The Acton Free Press.

VOLUME XIII.—NO. 29. ACTON, ONTARIO, THURSDAY, JANUARY 19, 1888. PRICE THREE 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.........25CT.

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	$50.00	$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
2 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. [illegible] 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, patients 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. E. CARRIQUE, SURGEON DENTIST, MILTON. Honor Graduate of the Royal College of Dental Surgeons of Ontario, will visit Acton [illegible] of each week, beginning [illegible]. Office in Agnew's Hotel. [illegible] natural teeth a specialty. Artificial teeth [illegible] celluloid or rubber [illegible]. Vitalized Air, Nitrous Oxide [illegible] anæsthetics used for [illegible].

JOHNSTON & McLEAN Barristers, Solicitors, Notaries, Conveyancers, &c. [illegible] 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—[illegible] Block, Acton, up-stairs

M. E. MITCHELL, [illegible], CONVEYANCER, &c. Office [illegible] 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. T. ALLAN. J. SHILTON, B.A. J. BAIRD, B.A.

BAGEROW & CARSON, BARRISTERS-AT-LAW, &c. Office—[illegible] Hall, 30 Church street, Toronto. [illegible] JOHN CARSON, B.C.L. [illegible]

PATENTS SECURED FOR INVENTIONS. HENRY GRIST, OTTAWA, CANADA. [illegible] No Patent, No Pay.

WM. HEMSTREET, LICENSED AUCTIONEER. For the Counties of Wellington and Halton. Orders left at the FREE PRESS office, Acton, or [illegible] will be promptly attended to. [illegible] the most favorable [illegible] the lowest rates of interest, in [illegible].

JOHN DAY, ARCHITECT, GUELPH, ONT. Office—[illegible] Hotel Block, Market Square.

FRANCIS NUNAN, Successor to T. F. Chapman, BOOKBINDER, [illegible], Guelph, Ontario. [illegible] made to order. Periodicals of every description carefully bound. [illegible] promptly done.

THE HANLAN BARBER SHOP, MILL STREET, Acton. [illegible] a good sea-foam [illegible] always given. Razors [illegible] 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 [illegible] sale of choice varieties of Nursery stock. To men who can make a success of the business we can pay good salaries [illegible] permanent employment. [illegible] specialties both useful and ornamental lines which others [illegible]. Apply at once, with references. MAY BROTHERS, NURSERYMEN, ROCHESTER, N.Y.

Guelph Business College.
GUELPH, ONTARIO.

THE FOURTH SCHOLASTIC YEAR [illegible] September 1st. The faculty has been strengthened, the College premises enlarged and new [illegible] 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 [illegible] 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, 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.

[illegible] 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.

For Sale Cheap.

THE undersigned is prepared to furnish on the shortest notice, in any quantity and at bottom prices, first-class

Cedar Rails and Fence Posts, Staves, Heading, Shingles, Wash Tubs, Churns, Butter Tubs, Pork Barrels, Wood, Flour & Feed,

and anything in these lines.
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.

MACHINERY.

A Stave Jointer nearly new, and a Shingle Bolter and saw in good condition, Goldie & McCullogh make, for sale low for cash.

THOS. C. MOORE, Acton, Ont.

—A GREAT—
Clearing Sale
—OF—
FANCY GOODS

At cost at the Bazar before removing to Toronto.

LOOK.—Single and Double Berlin, Zepher, Fairy Zepher and Andelusian Wools all 10c. an ounce.

All the best Beehive, Fingering and Fancy Wools 10c. a skein.

Hoods worth	$1 25	FOR	$1 00
" "	1 00	"	75
" "	90	"	65
Caps worth	75	"	60
Wax Dolls worth	30	"	20
China Dolls worth	30	"	20
" "	25	"	20
" "	10	"	8
" "	5	"	3
Underwear Suits worth	7 00	"	5 50
" "	5 00	"	3 00
" "	3 00	"	2 00

Everything must be sold by 21st January. Remember the place. THE BAZAR

F. R. Webber, Acton.

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 mare go, whether she has legs or no.

THOS. EBBAGE, Manager

WEAVING.

MR. T. MITCHELL

Desires to inform the people of Acton and surroundings that he is prepared to take orders for weaving all kinds of Fancy Rag Carpets, Flannel Sheeting, Shirting and Dress Goods, striped or plaid, twill or plain, also Bed Blankets and Horse Blankets, two yards wide and over.

And I will guarantee that I will give good satisfaction to all farmers and others who will favor me with their patronage.

T. MITCHELL.

DAY'S BOOKSTORE.

XMAS CARDS.

NOVELTIES:
Fancy Lamps, Fancy Glass Pieces, Fine Books.

TOYS.

Children's Books. Our Stock very full Fine, and new.

BEST ASSORTMENT OF NEWEST GOODS.

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.

SANTA CLAUS

HAS ARRIVED HEARTY AND WELL AT THE

TEN CENT STORE
GUELPH.

And is now unpacking some two thousand dollars of wonderful Xmas Presents for the Boys and Girls.

JAS. F. KIDNER,
TEN CENT STORE.

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 STOCK,
NEW GOODS,
Best Prices, Best Work.

O. H. RYDER,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
Mill Street - Acton.

Has met with very gratifying success since opening out a couple of months ago. Satisfaction has been given and customers always go away pleased and ready to return when needing clothing.

I have just received a new stock and am prepared to offer bargains both to those ordering clothing and those who buy cloth. Cutting done free when cloth is purchased. Overalls a specialty and made cheap and good.

O. H. RYDER.

—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.

Poetry.

GRANDPA GROWLS.

Say, what's become of all the girls
And boys? Where have they gone?
Statistics show there's just about
As many babies born
As in the good old-fashioned days,
But things have changed since then;
Kids jump right from the cradle now
Full-fledged as women and men.

Folk talk of childish innocence,
Simplicity and such;
But we don't see that sort of thing
Around us now—not much!
Our pretty, artless prattlers, with
Their sweet, unconscious grace,
Have disappeared, and little prigs
And puppies take their place.

Rigged out in grown-up finery,
Most every day I meet
Precocious little prodigies
Prancing upon the street;
They look so much like women, that
I vow I must forget
They're only kids, and ought to be
In bibs and tuckers yet.

And there's my little grandson, Jack,
As cute as cute can be,
You'd think to hear the rascal talk,
He was as old as me;
While Peter's youngest hopeful, Paul,
Can give points to his pa;
And little missy, Betsey's girl,
Knows heaps more than her ma.

They look upon us old folks as
Old fogies and old fools;
They're posted on all sorts of things
That are not taught in school;
They know too much by half. Thank heaven!
I count it 'mong my joys
That I was born when girls were girls,
And boys were only boys.

Select Family Reading.

How She Managed the Election.

When I first came to Tattletown and engaged board with Mrs. Thorne, whose advertisement in the city daily had induced me to try country boarding for the season, I noticed at once the next house. It was a dark red brick, with markings of white between the bricks, porches with white wood-work, chimneys on the roof, and the regulation green shutters. It was not a pretentious house, only a two story cottage, in fact; but it all looked bright and clean. Even from where I sat at Mrs. Thorne's window, I could see how spotlessly clean were the floors of the porches and the panes of the windows. The lawn was not large, being only a little strip between the window where I sat and the house to which it belonged, but it was beautifully clean and close, with here and there tiny beds of blooming geraniums.

"That's Deacon Daly's place," said my hostess in answer to my look. "He owns all this farm back here. Pretty house, isn't it? Well, you'll get acquainted with them soon, for they're mighty neighborly. Mrs. Daly is very clever, but, la! she is the awfulest schemer that ever lived. Actually, that woman ain't happy unless she is managing something or other and"—

"Indeed!" I interrupted in rather a disgusted tone, for it annoyed me to have a stranger gossip thus to me. Mrs. Thorne said no more, but that was enough, and I never liked her afterwards.

I had been there a day or two, when a lady past fifty called to make my acquaintance. She wore a black dress, a white apron, white collar with a mourning band, and had a round cherry face of which you would only notice her rosy cheeks, pleasant smile and her spectacles. I was introduced to Mrs. Daly and I at once fell in love with her. We grew to be fast friends; and, at last, when Mrs. Thorne had insisted on gossiping against her neighbor, and she and I had some words over it, I went to Mrs. Daly and asked to be taken in there for the remainder of my stay. At first she hesitated, but I told her it was either that or for me to return to the city at once, so she at last consented.

Well, I found Mrs. Daly to be a manager, indeed, but I could not see that any body was hurt by it. Her family all loved her dearly from the worthy Deacon to the rollicking boys of twelve and fourteen, her youngest children. Her two oldest sons, both over twenty, never undertook any enterprise either of business or pleasure without "telling mother," while Susie, a pretty, piquant, busy girl of nineteen, seemed to take more pleasure in her mother's company than in that of companions of her own age. If Mrs. Daly was such a schemer, I thought it was a good thing; for hers was the most pleasant home in which I had ever been, and, as a life-long boarder, I had been in a good many.

At first, I decided the cooking was the secret of her success. Everything was perfect, and for each was his favorite dish. I even thought she did a wrong to herself, for they were certainly a greatly pampered family. Then, as I went over her tidy house, found every room so clean and inviting, and opened every drawer (Susie was showing me her mother's linen, and also her own, which in the good old fashioned way, she had been preparing in prospect), and was greeted with a scent of sweet herbs that carried me back to childhood's days in dear old Vermont, I was in doubt as to whether it was the excellent cookery of her cheerful tidiness that played the largest part in keeping the household machinery in such perfect order.

Well, my appointed time was up, but I could not bear the idea of going back to the smoky, gloomy city; and as they all wanted me to stay, and I could do so if I wished, I just decided to board there for a whole year longer.

One morning, after several months, I noticed something was not as usual; but I couldn't make out just what it was, for they were all just as pleasant as ever, with the exception of a little coolness between the Deacon and Mrs. Daly. This was kept up for about two weeks; then one morning we had perfectly awful biscuit for breakfast. The Deacon looked up surprised, for Susie and her mother were both counted the finest cooks that were to be found.

"Why, mother, what ails these biscuit?" asked he.

"Nothing at all, my dear," she replied. "They just suit the times."

"Hey?" he said mystified, then seemed to bethink him better and never asked any more questions during that meal. But I felt that some deep mystery was around me, and did not exactly feel comfortable over it. Not having been petted up to considering hot buscuit as a necessity in breaking my fast, I managed very well on the excellent bread and butter, but the rest of the family hardly knew how to eat without the delicious, flaky balls which were always on the breakfast table.

The plot thickened; it kept on from bad to worse. The meat was burnt or the gravy too salt, the rice scorched or the bread was sour, and sometimes all combined; and it always happened that the misfortunes, single or combined, fell upon the Deacon's favorite dishes. This continued steadily for almost two weeks, and then one morning the crisis was reached in the coffee. Such coffee! And, indeed, I began to feel a little provoked, for I could not get along without good coffee, and Mrs. Daly made the best coffee I ever tasted.

The Deacon had asked an unusually long blessing with a pitiful quiver in his voice that would have melted a heart of stone; then he tasted that coffee and looked across at Mrs. Daly who sat all serene and calm as though she had put the nectar of the gods before her family. He laid the spoon in the saucer without a word, sighed such a sigh as testified for itself that it came from the depths of a disappointed stomach, and went to work on the burnt steak and heavy buscuit. The boys winked at each other, while Susie burst out laughing and choking, the little wretch, and had to run from the table. My own feelings can be imagined. I had not suffered in any way before; but to be compelled to drink that coffee—it was too much!

When all the masculine portion of the family had gone their several ways, Mrs. Daly said to me: "Miss Lettie, here's a good cup of coffee for you and a fried egg and some graham mush, just what you say you like, my dear. I know your stomach is too delicate to stand such meals; and you can understand you have yours extra, if you can't manage what is on the table;" and then she gave a knowing look that was so tremendous I could see it even behind her spectacles. I was more mystified than ever, but Mrs. Daly had a way of keeping folks from asking questions.

Susie had lately gotten in the way of coming up to my room with her sewing after the morning work was done, so I concluded to endeavor to find out what was the trouble, when she should come. She soon did.

"Susie," said I, "I don't want you to think me inquisitive, my dear, but I declare I would like to know what is the matter with the cooking here lately? I hope you will excuse my asking, but I really cannot help it."

"Oh, why, of course, Miss Lettie, that's nothing. I don't blame you one bit. I've been wondering all the week why you didn't say something about it. You see mother is having a time of it managing pa."

"Yes?" I said not much less mystified, "but I thought women generally took the opposite course in managing their husbands and did extra nice cooking."

"Well, nobody could cook any better than mother does for us everyday, generally," responded Susie with filial pride, and I readily assented. "But then, you see, this is an extreme case; and mother says she never did have such a time with pa in all the years they have lived together."

"Why, dear me!" I ejaculated in surprise, "I should never have believed there was any trouble."

"You see, Miss Lettie, it is this way. About two or three weeks ago pa told mother that they were going to put out Mr. Dilger and Mr. Samson of the school board, and elect in their places Mr. Parks and Mr. Dilton. You know every year there are two directors whose terms run out, and then either they are re-elected or else new ones take their place. Well, if Parks and Dilton are elected that will give the school to a man who applied for it last year; he doesn't believe in any God, nor any hereafter, nor anything, Miss Lettie!" After I had sufficiently expressed my horror, Susie continued: "Now if the others are re-elected, why it goes without saying that Mr.—Mr.—Dodds will get the school for next year, for Mr. Thomas, who stays in this year, wouldn't have anybody else himself, and, of course, pa would vote like the one he helps. There are six directors, you know, Miss Lettie, and, of course, four votes would give Mr. Dodds the school."

"Ah!" I said the light beginning to break in, for Mr. Dodds and Susie spent almost every evening together, and the child's face was red as a rose as she bent over her sewing; "still, I can not see what that has to do with our cooking, at present."

"Why, don't you see? Pa is president of the school board, and his influence will determine which men shall be elected; for, if I do say it myself, pa's opinion goes for a good deal around here. Of course, nobody told me so, but I know this horrid thing that wants the school next year has bribed Parks and Dilton to vote for him, if they get in the school board; and while pa isn't bribed, Mr. Thorne has told him he is the worst hen-pecked man in the county, and if he had a spark of grit about him, he would think as he pleased about the election and not let mother rule him. Everybody knows what mother thinks about it, from last year's experience, and I don't blame her one bit—but because she is so set about it, and Mr. Thorne had to take it upon himself to say so much about it to pa, why he just wants to be contrary, that's all. He used to go to school with Mr. Dilger and Mr. Samson, and he thinks a great deal of Mr. Dodds, too; but more to be contrary with ma now than anything else, he would go against all the friends he has got. It's all that spiteful Thorne's fault, too. The whole family were always jealous of the way mother and pa got along, for they quarrel all the time among themselves over there. Anyway, I could just swear to it that Parks and Dilton put Mr. Thorne up to it, for he never hinted such a thing to pa before."

"Mrs. Thorne had informed me during my residence with her that "Deacon Daly did not dare to call his soul his own;" but until the present time, the Deacon had seemed perfectly content for his better half to take charge of his soul and keep it safely where it ought to be. After a pause, I remarked: "Your father won't be likely to tell your mother any of his plans, here-after?"

"Yes, he will," responded Susie so quickly that I felt ashamed of my question, "pa just thinks there isn't anybody in the world like mother, even if they have been married over thirty years. She will bring him around before election day, you see if she doesn't. Mother doesn't talk so very much, and never says a word against anybody, and isn't given to any meanness; but she is on her mettle now, and anyway, she has right on her side, I think. But I must go and get dinner now. We have two dinners to get you know; and honestly, Miss Lettie, it is more bother to get pa's dinner spoiled, than it is to get yours so you can eat it. Good-bye, you dear sweet old thing, till dinner time." And off the gay Susie skipped with her sewing, after giving me a rousing kiss. I might not have liked it to be called a "sweet old thing" by any body else, but Susie had a way of her own that made such things sound charming—to me, at least. I suppose her mother had the same way with her when she was young and before she lost her three little children.

For one week after Susie's explanation, affairs went on just the same with the screws turned tighter still, however. The Deacon had been falling back on the pies and puddings, which ordinarily he hardly tasted; but now, instead of the delicious "studies in pudding, which just melted in one's mouth, and the nice flaky pies to which we had been accustomed every dinner time, it was now—well, if ever you have eaten your portion of the untrained young housekeeper's first effort, you can have some idea of the preparations set before the Deacon. It was the Saturday before election day which came on Monday; and I had mentally given the field to the Deacon; for, having held out this long, he surely wouldn't mind two days more of misery, when it would all be over.

That night before going to sleep, I opened my door into the hall, it was too damp to open the window. I suppose Mrs. Daly had opened their door also, for I was awakened by voices which seemed loud for theirs, as this was a low-voiced family.

"You don't mean to say, S'manthy, that you mean to set any such table after 'lection!" the Deacon was saying as I rubbed my eyes and refrained from screaming "Burglars!"

"It's altogether depending which way 'lection turns," responded Mrs. Daly very sedately.

"S'manthy Daly, I never heard tell of such capers. Don't I provide everything all right?" remonstrated the poor man.

"I haven't any fault to find with your share of the providing part, Deacon," responded Mrs. Daly, "but I also do my share of it. You know the cows and chickens have always belonged to me, even before I married you, and I'd like to know what our living would be like without the butter and milk and eggs! And, of course, I couldn't deny if I wanted to, which is far from me, that you bring everything in plentifully and of the very best that comes in your line; but I don't believe you would have done it, if I had been in the habit of cooking as I have done the last few weeks. I know you wouldn't. The question now, Daniel Daly, is—Are you going against your wife's most sacred convictions, and create a school board which will vote for such a teacher to put over the moral training of your children? Because, if you are, Daniel, we continue in the present way of living. Might as well have whole misery as half." As I listened to Mrs. Daly's flow of speech, quite unexpected from such a silent woman, I was convinced she would have made a splendid lawyer. There was a pause, and the Deacon's voice, when he next spoke, betrayed the struggle within his breast.

"S'manthy, I never knew before that you was one to domineer over your husband."

"Didn't you? I thought Mr. Thorne told you so several weeks ago? Oh, well, never mind about that, Daniel, that is a side issue. No, I am not one who wants her way for the pure sake of having it, Daniel, and you know that very well. But I can't think of my boys being deprived of their schooling just to suit your contrariness, without a little fight on my part."

"I guess they can go to the new teacher as well as to Dodds," retorted the Deacon.

"No, they can not," said she quickly. "You know only too well, Daniel Daly, how I worked and toiled to help you get a start in the world, so that my first little babies hadn't strength to live until they were old enough to know their ma from anybody else, poor little dears! And now, you expect me to willingly put my last two babies in charge of a man who would teach them doctrines that would take them farther from me than are the three who have gone before!"

"Oh—pshaw—S'manthy," snapped the Deacon, "you don't need to be a bigot."

"Oh, well—I'm not going to argue any more about it. I've worked my finger nails to the bone, and never complained about it. I've made it a study always to make our home pleasant just for you, from the cellar to the garret. I've given up every thing in life to work for you, and this is my reward. You will sooner vote to suit Mr. Thorne, who is only a spiteful neighbor, than to take the lead in your wife's most earnest sentiments. Very well, Daniel."

With a mighty grasp at his slipping independence, Deacon Daly raised up—at least, I imagined he did, and says he:—"I'm going to vote the way I think best, and not be starved to death either, now! I'll vote them boys in, and we'll have that teacher, and I'll go to the tavern and board, or else to Thorne's! Now, Mrs. Daly, I've been bossed by you long enough!"

"All right, Daniel, but when you've tried the tavern and Thorne's, you'll be only too glad to come back to my poor cooking, let alone what it used to be." Actually the Deacon chuckled! but whether at her intimation regarding the Thorne's cookery, or at the prospect of his coming victory, I am not prepared to say.

Was it the memory of what used to be and the thought of what might yet be, that conquered the Deacon? At all events he prayed long and fervently the next morning; after breakfast he and Mrs. Daly had a short talk together in the sitting-room, from which the good woman emerged wiping her spectacles.

"Susie, you get ready and go with your pa to church. I'm not going this morning, but will stay at home and get the dinner." That was something heretofore unheard-of.

Susie pinched my arm. "Mr. Dodds will be here another year," whispered the little witch exultantly.

Such a dinner! Never such was eaten before, I know, and we were all thankful the seige was raised. I am afraid we came nearer being boisterous than would be considered proper for Sunday.

The old members were re-elected; Mr. Dodds taught the school to the satisfaction of everybody, and especially that of little Susie to whom he is now married. And the Tattletown folks actually said that was just what Mrs. Daly was scheming for all the time!

Miss Mary Campbell, Elm, writes: "After taking four bottles of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure, I feel as if I were a new person. I had been troubled with Dyspepsia for a number of years, and tried many remedies, but of no avail, until I used this celebrated Dyspeptic Cure." For all impurities of the Blood, Sick Headache, Liver and Kidney Complaints, Costiveness, etc., it is the best medicine known.

TEMPERANCE NOTES.

BY D. R.

For the FREE PRESS.

Local Option is making splendid progress in Missouri. It has carried thirty out of forty-six counties and fourteen out of nineteen cities for prohibition. Nearly one-half of the State has thus voted, and the result must stand for four years.

It is said that enough beer is annually consumed in Chicago, Ill., to give 720 glasses to every man, woman, and child in the city, or $35.70 worth for each person. Chicago is enjoying the "blessings" (?) of high license.

In one division of Liverpool there is a population of 60,000, but not a single saloon. In all the building leases the sale of liquor is absolutely prohibited.

I do not think I overstate the case when I say that the 200,000 saloons in this country have been instrumental in destroying more human life in the last five years than the 2,000,000 of armed men during the four years of the rebellion. There is an irrestible conflict upon us. This nation can not endure half drunk and half sober, any more than it could endure half slave and half free.—*Sam Jones.*

One of the curious paradoxes of life is seen in the fact of a bequest of $1,250 having recently been left by a retired wine-merchant, to the British National Temperance League, to be given as prizes for the three best essays in advocacy of the principles of total abstinence.

Within the last few months eighteen counties in Florida have voted on prohibition, and of that number thirteen gave majorities for the dry ticket. The result was a genuine surprise to the whiskey men. They thought, that with the negro vote almost solid for whiskey, and the Northerners who have recently moved into the State, supposed to be on that side, there was no doubt that the vote would be in favor of the bar-rooms. They felt so sure of victory that but little effort was made, and when the votes were counted they could hardly believe their own eyes and ears.

THE TRUE GENTLEWOMAN.

A gentlewoman, writes Catherine Call in the New Orleans *Picayune*, is born, not made; her smiles cannot be like a parasol, for out door use in sunny weather. Why should she smirk, and grin, and fawn, and flatter the woman of her set who is rich and received everywhere and be ashamed to be commonly polite to the woman who is not on her visiting list or acknowledged in her social circle? Social varnish of smirk and smile, if laid on an inch thick, cannot hide the unloveliness of a rotten heart nor reclaim it from a hideous foulness that humbler folks have smelled and been made sick of. To some the most honest hearts, the most manly men, the most beautiful faces and most charming girls, are mere mounts and blurs unless they are framed in by fine clothes, are busied at only the most aristocratic trades, and are placed in only the highest circles.

Good manners that are the spontaneous expression of a good and kindly heart are tested best when the man or woman is placed in unusual circumstances. It is easy enough for madame to smile, and be gracious, and wear all her captivating little accoutrements of amiability and even temper in her own home amongst her own friends, but you have only to send her out into the world, place her temporarily in uncongenial company among unfamiliar people to learn whether she is a real princess or no. The real queens of the best society are not known by their fine gowns. Nor can they travel through the world incognito. Wherever they go there is that about them that commands homage and inspires good behavior. Like good angels, they illuminate life and make uncertain ways plain by the beautiful jewel of unselfish consideration for others that is set like a star in the forehead, a beacon, a guide, a comfort to all who come near.

FRESH COLD AIR.

Don't be afraid to go out of doors because it is a little colder than usual. The cold air will not hurt you if you are properly protected and take exercise enough to keep the circulation active. On the contrary it will do you good. It will purify the blood, it will strengthen your lungs, it will improve your digestion, it will afford a healthy, natural stimulus to your torpid circulation and strengthen and energize your whole system. The injury which often results from going into a cold atmosphere is occasioned by a lack of protection to some part of the body, exposure to strong draughts or from breathing through the mouth. Avoid these and you are safe. Don't be afraid to sleep in a cold room at night with the window a little open. Cold air, if pure, will not hurt you at night any more than in the day, if you are protected by sufficient clothing, and by breathing through the nostrils. If you do not breathe thus, acquire the habit as soon as possible. If you wish to be subject to colds, coughs and fevers, shut yourself in close, hot rooms day and night. If you wish to be free from their companionship, always have plenty of pure air to breathe night and day, and take daily out-door exercise, regardless of the weather, except as to clothing protection.

WIT AND HUMOR.

A wealthy old gentleman of this city 104 years of age has used tobacco for 94 years. His heirs think that if he had never touched tobacco he might have been dead long ago. They look upon the weed as hurtful.

One day Julia Ward Howe was introduced to Sitting Bull by that full name, and the gentleman remarked "How" with his usual urbanity. "Ah!" said Mrs. Howe with quick apprehension. "The gentleman has heard of me, I see. He is really a very intelligent aborigine."

"How is it you have so many young men call on you?" asked a jealous girl. "Because," was the reply, "father has the gout in one foot and the rheumatism in the other; besides we don't keep a dog."

Said Brown: "The day I was married I quit chewing tobacco, and I tell you it was pretty hard on me that day, but in a day or two it was all right." "Ah, how's that?" I commenced chewing again."

"Do you believe in luck my good man?" asked a superstitious old lady of a tramp. "I can't say that I do mum," replied the tramp, "because I never had any."

The pranks of Boreas in this vicinity lately remind us of an original composition of a Nantucket miss of early time: "Wind is a very useful article; it blows down houses, roots up trees, and many people die for want of breath."

MOTHER IS RESTING.

The long rough road is ended,
Her weary feet have pressed;
How rough to her weak footsteps,
Perhaps we never guessed;
But—with the weary journey,
She'll be no more distressed.
The face we bend and softly kiss,
Bears no impress but that of bliss.

We know that many pages
Within the book of years,
She has perused with anguish
Amid her falling tears,
That partings, change and doubting,
Have caused her many fears;
Forgotten now, each pang of woe,
No grief again her soul will know.

We gaze at her dear features,
Within the casket bound,
And think that she is dwelling
Where changeless peace is found;
That there no painful partings
Her loving heart will wound,
And, weeping for her, "Loved and gone,"
We gather strength to walk alone.

Along the way before us,
Whither—we do not know—
It may be strewn with blessings,
And pleasures we may know;
Or, thickly set with dangers,
May bring us naught but woe;
Yet o'er life's pathway she has come,
At last, into her heavenly home.

—*Mary M. Steele.*

THE ENIGMA.

What the Scientific World Wants to Know.—A $100,000 Offer.

We have published in our columns from time to time different advertisements in regard to Bright's disease and its cures.

What is this terrible disease?

We have taken the trouble to make an investigation from the best sources and we give the results to our readers.

What astonishes us is the general indifference given to the kidney disorders. The kidneys do not sound the alarm of their diseased condition, owing to the fact that they have very few nerves, hence few suspect that there is any disease of them. Irritation, inflammation, ulceration set in, and then the little tubes, of which the kidneys are full, are destroyed and thrown off and from this fact are called tube casts.

As soon as this begins to take place it is only a question of how fast decomposition goes on before the disease results fatally. If the proper remedies are taken before final decomposition or waste of these tubes commences or becomes too far advanced, that is the only and last chance for relief. It is at this point or before that Warner's safe cure proves so beneficial, and may cure or stop the wasting away of the kidneys if it has not advanced to far.

The most remarkable thing of all our investigation is the fact that the patient with Bright's disease has no exclusive symptoms, but has the symptoms of every common disease.

First he may possibly feel a dull pain in his back, generally upon one side, which does not debar him from his usual business routine. After a time he may begin to feel neuralgic pains, or have a slight attack of what he may call rheumatism, or headache, with high or dark colored urine, with an unpleasant sensation in its passage, and after standing showing an unnatural condition. Later on, come tired feelings, loss of ambition or vigor, or loss of or failing eyesight, which is very common, with a distressed condition of the stomach. Any one of these symptoms is liable to occur.

This no doubt explains why the proprietors of Warner's safe cure are curing so many diseases. By regulating and building up the kidneys, symptoms of general ill-health disappear. They justly accuse the medical profession of treating the effects and not the cause. Finally if this disorder is neglected the patient either dies of apoplexy, pneumonia, heart disease, blood poison, consumption, or any other disease that the system is most subject to.

There appears to be some one cause for nearly every other ailment of the human system, but up to the present time no one has been able to fully account for this terrible malady. We understand that the people of Germany have become aware of its fearful fatality, and have offered 400,000 marks ($100,000) to any one that can satisfactorily explain the cause.

GIRLS SAWING WOOD FOR CHARITY.

The young people connected with the Baptist Church in Cromwell, Conn., took a novel way of replenishing the treasury of the church last week. On Thursday evening the young men gathered in the parlors of the church, where, surrounded by a bevy of their lady friends, they undertook to piece a bed-quilt in the old-fashioned way. The young ladies enjoyed the bungling work of the young men as they sewed and prespired over the quilt. A large crowd paid the admission of 10 cents to see the work go on, and cheered the workers in their efforts.

On Friday evening there was equally as large a crowd to see the young ladies saw wood, for this is what they agreed to do if the young men would make a bed-quilt. Ten saw-horses were ranged in a row, and ten pretty maidens with their sleeves rolled up, grasped the wood saws and entered upon the job of reducing a half cord of 4-foot wood to stove size. Each stick was cut three times, and the young men sang to the pretty women as they sawed and sawed. Slowly but surely the wood-pile was reduced in size, until it lay before the spectators, who watched the determined efforts of the fair ones.

THE CHILDREN IN CHURCH.

"Here am I, and the children thou hast given me," that is well. That is well. That is as it should be. The children at church, and in the family pew. They understand more than you suppose; and they are solemnly impressed by the occasion, even if they cannot understand the sermon. "But they will get so tired going to church and then to Sunday-school." Not so very tired as you suppose. The seats in church are much easier than their seats in school. They rise up and change posture during singing. The service is only about an hour and a quarter long. Then comes a recess to go into Sunday-school. Then only about an hour there, and no such hard study as in school. Really, do you see? Any half-day at school is more severe than a whole service at church, including the Sunday-school. Besides, if they cannot attend both, the Sunday-school can be omitted. Our very best Sunday-school workers will tell you that the church is worth more to the children than the school. If he can have but the one, give him the Church. But do not be whimsical; he can have both. It will not hurt him. Bring the children.

For the complexion.—For Pimples, Tan, Blotches, and all itching tumors of the skin, use Prof. Low's Magic Sulphur Soap.