The Acton Free Press.

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The Acton Free Press

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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 treet Acton.

DR. AULD, PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, ACCOUCHEUR. OFFICE AND RESIDENCE—Dr. McGarvin's house, corner Mill and Frederick streets.

C. E. STACEY, M.D., C.M., F.T.M.C., M.C.P. & S.O. 396 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:—Crealman's Block, Georgetown, and 66 King street east, Toronto. W. T. ALLAN. J. SHILTON, B.A. J. BAIRD, B.A.

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THE undersigned have on hand at their mills at Lindsay 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.

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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

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

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CHARLES H. CHASE, Nurserymen,
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The subscriber insures for four stock and four mutual companies, as follows:—

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We insure private dwellings three years from 60 cents up to $1.50 per $100 and mercantile risks from 75 cents to $2.50. Liberal adjustments and prompt payments by the above companies.

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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.)

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AT A LOW PRICE.

THE undersigned has been instructed by Dr. Holt, 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

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FREE PRESS Office, Acton, Ont

Wellington Steam Laundry.

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SHIRTS 10c. COLLARS 2c. CUFFS 4c.

Family Washing without ironing 75c. per doz. Family Washing with ironing 50c. per doz. Gentlemen's Washing and Repairing 50c. per dozen.

All work guaranteed best in Canada. Office and Works, 36 Quebec street.

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.

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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.

—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 Specialty.

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

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 Hatchen's Cor. Norfolk and Suffolk Sts. GUELPH, ONT.

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.

Coal & Wood.

JAMES BROWN

Has on hand a large quantity of excellent coal which he will promptly deliver to any part of the town at reasonable prices.

Hardwood and slabs cut stove length always on hand.

Telephone communication.

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WINDOW SHADES

1890.

BIG NEW STOCK RECEIVED.

700

Volumes Alta Edition 12 mo. Books, strong cloth cover and good paper, at 25 cents each

The new Baby Carriages for 1890 are very fine and a big drop in price.

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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.

J. V. KANNAWIN, Druggist

—AND—

Stationer,

SUCCESSOR TO

N. McGARVIN,

ACTON, - - ONT.

My Stock is now complete with everything found in a first-class drug store.

Big Bargains

—IN—

Fancy Goods

For the next few weeks

Waters Bros.,

THE PICTURE GALLERY. - GUELPH.

FRAMES & PICTURES.
PICTURE MOULDINGS,
ROOM MOULDINGS,
CORNICE POLES from 25c.,
BRASS RODS,
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Oil Colors, Water Colors, China Colors, Brushes, Etc., Etc. Ready Mixed Paints, Aspinwall's Enamels, Cords, Wire, Nails, Chains, Hooks, Etc.

WATERS BROS.,
ST. GEORGE'S SQUARE.

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 8:18 p.m.
Careful attention given to every order
The wants of Commercial Travellers fully met.

JOHN WILLIAMS.

Poetry.

A TEMPERANCE STORY.

At a temperance meeting held in our town,
It may be a year ago,
A Quaker lady rose to speak;
A Quaker lady, aged and meek,
With hair as white as snow.

A reverent stillness came over the crowd,
As we all bent forth to hear
While she told a story in Quaker phrase,
Simple and sweet, like her people's ways,
In a voice still firm and clear.

"In our household," she said, "many years
now gone by,
When I was a new-wed wife,
We had a servant much given to drink,
Tottering hard by the fearful brink
Of a drunkard's death in life.

"Deeply I grieved o'er the man and his sin,
And said, "I entreat thee, shun
The evil habit and take the pledge;
Thou art so near the perilous edge—
Abstain, or thou art undone."

"'At your table, good madam, I wait,' he replied,
'And when company comes to dine,
I place three glasses by your command,
Three glasses fair at each guest's right hand,
And serve them all with wine.

"'And every day by your chair do I stand,
Throughout the whole of the year;
And every day pour glass I fill;
You always drink it, thinking no ill—
Why shouldn't I have my beer?'

"The words of that man smote me sore;
And my conscience smote me sore;
'I know thou hast done so, James,' I said:
'Thou hast, and I take the blame on my head—
Thou shalt do so now no more.

"'Greatly I fear that my thoughtless ways
May lead thy soul to death;
But if thou wilt abstain, by help Divine,
From thy spirits and beer, I will leave my wine
From now till my latest breath.'

"So we took the pledge, and for many a year
We kept our temperance vow;
And a happy home and children dear
Had James; and the whole of us revere
His name and memory now.

"And when he was dying he thanked God for me,
As only the dying can,
That the Lord had helped me to make that stand
Against evil ways, and to stretch out my hand
To save a sinking man.

"I trust his soul is safe above.
For he sought the Lord of a truth;
And I thank my God, now I'm feeble and old,
And the days of the years of my life are nigh told,
For the pledge I took in my youth."

Select Family Reading.

The Pedagogue's Lesson.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

Our opening scene—a small country school-house—a simple hut in size and shape—in the central hamlet of a New England farming district. It could hardly have been called a village, for twelve families made up the sum of its permanent inhabitants; and yet, as we must now write, that insignificant settlement has grown to be one of the foremost manufacturing towns of the State.

In the little school-house were the pedagogue and a score of pupils. The former was a white haired old man, not far from three-score—a Scotchman by birth, named Robert Bruce. He was tall and gaunt, with a pleasant, healthful face, though he could look stern enough when occasion required. He had the head of a philosopher.

As we look into the school on a Saturday morning in early spring, the good old pedagogue had been for a considerable time ill at ease. Evidently there was something upon his mind which gave him much uneasiness. At length he spoke, as speaks one who enters upon an important theme.

"Charles Eddy!"

"Here, sir," answered a boy of ten or twelve summers, arising in his place.

"Come hither, Charles. I would speak with thee."

The boy advanced to the space before the master's desk, and looked up with something of defiance in the expression of his handsome face. Perhaps he suspected what was coming.

"Charles, dost remember of telling me that thy mother kept thee at home on the afternoon of Thursday last?"

The boy did not reply.

"Ah! thou didst tell me so; and thy speech was false. I saw thy mother last evening, and she knew nothing of thine absence at that time. Hast any excuse to offer for the falsehood?"

The boy looked up with dogged determination in his countenance, but did not speak.

"Charles, thou didst a thing very wrong in playing truant, but thy falsehood was worse—that was wicked. Give me thy hand. I dislike much to punish thee—to give thee pain—but the whole school knows thine error, and it must witness the punishment."

The old pedagogue took the hand of the boy—a fair, plump and prettily dimpled hand—and proceeded to administer the usual punishment of the ferule. Charles did not shrink, nor did he wince. He received his punishment without a sign of pain, and was then sent back to his seat: and during the remainder of the session his face wore an angry and vindicative look. His lips were compressed and bloodless, his hands tightly clenched, and his whole frame rigidly set, like one resolved upon some vengeful deed. Robert Bruce saw, and understood, and he determined that the boy should not leave him in such a frame of mind if he could help it. So when it came time to dismiss the school he bade Charles Eddy remain with him for a little time.

The boy stood before his aged teacher, bold and defiant, with lips pale and eyes flashing. The old man had closed the door behind the last retiring scholar and returned to his place.

"Charles, I have asked thee to tarry because I love thee so well and so truly that I would do thee great good. Look me in the eye! Ah! Charles, there is a passion akin to murder in thy bosom. Aye, ever since I punished thee thou has thought only of vengeance. I do not mean that thou wouldst ever have done so wicked a thing as to do bodily harm to an old man like me, but thou has thought only of vengeance nevertheless.

"Charles, let me speak a word for thine ear alone. Hadst thou been mine only pupil, or had all the others been like thee, I should never have administered corporal punishment; but thou knowest the composition of the school. Had I refrained from the ferule in thy case, how could I have conscientiously administered it to another? And thou dost well know that there be pupils of mine who have not minds above the understanding of punishment that giveth pain to the body.

"O, my child! if thou couldst have seen thy widowed mother as I saw her! If thou couldst have seen the marks of bitter anguish that I saw, I think thy heart would have been moved. She did not feel so bad because thou hast been a truant,—ah, no! it was the falsehood that shocked her. Charles, she has been a good mother to thee. She loves thee above all other earthly things, and to thee she looks for the joy and the comfort of her declining years.

"Another thing, dear boy, for thine own ear. Thou art by far the most promising lad I have in my school. Thy mental powers are strongest, and the possibilities of thy life, now in-its bud, are the broadest and the brightest.

"Charles, think: What manner of man wilt thou be in the coming time? O! wilt thou let me help thee to lay the foundation of a manhood noble and honored—a manhood that shall command the respect and esteem of all who know thee? O, dear boy! son of a blessed mother! wilt thou help me in the work of thine education? Come to me when in doubt or in trouble, and let me be to thee a true and loyal friend. Wilt thou give me thy hand and with it the pledge of thy faithfulness to the good work?"

The old pedagogue had conquered. Charles gave him his hand, and when they went forth from the little school-house they went hand in-hand, friends forevermore.

And from that time Charles Eddy turned over a new leaf. His good old teacher had given him new ambition, and under that teacher's guidance he turned his face resolutely towards a worthy manhood.

Time passed on. The little hamlet was growing to quite a village, and the people wanted a younger and more polished pedagogue; so Robert Bruce was forced to gather up his scanty store and seek a new field of labor. Charles Eddy had then grown to be a stout, rugged youth, healthful and handsome, with an education as good as could have been gained in any academy in the land. Robert Bruce had taught him Greek and Latin; had led him understandingly through the mazes of Euclid, besides perfecting him in the common branches of school education. Charles wept when he bade his faithful friend a final adieu, for he felt that the good old man was passing out from the life of that village for all time.

And still time passed on, until Robert Bruce had well nigh passed out from the life and recollection of his loving pupil. Charles Eddy's father had been the chief man in the place, when living. Having owned by far the greater portion of the territory in and around the little village and when the village began to grow, and prosperity came, the dwellers therein, in regular town meeting assembled, unanimously voted that the town should be named Eddyville, and Eddyville it became from that time.

The first upward step was the development of an immense water-power within a pistol shot of the centre of the old hamlet, on land belonging to Charles Eddy; for Charles was then of age, and had taken possession and assumed control of his estate—an estate of but little value when his father left it, but very valuable now, and growing more and more valuable day by day.

Business men of wealth and experience came on and saw the wonderful possibilities of the water-power and offered to purchase. But Charles was wise. He offered every honorable inducement to the incoming capitalist, but he would not sell outright. He would sell certain rights and privileges, but he would retain an interest. And he did so.

So the town grew, and the manufacturing interests prospered; and, in time, Charles Eddy became one of the wealthiest and most influential, and one of the most honored men in that section. He married, and a family grew up around him; and the time came when he took his own son upon his knee, a bright-eyed boy of ten years—and told him the story of the life-lesson given him by Robert Bruce, in the years agone. The boy listened with deepest interest; and when the story had been told he blessed, in his childish heart, the good old pedagogue, and promised that he would never tell a lie. And the little one asked—"Where is old Robert Bruce now?" "Ah!" answered the father, shaking his head sadly, "he must be dead long ere this. God bless him, be where he may!"

Charles Eddy had become almost a permanent fixture in the State Legislature. He had been first elected when-five-and-twenty years of age, and for seven successive years thereafter his townsmen kept him in the same office. And he would have been sent on the eighth year had not the citizens of a broader circuit demanded his services in the State Senate; and to the Senate he was elected.

During this session in the Senate Charles Eddy was appointed upon the Committee on Prisons, and in the course of his round of duties in that office he visited one of the largest and most important of the city jails—the City Prison, it was usually called.

"Here, gentlemen," said the warden, who was conducting the committee over the place, "is the department of the poor debtors."

The heart of Charles Eddy was keenly touched.

"Poor debtors! Poor debtors! Alas!—and in a Christian land! I do not like it. There may be cases where extreme inducement of force becomes necessary; but the creditor should not have power to imprison."

"In yonder cell," the warden continued, "is a case that might drag sympathy from a heart of stone. An old man, fully four-score years of age—just tottering on the verge of the grave—shut up here for debt!"

One of the committee asked the warden if he knew the circumstances of the case.

"Yes," he answered. "The old man has told me his story; and I know that he told it truly. He was formerly Professor of Greek and Latin, and the higher branches of mathematics, in a private academy. Said academy had been started in opposition to another institution of like character, in a neighboring town, the matter of religion, or sect, being the dividing line between them. This old man knew nothing of that. The academy had been in operation several months when he was persuaded to join its faculty. In time the projectors of the institution persuaded our old friend to become one of the owners and business managers. Poor old man! there is no more business in him than there is in yonder kitten; had there been he would never have suffered himself to be dragged into the mess as he did.

"However, they represented to him that things were going on swimmingly, and he consented to become one of the corporators. He thought it was a grand thing. And in that capacity he signed a number of notes given by the corporation; he had not the least idea of what he was doing; to him it was but a mere form, necessary to render the notes negotiable."

"Well,—in the time the academy burst up; and this end was chiefly brought about by the coming upon them, in a lump of their outstanding notes. It appeared that one or two of the corporators of the rival institution had bought them at a big discount, and thus armed, they came down upon their opponent, and brought him to grief. But in one sense, they had bitten off their own fingers. When the holders of the notes presented them for payment, of the signers this old man was the only one to be found. The others had all disappeared. They found him, however, and as he had not a dollar of money, they took his body, and sent it hither for safe keeping."

"A simple matter of vengeance," said a committee man.

"You are right," nodded the warden. "This old man's wonderful capacity for Greek and Latin, and the very highest branches of mathematics, had done more towards attracting pupils to their rivals than anything else. And, moreover, they had offered to hire him, and he would not serve them. Yes, it was vengeful."

Mr. Eddy the chairman of the committee, had been strangely moved during the later part of this recital, and had not spoken. He had started toward the door of the cell, when the warden called him back with the remark:

"If you please, sir, one moment. It pains the old man to be stared at. If you wish to see him, do not show that you have any curiosity in the matter. If you could spare time to converse with him,—ah, that would please him."

"What is his name?"

"Robert Bruce. He is a Scotchman by birth, and the first forty years of his life was spent in the higher educational institutions of Edinburgh."

"What is the amount of his indebtedness? Or, for what could the paper outstanding against him be bought up?"

"The full face amount is something over four thousand dollars, but the creditors have offered to take two thousand, and give up all claim."

Eddy concluded that he would not speak with the old man at that time, but he would assure himself that there was no mistake. So he walked slowly past the grated door, and saw standing directly before him, with his grand old face at the bars, his old tutor of the other years. He was forced to hurry on, not only to hide the tears that would not stay down, but to smother the cry that rose to his lips. He did not pass the cell on his return.

On the following day Charles Eddy saw the men, or rather man, for only one of them had held out in the cruel cause, and bought up all claims held against Robert Bruce.

Late on Friday afternoon, as the sun was sinking behind the western hills, the warden and the turnkey came to the cell of the aged debtor.

"You may come out, Mr. Bruce."

"Wherefore at this hour?"

The turnkey had unlocked the heavy iron door, and the prisoner had stepped out upon the corridor.

"Robert Bruce you are a free man!"

"*Free!* gasped the old man. "*Free!* I do not understand."

"Your debt is paid, and you are free."

"*Free!*" he repeated, half to himself, brushing his hand across his brow. "*Free!* Ah! and where now shall I rest my weary head? O! this is mockery! I have done with earth. Let me rest here for the few remaining hours. I shall not burden you long. If you turn me out upon the wide, wide world, friendless and forlorn, what shall I do?"

"Dear man," said the warden, kindly and persuasively, at the same time taking him by the arm, "come with me to my sitting-room, and we will see what can be done. You shall not be turned out upon the cold world all alone, be you sure of that."

Then the warden led him away beyond the confines of the prison to his own quarters; led him into his handsomely furnished drawing-room, where a gentleman stood ready to meet him—a gentleman, not young, tall, strong and handsome, one of the grandest-looking men, he thought, that he had ever seen. The gentleman advanced, and extended his hand.

"Robert Bruce, do you know me?"

"Yes answered the old man, in a low, quivering whisper, the wan and time-worn face seeming transformed. "Thou art the angel that flitted across my vision two days ago as I stood at the door of my prison-room. I know not whence the inspiration, but it seemed to me that thou wart a spirit of life and light, and not of earth. That night I dreamed of thee; and in the dream another form—one of earthly mould—was enveloped from thy spirit substance. I saw—No!—No! Is this a fancy of my disordered brain,—or—art thou—" With a low, wailing cry the old man tottered forward, and rested both his hands upon the gentleman's shoulders.

"Yes, yes, I am Charles Eddy; come to repay, so far as I can, a debt that never can be wholly paid. Dear old friend, true guide and guardian of my boyhood, you shall come with me and my home shall be your home while life is yours."

The old man tried to speak but could not. He could only rest his head upon the shoulder of his new-found friend and burst into sobbing and tears.

That evening Eddy took his old tutor to his own hotel, where he caused suitable clothing to be procured, and on the following morning they took the cars for Eddyville, which place they reached shortly after noon.

There had been no railroad in that region when Robert Bruce had last known the place, and he knew not where he was until Charles had informed him. Where the little old hut of a school-house used to stand now stood a stately academy of brick and stone and where once he had fished for trout and perch now arose the walls, covering acres of manufacturing concerns.

On arriving at his own handsome residence, Charles led the ancient pedagogue at once to the great drawing-room, where his mother sat, with three of his children. Mrs. Eddy recognized the new-comer at sight. She was upon her feet in a moment, both her hands outstretched, with the light of a holy joy making her aged face beautiful.

"Mr. Bruce! Dear old friend! O, this is joy! I hope you have come to leave us never again.

By and by Robert Bruce sat down and took the children upon his knee, one after another, and his heart swelled with a rapture beyond the power of tongue to tell.

Then the wife and mother came and the old man wanted nothing more to fill the cup of his bliss when he had seen that she welcomed him from the very depths of her heart she truly did.

And so the good old man had found a home of comfort and of blessedness at length, and he was not beyond the powers of usefulness. Not only had the aged widow, now past her three-score years, found a genial companion, but the children had found a valuable helper in their school-lessons, and ere many months had passed the teacher at the village school observed that Eddy's children were progressing in their studies in a truly wonderful manner.

"Grandpa," said little Charley, as he sat one evening upon the old man's knee, "I know something that you did for my papa, when he was a little boy just like me. You gave him a lesson so that he couldn't never any more tell a naughty story; and he gave it to me. That was what made me love you before I ever saw you."

"O, my blessed boy!"—holding him close to his bosom. "May the richest gifts of Heaven be thine, now and evermore. God will bless this household, I know."

"GIVE HIM A CHEER."

"Give him a cheer." The hearty words came from the lips of some one in the crowd gathered around the building enveloped in flames, and were prompted by a momentary faltering of a brave fireman at the final effort that was needed to save a human life. Instantly hats were waving in the air, and, above the crackling and roaring of the fire, the cheering of the multitude below fell upon the ears of the wavering fireman. Electrified by the applause he renewed his efforts, beat back the flames that scorched his face, burst in the window that would not yield to the young girl's strength, and through a cloud of smoke and fire bore his unconscious burden to her weeping friends below.

"Give him a cheer," said a voice in the audience, as the young aspirant for academical honors began to hesitate in the midst of his well-prepared oration. "Give him a cheer," and as the appreciated hozza was raised, the heart of the youth gathered new courage, so that he succeeded in winning the scholarship, which to him meant much more than empty honors. In this very way the applause of a sympathetic and responsive audience bears up the speaker, who otherwise would fail. Mr. Gladstone once said, "A speaker gets from his hearers in vapor that which he gives back to them in flood," and when they have got it they return it to him with interest.

"Give him a cheer." Who? Why, that young Christian who has come out from the world, and in the midst of temptation is trying to live a consecrated life. He needs more than an interest in your prayers. Give him a warm hand-shake, a word of praise, or a smile of recognition when he begins to faint or falter by the way. Let him know that you appreciate his efforts, and will be disappointed if he fails. If he does a noble thing give him a cheer by telling him he has done well. It will give him strength to meet new trials and temptations.

"Give him a cheer"—the stranger within your gates. No matter how brief a tarrying he may make, bid him welcome. Do not let him go away feeling that no one has an interest in his welfare.

"Give them a cheer." A host of weary, toiling men and women are to-day calling loudly for cheering words and helpful ministries. Do not keep the cheer that would bless them lying idly in your hearts or trembling unsaid upon your lips to scatter around their tombs when they are dead. Bring the flowers that you are keeping for their coffins and strew along their paths to-day while they are alive to inhale their sweet fragrance.

"Give them a cheer." Words of honest praise will spoil no man. If you gain a blessing from a sermon or prayer, it will encourage the preacher to hear you say so. If some one's holy living strengthens you and helps you on to a better life, would not he be happier to know of the unconscious influence he is exerting?

"Give him a cheer." No matter where, or when, or how you come into contact with poor, struggling human souls, lend them a hand—give them a cheer that will help them to live better, nobler lives.—*Christian Weekly.*

SOLOMON IN ALL HIS GLORY.

The sumptuous palaces which he had erected for his own residence display an opulence and profusion which may vie with the older monarchs of Egypt and Assyria. His great palace stood in Jerusalem; it occupied thirteen years in building. A causeway bridged the deep ravine and, landing directly to the temple, united the part either of Acra or Zion on which the palace stood, with Mount Moriah. In this place was a vast hall for public business, from its cedar pillars called the "House of the Forest of Lebanon." It was 175 feet long, half that measurement in width, above fifty feet high. Besides this great hall there were two others of similar dimensions, in one of which the throne of justice was placed. The harem, or woman's apartments, adjoined these buildings, with other piles of vast extent, particularly, if we may credit Josephus, a great banqueting hall. The same author informs us that the whole was surrounded by spacious and luxurious gardens. Another palace was built in a romantic part of the country, in the valleys at the foot of Lebanon, for his wife, the daughter of the King of Egypt, and as a summer residence.

THINGS SAID AND DONE.

When a christian receives a special blessing, it is a divine command to go work in the vineyard of the Lord. Blessings and labors for Christ's sake go together.

If you begin the day with prayer you will be very likely to end it with thanksgiving, and a day thus begun and ended is a happy day.

Senator Colquitt said, "It is the one business of a minister of Christ to save men." That is the whole of it.

The Presiding Elder of a district in California reports that one of his charges is being "carefully manipulated pastorally." He probably means that the preacher has been doing some visiting.

"It is," says the *Methodist Times*, "the business of faithful Christian churches to utter unpleasant truths, and to make the devil and all his servants very uncomfortable."

TO A PRINTING PRESS.

Thou great dispenser of the thoughts of man;
What magic changes since thy work began!
To count their numbers both on land and sea
Would task thy powers, all powerful though they be.
By thee are gather'd voices of the past
Up from the ages of the mighty vast;
Trophies by Greece bequeath'd, in living light,
As when her heroes led her hosts in fight;
Her Epic Bard—through thee no longer blind
Erect before us—miracle of mind.
The Greece of sages near, instead of far
When Homer sang his mythic strains of war,
Rome claimed "humanity," yet tot'ring fell;
A Cæsar's prowess—tho' the living spell
That lit up many a field for triumph ripe—
Fail'd. Why? Helacred a legion of the type!

Where winter's fires burn blithely on the hearth
And youth drinks deep of pleasantry and mirth
Thy leaden impress tells of love and peace—
A cross, a tomb—life shed to save our race,
Nor war's dire clang, nor tyrant's haughty sway
Can stay thy march in this our later day;
As endless as thy circles that impress
Shall be the treasure we in thee possess.

Not all is good: Though Orient tales are told
And circling west a grat'ful world enfold;
How sad to find thy hunger oft appeas'd
As if by nutriment from hell released.
Slender my tribute, conqueror of kings;
Thy weapon's "forms" that "lock" such tiny things.
All speaking comfort, praise or poisoned blame,
And rays effulgent mix'd with tales of shame.
I wond'ring watch thy swift revolving wheels,
And as I watch a vision o'er me steals;
I see proud hosts array'd on land and sea
Vanquished and scattered, gallant Press, by thee!
Herald of light! Though villains use thy power
For vilest crime, where low-born passions lower,
Yet thou'rt supreme to comfort and to bless,
Our freedom's charter lives in thee, oh! Press.

PLEASANTRIES.

"I was looking at a new stove for you to-day, wife," said Crimsonbeak to the partner of his joys and sorrows the other night, as he was about to leave the house.

"What was the name of it, John?"

"The Husband, I believe it was called."

"O, don't get one of those. It will be sure to go out every night."

Lawyer—Are you a brother of John Smith, of Nebraska, sir?

Smith—I am; but I haven't heard anything from him for years.

"Well, he died last month."

"Indeed! Did he leave anything?"

"Yes; he left everything he had in the world to you."

"Good—how much?"

"Eight children and the mortgage on the farm."

When Isaac Hooper, the distinguished old Quaker, met a boy with a dirty face or with dirty hands, he would stop him and inquire, "Has thee ever studied chemistry?" The boy with a wonderous stare, would answer, "No." "Well, I will teach thee how to perform a curious chemical experiment," the old gentleman would answer. "Go home, take a piece of soap, put it in water, and rub it briskly on thy hands and face. Thou hast no idea what a beautiful froth it will make, and how much whiter thy skin will be. That's a chemical experiment. I advise thee to try it."

The man who sits down and waits to be appreciated will find himself among the uncalled-for baggage, after the limited express had gone by.

"Look at Brown over there in the corner."

Smith—"Yes; buried in deep thought."

Jones—"Shallow grave, isn't it?"

FUNNY LITTLE FOLKS.

A little girl who had mastered her catechism confessed herself disappointed "because," she said, "though I obey the fifth commandment and honor my pape and mamma, yet my days are not a bit longer in the land, because I am put to bed at seven o'clock."

Mr. A. was walking past Mr. B.'s sheep pasture with his two little boys, and said to the elder: "If I should go into that pasture and take one of the sheep home, what would that be?" expecting the answer "Stealing," when Master four-year-old exclaimed: "I know what that would be, papa! That would be mutton!"

One of the school board, going his rounds as an amateur, put this question to a scholar in a country school: "How do you parse 'Mary milked the cow?'" The last word was disposed of thus: "Cow is a noun, feminine gender, singular number, third person, and stands for Mary." "Stands for Mary!" exclaimed he of the board. "How do you make that out?" "Because," added the intelligent pupil, "if the cow didn't stand for Mary, how could Mary milk her?"

Little Willie (to the minister at the dinner table): "Was that your carriage you came here in?" Rev. Mr. Frontpew: "Why, yes, Willie." Little Willie: "There, papa; he drove two horses, and you said he was a one-horse preacher."

A Sunday-school teacher asked his class what passage of the Scripture they would give to prove that a man should not have two wives at the same time. One little fellow replied, "No man can serve two masters."

A SAD DISEASE.

There are many very bad diseases, and some of them have very strange symptoms. Some of the sick are worse in the night—some are worse in the day time, some are worse on particular days, some are quite sure to be ill when work drives, and when it is very important that they should be well.

Zion's Herald tells of a parsonage in Vermont, where little Eddie and Georgie heard their mamma say one cold Sunday morning:

"I do not feel very well this morning. I have a very hard cold, and my lungs feel so bad and sore I think I shall not be able to go church to-day. I shall be very sorry to stay at home."

The two little boys heard what their mamma said, and remained in bed after she went down stairs, talking together. After a little time Georgie, the younger, appeared at the foot of the stairs and said:

"Mamma, I don't feel very well to-day! And Eddie don't feel very well; need he go to church to day? He's got the head-ache, and the neck-ache, and the back-ache, and stomach-ache, and leg-ache, a-n-d a-n-d—calling to Eddie upstairs, What is it, Eddie?" Eddie replies, "Head-ache!" "Oh, yes, head-ache; that's all! Need Eddie and I go to church to-day?

Poor children! What a dreadful thing to have all these diseases come on so