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The Acton Free Press

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—AT THE—

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ACTON, - ONTARIO

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THREE MONTHS.....25CT

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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.

DRS. STACEY & AULD.
C. E. STACEY, M.D.C.M., F.T.M.S., M.C.P. & S.O.
LEWIS AULD, M.D.C.M., M.C.P. & S.O. Late of Drs. Webster & Auld, Georgetown.
OFFICE & RESIDENCE:—Over McGarvin's drug store, Mill Street.

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J. A. MOWAT,
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, NOTARY PUBLIC.
MONEY TO LOAN.
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SHILTON, ALLAN & BAIRD,
Barristers, Solicitors, &c.,
TORONTO AND GEORGETOWN.
Offices:—Creelman's Block, Georgetown, and 86 King street east, Toronto.
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Also money to loan on the most favorable terms and at the lowest rates of interest, in sums of $300 and upwards.

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DIRECT Importers of Granite and Marble Monuments and Headstones of all shades and from the newest designs. All work and material warranted first-class. Parties wishing to purchase, will please give us a call and inspect our stock and prices, as we are confident we can compete with any establishment in Ontario.
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J. H. HAMILTON

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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. Moulson, 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

Acton Banking Company,
STOREY, CHRISTIE & CO.,
—BANKERS.—
Acton. - - Ontario.
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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 Style 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

REMOVED.
WATERS BROS.
Have removed from Lower Wyndham Street to their
Fine New Double-front Store
Hearn's Block,
St. George's Square.
To introduce you to our New Stand we offer Frames, Pictures, Mouldings, Cornice Poles, Mirrors, &c., &c.,
And our Excellent Variety of Fancy Goods and Novelties.
For 30 days at Reduced Prices.
headquarters for
ARTISTS' MATERIALS
WATERS BROTHERS,
ST. GEORGE'S SQUARE, GUELPH

FOR $10 to $13
You can buy a nice Halifax Tweed Suit made to order in the best manner.
FOR $13 to $16
Will buy a First-class Canadian Tweed Suit.
FOR $16 to $20
You can get the best splendid Scotch Tweed Suits
—AT THE—
East End Clothing Store.
WM. J. LEE, Acton.

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—THE LEADING—
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WANTED.
HAVING done business in Canada for the past 43 years, our reputation and responsibility is well known. We pay salary and expenses from the start, if everything is satisfactory. No previous experience required. Write for terms, which are very liberal, before engaging with any other firm.
REFERENCE:—Bradstreet's or Dun Wiman & Co's Commercial Agencies, well known to business men; or Standard Bank, Colborne, Ont.
CHASE BROTHERS' COMPANY,
Nurserymen, Colborne, Ontario.

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 20 years. All goods first-class. Write at once for terms. Address, J. W. McKay, Gen. Manager, St. Thomas, Ont. (Mention this Paper.)

Situation
with steady employment and good pay all the year round, to reliable men furnishing satisfactory references. S. A. McCOMBER & Co., Nurserymen, Rochester, N.Y.

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Away down in Price
—AT—
DAY'S BOOKSTORE,
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	OLD PRICE	DAY'S PRICE
First Reader	10c.	8c.
First Reader Part II	15c.	12c.
Second Reader	25c.	20c
Third Reader	35c.	28c.
Fourth Reader	50c.	40c.

We have the Best quality in Slates.
Copy and Scribbling Books, Pens, Ink Foolscap and School Supplies.
Day gives the best value and has the best stock to select from.
DAY SELLS CHEAP.

THE MERCHANTS'
Protective and Collecting
ASSOCIATION OF CANADA.
Head Office,—Hamilton, Ontario.
(Established 1880)
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

A Little Talk About
SHOES
Figures may lie and facts distorted be,
But seeing is believing, come and see;
The Peck-a-Boo Boot and Shoe store is just now showing a number of new lines of Shoes and Slippers specially adapted for the season. These new goods are being sold at prices as low or lower than those asked for old styles and shopworn goods elsewhere.
Everybody can be suited, for we have all sizes in
Gent's Wear,
Ladies' Wear,
Youth's Wear,
Children's Wear.
Baby's Wear.
Special Lines, Good Goods, Newest Style and Best value for the money at
W. Williams', Acton.
Custom work and repairing given careful attention. Trunks and Valises in variety.

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—
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 trains between 9 a.m. and 8:15 p.m.
Careful attention given to every order
The wants of Commercial Travellers fully met.
JOHN WILLIAMS.

Coal & Wood.
JAMES BROWN
Has on hand a large quantity of excellent coal which he will promptly deliver to any part of the town at reasonable prices.
Hardwood and slabs cut stove length always on hand.
Telephone communication.

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The most complete and comprehensive work ever published. Its authors stand at the head of their profession and have a continental reputation. Worth its weight in gold to any one having Horses, Sheep, Cattle, Swine, Poultry, Dogs or Bees. A grand opportunity to make money. Secure territory at once. Address
E. N. MOYER, Publisher,
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Poetry.

THE DELINQUENT SUBSCRIBER.

Worn and weary, sedy and sad, an editor sat him down,
Mid work and rubbish, paper and dust, with many a wrinkled frown.
He sighed when he thought of his paper bills, his rent, and board, and wood,
And groaned when the copy-fiend yelled out, as he there in the doorway stood.

"What do people think," he said, "an editor lives upon?
Air and water, glory and debt, till his toilsome life is done?
I'll stop their papers, every one, till their honest debts they pay,
And mark their names of the mailing-book for ever and for aye!

"Take this copy, double lead, and mark with a pencil blue,
And send to all who are in arrears, from ten years down to two."
And the (to him) unhappy boy he handed a pencil scrawl
Of hieroglyphics, straggling wild, all tangled, and lean and tall.

When scarce a fortnight had dragged its length of tired-out hours away,
There came to the heart of the editor a gladsome joy one day;
'Twas only a letter from Gordon's Mill, in a hand both weak and old,
But out of it fell a treasured coin, of solid, beautiful gold!

The letter claimed his interest then, and so he slowly read
The scrawled, but simple and honest words, and this is what they said:
"Dear Editor: I read the lines you marked and sent to me,
So I send this piece of gold, and ask if you will agree

"To send my paper right along, and forget the debt I owed,
For I've took your paper for twenty year, and so far as ever I knowed,
I never owed no man a cent till about four year ago;
When my poor wife died, and the crops was bad, and the fever laid me low.

"And times hain't never been the same to little Lizzie and me—
For we are all that's left behind—and since my eyes can't see,
She always reads the paper, and its been our only cheer,
And brought us all the news and fun we've had for many a year.

"I'm getting old and feeble now, and down with the rheumatiz,
And there's the paper left to me; just that and little Liz.
We couldn't bare to lose it now, it's been with us so long,
Till its very name is music, like an old-time happy song.

"This twenty-dollar piece of gold will pay for all I owe,
And what is over and above, just keep, and let it go
Toward paying for the paper till a brighter, better day;
And send to Liz, she'll need it then, when I am called away."

Glad and thankful the editor was, as he knew that there was one
Who loved and could appreciate the work that he had done.
He felt that life was not in vain, and smiled through happy tears;
And then on the mailing book he wrote, "Paid up for twenty years."

—*Margaret Andrews Oldham.*

Select Family Reading.

Madame Piacchi's Story.

BY IRY RANDOLPH.

No, my dear, Piacchi isn't my real name, and I am not a madame. That's only my trade-mark, as one may say. Dear, dear, we've all got to live; and when Miss Mullens, who keeps the glove-store next door, changed her name to "Mademoiselle Molini," I saw that plain Peck wasn't going to do at all. So I just put up a sign, "*Madame Piacchi, Modiste from Paris*," and took down the old door-plate, "Mrs. Peck." And you've no idea how the business prospered after that. Yes, it's just as you say, she fool-killer hasn't been around of late. And life is a humbug, fix it which way you will, my dear.

But I was going to tell you about Julia Black. The Blacks were my best customers for years. Why, bless your heart, my dear, it wasn't an unusual thing for them to order half-a-dozen dresses at once—"gowns," they called em—and Mrs. Black used to come in, and say: "Julia wants something to wear to Mrs. Van Der Hyde's garden-party, up the Hudson. Go and select it yourself, Piacchi; you have her style. Make up something that will suit Julia—something a little out of the ordinary way." And she was always suited—bless her pretty face. And there wasn't ever any question of trimmings or extras. And when one considers that there were four daughters, one can form some idea of the sort of customers, they were before Mr. Black died out in Constantinople and left them poor.

Well, I was up and down amazed when Julia came to me, all in black. "I want work, Madame Piacchi," said she. "Could you teach me the dressmaking trade?" For Mrs. Black had gone to live with her brother, and Mrs. St. George, the married daughter, she up and said, as plain as a pikestaff, she couldn't be expected to maintain a house full of poor relations. And Miss Magdalene was a visiting governess, and Miss Eleanora had turned public school-teacher, and their was Julia unprovided for. "I must do something, Madame Piacchi," said she, with her pretty eyes full of tears.

"My dear," said I, "you can't be a dressmaker. Why, you haven't any idea of the drudgery it is. Look at those white hands. Do you want to work the finger-ends off? Do you want to get pale-cheeked and dim-eyed before your time?"

"But your work-girls, madame," said she, "how do they manage?"

"They're used to it, my dear," said I, "from their childhood up. But you are made of a different sort of clips."

"I must do something, Madame Piacchi," she said, pitifully.

"Well, I'll you what," said I. "You've got a nice figure and a pretty way my dear. Suppose you come into the show-room to try on the gowns, and let the customers see the fit of the dolmans and fichus! And I'll give you seven dollars a week!"

"I shall be so glad," said she, brightening up, all at once.

And that was the way that Julia Black came to be in my *salong*, my dear. Pretty! Yes, she was pretty in an odd sort of way, with great black eyes that seemed to melt and soften as you looked at her, and one of those dead white skins that look like ivory. And her hair was real blue-black, and she wore it in a knot, low down on her head, with an old-fashioned shell-pin that belonged to her great-grandmother. And she was sitting at her work and sewing in the corner when the new customer came in.

"I want a wedding outfit," said he, for a lady down in Alabama."

"What are the articles you require, sir?" said I, for I knew, just as soon as I set eyes on him, that he was one of your real Southern gentlemen.

"That's just what I want you to tell me," said he, with his pleasant eyes shining as if he wanted to laugh. "All I know is that I am to order the outfit."

I took out a pencil and a piece of paper. "Just what you say is right," said he, carelessly.

"Have you a pattern?"

"No; I never thought of that."

"Just look around at my young ladies," said I, a sudden idea popping into head. "Is any one of 'em near the size of the bride that is to be?"

"Yes," said he, "that one is." And he looked straight at Julia Black.

"Come here, my dear," said I. "Would you mind being measured for this gentleman's young lady down in Alabama?"

"Not in the least," said Julia, blushing a little.

His name was Carrington. He lived on a plantation on the Alabama River, and he was as literal a gentleman as ever I came across. And when the outfit was complete he paid down four thousand dollars for it, all in one check, just as I'd lay down a silver quarter.

"But I shall have no immediate use for it," he said, with a short laugh that didn't sound as if he was very much amused. "I have received the news, this morning, that my sister has changed her mind."

Julia Black looked up suddenly.

"Was it your sister?" said she.

"Why, of course," said Mr. Carrington. "Didn't I tell you so?"

And Julia's cheeks were as red as any rose as she turned away to take a parcel from Sarah, the errand girl.

All of a sudden the notion came into my head: Did Mr. Carrington admire her? And, after all, how could he help it?

The next morning I said to her:

"My dear, I've an idea."

"What is it?" said she.

"I have a great mind to keep that *trousseau* for Miss De Wilde to look at. It's almost a pity to throw it on Mr. Carrington's hands, and he going back to Fontainebleau, with no possible use for it."

"But, Madame Piacchi," said Julia, hanging down her head, just as I have seen a rose bend down after a rain, "I—we—that is, he may have a use for it."

"What?" said I, feeling as if my head were a mill-wheel spinning around and around.

"He has asked me to marry him," said Julia.

"He says he has been in love with me ever since he first saw me in the corner of the showroom, sewing black velvet bows on Miss De Garrick's white bunting dress."

"Well, I declare," said I. "To think that you have been sewing on your own bridal outfit, all this time."

And I kissed her with all my heart, and I wished her joy. And I went to her wedding in my best black silk velvet, and cried all through the service, for Alabama seemed as far off as Australia, and how did I know that there was a plantation at all, or that he would be kind to my pretty pet.

But when I passed through the Southern States on my trip last winter, I went to Fontainebleau to make sure. And there it was, a perfect palace of a place, with oleanders and myrtles growing around it, and fountains and statues of all the heathen mythology that ever was heard of. And there was Julia like a young queen, with her mother living with her, and lots of servants at her beck and call, and Mr. Carrington fonder of her than ever.

"And, Madame Piacchi," said she, "I am the happiest woman in the world."

But she wasn't a bit happier than she deserved. And so I told her. And now, my dear, if ever one tells you that there isn't any romance in the dressmaking business, you may contradict em up and down, and give me as your authority.

NATURAL HISTORY.

I have a dog that I think is right smart. His name is Trusty. He is a small dog. We have no trouble keeping the chickens out of the house. He knows our chickens, and if a stray chick comes in the yard he makes it get out quick. If he is lying down in the house, and hears a stray rooster crow about the door, he appears to notice it quicker than we do, and is out after it and often catches it and holds it until some of us go to him, though I have never known him to hurt one yet. My aunt lives close by, and she has a little boy. His name is Leslie, and Trusty thinks a great deal of him, and won't let any one hit him, not even in play. Trusty will go to Aunt Walter's, and stay a day or two, and then come back home. Trusty belonged to Phil, my little brother that I told you about in my last letter—our little preacher, if you remember. Though he has been gone from us a year to live with God and the angels, we expect to see him again. I only have one little sister, Annie. I could tell you more about my dog, but this is enough.—*Lee A. Gray.*

An amusing scene was witnessed a few evenings ago near the Parlor Saloon. Two of Agent Long's geese got under the building, and after long and continued imbibitions from the beer waste-pipe, emerged into the open air in motons hilarity. They were so tipsy that they staggered around just like geese of the human variety, and created as much mirth as the latter sometimes do when in a state of inebriety.

Sunflower seeds are said to be irresistible bait for rats. Traps baited at night with these seeds will be found crowded with rats in the morning.

OLDER THAN HE LOOKED.

An Irishman was ordered to make a coffin which he did; and to paint the inscription on the lid, which he did after a fashion that caused a little excitement in the churchyard.

By dint of following the written copy, he managed to get as far as "Michael O'Rafferty, aged—;" but, try as he would, he could not represent the 28.

At last he remembered that he could write seven, and that four sevens made 28. So he finished the inscription, which read "aged 7777."

When they came to bury Michael, the coffin stood at the grave side, and the priest spoke as follows:

"Ah he was a fine lad. He's lying there so still, taken away in the very prime of life. Young as he was, too, only—" Here the priest looked down at the coffin plate to see how old Michael was.

He was only," said his reverence again, and put his glasses on, and went nearer to see how old he really was. "He was only," he continued, "seven thousand, seven hundred, and seventy seven years!"

KEEP UP YOUR END.

"When I was a boy in the lumbering region," said the old doctor, "the fellow who would not hold up his end of the log, but let the weight sag on the others, was looked upon with contempt by all camp. Wherever I go now I think I see logs carried—one end held up by hearty, willing hands, and the other drooping out of lazy, selfish ones.

"When I see an old father toiling to give his son an education that is to help him through life, and the boy yawning over his books, tricking the teachers, smoking cigarettes and swearing, I feel like calling out: "For the sake of your own soul, boy, grip your end of the log and hold it up!"

"Sometimes I see a man working hard all day, and too tired to rest at night, while his wife and daughters read novels, embroider and gossip with women as useless in the world as themselves. Do they keep up their end of the log?

"Or, quite as often, it is the wife who stints and saves until her life is barren and bare as a dusty road at noonday, while the husband spend his time at saloons and pool rooms.

Or, I see one bright, courageous member of a family—usually a woman—working, joking, hopeful, while the others crawl along, groaning complaining, dropping every day and hour their burden of poverty, disease, toothache or bad weather on her shoulder. She has all the log to carry.

"Again, it is a human being for whom God has done so much in birth, rank, education, friends, who, for the love of a glass of liquor or a pack of cards, allows his life to drop into the slough. Past bids him "work" out his own salvation; and I feel like telling him to hold up his own end of the log."

What does our reader think of the doctor's homely lesson? What is his burden in life? Somebody shares it with him; no man bears his load alone. Does he carry his part with hearty good-will, or does he drop it on weak and willing shoulders?

ON A LOCOMOTIVE.

If one wants to get a lively sense of what it means to rush through space at fifty or sixty miles an hour, he must get on a locomotive. Then only does he begin to realise what trifles stand between him and destruction. A few weeks ago a lady sat an hour in the cab of a locomotive hauling a fast express train over a mountain road. She saw the narrow bright line of the rails and the slender points of the switches. She heard the thunder of the bridges, and saw the track shut in by rocky bluffs, and new perils suddenly revealed as the engine swept around sharp curves. The experience was to her magnificent, but the sense of danger was almost appalling. To have made her experience complete, she should have taken one engine ride in a dark and rainy night. In a daylight ride on a locomotive, we come to realize how slender it the rail and how fragile its fastenings, compared with the ponderous machine which they carry. We see what a trifling movement of a switch makes the difference between life and death. We learn how short the look ahead must often be, and how close danger sits on either hand. But it is only in a night ride that we learn how dependent the engineer must be, after all, upon the faithful vigilance of others. The head-light reveals a few yards of glistening rail, and the ghostly telegraph poles and switch targets. Were a switch open, a rail taken up, or a pile of ties on the track, we could not possibly see the danger in time to stop.—*Scribner.*

ELECTRICITY IN COAST DEFENCE.

Electricity plays perhaps the most wonderful part in all these huge works. Not far from the main fort, there would be built a little round building. This would be the place for the "tower of observation" of the commanding officer. From here he could see all over the harbor and away out to sea. The tower would be strong, and inside would be the wonderful key-boards of the electric system. By means of these, the commander could telephone to the captain of any battery to load his guns, and aim them at such and such an angle and direction. The captain of the battery would do so and telephone back the moment he was ready. The commander could tell the captain to fire, or he could, if he chose, press a little key and himself fire each gun singly or all the guns at once. He could do the same with all the batteries and forts, and he could, from his little tower miles away, by a light tough of his finger explode every gun in the harbor, and send tons and tons of metal flying with crushing force at any vessel he pleased. He could do even more. He could explode any, or all, of the mines and torpedoes at once, or he could have one grand simultaneous explosion of all the guns, torpedoes, and mines. At each fort and battery would be stationed officers who by means of instruments would find exactly the course of the enemy's ships. This would be telegraphed to the commander, who would thus know at every instant just where any vessel is, and how fast she is sailing. So he could predict that a ship will pass a certain spot at a certain time, and, if she did not change her course, could press the key, and blow up the vessel, or send at her a huge bolt of iron or steel. If the enemy had landed a force on the mainland down the coast, and it was marching on the fort to take it in the rear, the commander could wait till he saw the force on a road approaching a fort, when, pressing another key, several iron doors of the fort would open and automatic machine-guns pop out, and commence firing at the rate of six hundred shots per minute apiece, and keep it up till the key was pressed again, when they would withdraw and the shields close. It can be seen that the commander should know absolutely all that is going on, as otherwise he might fire into his own forts, or on his own patrol-boats.—*St. Nicholas.*

A WRITING PEW IN CHURCH.

Capt. Mayne Reid writes from England to the New York *Tribune* as follows:

There are country churches in which the Squire's pew is apart from the others, elevated above them, and curtained like a private box in the opera; like this also, furnished with couch and easy chairs I ever know of some nearly as large as an ordinary sized sitting-room, with antechamber at the back provided with a looking glass, while in the pew itself is a table, with paper, pens and ink; in short all the paraphernalia needed for letter writing. Nor are these things there for idle show, but actual service; the owners and occupiers off these sanctified studios using them to answer arrears of correspondence while the parson is prosing away in the pulpit.

How much worse is this than the practice of sleeping in church?

FRANKLIN'S ADDITION TO GENESIS.

1. And it came to pass after these things that Abraham sat in the door of his tent about the going down of the sun.

2. And behold a man, bowed with age, came from the way of the wilderness, leaning on a staff.

3. And Abraham arose and met him, and said unto him, Turn in, I pray thee, and wash thy feet, and tarry all night, and thou shalt arise early on the morrow and go thy way.

4. But the man said, Nay, for I will abide under this tree.

5. And Abraham pressed him greatly; so he turned and they went into the tent, and Abraham baked unleavened bread and they did eat.

6. And when Abraham saw that the man blessed not God he said unto him, Wherefore dost thou not worship the most high God, Creator of heaven and earth?

7. And the man answered and said, I do not worship the God thou speakest of, neither do I call upon His name; for I have made to myself a God, which abideth always in my house, and provideth me with all things.

8. And Abraham's zeal was kindled against the man, and he arose and drove him forth with blows into the wilderness.

9. And at midnight God called unto Abraham, saying, Abraham, where is the stranger?

10. And Abraham answered and said, Lord, he would not worship Thee, neither would he call upon Thy name, therefore have I driven him out from before my face into the wilderness.

11. And God said, Have I borne with him these hundred ninety and eight years, and nourished him, and clothed him, notwithstanding his rebellion against Me, and couldst not thou, that art thyself a sinner, bear with him one night?

12. And Abraham said, Let not the anger of my Lord wax hot against His servant; lo I have sinned, forgive me, I pray thee.

13. And Abraham arose and went forth into the wilderness, and sought diligently for the man, and found him and returned with him to the tent, and when he had treated him kindly he sent him away on the morrow with gifts.

14. And God spake again unto Abraham, saying, For this thy sin shall thy seed be afflicted four hundred years in a strange land.

15. But for thy repentance will I deliver them, and they shall come forth with power and gladness of heart, and with much substance.

THE BOY NATURALIST.

A teacher had charge of a school in a country town early in her career; and among her pupils was a boy about fourteen years old, who cared very little about study, and showed no interest, apparently, in anything connected with the school. Day after day he failed in his lessons; and detentious after school hours, and notes to his widowed mother had no effect.

One day the teacher had sent him to his seat, after a vain effort to get from him a question in grammar, and, feeling somewhat nettled, she watched his conduct. Having taken his seat, he pushed the book impatiently aside, and, espying a fly caught it with a dexterous sweep of the hand, and then betook himself to a close inspection of the insect. For fifteen minutes or more the boy was thus occupied, heedless of surroundings, and the expression of his face told the teacher that it was more than idle curiosity that possessed his mind. A thought struck her, which she put into practice at the first opportunity that day.

"Boys," said she, "what can you tell me about flies?" and, calling some of the brightest by name, she asked them if they could tell her something of a fly's constitution and habits.

They had very little to say about the insect. They often caught one, but only for sport, and did not think it worth while to study so common an insect.

Finally she asked the dunce, who had silently, but with kindling eyes listened to what his schoolmates said. He burst out with a description of the head, eyes, wings, and feet of the little creature, so full and enthusiastic that the teacher was astonished and the whole school was struck with wonder. He told how it walked, how it ate, and many things entirely new to his teacher, so that when he had finished she said:

"Thank you. You have given us a real lecture in natural history, and you have learned it all yourself."

After the school closed that afternoon, she had a long talk with the boy, and found that he was fond of going into the woods and meadows and collecting insects and watching birds, but that his mother thought he was wasting his time. The teacher, however, wisely encouraged him in this pursuit, and asked him to bring beetles and butterflies and caterpillars to school, and tell what he knew about them. The boy was delighted at this unexpected turn of affairs, and in a few days the listless dunce was the marked boy of that school. Books on natural history were procured for him, and a world of wonder opened to his appreciative eye. He read, and studied, and examined. He understood the necessity of knowing something of mathamatics, geography and grammar for the successful carrying on of his private study, and he made rapid progress in his classes. In short, twenty years later he was eminent as a naturalist, and he owed his success, as he never hesitated to acknowledge to that discerning teacher.

VARIETIES.

Several years ago I read a paper by Prof. Crazybone, in which he said you should sleep with your head toward the north, so the electric currents on their way to the North Pole would pass through the body the right way. The plan looked reasonable, and I adjusted my bed to meet the requirements. A few years after I ran across a scholarly article by Dr. Allhead, in which he proved that the electric current should not pass from feet to the head, but from the head to the feet, and, therefore, we should all sleep with our heads toward the South. I turned my bed around. But now, Prof. Drysadust showing that the electric currents are bad, no matter how they pass through, and the least danger is found in sleeping with the head toward the east or the west. I have again wearily turned my bed. If any man will invent a bed hung on a pivot I will buy it. I am quietly working on a bedstead myself which can be wound up like a clock, and will revolve all night, and occasionally get up on its hind castors, and prance about the room and turn a few handsprings.

AFTER EXAMINATION.

Johnny sat by the fire in an easy chair,
And fell into meditation:
He had worked for a week in the puzzling affair
Of the school examination.

So he shut up his eyes and leaned back in the chair—
Just to rest his tired eye-lids he meant—
He thought it all over while thus sitting there,
And this is the way that it went:

The indicative mood of three times fifty-four
And the cube of the torrid zone,
Make what per cent of a base-ball score
In longitude seventy-one?

There is something wrong about that, I know,
And the next is just as bad,
About parsing the ratio of Borneo
To the treaty of Trinidad.

I'll try the next: What rate per cent
Of the battle of Bunker Hill
Is the present tense of a continent
If the discount is charged in the bill?

I could work that out if I knew the price
Of the dividend's passive voice;
For the principal products are pronouns and rice
And Stark with his Green Mountain boys.

I'll never get through if I go on thus,
But the adjective's administration
Began with the downfall of minus and plus
By the square of the first conjugation.

O me! It's all a terrible mix
And it's nearly the time for closing—
Hallo! What's that? It's the clock striking six!
I certainly must have been dozing.

POSTSCRIPT.

Master Johnnie insists on my adding a line
To tell you he came out quite straight
His average standing was just eighty-nine—
His lowest mark seventy-eight.

—*Good Cheer.*

HE NEEDS TO SING ABOUT MONEY.

Sing a song of sixpence, you fellow full of rye,
With not a cent to bury you to-morrow should you die.
The keeper's in the bar-room counting out his money;
His wife is in the parlor with well-dressed sis and sonny;
Your wife has gone out working and washing people's clothes,
To pay for old rye whiskey to color up your nose.

SELF-EXAMINATION.

Few sufficiently practice the habit of self-examination. Through life man is liable to error, and requires check, rebuke and counsel. He should be his own good spirit, hovering over himself in moments of passion, temptation and danger, and reminding himself that he owes a duty to his Maker, with which the opinions and consequences of the world have nothing to do. Life, in regard to the earth, is a passing dream. The reality is the hereafter. Moral principle is cherished and strengthened by self examination, which continually instructs him in broad and magnanimous duties. In the calmness of solitude passion and error relax their hold, and the mists of the world disperse. Truth dwells there, and, with her holy voice, reviews, sanctions, or condemns the past, and directs, the future. Habituate yourself to the indulgent and exculpatory view of those with whom you live, with such exceptions as moral courage and firmness require, and as you can render good reason for. Cultivate a willingness to acknowledge and repair your faults. No one can avoid doing wrong; but all can confess and endeavor to retrieve the consequences of error. The tributes most gracious in the eyes of our Creator are simple; and within the power of the poorest.

THE KING AND THE NOBLE.

Long ago—in the early years of Christianity—a missionary visited the northern shores of England, with tidings of the new faith. But the heathen tribes would have none of him, and their king even refused to hear him speak.

Then rose up a grey-haired noble before his chief, in all humility, pleading the cause of the new-comer.

"What is our life now?" asked the trembling old man, "Is it not even as a lighted hall—well lighted and well warmed, into which flutters a little bird from the darkness without, beating its wings a little, feeling the warmth for a moment, yet hardly alighting before it flutters out again by a further door into the darkness beyond? Who knows from whence it comes, or whither it goes? Is not each of us as that little bird? What more do we know of the life beyond? Shall we not, then, welcome this stranger, who would fain instruct us therein? He can do us no hurt; he may enlighten our darkness. Mighty king! let us hear him speak."

Touched by these words, the chief ordered the missionary into his presence, to tell the gospel story. The seed fell on good ground. Many heard, believed, and were baptized into the new faith. On the once dark portals of the gate of death shone the glory of a life beyond.—*Selected.*

A good story is told of Governor Tom Bennet, who presided over the destinies of Idaho more than a decade ago. A member of the Legislature, who had been annoyed by his neighbor's hog, introduced a bill compelling the owner of the proscribed animal to keep him within the limits of a pen. The bill passed and went up to Governor Bennet for his approval. To the surprise of the members, and the chagrin of its sponsor, it was returned with his veto. When asked for a reason he exclaimed; "I don't believe in the bill in the first place, and, if I did, I wouldn't sign a bill that spelled hog with a big H, and Governor with a little g."

A lady essayist is convinced, says a contempory, that at least one-quarter of the work performed by women is unnecessary and that the world would get on quite as well without it. It is like the ottoman cover she once saw a lady work. The lady was all bent up, and was putting her eyes out counting stitches. "I don't get any time for reading," she said plaintively as she picked up some beads on a needle; "you must have a great deal of leisure." And yet she has spent more time embroidering a ridiculous dog on a piece of cloth than would have sufficed to read twenty good books.

The selfish desire for prominence and place leads to the most foolish, and yet the most bitter, disputes and quarrels. No controversies are so hot and long-continued as religious ones. Men often say it is a principle at stake, when really it is a place.

We are much deceived when we fancy that we can do without the world, and still more so when we presume that the world cannot do without us.

Nothing will render a man useless faster than to live among people who think that every thing he says is right.