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H. P. MOORE
Editor and Proprietor

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DR. AULD, Physician, Surgeon, Accoucheur. Office:—Over McGarvin's Drug Store, Acton.

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We insure private dwellings three years from 60 cents up to $1 a year and unrestricted risks from 75 cents to $2 all. Liberal adjustments and prompt payments by the above companies. A. LAING, Agent, ACTON.

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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.

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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.

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.

YES! WINTER IS HERE, —BUT— W. J. LEE, The Tailor, —OF THE— East End Clothing Store, Know that many of you have not yet secured your winter clothing. Now, in order that all may be well clothed for the cold weather, I have determined to sell my big stock at prices slightly above cost. You can get good ordered clothing warranted to fit. Good material and honest workmanship at the price of slop made ready-make goods. Leave your order at once and I will give you big value for cash. W. J. LEE.

—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 six p.m. Careful attention given to every order. The wants of Commercial Travellers fully met. JOHN WILLIAMS.

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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.

Poetry.

DON'T STOP THE PAPER.

Don't stop my paper, Printer
Don't strike my name off yet;
You know the times are stringent
And dollars hard to get.
But rug a little harder
In what I mean to do,
And scrape the dimes together,
Enough for me and you.

I can't afford to drop it,
I find it doesn't pay
To do without a paper,
However others may;
I hate to ask my neighbors
To give me their's to loan,
They don't just say, but mean it,
"Why don't you have your own?"

You can't tell how we miss it
If it by any fate
Should happen not to reach us,
Or come a little late;
Then all feels a hubbub
And things go all awry,
And, Printer, if you're married
You'll know the reason why!

The children want their stories,
And wife is anxious, too,
At first to glance it over
And then to read it through;
And I to read the leaders,
And con the book reviews,
And scan the correspondence
And every bit of news.

I cannot do without it,
It is no use to try,
The other people take it
And, Printer, so must I,
I, too, must keep me posted
And know what's going on,
Or feel and be accounted
A fogey simpleton.

Then take it kindly, Printer,
If pay is some that slow,
For cash is not so plenty
And cents not few, you know;
But I must have the paper
Cost what it may to me,
I'd rather dock my sugar
And do without my tea.

So, Printer, don't you stop it
Unless you want my frown,
For here's the year's subscription,
And credit it right down,
And send the paper promptly
And regularly on,
And let it bring us weekly
Its welcomed burthen!

Select Family Reading.

Thanksgiving Ann.

In the kitchen doorway, underneath its arch of swaying vines and dependant purple clusters the old woman sat, tired and vigorously fanning her face with her calico apron. It was a dark face, surmounted by turban, and wearing, just now, a look of troubled thoughtfulness not quite in accordance with her name—a name oddly enough acquired from an old church anthem that she used to sing somewhat on this wise:

"Thanksgivin' an'—

"Johnny, don't play dar in de water, chile!

"Thanksgivin' an'—

"Run away, now, Susie, dearie.

"Thanksgivin' an'—

"Take care dat blessed baby! Here's some ginger-bread for him.

"Thanksgivin' an' the voice of melody."

You laugh? But looking after all these things was her appointed work, her duty; and she spent the intervals in singing praises. Do many of us make better use of our spare moments?

So the children called her Thanksgiving Ann! her other name was forgotten, and Thanksgiving Ann she would be, now, to the end of her days. How many these days had already been no one knew. She had lived with Mr. and Mrs. Allyn for years, whether as mistress or servant of the establishment, they could scarcely tell; they only knew that she was invaluable. She had taken a grandmotherly guardianship of the children, and had a voice in most matters that concerned the father and mother, while in the culinary department she reigned supreme.

The early breakfast was over. She had bestowed unusual care upon it, because an agent of the Bible Society, visiting some of the country places for contributions, was to partake of it with them. But while she was busy with a first batch of delicate waffles, the gentleman had pleaded an appointment, and, taking hasty leave of his host and hostess, had departed unobserved from the kitchen windows; and Thanksgiving Ann's "Bible money" was still in her pocket.

"Didn't ask me nor give no chance. Just's if; 'cause a puson's old an colored, dey didn't owe de Lord nuffin' and wouldn't pay it if they did," she murmured, when the state of the case became known.

However, Silas, the long-limbed untiring and shrewd, who regarded the old woman with a mixture of patronage and veneration, had volunteered to run after the vanished guest, and "catch him if he was anywhere this side of Chaney." And even while Thanksgiving sat in the doorway, the messenger returned, apparently unwearied by his chase.

Well, I come up with him—told ye I would—and give him the three dollars. He seemed kind of flustered to have missed such a nugget; and he said 'twas a generous jonation—equal to your master's. Which proves,' said Silas, shutting one eye, and appearing to survey the subject meditatively with the other, "that some folks can do as much good just off-hand as some other folks can with no end of pinchin' and screwin' beforehand."

"Think it proves dat folks dat don't have no great amount can do as much in a good cause by thinkin' 'bout it a little afoorehand, as other folks will do dat has more, and put der hands in der pocket when de time comes. I believe in systematics 'bout such things, I does;' and with an energetic bob of her head, by way of emphasising her words, old Thanksgiving walked into the house.

"Thanksgivin' an' the voice of melody," she began in her high, weird voice. But the words died on her lips; her heart was too burdened to sing.

"Only three dollars out'n all der 'bundance!" she murmured to herself. "Well, mebby I oughtn't to judge. Course I knows, when I'se here I knows. Course I knows, when I'se here all de time, and sees de good clo'es, an' de carr'ges, an' de musics, an' de fine times—folks an' hosses an' tables all provided for an' de Lord of glory lef' to take what happens when de time comes, an' no prep'ration at all! Sure 'nough, He don't need de help. All de world is His; and He can send clo'es to His naked, an' bread to His hungry, an' Bibles to His heathen, if dey don't give a cent; but den dey're pinchin' an' starvin' der own dear souls. Well—'taint my soul! But I loves 'em, an' den missin' a great blessin'."

These friends, to beloved, paid little attention to the old woman's opinion upon what she called "systematics in givin'."

"The idea of counting up all one's income, and setting aside a fixed portion of it for charity, and then calling only what remains one's own, makes our religion seem arbitrary and exacting; it is like a tax,' said Mrs. Allyn, one day; "and I think such a view of it ought to be avoided. I like to give freely and gladly of what I have when the time comes."

"If ye hain't given so freely an' so gladly for Miss Susie's new necklaces an' yer own new dresses dat ye don't have much when de time comes,' interrupted Thanksgiving Ann.

"I think one gives with a more free and generous feeling in that way,' pursued the lady, without seeming to heed the interruption. "Money laid aside beforehand has only a sense of duty and not much feeling about it; besides, what difference can it make, so long as one does give what they can when there is a call?"

"I wouldn't like to be provided for dat way," declared Thanksgiving. "Was, once, when I was a slave, 'fore I was de Lord's free woman. Ye see I was a young no-'count gal, not worf thinkin' much 'bout; so my old mars' he lef' me take what happened when de time come. An' sometimes I happened to get a dress, an' sometimes I didn't happen to get nuffin', and den I went here-foot; an' dat's jist the way——"

"Why, Thanksgiving, that's not reverent!" exclaimed Mrs. Allyn, shocked at the comparison.

"Jist what I thought; didn't treat me with no kind of reverence,' answered Thanksgiving.

"Well, to go back to the original subject all these things are mere matters of opinion. One person likes one way best; and another person another,' said the lady, smilingly, as she walked from the room.

"'Pears to me it's a matter of which de Master likes best,' observed the old woman, settling her turban. But there was no one to hear her comment and affairs followed their accustomed routine. Meanwhile, out of her own little store, she carefully laid aside one-eighth. "'Cause if dem old Israelites was tol' to give one-tenth, I'd just like to frow in a little more for good measure. Talk 'bout it's bein' like a tax to put away for such thinks!" 'Clare! I get studyin' what each dollar must do, till I get 'em so loadened up wid prayin's and thinkin's dat I mos' b'lieve dey weigh double when dey does go.

"O de Lamb! de lovin' Lamb!
De Lamb of Calvary!
De Lamb dat was slain an' lives again,
An' intercedes for me!"

And now another call came.

"Came, unfortunately, at a time when we were rather short,' said Mrs. Allyn, regretfully. "However, we gave what we could,' she added. 'I hope it will do good, and I wish it were five times as much.'

Old Thanksgiving shook her head over that cheerful dismissal of the subject. She shook it many times that morning, and seemed intensely thoughtful, as she moved slowly about her work.

"S'pose I needn't fret about other folks' duty—dat ain't none of my business; yas it is, too, because dey is good to me, and I loves them. Tain't like's dey didn't call darselves His, neither."

Mr. Allyn brought in a basket of beautiful peaches, the first of the season, and placed on the table by her side.

"Aren't those fine, Thanksgiving? Let the children have a few, if you think best; but give them to us for dinner."

"Sartain, I'll give all dar is,' she responded surveying the fruit.

Presently came the pattering of several pairs of small feet; bright eyes espied the basket, and immediately arose a cry—

"Oh, how nice! Thanksgiving Ann, may I have one?

"And I?"

"And I?"

"And I, too?"

"Help yourselves, dearies,' answered the old woman, composedly, never turning to see how often, or to what extent her injunction was obeyed. She was seated in the doorway again, busily sewing on a calico apron. She still sat there when, near the dinner-hour, Mrs. Allyn passed through the kitchen, and a little surprised at its coolness and quietness at that hour, asked wonderingly—

"What has happened, Thanksgiving? Haven't decided upon a fast, have you?"

"No, honey; thought I'd give you what I happened to have when de time come,' said Thanksgiving Ann, coolly, holding up her apron to measure its length.

It seemed a little odd, Mrs. Allyn thought. But then old Thanksgiving needed no oversight; she liked her little surprises now then too, and doubtless she had something all planned and in course of preparation; so the lady went her way, more than half expecting an especially tempting board because of her cook's apparent carelessness that day. But when the dinner-hour arrived, both master and mistress scanned the table with wide open eyes of astonishment, so plain and meagre were its contents, so unlike any dinner that had ever before been served in that house.

"What has happened, my dear?" asked the gentleman, turning to his wife.

"I don't know,' she replied, with a questioning glance at Thanksgiving.

"Dat's all de col' meat der was—sorry I didn't have no more,' she added half apologetically.

"But I sent home a choice roast this morning, began Mr. Allyn, wonderingly; "and you have no potatoes, either—nor vegetables of any kind."

"Laws, yes! but then a body has to think 'bout it a good while beforehand to get a roast cooked, an' just the same wid 'taters; an' I thought I'd give ye what I happened to have when de time come, an' I didn't happen to have much of nuffin.

'Clare I forgot de bread!" and, trotting away, she returned with a plate of cold corn cake.

"No bread!" murmured Mrs. Allyn.

"No, honey; used it all up for toast dis mo'ning. 'Might have made biscuits or muffins, if I had planned for 'em long enough, but that kind o' makes a body feels if dey had to do it, an' I wanted to get dinner for all out o' my warm feelin's when de time come.'

"When a man has provided bountifully for his household, it seems as if he might expect enjoy a small share of it himself, even if the preparation does require a little trouble, remarked Mr. Allyn, impatiently, but still too bewildered at such an unprecedented state of affairs to be thoroughly indignant.

"Cur'ous how things make a body think of Bible verses," said Thanksgiving, musingly. "Dar's dat one 'bout "who giveth us all things richly to enjoy," an' what shall I render to be Lord for all His benefits to'ards me?" Dar! I didn't put on dem poaches!"

"Has Thanksgiving suddenly lost her senses?" questioned the gentleman as the door closed after her.

"I suspect there is a method in her madness," replied his wife, a faint smile crossing her lips.

The old woman returned with the basket, sadly despoiled of it's morning's contents, but she composedly bestowed the remainder in a fruit-dish.

"Dat's all. De childern's eat a good many, an' dey was used up one way an' another. I'se sorry dar ain't no more, but I hope you'll enjoy what dar is, an' I wishes 'twas five times as much."

A look of sudden intelligence flashed into Mr. Allyn's eyes; he bit his lip for a moment, and then asked quietly—

"Couldn't you have laid aside some for us, Thanksgiving?"

"Well, dar now! s'pose I could," said the old servant, relenting at the tone. "B'lieve I will next time. Allers kind 'o thought the folks things belonged to had the best right to 'em; but I'd heard givin whatever happened was so much freer and lovin'er way ob servin dem ye love best, dat I thought I'd try it. But it does appear as if dey fared slim, an' I spects I'll go back to de ole plan o' systematics."

"Do you see George?" questioned his wife, when they were again alone.

"Yes, I see. An object lesson with a vengeance!"

And if she should be right, and our careless giving seem anything like this? pursued Mrs. Allyn, with troubled face.

"She is right, Fanny; It doesn't take much argument to show that. We call Christ our King and Master; believe that every blessing we have in this world is his direct gift, and all our hopes for the world to come are centered in Him. We profess to be not our own but His, to be journeying towards His royal city, and that his service is our chief business here; and yet strangely enough, we provide lavishly for our own apparelling, entertainment and ease, apportion nothing for the interest of His Kingdom or the forwarding of His work, but leave that to any chance pence that may happen to be left after all our wants and fancies are gratified. It doesn't seem like very faithful or loving service." Mr. Allyn answered gravely. "I have been thinking in that direction occasionally, lately, but I have been too indolent, careless, or selfish to come to a decision and make any change."

There was a long talk over that dinner-table—indeed, it did not furnish opportunity for much other employment; and that afternoon the husband and wife together examined into their expenses and incoms, and set apart a certain portion as sacred unto their Lord—doing it somewhat after Thanksgiving's plan of "good measure." To do this, they found, required the giving up of some needless indulgences—a few accustomed luxuries. But a cause never grows less dear on account of the sacrifice we make for it, and as these two scanned the various fields of labor deciding what to bestow here and what there, they awoke to a new appreciation of the magnitude and glory of the work, and a new interest in its success—the beginning of the last blessing pronounced upon by those who "sow beside all water."

Mrs. Allyn told Thanksgiving of their new arrangement, and concluded, laughingly, though the tears stood in her eyes—

"So you see we have adopted the 'systematic' plan too; and you needn't starve us for supper, Thanksgiving Ann, you dear, faithful old soul!

Silas heard of the change in that mysterious way in which he contrived to hear of everything that happened within a circuit of ten miles of him, and coming to the old colored woman that evening as, with a face of content, she occupied once more her favorite seat in the doorway, he launched forth on the subject at once.

"An' now I s'pose you're satisfied?"

"I'se 'mazin glad," said Thanksgiving looking up brightly, "but satisfied—dat's a long deep word, and the Bible says it'll be when we awake in His likeness.

"Wall, now, I do not profess none of these kind of things," said Silas, standing on one foot and swinging the other, "but I do not mind tellin' you that I think your way is right, and I don't believe nobody ever lost nothing by what they give to God, because He is pretty certain to pay back with compound interest to them, you see."

"Mebby so; but don't you think Silas Tidgelow, dat it's drefful mean way to offer a little gift to yer best and dearest Friend—a calk'latin dat He'll pay you back more!"

"Wa-ll ye see folks don't always feel right," observed Silas, dropping dexterously on the other foot.

"No; dey don't. When eberybody feels right, an' does right, dat'll be de millenium. Does yer know dar is a prophecy 'bout de time when even de bells of de hosses hab 'holiness to de Lord on 'em.' Don't know what dat means, 'less tis'dat de rich folks, carriages behind de hosses 'shall be going on His errands, an' carryin', part of de time' de least to dese, His brederin.' Guess de lovin'll have got so strong, dar'll be no thinkin' 'bout prayin', said the old woman, musingly. "Well, I'se glad of de faint streak of dat day dat's come to dis house!" And she went to wrth her old song upon her lips:

"Thanksgivin' an' de voice of melody."

WHY NOT AN INFIDEL?

"I once met a thoughtful scholar," said Bishop Whipple, "who told me he had read every book he could which assailed the religion of Jesus Christ, and he said he should have become an infidel but for three things: First, I am a man. I am going somewhere. To-night I am a day nearer the grave than I was last night. I have read all such books can tell me. They shed not one solitary ray of hope or light upon the darkness. They shall not take away the guide and leave me stone-blind. Second, I had a mother. I saw her go down into the dark valley where I am going, and she leaned on an unseen arm as calmly as a child goes to sleep on its mother's breast. I knew that was not a dream. Third, I have three motherless daughters. They have no protection but myself. I would rather kill them than leave them in this sinful world, if you blot out from it all teachings of the gospel."

Prof. Loisette's Memory System is creating greater interest than ever in all parts of the country, and persons wishing to improve their memory should send for his prospectus free as advertised in another column.

THEIR COMMON NAMES.

Aqua fortis is nitric acid.
Aqui regia is nitro-muriatic acid.
Blue vitriol is sulphate of copper.
Cream of tartar is bitartrate potassium.
Calomel is chloride of mercury.
Chalk is carbonate of calcium.
Salt of tartar is carbonate of potassa.
Caustic potassa is hydrate potassium.
Chloroform is chloride of formyle.
Common salt is chlorida of sodium.
Copperas, or green vitrol, is sulphate of iron.
Corrosive sublimate is bichloride of mercury.
Dry alum is sulphate aluminum and potassium.
Epsom salts is sulphate of magnesia.
Ethiops mineral is black sulphate of mercury.
Fire damp is light carburetted hydrogen.
Galena is sulphide of lead.
Glauber's salt is sulphate of sodium.
Glucose is grape sugar.
Goulard water is basic acetate of lead.
Iron pyrites is bisulphide iron.
Jeweler's putty is oxide of tin.
King's yellow is sulphide of arsenic.
Laughing gas is protoxide of nitrogen.
Lime is oxide of calcium.
Lunar caustic is nitrate of silver.
Mossic gold is bisulphide of tin.
Muriate of lime is chloride of calcium.
Nitre of saltpetre is nitre of potash.
Oil of vitrol is sulphuric acid.
Potash is oxide of potassium.
Realgar is sulphide of arsenic.
Red lead is oxide of lead.
Rust of iron is oxide of iron.
Salammoniac is muriate of ammonia.
Slaked lime is hydrate calcium.
Soda is oxide of sodium.
Spirits of hartshorn is ammonia.
Spirits of salt is hydrochloride of muriatic acid.
Stucco, or plaster of Paris, is sulphate of lime.
Sugar of lead is acetate of lead.
Verdigris is basic acetate of copper.
Vermillion is sulphide of mercury.
Vinegar is acetic acid diluted.
Volatile alkali is ammonia.
Water is oxide of hydrogen.
White precipitate is ammoniated mercury.
White vitrol is sulphate of zinc.
—Boston *Journal of Commerce.*

"HAVING A LITTLE FUN."

So many of our girls seem to think nothing of flirting "just having a little fun, I do not mean anything by it," they will say.

My dear girls, men do not think that; your innocent amusement may be dearly purchased; give you many a heart ache if you do not quit it.

What is flirting? I hear some ask. It is attracting, or trying to attract, the masculine gender in any way; either with smiles, bows, fan, parasol or any coquettish movement of the head; I have heard girls out driving say, "isn't he good looking?" in quite an audible whisper, as they were passing a man.

They were nice girls too, just too full of fun; How shocking! Ten to one he will smile, and perhaps speak. Oh! if you only knew what he thought of you, you would feel far from flattered; or whom he might be, it would bring the blush to your cheek.

You would be very indignant if a stranger smiled and addressed you on the street.

Then think how very reprehensible in a girl attracting their attention in any way whatever.

Again, smiling so sweetly on your gentlemen friends; using your eyes as well as your voice in attracting them, when you care nothing for them only inasmuch as they will contribute to your amusement.

Oh! my girl, you will soon be found out; men are quick to notice. It will soon spread; Miss—"Yes, she is nice, but such a flirt; has no heart."

Then again: Some day you will find your match, some one whom you care for may be the one to give you measure for measure, thinking you are only flirting with him.

Men, or most men will flirt with you if you allow it, but do not think they would marry the one with whom they could flirt. No, never—"Yes, you can have lots of fun with her; she is good company," they will say, but when I want a wife, deliver me from the flirt."—*Experience is Intelligencer.*

IN PEW AND PULPIT.

The more the diamond is cut the brighter it sparkles, and, in what seems hard dealing, God has no end in view but to perfect His people's graces.

Some one has fitly characterized the Bible as a book in which "everything taught is truth, everything inculcated is goodness, and everything promised is felicity."

Press the matter of religion in season and out of season, publicly and privately.

With the old year die all the opportunities which have been pressed upon us for doing good.

As the goodness of our God hath been more than sufficient for all our need during the year that is past, so is his grace more than equal to our short-comings.

A young man of eight summers has been heard from who must have a future before him. To have a watch was the height of his ambition. He had teased and begged every member of the family to give him one until his persistence became monotonous. Finally his father told him that he was too young to have one anyway, and that he must not mention the subject again. Next Sunday morning at prayers each member of the family recited a verse of Scripture. It was Young America's turn finally, and with the soberness of a judge he said, "What I say unto one I say unto all—WATCH."

IN THE OBJECTIVE CASE.

In a recent grammar examination, in one of our Boston schools, a class was required to write a sentence containing a noun in the objective case. One of the boys wrote the following sentence:

"The cow does not like to be licked."

"What noun is there in the objective case?" asked the teacher.

"Cow," said the boy.

"Why is 'cow' in the objective case?"

"Because the cow objects to being licked."—Boston *Transcript.*

SINGULAR PROVISION OF A WILL.

Jesse Mehafry, a pioneer, who recently died near Shawnee Mound, Ind., left funds to be given to namesakes, at the rate of $25 each, open to all comers for one year, the only condition being that the parents should be of good moral character.

THE CARRIER BOYS' HAPPY NEW YEAR.

"Ring out the old, Ring in the new,
"Ring out the false, Ring in the true"

Hark to the bells.
The merry bells,
As on the ear
Their music swells!
The old year's dead,
But in his stead
Comes a new year
With mirth and cheer:
With promise fair
To do and dare
As much, and more,
Than e'er before
Was dared and done
Since time begun.
And now dear friend,
Before I end,
Permit, I pray,
That I should say
Something about our own FREE PRESS,
And what I'm chyming for you'll guess.
We will throughout the coming year
Send forth the FREE PRESS bright and clear,
With spicy locals, fresh and new,
Judicious editorials too,
Improved so much we fairly hope
With city papers e'en to cope

And lastly, sure t'wont be amiss
To whisper in your ear just this—
That now's the time when every Christian searches for his purse with joy
And sees the constant Carrier Boy.
I wish, my patrons that you may
Enjoy a merry holiday.

Enough of rhyme
On coming time!
We know not what this year may bring,
But strong in hope we gaily sing:
"Ring out the old, ring in the new,
"Ring out the false, ring in the true."

EDISON'S BEGINNING IN BOSTON.

Thomas Edison had been in several Western telegraph offices, where he was looked upon as an expert, and was at length ordered to Boston to fill a vacancy. The weather was warm and he donned linen clothes and a broad brimmed hat. Before he reached Boston the weather turned cold and stormy, but just as he was, linen duster and all, he reported at the telegraph office.

He walked into the superintendent's room and said, "Here I am."

The superintendent looked the young fellow over with a critical eye, and asked, "Who are you."

"Tom Edison," was the reply.

"Who's Tom Edison?"

The young operator explained that he had been ordered for duty, and the superintendent told him to sit down in the operating room. His advent there created considerable amusement and the operators goyed him not a little. Edison sat quietly, making no outward sign of disturbance. An hour or more passed, and then a New York sender, noted for his swiftness, signalled the office. There was no one to receive his message, the operators all being otherwise engaged.

"Let the new fellow take him," said the superintendent.

Young Edison sat down at the instrument, and for four hours and a half wrote out messages in a clear, round hand, stuck a date and number on them and threw them on the floor for the office-boy to pick up. The time he took in numbering and dating were the only moments in was not writing out transmitted words.

Faster and faster ticked the instrument, and faster and faster moved Edison's fingers till the rapidity with which the messages came tumbling out attracted the attention of other operators, who, when their work was done gathered around to witness the spectacle.

At the close of four hours and a half, and of the New York business, there flashed from New York the salution:

"Hello!"

"Hello, yourself?" ticked back Edison.

"Who are you?" sounded back the instrument.

"Tom Edison," was ticked back.

"Tom Edison, I'm glad to know you," came back over the wires. "You are the only man that could ever take me at my fastest, and the first that ever sat at the other end of my wire for over two hours and a half. I congratulate the office in getting you there."

The young man with the limp duster and slouch hat had won his first laurels in the Boston office. He was never guyed after that first day.—*Youth's Companion.*

PLEASANTRIES.

The publisher: "Don't you think these patent medicines kill many people?" The dealer: "Perhaps they do; but look at all the newspapers they keep alive."

"I heard you were fishing yesterday," said one travelling man to another. "Yes." "Have any luck?" "Yes, some; I didn't get drowned."

Remorse is a good deal like a wooden leg—It may help you on your way, but you always think how much happier you would be without it.

A sharper is making a good income by advertising a sure method of killing insects. When you send him 50 cents you