The Lord says he does love,
E'en a cup of water
He blesses from above.

Let your deeds of kindness
Be as quietly done
As when on earth's blindness
Falls the light of the sun.

In deep silence on high,
Through the still hours of night,
The stars o'er earth and sky
Shed their soft gleams of light.

As silently in all,
Just like blessings divine,
O, let your kind deeds fall,
Your virtues brightly shine.

The dew cools the parch'd ground,
Gives life to the flowers,
But it maketh no sound,
To wake the sleeping hours.

If blessings would be won,
And a place in heaven,
Thus should kindness be done,
And your alms be given.

Select Family Reading.

Norah O'Rourke

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

"But, mother," said Alice Peyton, "she's your own sister's child."

"Well, and what of that?" said Mrs. Peyton, turning her pile of correspondence over and over again, in search of one particular sheet that had evaded her vigilance.

You ought to know by this time that our kith and kin are confined to no particular race or generation. So far as that goes, the whole world is my brother's and sister's children."

And Mrs. Peyton looked at her daughter over her spectacle glasses with eyes that beamed with mild philanthropy. But Alice only reddened and bit her lip.

"Mother," said she, "that's nonsense."

"Very well, my dear; very well," said Mrs. Peyton, selecting a new steel pen, and examining it with microscopic precision. "I suppose that is a part of the new dispensation—disrespect and irreverence towards one's parents. It's a little trying, I must confess; but no matter. I am prepared to endure it. What else is to be expected from this generation?"

"Mother, I didn't mean to be disrespectful," pleaded Alice, overcome with compunction. "But I never had a sister and I am sure I should love Nelly Norwood. And she is homeless and alone—a great deal more so than any of these Welch emigrants or Scotch colonists."

Mrs. Peyton waved her pen-handle in the air.

"My dear, my dear," she remonstrated, "I'm sure you can't have considered how extremely narrow your scheme of philanthropy is. This niece of mine is an American. Her foot is on her native land. She breathes the pine-scented air of Columbia. While these poor, homeless girls—"

"But," interposed Alice, pulling at her short, black curls in despair, "isn't Nelly as poor and homeless as any of them? And hasn't she the first claim on us?"

"Political economy, my dear," mildly reasoned the mother, "recognizes no such claims."

"I hate political economy," sputtered Alice. "I want Nelly Norwood to come and live with us."

"We have but one spare chamber," said Mrs. Peyton, in a tone that was meant to settle the matter definitely. "And that is intended for Norah O'Rourke, the granddaughter of old Michael, who has run away from County Callahan, and is even now on her way here."

"But, mother, what has she run away from?"

Mrs. Peyton hemmed and hawed.

"From—from the debasing influences of foreign persecution!" she said.

"If Nelly was to run away, you would be very angry!" cried Alice. "And what's the difference, I should like to know, between Nelly Norwood and Norah O'Rourke?"

"Once for all, Alice," said Mrs. Peyton, decidedly, "I will have no more of these undutiful bickerings and altercations. Go and bring me a cup of strong, green tea, and don't let any one interrupt me until I have got every one of those letters ready for the mail."

Alice went away to her own room and indulged in the unprecedented luxury of a good cry.

"Mother is worse than Mrs. Jellyby!" she thought. "And, oh, what—what shall I write to poor Nelly Norwood? My own cousin! Mother's sister's child! Must I tell her that we have so many outside interests that our hearts are sealed against our own kindred? It's inhuman! It's *barbarian!* That's what it is!"

Scarcely a week had elapsed, when Mrs. Peyton, sitting in her writing-room, in the midst of envelopes, blotting sand and drifts of waste paper, gave majestic audience to a pretty, brown-faced young girl, picturesquely attired in the peasant's costume of Southern Ireland, with thick cowhide boots on her slender feet, a red shawl looped over her head, and shepherd's plaid skirts, scarcely reaching to her trim ankles.

"Mother," said Alice, "here's that girl; that—that Eleanora!"

"O, Norah O'Rourke!" said Mrs. Peyton, beaming all over. "My good girl, you are welcome—welcome to this land of freedom and universal toleration! Tell me, was your voyage rough?"

"It wasn't an easy one," said the stranger, briefly.

"Well, let us be thankful that it is over at last," said Mrs. Peyton, patting the girl's shoulder. "How straight you are, my dear; and what an excellent complexion you have. Ah, the Isle of Erin is the place to bring out nature's roses! Once, more, let me bid you welcome! And now what would you like to do? Have you any career chalked out in your mind's eye?"

"I'd like to stay here and help about the house," said Norah, hanging down her head.

Mrs. Peyton was a little disappointed,—there is no use in denying that. She would have preferred that Norah of the purple-black hair and peach-pink cheeks should have elected to become an orator or a writer in behalf of humanity's needs. But, after all, she was but a child, and Mrs. Peyton's heart softened towards her beauty and helplessness.

"What can you do?" said she, dubiously.

"Almost anything, ma'am," murmured Norah. "I can wash or iron; I can cook and sew, and I have been taught to embroider, and sing, and paint a little in water colors."

Mrs. Peyton opened her eyes very wide.

"Astonishing!" exclaimed she—"astonishing! Compare the culture of these old, well-ripened countries with the crudities of our native land! Embroidery! Singing! Water-color painting! My dear," giving Norah an enthusiastic hug, "you are a genius."

"But, mother," interposed the composed voice of Alice, "as long as Bridget has gone away with a swelled face, Norah might be of considerable assistance with the housework: don't you see?"

"Housework! Oh, yes; I didn't think of that," said Mrs. Peyton, rubbing her nose with the feather-end of her quill pen.

"I should like it very much," said Norah.

"And then," added Alice, "if she has any leisure time afterwards she can practice and paint, and do all that sort of thing. Come, Norah, and I'll show you the kitchen."

"But, my dear," cried Mrs. Peyton, rousing herself, as it were, from a trance, "how does it happen that you have none of the accent—the brogue, if I may use the expression—of your native country?"

Norah O'Rourke colored to her eyebrows.

"There were several American ladies who taught me the catechism of a Sunday afternoon," said she. "I—I suppose I caught their way of talking."

"She is certainly a girl of unusual talent," whispered Mrs. Peyton to Alice, who only smiled, and led the way to the kitchen.

Norah O'Rourke proved a jewel of the first water.

"Did *she* make this *salmi* of partridges and olives?" said Mrs. Peyton. "And this plum tart? And is this delicious light bread of her baking? Upon my word, Alice, I am delighted with her, especially after that delicious *nocturne* she played on the piano last night, and the way in which she mended my lace collar yesterday. And she is so beautiful—yes, Alice, really *beautiful*—with those dark eyes and luxuriant silken locks of hers."

"So, you like her, mother?" said Alice, intent on winding up a ball of worsted that had fallen a prey to the wiles of a fat gray kitten.

"My dear, I'm positively in love with her."

"Then," said Alice, "we may as well confess. Norah, come here. Help me to tell mother that you aren't Norah O'Rourke at all, but Eleanora Norwood, her own sister's orphaned child."

"What?" screamed Mrs. Peyton, tipping over a whole waste-basket of crumpled envelopes in her bewilderment.

The dark-eyed young beauty hung her head.

"Yes, aunt," said she, "it is quite true. But I was just as poor and solitary as if I were an emigrant girl. And I am just as grateful for a home as Norah O'Rourke could have been," she added, pathetically.

"But," cried Mrs. Peyton, "where is Norah all this time? The real Norah? The true Norah?"

"She has gone West, to her brother, who has taken up a government grant of land," said Alice. "She would not stay here. She said she could earn her own living, and did not choose to be beholden to any gentry for it so long as she had the use of her feet in her stockings."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Peyton, in accents that betokened some disappointment. "Then she would hardly have done for the lecturing platform?"

"Decidedly not." Alice made reply, not without a sparkle of mirth in her eyes.

"I hope, dear aunt, you are not angry with me," said Norah, or Nelly Norwood, in a low voice. "But Alice and I love one another so dearly; and, indeed, indeed, I will try to make myself useful in your household, since you are good enough to have me here."

"If you send Norah away, mother, you'll have to send me away also," said Alice, throwing both her arms around her cousin's neck.

"My dear child, don't be so tragic!" said Mrs. Peyton. "I haven't the least idea of sending either of you away. Norah is a girl—Eleonara—Nelly—whatever her name is, and I really believe she answers my purpose better than he tactual bona fide Norah would have done. So, now run away, there are two dear good children, and let me get my correspondence written up for the evening mail."

And the two girls flattered away, twined in one another's arms. Alice whispered to Norah Norwood:

"I am so glad!"

And Norah answered, blithely:

"So am I!"

HIGH LICENSE NO REMEDY.

BY DAVID R. LOCKE.

It is entirely proper to "regulate," by law, good things which, in the hands of bad men, are liable to abuse. The law making and law-enforcing power may be properly invoked to regulate transportation by rail or water, the law may be called upon to declare what is proper interest, and at what point interest leaves off and usury begins, and the law may also regulate the sale of necessary drugs to prevent their misuse by careless, immoral, or bad men.

But an evil, a known, marked, admitted evil, an evil which has no admixture of good, an evil which the sense of the entire civilized world has branded as an evil, can no more be "regulated" than a barrel of powder can be fired off by degrees.

An evil that needs regulation needs death. If it be an evil, if the world acknowledges and regards it as an evil, killing is the only remedy.

What would be thought of a proposition to make:

A law regulating adultery,
A law regulating burglary,
A law regulating arson,
A law regulating larceny,
A law regulating highway robbery,
A law regulating forgery,
A law regulating assault and battery,
A law regulating wife-beating,
and so forth?

These crimes are not to be regulated. They are forbidden. The law does not say, "You may, under certain rules and regulations, do these things;" but for the protection of society, it says, "You shall not."

Dialogue between two blind men: "Do you know the gentleman who gave you a dime just now?" "Only by sight."

A REMARKABLE APPEAL.

Nothing more stirring has appeared for a long time than the appeal that comes from the inmates of the Tennessee State prison, at Nashville, in behalf of prohibition. It is signed by 401 convicts, beginning with the name of C. F. Norton, and ending with that of Ben Morris, and runs in part as follows:

"We, the inmates of the State Penitentiary, knowing, by observation, and convinced by undeniable facts, that liquor is the cause of all the misery we endure, of all the hardships and privations we subject those to dependent upon us, do hereby most earnestly ask that the voters of this great state may seriously consider the question before them and give their aid in word and deed to the cause of Prohibition.

* * * We do not claim that every criminal act was perpetrated under the influence of liquor; but we fearlessly assert that three-fourths confined in these walls can trace their downfall directly or indirectly to that cause."

The appeal is given to the public through the Chaplain, N. W. Utley, who certifies that it was drawn up and signed in the exact form in which it appears by the prisoners themselves "without any dictation as to form or matter" upon his part "or the part of any other man outside the roll of convicts themselves."

We know there is always some discount to be placed on such statements coming from criminals or drunkards or dead-beats. It is natural for them usually to exaggerate the part liquor has played in their degradation, making it a sort of scapegoat for their own sins and weaknesses. But allowing for all reasonable discount, this petition remains as one of the most cogent arguments ever put into form for the extirpation of the saloon. These men know their enemy and know his power. It is hardly conceivable that such an appeal does not come from their hearts. What a flood of misery is presented here, flowing through the swinging doors of the bar-room! Poor wrecks upon the shores of time! In all the infinite eternity God has given them one life to live here upon earth, and only one, and they have made a hideous failure of that. Why? In great part—yes, in greatest part—because of the "open gates of hell," kept open by the license policy of the State, legalized by the Government, made part and parcel of organized society, and their profits shared in by the Christian community under which they receive their seal of sanction. God pity us all for the hells upon earth for which we have been so long responsible!

The saloon must go!—*Voice.*

ACTIONS OF DROWNING PEOPLE.

"I believe I can tell just by the clutch how many times a drowning person has been down," musingly remarked Edward Horn, of the ferry company, and the man who has saved sixty-four lives. "The first trip down they go for you with a firm, decided clutch that means they still know what they are about. The second immersion causes a shaky, uncertain grip, which can be easily broken if you so choose. It is the last time down that the grasp becomes a convulsive, bewildered one, and but few swimmers can save a person after the unfortunate man has descended for the third time. Almost invariably the drowning man on his final journey below the water will seize his preserver by the legs. It seems to be a law of nature and one I cannot account for. It would be easier to save one whole river full of men than one drowning woman. The odd feature of the latter's struggle in the water is that she will seize your hands if she can get hold of one or both of them. A woman will drown quicker than a man. She opens her mouth from the time she first strikes the water and never closes it, and so loses her senses more easily. Yes, I saw one person die of strangulation while we were under water together. His eyes were wonderfully fascinating as he stared helplessly at me. You may not believe it, but they shone like two balls of fire.—*Detroit Tribune.*

SHE WANTED HER PICTURE.

"I want you to paint my picture," said a wealthy lady to an artist in Paris.

"I shall be delighted."

"I don't care about the price."

"Thank you."

"When do you want to begin?"

"I will be ready a week from to-day."

"Very well. Good morning."

A week after the artist awaited his patient. At the hour appointed the maid appeared with a huge box.

"What is this?"

"Madame's costume."

"Oh!"

It struck him as curious, for the maid departed without another word. He shrugged his shoulders and waited. Those American people were so queer. But he supposed the lady would appear and put on the dress there. She did not come. Two or three days passed and no message. Suddenly the lady bounced into the studio.

"Well, how is the picture progressing?"

"Madame, you have given me no sittings. I have not been able to begin."

"Begin! Why, didn't you get the dress I sent you?"

"Yes, I have a box of madame's here."

"Well—"

"But I can't make a picture—"

"Dear me! I thought you could fill in the head at any time. That dress cost $5,000, and I want it painted. The likeness doesn't matter."—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

A FARMER'S INTELLIGENT MARE.

Farmer Wm. H. Ellis, of Bloomingburg, N. Y., owns a little mare, called Whitefoot, that is remarkably intelligent and kind. Every school-day morning Whitefoot hauls Mr. Ellis's two little girls in a waggon to the school-house, a mile from home, and after leaving the children there the little mare turns around and trots back to her master's house without any driver. When the school closing hour approaches, Mr. Ellis hitches Whitefoot up and starts her off alone for the school-house, and in due time she comes back with the little girls. She is so careful and expert in passing vehicles on the road that she never has a collision or damages any of her horse gear.

On a recent Monday night Mr. Ellis's hired man drove Whitefoot over to Middleton, on his way to New York. Before embarking on the cars here he tucked a piece of paper to the waggon seat containing this notice: "Don't stop this mare. She belongs to Wm. H. Ellis, Bloomingburg, and will go home all right," and then, turning the mare's head homeward, he let her go. Sure enough, she covered the distance, a long nine miles, in safety, and at a pace that brought her home in about an hour.—*New York Signal.*

JUVENILE BANK ACCOUNTS.

How am I to provide a bank account for my children, when I have so scanty a one of my own? I hear some fond parent exclaim. By teaching your children to earn money. Of course it is not always possible for them to save it when earned; that is, there are cases where it must be applied to meet the necessities of life at once. Children cannot begin too early to earn a little money, and there are an infinite number of ways, in which they can gain a few cents, giving them an inexpressible feeling of pride and ownership in having something that is truly their own. It will serve as an incentive to greater industry, and the habits they will thus require will be of vastly more benefit than the money they save.

One of my own boys in early childhood evinced a strong propensity to extravagance, and although our means were not such as to permit any great and foolish outlay of small coins by the lad, still he managed to spend, in the most trifling way all the cents and dimes given him by fond grandparents and uncles. One Christmas I gave him a bright tin bank, promising him five cents for every half dollar he accumulated. When his savings had reached the sum of $5 (and they were long in so doing), I put the sum in a savings bank, giving him a bank book of his own. From that time I noticed a decided change in his character. He never became miserly, but grew up an earnest, prudent boy, soon devising ways and means of adding to his little store. If your children are obliged to perform such duties as cutting wood, screening ashes, and the like, they will have more energy and ambition if you pay them a few cents per week, or better still, let them work by 'contract.'—*Farmer's Wife, in American Agriculturist for September.*

THE BLUSHER OF A THIEF.

"It is strange," said Police Captain Killilea, "how the most expert thieves sometimes give their business completely away. They often make as bad blunders as a newly fledged cop. I remember once I was on patrol duty in the Bowery—never mind how many years ago that is, for I am not in middle age yet—and I was taking it easy toward the early hours of a pleasant summer morning. Looking carelessly up the street I noticed a rag-picker coming toward me, stopping every now and then to dig with his hook into the ash barrels on the sidewalk. He would have passed me, as is usually the case, without my even bestowing a glance on him, but as he went by me he said, 'Good morning, sir,' and turned the next corner just a few feet from me. It was so unusual for men of this class to give a policeman a pleasant greeting that I looked curiously after him, and a sudden suspicion jumped into my mind that all was not right with him. I stepped softly but quickly after him, and before he had reached the next corner I stopped him, and with a quick inspiration determined to examine his sack. It was full of silverware, gold watches, jewelry, etc., that had been stolen from a dealer half a mile above my beat, and the thief had walked safely past this other policeman until his unlucky 'good morning' to me lost him his booty and sent him to the penitentiary for a term of years.—New York *Graphic.*

WHAT HE WOULD SAY?

A husband and wife were talking grammar. "Would you," said she, "say scissors are, or scissors is?"

"I'd say scissors are, of course," he replied.

"Would you say molasses is, or molasses are?"

"Molasses is, of course,"

"Well, then, would you say the family is well?"

"No."

"What; you wouldn't say the family are well, when family is a singular noun, would you?"

"No."

"What would you say, then, I'd like to know?"

"Why, love, I'd say the family was not well; that you had the grunts, that Tommy had a sore finger, that the baby had the colic, that Katie had the headache and that I was trying to make an average by being well enough for four."

She went out of the room and didn't speak to him for two days.—*Merchant Traveller.*

BETTER THAN A BELL.

"There's a new racket on the road that beats the chestnut bell all to pieces," said a commercial traveler from St. Paul. "Whenever a fellow tells a story that is a little musty, or tries to perpetrate any bad puns, or brag too much about his salary or his sales, or his firm's liberality in the matter of expenses, nobody sneers at him, nor says a word, nor rings a bell. There's a slicker way than that. First one of the gang will step up and shake hands with him, silently and solemnly. Then another follows, and another, and so on all around. About the time the second man's hand is extended the victim begins to fell warm in his head and cool and hot by turns under his vest, and about the time the third hand is ready, he is almost in a state of collapse. I never saw a man who can stand more than four shakes of that kind, though perhaps some of these Chicago chaps have got cheek enough to take 'em in by the dozen and cry for more."—*Chicago Herald Train Talk.*

FROM A BUSINESS STANDPOINT.

I have recently seen it stated that Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt, of the Central Railroad, has refused to let a room in a large building near the Forty-second station, New York city, for a saloon, and wishes there was no saloons within an eighth of a mile of a station. When his father was president of the New York Central, the nephew of a friend of mine rented the eating-house at Utica at $6,000 a year. A short time after he took it Mr. W. H. Vanderbilt came, along, and asked him how much rent he paid. He told. Mr. V. said: "You sell liquors?" "Yes, sir." "Well, if you will not sell them you shall have the place at $1,100 a year." "Agreed!" Mr. V. was wise. He did not want spirits sold where the men who had charge of trains could step in for drinks.—*Cleveland Leader.*

On almost every farm there are waste places where trees might be earning dollars for their owners, growing by the brook, or the river, or on hill sides and overhanging cliffs, too steep for cultivation; and there are at least a half-dozen odd days in every season when the planting work might be carried on—when no other work of equal value is crowding the husbandman.

MRS. PODGY.

Old Mistress Podgy lives in town,
A fat old dame and quiet,
Who never failed in doing good—
When she could profit by it.

She once kept lodgers in her house,
And 'tis a fact surprising,
She never tried to do them wrong—
Except when scandalizing.

Her ways were of a generous kind;
Her virtues—she enlarged them,
And never did dishonest deeds—
But when she overcharged them.

She prayed each evening in her house,
Ne'er missed this duty one day;
And ne'er was absent from the church—
But when she slept all Sunday.

She kept her house as she should do,
All evil habits scorning;
And always early locked the door—
Tho' early in the morning.

So sober were her ways she strove
Intemperate acts to banish,
That when strong drink was carried house
She quickly made it vanish.

Exceeding cleanly are her ways,
They merit all good wishes,
The hair that doth adorn her head
Doth oft adorn her dishes.

Her fatness grieves her, but she knows
Her sorrows will get fewer;
And when death comes 'twill bring relief—
Relief to all who know her.

A MINISTER'S PERQUISITES.

The perquisites of a minister's life are as a general thing overestimated. An old clergyman firmly believed this, who had received a call to a small church in the eastern part of this State, from his much larger parish in Massachusetts. A delegation from the church was sent to urge him to accept the call. He asked them what the salary was. They replied that it was about $600 per year, but that the people were very generous and were continually bringing in things to the minister. "Well," said he, "I don't wish to offend you, but I must positively decline. And now let me give you a bit of my experience: In my younger days I received a call to a small parish where, as in the case with your people, they were very liberal. It was their custom to always give the minister a ball of butter when they churned, and a quarter of veal when they slaughtered; I accepted the call. Things went along as they were represented during the first year. After that there began to be a falling off in their donations, until soon I receive dhardly anything. I began to make inquiries. One of my parishioners told me I gave perfect satisfaction, but the people had begun to 'raise their calves.' And it has been my experience," continued the old minister, "that donating parishioners soon begin to 'raise their calves.'"—*Lewiston, Me., Journal.*

THOSE GLOWING REPORTS OF WEDDINGS.

A reporter has recently revealed some of the secrets of his calling. He says that the reports of fashionable weddings are generally written and put in type some hours before the ceremony takes place, and that this is the reason why they are so correct! The reporter, it seems, calls upon the bride on the morning of the great day. He finds her in curl papers, and very confidential. She gives him all the essential information, including the full title and name of the clergyman, the right spelling of all the family names, as well as those of the invited guests. He sees for himself the general decoration and arrangement of the rooms. Above all, he gets the precise shade and style of the wedding dress, a close description of the bridesmaids' costumes, and those to be worn by the ladies nearly related to the two families. The reporter adds that the bride's family usually desire to have the list of wedding presents printed in full, but that editors generally object. Even provincial weeklies, he remarks, are getting out of the habit of mentioning that "Mrs. Deacon Jerkins gave the bride an elaborate pin cushion."—*N. Y. Ledger.*

SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT.

Every woman should have some special thing to think about except the regular weekly round of duties; in fact, some aim in life except that of cooking, eating and sleeping and the contingent possibility of dying soon to get rid of it all. No aim and no change make asylums overflow, leave children motherless and make life not worth the living. Every woman had her ambitious dreams once, what were they? To write? Then let her write every day, if but three lines, on some subject she is most familiar with. To paint? Let her get water colors, paint flowers and work at it every day, if only half an hour. If one has but half a chance let her prove that she nees that: that she can do more than many who have not only a whole chance, but many chances.—*Pauline Adelaide Hardy, in Good Housekeeping.*

HOW TO TREAT YOUR WIFE.

Never, except for the best of causes, to oppose my wife's will.

To discharge all services, for her sake, freely.

Never to scold.

Never to weary her with commands.

Never to look cross at her.

To promote her piety.

To bear her burdens.

To overlook her foibles.

To love, cherish and ever defend her.

To remember her always most affectionately in my prayers: thus God willing, we shall both be blessed.

SAVE THE BOYS.

A young man was led to the gallows. His broken-hearted mother went to bid him farewell. He said: "Oh mother! I didn't want to kill him; I was crazed with drink. It was the saloon that did it. Tell the temperance people to be in a hurry!"

If he had only belonged to some temperance society when he was a boy, and had learned what a dreadful thing strong drink is, it is not likely he would have been in that awful position. The temperance people must hurry and get in all the boys and girls before they are ruined.—*Temperance Banner.*

ENTHUSIASM DAMPENED.

Enthusiastic citizen about to visit Europe:—

"How delightful it will be to tread the bounding billow and inhale the invigorating oxygen of the sea, the sea, the bounding sea! I long to see it, to breath in great draughts of life-giving air! I shall want to stand every moment on the prow of the steamer with my mouth open."

Citizen's wife encouragingly:—

"You probably will. That's the way all the ocean travellers do."

A dejected silence ensues.—*Detroit Free Press.*