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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 AND RESIDENCE—Dr. McLarvin's house, corner Hill and Frederick streets.

C. E. STACEY, M.D., C.M., F.T.M.C., M.C.P. & S.O. 256 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,—22 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 HOURS—Tuesday and Saturday. OFFICE:—Matthews' Block, - Acton, up-stairs.

SHILTON, ALLAN & BAIRD, Barristers, Solicitors, &c., TORONTO AND GEORGETOWN. Offices:—Crossman's Block, Georgetown, and 60 King street east, Toronto. F. 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 $300 and upwards.

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

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

THE HANLAN BARBER SHOP, MILL STREET, ACTON. 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 100,000 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.

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

We insure private dwellings three years from 60 cents up to $1.20 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 50 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. Walker to offer for sale his property in Acton, consisting of lot 8 in block 14. 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 15c. COLLARS 2c. CUFFS 4c.

Family Washing without ironing 5c. per doz. Family Washing with ironing 10c. per doz. Gentleman's Washing and Repairing 50c. per dozen.

All work guaranteed best in Canada. Office and Works, 56 Quebec street.

Goods left with Kelly Bros., our agents in 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.
ESTABLISHED 1864.

This institution offers special and superior advantages, obtainable at no other Canadian business college. Students enter at any time. Ladies are admitted to the same advantages as gentlemen. A strict and impartial discipline and thorough instruction by teachers who are all specialists in their line are noteworthy features of the institution. All who contemplate a course of practical business training should not fail to communicate with the undersigned. Circulars and full information mailed free on application to

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 Peck-Roo 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, Cards, Wires, Nails, Cornice Poles from 25 cts. Artists' Materials, Winsor Newton's Enamel Paints, Aspinwall's, Mixed Paints, Rainey's.

CALL OR SEND

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

WATERS BROS.,
THE PICTURE GALLERY.

DRAY LOAD OF

BABY CARRIAGES,

New Styles for 1890.

PRICES AWAY DOWN.

Also 100 Iron Wheel Wagons

Strong, Good and Cheap

—AT—

DAY'S BOOKSTORE
GUELPH.

DAY SELLS CHEAP.

MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY,

—OF THE—

COUNTY OF WELLINGTON.
ESTABLISHED 1840.

HEAD OFFICE - GUELPH.

Insures Buildings, Merchandise, Manufactories and all other descriptions of insurable property, on the Cash and Premium Note System.

F. W. STONE, President. CHAS. DAVIDSON, Manager.

JOHN TAYLOR, AGENT.

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 $2.00.
20 per cent. from $2.00 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 to mention.

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

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 half 8 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.

"HOW THE SHULE WUZ BUILT."

When old man Patterson passed away
From this tenement of mortal clay,
He called his children beside his bed,
An' slowly an' solemnly he said:
"I never had no chance ter larn
With my row ter hoe an' my salt ter arn,
An' mebbe 'tis my head's tew thick
Fer readin', writin' an' 'rithmetic,
But, Hiram an' Sophronisby Jane,
These is my wishes, clear an' plain,
Thet ye put up a skule-house, thick an' staff,
An' each on ye is ter put up half
Er yo hev'n't done it inside a year
My will an' testyment has it clear—
Fer my mind ain't poor ner wand'rin' yet—
Not a single red cent will yo git!
Ye see, the old man had 'em fast
Though they kicked an'in' the pricks an' cast
A dozen lawyers ter break the will
An' spent their money ter dew it till
They'd done a plenty, fust an' last,
Ter run a farm, yit the will held fast.
Ter build wuz the best way out o' the fit,
Jane, fer the looks o' the thing, said bricks,
But Hiram vowed, ez sure ez his name
Wuz Hi, his half should be honest frame.
They argyed an' argyed, sister an' brother,
Till they warn't on speakin' terms with each other.
Tell one day they set on the old rail fence,
Wateehin' their sev'rit men commence,
An' tryin' ter show they didn't keer
An' each didn't know the t'other was there.
Day after day, like tew old crows,
They sot while their wonderful skule arose.
Tell it wuz finished an' made an' done,
The ugliest skule-house under the sun—
One site mortar an' stone an' bricks,
T'other plaster an' paint an' sticks;
One site high an' t'other low.
Ez if they didn't know which way ter go.
They set an' looked at the humbly thing,
Thet wuz neither fit for winter ner spring;
An' they thought o' the money thrown away,
An' the workmen demandin' double pay.
Hi looked at Jane, then down he stepped,
An' they fell in each other's arms and wept.
Is it standin' yit? Oh, yes; the town
Hedn't no power ter take it down.
Go over by Jenkins's, down the lane—
You couldn't miss it—it's clear ez plain—
An' you'll see the ugliest o' district skules.
A monument ter them tew old fules.

—*Florence E. Pratt.*

Select Family Reading.

Madame Merti's Apprentice.

BY AMY BANGHEL.

There are some scenes in our lives which photograph themselves upon our minds indelibly, to the exclusion of many another of perhaps greater importance. And if Novella Henry had lived to be as old as the patriarchs, she never would have forgotten that lowering April afternoon in Madame Merti's millinery parlors—the ticking of a clock on the mantel, the song of a cheery canary overhead, Madame Merti, herself, all propitiatory smiles, and Miss De La Croix's tall figure in ruby velvet and sable furs, between herself and the window!

"I'm very sorry," cooed the smiling madame, "that such a mistake should have happened. I intended—"

"It is a mistake which will cost you our patronage for the future," said Miss De La Croix, impetuously. "Of course, I could not go to the morning concert, and I do not choose to be disappointed."

"But the bonnet is exquisite," cried madame, fluttering her plump fingers over the dainty confection of white tulle, garlanded about with monster velvet pansies in every shade of purple, from violet black to the palest sunset color. "Exquisite!"

"But you know very well," said Miss De La Croix, imperiously, "that purple is precise color that I cannot wear. It makes me as sallow as an olive!"

"Nothing could do that," said Madame Merti, smoothly. "But, of course, the fault is all Miss Henry's."

"I am very sorry," said Novella. "But I trimmed the hat exactly in accordance with the orders written on the card."

"That is nonsense," said madame, bestowing on the working-girl the full weight of scorn and anger that she dared not visit on Miss De La Croix. "I don't see how you can stand there and contradict me!"

"But I am only speaking the truth," said Novella, earnestly.

"And I suppose I am telling a lie!" flashed out Miss De La Croix. "I congratulate you, Madame Merti," with a low, mocking courtesy, "upon the politeness of your employees. But, really, it is so very overpowering that I find it too much for me. Either this young woman must leave your place, or I will withdraw my custom."

"My dear Miss De La Croix," tried the milliner, in genuine alarm, "pray, do not think of such a thing. Miss Henry, you may consider yourself discharged. I can't allow my customers to be insulted thus."

Novella grew very pale, but she made no answer. She only inclined her head, and glided out of the room like a little, gray, noiseless shadow, and, by dint of much coaxing and many doses of the most skillful flattery, Miss De La Croix was induced to leave an order for a morning hat, to be trimmed with pink daisies, and an evening bonnet, of white Mechlin lace, with an amber plume, fringed with crystal dew drops, and strings of white tulle.

And that evening, when Miss Jenkins, the forewoman, was making up her accounts, a pencilled card fell from one of the folds of an elaborately festooned overdress, as she was searching through all her pockets to find a certain lead pencil.

"Well, I declare," said she, "if that aint the very card of directions for Miss De La Croix's hat. White lace, with silver-winged birds, and a cluster of lilies of the valley. And the card I gave to Miss Henry must have been the one intended for the hat that old Miss Garretson was to wear to her nephew's wedding. Won't she be furious, though when it doesn't come. I must get it off by express the very first thing to-morrow morning. I thought it was strange that any one with Miss De La Croix's complexion would wear purple pansies—but these rich girls do take such unreasonable whims into their heads."

Madame Merti looked quickly up from her ledgers and day books.

"How very awkward!" said she. "Then poor little Miss Henry was not to blame, after all. I declare, I am sorry now that I discharged her. She trimmed a hat with more style than any girl in the rooms; and she was always so willing to stay and work over-hours. What is her address, Miss Jenkins? Send to her at once, and tell her it was all a mistake."

But no one had Miss Henry's address. She had removed from the tenement flats in which she lived, very soon after she had entered Madame Merti's establishment, and none of the other employees knew whither she had gone. Madame, worldhardened though she was, had still a conscience. She told Miss De La Croix at the first opportunity, how the matter really was.

"I am afraid we were too hasty," said she.

"Dear, dear, what a pity!" exclaimed the fashionable belle. "But any one with the average amount of brains might have known that a brunette couldn't wear those dreadful shades of violet; and I dare say there are plenty of places where she can get quite as good wages as you paid her here."

Madame was silent. She knew, better than any one else could know, how difficult it was for a friendless girl in the city of New York to obtain employment without influence or references. But she held her peace. What good could it possibly do now to express these doubts that secretly stung her conscientiousness?

About that time a handsome, spiritually-minded young pastor took the helm of St. Adonais' Church, and it became the fashion for the young ladies of the parish to form themselves into Working Bands under his direction, to visit the poor, investigate cases of need, and ameliorate the condition of the deserving poor. Miss De La Croix, enthusiastic in this, as in everything else, entered into the cause, delighted to rise early, attend matins and vespers regularly, in a gray gown, with a little crucifix hanging to its belt, and decline waltzes and afternoon teas on conscientious grounds. It was only one of her caprices—yet even a caprice may sometimes work its full measure of good. And Miss De La Croix was very much in earnest in all that she did, although her portly papa and pallid, asthetic mamma were shocked at the early hours she kept, the dingy lanes and tumble-down tenement houses that she visited, and the amount of hard work that she managed to grind through in the course of the twenty-four hours.

It was one dark December afternoon that Miss De La Croix penetrated into a stuffy, sloping-roofed little room, where a young girl lay very ill. Close beside her sat another young woman making artificial rosebuds—for the poor have little leisure to sympathize with their sick friends.

"I am Sister Clara," said the heiress, kindly. "I was told that there was a case of malarial fever here."

"There won't be long," said the other young woman, carelessly. "She won't last until morning. She has not swallowed anything for three hours, and the doctor says there is no hope. Don't look so startled. She don't know anything that we say, poor dear. She is quite unconscious."

"What is the cause of this?" said Miss De La Croix, looking terrified.

"Starvation," answered the girl, "and neglect. She used to be a milliner's hand. She worked for Madame Merti on upper Broadway—"

"Why," exclaimed Miss De La Croix, "Madame Merti used to be my milliner!"

"Yes," said the artifical flower girl, "she supplies all the quality, they tell me. But there was complaint made there, and Novella was discharged. After that she couldn't get work nowhere. And she wasn't one of the bold things that are always pushing themselves into notice. She was shy and feeble, and she ran right down. And if I hadn't taken her into my room here, she would have been put out into the street to die."

Miss De La Croix shuddered. It was true, then, and no fancy of her own morbid brain, that she had seen the piteous-wistful face before.

"What did you say her name was?" she faltered.

"Novella Henry."

They ought'n to let these delicate, fine ladies come to places like this," the artificial flower maker said, afterwards. "Why, she fainted away dead."

Novella Henry was buried in a beautiful cemetery just outside the city limits, and a modest gravestone was placed above her remains at Clara De La Croix's expense. And the heiress herself never forgot the bitter lesson she had learned.

And, alas! there is only too much reason to believe that Novella Henry is but one of many who perish, down-trodden and alone, for lack of a helping hand held out to save.

FROM FATHER TO SON.

One day a young man entered a merchant's office in Boston, and with a pale and careworn face, said:

"Sir, I am in need of help. I have been unable to meet certain payments, because certain parties have not done as they agreed by me, and would like to have $10,000. I came to you because you were a friend to my father, and might be a friend to me."

"Come in," said the old merchant, "come in and have a glass of wine."

"No," said the young man; "I don't drink."

"Have a cigar then?"

"No, I never smoke."

"Well," said the old gentleman, "I would like to accommodate you, but I don't think I can."

"Very well," said the young man, as he was about to leave the room, "I thought perhaps you might. Good day, sir."

"Hold on," said the merchant, "You don't drink?"

"No."

"Nor smoke."

"No."

"Nor gamble, nor anything of the kind?"

"No, sir, I am superintendent of the Sunday School."

"Well," said the merchant, "You shall have it, and three times the amount if you wish. Your father let me have $5,000 once, and asked me the same questions. He trusted me, and I will trust you. No thanks—I owe it to you for your father's trust."

A SPLENDID PREACHER.

Some people carry their destestation of ignorance so far that they will invent an acquaintance with a subject nobody expects them to know anything about rather than be out of the discussion. On one of the ocean steamers once a friend of mine was a passenger. There was a lady aboard with her daughter. She was from Wisconsin. She said it so often that they finally took her word for it and believed it. She knew pretty nearly everything outside of Wisconsin, too. One day the purser, the captain, and several others were sitting around smoking, when the Wisconsin encyclopedia came on deck. As she came up the purser said, in an ordinary conversational tone, with a wink: "I see Mr. ——, of Wisconsin has been appointed Minister to China." "Yes, indeed, he has, and I'm glad of it. I've known him many years, and many and many a sermon I have listened to from him in his own church. He is a splendid preacher."—San Francisco *Chronicle.*

HOW STATES STAND.

Alabama ranks fourth in cotton.
Arizona ranks second in silver.
California ranks first in barley, grape culture, sheep, gold and quicksilver.
Colorado ranks first in silver.
Connecticut ranks first in clocks.
Delaware is way up in peaches.
Dakota is the finest wheat growing State.
Florida ranks third in sugar and molasses.
Georgia ranks second in rice and sweet potatoes.
Indiana ranks second in wheat.
Illinois ranks first in oats, meat packing, lumber traffic, malt and distilled liquors and miles of railway.
Iowa ranks first in average intelligence of population, first in production of corn and first in number of swine.
Idaho ranks sixth in gold and silver.
Kansas ranks fifth in cattle, corn and rye.
Kentucky ranks first in tobacco and has a world-wide reputation for thorough-bred horses and cattle.
Louisiana ranks first in sugar and molasses.
Maine ranks first in ship building, slate and granite quarries, lumbering and fishing.
Maryland ranks fourth in coal.
Massachusetts ranks first in cotton, woollen and worsted goods and in cod and mackeral fisheries.
Michigan ranks first in copper, lumber and salt.
Minnesota ranks fourth in wheat and barley.
Mississippi ranks second in cotton.
Missouri ranks first in mules.
Montana ranks fifth in silver and gold.
New Mexico's grazing facilities can't be beat.
Nebraska has abundant crops of rye, buckwheat, barley, flax and hemp.
Nevada ranks second in gold.
New Hampshire ranks third in the manufacture of cotton goods.
New Jersey ranks first in fertilizing marl, zinc and silk goods.
New York ranks first in the value of manufacture of soap, printing and publishing, hops, hay, potatoes, buckwheat and milch cows.
North Carolina ranks first in tar and turpentine.
Ohio ranks first in agricultural implements and wool.
Oregon takes the plum for cattle raising.
Pennsylvania ranks first in rye, iron, steel, petroleum and coal.
Rhode Island, in proportion to its size, outranks all other States in value of manufactures.
South Carolina ranks first in phosphates.
Tennessee ranks second peanuts.
Texas ranks first in cattle and cotton.
Utah ranks third in silver.
Vermont ranks fourth in copper.
Virginia ranks fourth in peanuts.
West Virginia ranks fifth in salt and coal.
Wisconsin ranks second in hops.

SCIENTIFIC.

The abuse of the eye is the crime of the age. I am prepared to demonstrate that at least nine-tenths of the prevailing sleeplessness of which we hear so much is due to nervousness directly traceable to the optic nerve. We are wearing our eyes out over books, desks, and types, and the effect shows itself not only in the appearance of the organ itself, but in its retroactive effect on nerve and brain. I have a remedy for sleeplessness, and for the reason that I have never known it to fail I am fortified in my opinion that the whole trouble arises from overstrain of the eyes. Take a soft cloth—say a piece of napped towel—and fold in it two pieces of ice at a proper distance apart to exactly cover the eyes when the cloth is laid across them. Then lie down, and adjust the cloth with the ice over the closed eye and you will be asleep in a very short while.

It may comfort timid persons to remember that deaths by lightning, in this country average only about one in a million of the population annually. Invention will reduce this average, but cannot give entire immunity.

The manufacture of artificial coffee from burnt flour or meal is carried on in Cologne, Germany. The artifical beans are made in specially devised machines, and resemble closely in appearance the natural ones.

Pepper has no food value. It is an unwholesome condiment. Its excessive use is often followed by hemorrhoids.

When food is perfectly digested and assimilated, there is no fermentation or flatulence in the digestive organs.

THE COW TREE.

The cow tree, that botanical curiosity of South America, grows on the broad, barren plateaus of Venezuela, where it would be next to impossible to find fluid sufficient to slake one's thirst were it not for this wise providence of nature. The sap of the cow tree, as its name implies, resembles milk both in look and taste. A slight balsamic taste has been reported by some naturalists who have drank of the strange liquid; otherwise it was said to "have the flavor of rich cream, and to be very wholesome and nourishing." The tree itself frequently attains a height of 100ft. to 125ft., it not being unusual to see a trunk of this species 70ft. to 80ft., perfectly smooth and without a limb. A hole bored into or a wound made in the bark of this wonderful tree is almost immediately filled with a lacteal-like fluid, which continues to flow for some days, or until it coagulates at the mouth of the wound and forms a waxy mass, which stops further flow.

MEN ARE VAIN, TOO.

"Talk about the vanity of women," said the photographer, "you ought to work in a gallery and note the vanity of men. Women are nowhere in comparison."

"Indeed!"

"Why, a woman will come here to have her picture taken—that's the way they put it—and, outside of a good deal of chattering, she's as easy to handle as a marble statue; but the man—well he's different. The homelier he is the handsomer he thinks himself, and the way he will kick about position, and light, and shade is enough to make a man give up business and drive a horse car."

"Are they all alike?"

"Pretty nearly. There isn't much of a muchness between them. I'd sooner take a whole invoice of babies any time than one man who thinks himself pretty and even admires the wart on his nose."—Philadelphia *Inquirer.*

DAINTY FARMHOUSE DINNERS.

BY MARY CURRIER PARSONS.

In these bills of fare for farmhouse dinners we will try to convert the material found in the rural home into tempting, savory meals.

In order to accomplish this result, care and attention to details must be given. Dainty cooking and serving will render a simple dinner into an inviting feast.

Clean, white table cloth and napkins, pretty well kept tableware are necessary for every meal.

For our dinner to-day, we will have the following: Bean soup, mock sausage, mashed potato, stewed turnips, apple sauce or apple jelly, mixed salad, crackers, cheese, cream pie, apples, nuts, coffee, etc.

BEAN SOUP: Pick over and wash one pint of beans. Place in kettle, with twelve quarts of cold water, two chopped onions, one half teacup chopped salt pork, one even teaspoon pepper, pinch of summer savory, if at hand. Boil until beans are soft, then press all through a colander, and return to kettle. Add one quart rich milk, salt, if necessary, and boil five minutes. Serve hot and at once.

MOCK SAUSAGE: Cut thin slices of salt pork, and freshen in equal parts of sour milk and cold water for twenty-four hours. Place in a frying-pan, sprinkle with pepper sage and one chopped onion. Fry until a light brown, stirring constantly, then add one pint of boiling water. Boil five minutes and serve hot in a gravey boat. There are two or three ways of making mock sausage of salt pork but this is very simple and good.

STEWED TURNIPS: Cut in small pieces enough turnips to fill a quart bowl. Boil in salted water until tender, drain and add one pint milk, two tablespoons butter, salt and pepper to season. Serve hot.

MASHED POTATO: Boil potatoes in salted water after washing and peeling. When tender drain and mash, adding for each dozen potatoes, one half teacup hot milk, and two tablespoons melted butter. Beat all well together, and serve hot.

MIXED SALAD: Chop fine two potatoes, one-half large beet, one-half turnip, add a little cabbage, if at hand, three tablespoons ham or pork fat, and six tablespoons vinegar, salt, pepper and mustard to season. Serve cold.

CREAM PIE: Line plate with good crust, and bake; when cold, filled with the following: Cream for pie, two teacups sweet milk, place on stove, in double boiler, when hot add one teacup sugar, two well beaten eggs, one-half teacup flour mixed smooth, in a little cold milk, a piece of butter, size of a butter nut. Boil until thick, stirring constantly when cold, flavor with two teaspoons lemon extract, and place in crust. The top of the pie may be frosted, if desired.

HOW THE BABY WAS KILLED.

There are kisses that kill. A child's nurse recently said to the Detroit *Free Press* on the promiscuous habit of handling children: "I have been for the last six weeks taking care of a child belonging to a family on Macomb street. I took care of the mother when the child was born, and it was a fine baby. It was nearly a year old when the family sent for me to come and nurse it in its last sickness. The little thing died a week ago, and the doctor gave consumption as the disease. The child was really kissed to death. She was a sweet little baby and the first one in the family. The grandmother, two young aunts and an uncle lived there,—the young couple boarded at home,—and the baby was awakened out of its sleep every day to be carried down and shown to visitors and kissed by the company and all the relatives. The mother was sick a good deal and would send for me off and on to take care of her. They had that baby at the table in a high chair when it was three months old, and every one of them would kiss it half a dozen times before the meal was over. They handled it so much it didn't have a chance to grow. It just wasted away and grew thinner every day. A tin baby would wear out if it was squeezed and kissed continually."

A DILEMMA.

Mr. John C. Wyman, one of the best story-tellers in New England, relates the following incident which occurred in a Southern city last winter. The train for the North was late, and as it drew up before the station there was a great deal of hurrying to get the large amount of waiting express matter on board. In the midst of the bustle and confusion a man approached with a dog in his arms and a most bewildered expression in his face.

"Look quick there!" shouted the waiting express agent, "where's that dog going?"

The bewildered expression deepened on the man's face as he gazed at the struggling puppy in his arms, and he drawled out:

"Well, I dunno, and he dunno, and nobody dunno, and he's eat his tag!"

Wasn't that dog in a dilemma?—*Wide Awake.*

If you would ruin the child, dance to his every caprice and stuff him with confectionery. Before you are aware of it that boy of six years will go down street, a cigar in his mouth, and ready on every corner with his comrades, to compare pugilistic attainments. The parent who allows a child to grow up without ever having learned the great duty of obedience and submission, has prepared a cup of burning gall for his own lips and appalling destruction for his descendant.—*Talmage.*

TWINS.

"One so much like both can't tell 'tother from which." The papers mention a case before the County Court in Bonham, Texas, in which L. Crowley was indicted for carrying a pistol. The boy has a twin brother so near like him that the two cannot be told apart. When the case was called the twin boys answered to the name of L. Crowley—one being named Lee and the other Lucian Crowley. The officer could not tell which one he had arrested and the case had to be continued.—*Dallas (Texas) News.*

AN EYE TO BUSINESS.

"Jimmie was the brightest of boys, and having evinced a love for wealth, looked forward to the time when he would be a rich man. One morning, at breakfast, his aunt informed him that during the night twins had been added to the family, which already consisted of three besides Jimmie. The boy dropped his knife and fork and exclaimed: "Great Scott! Aunt Mary, if we keep on at this rate, there won't be fifty dollars to divide amongst us!"

DER PUZZ SAW.

I do not like der puzz saw,
He's funny in his ways.
I can not put him on der jaw
I do not think it pays.

Der puzz he vas so grick you know,
Und do not stop to think,
He starts right off and round he go,
Und make your eyes some blink.

I do not like der puzz saw,
I do not like to hug it.
I vill not take him by der paw,
He vas so mighty rugged.

I touch him mit my finger vonce,
Und he bit it off right grick,
I kick him hard vust like a dunce,
Und so now my foot vas "stick."

I hade dot puzz saw every day,
Un I vish he broke his neck,
I'd like his shirt right away
You bet I vas on deck.

Der puzz saw he vas very clever,
Never did not get overvalued,
He sing so loud he puts mine ear,
Und make me almost fainted.

Der puzz saw mit his teeth all round
Und hungry all der while,
Vill grab your trousers where they re sound,
Und knock them out of shtyle.

Oh! der puzz saw how he bootheers me,
I dream him every night,
I vish he moved vay up a tree,
Und mit der puzzards fight.

Oh! der pine tree how I piddy him,
He make a big mistake:
He's paralyzed mit out a limb,
Und sifted up yoost like cake.

I vish der puzz saw would get dizzy,
Und don't run round so much,
He keep me all der time so busy,
I vish I vas not Dutch.

—*Uncle Jake.*

STANLEY'S MAGIC BOOK.

On the banks of an African river, upon a tiny clearing, which—scooped out of the vast black forest that bristled along both shores as far as the eye can reach—betokened the neighborhood of a native village, a man was standing alone, taking notes in a small book, while behind him lay moored along the water's edge a fleet of canoes, crowded with the dark-brown or black faces of Arabs and Negroes, whose crooked swords and long, ivory-stocked guns glittered in the morning sunshine.

The solitary figure on the bank seemed to be the only white man of the whole party, and even he, lean and ragged as he was, with his face burned almost black by the sun, and a matted mane of grayish-black hair and a beard hanging loosely around it, seemed quite as savage as any of his followers. But small and thin though he was, with plain, almost coarse features, and a dress of which any respectable scarecrow would have been ashamed, he had in his sunken eyes that look of power and command which stamps the born leader of men. And such, indeed, he was, for this man was no other than Henry Morton Stanley.

So engrossed was Stanley with the notes that he was making that he never saw the black, scowling face and fierce eyes which peered out at him suddenly from the encircling thicket. Presently another head appeared, and another, and another still; and then the matted boughs shook and parted, and several men stole forth with