Greasy food, rancid food, sloppy food, bad cookery, mental worry, late hours, irregular habits, and many other things which ought not to be have made the American people a nation of dyspeptics.

But Green's August Flower has done a wonderful work in reforming this sad business. [illegible] the American people so [illegible] can enjoy their meals [illegible] happiness without [illegible] Flower brings [illegible] dyspeptic. [illegible] Seventy-

A clergyman sat in a chair to be shaved. The artist began:—Who shaves you? Have your hair cut? Try a bottle of our Tryophegus? Have a shampoo? The clergyman turned to the barber and said: Let me up. If I have got to say my catechism, I prefer to say it sitting up. But I came here to be shaved.

There is not a more dangerous class of disorders than those which affect the breathing organs. Nullify this danger with Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil—a pulmonic of acknowledged efficacy. It cures lameness and soreness when applied externally, as well as swelled neck and crick in the back.

CATARRH THROAT CURED.

A few of the hundreds who have been successfully treated by Dr. Washington's new method.

Mrs. Jno. McKelvy, Kingston, Ont., Catarrh and Consumption.
John McKelvy, Kingston, Ont., Catarrh.
Mrs. A. Hopping, Kingston, Ont., Bronchio Consumption.
Mr. E. Scott, Kingston, Ont., Catarrh, head and throat.
Mrs. Jno. Beltram, Harrowsmith, Ont., Catarrh, throat.
James Matthews, P. Master, Acton, Ont., Catarrh, head and throat.
F. Francis, Berlin, Ont., Catarrh, head and throat.
Miss Nellie Eby, Berlin, Ont., Enlarged Tonsil.
F. Wing, P. M., Corunna, Ont., Catarrh, head.
Henry Scott, Berlin, Ont., Asthma.
Mrs. P. Wagner, Berlin, Ont., Catarrh, head and throat.
[illegible] St. Louis, Ont., Catarrh, head and throat.

Not a Snuff, Powder or Inhaling Liquid. Price 50 cts. and $1.00. If not obtainable at your druggists, sent prepaid on receipt of price. Address FULFORD & CO., Brockville, Ont.

YOU can live at home and make more money at work for us, than at anything else in this world. Capital not needed; you are started free. Both sexes; all ages. Anyone can do the work. Large earnings sure from first start. Costly outfit and terms free. Better not delay. Costs you nothing to send us your address and find out; if you are wise you will do so at once. H. HALLETT & CO., Portland Maine.

MANTLES. MANTLES.

Our stock of Mantles is simply a marvel of elegance. We show every variety and effect in cloth and design. Dolmans with close sleeves having all the elegance of the Dolmans, with the warmth and convenience of the Jackets.

SHORT JACKETS.

We show [illegible]

TO THE GENTLEMEN.

[illegible] Our stock of Ready Made [illegible] are much worn and [illegible] tee you a much better fit from among them than the average cutter can make.

Our stock of Furnishings is very complete.

J. D. WILLIAMSON & CO., GUELPH.

Brass Library Lamps
Ebony Gold Library Lamps
Bronze Hand Library Lamps
Small Night Library Lamps

Lamps from 15c. to $20.00, the Finest and Most Complete Assortment ever in Guelph, and Prices Lower than Ever.

Best Brands of Canadian and American Coal Oil
Electro plated Ware
A Profusion of Choice Goods
Headquarters for Farm Scales

Building Hardware, Lance Saws, Axes, Barbed Wire, Buckthorn Wire, Annealed Wire, Cow Chains, Halters, Flower stands and all seasonable goods

CHEAP AT JOHN M. BOND & CO'S., GUELPH

[illegible] Lamp, Astrachan, and Wool Capes [illegible] descriptions

Also a Quantity of Underclothing at Greatly Reduced Prices

J. FYFE, ACTON.

The celebrated author, in this admirable essay, clearly demonstrates from a thirty years' successful practice, that the alarming consequences of self-abuse may be radically cured; pointing out a mode of cure at once simple, certain and effectual, by means of which every sufferer, no matter what his condition may be, may cure himself cheaply, privately and radically.

☞ This lecture should be in the hands of every youth and every man in the land.

Sent under seal, in a plain envelope, to any address, on receipt of four cents, or two postage stamps. Address

The Culverwell Medical Co.,
41 ANN ST., NEW YORK, N. Y. P. O. Box 459

DYSPEPSIA
LIVER PILLS
BLOOD BITTERS

Persian Lamb, Astrachan, and Wool Capes [illegible] descriptions

Also a Quantity of Underclothing at Greatly Reduced Prices

J. FYFE, ACTON.

HEADACHE.

T. MILBURN & CO., TORONTO

The Acton Free Press.

VOLUME XIII.---NO. 22. ACTON, ONTARIO, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1887. PRICE TREE CENTS.

The Acton Free Press
—IS PUBLISHED—
EVERY THURSDAY MORNING,
—AT THE—
FREE PRESS POWER PRINTING HOUSE,
ACTON, ONTARIO

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.
ONE YEAR.....$1.00. SIX MONTHS.....50CTS.
THREE MONTHS.....25 CTS.
Invariably in advance. If not paid in advance $1.25 per year will be charged. No paper discontinued till all arrears are paid, except at the option of the publisher.

ADVERTISING RATES.

SPACE.	1 YR.	6 MO.	3 MO.	1 MO.
20 inches	$60.00	$35.00	$20.00	$7.00
10 inches	35.00	20.00	12.00	3.50
5 inches	20.00	12.00	7.00	2.50
1 inch	6.00	3.50	2.00	1.00

Casual advertisements, 8 cents per line for the first insertion, and 3 cents per line for each subsequent insertion, cash. The number of lines reckoned by the space occupied, measured by a scale of solid Nonpareil.

Advertisements, without specific directions, will be inserted till forbid and charged accordingly. Transitory advertisements must be paid in advance.

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 bases guaranteed perfect. Vitalized Air, Nitrous Oxide and other anaesthetics 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" on W. 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. T. ALLAN. J. SHILTON, B.A. J. BAIRD, B.A.

BARROW & CARSON,
BARRISTERS-AT-LAW, &c.
Office:—Ontario Hall, 50 Church street, Toronto.
W. H. BARROW, M.P.P. JOHN CARSON, B.C.L.
CO. CROWN ATTORNEY.

PATENTS SECURED FOR INVENTIONS
HENRY GEIST, 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 $200 and upwards.

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, binding neatly and promptly done.

THE HANLAN BARBER SHOP,
MILL STREET, ACTON.
An easy shave, a stylish hair-cut, a good sea-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.

SALESMEN WANTED.

WE are in want of a few more first-class men to canvass for the sale of choice varieties of Nursery Stock. To men who can make a success of the business we can pay good salaries or commission and give permanent employment. We have many new and choice specialties both in the fruit and ornamental lines which other do not handle. Apply at once, with references.
MAY BROTHERS,
NURSERYMEN ROCHESTER, N.Y.

Guelph Business College.
GUELPH, ONTARIO.
THE FOURTH SCHOLASTIC YEAR begins September 1st. The faculty has been strengthened, the College premises enlarged and new appliances added. Each of the six members of the faculty is an experienced and successful teacher. The thorough and practical nature of the work done by the College is proven by the success of its graduates both in Canada and the United States. Ladies are admitted to all the advantages offered by the Institution. For terms, etc., address
M. MACCORMICK, Principal.

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.
On Churches, Buildings, 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 city 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, ft. high, 600, 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 mare 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.

A SPLENDID ASSORTMENT.
—OF—
FANCY GOODS
—AT—
DAY'S BOOKSTORE,
GULEPH.
DAY SELLS CHEAP.

J. N. STINSON
Tailor and Draper,
Is now showing a magnificent range of new and choice lines in
Fall Suitings, Trouserings and Overcoatings.
Extraordinary value in
Underwear, Ties, Collars, Cuffs, Gloves, &c.
Men's working pants one dollar.
J. N. STINSON,
Rockwood.
Next door to Post Office.

—THE—
TEN CENT STORE
GUELPH,
Is as Busy as a Beehive.
OPENING OUT NEW GOODS
Arriving from Germany, England and New York, and marked off at the
LOWEST CASH PRICES.
JAS. F. KIDNER,
TEN CENT STORE.

Kelly's Music Store,
GUELPH.
HEADQUARTERS FOR THE
BELL ORGAN
AND LANSDOWNE PIANO
The Leading Pianos and Organs of the present day.
Having been appointed sole agent for these two leading instruments, I am prepared to offer extra inducements to purchasers this fall. Instruments sold on the monthly or quarterly instalment plan, or good discount for cash. Write for catalogues and prices or call at the warerooms.
—A COMPLETE STOCK OF—
Sheet Music, New Music and the Latest Songs Arriving Daily.
Catalogues furnished free on application.
—A FULL LINE OF ALL—
Musical Instruments, Violincellas, Violins, Guitars, Banjos, Flutes, Mouth Organs, Etc, Etc.
Instruction books for every instrument. Call and examine my stock.
C. W. KELLY,
(Opposite Post Office) GUELPH.

W. BARBER & BROS.
PAPER MAKERS,
GEORGETOWN, ONT.
MAKE A SPECIALTY OF
Machine Finished Book Papers
—AND—
HIGH GRADE WEEKLY NEWS.
The paper used in this journal is from the above mills.
WM. BARBER & BROS.

—NEW—
BUTCHER SHOP.
GRAHAM & GRAHAM,
BUTCHERS,
MAIN STREET, - ACTON,
Have just opened a new butcher shop in the new building erected by them, next door to Kenney Bros. Boot & Shoe Store, and solicit a share of the patronage of the community.
Having had experience in the business, and being determined to offer nothing but first-class meat of all kinds to our customers, we hope to do a good trade.
Call and see us.
GRAHAM & GRAHAM.

Poetry.

MY GREAT INVENTION.

BY THE KEELY MOTOR MAN.

Oh, the funny man may giggle, but its coming by and by—
The decided Keely Motor I am building on the sly;
Hitch a belt to this invention, and a power will then go forth
That will whirl the equinoxes and the axis of the earth;
It will wrench the solar system, twist the orbit of the sun—
Please invest a little money, for it isn't hardly done.
It needs another piston rod, perhaps another screw,
But the Motor will be ready in about a week or two.
It will wield a mighty power, which I cannot here rehearse,
But when it gets into action it will shake the universe.
A deep, mysterious power that will reach forth wide and far,
And rattle through the galaxy and shake the polar star.
The distant Pleiades shall feel this motor of renown,
And the northern "Handle Dipper" shall turn over upside down!
But I need a little money, a few thousand—just a few—
And the Motor will be ready in about a week or two.

—*New York World.*

Select Family Reading.

The Joscelyn Crest.

"I tell you, Vane, if you are heart free now, look to it that you keep so, after you see my little cousin."

Dr. Barnard Vane smiled, as he said:

"Why, is she so very pretty?"

"Pretty! Wait till you see her. We're almost there. This is the house, and the dear old mother is in the door."

The two young men soon reached their destination, and Mrs. Nelson clasped her dear boy to her heart.

Barnard Vane and Edward Nelson were friends; had gone through college together, and pursued their different professions in the same place. Barnard was a doctor, and Edward was minister of a small church.

This summer, for the first time, Dr. Vane was to see his friend's home, and his mother and the little cousin he had heard so much of.

Before long the sitting-room door opened, and a tall girl, in a gray dress, with a rose in her bosom, and masses of fair, light hair tossed back from a pure, clear-cut face, came in.

She shook hands with her cousin, and answered the stranger's bow with one equally easy and graceful. She was more than pretty; and so Barnard thought as he watched the color come and go in her delicate cheeks, and the lustre of the great dark eyes, which contrasted so strangely and bewitchingly with her fair hair.

The days sped by at the old homestead, and Dr. Vane spent many pleasant hours strolling through the woods which formed a part of the Nelson place with its fair companion. Edward at first accompanied them; but he soon saw that his friend liked to monopolize Jessie's society, and with true curiosity, he gradually fell out, and left the coast clear to Barnard, who was well pleased to have it so; for he admired Jessie, and the sight of the brood acres around him, with the thought that there were only two to inherit all this, made her still more fascinating in his eyes.

Three weeks had passed, and it was decided that the next thing on the programme of amusements should be a party to celebrate Jessie's eighteenth birthday.

It was the day before the affair, and the lofty halls and wide staircases had all to be decorated. Barnard proposed taking a drive over to some distant woods, where it was known beautiful colored vines grew in great luxuriance. He asked Jessie to accompany him. After she had gone up to get ready for the drive Barnard went into the library where his friend sat writing. Putting his hand on Edward's shoulder, he said:

"Wish me luck, old boy! Your prophecy has come true, and I have lost my heart to your sweet cousin. I mean to ask the momentous question this afternoon."

Edward rose abruptly. With astonishment Barnard saw the white look of pain which contracted his features.

"Why, Ed., I didn't suppose you'd feel it in this way! Are you tender in that direction, too?"

Edward replied sadly:

"Yes, Barnard, it is true that I love Jessie as my life—aye, far better than my life."

Just then Jessie came to the doorway and called out:

"I am all ready, Doctor, and the carriage is at the door."

It was soon over; Barnard had asked her to be his wife, for "in her sweet hands lay all his hopes for happiness," he had whispered, tenderly. Jessie did not answer right away, and when she did, her response was very different from what he had expected.

Drawing away from the arm which essayed to encircle her, she said:

"Dr. Vane, before I answer you, please listen a moment to something I am going to say."

Here she raised her dark eyes to his, and it was easy for one as skilled as Barnard in women's hearts, to see the love-light gleaming through the translucent depths.

"I wan't to tell that I am not, as you think me, Mrs. Nelson's niece," she went on, quietly.

Dr. Vane started.

"Not Mrs. Nelson's niece? Miss Jessie, what do you mean?"

Then Jessie told him that eighteen years before she had been left a tiny babe at Mrs. Nelson's door; and that she, then lately left a widow, had taken the little deserted child to her heart, and had reared her as her own.

"So you see I am not honestly a Nelson—that I have really no name of my very own."

Jessie paused.

Surely, at that moment Barnard should have caught the sweet-voiced speaker close to his heart. But he was of a cold and calculating nature, and thoughts of how his fashionable friends would sneer if they knew that his wife was a nameless foundling, flashed through his mind; then, too, as she was no blood relation, and had been adopted after the husband's death, his will could have made no provision for her.

He had gotten himself into a fix, no mistake; and so, never at a loss, the man of the world took the easiest way to extricate himself. Holding the girl's passive hand in his he said:

"As you thought, Miss Jessie, I am very much surprised at what you have told me. Of course, it is necessary that I, in the position I am, just starting a practice among people of society, should have a wife 'to the manor born.' It will be a great struggle to me, but—"

Jessie's face froze, and a gray pallor settled over her features.

She had not foreseen this—thus to be wooed and refused in a breath. She had told him as she thought it was her duty; but in her trust in his goodness and nobleness she had never once thought it would make any difference to him.

It was a cruel lesson. The anguish entered deep into her soul, for she loved this man.

Pride came to the rescue. With one look into his face from her glorious eyes, which made the heartless man shrink, she said, quickly.

"Do not say any more, Dr. Vane. *I understand.* I will now answer the question you asked me in the first part of our conversation. I decline the *honor* of being your wife."

Barnard winced as the cold, haughty tones fell upon his ear; but he dared not say any more, and touching the ponies with the whip, in silence they flew homeward. The next day, with excuses to his hostess and friend, Dr. Vane took his departure.

Jessie did not speak of what had passed, and Edward thought, with a great bound of his loving heart, that after all, she had not loved his friend and had refused him.

The party came off, and was a success; and Jessie, as usual, was the life of the scene; but deep down in her heart the girl was fighting a hard battle. Her eyes were opened, and though she saw that her idol was but common clay, the pain was none the less hard to bear. But youth is strong, and after a while Jessie's heart grew light again. Edward had gone back to work and the house was quiet once more.

Then came an invitation from a school friend for Jessie to spend some time with her in her city home. Mrs. Nelson urged her to go, thinking that the change would be beneficial to her; so she went.

"How glad I am to see you again, my darling!" was Miss Ally Morgan's energetic and affectionate greeting, as the two girls met for the first time since they together bade good-bye to their "Alma Mater."

Jessie now found herself in a whirl of gayety. The Morgan mansion each evening shone with light and echoed with music.

Ally was a lively girl, and her parents delighted to see her enjoy herself. It seemed like a novel and delightful dream to Jessie, fresh from her quiet country home. One day, as the two young ladies sauntered slowly through a picture gallery, looking at the fine paintings which lined the walls, Jessie found herself intently watching a tall lady, in deep mourning, whose face interested her strangely. Fearing she would be noticed, she looked away, but every once in a while her eyes would wander in the same direction.

"Jessie," suddenly asked her friend, "at whom are you looking so fixedly? Ah! I see. Why, Mrs. Joscelyn, when did you return?"

Jessie saw Ally go up to the lady whose noble, refined face had such a fascination for her. She was soon introduced, and when Mrs. Joscelyn spoke a subtle something in her voice completed the charm her face had begun.

"Who is she?" Jessie asked her friend, as they went home, and Mrs. Joscelyn's handsome carriage passed them.

"Mrs. Joscelyn? She is a friend of mamma's, and she has been in Europe for a long time, and has only just returned. Isn't she lovely?"

After that Jessie and Mrs. Joscelyn often met.

One afternoon the two girls were invited to take tea with her. Her house was very elegant, full of rich and beautiful adornments, showing evidence of a most cultivated taste.

The afternoon wore away amidst music and delightful converse, then the lady and her young friends seated themselves at the cozy tea-table.

As Jessie lifted her glass her eye fell upon a crest cut upon the fragile surface. It was a dove with wings extended, holding a lily in its beak, with the Latin motto beneath, signifying "Peace and Purity."

She started violently, but controlled herself with an effort. No one noticed her agitation, and the meal progressed to its close. After it was over, Mrs. Joscelyn took the two girls into a room they had not seen before, and led them to the mantel, above which hung a picture of a gentleman.

Ally gave a little exclamation of surprise.

"Oh! who is it? How much Jessie looks like him!"

"Yes," replied Mrs. Joscelyn, "so I have thought. That is a portrait of my dear husband."

As Jessie turned her eyes away from the picture, they rested upon a large signet ring which encircled one of Mrs. Joscelyn's fingers, and which bore the same crest she had seen upon the goblet.

"Is that the crest of your family?" she asked, softly, touching the ring. Any one who knew her well could have seen that the girl was controlling some strong excitement.

"Yes, that is the Joscelyn crest, my dear," Mrs. Joscelyn replied.

"Mrs. Joscelyn, did you ever lose a child, *not through death?*" Jessie asked, abruptly. The lady turned with a sudden movement.

"Yes—my little baby; but how do you know? Why do you ask?"

Opening with trembling fingers, a locket which hung suspended from her neck, Jessie took from it a tiny piece of flannel. On it was embroidered the same design, a dove above the motto, "Peace and Purity."

Mrs. Joscelyn examined it, and then, in a low, intense tone, fixing her eyes penetratingly on Jessie's face, whose pallor was now very noticeable, she exclaimed:

"Child, speak! Where did you get this?"

Ally had been standing a wondering spectator; but now she came forward, and putting her arm around Jessie, she said:

"Let me tell my friend's story. Mrs. Nelson, the lady whom she calls her aunt, found, one day many years ago, at her door a basket, and in it lay a little babe wrapped in an embroidered blanket, pinned to which was a paper with the one word—'revenged.' Jessie is that child, and this is the story she told me when we were in school together."

With a loud cry, Jessie sprang into the arms open to receive her. The strange attraction which had always drawn them together was explained.

The next day, Jessie, accompanied by Mrs. Joscelyn, travelled as swiftly as steam could take them to Mrs. Nelson's home. Mrs. Joscelyn recognized the blanket from which the piece had been cut as one she had worked herself.

She explained how, just after her husband's death, she had discharged her babe's nurse—a French woman—for misconduct and had wakened one morning to find herself childless. After years of hopeless searching, she had at last given up all hope of her child's being alive, and had left her native land, not caring to stay where she had suffered such sorrow.

Edward Nelson had been called to a parish near his home; so Mrs. Nelson could let Jessie go without the keenness of pain she would have felt had she not had her son's companionship. As the years went by, and Jessie grew older, the more she saw of Edward Nelson the more she became convinced of his worth.

Her mother, too, had a strong liking for the young man, and he was a frequent caller at the Joscelyn home.

When the announcement of the young minister's bethrothal to the beautiful Miss Jessie Joscelyn came to people's ears many envied him, and Bernard Vane ground his teeth with chagrin.—*N. Y. Ledger.*

THE DETECTIVES OF WALL STREET.

Thousands of pedestrians move to and fro past the stock exchange and about the money center of the city each day. Solid old financiers, whose check would be taken unquestioned for a million, come and go. Dapper clerks, who look like millionaires on sixteen dollars a week; messenger boys by the score flit hither and thither with hands full of bonds or other securities making deliveries according to contracts and sales arranged on the exchange floor. Bank agents, with small fortunes often in the capacious portemonnaies strapped to their waists, going to the clearing-house to make good the daily balances, while every few moments comes the lumbering wagon pushed along the sidewalk conveying the cash from Uncle Sam's collecting counter at the custom house to Uncle Sam's strong vault below the sub-treasury. On every side is wealth, yet attempts at robbery are very rare, and successful ventures at thievery scarcer still.

The fact is that every face passing along Wall Street is scanned. It is a great place for seeming loafers and loungers. Curb-stone brokers have the semblance of loungers. Clerks enjoy a cigarette on the sidewalk. So a lounger more or less is not noted. But all who apparently loaf about with little to do are not loafers. They are sharp-eyed detectives, to whom the face of every crook in the country is known, and who are constantly on the lookout for those faces.—New York *World.*

WHAT THE BOY IS WORTH.

I do not know what you may think of the woman's crusade, but let me say as a woman who stood inside of it that the womanhood of this nation never laid such a tribute at the feet of its manhood as they did in the woman's crusade. If you want to find out what a boy is worth go and ask his mother. By the time she goes into the jaws of death to give him birth, and then puts into him her days of love and her nights of care, and he stands before her strong, and clean, and tall at twenty-one, she can tell you what he is worth from the crown of his head to the soles of his feet; and when the legalized dram-shop takes hold of him, and tears him down fibre by fibre, and puts oaths on the lips that she used to kiss, and crushes out his mother's hopes, it is no wonder she makes outcry. If you want to know what a home is worth go and ask a loving woman who has kept herself as pure as God's lilies from her marriage day, when, with a great shine in her eyes, she puts herself over into the hands of one man, for better or for worse, for richer or for poorer, until life's end. And when the dram-shop with its fearful curse crosses the threshold of the home they built together and takes down her strong tower of hope, stone by stone, and degrades the father of her children, it is no wonder woman makes outcry.—*Mrs. M. T. Lathrop.*

THE PRACTICAL JOKER.

The following story has its headquarters at Clinton: On one of the fine days of last week a lady came down town to do some shopping. She brought her "yearling" in a baby carriage, which she left at a certain day goods store while she went to make her purchases. One of the clerks in the store, who knew the mother well, thought to play a joke. So, while she was busy he went out and wheeled the carriage and baby into an adjoining store. Though he was not aware of it the lady had been watching his manoeuvres, and when she was ready to go home she did so without carriage or babe. Shortly after "bubby" kicked up high jinks, and the joker clerk was sent for to take him away. And as the mother was gone he was obliged to wheel baby home, the youngster howling at the top of his voice nearly the whole of the way, and advertising the situation, much to the annoyance of the clerk. When he reached the gate the mother came out, and her exclamation was: "Dear me, I forgot a parcel, did I?" and as she saw the youngster: "Oh, I thought it was a spool of twist I had forgotten." It was worse than a spool of twist on the clerk.—*Globe.*

JENNY LIND.

P. T. Barnum tells a touching story of an incident that occurred when Jenny Lind "was singing in Boston. "A poor working girl," he said, "thrust $3 into the hands of the ticket seller for a back seat in Jenny's concert. On receiving the ticket she said:—'There goes my wages for one week, but I must hear that good angel sing.' Jenny's secretary, her cousin, Max Hjortzberg, immediately went to the green room, and laughingly told Jenny. I shall never forget how she jumped to her feet and exclaimed:—'Oh, this must not be! Poor girl, she shall not lose her money! it is wicked! Max, take this money'—handing him a $20 gold piece—'search out that poor creature and put it into her hands with my love. God bless her!' Cousin Max found the girl, and witnessed a flood of grateful tears from the working girl's eyes."

On entering the asylum for inebriates, he said: "Do you treat drunkards here?" "Yes, sir." "Well, I'm one. Where's your bar?"

The difference between the lover and the epicure—one lives to love and the other loves to live.

In these modern days the skeleton in the closet usually turns out to be an old pair of hoopskirts.

HANG UP THESE APHORISMS.

Farm animals are hurt more by medicine than by the lack of it. When an animal needs medicine, it needs a competent physician.

Pure water and a variety of wholesome food regularly given, with comfortable shelter and kind treatment, are the best preventatives of disease.

A mortgage on the home makes the fireside gloomy, for it shuts out the sunshine of prosperity and freeheartedness.

Some men look at the sky only to forecast the weather, see more beauty in a dollar than in a bed of flowers, and will hear the crow in a cornfield quicker than the lark in the air.

Better is it to have one pair of trousers with money in the pockets, than two pair with empty pockets.

The horse knows all that the colt learned, and boys tormenting the colt are not teaching it what it should know.

System worked ten hours a day, and was done. Hap hazard got up at four in the morning, hurried all day, and was doing the chores at half-past nine at night.

Job had much patience; yet it was fortunate for him that he did not join fences with a neighbor who kept breachy stock.

The man who fills his icehouse provides himself with a conservator of health, and a servant of pleasure.

What is said about keeping animals warm during the winter, does not apply to Manure. Smoking is more injurious to the compost heap than to boys.

IMPORTANT INFORMATION.

Nothing has excited more astonishment at the South than the wonderful progress made by the colored race in obtaining an education. For instance, the other day Colonel de Smith sent a little mulatto boy, named Pea Blossom, to Colonel Stafford Northcoat with a message.

"What was Colonel Northcoat doing?" asked de Smith, on the return of Pea Blossom.

"He was preverting himself wid de refusal ob a book."

"Diverting himself with the perusal of a book, you mean."

"Dat's the berry way I suppressed meself, sah. He was perfectly divulged wid lafture, sah."

"Do you know what book he was reading?"

"Sartainly, sah. I peeped over his shoulder."

"What book was it?"

"Don Equinox, sah."

He meant "Don Quixote," of course. What will not education yet accomplish for the coloured race?—*Galveston News.*

HIGHLY UNREMUNERATIVE.

The local agent of a fire company went out to Chene street one day recently to adjust a loss in a dwelling house. There had only been a little blaze with about $25 real damage, but when the man was asked to give in his figures he said:

"I doan' take five hoonered dollar und be so scart again. Put down five hoonered."

"Yes."

"Und my wife goes almost in fits, und you can put down one tousand."

"Yes."

"Und my brudder-haw vhas so coposet dot he shakes all oafer mit a shill. Put down two hoonered for dot."

"Anything more?"

"Veltany dog goes wild, der woman's next door faints away, and I haf to sit oop all night. Maybe you like to throw me in a hoonered dollar extra."

When he was informed that the policy only covered actual damages he held up his hands and shouted:

"Only dot! Vhy den I vhas some fools to haf a fire in mine house!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

A LADY DELEGATE.

Miss Frances E. Willard has been elected by the Rock River M.E. Conference, within whose boundaries her home is, a delegate to the General Conference that meets in New York next May. The world moves. In 1880 Miss Willard was present at the General Conference to offer the greetings of the N.W.C.T.U. A motion was made that she be granted ten minutes in which to speak, and two hours were spent in debate and calling of votes upon the motion. It was finally carried, two to one, but under the circumstances Miss Willard declined to speak. Next May she will speak in her own right. No woman has ever before been elected a member of the supreme court of this the largest Protestant church in America, until this year, when at least two others beside Miss Willard were elected.—*Woman's Journal.*

THE PROFESSOR WAS RIGHT.

"Yes, sir," went on Professor X. to a gentleman to whom he had recently been introduced. "I have given some attention to the study of human nature, and I rarely fail to read a face correctly. Now there is a lady," he continued pointing across the room, "the lines of whose countenance are as clear to me as type. The chin shows firmness of disposition, amounting to obstinacy, the sharp, pointed nose, a vicious temperament, the large mouth volubility, the eyes a dryness of soul, the—"

"Wonderful, Professor, wonderful."

"You know something of the lady then?" said the Professor complacently.

"Yes, a little, she's my wife."

Keep one or two of your school books to gladden your heart in old age. When the shadows grow long in the afternoon of life they will be a delight to you. Their oft-conned pages, as you turn them over, will each, have a story of its own. Says a writer who accidently picked up a copy of the English grammar which he studied as a boy: "When I saw that book I felt the marbles bulging in my pockets; the sole of my shoe flapping as I walked, my hands were battered and dirty, and there was a gnawing in my gastric regions as if I had eaten my dinner at recess."

Mr. R. C. Winlow, writes: "Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery is a valuable medicine to all who are troubled with indigestion. I tried a bottle of it after suffering for some ten years, and the results are certainly beyond my expectations. It assists digestion wonderfully. I digest my food with no apparent effort, and am now entirely free from that sensation, which every dyspeptic well knows, of unpleasant fulness after each meal."

THE DOLL'S MOTHER.

BY KATE T. SIZER.

"Hush, please! my children are in bed:
Step lightly," Daisy cries;
"I've drawn the curtain round them both,
And they must shut their eyes.

"For they are very tired, you know;
All the day long with me
They've watched the white-winged ships sail out
Across the shining sea.

"I've washed their faces, brushed their curls,
And now so nice they lie;
I think no mother can do more
For her dear dolls than I."

So then we gently shut the door,
And stepped with lightest tread;
And Daisy, with a happy look,
Watched by her children's bed.

Dear little face of loving care,
Soft eyes and thoughtful brow,
A precious skill for days to come
You learn, thus watching now.

For though you'll put your dolls away,
When childhood's hour departs,
In the grown-up world there's always need
Of loving, thoughtful hearts.

—*Children's Magazine.*

SOME STRANGE CONFESSIONS.

Several Good Stories Which Convey very Needful Moral.

The Rochester (N.Y.) *Union* reports having this dialogue with an eminent physician:

"Can you cure a cold for me?"

"I dare say; where is it?"

"Do you treat yourself for colds?"

"That depends on how bad they are. I had one last week and fixed myself up a dose, but I didn't dare take it. I kept it over night and gave it to a 'deadhead' patient the next day!"

"Then you don't dare take your own medicine?"

"No!" I don't dare, and I have no family physician."

A gentleman, a short time ago, consulted his physician about a severe rheumatic attack. As he was leaving the doctor said:

"Should my prescription afford any relief, let me know it, as I