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The Acton Free Press.

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H. P. MOORE,
Editor and Proprietor.

Business Directory.

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

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

J. P. MARSHALL, M.D.S., D.D.S., L.D.S
Dentist.
Will be at Clark's Hotel every Friday

J. & D. STIRTON, DENTISTS.
OFFICE—Matthews' Block, next Post Office, Acton.
Office open every day and the very latest methods in dentistry practiced.
J. STIRTON, D.D.S. D. STIRTON, L.D.S.

McLEAN & McLEAN
Barristers, Solicitors, Notaries, Conveyancers &c. Private funds to loan.
Office:—Town Hall, Acton.
WM. A. McLEAN. JNO. A. McLEAN.

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BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, NOTARY PUBLIC.
Money to Loan.
OFFICE DAYS—Tuesday and Saturday.
OFFICE:—Kannawin's Block, Acton, up-stairs

SHILTON, WALLBRIDGE & STONE,
Barristers, Solicitors, &c.
TORONTO AND GEORGETOWN.
Offices:—Creelman's Block, Georgetown; and Traders' Bank Chambers, 63 Yonge st., Toronto.
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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,
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FRANCIS NUNAN
(Successor to T. F. Chapman)
BOOKBINDER.
St. George's Square, Guelph, Ontario
Account Books of all kind 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.

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.
If you want to make money, take hold and sell our choice Nursery stock. Now is the time, write us at once for terms.
MAY BROTHERS, Nurserymen,
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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

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.

S. M. COOK & CO.,
GEORGETOWN,
Licensed Auctioneers, Appraisers, Valuators, Collectors, Real Estate and General Land Agents.
—FOR THE COUNTIES OF—
Halton, Peel, Wellington, Simcoe, Y and Ontario.
Money to loan from $100 up at six per cent.
Parties placing their sales or other business in our hands will have the same promptly attended to at moderate charges.
OFFICE AND SALES ROOMS:—Mill St., Georgetown; or address Box 186, S. M. Cook & Co., Auctioneers.
BRANCH OFFICE:—31 Queen St., East, Toronto.
S. M. COOK & CO., Auctioneers,
Georgetown and Toronto.

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At less than half price at
DAY'S BOOKSTORE.
Owing to the break of the American Wall Paper Association, I am selling common Papers at half price, and Gilt Papers from 60 to 70 per cent. below the usual price.
Elegant 20c. Papers at 10c.
Elegant 30c. Papers at 15c.
Gold $1.00 Papers at 25c., 30c. and 35c.
Border and Ceiling stock to match all our Papers.
We have ten times the largest stock, the newest styles and softest colorings.
We give you the lowest prices and best assortment at
DAY'S - - - BOOKSTORE.
GUELPH.
DAY + SELLS + CHEAP.

Bank of Montreal
CAPITAL - $12,000,000
REST - - 6,000,000
A SAVINGS DEPARTMENT
Has been opened in connection with this Branch.
Interest Allowed at Current Rates.
JAS. H. FINLAY,
Manager GUELPH BRANCH.

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.

STEEL ENGRAVINGS.
Proof Etchings, Colored Pictures, Room and Picture Mouldings.
IVORY OAK FRAMES SILVER GILT
ARTISTS' MATERIALS.
A full stock of Winsor & Newton's Flake White.
Double Tubes, Brushes, &c.
8 x 10 Deep Photo Frames, complete [illegible]
5 Feet Cornice Pole, Brass Fittings, [illegible]
Our Wall papers
Are said to be the best selected in the city
WATERS BROS.
ESTABLISHED 1877.
ST. GEORGE'S SQUARE, - GUELPH.

Guelph Business College,
GUELPH, ONTARIO.
YOUNG MEN AND WOMEN educated for successful business, taught how to earn a living, make money, and become enterprising, useful citizens.
ACTUAL BUSINESS, both in theory and practice, giving daily experience in Merchandising, Banking and Office Work, a feature of our course of training.
SHORTHAND AND TYPEWRITING—the best field for educated young ladies. Students wishing to become shorthand writers are thoroughly drilled in Business Correspondence. Those wishing to become general verbatim reporters are given special advantages afforded by no other school in this country.
PENMANSHIP for business, drawing and ornamental work, taught by two expert penmen, of long teaching experience.
THE FRENCH LANGUAGE is taught by the latest development of the "Natural Method," and with remarkable results.
For circulars and terms, address
M. MacCORMICK, Principal.

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.

—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 6:15 p. m.
Careful attention given to every order
The wants of Commercial Travellers fully met.
JOHN WILLIAMS.

Wellington Mutual
FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY,
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.

Hamilton's Marble Works.
HAMILTON's Block (formerly Hatch's Block), the gore, corner of Woolwich and Norfolk streets, Guelph, Ont.
JOHN H. HAMILTON,
Proprietor,
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 less figure than any other dealer in the West.
N. B.—15 per cent. off on a direct order received for the next 30 days.

PICKET WIRE FENCING
Is a combination of pickets and wire combined, making it inseparable, durable and the most perfect fence on earth. It destroys no ground whatever, and if beauty be considered an advantage, it is the neatest and handsomest fence made. Don't invest your money in a board fence when you can save nearly one-half and then have a better fence at the end. Just try it and if not satisfactory send it back and we will pay freight both ways. We mean what we say and are ready to stand the consequences.
Price lists on application.
J. M. DOOLEY & CO.
Guelph, Ont.

The Traders' Bank
OF CANADA.
(Incorporated by Act of Parliament.)
HEAD OFFICE, - TORONTO
CAPITAL AUTHORIZED $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 for collecting.
Four per cent. interest paid on daily balances of sums of $1 and upwards deposited in the Savings Bank Department and compounded every six months.
Special arrangements can be made for sums deposited in the Deposit Receipt Department for stated periods. Drafts issued and payable in all parts of Canada, United States and Great Britain at very low rates.
A general banking business transacted.
A. F. H. JONES,
Manager Guelph Branch.
Guelph, December, 1890.

SEASON 1891.
Binder Twine
BEST BRANDS.
"Silver Composite,"
"Crown."
"Red Cap,"
"Blue Ribbon."
BOTTOM WHOLESALE PRICES ON APPLICATION.
JOHN M. BOND & CO.
GUELPH.

GOOD FRESH
Turnip Seed.
SWEDES - - 10 cents per lb.
GREYSTONES - - 12 cents per lb.
A prize will be given at our Fall Show for the best turnips grown from seed purchased at the
DRUG STORE.
J. V. Kannawin,
MILL STREET, - ACTON.

GRINDELL'S
MACHINE & REPAIR SHOP
In addition to machinery repairing I am now prepared to do
HORSE SHOEING &
General Blacksmithing.
In a most satisfactory manner. Woodwork repairs also made.
Careful attention given to all work brought in.
Any machine or implement by whomsoever manufactured will be repaired in a workmanlike manner.
Plow and machinery repairs constantly on hand.
HENRY GRINDELL.

- - SEASON--1891 - -
WHILE returning thanks to our many patrons for their liberal support in the past, we wish to inform you that we have entered into an arrangement with R. Stewart, Guelph, to keep constantly on hand a full stock of the ordinary sizes of
Sash, Doors, Etc.
and will also supply any special sizes on short notice at Guelph prices.
Frames of All Kinds
made to order. We also keep in stock a line of Base, Window and Door Casing, Corner Blocks, &c.
Your Lumber Dressed While You Wait.
Price—$1.50 per M.
PUMPS
Being better able than heretofore we will supply either wood or iron pumps promptly. All work guaranteed satisfactory.
Please call and inspect before purchasing elsewhere.
THOS. EBBAGE, Manager

Dr. A. Wilford Hall's
HEALTH PAMPHLET.
Disease Cured Without Medicine.
Jas. Matthews, Acton,
Has been appointed agent for the circulation of Dr. Hall's celebrated Health Pamphlet, which he keeps on hand. The Pamphlet claims by the treatment it advises sure cure for disease without medicine. The price for the Pamphlet is Four Dollars, and a guarantee is given that if the purchaser is not satisfied after putting the treatment into conscientious practice for one month to refund the money on the return of the Pamphlet with a pledge never again to use the treatment or allow it to be used in his family.
The Wilford Hall treatment without medicine for the value received from the use of this treatment, please enquire of any of the following parties:—

ACTON: Rev. Dr. Gifford, Rev. R. B. Cook, G. Mulholland, Mrs. G. Mulholland, John Harvey, Mrs. John Harvey, William Hemstreet, T. C. Moore, Mrs. T. C. Moore, James Matthews, Mrs. Jas. Matthews, Wm. Mullen, Robert Moore, Noble McLam, Thomas Cameron, Mrs. T. Cameron, Wm. Gripps.

LIMEHOUSE: James Martin, Mrs. J. Martin, Wm. Lane, Mrs. W. Lane.

Other names will be added weekly.

Poetry.

MY HUSBAND THAT IS TO BE.

Listen unto me, O, fair white moon,
Sailing so calm o'er the blue,
Fair, little new moon, like a silver bow,
You heed their wishes all maidens know,
And I wish for my lover true.

Somewhere in the world, O, lady moon,
My lover is living to-night;
I dream of his blue eyes, true and clear,
The sweet, low tones of his voice I hear
As I dream in the gray twilight.

He may be watching this bright new moon
On her star-attended way;
He may be dreaming, the same as I,
Of the girl who waits in the by-and-by,
To be his wife some day.

You know his wishes, O, lady moon,
For over his home you shine.
O! bear him my love on your silvery beams,
And bring the thought of his earnest dreams
Into this heart of mine.

Calmly sailing, O, silvery moon,
You seem to say: "Be true;
Turn not from your soul's pure love away
For fleeting fancies, and one glad day
Your prince will come to you.

And I must meet him, O pure white moon,
With a heart unstained and free;
He must be worthy my high ideal,
And I must be worthy of that, I feel,
Which he has made of me.

O, shine, so brightly, beautiful moon,
And bind with your silvery glow
Two hearts that only in dreams have met;
They shall be one; may they never forget
What each to each they owe.

Clear as your radiant light, O moon,
Love's duty seems to me;
True to each other while yet unknown,
True will I be till he claims his own,
My husband that is to be.

Select Family Reading.

Lou's Idea.

BY ALICE PERRY.

There were three girls of us—Lou, Bess and myself; and we all lived together in a small, neat, gray cottage, with roses growing over the front porch, a trim lawn beneath, and a big meadow of sweet clover, whose pink and white blossoms stretched for half an acre at the back of the old orchard of gnarled apple trees.

Lou was the eldest, and chief money-maker of the flock, walking two-and-a-half miles, to and from the neighboring city, where her school was located, every night and morning. Bess was an artist dress-maker, that is, she manufactured "almost Parisian" costumes, for the aspiring village maidens, who desired to appear equally smart with their more pretentious city neighbors—setting aside part of the proceeds earned thereby to defray the cost of her weekly painting lesson—and lastly Penelope, played the part of housewife, and *chief de cuisine*, they were good enough to say, very acceptably, to my elder and more talented sister.

Father and mother had died within a few months of each other, when Lou was nineteen, Bess sixteen, and I twelve, leaving us only our little home, and our strong love for each other to help us to do battle for our daily bread.

We had managed on the whole very successfully. Bess working every spare moment at her easel in hopes—as she said—of becoming worthy of a better model than a "dressmaker's dummy," while I devoted myself, with equal ardor, to the care of my flourishing poultry, Bartlett pears, and strawberry bed; pet hobbies that brought me in quite a tidy sum, thus keeping my supply of pocket money intact, and enabling me to replenish my own wardrobe quite respectably, thanks to Bess's fertile brain and clever fingers.

In this way we all contrived to keep together, and live in comparative comfort, through strict economy, without being compelled—as yet—to adopt that last resource, throwing open wide our dear front door, and inviting the festive boarder to cross its sacred threshold.

"I want to keep 'home,' girls," Lou had said, when things seemed growing rather dark with us, the summer after we were thrown on our own resources. "No matter how much fret and worry we have in our work-a-day world, there is always the thought a peaceful home awaits us, and it will never be the same again, once a band of belles, beaux, and blazers, have made acquaintance with every nook and cranny. No! don't let us say anything more about taking boarders."

It was a pretty village in which we lived; bordering on a bay and river, with tall, graceful elms lining the principal streets, and was fast growing popular with a good class of Boston and New York people as a summer boarding place.

We used often to hear flattering comments on our quaint little cottage, from passers-by; and indeed, it did look pretty enough, with its bit of emerald lawn in front; and the heart-shaped bed of pansies which Bess had designed, and I had filled in with plants from Vick's conservatories.

But work went on with us just the same though June had come, and the world was full of sunshine and song. Lou had brought home great sprays of sweetbrier, to deck the parlor, where Bess sat at work all day, and I scrubbed away at the washtub, or burned my face the color of a boiled lobster over my strawberry bed, in spite of the protestations showered upon me.

"I'd rather work out doors any day," I maintained, stoutly; "it's Bess who deserves the pity, shut up in that dark room from morning till night, fitting and making people's clothes; or, you yourself, Lou—but vacation is near at hand, I am thankful to say. As for myself, I ask nothing better than to potter around among my plants and things."

One evening, we sat out upon the front doorstep, watching the sun sink and glorify the western world. Bess was dressed in a dainty mull gown, made in one of her picturesque styles, and suiting her winsome loveliness to perfection. We were all very proud of Bess, who was the beauty of the family. Lou was reading aloud snatches of "Their Pilgrimage," a book she had taken from the circulating library that morning, for our evening literary repast.

"I thought it would be next best to seeing all these delightful places; but I find it only fills my heart with vain repining, to think I am sent away from the real thing," she sighed, closing the book on a fascinating description of the ascent of Mount Washington. "Oh, girls! what wouldn't I give to see the White Mountains!"

"Ah!" echoed Bess, in response, instinctively feeling for her drawing pad and pencil, while I thought of my botanical portfolio, and the bliss of adding to it a leaf from the top of Mount Washington, or a flower from the world-renowned Notch.

"They must be so lovely in October," I murmured, thoughtfully, to myself; "I always thought the mountains must be grandest, then, with their crown of fiery leaves."

"I wish we could go," sighed Bess once more; "we haven't had a single lark since last summer, when we camped out on Piney Island. The mountain air would be just the thing for Lou's cough. Dr. Brier said so. Poor little Pen needs a holiday sadly, and I could get so many new ideas and sketches to work up. Besides, there's the mountain costume in one of my fashion magazines. I could have cried, when I had to fit those fleshy Delsarte girls out, in one like it, the other day, for a summer in the Adirondacks. Wait just a minute, and I'll show it to you"—darting into the house, and returned with a well-thumbed copy of Godey's Lady's Book.

"Lou's should be blue, with black braid. Mine blue, with white, and Pen's blue and scarlet, with Alpine hats to match," she explained, as we bent over it. "Now, isn't it a beauty? And so cheap! Twenty-five cents a yard, and made in a twinkling."

"Well! of course, we can't do anything but talk about it," I remarked, resignedly. "So I move we buy a new hammock, and a dollar croquet set for the lawn. Why, what's the matter, Lou?"

"Eureka! I have an idea," she cried, enveloping me in an enormous hug, "and you, dear little busy bee, will have to be the good fairy who brings it true, while we helpless creatures act as your clumsy handmaidens. So listen now, and don't look so scared, while I tell you all about it.

"This morning, as I took the car into the city, I noticed those two pretty girls who board at Schuyler's cottage; the ones we have watched playing tennis so often; you remember them. Well, they—and a gentleman with them I am quite sure it was that handsome, artistic-looking man who took sundry peeps at our beautiful Bess through a conveniently cracked palm leaf fan in church last Sabbath. You need not blush so my cherub. It was not your fault. As I said, they were talking about the scanty bill of fare provided for them, and one of them confessed that she had come into the city just on purpose to get a glass of ice-cream, a luxury she had not tasted since she left home."

"All our set think L——would be just perfect," she added, as they left the car, "if only it had an ice-cream saloon, or something of the sort, so we wouldn't be obliged to travel three miles after it in boiling-hot weather like this."

"Then, girls, I thought of Pen's delicious ices, and sherbet, and didn't envy those girls one bit when they stopped at the most fashionable saloon in the city, but it just popped into my head: 'Why couldn't we have an ice-cream establishment?' You know Farmer Forbes offered us half the milk of his Jersey brindle if we would only let her graze part of the time in our clover patch; and there's Pen's eggs and strawberries. We could all help, and perhaps go to the Mountains, after all."

Well, to make a long story short, we bought a patent improved cream freezer, sugar, chocolate, and vanilla, reserving my own delicious fresh fruit for strawberry flavoring, and all the rest of the *et ceteras* necessary for successful cream making; a famous receipt for which I had somehow or other become possessed of.

Then Bess wrote and illuminated in dainty fashion, a package of cards, each enclosed in a separate envelope announcing that "Ice cream, Sherbet, Strawberry Short Cake, Charlotte Russe" would be served Tuesday and Thursday, at Sweet Brier Cottage, from 7 to 9 p.m., and delivered them to the good-natured postmaster, to distribute among the summer visitors who patronized the stuffy little office.

Bess rather objected to the Charlotte Russe, as being too expensive; but on discovering that we had more eggs and milk than we knew how to dispose of, it was adopted as an additional attraction.

The day of our "opening," as we grandly called it, beheld me popping frantically from kitchen to cellar, intent on the welfare of three cans of freezing cream, and a monster shortcake—the fruit for which I had picked before sunrise.

Bess was busy removing all the superfluous furniture from our little parlor, and bringing down half a dozen antique stands and tables, she had dragged to light in the attic above. She filled the fire-place with flowering branches of sweet brier, freshly gathered from the little lane at the back of the house, and all the shelves and corners were banks of blooming sweetness.

Upon each table lay a second series of little cards, tinted chocolate color, pink and cream, this time with a tiny brier rose painted in one corner—the menu set forth beneath it in straggling gold letters. Lou's silver school bell stood upon the largest table, being brought home every night for that purpose, and palm leaf fans painted in water-colors with rose, sprays, and tied with pink baby ribbon, were scattered about for souvenirs.

Our dainty parlor carpet was protected by a drugget made of light gray linen, fringed all around, showing a border of the carpet—a real tapestry given us by a maiden aunt, as a sole token of remembrance, in her very eccentric will—and the walls papered in pale French gray, were decorated with Bess' water color, and pastile sketches. The long windows, opening on the piazza, were left open, and the piazza itself was hung with a string of Chinese lanterns, that Lou brought home with her on her return from school.

We had decided it would not be in keeping with our dignity to appear ourselves as waitresses, so Bess started on an exploring tour the day before, returned with three mulatto maidens, whose ages varied from eight to ten, children of a colored laundress, who agreed to send them all in starched white frocks and ruffled petticoats in consideration of a dime a night, and the privilege of carrying home what ice cream remained after the evening's campaign should have closed.

These duskey damsels we labelled, respectively, Strawberry, Chocolate and Vanilla, each carrying the flavor designated by her name on a "hammered brass" waiter, being further characterized by a chocolate rose, or cream colored ribbon, adorning the tip end of each wooly and rampant pig-tail. Bess passed a full hour seated at one of the refreshment tables, calling aloud the trio of nicknames, and orders as each one responded, until they were all finally in gun "drilling" order.

We set the front door hospitably open, thereby inviting visitors to enter unannounced; while I "dipped cream," Lou washed dishes, Bess tucked up her white mull skirt and superintended cake cutting in the back kitchen and general welfare in the front parlor, in an extremely satisfactory manner.

Well! they came in shoals. Our little parlor was full from the first moment—in groups of two's and three's, in gay parties of ten or a dozen, youths in tennis, maids in muslin, matrons in moire—a hardly ever ceasing stream of in-comers and outgoers: and when the final and most sweetly sentimental couple of all had departed from the popular "varandah table," at which there was only room for two, there was not a crumb of cake or a drop of cream left unconsumed, and we were obliged to dispatch our trio of flavors each with a silver dime and a saucer of strawberries.

This was only the beginning of our flattering success, and, suffice to say that at the end of the season, when the summer boarders were all fleeing, we locked our little cottage door—not without a pang of regret, and, clad in the most picturesque of tourists' suits, devised of course by Bess, with one Saratoga trunk between us—turned our backs upon L——, and whirled away, one of a gay party of Raymond excursionists, among whom we were somewhat discomposed to find the handsome stranger in the bronze corduroy bicycling costume, who had assiduously attended our "frozen swarrys," as a good Yankee neighbor had confusedly dubbed them, and never missed a chance of devouring our pretty Bess with eyes of dangerous blue, instead of paying a like compliment to my irresistible confections, that were usually discovered in an undisturbed and limpid pool of sweetness, after his departure.

Raymond tourists soon become acquainted with each other, and so it was not long before we learned our good looking vis-a-vis was an artist (oh! Bess! Bess!); that his name was Prof. Eugene Ormond, and that he was bound on a bicycling and pedestrian tour through the mountains, with a party of artists, including both ladies and gentlemen. All this confided in the course of conversation, to our listening ears, by a sweet, gray haired lady, an artist herself, and Bess' drawing teacher, who noticing Bess' sketching apparatus, had enthusiastically invited her to become a member of the projected party, introducing the young Professor, who immediately entered upon a long discussion upon the dubious merits of Prussian blue and asphaltum, which lasted, apparently, with snatches of separation, almost the entire length of the journey.

There seemed no reason why Bess should not go, when under the motherly wing and protection of sweet Mrs. Danvers and as she was a good walker and expert tricyclist, we knew a great pleasure was in store for her.

Notwithstanding, as we stood and watched her disappear, slim and lovely upon her steed of steel, with her attendant in bronze corduroy, close alongside, I turned to Lou and said solemnly: "Louise, when your sister appears again, it will be—upon a tandem."

Oh! those days upon the maintains! Although I had no sketch-book—like Bess—no eloquent diary, like Lou, my press volume was full of Mother Nature's rare and curious writings, from hill-top and brookside.

Lou's cough became a thing of the past. Her thin cheeks grew plump and rosy, and it was an inward smile and sigh that I greeted the advent of another Professor, this time a *college* one, at table d'hote, a very fine looking, gray-haired man, with gold-bowed eye-glasses, who at once began a fatal discussion with Lou, on the respective merits of Vassar and Wellesley—she being a graduate of the latter—that lasted apparently through the entire two weeks of our lingering, seemingly growing interesting as day followed day. And at last Bess returned, lovelier than ever, with exactly three creditable sketches in her ponderous book. The rest were mere beginnings and blanks.

I also took a peep into Lou's diary one evening, when Wellesley seemed to be getting the upper hand in the opinion of the gray-haired and courtly Professor, to discover sentences such as:

"Professor Boyden thinks mathematics are given too prominent a place in our public schools. * * * So do I."

"Professor Boyden is of the opinion that a college course should not be extended over three years. * * * So am I."

The Professor thinks the study of Volapuk very interesting, and intends to make a thorough investigation of its principles. * * * So shall I,"—etc., etc.

The following original sentiment was discovered, scribbled on the margin of my sisters' respective volumes, the morning Bess shamefacedly tried to hide a superb diamond upon the third finger, and Lou was equally conscious of a plain golden band adorning hers.

> Three lovely spinsters,
> Travelled just for fun.
> Two took a fearful fall—
> In love—leaving
> one.

NOTABLE BRIDGES.

The Niagara suspension bridge was built by Roebling in 1852-1855. It is 245 feet above high water, 821 feet long, and the strength is estimated at 12,000 tons.

The Bridge of Sighs, at Venice, over which the condemned prisoners were transported from the judgment hall to the place of execution, was built in the Armada year 1588.

The enormous dimensions of the Forth bridge place it far in front of any bridge in the world. In mere size it is the biggest of the giants, and it is the greatest triumph of engineering science in the world.

Brooklyn bridge was commenced, under the direction of J. A. Roebling, in 1870, and completed in thirteen years. It is 3,475 feet long, and 135 feet wide. The cost of building was little less than $15,000,000.

The new London bridge is constructed of granite, from the designs of L. Rennie, and considered amongst the finest specimens of bridge architecture. It was commenced in 1824 and completed in seven years, at a cost of about $7,500,000.

The Logong bridge, built over an arm of the China Sea is five miles long, with 300 arches of stone, 70 feet high, and 70 feet broad, and each pillar supporting a marble lion 21 feet in height. Its cost is unknown, but much exceeds that of the Forth bridge.

The oldest bridge in England is a triangular bridge, at Croyden, in Lincolnshire, which is said to have been erected about A.D. 860. It is formed of three semi-arches, whose bases stand in the circumference of a circle, equidistant from each other, and uniting at the top.

The tower bridge over the Thames—not yet completed—will be a notable bridge. Its centre arch is on what is known as the "bascule" principle, to be opened by raising two leaves, so as to allow ships to pass, and having, when opened a foot bridge above, available for foot passengers, 135 feet above high water.

WHAT NERVE AND PLUCK WILL DO.

"Why, my boy, you can't do the work I want done."

"Try me, sir, please."

"I can try you, but it stands to reason that you are unfitted for such a task. You don't seem to comprehend the nature of the work."

"Oh, yes I do, sir. It is general lifting and helping the porter in heavy work."

"That's it: you do understand it. Well if you want to try it, you can begin this morning, although I shall expect to see you give out in less than two days."

Mancel H——, a lad not weighing over ninety pounds, accepted early the situation and went to work. Why had he sought this position? Because it would pay him three or four dollars a week more than he was getting, and this would enable him to take better care of his crippled brother than he had been enabled to do hitherto. This was one reason. But there was another. Small of frame and apparently weak in muscle, he had been, perpetually sneered at by those with whom he had been working, as "the runt," and he had been determined to show that he was capable of great physical exertion.

Weeks went on, and Mancel satisfactorily filled his position, and the head porter reported quite favorably concerning him to the manager of the establishment, Mr. Killop. One day the latter called him into the counting room, and said to him: "Don't you get tired, my lad?"

"Oh, yes, sir very very tired," replied Mancel, with that perfect frankness characteristic of his nature. "But, sir, I sleep so soundly that I feel rested again, and am fresh and ready for the new day's tasks."

"But wouldn't you like some lighter work?"

"Indeed, I would sir, if I could get it," with utter frankness again spoke the lad, coloring however, at the implied pleading there was in his reply.

"Well young man, I discovered, by a memorandum that you made the other day, that you can write a good hand. I need an entry clerk, and if you would like to you can take the place at the same wages you are now geting, with a chance of increase after a while."

"I cant tell how grateful I am to you sir, for your kindness."

"Never mind that, said plain-spoken merchant; "only do your duty, and don't get ahead of your business, and I will see that you are not neglected."

Mancel strove on; and quick in figures, he was before many months promoted to assistant bookkeeper, and then to cashier. Years passed, and he became one of the managers, and eventually one of the proprietors of the great merchantile establishment which he entered as an assistant porter.

Now, this isn't a strange story in this country, where merit and industry are recognized and rewarded as in no other on the face of the earth; but it is a true story and the hero of it occupies a high position to day under the government of the United States. The obstacles he overcame, any poor boy may overcome. The promotion he gained any worthy lad may. The name he made any young man of nerve and principle and laudable ambition may make. The road to success has always rough sections in it, but they are never too rough to be surmounted by patient industry, unflinching determination, and ceaseless energy.—*Young Life.*

HOT WATER--ITS CURATIVE VALUE.

Even savages, whose point—not of civilization, but of the want of it—is far below the boiling-point, know the assuaging and comforting power of hot water. Long before America was trodden by other feet than theirs the various hot springs had been frequented by the Indians for the cure of their ills and ails; and it is they who have often taught us the whereabouts of these Bethesdas, and there are few more interesting sights to-day than one of these hot springs, where the steaming stream gushes from the mountain-side where the sick and the lame are brought on litters and go away dancing. It seems in the case of the natural outflow of hot water from none knew what sources, as if old Mother Earth herself knew what was best for her children, and cooked at her central fires a life giving broth with which Medea would have made the old young again. Those who make use of such water get to fancy that beyond the mere thermal benefit there is a telluric or magnetic or planetary force in them which makes them of double efficacy. But for our own part heated though the waters be at fires born of man's ingenuity, kindled by the spark struck from his own brain, is not equally potent, and if the water that is boiled at home be not of quite as much worth to the ordinary individual as that of these upgushing superheated springs. And in the mean time we are sure that the household is the healthiest and safest as well as the cleanliest and sweetest, where there is always on hand a full supply of hot water; although far be it from us to advocate anything tending toward a support of domestic differences and contentions in the shape of "hot water."—*Harper's Bazar.*

CITY AND COUNTRY--LET EACH LEARN FROM THE OTHER.

One of our showy and extravagant New Yorkers, who spends his summer in a New England village, may learn valuable lessons of economy and good management. He will there see families of education and refinement getting as much solid, good and rational pleasure from a revenue of a few hundreds per annum as he gets from as as many thousands.

On the other hand, he can often impart some notions, some tastes, some largeness and liberality of view, to his country friends. A large city develops traits and qualities of human nature which in the country lie dormant. The best way of doing the little things of indoor life are understood, perhaps better in the city than in the country. Strange to say, city people as a rule, eat and drink more abundantly and more nourishingly than country people.

At the present time, Town and Country are in close communion. Let each observe and learn from the other.—*N. Y. Ledger.*

A gentleman from the south of Texas boasted that the papers of his village pay so much attention to society matters, "that a leading citizen cannot go home sober late at night without having the fact published as an interesting item."

Every tissue of the body, every bone, muscle and organ, is made stronger and more healthful by the use of Hood's Sarsaparilla.

A SERMON IN RHYME.

If you have a friend worth loving,
Love him. Yes, and let him know
That you love him, ere life's evening
Tinge his brow with sunset glow.
Why should good words ne'er be said
Of a friend—till he is dead.

If you hear a song that thrills you,
Sung by any child of song,
Praise it. Do not let the singer
Wait deserved praises long.
Why should one who thrills your heart
Lack the joy you may impart?

If you hear a prayer that moves you
By its humble, pleading tone,
Join it. Do not let the seeker
Bow before his God alone.
Why should not your brother share
The strength of "two or three" in prayer?

If you see the hot tears falling
From a brother's weeping eyes,
Stop them, and by kindly sharing,
Own your kinship with the skies.
Why should any one be glad
When a brother's heart is sad?

If a silvery laugh goes rippling
Through the sunshine on his face,
Share it. 'Tis the wise man's saying—
For both grief and joy a place.
There's health and goodness in the mirth
In which an honest laugh has birth.

If your worth is made more easy
By a friendly, helping hand,
Say so. Speak out brave and truly,
Ere the darkness veils the land.
Should a brother workman dear,
Falter for a word of cheer?

Scatter thus your seeds of kindness,
All enriching as you go.
Leave them. Trust the Harvest Giver
He will make each seed to grow.
So, until its happy end,
Your life shall never lack a friend.

EDUCATE FOR BUSINESS.

A thorough business training is the best discipline our young people can have. This is a practical world, and the demand is for practical men. To those properly trained to its duties, and possessed of a good stock of patience and perseverance, a business life affords the most certain guarantee of a prosperous future.

Besides, business affairs offer better opportunities for young men, at present, than the learned professions do. There was a time when the young man who was preparing himself for one of these professions, had a better cast socially, than the one who proposed to enter business through the regular door of a clerkship; but this distinction is no longer drawn, for the opportunities afforded by business are as liberal for culture, travel and self-improvement as those of any profession.

Therefore we say most emphatically to parents urge your sons to fit themselves for business, for if they apply themselves with diligence, it will prove almost a certain road to enviable distinction, at the same time teach them not to shun labor, for after all it is only through hard work that we achieve any success worthy of name.

Let it not be understood, however, that we would have any branch of educational culture neglected, where both time and means can be afforded. Give the boy every opportunity for self improvement but do not allow him to gain the impression that his life is to be spent in seeking pleasure, even through the avenue of cultivation.

CUCUMBERS.

To help in making the gardens profitable there are few things that will pay better in a small way than growing cucumbers for pickles. Vacant spaces and beds from which the early stuff has been taken may be filled with these up to the middle of June. Make rich hills, filled up with old manure, about four feet apart each way, and drop a dozen seeds in a hill; thin to six plants when they are up. Dust with insecticides from the start to keep the bugs away, then they will not trouble the plants much when they are larger and the fruits have begun to set. Pick the vines over every morning as soon as the cucumbers are as large as your little finger. Put them down in brine to sell later in the season, or leave a basketful at the village store every morning. They will likely be sold before night. A hundred hills should give 4,000 or 5,000 pickles.

HOW THE SCANDAL GREW.

Mrs. A. to Mrs. B.—"That Mrs. Newcomer is so fond of her children. The other day when I called she was blowing soap bubbles with them through a common clay pipe.

Mrs. B. to Mrs. C.—"That Mrs. Newcomer is so funny Mrs. A. saw her amusing the children with a common clay pipe."

Mrs. C. to Mrs D.—"That Mrs. Newcomer smokes a common clay pipe."

Mrs. D. to Mrs. E.—"That Mrs. Newcomer smokes a horrid pipe. I don't see how any woman in her sober senses could do that."

Mrs. E. to Mrs. F.—"That Mrs. Newcomer smokes a pipe and drinks awfully."

A Sunday-school teacher had grown eloquent in picturing to his pupils the beauties of heaven, and he finally asked: What kind of little boys go to heaven?" A lively little four-year-old boy, with kicking boots, flourished his fist. "Well you answer," said the teacher. "Dead ones!" shouted the little fellow, at the extent of his lungs.

WHAT YOUR GREAT GRAND-MOTHER DID.

She hetcheled the flax and carded the wool, and wove the linen, and spun the tow and made the clothes for her husband and ten children. She made butter and cheese, she dipped tallow candles, to light the house at night, and she cooked all the food for her household by an open fire-place and a brick oven. Yes; and when she was forty years of age, she was already an old lady whose best days were over. Her shoulders were bent and her joints enlarged by hard work, and she wore spectacles and a cap. Her great grand-daughter, with all the modern conveniences for comfort, refinement and luxury, may be as charming and attractive at forty-five as at twenty. Especially is this true if she preserves her health and beauty by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescrition, which wards off all female ailments and irregularities, cures them if they already exist, keeps the life current healthful and vigorous, and enables the woman of middle age to retain the freshness of girlhood upon brow and cheek, the light of youth in her eyes, and its elasticity in her step. Sold by all druggists.

The question as to how the custom of men's wearing their hair parted in the middle arose, an old clergyman remarked that so far as his information went he believed that Solomon was the first man that proposed to part the hair in the middle.