The Acton Free Press.

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The Acton Free Press.

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Editor and Proprietor.

Business Directory.

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Office and residence:—At the head of Frederick street Acton.

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

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Visits Acton first and third Tuesdays in each month.
Artificial Teeth a specialty.—Office at Agnew's Hotel, Acton.

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GEORGETOWN, ONTARIO

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Visits Acton at Agnew's Hotel on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month.
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Offices:—Creelman's Block, Georgetown, and Traders' Bank Chambers, 63 Yonge st., Toronto.
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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.
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Send on a trial order and we assure you satisfaction will be the result.
Discount to the trade price lists and particulars on application. Address
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GUELPH,
Day Sells Cheap.

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PAPER MAKERS,
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MAKE A SPECIALTY OF
Machine Finished Book Papers
—AND—
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The paper used in this journal is from the above mills.
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A good pushing Salesman here. First-class pay guaranteed weekly. Commission or salary. Quick selling new Fruits and Specialties. Farmers can get a good paying job for the winter. Write for full terms and particulars.
REED, E. YOUNG, Nurseryman,
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House Painter, Paper Hanger, Sign Writer, Etc,
Is prepared to execute orders in any of the above lines in the best manner and at reasonable terms. Every job having my personal attention I can assure customers complete satisfaction. Graining in all woods a specialty.
Orders left at my residence, Main St. Acton, will receive prompt attention.

Wellington Steam Laundry.
GUELPH.
SHIRTS 10c. COLLARS 2c. CUFFS 2c.
Family Washing without ironing 35c. per doz.
Family Washing with ironing 50c. per doz.
Gentleman's Washing and Repairing 50c. per dozen.
All work guaranteed here 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.
E. HACKNEY, Proprietor.

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.
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YOUNG MEN
And boys starting in life for themselves, or assuming the business of a father or relative and wanting the best preparation to assure success;
YOUNG LADIES
Desiring to qualify themselves for good positions and to make themselves independent for life, in a short time and at a very moderate expense, will find the short, practical course of study at the
Guelph Business College,
GUELPH, ONTARIO,
Just what they need. For terms, etc., address
M. MACCORMICK, Principal.

Hamilton's Marble Works.
HAMILTON'S Block (formerly Hatch's Block) the core, corner of Woolwich and Norfolk streets, Guelph, Ont.
JOHN H. HAMILTON,
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Wholesale and retail dealer and direct importer and manufacturer of all kinds of Granite and Marble Monuments, Tombstones, etc. Having had an extensive experience for the last 16 years, the public may rely on getting all superior articles at a cheaper rate than any other dealer in the West.
N. B.—15 per cent. off on a direct order received for the next 30 days.

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—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.

—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.

The Traders' Bank
OF CANADA.
(Incorporated by Act of Parliament.)
HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO.
CAPITAL AUTHORISED.....$1,000,000
CAPITAL PAID UP.....600,000
GUELPH BRANCH,
Corner of Wyndham and Quebec Streets.
Advances made to farmers on their own notes at the lowest current rate of interest.
Sales' and other notes collected promptly. No charge made if notes are not collected.
SAVINGS BANK DEPARTMENT.
Sums of $1 and upwards received on deposit in this department and interest allowed at the rate of 4 per cent. per annum from date of deposit to date of withdrawal, and credited half-yearly on 31st May and 30th November.
DEPOSIT RECEIPT DEPARTMENT.
Special arrangements can be made for large sums left on deposit for stated periods.
A general banking business transacted. Drafts issued and payable in all parts of Canada, United States and Great Britain.
A. P. H. JONES,
Manager Guelph Branch.

DURING THE FALL
Careful House-Cleaners, Renovaters,
And those who move will generally require
Wall Paper & Window Shades
A full supply of which can at all times be had at lowest prices at
JOHN SMITH'S,
Guelph.

LINOLEUM.
Ex S.S. "Siberian" and "Toronto."
Two large Shipments of the
Finest Scotch
—AND—
English Linoleums
now ready for your inspection.
We import DIRECT, pay the CASH and can sell you RIGHT.
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GUELPH.
Direct Hardware Importers.

Drugs
—AND—
Stationery
School Books.
Exercise Books.
Drawing Books.
Copy Books.
Slates and Pencils.
Pens and Ink.
School Bags, etc.,
—AT—
J. V. KANNAWIN'S
MILL ST., - ACTON.

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 shopworn 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

Poetry.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

This composition was found in Charleston during the war. The closing words of the separate stanzas are to be read downwards:—

Thou to the mercy seat our soul's dost gather
To do our duty unto Thee,
Our Father,

To whom all praise, all honor should be given,
For Thou art the great God
who art in heaven,

Thou, by Thy wisdom, rul'st the world's whole frame
Forever, therefore,
Hallowed be Thy name.

Let never more delays divide us from
Thy glorious grace, but let
Thy kingdom come;

Let Thy commands opposed be by none,
But Thy good pleasure and
Thy will be done;

And let our promptness to obey be even
The very same
on earth as 'tis in heaven,

Then for our souls, O Lord, we also pray
Thou would'st be pleased to
give us this day

The food of life, wherewith our souls are fed,
Sufficient raiment, and
our daily bread.

With every needful thing relieve us,
And of Thy mercy pity
and forgive us

All our misdeeds, for Him who Thou didst please
To make an offering for
our trespasses

And forasmuch, O Lord, as we believe
That Thou wilt pardon us
as we forgive,

Let that love teach, wherewith Thou dost acquaint us,
To pardon all
those who trespass against us;

And though some time Thou find'st we have forgot
This love for Thee, yet help
and lead us not

Through soul or body's want to desperation,
Nor let earth's gain drive us
into temptation;

Let not the soul of any true believer
Fall in the time of trial,
but deliver

Yea, save them from the malice of the devil
And in both life and death keep
us from evil,

Thus we pray, Lord, for that of Thee, from whom
This may be had,
for Thine is the kingdom:

This world is of Thy work, its wondrous story,
To Thee belong
the power and the glory

And all Thy wondrous works have ended never,
But will remain
forever and forever.

Thus we poor creatures would confess again
And thus would say eternally,
Amen.

Select Family Reading.

Marrying an Heiress.

BY ALFRED BLECH.

"Over the hills and far away!" sang young Will Blaisdell, as he urged on his tired mustang with a touch of the spur. "It is 'over the hills!'" he said to himself, "about five miles over the hills. You've got a climb before you, old lady, but there's plenty of barley at the other end, and a good night's rest too, if all goes well. I wonder if the old man will be at home. I suppose the girl will be. If she isn't I've travelled about a hundred miles for nothing." And overcome by the last thought he relapsed into silence.

Will Blaisdell was on the north-west trail out of Prescott, Arizona, on his way to Cucopee Springs. A young physician—he had graduated three years before at Bellevue—he had settled about a year before in Prescott and was doing very well. Four months prior to the time when he started upon his ride to the springs he had, while out on a turkey-hunting expedition, been called suddenly to the station at Cucopee to attend the station keeper, old Sam Quarlls, who had broken his leg. The young doctor had been very successful with the case, and had spent his time while at the station right pleasantly, talking to old Quarll's daughter Mabel. The girl was pretty and ladylike, and what had seemed at first anything but an alluring demand for his services to Dr. Blaisdell, he had found to be as pleasant as any he had ever responded to. He had remained at the station for three weeks, during which time he had had a good opportunity to study old Sam. And of a truth old Sam was as curious a specimen of humanity as one could find in a summer day. Cross-grained and angular, as full of mental prickles as was ever cactus of thorns, he was yet evidently a gentleman, and could, when he chose to, make himself as agreeable as he was, generally speaking, the reverse. To Dr. Blaisdell he took what is called in the West "a shine;" and the two used to talk for hours as the old man lay in bed and his physician sat alongside.

Very charming talk it was, too, to the younger man—full of and shrewd bits of wisdom gathered from experience. What induced such a man as Sam Quarlls to bury himself and his pretty daughter—for Mabel was about eighteen—in such a place as Cucopee Springs, used to occupy a good deal of Dr. Blaisdell's thought.

This somewhat long explanation is given to the reader somewhat in the spirit of the order on board a man-of-war: "Clear the decks for action." The decks of the story having then been cleared, I can go on with it. But while I have been telling how Dr. Blaisdell met Sam Quarlls the former has ridden over the hills he sang about, and is now within sight of the station itself. A long, low, one-story house, built of *adobe*, or sun-dried clay bricks, a *corral*, in which there are half a dozen mules and horses, a single cottonwood tree marking the place where the spring is, after which the station is named, and which is the cause of its existence, are spread out before him on the right-hand side of the road. As he rides up, a couple of tall, gaunt dogs, of the kind called in the West "yaller," and which are probably the ugliest of the canine race, rose from where they were lying in the sun and ran barking towards him.

"Quiet, Bose! Down, Jim!" said the doctor, as he drew his weary mustang to a most willing halt beside the porch and dismounted, throwing his bridle rein over a hitching peg. As he spoke a very pretty girl appeared at the door.

"Why, Doctor Blaisdell, how do you do? I'm very glad to see you."

"Ah, Miss Mabel, I'm glad to see you. Where's your father?"

"He's gone up the *canon*, but I expect him back every minute. When did you leave Prescott?"

"This morning, about two. I rode until eleven, and then camped at Halfway Hole about three hours. And how have you been?"

"Very well, indeed. But come in the house. Or will you sit out here on the porch?"

"I must look after my horse. She seems pretty well tired out by her long trip. Where's the barley, Miss Mabel?"

"I'll get some for you."

"No, I'll get it myself;" and taking a bucket of it the doctor walked down to the spring and proceeded to fill the bucket with water to soak the grain. He washed his hands and face, somewhat sore from from the long ride in the broiling sun, and while he was doing so was suddenly accosted by a large man clad in a brown jean suit.

"Why, Doctor, where did you drop from?"

"Glad to see you, Mr. Quarlls. I'll shake hands as soon as I get this soap off. I came from Prescott this morning."

"What brought you here? Are you going to Frisco?"

"No. The fact of the matter is, although there's no need to tell your daughter, that they have heard at the fort that there are serious fears of a Huallupai rising. If they break out they will probably be joined by the Mojuves from the river and the Tonto Mojaves from below. I heard the news yesterday, and I made up my mind to come over here. It's pretty serious, I think."

"Waal, now, Doc., I call that square in you. I guess, though, that the old house'll stand any attack the redskins kin make, although I'm none the less obliged to you."

"But Mabel, your daughter?"

"She's weathered out more'n one storm along o' me, and I guess she won't faze. But come in the house now, and get some supper."

The two men walked to the house, and going inside, found Mabel standing by the table waiting for them. A very good meal was spread out, and being hungry they did full justice to it. After supper Sam said to the doctor, as they stood on the porch together, the girl being inside the house:

"Look yer, Doc.: I've bin thinking about what you said, and I'm going to take some animals up to the little corral to-night."

"The little corral?"

"Yes. You see that bluff," pointing as he spoke to one about three hundred feet high, which was within a hundred feet of the house. "On top of that there is a corral, and I've got a way of getting there with no man seeing me. But just now there's no animals up there, and I guess I'll take some round. You stay here till I come back."

The old man took three mules from the corral, and, riding one of them, went up the canon. Mabel and the doctor sat upon the porch and talked to each other, as the short twilight of the south rapidly faded into the dark gray of night. They had sat there about an hour, when suddenly old Quarlls appeared coming out of the house.

"Say, you folks, it's about nine o'clock, and I reckon we'll all go to bed. Come along o' me, Doc., and I'll show you where you're to sleep."

Bidding Mabel good-night, the doctor did as he was told, and was soon in as sound a sleep as he ever was in his life, stretched out on the floor.

He never knew how long he slept. When he waked up, there was old Quarlls kneeling beside him on the floor and shaking him. As he opened his eyes, the old man said to him:

"Wake up, Doc. Th' Reds has come, after all."

In an instant, Blaisdell was on his feet, and Quarlls continued:

"I hearn' the dogs barkin' some time ago an' got up. Then I peeped out, and see by the moonlight the Injuns stampeedin' the stock outer the corral. Then I come for you."

The two men went to the door and peeped out through the holes cut for the rifles. In a few minutes they saw half a dozen Indians separate from the main band and come towards the house. Old Quarlls raised his rifle, and putting it through one of the holes, fired. Two Indians dropped, and the rest, with a yell, retreated.

"Doctor, you must take that end of the house, and I'll take this. Mabel," continued the old man to the girl, who had just entered the room, "you get the extra rifles out, and give Doc. a lot of cartridges. Bring some to me. It's an Injun raid."

The girl, without a word, left the room, and the doctor took up his position at the window on the right; while Old Sam went into the next room on the left.

As Dr. Blaisdell stood there waiting for a sight of the Indians, and thought of the peril they were all in, he made one of the most important discoveries of his life. He found that he loved the girl he was there to protect—a thing which he had not known before. He was conscious of a great wave of tenderness rushing over his heart, and with it a savage feeling that he would die fighting before she should fall into the hands of the savages.

When Mabel came into the room, carrying the rifle and ammunition, she said to him:

"Is there very much danger?"

"I hope not, Mabel."

"I knew a woman once—oh! promise me that you will kill me before they capture me!" and she clasped her hands around his arm.

The doctor put his arm about her waist and drew her to him.

"Mabel, my darling, I promise. I promise because I love you—love you with all my heart."

The girl's head sank on his shoulder as she looked shyly down.

"Sweet one, do you love me? Look at me one moment, Mabel."

The girl looked up, and said:

"I am not frightened now, Will."

Bending down to her, Will Blaisdell kissed Mabel Quarlls in a solemn way that was almost like a blessing; then he held her tight for a few seconds. It was their betrothal.

"I must go, Will," she said, looking at him quietly.

With one more kiss he released her, and turned to his post of observation. At that moment he saw, shooting out of the greasewood bushes, an arrow, having upon it a lighted band of dry bunch-grass. A moment afterwards a yell from the Indians showed that it had stuck in the thatched roof. As the arrow rose out of the bushes Old Sam fired; and the yell of triumph when the arrow struck was broken by one of anguish that told that the bullet had found a mark.

The fire arrows began to fly thickly, some sticking, and some falling short. The rifles of the two men spoke loudly, and generally with effect, judging from the cries. But those of the Indians were not silent. They had fired from time to time, and their bullets striking the *adobe* bricks of the heavy wooden shutters and doors, had been wasted. Dr. Blaisdell was just loading again, when he heard his name called by Mabel. Going into the other room, he found the girl supporting her father, out of whose breast the deep red tide flowing from a bullet hole showed that the old man had not long to live.

"Guess I'm beyond patching this time, Doc., said the old man, with a grim smile, as Blaisdell knelt down beside him. "The roof's on fire, and it's 'bout time to quit. Mabel knows the trap-door. Take care of her. She's rich. She knows where it's hid. Swear you will take care of her," repeated the dying man, with startling emphasis, as he seized the young man's arm.

"Mabel will be my wife, please God, if we get out of this alive."

The old man smiled, looked, at his daughter with intense affection, and sank back dead.

Carefully examining the body for a moment, Blaisdell rose, and lifting the weeping girl, said: "It's all over, Mabel." Giving her a moment or two for her sorrow, he asked: "Where is the trap he spoke of?"

Mabel sank on her knees beside the body, and kissed her father's dead face passionately. Then rising, she took her lover's hand and led him into her father's room. Opening a cupboard, she showed him a trap-door, which, when he had raised it, was seen to cover a tunnel. Descending into this by a ladder, and shutting the trap after them, the two made their way along the tunnel until they reached what seemed to be the foot of a cleft in the rock. Here was a ladder, up which the girl climbed, followed by the doctor. Reaching the top of it, they found another resting on a little shelf of a rock. Up this and two others they went, to emerge at the top of the bluff."

"He dug the tunnel and put the ladders in long ago," said Mabel, with a sob.

Blaisdell kissed her, and led her to the corral before them, where were the three animals Old Sam had placed there the evening before.

Mounting Mabel upon one of them, Blaisdell got on the other, and directed their way along the mountain trail. They did not talk much, although a word from him every now and then showed her how much his sympathies were excited. The next day they reached Prescott, where they were married.

Some four months afterwards—the Indian raid having been put an end to by the troops—Mabel said to her husband one day:

"Will, why don't you go and get the dust?"

"What dust, sweet one?"

"Why, father had a lot of gold dust hidden in the tunnel. He used to get it up the canon."

"How much of it is there, Mabel?"

"I don't know, dear; but I think we had better go and see."

When they arrived at the old house, or rather, its ruins, Blaisdell found that to get into the tunnel there was a great deal of stuff to be cleared away. Succeeding at last, he and his wife descended the ladder, and about half way came to a stone, which she told him to raise up. Under it there were a lot of bags filled with gold dust. Blaisdell was amazed at the amount, and Mabel herself said she had no idea there was so much. When carried to Prescott the dust was found to be worth over $150,000.

"When your father said to me: 'She's rich,' Mabel, I thought he meant you were a treasure in yourself."

"Are you sorry to find I was an heiress, Will?"

"No, I am not. Money's always good if it's got honestly."

"Which is worth most, the money or me, Will?" said Mrs. Blaisdell, with a happy smile.

"Do you suppose I am going to flatter your vanity by answering that question?" said her husband, as he kissed her. "You are getting to rain now."

A TRAVELER THINKS WOMEN ARE QUEER.

There were four passengers of us who got off at a country junction to wait two hours for the train on the other line—two men and two women. None of us had ever seen each other before. The station was a little better than a barn, with no houses nearer than a quarter of a mile. The woman gave each other a look and entered the waiting room, where they sat down as far as possible apart.

"Well, old boy," remarked the strange man to me, "Have a smoke?"

"You bet."

And in five minutes we were well acquainted. He didn't take me for a thief, and I never suspected him of murder, and the two hours went by in a hurry.

Not so in the depot, however. For the first half hour the two women glared at each other. Neither would speak first. Each was afraid of the other. One looked out into a turnip field and the other into a swamp. Now and then one or the other mustered up courage to approach the door and look out, but always returned to her seat again. Only one had a watch. She consulted it every five minutes, but the other did not dare to ask what time it was. As an offset, however, a wooden pail, half full near her, and though the other woman was dying for a drink she dared not go over to the pail. One had a novel and the other had a bundle of shells and curiosities and, they could have chatted and visited and read and had a good time. But they dared not. They had not been introduced. What an awful, awful thing if they had spoken and acted civilized, and then one had found out that the other was only a hired girl.

GIFTS THAT CHILDREN CAN MAKE.

Penwipers and bookmarks are very pretty and can be made by children. For a penwiper take three or four small oval pieces of chamois skin. "Extracts from the pen of ——" can be marked on the top layer with a colored pencil. Put a bow of ribbon where the layers are fastened together, and through this bow put a quill cut in the shape of a pen. When finished it is odd but pretty.

Sand rolls are very useful to lay across a table, also on a piano to keep a book open while one is playing from it. A small roll can be made of plush, silk or woollen, with some design painted or embroidered on it. If you use plush, take a piece nine inches long and four and one-half inches wide. Stitch it up lengthwise, gather up one end, make a bag filled with sand, slip inside the plush, gather up the end and finish with a ball tassel at both ends.

A BOY'S ESSAY ON GIRLS.

Girls is great on making bleeve. She will make bleeve a dol is a live baby. She will make bleeve she is orfull sweet on another girl or a feller, if they come to see her, and when they are gone she will say, "Horrid old thing."

Girls is always fooling a feller. She can't lick yer, so she gets the best of yer that way.

If you don't do what a girl tells yer, she says yer horrid. I'drather be horrid than be soft. If you do what a girl tells yer, you will do all sorts of foolish things.

Girls can be good in school every day if they feel like it. I shud think they would git tired and have to do sum thing wonse in a while; I know a feller does. Girls say fellers acts orfull, but when a girl gets a going it she acts orfler than any feller durst. They don't care for nothing.

If a girls wants a feller to carry her books home, she ain't satisfied unless she gits the rome feller the other girls want, wether she likes him or not.

Girls is grate on having secrets. I mean telling secrets. They make a secret out of nothing at all, and then tell it all round to all the other girls, orful quiet, just as if it was sumthing dredful.

Girls always git their gossperfry lessons better than a feller, but if they are going anywhere they are sure to git lost.

If two fellers has a fite, the girls all go for the feller that licks, no matter whether he is good for anything else or not.

If a girl don't feel like doing a thing, you can't make her, no matter whether she had orter or not. If she won't she won't, and she will get out of it somehow. That is all I know about girls this time.—*Metropolitan.*

ELECTRICAL PROGRESS.

Quebec is to have 1000 electric lights.

Chattanooga has 572 telephones in use.

Lenox is to try the electric light next season.

Vienna has put electric lights into its palaces.

Memphis has kicked out the street car mule for electricity.

An electrical gyroscope has been devised in paris and applied to show the rotation of the earth and to correct ships' compasses.

Electrical mining apparatus and the magnetic treatment of iron ores are exciting no small degree of interest among mining engineers.

An iron elevated rail road, much like the New York pattern, six miles long, is now in construction in Liverpool. The cars are to be operated by electricity.

An electric welding machine for making chain cables is among the latest applications of electric welding. It has been found possible to weld two links at the same time.

The *Electrical Review* is led to exclaim:—"Seven hundred million dollars added to the wealth of the country by means of electricity and nineteen-twentieths of this in the last ten years! Just think of it!"

Miss Percy Goodyear, daughter of the late M. W. Goodyear, was struck by lightning recently. In relating her sensations Miss Goodyear said that without any preliminary warning she felt suddenly as if submerged in roaring waters and with the sound of a cataract in her ears. Her next memory was when consciousness returned.

THE IDEAL SANITARY HOUSE.

The picture of the ideal sanitary house is a pleasing one. The house will stand facing the sun on a dry soil, in a wide, clean, amply sewered, substantially paved street over a deep thoroughly ventilated and and lighted cellar. The floor of the cellar will be cemented, the walls and ceiling thickly plastered and white-washed with lime every year, that the house may not act as a chimney to draw into its chambers micro-organisms from the earth. Doors and windows will be generous in size, so as to admit of plenty of air. The outside walls, if of wood or brick, will be kept thickly painted not to shut out the air, but for the sake of dryness.

The inside walls will be plastered smooth painted and varnished. Interior wood work including floors will be varnished. Movable rugs, which can be shaken daily in the open air—not at the doors or out of the windows—will cover the floors. White linen shades, which must be clean or they become unsightly, will protect the windows. The furniture will be plain without upholstery. Mattresses will be covered with oiled silk; blankets sheets and spreads,—no comforts or quilts—will constitute the bedding There will be as little plumbing as possible, and what there is will be exposed. The hot air furnace which heats the rooms will take its supply from above the top of the house instead of the cellar, and, we are told, the "spring" cleaning will be twice a year.

HOW TO MAKE DOLLS.

A whole family of dolls may be made in a few moments from sticks of pine wood; make hair, eyes, nose and mouth with ink, and dress in calico aprons or towels. Wooden building or alphabet blocks may be sawed from a thick box, cover, and large letters cut from newspapers or posters and pasted on them. A cart can be contrived (if one does not wish to buy or is far from the store) from a wooden box answering for the body, two round wheels being cut from the cover, while the "axle" and "pole" can easily be envolved from an old broom-handle. The button box, too, holds a wealth of treasure for the little ones; they will often spend hours assorting or stringing them. Transparent slates are always another source of pleasure, and by saving pictures of uniform size and purchasing a small piece of ground glass a home made one can be produced which will give just as much satisfaction as the "boughten" ones. The little ones can also be taught to make picture scrapbooks for themselves and their small friends from newspaper prints.

Why Oppose Whiskey?

As a Christian minister I oppose drink because it opposes me. The work I try to do, it undoes. My charge against it is single and simple. It is an obstacle to the spread of the gospel. Nay, it is an enemy which assails the gospel, and whose complete success would drive the gospel from the earth. There is not a sinner on the face of the earth so unlikely to be savingly affected by the influence of the gospel as the habitual drunkard. The salvation of a thorough drunkard is one of the mightiest miracles of almighty grace.—*Bishop Fox.*

Leading authorities say the only proper way to treat catarrh is to take a constitutional remedy, like Hood's Sarsaparilla.

AT A BOSTON RESTAURANT.

It is the pretty waiter girl—
She's one among a score;
And 'tis not that I love them less,
But oh, I love her more!
Down to the festive board I sit;
She stands behind my chair;
I catch the slight suggestive cough
That tells me she is there.

My pretty, pretty, waiter girl!
She hath a pleasant voice,
Of chops and steaks, of fish and fowl,
She biddeth me make choice.
I ponder on my little joke
While fingering the menu;
Then: "If I were to order duck,
I might, perhaps, get you."

Her eyes are on the table cloth;
Their glance, it is severe—
"Or, should I call for venison,
'Twere you again, my dear."
She wears the lofty look of one
Who searcheth the top shelf;
"Pray, do not ask for goose," she said,
"For you might get—yourself."

—*Boston Courier.*

THEY'VE GOT HOME

And This is a Sample of the Way in Which They Entertain Each Other.

"Why, is that you?" cries the first woman as they meet on the street.

"And is that you?"

"Just got home?"

"Yes."

"So'd I. Have a good time?"

"Beautiful!"

"So'd I. Splendid time. What'd you see?"

"Everything."

"So'd I. Gain any?"

"Five pounds."

"So'd I. Baby sick?"

"Yes."

"So was mine. Have any mosquitoes?"

"Lots."

"So'd I. Hate to come home?"

"Yes."

"So'd I. Make lots of friends?"

"Yes."

"So'd I. I just cried when I left. Did your trunks get smashed?"

"Yes."

"So'd mine. Isn't it horrid? Did your dresses wrinkle?"

"Awfully."

"So'd mine. Got a girl yet?"

"No."

"Neither have I. Isn't it dreadful? Well, good bye."

"Good-bye."—Detroit *Free Press.*

SHOWING CALIFORNIA.

Mr. E. W. Keeler, of San Francisco has devised a plan for California's contribution to the World's Exposition in the novel feature of an enormous elliptical panorama. This is about his description of it. Extending from end to end will be a series of mountains formed of rocks and soil and partly covered with shrubs. Skirting this diminutive mountain chain will be an elevated railroad, 20 feet from the ground, permitting visitors to view from the cars the paintings of California landscapes on the walls, as they are passed in succession. The elevated track will be reached by cars gradually ascending through a tunnel at one end. In this tunnel, mining operations can be shown. When the tunnel has been passed, Oakland, Alameda, San Francisco, Mount Tamalpais, and the Golden Gate will first appear. The cars will pass through the body of one of the "big trees."

At appropriate points men will be seen gathering fruit and engaged in other principal industries of the State. Under all this will be a vast inclosure capable of holding 40,000 people for concerts or protection in case of rain. The series of paintings will be about 1800 feet in circumference.

WHAT MOUSTACHES TELL.

There is great deal of character in the moustache. As the form of the upper lip and the regions about have largely to do with the feelings, pride, self reliance, manliness, vanity and other qualities that give self control, the moustache is more particularly connected with the expression of those qualities or the reverse.

When the moustache is ragged, and, as it were, flying hither and thither, there is a lack of proper self control. When it is straight and orderly the reverse is the case other things, of course, taken into account.

If there is a tendency to curl at the outer ends of the moustache there is a tendency to ambition, vanity or display. When the curl upward there is a geniality combined with a love of approbation; when the inclination is downward there is a more sedate turn of mind, not unaccompanied with gloom.

It is worthy of remark that good natured men will, in playing with the moustache, invariably give it an upward inclination, whereas cross grained or morose men will pull it obliquely downward.—*Northwest Magazine.*

THE PLAY CORNER.

In the summer every out, as a rule, has some time to devote to amusement, and for the benefit of those young people who like to entertain others as well as themselves, Dame Durden heartily recommends these three charades as being particularly easy as well as bright:

I. Let several of the youngsters lie down on the floor quite near each other. Cover them with a sheet. When the door is opened, or the curtain drawn, let them begin to snore, and the audience will be some time in guessing that this is Sheet Music.

II. A lady dressed in gray enters the room, takes up some article of food and begins eating. In gra-ti-ate.

III. A young lady enters with a mitt on one hand, looks diligently round for the mate, finds it, and puts it on with an air of satisfaction. She passes out, and another party enters in long coat and staff, on which he leans; a hat with a slouching brim and a long beard of white wool or horse hair complete the costume. That answer is Her-mit.—*Churchman.*

HOME WITHOUT A MOTHER.

The room's in disorder,
The cat's on the table,
The flower-stand upset, and the mischief to pay;
And Johnny is screaming
As loud as he's able,
For nothing goes right when mamma's away.

What a scene of discomfort and confusion home would be if mamma did not return. If your wife is slowly breaking down, from a combination of domestic cares and female disorders, make it your first business to restore her health. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is without a peer as a remedy for feeble and debilitated women, and is the only medicine for the class of maladies known as female diseases which is sold under a positive guarantee from the manufacturers that it will give satisfaction or the money will be refunded. It is a positive cure for the most complicated cases of womb troubles.