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The Acton Free Press

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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-ave. 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. Calls night or day promptly attended to. Terms easy.

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

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—Crosbie's Block, Georgetown, and 86 King street east, Toronto.
J. T. ALLAN. J. SHILTON, B.A. J. BAIRD, B.A.

BADGEROW, CARSON & CO.,
BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS & NOTARIES.
Offices Chambers, Cor. Church and Adelaide Sts., Toronto, Canada.
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PATENTS SECURED FOR INVENTIONS
HENRY GRIST, OTTAWA, CANADA.
Twenty Years Practice. No Patent, No Pay.

WM. HEMSTREET,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER
For the Counties of Wellington and Halton. Orders left at the Free Press office, Acton, or at my residence in Acton will be promptly attended to. Terms reasonable.
Also money to loan on the most favorable terms and at the lowest rates of interest, in sums of $300 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.
Three chairs, artistic hair-cut, a modess-foam an exhilarating shampoo, always given. Razors here had put in first-class condition. Ladies' and children's hair tastily cut.
J. & H. WORDEN, Tonsorial Artists.

SALESMEN WANTED.
PERMANENT positions guaranteed with salary and expenses paid. Any determined man can succeed with us. Peculiar advantages to beginners. Stock complete, including many fast-selling specialties. Outfit free. Name this paper. Address at once. BROWN BROTHERS, Nurserymen, Rochester, N. Y.

Guelph Business College.
GUELPH, ONTARIO.
FIFTH Scholastic Year. Its graduates are now employed as book-keepers, business managers, stenographers, etc., by many of the largest business houses in Canada and the United States. Young men and women desiring a thorough business education will consult their own welfare by attending the "Guelph Business College." For terms and particulars, 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—Hard wood, 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 Dwellings, Merchandise, Manufactories and all other descriptions of property, on the Premium Note System.
F. W. Stone, President. Chas. Davidson, Secretary.
JOHN TAYLOR Agent.

—NEW—
Harness Shop
J. H. Matthews, Prop:
(LATE OF ERIN)
Wishes to inform the public I have opened a Harness shop opposite McGarvin's Drug Store. I can supply any wants in the line of
LIGHT AND HEAVY HARNESS,
Blankets, Bells, Brushes, Combs, and Harness Oil, everything in the Harness Line kept in Stock. Repairing promptly attended to
Collars Warranted not to Hurt.
J. H. Matthews, Acton.

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 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 same are and he would like the money.
MACHINERY.
A Stave Jointer (fairly 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, curbs, 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, 4 ft. high, $50; 5 ft. $75, 6 ft. $90; 9 ft. $160, 10 ft. $180. 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.
JOHN WILLIAMS
HAVING assumed proprietorship of the livery business lately carried on by Worden Bros., would solicit the patronage of the public and will do my 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.
JOHN WILLIAMS.

—ACTON—
PUMP FACTORY
—AND—
PLANING MILL.
THOS. EBBAGE, Man.
I have assumed the management of the pump business in Acton and would respectfully inform all parties in want of pumps that we are now prepared to supply them from
The old Style Wooden Pump to the Best Force Pump made!
Pumps for Wind Mills or Rock Wells supplied on short notice.
Deep Wells a Specialty.
PRICES RIGHT EVERY TIME.
Our Planing Mill
Lumber dressed while you wait. Mouldings &c., made to order. We have also a quantity of Lumber for sale, suitable for building purposes. Orders by mail will receive prompt and careful attention.
Shop at foot of River Street.
THOS. EBBAGE, Manager

WEAVING.
MR. T. MITCHELL
Desires to inform the people of Acton and surrounding that he is prepared to take orders for weaving all kinds of Fancy Rag Carpets, Flannel Shooting, 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.

—THE—
CIDER & CHOPPING MILLS
AT ROCKWOOD.
Will re-open for the season's business on
MONDAY, 3rd SEPTEMBER.
Chopping weighed in and weighed out. Land rollers made to order. Steam and water pipes and all connections supplied, cut and threaded promptly.
W. B. BRAGG
ROCKWOOD

Xmas Goods
AT
DAY'S BOOKSTORE.
GUELPH.
Fine Books,
Toy Books,
Fancy Goods,
Leather Goods,
Plush Cases,
Fine Glass Goods,
Toys, Dollys &c.
Getting things ready for Christmas.
DAY SELLS CHEAP.

—RIGHT—
TO THE FRONT
OF ALL COMPETITION WE PLACE OUR
Elegant and Substantial Goods.
Splendid in Quality!
Complete in Assortment!!
Overflowing in Generous Bargains
—IN—
MEN'S, WOMEN'S AND CHILDREN'S
Boots and Shoes
RUBBERS, OVERSHOES, &c.
At prices that always lead to speedy sales
LOWEST PRICES
—CONSISTENT WITH—
GOOD QUALITY.
Custom Work and Repairing promptly attended to.
W. WILLIAMS,
Mill Street, Acton.

THE MERCHANTS
Protective and Collecting
ASSOCIATION OF CANADA.
Head Office,—Hamilton, Ontario.
(Established 1884)
Is an Association of business and professional men, having for its object the
Collection of Debts;
And to prevent its members from making bad debts by furnishing them with lists of parties who do not pay. Merchants and others having accounts to collect will find it to their advantage to become members—as hundreds of accounts are being collected through it that could not be collected in any other way. Many an account that has been sued and then returned by the bailiff as no good, after putting the merchant to great expense, has been collected through this association. Merchants wishing to become members, by remitting $10.00 to our Managers, at Hamilton, will receive by return mail full particulars, certificate of membership, etc. Testimonials sent.
J. B. Mills & Co., Managers

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.

Christmas Goods
IN GREAT VARIETY.
I desire to inform my numerous Customers that I have purchased a fine variety of Goods for the Xmas Trade, comprising a splendid lot of toilet articles in
Hair, Tooth and Nail Brushes.
The Finest Perfumes in the Market.
I have also the finest stock in
Ladies' Satchels
Ever shown in Acton
For Xmas Presents I have a beautiful selection of
Albums, Booklets, &c.
We also keep all the Authorized School Books and School Supplies, Hymn Books, Pens, Pencils, Slates, Ink, Etc.
We keep a large selection of Spectacles to suit all sights.
Give us a call before purchasing. Don't forget the place.
McGARVIN'S
DRUG STORE.

Poetry.

LITTLE TIMMENS' CHRISTMAS.

It was Christmas, on Savage Wachita;
It was nightfall, and bitter and black;
The winds were abroad on the mountains,
A wolfish, and ravening pack!
They snarled at the walls of the cabin,
They clamored at window and door,
Till the sparks from the yulelog were flying
Up chimney with crackle and roar!
Aloft, in the infinite concave,
The snow-peaks hung, awful and aloof,
And the moon, like a pale warning beacon,
Olr the crest of the glacier shone;
It checkered with shadows fantastic
The trestle-bridge, ghostly and tall,
Where the foot-way frayed from the chasm,
And around the cyclopean wall.

From the rude cabin's one grimy window
Little Timmens looked out with a sigh,
At the black gorge—the white seething torrent,
And the stars in the keen winter sky;
Far away up the furious canon
A shrill whistle arose,
And here and there danger-lights glimmered
In the wastes of the limitless snows;
For the winds, those assiduous builders,
Were toiling with might and with main,
Hurling up the great drifts of the canon
In the teeth of the in-coming train!
All the force were away at the blockade,
And the winter night, lonesome and drear,
Drew around the great solitudes slowly,
Like the shadow of danger and fear!

Little Timmens looked out of the window
With a wistful, disconsolate glance:
"I aint had no Christmas: a fellow
All alone, somehow, hasn't a chance!
Father told me to stick to the cabin—"
(And Timmens looked ready to cry)
"I've a Chinese red-light and a rocket—
I wish it was Fourth of July!
Hark! What is that rocket out yonder?"
As a dim in the silence arose,
And the mountain side seemed to be rushing
Right down, with its forests and snows!
"The snow slide!" gasped Timmens in terror,
As he saw the huge piers sway and rock,
And into the fathomless blackness
The trestle went down with the shock!

Half-dazed with affright for a moment
He stared through the wild flying rack,
Then, snatching at red-light and rocket,
He sped like a deer up the track:
And his face, in the moonlight, was awful
With a ghastly, soul-sickening fear,
For beyond the sharp curve of the canon
A whistle rose, thrilling and clear!
"The eastward bound express," he panted,
As he set his teeth grimly and hard,
"The bridge down, and father off guard!"
On the shuddering verge of the chasm
He paused but a moment, for lo!
One slender plank, swaying and creaking,
Still spanned the hoarse torrent; and so,
With a glance at the cabin behind him,
And one at the blackness beneath,
He drops to the plank, and went creeping
Along the frail footway of death!

Like a reed, that is shaken by tempest,
The rent timbers quiver and sway—
But inch by inch, faster and bolder,
He tolls on his perilous way
Thank God! Little Timmens, safe over!
His dizzy brain surges and reels,
For around the curve, nearer and nearer,
Comes the clatter and thunder of wheels!

"Down brakes!" The black mouth of the canon
Flamed suddenly, lurid and red,
As a rocket whizzed out of the shadows—
"Down brakes! There is danger ahead!
And the train-men, tumultuously crowding
The track, with a thrill of surprise
Saw the queer little figure of Timmens
Like an imp from the darkness arise!
There was hearty hand-shaking and cheering,
When Timmens his story had told,
And a generous, spontaneous donation
Of green-backs and silver and gold:
And Timmens, half laughing, half-crying,
In a sort of bewildered content,
Declared it the "very best Christmas—
"The fullest ever he'd spent!"

Select Family Reading.

A New Year's Call.

BY ART LANDOLPH.

"I should like so much to spend New Year's Day in the city," said Myrtle Follett.

Grandma Follett looked wisely over the edge of her silver-bowed spectacles.

"Good land! what for?" said she. "New Year's Day is New Year's Day, just the same on Cedar Mountain as it is in New York, ain't it? Sunrise, mid-day and sunset. The Lord haint made no difference in one place or t'other, as I know of."

"Oh, but, grandma, my cousins receive company on New Year's Day," said Myrtle. "They light the gas, and decorate the house with flowers, and set a table with coffee, and oysters, and frosted cake, and lobster salad, and all sorts of nice things, and the girls are dressed their best, and—"

"Well," said grandma Follett, "what's to prevent you from dressing up in your peach-colored merino, and having coffee and cold chicken? For Bruce Garland and his mother are comin' over from Garland Farm in the red sleigh. And I guess there won't be no city beau better lookin than our Bruce."

"Your Bruce, grandma, if you like," said Myrtle, with a toss of her pretty head, "but not mine."

"He is yours, too," said grandma. "Every inch of him! Bless your soul, my dear, haint you found out that he loves you better'n the whole world besides?"

"That's all nonsense," said Myrtle, dimpling all over. "As if I were going to marry a farmer's son, and settle down on this bleak mountain side, when there's a whole city full to choose from. No, indeed, grandma. No girl ought to make up her mind until she has seen a little of the world. And I'll tell you what," Myrtle added. "I've made up my mind to spend New Year's Day with Aunt Louise and the girls."

"But they haint invited you," said Grandma Follett, with a puzzled look on her placid old face.

"Not specially for that day, I know," acknowledged Myrtle. "But aunt Louise has been here every summer for ten years—and Eleanor has always said that I must look upon their house as my second home. Of course they'll be glad to see me!"

Grandma Follett, having seen rather more of city relations than innocent Myrtle was not by any means as certain of this, but she held her peace.

"But what am I to tell Bruce?" said she.

"Tell him!" Myrtle repeated. "Why, tell him that I've gone to the city. Isn't that enough? I'm sure it matters very little to me what you tell him."

"Ah, Myrtle, take care!" said the old lady, shaking her head with a mild, regretful look. "Bruce Garland has a heart of gold!"

"As if I'd hurt anything so fine," said Myrtle, saucily.

So when the soft white snow of New Year's Day wrapped all the world in a mantle of ermine which no royal robe could rival, Myrtle Follett stepped into the morning train and took her ticket to New York.

"Oh, I shall enjoy it so much," said Myrtle to herself.

The Misses Eleanor and Louisette Emberson had attired themselves superbly for this festal day. Their dresses were of blue silk, so pale a color that they looked almost like dirty white; their hair was frizzled and curled and banged and crimped, and puffed up, and bandolined down until it reminded the beholder of nothing on earth but a barber's block. Their complexions were touched up with rouge and their eyelids shaded by belladonna, and their gloves reached nearly to the elbows, and really, standing well away from the gaslight, they looked *almost* pretty, even if the glow and bloom of fresh youth were lacking in some degree!

The trim servant-maid in the white cap and frilled apron, who opened the door, stared hard at the rosy-cheeked young lady who stood there, with the furs wrapped around her, and the tiny travelling bag in her hand.

"A lady!" said Priscilla to herself. "And on New Year's Day! Oh my!

"Are the Misses Emberson at home?" said Myrtle, a little timidly.

"Oh, yes, Miss," said Priscilla, feeling to see if the cap were settled straight on her head, "they're at home. But they're receiving."

"I will come in, please," said Myrtle, with dignity. "I am their cousin, from Cedar Mountain, in Connecticut."

Priscilla showed her into a little back room where the office was being made, and there was a reserve pile of sandwiches, and the smeared dish in which the lobster salad had been mixed. There was no fire there, except the tickly flame in the alcohol lamp, and everything looked forlorn and shabby as possible. As Myrtle sat shivering down on the one chair from which she was obliged to remove a heap of China towels before she could use it, she heard Priscilla's voice in the parlors beyond, whose door of communication was artfully concealed by a modern drapery of crimson damask, hung on sliding gilt rings.

"It's your cousin, Miss Eleanor and Miss Louisette," said she. "A young lady from Cedar Mountain."

"Good gracious!" cried Eleanor; "*that* girl!"

"What on earth can possibly have brought her here just now of all times in the world?" exclaimed Louisette.

"What shall we do, mamma?" said Eleanor, piteously.

"Do?" sharply retorted Mrs. Emberson, who was in black velvet and imitation diamonds. "Why, make the best of it, of course. If a girl will—"

But here Myrtle, who felt with a sort of pang that there was something dishonorable in listening to this conversation, which was so evidently not intended for her ears, drew aside the crimson damask folds and presented herself, with deep-dyed cheeks and sparkling eyes.

"Aunt Louise," said she, "it is I! And if I had supposed for a moment that my visit would be inconvenient—"

"Oh, my dear, don't think of such a thing," cried Mrs. Emberson, mantling her face in artificial smiles. "Girls, come here and kiss our dear Matilda—Mariau—how very awkward of me to forget your name!"

"Myrtle," said the girl, coloring deeper than ever. Eleanor and Louisette kissed her effusively, but had scarcely time to lisp out their congratulations when a party of perfumed, white-kidded exquisites were ushered in by the smiling Priscilla. Mrs. Emberson looked embarrassed.

"Come up stairs, my dear," said she; "I will give you a cup of tea in your own room. Of course you won't care for the bustle and confusion of the parlor on such a day as this."

And poor Myrtle, who had come expressly to share the delight of her cousin's New Year's reception, was led off into the upper part of the house, scarcely able to repress her tears of mortification and embarrassment.

The rooms up stairs were chill and uncomfortable, for it was a cold day, and all the registers had been turned off, to establish a more summer-like atmosphere in the parlors. Mrs. Emberson, after entreating Myrtle to make herself perfectly at home, and promising to send her a cup of tea in a few minutes, slipped away—and there the poor girl sat, shivering, faint and unrefreshed.

"I wonder where Aunt Louise can have gone," she said to herself, at last, in very desperation. She went out and looked over the head of the stairway. There, in the hall below, was a stream of chattering, bowing, gesticulating young men—to Myrtle's unaccustomed eyes they looked more like over-dressed monkeys than anything else—and Louisette and Eleanor were in the parlor doorway.

"You don't say!" cried one, evidently in response to some of the girls' words. "A genuine country cousin? Eh?"

"Talks through her nose!" said another. "Wears a poke bonnet and a pink calico gown! Do let us have a look at the curiosity."

"Not to-day, you wicked thing," giggled Miss Louisette. "Some day she shall be brought in to make you all laugh."

"The idea of her coming here on New Year's Day, of all days in the world," said Eleanor, contemptuously.

But Myrtle stayed to hear no more. Hurrying back to the room she had just quitted, she tied on her hat, folded the little fur-lined sacque in which she had taken so innocent a pride, about her, and catching up her travelling-bag, quitted the house. Priscilla alone saw her go out, but Priscilla did not interfere.

"Country folks has queer notions," said Priscilla to herself. "And perhaps she is going to take a walk."

On the way she met the express wagon with her trunk. It was but a moment's work to countermand her directions, and in half an hour she was speeding through the glittering expanse of the winter landscape on her way home.

Grandma Follett was knitting, as usual, by the fire of blazing logs, just at twilight. Beside her, with his back to the door, stood Bruce Garland, tall, manly, superbly formed, as a young Adonis.

"And you think she does not care for me?" was what Bruce was saying to Grandma Follett, in the ruddy half-light.

But Myrtle hurried in just as the words were trembling on his lips.

"She does care for you, Bruce! Oh, Bruce, she loves and honors you more than she can tell!" cried Myrtle, flinging herself upon his breast. "Keep me here, Bruce. Oh, never let me go from you again! For I've had enough of city people and city ways."

And then she told her day's adventures. "Louise Emberson never had any heart," said Grandma Follett, indignantly. "And those two gals of hers are just painted wax dolls."

So Myrtle Follett was cured of her mania for city life. And that New Year's call was the means of settling her snugly in Garland Farm for good and all.

Mrs. Emberson wrote a long letter of six-syllabled apologies, which was not answered. And the family of New York cousins was never invited to Cedar Mountain again.

SCIENTIFIC.

It is well for us to know that emotions cause more unhappiness and crime than other function of the brain. Human beings are governed by their emotions, and it is well that they should be, though it is the emotions that wear away the brain, and not honest, intellectual work. Very few people suffer from intellectual work. It is not intellectual work that causes nervous dyspepsia, but the emotions, such as anxiety, fear, sorrow, and love. Eight hours are sufficient for a man to use his brain, because if he exceeds that time he becomes nervous and fretful, and an exhausted brain is an irritable brain.

French chemists now obtain from the essence of birch bark, by rectification, an essential oil which possesses among other properties that of being fatal to insect life, and an electrically insulating tarry substance; and these two products are so treated and combined with other substances as to produce an anti-oxidizing compound and an insulating material capable of the same applications as ebonite.

The presence of sewer-gas in a room may be detected by the following method: Unglazed paper is saturated with a solution of acetate of lead in rain-water, one ounce of lead salt being dissolved in eight ounces of the liquid. Allow the paper to partially dry, and then expose it in the room which is suspected of containing the deleterious gas. Any considerable quantity of the gas turns the paper black.

A Brooklyn electrician has discovered a way to stop the cat serenading business. He has attached a wire to the back fence, and when the cats alight and begin to sing their tuneful ballads, he turns on the battery. The cats are not injured, but they are so surprised that they are inclined to let the fence alone thereafter.

Aluminum resembles silver in appearance, is stronger than steel, will not tarnish, and is superior to silver for all purposes for which that metal is used.

PLEASANTRIES.

Riding along our country highways one sees many signs placed in conspicuous places forbidding trespassing. Some of the signs are in the strongest language, while others are hard to understand. On one north-west of the city of Beverly, this State, is found the following: "Any person ketched on these grounds, or cows or wimin, will be liabul two fine itself in a scrape."—*Merrittown Banner.*

An aged widower got married recently for the fourth time, notwithstanding he had a houseful of grown-up children. While the marriage ceremony was being performed audible weeping could be heard in the back room. One of the guests who had heard the sobs asked one of the children who it was. "That's Emily," was the reply; "she always howls when papa gets married again."

It was not very long before I made two very useful discoveries—first, that all mankind were not solely employed in observing me (a belief that all young people have); and next, that chamming was of no use, that the world was very clear-sighted, and soon estimated a man at his just value. This cured me, and I determined to be natural and let the world find me out.

Wife—"I was so annoyed, my dear, today, to find one of my pictures displayed in a photographer's shop window." Husband—"Why didn't you go upstairs and tell him to take it out?" Wife—"I declare I didn't think of that—and, besides, the picture is a very good one."

It is said that an author can remember more accurately and more easily the writings of any other author rather than his own. What a source of comfort that must be to some authors!

It is said that civilization is making the Indian bald-headed. That is a sort of retributive justice upon the race that has scalped so many others bald-headed.

Compassionate housewife: "So you were in the army, my poor man? What was your capacity there?" Tramp: "Double rations, mum."—*Accident News.*

TOMMY'S RESOLUTIONS.

A boy became very good the other day. He withdrew into his room, and appeared after an hour or two with a sheet of foolscap paper held up before him. At the top of the sheet was written, "Good resolutions for 1889." Then came the following somewhat amusing preamble and resolves:

"I, Tommy Dean, knowing that I am not so good as I ought to be, and thinking that I should try to be better on account of my friends, do agree to keep the following resolutions for one year, at the very least."

"I will get up when called once, instead of after I've been called four times."

"I will keep the back part of my hair combed as slick as the front."

"I will shovel snow out of the paths and not grumble about it."

"I will run on errands even if I don't get any nickels for it."

"I will surprise my teacher at school by studying hard most all of the time, and not whisper half as much as I did last year."

"I will brush my clothes every day to save me from scolding, for it is wicked to scold."

"I will never be late at the table, and so save pa from saying things that hurt my feelings."

"I will not chew gum, I will not be cauey, and I won't quarrel with any other boys."

"If I break any of these resolutions I will draw a blue mark over it and be sorry.

INCENTIVES FOR CHILDREN.

It is not sufficient to instruct a child to follow certain lines of conduct and to avoid others. We must supply him with incentives; and upon the nature of these will his future character largely depend. Instead of assuring children that if they are good they will be happy, and clinching the assurance by artificial rewards or bribes, we should lead them gently to choose and to prefer the good, without reference to self at all. They can be accustomed to plan for and to aim at giving pleasure, not getting it, and, although in doing so they will experience a rich enjoyment themselves, it will be incidental, never one for which they have striven. Artificial rewards and penalties will thus be rarely needed, and they will grow up with generous and unselfish instincts instead of mean and calculating ones.

TOOTH MARKS IN AN APPLE.

A Slight Clew That led to the Speedy Arrest of a Georgia Burglar.

The Macon (Ga.) *Telegraph's* Hazlehurst correspondent made mention the other day of the arrest and committal of a colored man named Chandler Jones for burglarizing the store of J. L. Milton at that place on the night of the 18th. Jones was bound over in the sum of $1,000. The circumstances of his detection are peculiar, and the work was done by Detective E. A. Wilson of Shakelford's Agency at Macon. It shows how that efficient officer seized upon a slight clew and followed it to a successful result.

When he arrived at Hazlehurst he made an examination of the store, and found that the double door had been unlocked by the insertion of a chisel between the doors and gradually working the bolt into the lock. He then made an examination of the store but saw nothing in the way of a clew except an apple out of which two bites had been taken. His detective instinct caused him to examine this apple, and he saw upon it tooth-marks that were valuable. He saw that the two front teeth of the biter were not only irregular, but peculiar. He imagined that when the biter was a boy an old tooth remaining in the gum caused a new tooth to grow one shlag, and it was now his resolve to find the man with that ingrowing tooth. The apple was placed in water, so as to prevent shriveling, and keeping the secret to himself he went down to Baxley, where he knew there was a number of loafing colored men.

He found a group in a store, and in the centre of it was a real colored dude, and he was standing in an attitude that would have shamed a New York swell. The detective instinct came into play again, and Mr. Wilson was certain that the dude was the man he wanted, but it was necessary to put him to test. Walking into the store he bought a cigar; then, seeing some apples, he bought a dime's worth, and biting one said to the crowd "here I can't eat all of these," and treated the group with the apples. His eyes were upon the dude, and when that individual took one bite the detective was dead sure of his man, and when he raised the apple to his mouth for a second bite the handcuffs were placed on his wrist. There never was a more astonished colored man. He was under arrest so quickly that he was unable to offer any resistance, and submitted to the handcuffing. He was wearing a suit of clothes stolen from Mr. Bussy of Chauncey, and a fine watch and chain taken from Mr. Milton. After placing Jones in the lock-up the detective found where he was stopping, and then he secured the valise with a number of Milton's goods, and in the valise were the little cards attached to the clothing on which were Milton's cost and selling marks.

Jones was then taken to Hazlehurst, and at the store showed how he went in with two others and made the haul. When he first went in on the night of the burglary the first thing he saw was a barrel of apples. He picked up one, and after two bites laid it down on Mr. Milton's desk. He owned up to the entire affair and told where the other goods could be found. He also confessed to having robbed Mr. Bussy in Chauncey.

And thus another apple caused a man's downfall.

THE LAND OF HATS.

Do any of you study geography? If you do, get your map and find Corea. That is the land of hats. If your father lived there he would have a hat to wear in the house, another out of doors, another to wear in the rain, another when he marches with the soldiers, besides several dress up hats.

His every-day out-of-door hat would have a crown shaped something like a top, and the brim as broad as the seat of your little chair. If your father had lost a friend he would put on a hat shaped like a wash-bowl, and it would cover his face all over. If you had three brothers, and they each owned so many hats, where would your mother keep them?

NATURAL HISTORY.

A Tennessee mule reached into a barrel after oats and got his head fast. His owner was mad about it, and made him wear the barrel three days, when he himself was barreled up on a warrant for cruelty to animals.

If a horse intends to be vicious, the tail is carried low and the ears are laid back. If in good humor and eager to go, the tail is carried high. If nervous or inclined to kick, bite, or strike, the tail is switched from side to side.

A shark was killed a few days ago near Beaufort, N. C., after a desperate fight of two hours. He was towed ashore, measured and dissected. He was eighteen feet long, eight feet across the breast, and weighed two tons. Upon cutting him open his stomach was found to contain six sharks—the smallest six feet in length. His mouth was big enough to contain a kerosene barrel, with room to spare, and had three rows of teeth one inch wide and two inches in length.

It is said that a Berkshire turkey was observed on a fence the other day intently studying an almanac and reckoning on his toes how long it was since Thanksgiving, and then raised his eyes in the direction of Pittsfield.

Mr Bassett says: "I have a horse that knows when it is Sunday as well as I do. The church is two miles and a-half from my home; the railroad depot is on the way to the church a half a mile from home. Any day but Sunday it is an effort to get him past the depot; but on Sunday he will not even look toward the depot; but goes straight to his shed at the church. Owing to sickness in my family I was unable at one time to go to church for six weeks, and I had a curiosity to see what he would do; but he was not fooled at all—he had kept tally for six weeks, and went directly to the church shed. It is not that he hears the bell, for I have on one or two occasions driven there before the bell rang, and he did not offer to stop at the depot. This horse is about eighteen years old."—*H.*

A lady at North Gainesville, Fla., for several days noticed a bird passing in and out of the pantry window in the rear of her house. Having occasion to look over her parlor in the front of her house, she found the little bird snugly ensconced in a nest on a what-not. Four tiny eggs were in the nest. The bird had to go through several rooms to reach its nest.

The total vote for Gen. C. B. Fisk as the Prohibition candidate for President of the United States is now estimated at about 300,000.

HAPPY NEW YEAR.

Happy new year! smiling new year!
Gladly thy coming we see;
Happy new year! smiling new year!
What art thou bringing with thee?
Lessons of light, seasons of shade,
Many a smile and a tear,
Many a joy, many a woe,
Pass with the vanishing year.

CHO.—Happy new year! smiling new year!
Gladly thy coming we see;
Happy new year! smiling new year!
What art thou bringing with thee?

Happy new year! smiling new year!
Faces that once were so bright;
Happy new year! smiling new year;
Gladden no longer our sight;
Forms that were dear, hearts that were true,
Cheeks in their rosy array,
Beautiful eyes, beaming with love,
Gone from our presence away! CHO.

Happy new year! smiling new year!
What shall thy future unfold?
Happy new year! smiling new year!
Pity us more than the old!
Spirit of grace, spirit of love!
Guide till our journey is o'er!
Grant us to meet fondly again,
Forms that have wandered before. CHO.

TEMPERANCE SHOTS.

A Sarnia boy soaked a peck of wheat and rye in whiskey and spread it on the ground where the quail could find it. They found it and he gathered up 66 drunken birds and sold them for fifteen cents each.

There are fifty-nine jails in Iowa without any inmates.

Tennessee spends fifteen times as much money for bad whisky as for good schools.

Are the widows and orphans of the drunkard any better off because the family was ruined in high license saloons?

As the severity of winter approaches, O how many mothers and children need the money the husbands and fathers have spent for liquor.

A jailer of Simcoe County, Ontario, testifies that during his term of thirty years as jailor nine-tenths of the prisoners came to their fate through liquor-drinking.

A recent decision by Judge Bingham gives the District of Columbia Commissioners, under the law of Congress governing their action, prohibitory power.

The Supreme Court of Nebraska has decided that a women may sue for and recover money that her husband has squandered for liquor.

The Topeka *Capital* claims that Kansas has saved not less than $12,000,000 since her prohibition law went into effect.

The recent banquet of the Commercial Travelers' Convention, held in Minneapolis, attended by 650 guests, was served without wine.

An order was recently sent from the Congo country for rum. With it came this request: "Send some more hand-cuffs."

Like an ice gorge in the upper Mississippi the impediments thrown in the way of the temperance reform foretoken a mighty freshet when the thaw comes, and it is coming!

There are thirty thousand idiots in this country, and three-fourths of them are the children of drunken parents. Statistics also show that seventy five per cent. of our paupers are manufactured by the rum mill.

From the Boston *Transcript*: "And do you receive a large salary?" asked the searcher after information of the busy bartender. "Well," replied the knight of the beer pump, setting out half a-dozen foaming glasses. "I draw the pay of a hundred men daily."

A zealous preacher who loved smoking as well as he ought, in a heated discourse exclaimed, aiming his rifle at some of his hearers, "Brethren, there is no sleeping-car on the train to glory." One of the party whom he aimed to hit responded, "No, brother, nor smoking-car either."

THE NEW YEAR'S SPIRIT.

New Year's Day is not only the milemark of another year, moving us to thoughts of self-examination; it is a season, from all its associations, whether domestic or religious, suggesting thoughts of joy. A man dissatisfied with his endeavors is a man tempted to sadness. And in the midst of the winter, when his life runs lowest and he is reminded of the empty chairs of his beloved, it is well he should be condemned to this fashion of the smiling face. Noble disappointment, noble self-denial are not to be admired, not even to be pardoned, if they bring bitterness. It is one thing to enter the kingdom of heaven maimed; another to maim yourself and stay without. And the kingdom of heaven is of the childlike, of those who are easy to please, who love and who give pleasure. Mighty men of their hands, the smiters and the builders and the judges, have lived long and done sternly and yet preserved this lovely character; and among our carpet interests and two-penny concerns, the shame were indelible if we should lose it. Gentleness and cheerfulness, these come before all morality; they are perfect duties. And it is the trouble with moral men that they have neither one nor the other. It was the moral man, the pharisee whom Christ could not away with. If your morals make you dreary, depend upon it they are wrong.

CHOICE SELECTIONS.

We can hardly learn humility and tenderness enough except by suffering.

To possess and command the world the church must be unworldly and servant of all.

Faith evermore overlooks the difficulties of the way, and bends her eyes only to the end.

I have been benefited by praying for others; for making an errand to God for them, I have got something for myself.

Much of the glory and sublimity of truth is connected with its mystery. To understand everything we must be as God.

Matthew Henry justly remarks:

"We know not what we ask when we ask for the glory of wearing the crown, and ask not for the grace to bear the cross in our way to it." Very true. We shall never wear the crown unless we previously bear the cross. Cross-bearing is the straight road to Heaven.

YOUR BIBLE.

It is a mine of diamonds. Enter it, and gather them. Its precepts are a chain of pearls. Bind them around your neck. It will guarantee you access to the moral treasures of this life. It will open for you the gates of the city of God.

It may be of interest to sportsmen who spend a week in a vain ende