The Acton Free Press.

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The Acton Free Press

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—AT THE—

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ACTON, ONTARIO

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1 inch	6.00	3.50	2.00	1.00

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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 street Acton.

JOHN LAWSON, GRADUATE OF Ontario Veterinary College, Toronto—Veterinary Surgeon, Acton, Ont. Office:—In Kenny Bros. boot and shoe store.—residence in the rear. Horses examined as to soundness and certificates issued.
All 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:—Creelman's Block, Georgetown, and 65 King street east, Toronto.
C. J. ALLAN. Z. SHILTON, B.A. J. BAIRD, B.A.

BADGEROW, CARSON & CO.,
BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS & NOTARIES.
Gowt Chambers, Cor. Church and Adelaide Sts., Toronto, Canada.
Telephone No. 1278. Cable Address: Badgerow.
C. W. BADGEROW, JOHN CARSON, B.C.L.
CO. CROWN ATTORNEY.

JOHN DAVIS, P.L.S. & C.E.
ENGINEER FOR G. J. RY. CO.
All orders for surveys will receive prompt personal attention.
OFFICE:—65 Perth St., Guelph.
In writing please state character of Survey.

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

WM. HEMSTREET,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER
For the Counties of Wellington and Halton. Orders left at the FREE PRESS office, Acton, or at my residence in Acton, will be promptly attended to. Terms reasonable.
Also money to loan on the most favorable terms, and at the lowest rates of interest in sums of $500 and upwards.

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

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

THE HANLAN BARBER SHOP,
MILL STREET, ACTON.
An easy shave, a stylish haircut, a goodness-loaded exhilarating shampoo, always given. Razors honed and put in first-class condition. Ladies' and children's hair tastily cut.
J. & H. WORDEN, Tonorial 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.

Fruit Trees, Small Fruits
And Ornamental Shrubbery.
REV. E. B. COOK, Acton, has been appointed sole agent for this section for the well known Old Rochester Nursery, S. Morrison, proprietor, and is prepared to take orders for any of the fruit trees, small fruits or shrubs which are shown in the illustrated catalogues of the nursery. The products of the Old Rochester Nursery are known to be generally reliable and correctly named, and I can promise satisfactory results to all who purchase stock from me. Prices reasonable.
REV. E. B. COOK, Agent

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. E. Smith, I am prepared to supply all kinds of Stove Coal. I have also a good stock of Wood—Hardwood, Ash, Cedar and Mill Wood, at reasonable prices. Wood and Coal delivered.
JAMES BROWN

MUTUAL
FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY,
—OF THE—
COUNTY OF WELLINGTON.
ESTABLISHED 1840.
HEAD OFFICE, - GUELPH,
Insures Buildings, Merchandise, Manufactories and all other descriptions of property, on the Premium Note System.
F. W. Stone, President. Geo. 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.

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.

—ACTON—
PUMP FACTORY
—AND—
PLANING MILL
THOS. EBBAGE, Man.
I have resumed 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 St le Wooden Pump to the Best Force Pump made.
Pumps for Wind Mills or Rock Wells supplied on short notice.
Deep Wells a Specialt.
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

NEVER LEAVE ACTON
When you can get as good an article and as cheap at
J. H. Matthews'
HARNESS SHOP.
Call and see if he is not giving the best bargains in
Light and Heavy Harness.
Blankets, Bells, Curry Combs, Brushes, Whips, &c
I have come to Acton to stay and will endeavor to give the best satisfaction to those who favor me with their patronage. I have small expenses and can afford to sell cheap.
Collars Warranted Not to Hurt.
J. H. Matthews, Acton.
Removed to shop next Kelly Bros.

BUSINESS CHANGE
Having purchased the business formerly carried on by McNab & Co., I take this opportunity of inviting a share of public patronage and feel confident that every customer will be satisfied with the manner in which I will fill his order.
—New Spring Goods—
I have just put in a very fine assortment of English, Irish and Scotch Suitings in the latest patterns.
Spring Overcoatings in Variety.
Our garments are all well made under my personal supervision. A call invited.
WM. J. LEE, Acton.

PICTURE FRAMES
—AT—
WATERS BROTHER'S
PICTURES
—AT—
WATERS BROTHERS,
25 WYNDHAM STREET GUELPH

—THE ACTON—
Free Press
—THE LEADING—
LOCAL NEWSPAPER
Of Halton County.
Is Published every Thursday morning at
—ACTON, ONT—
Subscription Price Only $1.00 In Advance.
Try it for Three Months for 25 Cents.

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.

WANTED.
GOOD, reliable men can find permanent employment for Maple Grove Nurseries of Waterloo, N. Y. Good Salary and expenses paid weekly. Liberal inducements to beginners. Outfit free. Previous experience not required. Established over 30 years. All goods first-class. Write at once for terms. Address, J. W. McKay, Gen. Manager, St. Thomas, Ont. (Mention this Paper.)

SCHOOL BOOKS,
COPY BOOK,
EXERCISE BOOKS,
SLATES.
A FULL LINE
—AT—
DAY'S BOOKSTORE.
GUELPH.
DAY SELLS CHEAP.

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

—ACTON—
LIVERY
—AND—
BUS LINE.
The undersigned respectfully solicits the patronage of the public, and informs them that
Well Equipped and Stylish Rigs can always be Secured
At his stables. A comfortable bus meets all day trains and those at night if ordered. Careful attention given to every order. The wants of Commercial Travellers fully met.
JOHN WILLIAMS.

STOCK-TAKING
-SALE-
—OF—
Boots and Shoes
I have decided to give 10% off my already low prices for the
—NEXT THIRTY DAYS—
To make room for my Spring goods.
I have a large stock of Felt Boots on hand which I will sell cheap.
—NOTE THE PRICES—
Half fox $1.40.
Whole fox $1.65.
I have a good stock of Trunks & Valises I will sell cheap. Also remember
THIS IS FOR CASH ONLY.
W. WILLIAMS,
Mill Street, Acton.

Fancy 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.

AN OLD HORSE'S LAMENTATION.

I'm cauld, cauld and shiverin',
And like drap 'o weet
Pelts pittless upon my skin
And trickles to my feet:
I miss the dosy coat o' hair
That scraig'd me fra the win',
Frae head to heel I'm shaven bare—
Clean tirit to the skin.

Oh why was I not reared wanting
The savage redskin tribe?
Sae sheare has they to sweep along
Their horses' flanks and sides;
But they were only savages,
Wild and unciviliz'd,
Ken nauthing o' the ravages
That fashion has devised.

Would that my master only felt
A tithe o' what I feel
Since that black day he shore my pelt
Sae bare frae head to heel.
He wraps himsel' in cleedin' fine,
Defies frost, sleet and snaw,
While I maun toil and no'er repine
Without a coat ava.

Turn him out breekless on the road,
Among the frost and snow,
He'd pray to Him he ca's his God
For coat and breeks an' a'.
Thowless, he'd shrieve at the blow—
A death that's hard to doe;
If hard for him to undergo,
What must it be for me?

Who gave o' thy wee gien to me
A glossy coat o' hair?
The same eternal God whom he
Thanks for his daily fare.
Do I not feel as well as he
Tho heat in summer time?
If sae, I feel th' inclemency
O' chill November's rime.

Nae words in o' the Scottish tongue
Hae poo'er to half express
My loathin' o' the man wha brung
Upon me this distress.
There's but one reason, only one,
For shearin' me sae bare,
I'm easier groomed—tis quicker done
When clippers get my hair.

I canna blame the cadger bauld,
They only follow suit:
Even clergymen, I understand,
Hae turned their ponies out
Shorn to the skin to face the blast
That pierces to the bones;
Mercy has turned quite deaf at last,
And human cruelty reigns.

I ne'er complained, although a slave
To man by nature's law,
But this outrage, barbarous shave
I canna thole ava.
Oh, had I but the power 'o speech
I'd let a Scotland ken
How I abhor this shameful breach
O' nature's laws by men.

—*Old Horse.*

Select Family Reading.

Only One Glass.

BELLA E. WOOD.

"Good evening Mrs. Morse, is your husband at home?"

The speaker was George Connor, a farmer residing near the village of Ashville.

"No, sir," replied Mrs. Morse. "he has gone to the village for the mail. But," she added presently, "I am looking for him home soon, now. Won't you come in, sir?"

"No, I think I'll not stop. Tell him I would like to have him come and help me draw wheat to-morrow. I want to get it all in if I can."

"Very well, sir. I think he can come, at least I do not know that he is engaged for to-morrow."

"All right, then. I shall expect him. Pretty warm weather we are having now, isn't it? Good evening." And without waiting for a reply, he drove away.

John Morse was dependent upon day labor for the support of his family. He found plenty of work among the neighboring farmers through the most of the year, and in the winter took jobs of cutting wood or logs. In this manner he was enabled to support his family comfortably, with the help of his wife, who took plain sewing to do for the farmers' wives.

But John Morse had one enemy who had in past years taken a large share of his earnings, and so in the flush of his young manhood he was kept from rising, chained to the chariot wheels of the demon, rum. Soul and body on the road to ruin. Drink took dollar after dollar that ought to have been spent for clothing and food for his wife and little children. Drink took away his pride, and with it his ambition, so that instead of trying to obtain employment, he spent his days and half his nights at the village tavern. Drink changed the kind and loving father into a monster from whom the children shrank as from a pestilence. Bravely then the mother tried to furnish the family with the means of sustenance; washing from house to house wherever she could find a day's work, sewing far into the night by the feeble light of a single candle. Often would her hard earned shillings be taken to buy drink at the tavern, and any remonstrance only resulted in oaths and threats horrible to hear.

But a spark of manhood yet lingered in that degraded form. A mighty power was yet to kindle it to a flame. Among the little ones that filled his home, was one bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked girl of 4 summers, who, more than any of the others, seemed to have her father's love. When maddened by liquor, his voice in anger would send them scampering to hiding places, yet she never received a harsh word. He was her dear father still, no matter how besotted he was, and she tried in every way to show him her love. In drunken stupor he would lie on the lounge in their poor room, while she sat by his side with a little bough from some shrub to keep the flies from his face, or bathing the flushed face with her tiny handkerchief, and quickly bringing him in her little cup the freshest water when he awoke. But one day she sickened, and ere a week was past her little form lay in the silent church yard.

Before she died she called her father to her side. He was sober, the first time in many days. "Father," said she, "I am going away. I am going to heaven. My Sunday school teacher told me about it. And Jesus, who loves little children, is there. There is no rum there, everything is pure and holy. And oh! father, I want you to come, too. But you can't come to see Mary unless you stop drinking. Won't you, dear father?"

With tears streaming down his cheeks, the father promised with his hand clasped fast around the little white hand of his dying child that, God helping him, he would never touch another drop of liquor. Little Mary smiled and tried to raise her hand to stroke his cheek as she often had done before; but her strength failed, and with a murmured, "Papa, come," she passed away. Months passed into years, and John Morse still kept his vow. He once more had regained his manhood and the respect of his neighbors, who, when once he tried to do better, gave him plenty of work and encouragement.

On his return home from the village upon the evening when our story opens, his wife told him of Mr. Connor's errand, and as she had thought, he had no work for that day. So early morning found him at work in the heated mow, close up under the roof of Mr. Connor's barn, while load after load of golden sheaves came to swell the amount already stowed away. About ten o'clock Mr. Connor called out to him from the floor below, "Come down and get some cider, Morse. I've got some of the finest you ever tasted; and it's ice cold, too, just the thing this hot day." Like a flash the old appetite was aroused. In all its intensity, which only one who has experienced it can understand, did it assail him. But he stood firm. And in a voice that did not falter, he replied: "No, sir, I dare not drink it. But if you will be so kind as to hand me a cup of water, I would be much obliged to you."

"Pooh," returned the farmer, "you need not be afraid of it. I'll warrant it won't hurt anybody. It isn't hard at all. I put it up after a receipt I got from my uncle out in Pennsylvania; never tried it until this year, and it's the finest cider I ever had."

"No, sir, thank you. I would rather have the water," resolutely answered John. The water was passed up to him and he took a long draught. Yet all the rest of the forenoon his thoughts kept recurring to the cider. The other men had all drank some and were loud in its praise. At the dinner table they discussed its merits and decided to a man that, although they did not approve of the intemperate use of intoxicating liquors, yet the use of such a beverage as cider, no one ought to condemn.

About the middle of the afternoon Mr. Connor made his appearance in the barn with a pitcher of foaming egg-nog. "Hurrah, boys," he called, "come and have a glass of egg-nog."

Nothing loth, the men hastened from their posts to taste the beverage. One after another they emptied the glass. Mr. Connor's quick eye missed John Morse.

"What, Morse, won't you come down? Come, come, man," he cried in a bantering tone, "there is only one glassful left and you must have it. Try it and see if I cannot make good egg-nog."

Only one glass! Alas! how many have been wrecked upon that rock. How many souls come to ruin by listening to "only one glass."

John Morse hesitated a moment, then said to himself: "Well, as there's only one glass left, I will take it rather than appear odd. It won't do any hurt, any way, only one glass."

Yet how eagerly he seized it, draining it at a single draught. How he wished there was more of it; never was a glass so small. He must have more. The slumbering demon was fully aroused, with all its olden power. Slipping down from his post in the mow, he wiped the beads of perspiration from his brow and leaned against a beam for support. His strength had gone; he was weak as a child.

"Why, Morse, what is the matter?" asked Mr. Connor, at the sight of his white face.

"I—somehow I do not feel very well, sir," he replied. "My head—it must be the heat."

"That's so. You had not better work any more to-day. Come into the house and lie down."

"No, sir, thank you," replied John. "I think I will go home."

"Well, just as you please; here is the pay for your day's work," and he passed two shining silver dollars into his hand. "Now walk slowly and keep in the shade as much as possible. I guess you will be all right in the morning."

"I think so, sir. Good day," replied John. And he started for home. As he turned out upon the main road, he came to where two roads met; one winding through sunny fields white with harvest, where lay his home; the other led to the village. Never looking to right or left, never pausing in his rapid walk, John took this road. Soon he entered the familiar street, and entering the one saloon the place afforded, called for a glass of rum. The bartender filled his glass without a word. It made no difference to him who drank his liquor, as long as they paid for it.

But why linger over the scene that followed. The evening was well advanced when John Morse staggered forth from the saloon and started for home. The nearest way lay down the railroad track, and that was the way he usually took. Staggering blindly on, sometimes on the track and sometimes off, he did not hear the whistle of an incoming train, or if he heard it, did not realize his danger. Too late the engineer saw him, too late to stop the heavy train before it reached him, and passed, leaving only a mangled, lifeless corpse.

Oh! you to whom the wine cup has no dangers, who sit and quaff, and leave it as you choose, beware how to a fellow mortal's lips you place what may be to him worse by far than the deadliest poison, lest upon your soul be the burden of another's ruin.

WHAT A GIRL SHOULD DO.

What a girl should learn, as set forth by the Springfield *Union*:

To sew.
To cook.
To mend.
To be gentle.
To value time.
To dress neatly.
To keep a secret.
To be self-reliant.
To avoid idleness.
To mind the baby.
To darn stockings.
To respect old age.
To make good bread.
To keep a house tidy.
To control her temper.
To be above gossiping.
To make a home happy.
To take care of the sick.
To humor a cross old man.
To marry a man for his worth.
To be a help mate to a husband.
To take plenty of active exercise.
To read some books beside novels.
To see a mouse without screaming.
To be light hearted and fleet footed.
To wear shoes that don't cramp the feet.
To be a womanly woman under all circumstances.

A man cannot long keep young who gives up all the active, health-giving exercises of youth. Take a boy and treat him as a good many middle-aged men treat themselves, and he would soon notice the deterioration of his physical powers.

A TRIP TO CALIFORNIA.

With Interesting Notes and Information by the Way.

The following comprises part of a letter from Mr. E. F. Christie to his mother, Mrs. M. Christie, of this place, describing a trip to California, Utah, and other points. It will be found interesting by our readers:—

Arriving at Denver I saw immense buildings for manufacturing purposes. Acres of ties and R. R. supplies, electric lights dazzling on every street and around the great Union Depot it was as though the sun shone in all its brilliancy. I will simply add that Denver Depot stands a peer among western depots thus far. In the morning I took a spin around Denver. It is ahead of Omaha for splendid continuous business blocks, from three to five stories high, looking as though they were all built at the same time. Little rivulets of water run through the gutters fresh from the mountains. They are behind in paving. Saloons are plentiful and well patronized. A stream runs through the lower part of the city and at every street there is a bridge which must have cost a great amount of money. There are street cars running in all directions. I next took the D. & R. G. route for Salt Lake. This road was originally a narrow gauge but from Pueblo to Denver they have added a third rail, and are having engines and coaches made to standard guage. The most approved styles of coaches and engines, air brakes and automatic brakes; each freight car has an air break, and every possible precaution is taken against danger. Some engines weigh seventy tons and are eight wheelers. After leaving Pueblo and travelling westward we plunge into the mountains. The most charming scenery lies along the D. & R. G. Such rugged heights, awful depths and lovely valleys. Then as I watched the ever changing scenery so full of nature's most lavish gifts, so truly grand that as you gaze upon it you seem almost to forget that you are alive. The rocks growing higher the walls so steep. The canyons grow deeper until the sun-light is shut out. The cold winds from snow capped mountains rush in upon you, a wall of rock on either side hundreds of feet high, a rushing mountain stream is at your feet hurrying on to meet the ocean, sharp ugly rocks are jutting out of its waters and your blood runs cold as you think of the awful fate in consequence of a broken rail. The train dashes around sharp curves. We are now in the Grand Cayuon of the Arkansas. The water you see is the headwaters of the Arkansas, the rock yonder is Castle Rock, farther on is the Hanging Rock weighing hundreds of tons and under which the train is now passing; while here is the swinging bridge. Then there is the black canyon and we begin to climb the Marshall Pass about 12,000 feet high, we have seven coaches and two engines, now we divide our train and take another engine which goes ahead with the baggage cars. The grade being 200 feet to the mile. On looking out in the clear moonlight we see five tracks over which we have just passed in order to get up, as we get higher the speed is slackened until the 21 miles of ascent is over. Then men examine every wheel, all is looked over carefully. Then we go down 16 miles to the base of the mountain. The same engineer who has stood in the cab for seven years carries us safely. We discard our two engines and then start down to follow the waters of the valley to the Pacific. We put on more steam and make 33 miles in 40 minutes. The road goes down grade for hundreds of miles. It is a very dangerous route but the scenery is so grand that it is a feast to the eye and every precaution is taken for the safety of the passengers. Piles of sandstone or clay can be seen looking like castles in fantastic shapes as though the water had washed away the loose soil from them for future generations to wonder at. It never rains here but pours. The conductor showed me many places where waterspouts had burst, making deep ravines, in the loose soil and running out in all directions for miles. Great ant hills were piled up in every direction and on their crests the cowboys find many precious stones and a peculiar kind of crystal which when cut is said to closely resemble the diamond. We have now crossed the line and are in Utah, land of the Mormons. We came to a valley and followed it for many miles. The great Salt Lake Valley. Sunday morning we arrived in Salt Lake. Monday we took the train train for Hot Springs, the water gushes out of the rocks almost boiling hot; in six minutes an egg cooks. I drank some of the water, it was very unpleasant. Next a bath which was very refreshing. The water has to be cooled before it is fit for bathing. Then I visited the great Mormon Temple, the tabernacle is an immense dome 225 feet long 100 feet wide and 80 feet high There are no arches or columns to support it and you can hear the least sound at any part of the building, for instance the guide told me to go to the farther part which was 200 feet from him. He then dropped a pin in his hat, I heard it distinctly. He whispered to me and I heard him. He rubbed his hand over his sleeve and I heard that also. The organ is one of the largest in the U. S. The temple which is under construction is grand. It is of black and white granite found within twenty miles of the city. The lower walls are ten feet thick the upper ones seven. The tower when finished will be 225 feet high. The temple was commenced in 1853 and a space is left on the marble tablet for its completion. Men are at work in great derricks swinging in mid air. The temple, tabernacle and assembly hall are all enclosed with a 12 foot wall. They still expect to finish the temple, but if the Gentiles continue to come in at the same rate the next few years I think Mormonism will have to give up the supremacy in Utah. The Gentiles are doing all the improvements that are being made, and Salt Lake, in my estimation, will be a great city. They have every advantage; timber, coal, iron, gold, silver, asphaltum for paving, mineral wax, used for candles; whole mountains of beautiful marble, and an endless variety of building stone. It is a fine fruit country, and adapted to agriculture; a bathing resort not equalled in the world, and other resources. In fact the place is almost self-sustaining. Good meals 50 cents each. The Humbolt river runs for hundreds of miles through a good sized valley. Rivers usually get larger towards their mouth but such is not the case with this one for as it gets down to what they call the great Salt Sink it looses itself and the Humbolt is no more, only a great basin of low land and full of salt.

Passing on we saw what looked like hay cocks, caused by sand blowing around bunches of sage brush. There we passed over a trestle 600 feet high, and then came to Oakland. This is on one side of the bay. We get out of the train and all aboard for the ferry, which takes us five miles across the bay to San Francisco. I then get my first sniff of salt water. We pass Goat Island which is still in the hands of the Government and is not for sale. The air is full of sea gulls and various other birds which live on the bay. Pretty soon I saw something come up and go down which I found are large porpoises. Landed here one week after I started from Sioux City. Such beautiful trees, fine shrubbery, lovely green grass, fragrant flowers, hedges of the sweetest heliotrope, ornamental trees and cypress hedges, trained and trimmed in every shape. Great white, red and yellow roses, bending and nodding over the garden wall, geraniums, crysanthemums, ferns, palm trees, just matted with every kind of flowers. There you are in the home of the Calla Lily growing by the hundreds in rows. Climbing a great hill I for the first time beheld the mighty Pacific. Great ships stirring to and fro, with their white sails to catch the breeze. It reminds me of Toronto, Canada, to see the intercourse with the water. I rode over a great portion of the city on their perfect system of cables. You will remember this is the first city to introduce them. They do not cut down the hills as we do, but up goes a cable line and they pave it. Of course some are cut for streets but the residents just terrace and sod. There is a great sameness in the architecture. Few buildings of our style. Rents are enormous. Money flows like water with the rich. But look out ye poor man. Some of the residences are palaces, great lawns, statuary, and a troop of horses, dogs, coachman and Chinese servants, costing a fortune each year to maintain them. Of course I took in China town, with its swarming mass of celestials engaged in every avocation that Americans adopt. They soon come into competition with the Americans. They spend nothing, save all they can and when they die some son-of-a gun carries his ashes out of the country. There are 70,000 here. The next place of interest was Golden Gate Park. It is maintained by the city, and has hundreds of acres. To attempt to describe it would be useless. Beautiful flowers, nice walks, fine drives, noble monuments, band stands, Children's play houses, great conservatory of flowers of the richest hue and the rarest gems of the florist, all go to make this park one never to be forgotten. The fragrance of the flowers, the lovely scenery, the city at your feet, the roar of the breakers on the rocks, and that deep blue line you see yonder where the sky sinks into the ocean makes one of the most charming pictures on my trip. They add trees every year and on a certain day, which is set apart, the park managers get up excursions free to the little folks. Then each child brings a pine or evergreen and plants it and his or her name is recorded on the tree, so that in after years they may see the fruit of their labor. There is the Cliff House, built on the edge of the rocks, and below lies Seal rocks covered over with seals and sea lions almost as large as a horse. They roar and bellow like a bull. They rise up and plunge into the sea, and are protected by the city. San Francisco has one of the finest harbors in the world. The Golden Gate is about a mile wide and then it opens into a fine bay, and into this the Sacremento river runs allowing large vessels to run up for 50 miles. No storms can effect ships in this harbor. Some of the stores are palaces. I will only describe one, a jewellery store it is about 20 x 30 feet. The side and end are all french plate mirrors and as you look at the further end of course the front is reflected and it looks 150 feet long. The angle corners above are concave so as to allow a life sized painting, and are divided off in panels with fine stucco mouldings, tinted in soft shades to match the paintings. The paintings are 13 in all, female figures of different nationalities and costumes, in front is a beautiful painting of Venus which cost $2,000. The balance of the painting took eight months. In the figures some have a bracelet and some a necklace, others in their hair and in each there are diamonds fastened in the canvas painting. These diamonds blaze and sparkle in the electric light with astonishing brilliancy on account of the studied position in which they are placed, then the mirrors reflect their beauty in a score of different ways. I asked the cost of the decorations and was told $50,000 and they are not yet through.

I next come to San Jose, and then to Mt. Hamilton where the great Observatory is. San Jose is sixty feet above the level of the sea and the Observatory is four thousand feet above the sea. I enjoy the change from the rail cars to stage coach. We see lots of clouds below us, and soon we get into one, and what a soaking we got, it settled on us like dew. You have doubtless seen the cut of the dome many times. My first glimpse of it was over a cloud. It does not look very large, but on gaining the summit you are deceived. There are several houses for the Professors and an immense wind mill used to force water to the summit. All the machinery is run by hydraulic power, not one ray of sunshine or heat of any kind is allowed to enter the building, as it might cause some expanding of the instruments. Even in the most severe weather the Professors must take their observations without any form of heat, perhaps lying on their backs for hours or standing, according to the position of the stars or planet, not even a gun is allowed to be fired on account of the vibration. The telescope is a marvel, it is sixty feet long and the lense is thirty-six inches in diameter. The contract price for lense is $50,000, but some extras were put in making it $62,000. It is balanced in the middle and manipulated by thumb screws. It is astonishing how easy the ponderous instrument can be moved in any position by the thumb and finger. The body of James Lick lies under the pier of the telescope for which it is named. The time is sent to all the Cities here at 12 a. m. Then there are other instruments of importance, such as the barometer which marks the degrees in red ink on a ruled paper. Then the wind indicator marks the velocity of the wind on paper in miles. The time corrector is a wonderful instrument, it corrects all the clocks in the observatory of which there are a great many. It corrects one second in 48 hours. Then there is the transit house where observations are taken of stars and planets in transit from their several paths. This is of great importance on account of the mathematical exactness in which the instrument must be placed.

I then started for San Buena Ventura. I find oranges growing and an endless variety of vegetables, dates and bananas, palm trees. Here we have a perpetual summer, a greater variety of flowers, more tropical plants, the roar of the ocean, the dashing surf, cultivated fields, beautiful climate makes it more desirable than any part of California. One wears the same clothes the year round, no hot days but one continual feast of sunshine. It rains at night, and then the sun comes out in the morning and warms up everything. I got here on Christmas in time to dine with an old friend. I must close this lengthy letter as I am leaving for Mexico.

Yours Sincerely,
E. F. CHRISTIE.

HIS LAST CIGAR.

A small boy puffed at a big cigar
His eyes bulged out and his cheeks sank in,
He gulped rank fumes with his lips ajar,
While muscles shook in his youthful chin:
His gills were green, but he smole a smile.
And sat high up on the farmyard stile,
And cocked his hat o'er his glassy eye,
Then wunk a wink at a cow near by.

The earth swam round, but the stile stood still;
The cross rose up and the kid slid down:
He groaned aloud, for he felt so ill,
And he knew that cigar had "done" him brown."
His head was light and his foot like lead,
His cheeks grew white as a linen spread,
While he weakly gasped, as he gazed afar,
"If I live, this here's my last cigar."

—Ex.

HONESTY AND INTELLIGENCE.

It pays to be honest, you say.
Granted.
Yet how many are dishonest through ignorance, expediency, or intentionally. One can be dishonest and yet say nothing.

A clerk who lets his customer buy a piece of damaged goods, a witness who holds back the truth which would clear a prisoner, a medical practitioner who takes his patient's money when he knows he is doing him no good,— all are culpably dishonest.

I is generally known that doctors bind themselves by codes, resolutions and oaths not to use any advertised medicines. Now, there is a medicine on the market which, for the past ten years, has accomplished a marvelous amount of good in the cure of Kidney and Liver diseases, and diseases arising from the derangement of these great organs,—we refer to Warner's Safe Cure. So widespread are the merits of this medicine that the majority of the doctors of this country know from actual evidence that it will cure Advanced Kidney disease, which is but another name for Bright's Disease.

The medical profession admit that there is no cure for this terrible malady, yet there are physicians dishonest enough to procure Warner's Safe Cure, put the same into plain, four-ounce vials, and charge their patients $2.00 per vial, when a sixteen-ounce bottle of the remedy, in its original package, can be bought at any drug store in the world for $1.25.

Perhaps the doctor argues that the cure of the patient justifies his dishonesty, yet he will boldly stand up at the next local medical meeting to announce Warner's Safe Cure as a patent medicine, and one which he cannot and will not use.

The people are waking up to the truth that the medical profession is far from honest, and that it does not possess a monopoly of wisdom in the caring of disease, doctoring the many symptoms of kidney disease, instead of striking at the seat of disease—the kidneys themselves,—allowing patients to die rather than use a remedy known to be a specific, simply because it has been advertised, and when patients are dead from Advanced Kidney Disease, still practicing deception by giving the cause of death in their certificate as pneumonia, dropsy, heart disease, or some other accompanying effect of Bright's Disease.

HOW TO REMAIN YOUTH.

Preserve the feelings and habits of youth as late in life as possible.

Keep free of intense excitements. They wither the physical energies like fire.

Keep a clear conscience and lead a life void of offense in the sight of God and man.

Insist upon an abundance of regular sleep as much of it as possible before midnight comes.

Avoid excesses of all kinds, whether of work, pleasure, eating, drinking or any otherwise proper employment of mind or body.

It is intense excitement, the excitement of social life, the ball-room, the theatre and the various forms of fashionable dissipation, that makes girls fade so rapidly. If they took life more quietly and reasonably they would preserve their beauty and physical vigor longer.

A BOY SHOULD LEARN.

To build a fence scientifically.
To fill the woodbox every night.
To shut doors in summer to keep the flies out.
To shut doors without slamming.
To shut them in winter to keep the cold out.
To do errands promptly and cheerfully.
To get ready to go away without the united efforts of mother and sister.
To be gentle to his sisters.
To wash dishes and make his bed when necessary.
To sew on a button and darn a stocking.
To be kind to all animals.
To have a dog if possible, and make a companion of him.
To ride, row, shoot and swim.
To be manly and courageous.
To let cigarettes alone.

CARL PRETZEL'S PHILOSOPY.

Dook life as she comes. Vhen she don't come don't dook it.

Shoodin' folly vhen it was fhiewing was so foolish like flea courtin'.

Nefer don't boss so industrious as to try and lock a door mit a key shtone.

Der shplaindiedest vorks vas berformed vhen no feller's eye could hear dot.

Mitout a doubt about it, eferyting goes in a feller hafe a higher nb ambitious.

Vhen you vas feel it vas besser to turn a new leaf ofer, don't handle der pages of der book too much.

Ofer efery man vas like yeast dhere would been no tramps. Efery feller would been in goot vorking order, and would rise in the vorld ub.—*National Weekly.*

Prof. Wm. H. Thompson, M. D., University of New York, New York city, says: "More adults are carried off in this country by chronic kidney disease than by any other one malady except consumption." This shows that Dr. Thompson considers kidney disease a frightful malady. He also says "Bright's disease has no symptoms of its own, but has the symptoms of every other disease." The reason why Warner's Safe Cure cures so many different diseases is that by curing symptoms, which are called diseases, it strikes at the roots of disease itself.