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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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.

DR. AULD, PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, ACCOUCHEUR. OFFICE:—Over McGarvin's Drug Store, Acton.

C. E. STACEY, M.D., C.M., F.T.M.C., M.C.P.& S.O. 336 College St., Toronto.

J. F. HALSTED, M.D., PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, ETC. RESIDENCE AND DRUG STORE:—Mill Street, next door to Williams' boot and shoe store.

DR. ERNEST HALL. ROYAL COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS, EDINBURGH. POLYCLINIC (Eye Department), PHILADELPHIA. Late assistant in Central London, Eng., Throat and Ear Hospital. EYE, EAR, NOSE AND THROAT. Will be at Wellington Hotel, Guelph, first and third Tuesday of each month, from 10 a.m. to 4 p.m. OFFICE.—29 Avenue Street, College Avenue, Toronto.

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

C. McKINLAY, L. D. S., SURGEON, DENTIST, GEORGETOWN. Visits Acton at Agnew's Hotel on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month. Office in Georgetown, first door south of Baptist church.

McLEAN & McLEAN Barristers, Solicitors, Notaries, Conveyancers &c. Private funds to loan. Office:—Town Hall, Acton. WM. A. McLEAN. JNO. 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 86 King street east, Toronto. W. T. ALLAN. J. SHILTON, B.A. J. BAIRD, B.A.

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. Ruling neatly and promptly done.

THE HANLAN BARBER SHOP, MILL STREET, ACTON. An easy shave, a stylish hair-cut, a good sea-foam an exhilarating shampoo, always given. Razors honed and put in first-class condition. Ladies' and children's hair tastily cut. J. & H. WORDEN, Tonsorial Artists.

Lumber and Shingles.

THE undersigned have on hand at their mills at Limehouse about 700,000 feet of pine lumber, and are prepared to supply farmers and others with any quantity of lumber for barns or other buildings at reasonable prices. A stock of pine and cedar shingles is also on hand. TAYLOR BROTHERS.

Wellington Marble Works.

QUEBEC STREET, GUELPH.

CLARK & CARTER,

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.

Having sold out my interest to the above firm, I respectfully solicit the patronage to my friends and the public on their behalf. J. H. HAMILTON

AGENTS WANTED

In every Township,

To sell "The Pictorial Cyclopedia of Live Stock and Complete Stock Doctor."

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,
120 Yonge St. Toronto

WANTED.

SALESMEN to sell Nursery Stock. All Goods warranted first-class. Permanent pleasant, profitable positions for the right men. Good salaries and expenses paid weekly. Liberal inducements to beginners. No previous experience necessary. Outfit free. Write for terms, giving age.

CHARLES H. CHASE, Nurserymen. Mention this paper. Rochester, N.Y.

FIRE INSURANCE.

The subscriber insures for four stock and four mutual companies, as follows:—

STOCK. ÆTNA, ROYAL CANADIAN, MERCANTILE, GLASGOW & LONDON. MUTUAL. WATERLOO MUTUAL, PERTH, HURON & MIDDLESEX, THE CITY OF LONDON.

We insure private dwellings three years from 60 cents up to $1.00 per $100 and mercantile risks from 75 cents to $2.50. Liberal adjustments and prompt payments by the above companies.

A. LAING, Agent. ACTON.

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.)

Lumber, Lath & Shingles.

SAYER'S Mill, Nassagaweya, has now in stock about a 1,000,000 feet of Lumber, including all kinds needed for building purposes. This mill has a well established reputation for first-class lumber and reasonable prices. Lath and Shingles on hand. We are prepared to supply every want in our line.

PETER SAYERS, Nassagaweya, P.O.

Village Property for Sale AT A LOW PRICE.

THE undersigned has been instructed by Dr. Robt. Walter to offer for sale his property in Acton, consisting of lot 8 in block 16. On the lot is a good frame dwelling, a stable, hard and soft water and a number of fruit trees. For terms and particulars apply at once to H. P. MOORE, FREE PRESS Office, Acton, Ont

Wellington Steam Laundry. GUELPH.

SHIRTS 10c. COLLARS 2c. CUFFS 4c. Family Washing without ironing 25c. per doz. Family Washing with ironing 35c. per doz. Gentleman's Washing and Repairing 50c. per dozen.

All work guaranteed best in Canada. Office and Works, 26 Quebec streets.

Goods left with Kelly Bros., our agents at Acton, will be sent to the laundry and returned to their store free of charge, at above prices.

R. HACKNEY, Proprietor.

Guelph Business College. GUELPH, ONTARIO.

The Sixth Scholastic Year begins Sept. 2nd. An "Art Department" has been added in which the most noted specialist in the Dominion will give instruction in "Drawing and Wood-carving." Our Shorthand Department has accomplished results that are unique in the history of shorthand. Our Commercial Department offers the most practical and comprehensive business course obtainable in this country. A large expenditure has been incurred in beautifying our commodious halls and further perfecting our appliances. We lead the van in Practical Education. For terms, etc., address

6-1y M. MacCORMICK, Principal.

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.

A Little Talk About SHOES

Figures may lie and facts distorted be, But seeing is believing, come and see.

The Peek-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 shop-worn 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.

—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

FOUND IN GUELPH.

On St. George's Square, West, the very best place to spend

YOUR MONEY.

Picture Frames, Pictures, Mirrors, Mouldings, Easels, Cords, Wires, Nails, Cornice Poles from 35 cts. Artists' Materials, Winsor Newton's Enamel Paints, Aspenwall's, Mixed Paints, [illegible].

CALL OR SEND

Your friends to see our Stock. It will pay you TO GET IT.

WATERS BROS.,

THE PICTURE GALLERY.

School Books

Copy Books,

Exercise Books,

Drawing Books,

—SLATES—

DAY'S BOOKSTORE.

—IS FULL OF—

SCHOOL SUPPLIES

Day gives the best value and has the largest stock.

DAY SELLS CHEAP.

Money! Money! Money!

In order to exchange part of our immense stock for

SPOT CASH

we offer the following extraordinary inducements:—

10 per cent. reduction on all purchases from 10 cents to $1.00
15 per cent. from $1.00 to $3.00.
20 per cent. from $3.00 to $5.00.
25 per cent. on all purchases from $5.00 upwards, including

Patent Medicines, Fancy Goods, Jewelry, Silverware, Books, Stationery, Library Books, Bibles, Hymnals, &c

Also a fine assortment of Toilet Articles and other articles too numerous too mention.

M. CARLISLE,
Mrs. Secord's Block. Acton, Ont.

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,

Knows 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 6:16 p.m. Careful attention given to every order. The wants of Commercial Travellers fully met.

JOHN WILLIAMS.

HAMILTON'S MARBLE WORKS.

J. H. Hamilton

recently visited the Bay of Fundy Granite Quarries and purchased one of the largest, best and cheapest stocks of Granite Monuments, &c., ever imported to Ontario. He will continue to sell at

15 % Discount on Direct Orders

to himself. With 17 years experience and having done one of the largest trades in the Dominion I defy competition. All new stock and warranted the very best in the market. A call solicited.

OFFICE AND WORKS.—Hamilton's Block (formerly Hatches,) Cor. Norfolk and Suffolk Sts. GUELPH, ONT.

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.

"PERHAPS I CAN" AND "WILL."

BY R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

Up in a small New Hampshire town
Two brothers used to dwell,
Whose story brief a moral points—
Their tale I'm going to tell.
And whenso'er unto them came
A duty to fulfill,
The big one said, "Perhaps I can;"
The little one said, "I will."

Thus they were known throughout the town,
And everybody still
Calls these two brothers to this day,
"Perhaps I can" and "Will."
For 'twas the same in school-time days,
When lessons were obscure,
"Perhaps I can," would try and fail,
But "Will" would learn them sure.

They both the same enchanting girl
As friendly rivals sued;
"Perhaps I can" delayed, and lost,
While "Will" with fortune wooed.
When both in business started out,
A fearful panic came;
The doubtful brother faltered—failed,
But "Will" fought on the same.

With earnest faith, and better times,
He pulled his business through;
And when the struggle hard was o'er
Helped out his brother, too.
The self-same thing occurred again
In various different ways;
And one succumbed in time of doubt,
One fought for brighter days.

At last it was proposed to build
A railway from their town,
To bear its products and its crops,
Unto the city down.
And how to raise the money was
The question of the hour.
The place was small, a task it seemed
Beyond the townsmen's power.

Unto the brothers they appealed
To take the task in hand,
And in a year the work was done,
Precisely as 'twas planned.
But not by him who said "Perhaps
I can," and faltered still;
The money was entirely raised
By him who said: "I will."

Within that town there dwells a man
To-day of large estate;
And one who on his bounty lives
And grumbles at his fate.
The secret of their difference
Lies not in luck or skill—
One said through life "Perhaps I can,"
But his brother said "I WILL!"

Select Family Reading.

The Good Samaritan.

"Yes," said Mrs. Selvidge, "I s'pose it was a dreadful imprudent thing to do. But I didn't seem to realize it at the time. It was a sharp, nipping sort of an evening, and I'd jest been out in the garden covering up my geraniums with bits of newspapers. And when I turned around to come in, there he stood, like a shadow, betwixt daylight and dusk, and he said, 'Could you give me a little bit of something to eat? I've come a considerable distance, and I haint eat much, and I'm sort o' faint.

"Well, if you'll believe me, I never once remembered none of the stories of tramps that I had read in the newspapers and heard the neighbors tell about. I thought of that wedge o' squash pie and the piece of cold boiled fowl and pork that I'd put away in the milk-room closet. And I knew John James was just comin' in from milkin', and I 'lowed a drink of new milk was always acceptable to most folks. So says I, 'It aint much I've got, but you're kindly welcome to it, ef you'll walk in.'

"There was a light in the pantry where Judith had been skimmin' the morning's milk, so I set him down there. And if you had seen the way he went through that half cold chicken and the boiled pork, and the bread and butter and squash pie, you would have stared, not to say anything of the three tumblers of new milk that he swallowed down, one right after another. 'You seem to be pretty hungry, old gentleman,' said I. 'I am ma'am,' said he, 'and I thank you kindly for this good meal, which reminds me of my mother's cooking.' And then I heard Judith clattering the dishes out in the sink-room, like all possessed, and I knew it meant for me to get rid of the poor soul as fast as I could. And while I was sort o' puzzling what to do, he said: 'Might I make bold, ma'am, to ask another very great favor? Haint you got any old shirt you could lend me for a few days? I'm on my way East, to get a position as bookkeeper in a firm where they used to know me, years ago. And the journey has been longer than I expected, and I've got to be pretty shabby. And if I could wear a clean boiled shirt my chances might be better.' 'There's reason in that,' said I. 'And though Selvidge has been dead this three years, I've some clothes left yet.' So I went up stairs and opened the bureau drawer and took out a real nice shirt, and I wrapped it in a piece of paper and brought it downstairs. 'I s'pose I couldn't sleep in your barn to-night?' said he, kind o' wistful. 'At my time o' life a man is likely to get rheumatic if he aint under a roof when the night dews fall.' 'No,' says I; John James he's dreadful set against any such thing as that. But here's the key of the little end room back of the smoke-house; they don't keep nothing but the harness there, and there's a comfortable bed, where the farm-hands sleep in haying time. Don't say nothin' to nobody, but just leave the key on the door-step to-morrow morning.'

"I felt sort o' guilty all the time; but he was so respectable, and he did look so tired.

"'Madam,' said he, 'I've met many a priest and Levite on the journey, but never a good Samaritan before. Once more I thank you.'

"Well, John James and Judith they had a deal to say, after the old man was gone, about mother bein' so foolish as to let him into the house at all. 'My goodness me,' thought I, 'what would they say if they only knew he was sleepin' in the harness chamber close by, with only a thin partition between him and them?' And I won't say but that I was a bit uneasy when Judith told about the tramp that stole Mrs. Deacon Bayberry's watch from under her pillow in March, and the feller that murdered Betsy Barton's second cousin to get the silver dollars that he kept tied up in a stocking between the feather bed and the mattresses; but for all that, I didn't believe this old man was a tramp, and what was done was done, so I held my tongue. And I got up early in the morning before Judith was stirring, and got a bowl of milk and a sandwich of bread and butter and cold meat, and set it on the outside-window-sill of the harness chamber. Judith was much puzzled afterwards to know how the empty bowl came there, but I jest kept still, until one day, about six months arterwards, there come a little bundle by express:

"'It's my worsted from Albany,' says Judith.

"'No, it aint,' said John James, 'it's directed to mother as plain as the nose on your face. "Mrs. Almira Selvidge," don't you see?'

"'But I don't expect nothin' by express,' says I. 'Nor yet no other ways.'

"'Well, it's for you, anyhow,' said John James. 'Open it, and let's see what's in it.'

"So I opened it, and lo and behold! there was the shirt all done up as neat as a new pin, with a card on the top, writ on it:

"To the Good Samaritan, with the thanks of him that was ready to perish.'

Well, arter that there warn't nothin' for it but to tell Judith and John James the whole story.

"'Mother,' says John James, turning red, 'you hadn't ought to periled our lives in that way.'

"'Mother is most in her dotage,' said Judith; and she looked real hoppin' mad.

"'I don't care, children,' says I. 'The Bible says, "Freely ye have received, freely give." And I should do the same thing again.'

"Judith would speak to no one for a week, and John James was real put out; but somehow it was borne in upon my mind that I had done right; so I put the shirt away, and said nothin' more.

"Well, it was six months more before I thought of the shirt again. There was a lot of poor Italians come to Sledgintown to work at the new railway, and Mrs. Parsons, the minister's wife, found a case of real destitution, where man had cut his hand and couldn't work, and there was a wife and six little ones with neither food to eat nor clothes to wear. And she came around to our house—as she most always did—the first.

"'I'd be glad of any old thing,' said she, 'that the neighbors could spare, whether it was in the way of food or clothing.'

"'There!' says John James, says he, 'if ever there's any begging to be done folks come straight here. Mother she'd give the shoes off her feet, if any one asked her for 'em. And Judith laughed in her disagreeable way, and she said: 'Mother, you'd better get the old shirt that the tramp sent back and give it to there people.'

"'It aint a bad idea,' says I. So I went to get it. But Judith she said she couldn't spare nothing. All her old things she cut up into carpet rags or sold for paper stock; and she didn't believe, neither, in helpin' all them mis'able poor creeters; it encouraged 'em.

"'Encourages them to do what?' said Mrs. Parsons. But I see that Judith hadn't no answer ready, so I just cut in myself with my shirt.

"'It aint much,' says I; 'but I believe it's whole and clean.' And I gave it a shake, and, if you'll believe me, out fell a slip of paper from between the folds.

"'What's that?' says John James.

"'It's money!' screeched Judith.

"'It's a fifty-dollar bill,' says Mrs. Parsons.

"And sure enough, it was; and 'my old tramp,' as John James and Judith called him, had sent it to me in this queer sort of way.

"It was a long time before Judith would believe but what it was counterfeit; but when she saw that it was a genuine United States bank-note, she told me I'd ought to write and thank the gentleman.

"'How can I,' says I 'and I not even knowing his name, much less where he lives. But, all the same, it's a sign that he's in luck, and I am glad and thankful for it!'

"But this aint the end of it. A spell arterwards, when I was in Albany, buying a new store carpet for the best parlor, I see a carriage driv'n by, with that very old gentleman sittin' up in it, as genteel as the President himself. Says I to the storekeeper, 'Do you know that gentleman? for I see he was a lookin' the same way as I was.

"'Do hush, mother,' says Judith. 'As if people knew every one that goes past in a city like this.'

"'I don't, in a general way, ma'am,' says the storekeeper. 'But that gentleman is Mr. Sutherland, as is rather a prominent person just now. He has just come into a fortune, all along of the settling of a thirty years' old lawsuit. He'd lost everything,' says the storekeeper, 'and he was a porter in a bank, when all of a sudden there was some old letters or documents discovered, and the evidence was reversed, and he's come into his property.'

"'Then,' says I to Judith, 'what do you think of "my old tramp," now?'

"And the storekeeper he stared as if he thought I was mad! But we didn't say anything, Judith and me. Why should we?"

THE DAY'S LENGTH.

At Spitzbergen the longest day is three and a half months.

At London, England, and Bremen, Prussia, the longest day has 16½ hours.

At Hamburg, Germany, and Dantzic, in Prussia, the longest day has 17 hours.

At Wardbury, Norway, the longest day lasts from May 21 to July 22, without interruption.

At St. Petersburg, Russia, and Tobolsk, Siberia, the longest day is 19 hours and the shortest five hours.

At Tornea, Finland, June 21 brings a day nearly 22 hours long, and Christmas one less than three hours in length.

At St. Louis, Mo., the longest day is somewhat less than 15 hours, and at Montreal, Que., it is 16 hours.—*Exchange.*

THE COSTLIEST BOOK EXTANT.

The Vatican Library at Rome, celebrated for its thousands of valuable books, has a copy of the Hebrew Bible, for which Pope Julius, in 1512, refused $125,000. The would-be purchasers were a syndicate of rich Hebrews. They did not exactly offer Julius $125,000 for his biblical treasure, they simply told him, they would give its weight in gold. As the book weighs 325 pounds, the offer they made is equivalent to the figures given.—St. Louis *Republic.*

D'ye ken what a dicky is? I dinna mean a dicky bird. I mean jist the same thing as the man referred tae when he did'na want ye tae get angry and tell't ye tae keep on your dicky. Weel, some folks ca's them brithers tae white shirts; ithers ca' them white shirts without tails, but in plain English they are white linen fronts tae wear wi' flannel shirts and naebody kens whither ye hae a white shirt on or no.

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.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

None of our modern poets have been more generally studied of late years by the young people of this country than Longfellow, and no one is more worthy of such universal study. His eighty-third birthday is near at hand, he having been born in February, 1807. In consideration of this anniversary, the biographical matter following possesses an uncommon interest for the poet's admirers.

HIS FIRST POEM.

When Longfellow was nine years old his school-master wanted him to write a composition. Little Henry, like all children, shrunk from the undertaking.

His master said: "You can write words, can you not?"

"Yes," was the reply.

"Then you can put words together?"

"Yes, sir,"

"Then," said the master, "you can take your slate and go out behind the school-house, and there you can find something to write about, and then you can tell what it is, what it is for, and what is to be done with it, and that will be a composition."

Henry took his slate and went out. He went behind Mr. Finney's barn, which happened to be near, and seeing a fine turnip growing up he thought he knew what it was, what it was for, and what would be done with it.

A half-hour had been allowed Henry for his first undertaking in writing composition. In a half-hour he carried in his work, all accomplished, and the master is said to have been affected almost to tears when he saw what little Henry had done in that short time:

MR. FINNEY'S TURNIP.

Mr. Finney had had a turnip,
And it grew, and it grew,
And it grew behind the barn,
And the turnip did no harm.

And it grew, and it grew,
Till it could grow no taller;
Then Mr. Finney took it up
And put it in the cellar.

There it lay, there it lay,
Till it began to rot;
When his daughter Susie washed it,
And she put it in the pot.

Then she boiled it, and boiled it,
As long as she was able;
Then his daughter Lizzie took it,
And she put it on the table.

Mr. Finney and his wife
Both sat down to sup;
And they ate, and they ate,
Until they ate the turnip up.

HIS MARRIED LIFE.

Longfellow was first married in 1831, in his twenty-fourth year, to a beautiful girl named Mary Storer Potter. Two years before, after an extended sojourn in Europe, Bowdoin College had, on his return to America, appointed him Professor of Modern Languages, and now he was to enjoy four perfect years, years of scholarly labor in a congenial position, carried forward in a happy home, with a refined and affectionate wife always watching beside him. In 1834 the authorities of Harvard University offered him the position of Smith Professor of Modern Languages, as successor of Mr. Ticknor, suggesting that he might take a year in Europe to make himself still more intimately acquainted with German thought and books. Longfellow gratefully accepted this chance, and set out immediately with his wife on his travels. A delightful six months was spent, and then, in Rotterdam, Mrs. Longfellow fell ill and died there, peacefully, but after much suffering. This bereavement was one of the two great shocks which made ravages in the poet's inner happiness, and the extent of which he concealed, even from his most intimate friends, by a resolute reticence. We all know, however, how he endeared the memory of Mary, his wife, to all the world, in "Footsteps of Angels."

O though oft depressed and lonely,
All my fears are laid aside,
If I but remember only,
Such as these have lived and died.

After enduring the loneliness of nine years of widowerhood, the poet married Miss Appleton, who is supposed to have been the original of his sketch of Mary Ashburton, in the prose romance "Hyperion." "Her face had a wonderful fascination in it. It was such a calm, quiet face, with the light of the rising soul shining so peacefully through it. And what a soul: A temple dedicated to heaven, and, like the Pantheon at Rome, lighted only from above."

Seventeen years of the greatest domestic happiness followed. The wine of life was trembling full in the cup of the poet in and before his fifty-fourth year, when his wife was burned to death before his eyes. To amuse her younger children, Mrs. Longfellow had been making seals; a lighted drop of wax fell into her lap, and her skirts of gauze at once enveloped her in flames. Hearing his wife scream, the poet rushed from his study in time to snatch a rug and throw it around her, ere she fell mortally injured. She was burned July 12th, 1861; and she never looked fairer than on that day—the anniversary of her marriage. Terribly as the fire had burned her, it had spared one side of her beautiful head.

In the days when Miles Standish first strode about New England, the graves of the English dead were hid from the Indians by being covered with waving corn. The grave that held his beloved in his heart Longfellow hid from his friends. Hardly once was he heard to allude to his wife after the first shock was over. His diary remained for long after that terrible day a complete blank; it was noticed that from that same day he aged rapidly; his heart was full of his secret—full, but silent as the grave always is; and above this grave the strong man sowed his thoughts, and they ripened like the corn in autumn.

PERSONAL ANECDOTES.

The last installment of the Longfellow memorials contains a number of anecdotes which serve to illustrate some of the inconveniences attending literary greatness.

The poet in his later years was constantly besieged with letters containing all kinds of requests from all kinds of people. The following are entries in his journal: "A gentleman in Maine wants me to read and criticise an epic poem which he has written on 'The Creation,' 'the six days' work,' which he says is 'done up in about six hundred lines.'" "A stranger in the West asks me to write for him two poems, 'on friendship, or a subject like that, for the album of a young lady who is a very particular friend.' He asks me also to 'send the bill with the articles.'"

In several minds Longfellow seems to have been confounded with an earlier and still greater poet. A stranger called to see Washington's head-quarters, and asked Longfellow if Shakespeare did not live somewhere about there. "I told him I knew no such person in the neighborhood." A similar thing happened at the Longfellow [illegible] a Mr. Shakespeare, or some such name, was not born there."

An Irish mason, to whom Longfellow bade good-morning in the street, straightway joined him with the remark: "I am glad to speak to a poet, I have meself a brother in the port, who is a drunkard and a poet." This was matched by an Italian woman; she brought Longfellow a little Christmas-tree made by her son, who had "a great talent for music," and being asked if he played any instrument she answered: "O yes; he goes round with a hand-organ and a little monkey."

One of Longfellow's treasures was Coleridge's inkstand. He showed it to a rustic visitor, saying: "Perhaps 'The Ancient Mariner' was written from this." The stranger looked blank for a moment, and then asked: "And 'The Old Oaken Bucket,' who done that?"

A CLERGYMAN IGNORANT OF HIS DUTY.

A Boston clergyman had a rebuke last Sunday for the men who stay away from church because "they don't think much of the minister's sermons":

"If one of these men would only stand for a while in the pulpit himself, and find out what it means to try to please a thousand people every Sunday in the year—people from all classes of society, of different intellectual tastes, of different social standing, of different æsthetic tastes, of different spiritual training, conservatives and radicals, those interested in politics and those who are not, those interested in reform and those who care nothing about it, people who like a close logical discussion of theology, people who want one always to be practical and to aim at common every-day affairs,—If one of these men would stand in the place himself and see what an appaling task it is to preach to such, an audience, he would be charitable toward the minister of whom the impossible is asked every Sunday in the year."

We think this clergyman is totally ignorant of his duty and his calling. It is in no sense a clergyman's business to "try to please a thousand people every Sunday." He should preach the Word to his people "whether they will hear or whether they will forbear." Daniel Webster, when he went to church, said that he did not want to hear any philosophy from the pulpit, but a simple gospel sermon, which said to him, "Thou art the man."—*N. Y. Ledger.*

GRUMBLERS AND CRITICS.

It appears to be the trade of some people to find fault. They are constitutional grumblers. They seldom lay hold and help on a good cause. They cannot sing or pray nor lend financial help. They cannot or will not fill the office of steward or trustee or Sunday-school superintendent or teacher. It is useless to appoint them on committees or lay on them any burden of Church work. Their only office is to stand off and criticise. They are hinderers. They are wretched people, unhappy themselves, and making others as unhappy as possible. The worst of it is, they usually make more than half the mischief of which they complain so loudly. There is a fable of a discontented bell clapper which complained constantly because the bell was cracked. It raised such a wail that the sympathy of the people became aroused, and they began to think that the clapper ought to be supplied with a new bell. Just then the spirit of Socrates sailed in at the window and said: "Hold your tongue, you noisy clapper; for in the first place you cracked the bell yourself, and in the second place no one would have found it out if you had not told it." The moral is easy. Grumblers are usually mischief-makers, and the evil they do might remain unknown if they would hold their tongues.

A BOY'S LOGIC.

A little boy in Leicester was induced to sign the Band of Hope pledge. His father was a collector, one night a publican called on him for the purpose of paying his taxes. In the course of conversation it came out that the little boy was a teetotaler.

"What!" said the publican, with a sneer, "a mere boy like that a teetotaler?"

Yes sir, said the boy, I am one.

"And you mean to say that you have signed the pledge?"

"Yes sir, I have, and mean to keep it, too."

"Nonsense!" said the publican. The idea! Why you are to young to sign the pledge.

The little fellow came up to him, took hold of him quietly by the arm and repeated his words, You say, sir, I am too young to be a teetotaler?

"Why, Yes; I do."

"And do you think I am too young to be made drunk if I took enough liquor."

"Well no; I guess it would make you drunk."

"Then I can't be too young to say *I will keep sober.*"

A LITTLE TOO PREVIOUS.

A youthful married couple, whose house has recently been glorified by the addition of a fac-simile of the beautiful little mother, decided to have the christening service at home. A venerable missionary was called to officiate. He took the babe in his arms and addressed a few words of advice to the young parents.

"See that you train up this child in the way that he should go; that you surround him with the best influence, and that you give him a good example. If you do so who knows but what he may become a John Wesley or a Gladstone? What is his name?"

"Nellie, sir," replied the mother.—*Exchange.*

Some one of large experience says there are no less than 827 different terms in the English language which express the state of being in love.

We deceive ourselves in men much more frequently through suspicion than through confidence.—*Rothe.*

Strong minds suffer without complaining; weak ones complain without suffering.

The two ugliest things on earth are the man who looks like a girl and the girl who looks like a man.

Humility is most serviceable in an under-garment, and should never be worn as an overcoat.

A religion that is a true religion must consist of ideas and facts both.

A precious thing is the more precious to us if it has been won by work or economy.

No one can lay himself under obligation to do a wrong thing.

He is below himself who is not above an [illegible]

THE DINNER IN THE FIELD.

What was it you said of the dinner, wife?
That the cook has spoiled the roast?
And yet, when she came here a month ago,
Was she not your pride and boast?
There are cooks and cooks, as the saying goes,
But only one have I seen
Who could cook a dinner just to my taste.
Who is it, you ask, that I mean?

Well, if you will give me your promise, wife,
That you'll banish all jealously,
I'll tell how I came to know that cook,
How she came to cook for me.
Agreed? Very well. You remember, dear,
When a lad, how I worked around
On the various farms in our neighborhood
Wherever the work was found?

One year I was working at harvest time,
For a certain farmer, a man
Who was bluff and honest; a man who was made
On the good old-fashioned plan.
I was cutting a patch of grass that stood
A long way off from the house,
Next to the pasture where I could see
The farmer's cattle browse.

And at noon-tide the farmer's daughter brought
My dinner, which she had cooked;
I remember now, as the sun rose high,
With what pleasure for her I looked.
And when she came I took from her arm
The basket, and quickly untied
The napkin that hid the viands which she
Had prepared with a housewife's pride.

And what were those viands? Pork and beans,
Apple pie and ginger-cake,
Cottage cheese, buttermilk, and delicious bread,
Such as only she could make.
She smiled as I ate, and at times would pour
The buttermilk from a pitcher;
This buttermilk is good, I admit,
But that was sweeter and richer.

Ah! why do you blush? Are you thinking, dear wife,
How I snatched a kiss as you went?
How I asked your father, before the snow fell,
To our marriage to give consent?
You have cooked many dinners for me since the words
Of the preacher our true love sealed,
But the best of all dinners I ever had
I ate in your father's field.

J. M. H.

OYSTERS—FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC.

The ancients depicted the God of the Sea with a three-pronged fish spear in his hand, thus giving him the appearance of a mere sticker of eels and flounders. His symbol of sovereignty should have been an oyster rake; for in all the submarine cellarage of Neptune, there is no such royal dainty as the oyster. Possibly, however, when his briny godship was introduced into the Greek mythology, the man who incautiously put his finger into the shell of a gaping bivalve, and became delirious with ecstasy as he sucked the aching member to allay the pain, had not yet appeared upon the stage of life. At what time the crustaceous delicacy astonished and entranced the palate of Greece, History saith not, nor is Tradition more communicative; but as the Athenians used oyster shells as ballots, in the time of Aristides, some 400 years B.C., it is clear that the love of mankind for oysters is older than the Christian religion. The Romans had a weakness for the creatures. In the time of Nero, the consumption of oysters in the "Imperial City" of the old world was nearly as great as it now is in the Empire City of the new. We have seen a statistical statement, purporting to show that a greater number of millions of bushels than is credible, were consumed in the Eternal City during the reign of Domitian. How the eternal citizens opened these oysters, and whether they gulped them from the half-shell, or fried, broiled, or stewed them, are mysteries which the most diligent research has so far failed to reveal.

But, after all, what could the Greeks and Romans know about the flavor of fine oysters. The little dabs of watery pulp found in the Mediterranean and the Adriatic are scarcely better than sea-snails; and as there is no proof that the denizens of the Roman waters shared the decline and fall of the Roman Empire, it is presumed that Mediterranean bivalves were as insignificant, and flavorless in the days of the Cæsars as they are now. The truth is that strong tides are essential to the comfort and well being of these shell fish. Like the clam, they are supremely happy at high water. Now it never is high water between the Straits of Gibralter and the Dardanelles, the Mediterranean being almost tideless. The consequence is that the oysters of those waters are always unhappy, and, as a matter of course, flabby and lean. Those obtained on the coast of England, especially the variety known as "natives," remarkable for the roundness and smoothness of their shells, are much more plump and tempting, but there is a *twang* about them so very metallic as to engender a suspicion that they are dug out of sub-marine copper mines.

Of all oysters that glide or ever have glided down the throats of the human race, our own are believed to be the most delectable. The great sympathetic nerve quivers with ecstasy as they go down, and they are digested readily and rapidly.

SHUTTING OUT DRAFTS.

In almost every kitchen there are drafts from the cracks between the bottom of the doors and the floor. The cold air passing over one's feet on a freezing day soon chills them, and this should be avoided. To protect the kitchen from these drafts, tack a strip of old carpet (Brussels, being stiff, is best) across the bottom of each door. Cut the carpet four and a half inches wide, and two inches longer than the width of the door on which it is to be fastened, so that the carpet may extend an inch beyond the door on each side.

Tack the strip of carpet across the bottom of the door, placing the carpet so that half of its width will lie on the floor while the other half is attached to the door. It is not necessary to have the tacks near together; place them three inches apart in a straight line near the top of the carpet. If these carpet capes are fastened on all the doors in the kitchen, the room will be far more comfortable and pleasant. The carpet should always be tacked on the inside of the door, that it may not interfere with the opening and closing of the door.

PROMOTED YOUNG.

Kissing is not the only thing that goes by favor. The other day a church living in England, worth seven thousand dollars a year, was given to a young man of nine months standing in the ministry, and quite unknown as a preacher. No wonder there is a cry for church reform in that country.

BEAUTIFUL INSCRIPTION.

It was a beautiful device of a Hanoverian chorister, who having lost his sweetheart, [illegible]