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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. McGarvin's house, corner Mill and Frederick streets.

C. E. STACEY, M.D., C.M., F.T.M.C., M.C.P. & S.O. 395 College St., Toronto. Telephone No. 2458.

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.—20 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, 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 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 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, 56 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.

Guelph Business College. GUELPH, ONTARIO.

Instructions given by experts in

Book-keeping. Penmanship. Bus. Practice. Shorthand. Typewriting. Com'l Arithmetic. Bus. Correspondence. Political Economy. Com'l Law. French Language.

Rates moderate; satisfaction guaranteed. For terms, etc., address 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

New Planing Mill —AND— Sash and Door Factory. John Cameron, Contractor, Has fitted up the building on Main Street, lately occupied as a trunk factory, with new machinery and is prepared to furnish plans, specifications and estimates for all classes of buildings, and execute all kinds of DRESSING, MATCHING, and MOULDING. —MAKE ALL STYLES OF— Sashes, Doors and Windows and Door Frames and Dressed Lumber. And keep a stock on hand. All orders promptly attended to. JOHN CAMERON.

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.

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.

NEW 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.

DAY'S BOOKSTORE GUELPH DAY SELLS CHEAP.

Garden Seeds Rubber and Base Balls, —AT— J. V. KANNAWIN'S DRUG & STATIONERY STORE, MILL ST., ACTON.

Bibles at Half Price.

—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 6:18 p.m. Careful attention given to every order. The wants of Commercial Travellers fully met. JOHN WILLIAMS.

W. J. LEE Has to-day opened another shipment of New Spring Goods, Consisting of the Latest Novelties in Scotch & Canadian Tweeds. Also a fine variety of Worsteds, Consisting of wide and narrow wales in all the latest shades. Also a fine variety of Satin Finish and Corkscrew Worsteds. I have also a fine assortment of Spring Overcoatings, Of all shades, and my Pantings Cannot be equalled in the county.

Having in my employ the best Coat, Vest and Pant makers in the Province, and being a practical tailor myself of long experience in the largest cities in Canada and the United States, I am prepared to guarantee a perfect fit for all deformities and erect men.

Call and see my goods and prices before purchasing elsewhere. W. J. LEE, PRACTICAL TAILOR AND DRAPER Mill Street, - ACTON.

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.

Waters Bros., THE PICTURE GALLERY, GUELPH.

FRAMES & PICTURES. PICTURE MOULDINGS. ROOM MOULDINGS. CORNICE POLES from 35c., BRASS RODS. BANNER RODS from 15c., ARTISTS' MATERIALS.

Oil Colors, Water Colors, China Colors, Brushes, Etc., Etc. Ready Mixed Paints, Aspenwall's Enamels, Cords, Wires, Nails, Chains, Hooks, Etc. WATERS BROS., ST. GEORGE'S SQUARE.

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.

Poetry.

LOVE HAS THE RIGHT OF WAY.

BY JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

That Lawyer Gilbert was grim and gruff
All at Nookhaven knew well enough;
And none dare trespass on his domains
So much as to stroll through the quiet lanes
Or woods adjoining his farm, for there
Were the warning placards—No Thoroughfare.

The dwelling where Doctor White abode
Was half a mile distant around the road,
But only a stone's throw, so it seemed
When the lights in the white house windows gleamed,
From Lawyer Gilbert's; and many a time
Had one been tempted the fence to climb.

Here is a fence; and there you pass
A field of corn and some meadow grass,
A grove of trees, and a little rise
Beyond which the doctor's dwelling lies;
Another fence, and a few steps more
Will land you right at the doctor's door.

And oft when the wintry winds blew shrill,
And because of a dear one lying ill,
There was need of haste, has an anxious soul,
With breath well spent are he reached the goal,
Wished that a generous heart had planned
A "short cut" over the lawyer's land.

Now it chanced that the doctor's son had met
The lawyer's daughter—his precious pet—
So girt about with parental law
That few of the villagers ever saw
The lovely girl; for the lawyer grim
Fenced in whatever belonged to him.

There were stolen meetings; in lane and grove
Were voices whispering words of love;
For in spite of the law the doctor's son
The heart of the pretty maid had won;
And while the lawyer had held the fort,
The lover had brought the case to court.

Ah! who would journey for half a mile
When they have only to cross a stile
To shorten the distance? Cowards may,
But Love has ever the right of way,
And into a path the grass was worn
Between the fence and the field of corn.

And, lo and behold! in the course of time
The barriers none had been free to climb
Were levelled to make a thoroughfare
From the main road here to the main road there,
And over the lawyer's land to-day.

Select Family Reading.

Glenburnie.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

"Do you suppose she will come to-day?" said Beatrix Browne.

"Of course she will come," said Mr. Herschel Hubert Browne. "Why shouldn't she?"

"Oh, how can I tell?" cried impatient Beatrix. "The train must have been in long ago. And, oh me! here is the barouche coming back without her!"

Mr. Herschel Hubert Browne was a handsome, fashionably dressed young man, with a big diamond on his little finger, and a conventional smirk on his countenance. Miss Beatrix, his sister, was an artifical damsel, costumed after the latest Paris plate; and their mother, Mrs. Bethune Browne, was a stylish widow, who kept up a great deal of appearance on very little solid foundation.

"If Herschel and Trix can duly contrive to make good matches, we shall ride triumphantly over all these difficulties, said she, complacently fanning herself with a jeweled Spanish fan. So she had rented "Glenburnie," a pretty summer residence, engaged a first-class French cook given a most liberal order to the milliner and dressmaker, and issued invitations to a number of friends to pass the summer with her.

"The only mistake I made," said Mrs. Browne, "was in coming to a place where my girlhood was spent. It isn't pleasant to have stout old farmers stopping one to ask if I succeeded in that school-teaching venture, or that speculation in taking boarders; or to be told by red-faced old women that 'I hold my years wonderfully well.'"

But Mrs. Bethune Browne and her son and daughter were doomed to loneliness that afternoon. Miss Harper, the New York heiress, had not come, as she was expected, by the afternoon train; and as the Bethune Brownes were not people who ever took an especial pains to entertain each other, the evening did not pass away in unmitigated bliss.

Miss Harper, however, had come. The only mistake she had committed was in leaving the train at Pine Bluff station instead of Pine Hill station. But how was she, a born New Yorker, whose antecedents were only of Fifth Avenue and Twenty-third street, to discriminate between these puzzling similaries?

She looked around at the pine thickets—she listened with a vague misgiving to the rush of the pebbly brook in the copse,—she glanced appealingly at the ticket-agent, who was rolling some barrels of lime along the platform, towards the freight-room.

"Is there no one here to meet me?" she asked. "I am Miss Harper, from New York."

The ticket-agent looked up at the sky, down at the daisies, and then at the forlorn stranger.

"I don't see no one," said he.

"I am to go to the Brownes," said she.

"The Brownes eh?" said the agent.

"Yes," she said, eagerly, "the Brownes"

"They don't live such a piece up the road," said the agent, still considering an especial daisy-bud whose soft, white fringe was just unfolding to the sunshine. "I guess likely you might walk. Anyhow, there aint no other way to go!"

Miss Harper's heart beat exultantly.

"Up which road?" said she.

"That thar!" and the agent nodded towards the distant mountain side.

"Ah," said Miss Harper, is it very lonely?"

"Bless you, no," said the agent. "There's as many as three houses within the mile, not countin' the saw-mill."

"And I can leave my trunk here to be sent for?"

"Oh, yes," said the agent.

So Melicent Harper walked, French boots, Paris hat, tiny mushroom parasol and all.

It was a little cottage; the very poetic, picturesque cottage of her girlhood's dreams, with eaves reaching nearly to the ground, wildernesses of woodbine, morning glories and scarlet runners, wreathing it around, and latticed window panes; and at the door there stood a young man, the handsomest she had ever seen.

"Am I living the pages of a story book?" Melicent asked herself; and is this the enchanted prince?"

And then she came forward, smiling, yet timid. "I am Miss Harper, from New York," she said. "I have come to visit you. Were you not expecting me?"

The gentleman looked puzzled.

"No," he said.

"Then you never got my letter?"

"Never," said the enchanted prince.

"I wrote to Miss Browne."

"Did you?" with some surprise.

"How provoking," said Melicent, reddening, and biting her ripe-red cherry of a lip. "But I hope you are glad to see me?"

"Yes, indeed, we are," said Harry Brown, instinctively polite, as he opened the door wide to admit the fair stranger. "Do' come in. Marian," to some one beyond, "here's Miss Harper, from New York, come to see you. She wrote us from New York, but, of course, the letter never reached us!"

Marian, a slim, dark-dyed young Diana, looked quite as bewildered as her brother had previously done.

"You are welcome," she said. "Please come up to my room and take off your things."

It was the tiniest of little rooms. In fact, the cottage itself looked to Melicent's metropolitan eyes as if you were viewing it through the little end of an opera glass. But it was so neat, so dainty, so flower-scented and pure. Melicent was a little bewildered still. Glenburnie, described by Beatrix Browne, was a modern castle. And why did the handsome Harry persist in calling his sister "Marian?"

Marian herself was also puzzled, until it occurred to her mind, "all of a sudden," that this Miss Harper must have been sent to their assistance by old Mrs. Telliff, who knew all sorts of nice girls in need, and who was also acquainted with the fact of their mother's illness.

"Mrs. Telliff is always thoughtful," she pondered. "But so dreadfully brusque and abrupt sometimes.

"Do you know how to take care of sick people, Miss Harper?" she asked, as she was shaking out the snowy muslin folds of the curtains in the "best room."

"Not particularly," confessed Melicent. "Why?"

"Oh! because mamma is just recovering from rheumatic fever," said Marian, "and it would be so nice if you could help us nurse her."

"Then I will help you," said Melicent with a kiss.

"Harry is ever so useful," said Marian. "He is the dearest fellow in the world. But he can't do everything. He's down stairs now broiling the chickens for dinner. He learned to cook when he was camping out. And mamma can't drink any coffee but that which he makes."

Melicent's eyes sparkled. "He must be the best of brothers," said she.

"He is," cried enthusiastic Marian.

Mrs. Brown, the sweetest of pale invalids, received the visitor with something of that puzzled air which Melicent found so hard to understand. And there was a cottage piano, a banjo, some new music, and a wilderness of wild flowers; and the young people promised to show Melicent the cascade up the glen, and a haunted dell still farther on.

"They are so nice," thought Melicent that night when she went to bed in the little muslin-curtained room. "Not at all what I expected to see, from Aunt Josepha's description. And Harry is so unselfish and tender to his mother—and Marian is so sweet and affectionate. I am sure I could be happy here for a year."

Consequently, the next day when the grand carriage from Glenburnie rattled down the road, and Miss Beatrix Browne came to claim the waif and stray, Melicent Harper was more surprised than pleased.

"Have I come to the wrong place?" said she. "Oh, they have been so good to me! The wrong Browns? No; that cannot be. They are right—right in everything. But I shall not go away until Mrs. Brown is well enough to be about the house.

And Melicent adhered resolutely to this determination, in spite of Trix's frowns and Herschel Hubert's blandishments. She remained nearly all summer at the cottage, and spent only one little week at Glenburnie.

"But one can accomplish a great deal in a week said Mrs. Bethune Browne hopefully "And of course, Glenburnie must be like Paradise to her, after those horrid little cramped-up rooms and everlasting pine forests."

Mr. Herschel Hubert made himself as agreeable as he possibly could to the New York visitor, and on the night before her return to New York he laid his hand and heart at her feet.

"Oh, I am so sorry!" said Melicent. "But I am engaged already."

"To Harry Brown?" said Herschel Hubert, grinding his teeth.

"Yes," said Melicent, "to Harry. I was going to tell Beatrix about it to-night. I am so vexed that you should have committed yourself in this sort of way. But please let's forget all about it."

Mr. Herschel Hubert Browne muttered some sort of a lame congratulation, and withdrew from the scene as hastily as possible.

"It's all a comedy of errors, it seems," he said, almost savagely, to his mother. "Here is our season wasted, our purse empty, our tradesmen clamorous. And Harry Brown, down at the cottage, has gained the prize!"

And all that Mrs. Bethune Browne could say was: "It's very strange! Very strange, indeed!"

THE SALOON KEEPER'S GAINS.

"I have made a thousand dollars during the last three months," said a saloon keeper boastfully, to a crowd of his townsmen. "You have made more than that," quietly remarked a listener. "What was that?" was the quick response. "You have made wretched homes—women and children poor and sick and weary of life. You have made my two sons drunkards," continued the speaker, with terrible earnestness; "you made the younger of the two so drunk that he fell and injured himself for life. You have made their mother a broken-hearted woman. Oh, yes; you have made much—more than I can reckon up, but you'll get the full amount some day—you'll get it some day!"—*Selected.*

THE VIRTUE OF HOT MILK.

It is worthy of reiteration that milk heated to as high a temperature as it can be drank or sipped above 100 degrees, but not to the boiling point, is of great value as a refreshing stimulant in cases of over exertion, bodily or mental. To most people who like milk it does not taste so good, but that is a small matter compared with the benefit to be got from it. Its action is exceedingly prompt and grateful and the effects much more satisfactory and far more lasting than those of any alcoholic drink whatever. It supplies real strength as well as exhilaration, something which alcohol never does.

MENDING WITH PINS.

"Oh, that's nothing," said a young woman, "I'll put a pin in. I can't stop to mend it now."

It was a hole in her pocket that Helen Russell mended that morning with a pin. Several days passed and she forgot the circumstances.

"Pinning it up" was one of Helen's favorite makeshifts.

"I hate to mend," she would say, "and, after all, pins will do. They have to do, anyway."

Even holes in her stockings were caught together in this fashion, and a button off her glove was replaced by the same shiftless expedient. It was not that she lacked time to use needle and thread, but simply that she had fallen into a lazy habit.

Helen Russell was a school-teacher, and a few days after pinning up the hole in her pocket she went to the town treasurer and drew sixty dollars, her earnings for ten weeks teaching. She put the money into her purse, and the purse into her pocket.

Then she made a few calls and went to the post-office. As she was descending the steps of the post-office, she caught her foot in the trimming of her skirt, which had ripped and had been fastened with a pin; she tripped and fell heavily on the stones.

Her wrist was broken by the fall. A pin, which fastened her glove in default of a button, was plunged into the palm of her hand and inflicted a painful wound.

She was taken home in a carriage and her injuries were dressed. A few hours afterward she thought of her money and felt in her pocket for the purse. It was gone. The pins which had repaired the hole the pocket were likewise gone; so there was no doubt as to the way in which the purse had disappeared.

Searching and advertising proved of no avail. She had saved a few stitches at the expense of ten weeks' wages, a broken wrist, and sundry painful bruises.

"Twas all my own fault," she said, penitently; "I'll never mend with pins again."

SECRETS OF HAPPINESS.

A susceptibility to delicate attentions, a fine sense of the nameless and exquisite tenderness of manner and thought, constitute, in the minds of its possessors, the deepest undercurrents of life; the felt and treasured, but unseen and inexpressible richness of affection. It is rarely found in the characters of men, but outweighs, when it is, all grosser qualities. There are many who waste and lose affections by careless and often unconscious neglect. It is not a plant to grow untended: the breath of indifference, or a rude touch, may destroy forever its delicate texture. There is a daily attention to the slightest courtesies of life which can alone preserve the first freshness of passion. The easy surprises of pleasure, earnest cheerfulness of assent to slight wishes, habitual respect to opinions, unwavering attention to the comfort of others abroad and at home, and, above all, the careful preservation of those proprieties of conversation which are sacred when before the world, are some of the secrets of that happiness which age and habit alike fail to impair.

SHOW THEM TO THE BULL.

Some members of the Ordnance Survey were touring in the South of Scotland. In the prosecution of their calling they entered a field belonging to a crusty old farmer. Seeing the strangers manœuvring in a way he could not understand, the farmer approached. "What are ye wantin' in the field?" he cried. "Oh, we have a right to go anywhere!" returned one of the company. "We are surveying, and here are our Government papers." "Paper here or paper there," returned the farmer, "oot ye gang oot o' my field!" "No, we shan't," returned the man, "and you are rendering yourself liable to prosecution for interrupting us. The farmer said no more, but went over to a shed opening into the field and let out a savage bull. The bull no sooner saw the red coats than he "went for" them as if mad. The surveyors snatched up their theodolite and flew for their lives, while the old farmer, in great glee, yelled after them, "What are ye runnin' for? Can ye no show the bull yer Government papers?"

A STRANGE EXPERIENCE.

A prominent Lynn gentleman had a rather strange experience a short time ago. He woke in the middle of the night, and while talking with his wife heard, as did she, the twitter of a bird, which both recognized as the note of a pet canary which he kept at his place of business. He was mystified and his wife was alarmed, but he soothed her fears and the incident was soon forgotten.

The next morning he went down to his store, removed his coat and threw it on a chair. Just then he noticed his canary under his feet, weak and apparently dying. He asked an attendant how long it had been since the bird was fed, and found it was some days, through an oversight. The bird had been in the habit of getting out of its cage and flying around the store, and in its distress had flown out and got into its owner's pocket, being thus carried home and spending the night with him. Some bird seed and water restored the sufferer.—*Boston Record.*

LAPP WOLF-HUNT.

The Swedish Lapps live entirely with, by, and upon their reindeer. A Lapp who owns a thousand deer is a very rich man; but as taxes are assessed upon the number of deer, he is inclined to underestimate his herd. The most dangerous enemy to the herd is the wolf, who, if disposed, can kill thirty deer in a night. A band of wolves can make a rich Lapp poor.

When the snow is deep and soft, and it is announced that wolf-tracks have been seen in the neighborhood of the deer, the swiftest runners on snow-shoes prepare for an exciting chase.

The wolf may have a start of a mile or two, but the track it leaves in the deep, soft snow is so prominent that the hunters can follow it at their best speed. The wolf, though he may run fast, has but a slight chance of escaping the short men who, on snow-shoes, rush through the wood, dart down steep hills, and jump from ledges several yards in height.

Each hunter does his best to outrun the others, for the wolf belongs to the Lapp who strikes the first blow. As soon as the leading hunter is close enough to the wolf he gives it a heavy blow across the loins with his strong, spiked snow-shoe staff. If there are other wolves to be pursued he kills it outright; if not, he disables it, and waits till all the hunters have arrived before giving the death-stroke.

A CANNIBAL BISHOP.

Every one knows the story of the Frenchman who, while sitting with his head close to the open window of an English railway car, heard a sudden shout of "Look out!" and popping his head out accordingly, received a tremendous bump on the forehead from the projecting pole of a scaffolding which the train was just passing; where upon monsieur exclaimed, indignantly: "Inglishman big fool! He say 'look out!' when he mean 'look in!'"

A similar misconception occured during the seige of Sebastopol, when an English Guardsman was "brought up" for having given a severe thrashing to a French grenadier, the Englishman's only explanation being that "he would 'ave it, and so I just 'ad to give it him." It appeared on inquiry that the Guardsman had accosted the other in what he supposed to be French, and that the puzzled Frenchman had exclaimed in bewilderment, "Comment?" (How?) which John Bull mistook for "Come on." "Come on yourself, then," he roared, "if you will 'ave it!" and forthwith the fisticuffs began in earnest.

But more startling than all was the mistake made by a Queen of Denmark during her visit to the Danish colony of Iceland, where the good old bishop exerted himself to the utmost to show her everything that was worth seeing. The Queen paid many compliments to her host, and having learned that he was a family man, graciously inquired how many children he had. Now, it happened that the Danish word for "children" was almost identical in sound with the Icelandic word for "sheep"; so the worthy bishop—whose knowledge of Danish was not so complete as it might have been—understood her Majesty to ask how many sheep he owned, and promptly answered, "Two hundred."

"Two hundred children!" cried the Queen astounded. "How can you possibly maintain such a number?"

"Easily enough, please your Majesty," replied your hyperborean prelate, with a cheerful smile. "In the summer I turn them out upon the hills to graze, and when winter comes I kill and eat them!"—*Harpers Magazine.*

KING LEOPOLD AND THE LITTLE GIRL.

The well known good nature of his Majesty King Leopold of Belgium is well illustrated by a story which is now being circulated. It seems that more than six years ago, that is in August, 1883, a seaman named Frank Moore deserted from the Red Star steamer "Rhineland" at Philadelphia For this offence he was a few months ago arrested at Antwerp and imprisoned. While he was lying under sentence at Antwerp, a little neice of the prisoner despatched a letter to King Leopold. The little girl, whose name is Bessie Keim, wrote from Philadelphia beseeching the release of her Uncle Frank. The little supplicant told her story very childishly but pathetically, saying how six years ago her auntie was dying; and that her only prayer was that she might live to see her brother Frank. The letter which the uncle received was shown to the captain of the steamer, who was asked to give the seaman permission to go and see his sister. This the captain refused, and then the uncle deserted. Little Bessie, after reciting the circumstances, gravely asked, "Your Majesty, if you had been in his place would not you have done the same?" and concluded with "Hoping you will pardon Uncle Frank for deserting, and me for writing." The letter had the desired effect, and Bessie received a reply from a high Government official, saying the uncle had been released "out of compliment to his Majesty's little friend."

A PRETENDED HUSBAND.

French thieves seem possessed of a fertile invention. The other day, says a French paper, a lady went into a store, in Paris, and bought a pearl-gray silk dress. The shopman had noticed a tolerably well-dressed man standing at the door after the arrival of the lady, and seeming to watch all her movements. Stepping up to the cashier's desk, the lady drew a bank note from her purse. At that moment the man outside rushed into the shop, gave the lady a box on the ear, and tore the note out of her hands. "I had forbidden you to buy that dress," cried he; but I watched you, and you shall not have it."

With these words he hastened away, the lady fainted, and the persons employed in the shop, supposing the intruder to be an offended husband, made no remark, and let him go. When the lady recovered, the proprietor of the establishment expressed his regret at this violent scene, and pitied her for being dependent on so brutal a husband. "My husband!" cried the lady, eagerly; "sir, that man is not my husband; I do not know him, and have never seen him." The pretended husband was a daring thief.

WIT AND HUMOR.

"Biddy," said a lady to her servant, "I wish you would step over and see how old Mrs. Jones is this morning." In a few minutes Biddy returned with the information that Mrs. Jones was just seventy-two years, seven months, and two days old.

A gentleman, on being asked what he had for dinner, replied: A lean wife roasted, and the ruin of a man for sauce." What did his dinner consist of? Of course you give it up and here's the answer—a hare rib and apple-sauce.

The measure of his devotion.—A young lady who lately received a bouquet of roses was somewhat amused to find the donor's visiting card attached to it, and written on the wrong side these words: "Not to exceed $2."

When a cow-boy, in telling a story, says "I herd" so and so, do not think his grammar is at fault, for he may be referring to his work of herding cattle; or, if you do think his syntax is false, don't say so in his hearing.

One of the hardest things to accomplish is to waken a man in a railroad car who is occupying two seats.

Which is the most moral of musical instruments? The piano, because it is grand, upright and square.

"Industry must prosper," as the husband said when holding the baby while his wife chopped wood.

In cold northern countries, by a wise provision of nature, the mountains are clad in firs.

When is a man obliged to keep his word? —When no one will take it.

The women who captures a good husband gets a real air prize.

The lowest estimate of the population of Africa declares that vast continent at present to contain 200,000,000 souls.

THREESCORE AND TEN.

Threescore and ten! How the tide rolls on,
Nearing the limitless sea:
Bearing the voyager over Life's flood
To boundless Eternity;
On through Childhood's sunny hours,
On through Youth with its golden dowers,
On through Manhood's ripened powers,
Till Age appears
With its crown of years:
And the time-worn mariner, sighing for rest,
Anchors at last in the port of the Blest.

Threescore and ten! How the rolling years
Are checkered with sunshine and shade!
The calm chased away by the pitiless storm;
Earth's joy into sorrow must fade!
Spring with its bloom and perfume sped;
Fruit-laden summer quickly fled;
Then autumn came with heavy tread.
Bowed with the load
Of treasured food;
And then stern winter, with frosty breath,
Throws over the fields the pall of death.

Threescore and ten! And if we shall reach
The bound that to life is thus set,
How few of the comrades of early years
Around us will linger yet!
Fathers and mothers—their journey is o'er,
Brothers and sisters—they greet us no more
Our loved ones stand thronging the further shore.
They beckon us on;
They point to the crown;
And there with longing hearts they wait,
To lead us through the pearly gate.

Threescore and ten! And the snows of years
Are resting upon the brow;
And as backward we glance o'er the way we have trod,
Before God our Father we bow;
And we bring to him our grateful praise,
Whose mercies have crowded us through all our days;
And we that fervently pray Life's setting rays,
Through love divine,
May cloudless shine
Till they melt away in the purer light,
Illuming the land which knows no night.

—*Rev. D. D. T. McLaughlin.*

A BOIL ON THE BACK OF THE NECK.

Each heart has its moments of pleasure and pain
That follow the ebb and the flow;
Each soul has its portion of sunshine and rain,
Hope dawnings and sunsets of woe,
But there're few other evils to which flesh is heir
That with sorrow our joy can so fleck,
And fill our whole being with so much despair,
As a boil on the back of the neck.

A man's wife may tell him in tones low and sweet
Her mother is coming to stay,
He may tread a banana peel down in the street,
And swear in a dignified way.
Somebody may walk on his favorite corn,
He may foolishly cash a bride check,
But the one thing that makes him regret he was born,
Is a boil on the back of the neck.

The brooklet e'en sings in a sad undertone,
The skies are all clouded with care,
And nature's voice echoes a saddening moan,
The breezes are freighted with care,
The future is naught but a desert of night,
The present a miserable wreck,
Without even just one faint spark of delight,
For the man with a boil on his neck.

JEREMIAH ASKS QUESTIONS.

Jeremiah (thoughtfully)—Say, pa, if I tell Willie Smith to tell Tom Hooker to tell Jack Moore that he kin kill my little dogs, would it be right for me to tell p'lice and get Jack in jail?"

Rev. Dr. Elijah Duncan, taking a long view of his hopeful over the rim of his gold spectacles,—"Jeremiah, I have always encouraged you to ask questions and thus gain knowledge, but I have never been guilty of encouraging you in asking foolish ones. But in order to show your responsibility I will inform you, Jeremiah, that of the four that were involved in the killing of dogs, you were the greatest criminal. Now don't ask any questions."

Silence for ten minutes.

"Pa?"

"Yes, yes, what is it now."

"Kin Jack Jones, the s'loon-keeper, jine your church?"

"Most decidedly not!"

"Why, pa?"

"Why? because he is engaged in the diabolical business of making drunkards; of turning the home of peace and comfort into a hell; taking the bread out of the mouths and the shoes from off the feet of mothers and children; filling the jails, poor-houses and insane asylums, with its victims. No, Jeremiah, no saloon-keeper could join my church for the whole world.

"Well, pa, why do people 'low him to sell whiskey, then?"

"For the reason that he has a license to carry on the hellish business."

"Who gave him the license, pa?"

"Judge Lee."

"Isn't Judge Lee a member of your church, pa?"

"Yes, he is; and is one of the finest and truest of Christian men."

"If he is such a good man, how could he give a license to Jones to sell whiskey?"

"Judge Lee is not responsible for the law which compels him to give license, Jeremiah."

"Who makes the law?"

"The Legislature."

"What is a Legis—Legis—Le—?"

"The Legislature is composed of men elected by the people to make laws for the people. Senator Smith of our church is one of the law makers."

"Did you vote for him, pa?"

"Yes sir, I consider it a great honor to belong to the Jeffersonian Democracy."

"Does Senator Smith?"

"Yes he does."

"Judge Lee, too?"

"Yes."

"Jack Jones?"

"Yes, yes! But see here, dry up with your questions."

Another long pause.

Jeremiah thoughtfully: "Pa, if I was to blame most for killing the dogs, ain't you to blame, too, for voting for Senator Smith to make law that compels Judge Lee to give a license to Jack Jones to engage in a diabolical business of selling whiskey? And since you and the Senator and the Judge belong to the church, why can't Jack Jones jine too? Ain't he doing just what you all voted he kin do?—Deacon Giles is right, pa; the man who votes so that license hangs on to the vote like lanterns to a kite-tail is worser than the s'loon-keeper——"

"Shut right up. Sir!!! Never let me hear you alluding to this subject again. A boy of your age should never talk about things he cannot understand. Prepare for bed, and you can thank yourself that your father is a Christian man."—*Ex.*

Run not into debt, either for wares sold or money borrowed; be content to want things that are not of absolute necessity rather than to run up the score. Such a man pays at the later end a third part more than the principal comes to, and is in perpetual servitude to his creditors, lives uncomfortably, is necessitated to increase his debts to stop his creditors' mouths, and many times falls into desperate courses.