The Acton Free Press.

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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 Brothers' shoe store—residence in the rear. Horses examined as to soundness and certificates free. 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.

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.

SHILTON, ALLAN & BAIRD, Barristers, Solicitors, &c., Toronto and Georgetown. Offices—Freeman's Block, Georgetown, and 86 King street east, Toronto. J. Shilton, B.A. J. Baird, B.A.

BADGEROW, CARSON & CO., BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS & NOTARIES. Court Chambers, Cor. Church and Adelaide Sts., Toronto, Canada. Telephone No. [illegible]. Cable Address: Badgerow. G. W. Badgerow, John Carson, B.C.L. County 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. Money to loan on the most favorable terms and at the lowest rates of interest, in sums of $500 and upwards.

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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. A stylish hair-cut, a good sea-foam 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 fruit and ornamental lines which others do not handle. Apply at once, with references. MAY BROTHERS, Nurserymen Rochester, N.Y.

DEEP Sea Wonders exist in thousands of forms, but are surpassed by the marvels of invention. Those who are in need of profitable work that can be done while living at home should at once send their address to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, and receive free, full information how either sex, of all ages, can earn from $5 to $25 per day and upwards wherever they live. You are started free. Capital not required. Some have made over $50 in a single day at this work. All succeed.

Guelph Business College. GUELPH, ONTARIO. THE ATTENDANCE AT THIS INSTITUTION is now larger than at any former time, which is the best evidence of the practical value of its course to young men and women as well as the growing popularity of the College. Its graduates are giving signal proof of the thoroughness of their training and meeting with marked success in the cities and towns both of Canada and the United States. Students enter at any time and progress as rapidly as natural ability and previous educational advantages permit. The Fourth Annual Circular giving terms, etc., will be mailed free to any address on application to M. MacCORMICK.

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 all 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 Hard 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 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 & McCulloch make, for sale low for cash. THOS. C. MOORE, Acton, Ont.

PICTURE FRAMES —AT— WATERS BROTHERS. PICTURES —AT— WATERS BROTHERS. Cornice Poles, Banner Rods, Mouldings, Cords, Nails, Glass, Bevelled Mirrors, ARTIST'S MATERIALS Winsor & Newtons —AT— WATERS BROTHERS, 25 WYNDHAM STREET, GUELPH

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, 1 ft. high, $50, 7 ft. $75, 6 ft. $90, 9 ft. $100, 10 ft. $150. 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.

SALESMEN WANTED. Edward O. Graham, the popular and well known Nurseryman of Rochester, N.Y., desires to make arrangements with one or two live, energetic men to take orders for his Nursery stock. He has a choice stock, including fine specialties. His inducements to beginners are particularly advantageous. He fulfills all he promises, and guarantees to furnish strictly first class stock. He can give active, square, upright men good positions, and desires to communicate with a few such men, with a view of securing their services. Write to him as soon as you have read this for terms and full particulars. Remember, only square dealing men need apply. Address, EDW. O. GRAHAM, Nurseryman, Rochester, N.Y.

BABY SLEIGHS! —A FEW— CHOICE ONES Will be sold below Cost to clear —AT— DAY'S BOOKSTORE. DAY SELLS CHEAP.

BUSINESS CHANGE. Having purchased the stock of the business of which I have been manager for nearly 3 years, I desire to thank you for your kind and liberal patronage of the past and to solicit a continuance of past favors. In addition to the well assorted stock of General Dry Goods and Choice Fresh Groceries, I have added a Complete Assortment of Boots, Shoes, Slippers, Rubbers, &c., &c., which were bought right and are being sold right. Call and inspect them. JOHN C. NELSON. Goods Sold for Cash or Trade Only.

A NEW FACE IN AN OLD PLACE. O. H. RYDER, MERCHANT TAILOR. Wishes to inform the public that he has removed his business to the shop where Mr. J. Fyfe has for many years so satisfactorily served his customers. Here I will open out a larger and more varied stock of goods than ever. First-class Goods and good fit every time. Leave your order. O. H. RYDER.

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.

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.

INVENTION has revolutionized the world during the last half century. Not least among the wonders of inventive progress is a method and system of work that can be performed all over the country without separating the workers from their homes. Pay liberal; any one can do the work: either sex, young or old; no special ability required. Capital not needed; you are started free. Cut this out and return to us and we will send you free, something of great value and importance to you, that will start you in business, which will bring you in more money right away, than anything else in the world. Grand outfit free. Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

RICHLY Rewarded are those who read this and then act; they will find honorable employment that will not take them from their homes and families. The profits are large and sure for every industrious person, many have made and are now making several hundred dollars a month. It is easy for any one to make $5 and upwards per day, who is willing to work. Either sex, young or old; capital not needed; we start you. Everything new. No special ability required; you, reader, can do it as well as any one. Write to us at once for full particulars, which we mail free. Address Stinson & Co., Portland, Maine.

Poetry.

JUBILEE TEMPERANCE SONG.

Air—"John Brown."

Quick response, my temperance comrades, to the ringing trumpet's call.
In the cry of saddened millions, drinking wormwood mixed with gall;
Pleading with you not to falter, not to let the banner fall;
For death still marches on.

CHORUS.
Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Our cause will win we do assure you.
Glory, glory, hallelujah!
For God is leading on.

Don't you hear the clank of prison chains and shriek of maddened brain?
Have ye pity none for victims who redemption seek in vain?
We must stop this desolation of our world for cursed gain,
That good may march along. Glory, &c.

In this conflict for the freedom of our homes, and church and state,
We contend with those whose human love this trade has turned to hate.
To this we give no quarter; push the battle to the gate;
And peace shall march along! Glory, &c.

Let the brewer and distiller, and all drunkard makers hear;
That their day of retribution swiftly, surely draweth near;
While their cup of compensation brimmeth o'er with wrath and fear,
For justice marches along! Glory, &c.

They say our "Legislation" does not do the good required.
Our answer is, "All laws are weak till people's hearts are fired
With conviction strong, and purpose true, and zeal that's never tired;
Then the law goes marching along. Glory, &c.

Some are asking "compensation" for repression of their trade,
Well, they'll get it when they're settled for the ruin it has made;
With the balance left (?) we'll levy the late jubilant "Victualler's Aid."
As the world goes laughing along. Glory, &c.

Ho! ye heirs of "Magna Charta," roused to fame of knightly deed,
In the lists of "Human Suffrage," the modern Runnymede,
Be ye barons all for Jesus, for His scrutineer doth read,
How your vote goes marching along. Glory, &c.

Be ye brave of heart, my brethren, and behold the dawning bright
Of the better day that's coming with the triumph of the right,
When human life shall taintless be, from drink's accursed blight.
That day is marching on! Glory, &c.

Let the bannered hosts of temperance keep the goal of faith in view;
"Prohibition" be our watchword, for the love of Christ be true;
Till the promise is fulfilled, and the "Heavens and earth made new."
For Christ is marching on! Glory, &c.

Select Family Reading.

THE LITTLE LIE.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

"What are you looking for, mamma?"

"I am looking for a bank-note that I left on the mantel-shelf last evening. Have you seen anything of it?"

"A what? A bank-note? No, I haven't seen such a thing. Where was it?"

"Here, on this shelf. Your father handed it to me when he first came in, and as I had no pocket in the dress I then wore I laid it on the shelf, thinking that when I went up to my chamber I would carry it up. And I remember that I set the shade-lamp upon it, so that it should not be blown away. It is very strange. I cannot think what can have become of it. You and Lydia were here last evening?"

"Yes, mamma."

"And Albert Worthing came in, did he not?"

"Yes; he came and stopped perhaps half an hour."

"And you saw nothing of the note?"

"What was it, mamma? How big a note?"

"Ten dollars."

"I wouldn't worry about that."

"It is not the loss of ten dollars, it is my carelessness that troubles me; and your father will know that I have been careless."

"Why do you say anything to papa about it? I wouldn't, if I were in your place."

"But I must go to him for another ten dollars; and he must know. I declare,"—searching over the shelf once more—"it is strange where it could have gone to. You, of course, saw nothing of it, Lydia?"

"If I had, dear auntie, I should have told you at once."

"Well, I am sorry. And it was such a handsome bill—one of the new issue. Your father said the first he had seen, and he kept it on purpose for me. But it is gone, why—there is the end of it!" And thus speaking, Mrs. Evans left the room, her daughter, Kate, and her niece, Lydia Hapgood, remaining behind.

"O, Kate! how could you tell your mother that you knew nothing about that note?"

"Because, I did not know."

"But, Kate, it was just the same. You remember, when you moved the lamp and something fell from the shelf into the fire, that Albert sprang forward and tried to save it, but was too late. You know he exclaimed at the time that he believed it was a bank-note."

"Yes, he thought it was. But what has that got to do with my knowing or having seen it? O, pshaw!" the pretty girl cried, with a toss of her sunny head, "what's the use of being scolded when there's no need? I certainly didn't see any bank-note; and if Albert hadn't said what he did, I shouldn't have known that it had ever been there."

"Still, dear Katie, you deceived your mother. You did certainly tell her a—a—"

"O! you mean a fib—a lie. Well, it was a very little one, at all events; and, certainly, no harm can come of it. I'll run the risk. And now, Lydia, let us get ready for our ride. You know Albert said he would be here at eleven o'clock, and it wants only fifteen minutes of the time." And the light-hearted, light-headed girl flew away towards her chamber to dress for her ride.

Kate Evans was eighteen years of age, a pretty, bright-eyed, good-hearted girl, volatile and frolicsome, with lessons of life yet to learn. She was daughter and only child of Samuel Evans, one of the foremost of the lawyers of the great city.

Lydia Hapgood was cousin to Kate, a daughter of Mrs. Evan's older sister, two-and-twenty years of age, a thoughtful, pleasant-faced woman, [illegible] her home a score of miles up the river, she being at the present time on a visit to her Aunt Evans.

At eleven o'clock a stylish team drew up at the door of Mr. Evans's comfortable dwelling; and from that carriage alighted Albert Worthing. He was Kate's accepted lover; a young man of two-and-twenty; tall, muscular, and perfectly proportioned; with a face the very mirror of all that was good, and true and generous in man; a handsome, honest face; a face that might lead any woman to love and to trust. He had just been admitted to the bar, and those who knew him best foretold for him a high and brilliant forensic career.

Albert had not long to wait. They went off happily, and be sure they knew how to enjoy themselves.

Later in the day Mrs. Evans was obliged to confess to her husband, the loss of the bank-note and to ask for another in its place.

Samuel Evans was not a man to worry over the loss of ten dollars. Only the day before he had given ten times that amount to a benevolent object; but he didn't like to have money disappear in that way. He wanted to know what had become of it. A bank-note could not have gone off of its own accord. He went into the drawing-room with his wife, and she showed him just where she had laid the note, and how she had set the heavy shade lamp upon it, so that it might not be blown away. She had put it there just at dusk, on the previous evening, and the only ones who had been in the room since, to her knowledge, were Kate, and Lydia, and Albert Worthing. She did not believe any of the servants could have been in there. Nothing could have called them—or any one of them—in that direction, she was very sure.

"It is very curious—very," said Mr. Evans, gazing vacantly upon the spot where the bank-note had been laid. "It could not have moved without help."

"Of course it could not."

"Was there a fire in the grate last evening?"

"Yes. You remember, it was rather chilly, and as Kate wanted a bit of warmth, I let John put up a fire,—just a bit,—enough to last a few hours."

"John could not have—"

"O, John had built the fire, and had been gone half an hour when I came in, and I know he did not come back, because he asked me if I could spare him to go down town for the evening."

"Well, well,—if that bill should ever turn up, I think I should know it. However, here is another; and I hope you will be more careful of it."

On the following day Mr. Evans took his wife to a ride to High Bridge. Of late he had kept no horse of his own. He had occasion to use a horse so seldom that he found it not only cheaper, but far more convenient to hire. So he went to the stable where, for a long time, he had been in the habit of hiring, and engaged a coach for the afternoon, to be at his door at one o'clock.

The team was promptly on time, and both Kate and Cousin Lydia went down to see mamma snugly fixed in the carriage, and they hoped she would have as good a time as they had enjoyed on the previous day.

On the return, Mr. Evans helped his wife from the coach at their door, and having seen her safely in the house, he resumed his seat, and rode back to the stable, near to which resided a man with whom he had important business. At the stable he alighted, and went into the office to pay his bill, tendering to the clerk a twenty-dollar greenback. In the change returned to him was a ten-dollar bill—a note of the latest issue—a crisp, new note, which—He started when he saw it, for he believed that the only note of that description yet put in circulation in the city, had been given to him, two days before, by a friend of the Treasury Department. Could this be the same?

"May I ask you," he said to the clerk, "where you got this note?"

"Certainly, sir. It was given to me, last evening, by Mr. Albert Worthing. I think the team for which he paid was sent to your house."

Mr. Evans returned to his house in a cloud of deep and harrowing anxiety. In his mind there could be no doubt about that being the bill which he had given to his wife. Could it be possible that Albert had taken it? O! he could not believe it. And yet—ah! stranger things had happened. He must think. He would not speak to his wife quite yet. He would see Albert first.

And he met the young man on the following morning. He was not a man to beat about the bush with a character like that of Albert Worthing's.

"Albert," said he drawing the youth aside—his very look and tone gave to his auditor a shock that startled him from his equilibrium—"you were at my house, in the drawing-room, on last Monday evening?"

"Yes, sir," answered Albert, stricken with a great wonder.

"You will excuse me for asking you—but, did you, on that occasion, see anything of a bank-note that lay upon the mantel shelf?"

The young man colored and hesitated. He remembered, instantly, the accident of Kate's. He did not wish to—he would not—expose her, if she had not yet exposed herself.

"Mr. Evans," he returned, after a troubled pause, "I do not think I looked upon the the shelf during the evening. I was there but a short time, having only called for the purpose of making arrangements for our ride on the following day."

Albert's hesitation, his unwonted tremor of limb, and his evident trouble of mind, had not escaped the old lawyer's eye; and, naturally enough, he put a very bad construction upon the signs.

"Then," pursued Mr. Evans, with an expression of pain and distrust not to be mistaken, "you saw nothing of a bank-note while you were there?"

This was coming very near to bottom, and Albert winced. He could not, without direct falsehood, declare that he saw nothing of the kind, because he was very sure that he did see it. After a moment's hesitation, he ventured to ask, in a strangely tremulous and unwilling manner:

"Have you spoken with Kate on the subject, sir?"

"Mrs. Evans has spoken with her. She knows nothing about it—nothing at all." His voice was hard, and stern, and cold and his look severe. Presently he added:

"Look you, Albert: Where did you get this?" at the same time exposing the ten-dollar note he had taken from the stable clerk.

"Did I ever have it, sir?" the youth asked, promptly.

"Mr. Wambold's clerk told me that you gave it to him in payment for the team you had on Tuesday."

Albert Worthing turned a shade paler, and for a single instant his frame quivered; but it quickly passed, and he answered, with entire self-possession:

"Mr. Evans, you must excuse me. There is a reason, good and sufficient to myself, why I should not, at present, tell who gave me that note. I am sorry to refuse you in so simple a matter, but—I cannot do it."

The old lawyer was puzzled. In what had passed before he had seen only signs of guilt; but in this last answer, and in the tone and manner of its giving, there was surely nothing of the guilty man. In his long practice at the bar he had become so thoroughly acquainted with the various manifestations of guilt and innocence that he was not liable to be mistaken now when he saw them. Yet he could not put away his suspicions. Why should the young man have been so startled—as he certainly was—when he was first asked concerning the bank-note on the shelf? Why, if he had not seen it or known something of it before?

Mr. Evans reflected for a little time, and then, with more of pain than of anything else in his voice, he said:

"Albert, I will not pursue this thing further at present. I will only further say this: Until you can come to me and frankly explain your possession of this bank-note, I must request that you will not visit at my house. I trust you understand me."

Albert Worthing stood like one thunderstruck. He did not understand. But before he could collect his senses and calmly speak Mr. Evans had turned and left him—left him with a greater suffering than we can tell.

On the evening of that day—early in the evening—Lydia Hapgood entered Kate's chamber.

"Lydia, what is the matter? You look as though you had seen a ghost."

Lydia came and sat down by her cousin's side, and took her hand.

"O, Kate! how shall I tell you what has happened? Do you expect Albert to call this evening?"

"Certainly. He promised, Lydia!" with a start, at the same time catching her arm, "has anything happened to him? Is he—"

"Hush, Kate. It is nothing as you think. Listen. You remember what I told you about the deception you practiced towards your mother concerning the bank-note that was lost from the drawing room shelf? You called it a little lie. O, dear Kate, it has borne bitter fruit already, and it may bear fruit more and more bitter if you do not lay it with the rod of truth and frank confession."

"Lydia! what in the world do you mean? O, tell me!"

"I will tell you, Kate. About an hour ago your father came home, and entered the front drawing room, where your mother was sitting. I was in the music room, and Uncle Samuel did not see me. O! I never saw a face more wrought upon with pain and anguish than was his. His wife saw it, and asked him what was the matter. And then it all came out. I cannot tell you all that was said; but, Kate, your dear Albert is accused of having stolen that ten-dollar bank-note. Hush! It is as I tell you. Your father went up to Mr. Wambold's stable to pay for the team he had used, and in making change the clerk gave him a new, crisp ten-dollar bill, of the latest government issue. It was the exact counter part of that which we saw burn in the grate, or it was exactly like the note which uncle had given to aunt, and which she laid on the shelf. Uncle asked the clerk where he got the note, and he replied that Albert Worthing had paid it to him on the previous evening. Can you wonder that your father should think strange of the affair? But that is not all.

"This morning your father saw Albert, and asked him if he saw anything of a ten-dollar bill on the drawing-room shelf last Monday evening. Albert asked, in return, if you had been asked about it. Yes, your papa told him, Kate had been asked, and she knew nothing about it. And then, as near as I can make out, Albert refused to answer any more questions. Uncle asked him where he got the ten-dollar bill he had paid to the stable-keeper, but he would not tell. And then—then, Kate, your father forbid him coming here any more until he could explain.

"O! Kate! Kate! do you not see that Albert held his tongue for your sake, and for your sake he is suffering as, I venture to say, he never suffered before? O! what must he think? How must he feel? He knows—Kate, he knows—that you knew all about the missing bank-note, and he knows, also, that you must have told to your mother a lie—"

"O! Lydia! Don't! don't!" cried the stricken girl. "O! what shall I do? What shall I do?"

"Dear cousin," pleaded Lydia, putting an arm around her neck and kissing her tenderly, "there is but one thing you can do. Surely, you know what that is."

"You mean—go to mamma, and—and—confess."

"Yes, and go at once. Go to father and mother both. They are in the drawing room at this moment. O! dear Kate, if you would ever know happiness again, be brave, be true—true to yourself and true to Albert. Courage! Courage! It may be hard; but, O! think of what must be if you do not face the duty."

Kate bent her head upon her hands, and so remained, moaning in anguish of spirit, for several seconds. Finally, she arose, and without a word further, left the chamber. Once on the way she hesitated, and stopped, but only for a moment. She sped on, and stopped not again until she had sank upon her knees before her parents.

"O! papa!—mamma!—Lydia has told me all! Albert is noble and true. I am—a—O, mamma! I told you a wicked lie! I did know where the ten-dollar note went. I moved the great lamp on the shelf, and something fell off, and Albert sprang forward and tried to save it, but he could not. He told me he thought it was a greenback of a large denomination. And to save me he has suffered. O, papa, can you ever forgive me? Mamma, can you ever trust and love me again? O! never! never! never! while life and sense are mine, will I deceive you again!"

We can easily imagine that the parents were not hard upon their erring child. In fact, the sufferings she had already endured were all-sufficient to the end of purification, and they would not add to them.

When Mr. Evans had given to his daughter his blessing, and his forgiving kiss, he put on his hat and went out. Directly to the residence of Albert Worthing he made his way; and he had the good fortune of finding the young man at home.

"Albert, I wish you would tell me where you got that ten-dollar bill you gave to Wambold's clerk."

There was something in the man's look and tone and bearing—a depth of feeling and of sympathy—that touched the youth to the heart. He reflected for a brief space, and then answered kindly and frankly:

"Mr. Evans, I think you can appreciate the situation. That ten-dollar bill was given to me by a client who had, not an hour previously, taken the poor debtor's oath. And yet he was entirely honest. That money was not his, in any way or shape, when he took the oath."

"Dear boy—if you can forgive one who has foolishly, perhaps wickedly—though unwittingly, wronged us both, I shall be the happiest man alive. But come with me to my house, and Kate shall explain."

Little was said on the way. Having reached home, the old lawyer conducted Albert at once to the drawing-room, where his wife and daughter were sitting.

And there, with hot tears, and heaving sobs, and upon his bosom—she would have sank upon her knees at his feet had he suffered it—Kate confessed to her lover the sin of which she had been guilty. She told the whole story just as it was.

It was a severe lesson, and humiliating; but it was a source of great good. The cloud was gone, and the sunshine came again; and upon the bosom of her dear lover Kate took a new departure in life from the true course of which she feels very sure she will never deviate.

TEMPERANCE ITEMS.

(BY OBSERVER.)

For the Free Press.

The verdict of the people of Dakota at the late election was decided in favor of prohibition. The vote was by counties, and of the sixty-eight, sixty-two are against the traffic by majorities of from fifty to six hundred votes. Only six counties are for license.

In a special sermon to men Mr. Spurgeon gives some startling statistics. He said in London there are 8,000 professional Phrynes, 600,000 practical drunkards, 6,000 public houses, and 4,000 clubs for tempting young men.

17 counties in Michigan have gone in favor of prohibition under the local option act.

Mrs. R. Harris of Kansas is more frank than people generally are who have lost dear friends by the liquor traffic. She has erected in the cemetery a granite shaft around which an ugly snake is coiled. The inscription is this: "Richard Harris, died Feby. 13th, 18—, of delirium tremens, aged 41 years."

The Rev. O. W. Still, of the Baptist church, Greenwich, R. I., and King Allen, members of the law and order league, have been very active in raiding liquor saloons here and have incurred the enmity of liquor sellers. Saturday night enough arsenic to kill 20 persons was thrown into Mr. Still's well and Sunday a dynamite cartridge was exploded in front of Mr. Allen's house, damaging it considerably. Mr. Still has resigned his pastorate and will give his whole time to the temperance cause.

Within a certain area of New York city, comprising eight districts, and having a population of 360,000, there are 3,018 saloons, and but 81 Protestant Churches.

License high or license low,
From one deadly fountain flow;
Brewing fast, or brewing slow,
Yielding naught but shame and woe.

License low, or license high
Men who drink as much will buy;
License high the coffers fill;
But high or low, 'tis sure to kill.

License high, or license low,
Are surely reaping what they sow;
License low reaps sore distress,
License high reaps nothing less.

License high, or license low,
Both from this fair land must go.
On the scroll the angel wrote,
"By the prohibition vote."

SUNDAY NEWSPAPERS.

A fact lies on the very face of this subject which seems to have been overlooked by those who would insist in the Sabbath paper as a necessity. It is this:—Publishing a paper is a business like any other business and if it violates the law of the Sabbath the onus is upon the publisher to show cause why his case should be made an exception to the rule which applies to other pursuits.

We have yet to see any serious attempt to make such a showing. The publishers of Sunday newspapers seem to have assumed that their work is so clearly a work of mercy or necessity (just which they are not careful to affirm) that its lawfulness admits of no debate.

And yet it requires no argument to prove that the Sunday paper is not a necessity, and it is anything but a mercy.

The world can get along very well without a Sunday paper. Toronto, a city of nearly 130,000 population, has no Sunday paper; and London, the metropolis of the world, with nearly 5,000,000 of people, has not a single daily journal that issues a Sabbath edition."

One of the gravest objections to the Sunday paper is the disposition of its editor to put aside the law of the Sabbath for slight cause—a disposition which is doubtless engendered by their work, and which spreads like the plague among their readers. They are ever ready not only to break the commandment, but to teach men so. Sunday excursions, base-ball, and every other sort of amusement on the Sabbath day, find ready apologist in the editorial rooms of Sunday newspapers. It is said that mules working all the week in the darkness of coal-mines must be brought up into the light on Sunday, or in a little while they go blind; and the fact occurs to us as explaining the blindness of the average editor of daily papers on the Sunday question. Prosecuting his endless task, with little or no Sabbath rest, he becomes incapable of seeing anything in a scriptural Sabbath but tyranny, oppression, and a puritanic interference with private rights.

A near-sighted husband in Warrington saw a large bouquet of flowers on a chair, and wishing to preserve them from fading placed them in a basin of water. When his wife saw the "bouquet" half an hour afterward she gave one piercing scream and fainted on the spot. Her defective-visioned husband has mistaken her new spring bonnet with its conglomerates of flowers for a freshly culled bouquet.

HIS GIRLS.

My pious girl is bravely meek;
She gives me scripture texts to search,
Corrects my faults and, so to speak,
Conducts me by the ear to church!

My loveliest girl has teeth like pearls,
Blue, dreamy eyes and cheek of rose,
A smiling scorn of other girls,
A vacant mind, and lots of beaux!

My kindest girl love's law fulfils
By sewing buttons on my coat,
And sending books, and liver pills,
And bits of flannel for my throat.

My brightest girl a brain has meet
To deal with science, law or arts;
She talks so well, I take a seat
Far in the back ground when she starts.

I love them each one in her place,
But, ah! my dearest girl is she
Who guys and snubs me to my face,
Pouts, storms, laughs, cries and—
kisses me.

PARAGRAPHS OF INTEREST.

He is a good orator who convinces himself.

Where there is elevation of character there will be fastidiousness.

What we call our despair is often only the painful eagerness of unfed hope.

If all men were to pay as they go there would be less going and more paying.

A silver dollar makes more noise than a five dollar bill when it is dropped into a contribution box.

In a quarrel between rascals God never works on one without working on the other.—*Sam Jones.*

Our pride is often increased by what we retrench from our other faults.

Labor rids us of three evils—tediousness, vice and poverty.—*Carlyle.*

Admonish your friends secretly, but praise them openly.—*Syrus.*

We seldom heartily praise those who do not admire us.

Because a wife does not speak out against some of your habits is no proof that they do not make her unhappy.

The difference between a man and a dog is that they will go into a saloon together and the dog will come out sober.

Hardly a week passes but we are reminded that we are constantly surrounded by perils seen and kerosene.—*Springfield Union.*

Life is a reckoning we cannot make twice over. You cannot mend a wrong subtraction by doing your addition right.

What a suspicious monster the man must have been who first invented a lock; but what a trusting creature the woman who first allowed a latch key.

Every noble acquisition is attended with its risks; he who fears to encounter the one must not expect to obtain the other.

The same printing press that turns out the *Police Gazette* of New York turns out the *Christian at Work.* The press has neither politics nor religion: all is grist that comes to it.

You say you wish to save your children from the trials and hardships encountered by yourself in starting in life. This impulse is more kindly than wise. Your struggles made you the man your are to-day.

The Church which is most in earnest in doing Christian work and in defending His cause is the one that will receive the most opposition from those who would hinder that work and assail that cause. Make a note here.

The recent account of the great floods in China were not exaggerated. London dispatches say that a populous district of 10,000 square miles was in a single night converted into a raging sea, drowning nearly 1,000,000 people, and rendering homeless 3,000,000 more.

Those of the gentle sex who have experienced the pain and annoyance caused by excoriated nipples and inflamed breasts, can well appreciate the value of a remedy which removes the trouble. This is precisely what Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil does, besides curing, when used internally asthma, croup and other maladies.

The editor wrote "One thousand women in Iowa own and manage farms," and the perverse types made him declare that "One thousand women in Iowa own and manage farmers." And the funny part of the story is that the paragraph printed is as true as the paragraph written.—*Boston Post.*

A sagacious deacon said concerning his minister: "The trouble is not that our minister isn't orthodox, or that he isn't earnest, but when he is earnest he isn't orthodox, and when he is orthodox he isn't earnest."—*R. W. Dale, D. D.*

Stand a lukewarm Baptist, a formal Presbyterian, a cold Congregationalist, and a backslidden Methodist in a single file, with Satan at the head of the procession, and it wouldn't take long to point to five professors who don't believe in revivals.—*The Methodist Young People.*

Dr. McPherson said when he went to Chicago he wondered at the friendliness of the denominations with one another, and asked a Baptist pastor the reason of it. "O" said he, we are so busy fighting the devil we haven't time to fight one another." "Thank God," rejoiced Dr. McPherson, "for this new and good use for the devil!"

ADAM'S KNIVES AND FORKS.

There are a number of things that the most fashionable and well-bred people now eat at the dinner table with their fingers: They are:

Olives, to which a fork should never be applied.

Asparagus, whether hot or cold, when served whole, as it should be.

Lettuce, which should be dipped in the dressing, or in a little salt.

Celery, which may properly be placed on the table-cloth beside the plate.

Strawberries, when served with the stems on, as they usually are in the most elegant houses.

Bread, toast and all tarts and small cakes.

Fruit of all kinds, except melons and preserves, which are eaten with a spoon.

Cheese, which is almost invariably eaten with the fingers by the most particular people.

Even the leg, or other small piece of a bird is taken in the fingers at fashionable dinners, and at most of the luncheons ladies pick small pieces of chicken without using a fork.

HARD, HONEST WORK WINS.

If every boy in the country who has his own way to make would sit down with the fact long enough to master it, that nothing but hard, honest work will bring any thing worth having in this world, there would be fewer young men looking for some kind of work where they could keep their hands clean, and in doing which they could be in bed till eight o'clock in the morning. There would be fewer looking for such jobs, and more who were anxious to work at trades, where the prospect of amounting to something is much greater.—*American Machinist.*