The Acton Free Press.

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The Acton Free Press

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Changes for contract advertisements must be in the office by noon on Tuesdays.

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. 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

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:—Kennedy's Block, Acton, up-stairs

SHILTON, WALLBRIDGE & STONE, Barristers, Solicitors, &c., TORONTO AND GEORGETOWN. Offices:—Crevelman's Block, Georgetown, and Traders' Bank Chambers, 63 Yonge st., Toronto. J. SHILTON, Q.C., W. H. WALLBRIDGE, H. E. STONE.

PATENTS SECURED FOR INVENTIONS HENRY GRIST, OTTAWA, CANADA. Twenty Years Practice. No Patent, No Pay.

WM. HEWSTREET, 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 $400 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 tete, 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.

JOB PRINTING,

INCLUDING Books, Pamphlets, Posters, Bill Heads, Circulars, &c., &c., executed in the best style of the art, at moderate prices and on short notice. Apply or address H. P. MOORE, FREE PRESS Office, Acton

Wellington Marble Works.

QUEEN STREET, GUELPH.

CLARK & CARTER,

DIRECT Importers of Granite and Marble Monuments and Headstones of all shades and from the newest designs. All work and material warranted first-class. Parties wishing to purchase, will please give us a call and inspect our stock and prices, as we are confident we can compete with any establishment in Ontario.

Having sold out my interest to the above firm, I respectfully solicit the patronage to my friends and the public on their behalf. J. H. HAMILTON

Agents Wanted.

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, Rochester, N. Y.

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, York 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.

New, Strong

EXPRESS WAGON

24 x 12 Inches,

PRICE 60 CENTS.

BABY CARRIAGES. LAWN CROQUET.

Day has the Best Stock and lowest prices.

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, Rowney's, 10c.
8 x 10 Deep Photo Frames, complete 20c.
5 Feet Cornice Pole, Brass Fittings, 25c.

Our Wall papers Are said to be the best selected in the city

WATERS BROS., ESTABLISHED 1877. ST. GEORGE'S SQUARE, GUELPH.

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 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.

BELL

Pianos AND **Organs**

WERE AWARDED THE GOLD MEDAL AT Jamaic a International Exhibition 1891,

In competition with American, German, English and Canadian manufacturers.

FOR SALE On Monthly or Quarterly Payments only at

C. W. Kelly's

MUSIC STORE,

45 Lower Wyndham street, Guelph. Telephone 178.

The Traders' Bank OF CANADA.

Wishing to cultivate a connection with good, reliable farmers, and knowing how difficult it is for them to conform to fixed rules, will always extend to them greater privileges than any other class of business men.

TRADERS BANK OF CANADA.

PAID UP CAPITAL	$04,400.00
REST FUND	36,000.00

HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO.

ALEXANDER MANNING, Toronto, President. WILLIAM BELL, Guelph, Vice-President. A. A. ALLAN, Toronto, Director. S. F. McKINNON, Toronto, Director. ROBERT THOMSON, Hamilton, Director. H. S. STRATHY, General Manager.

GUELPH BRANCH,

We call your attention to the convenience offered by our Savings Bank Department. Deposits of $1 and upwards received, and interest allowed at the rate of 4 per cent. per annum from date of deposit to withdrawal, paid or compounded half-yearly, on 31st May and 30th November.

Advances made to responsible farmers. Advances made to farmers on the security of Sales Notes.

A specialty made of collecting farmers' sales notes and no charge made for collecting when payable in Guelph.

We have unsurpassed facilities for transmitting money to all parts of the country. A general banking business transacted.

A. F. H. JONES, Manager Guelph Branch.

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 H. 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

GENTLEMEN

Order now your

Fall Suit And Overcoat

New Goods Specially imported for my Trade.

Choice Patterns.

Fit, Style and Workmanship the Best.

Prices the Lowest.

My Specialty, Perfect Fitting

$4 Pants to Order.

R. E. NELSON,

Fashionable Clothier, 99 Upper Wyndham St., Guelph.

J.C.NELSON

WANTS TO SEE.

YOU

For he has what will suit you

—IN—

DRY GOODS,

BOOTS & SHOES,

AND GROCERIES.

A TRIAL SOLICITED.

IRELAND'S

Desiccated Wheat

For Dyspeptics and anyone with weak digestion. TRY IT. THE IRELAND NATIONAL FOOD CO., (Ltd.) TORONTO

FRANK BURGESS,

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.

Poetry.

WHILE THE CONGREGATION'S GATHERIN'.

While the congregation's gatherin', and the bell up in the steeple
Issues cards of invitation to the hull surroundin' people,
And there comes from out the organ, under very moderate drummin',
Just a soft and pretty sample of the the thunder that's a comin';
Then the preacher heates with sunshine on a face he's just been settlerin',
And there's quite a big commotion while the congregation's gatherin'.

While the congregation's gatherin', on the stoop and in the entry,
Sure to be a passel posted, keepin' guard and playin' sentry—
Watch and stare at every corner, make remarks about the dresses
Of the folks started out on purpose for their Heavenly Father's blessin';
Block the way and make a nuisance of their totsy palaverin'
Bout the things that don't concern 'em, while the congregation's gatherin'.

While the congregation's gatherin', certain ones are just in clover
With their odds and ends of business that were suffered to go over.—
Gagin' James to come and help 'em early on the Monday mornin';
Gettin' in with Simpson's darter cause Sal Johnson's given warnin';
And a hundred similar matters make a pile of Sunday blatherin'.
Round the church, and in the hose-sheds, while the congregation's gatherin'.

While the congregation's gatherin' young folks allus is scompletin'
Deep laid schemes together, soon as they come out uv meetin',
Crane their necks all sorts to see her, do their lever's telegraphin',
Bow and blush, and hem and stammer uuff to set a dog a-laughin',
So there is a sight of rickish and of sentimental slaverin'
Party much from porch to altar, while the congregation's gatherin'.

While the congregation's gatherin', spite of little imperfections,
Broods a peace upon the village, spreadin' out in all directions;
Old and young seem gladly conscious, twixt them hours of ten an' leven,
That their meetin'-house is Bethel, and the very gate to Heaven;
An Almighty wing droops over, and Eternal Love is Fatherin'
All the souls that come sincerely, while the congregation's gatherin'.

Select Family Reading.

A Dear Little Lamb.

BY FARMER BLACK.

We never liked them, did we, wife? A dark-complected, beetle-browed gypsy lot. They couldn't look you in the eye, no matter how much you talked to 'em. The children were smart—too smart, for the matter of that. The grown gal was pretty, but the man was about the ugliest fellow ever you met.

They bought a house out yonder, a shanty kind of affair, and about three acres of ground. Then they began to borrow. Well, new folks must do that a spell, but we never saw such hands to borrow as them Rosoes were, did we, wife? A making of coffee in the morning, and a spoonful of salt and a little pepper at noon, and a drawing of tea at night, and a loaf of bread next day. As for the flat-irons, and the wash-board, and the tubs, and the spade, they had 'em the best of the time. Got so at last that we didn't know but what we were borrowing ourselves, we sent for 'em so often. Never once sent anything back; but we used to say:—"Well, wait a bit. When they're settled they'll do different." Took 'em a long time to settle, though, I must say.

But that was all fair and square. We could have said "no" when we were asked of course. What I didn't like was helping themselves. They used to take things without asking, at last. Wheel-barrow'd be missing. After awhile I'd peep into Rosoe's garden, and find it there. Hens wouldn't lay. Smell 'em fryin', with some ham they'd borrowed, at Rosoe's. Newspaper took off the table. All sorts of things of the same same sort. At last says I to my wife: "This is cutting it rather fat, ain't it? I like to be neighborly, but this is more than I calculate on." Didn't I, wife?

So when Mrs. Rosoe she sent over, would Mrs. Black just lend her best bunnit to go to town in, and a parasol and some gloves, wife sent over that she begged to be excused, for she needed 'em; and that made a coolness, and all the little Rosoes didn't come to tea next Sunday, as was their custom. But they borrowed the wash-tubs on Monday, all the same, and sent 'em home with the hoops off, for the most part. And Zebedee Rosoe, when he fetched 'em says:

"Mar calculates you'll be getting a new set soon."

Says wife:—"No. I've nearly used 'em up, you see. So after this I going to borrow."

"Didn't you, wife?

Well, that was Tuesday. Wednesday that old sheep over there gave us a little lamb—just the cutest little creetur ever you seen. Wife was wild about it, and we'd go out mornings just to pet and look at it. Old Mitten, we called the mother, and she was kind of a pet of ours. Old Mitten's lambs were always fine, and she was proud enough of this one. When it made its weak little "Ma-a-a-a!" she seemed to think it was talking. You might look as much as you liked, but you mustn't touch it. And when it was a week old I never saw anything whiter and fatter in my life.

It was chilly spring weather, and one night there came up a regular wind-storm. Rattled the shutters and shook the doors. Couldn't have heard anything outside but the branches rustling and the fences cracking to save your life. But in the morning the first thing we heard was a sheep crying. Such a doleful cry it was, as if its heart was broken. Wasn't it, wife?

"Bless and save us, Jeff!" says wife, "some dog has got amongst the sheep. I hear old Mitten's voice as plain as talking."

I hurried on some clothes and down I went. Cold and raw and nasty it was outside, and just daybreak. I felt as if human beings were being murdered, as I heard them crying in the sheepfold. A sheep with its throat torn is a doleful sight to me. But when I went in I saw nothing of the sort. A kind of commotion, that's all, and old Mitten going on like mad. I peeped into her corner, where she cuddled it all night; her lamb was gone.

There was no blood anywhere. So I thought the dog might have carried it clean off, though I don't know as I ever heard such a story. They bite 'em sharp, as a general thing, but there was my dog Bruno dancing and flying about, saying, as plainly as a dog could, "I couldn't help it. They did it without my leave," and now he'd run to the gate and now back, and when I went into the house he followed, and went straight up to my wife and pulled her gown.

"What a pity he couldn't talk," says I.

"He can" says wife. "He says the rascals have got that lamb. Don't you, Bruno?" And, true as I live, Bruno gave one short bark that meant "Yes," as plain as the three letters do, plainer. Didn't it, wife?"

"Well," says I, "if it's come to that, I'll end it. And if they've got the lamb, it's in the house, for there's no place else to hide it. I tell you what, wife, I'll go over there, and borrow Rosoe's hammer. It's about the only thing I know of his owning, and I'll look about while I'm there, I'll tell you. If spring lamb is cooking I'll smell it.

So before breakfast I walked over. Rosoe sat at the door smoking. There were just three rooms in the house besides a loft. The family were inside, the children at breakfast, and Mrs. Rosoe rocking her baby in her cradle, and singing to it.

"Good morning," says I.

"Good morning," says Rosoe.

"Calculated you'd lend me your hammer," says I.

"Oh, to be sure," says Rosoe. "Children whar's that hammer?"

"The head is out yonder," says the biggest boy.

"Handle is up loft," says another.

So Rosoe goes up the steps to look in the loft, and calls down:

"Black, I say, step up. I want you to tell me whether you don't think I could build in some rooms up here."

"To be sure," says I; "and you need 'em."

"Yes," says he, going down and throwing open the bedroom door, "those aint better than boxes."

So I'd seen the whole house, and the lamb wasn't there. There wasn't a place to hide it.

I went out in the garden after the head of the hammer myself, and it wasn't there.

All the while Rosoe talked, and Mrs. Rosoe sang to the baby.

"Well, neighbors," said I, as I sat down to fit the handle on to the head of the hammer, "we've met a loss."

"How?" says he.

"Go to sleep, little sing," says she. "There, there, there."

And ricketty-rock went the cradle.

"Our lamb is stole," says I. "Took off in the night."

"Dogs?" says he.

"Don't think so," says I.

"Reckon it must be," says he.

"A little treasure," says she. "Now if that ain't too bad, Mr. Black. Such a fine lamb! Bye o' baby!"

Rickety-rock, rickety-rock, went the cradle.

Then she began to sing as if life depended on it, and then in a minute it flashed into my mind that she didn't do it natural.

"Yes," says I, "wife was fond of that lamb, and you ought to hear old Mitten cry."

"Too bad," says she.

"Provoking!" says he.

The baby was kicking furiously.

Up went her voice to the tune of "Haddam." Baby kicked harder.

"Go to sleep, a dear little lamb," says she.

"Your baby don't seem well," says I.

"Cutting his teeth, says she. "There—there—"

"M-a-a-a! M-a-a-a-a!" says the baby, and I walks over to the cradle.

"He is a dear little lamb," says I, peeping into the blanket she was tucking in for dear life, and then I just shook the blanket off, and there it was, old Mitten's lamb, as large as life.

"Reckon you borrowed it," says I. "I'll jest take him home to old Mitten, and tell her how kind he's been tended." And with that I trotted off with the lamb in my arms, and I'm glad to say that was the last thing the Rosoe's borrrowed, for they moved away the very next week. After the neighbors got hold of the story they found it was best for them to go, I rather reckon.

Human Discontent.

A rich man of Boston has one son. He led him about and instructed him, he kept him as the apple of the eye. The son became of age this summer. The father has no other occupation save that of nursing his income, and as he is a man of sense and liberal views he told son that he must not stand idle, yet left him the choice of business or profession. At the same time he wrote privately to twenty-four friends and acquaintances, asking their advice in the matter. The twenty-four were prominent, each in his own calling. And each replied in turn, complaining of his own business, and advising the father to seek elsewhere for the future prosperity of the young man. The law was crowded, journalism brought but little money, banking on uncertain prop, and so on through the catalogue. The father is still undecided and the boy is idle. And all because no one of the twenty-four is contented with his lot, while he admires the fortunes of other men.

WISE BEYOND HIS YEARS.

Not long ago the young and energetic heir of a dealer in manifold and copying papers signified a desire that his father should buy him a railroad. The father protested that he was not rich enough to buy a railroad yet.

"When will you be rich enough, paps."

"Oh, not for a long while."

"Can't I help you to get rich, paps?"

"No, not yet; you are not big enough."

"What must you do, paps, to get rich?"

"Oh I must get money and advertise in the papers."

"Will you get rich fast when you advertise?"

"Yes."

"And will you buy me the railroad as soon as you get rich?"

"Yes."

Young hopeful said no more, but some two weeks later laid in his father's hand coins amounting to $2.

"What is this for, sonny?"

"Why," with a look of superior wisdom, "I'd to advertise with so you can get rich."

So "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings proceedeth wisdom."

—Ask your druggist for Dr. August Koenig's Hamburg Drops for the blood.

—If you want first class Guelph sash and doors at Guelph prices, T. Ebbage can fill your order, at his planing mill.

DRUNKENNESS A DISEASE.

In a little town in Illinois called Dwight, on the Chicago and Alton Railroad, there has lived and practised his profession for twenty-five years past a certain Dr. Keeley. The world at large has heard little of him, until recently, but during all his professional career he has enjoyed the respect and confidence of his neighbors, and has been a member in good standing of the county and State societies which determine those ethical questions which appear to be of more significance to medical men than to those in other learned professions. He has long been engaged upon investigations as to the cure of drunkenness, and it is said these studies have been but a continuation of those made by his father and grandfather in the same direction. For several years past the newspapers in the neighborhood of Dr. Keeley's home contained more or less full accounts of his having cured by the use of double chloride of gold men who had long been regarded as hopeless drunkards.

Something like a year ago Mr. Joseph Medill, the venerable editor of the Chicago *Tribune*, had his attention attracted to this new method of treatment, and had an examination made of it. What he learned influenced him to make a practical test of the alleged cures. He therefore selected several men in Chicago who were looked upon as hopelessly addicted to the habit of drinking liquor excessively, and who also appeared to be wrecked by this long-continued intemperance. These he sent to Dwight and engaged to pay their expenses while undergoing treatment. The result was so satisfactory to him that he endorsed the methods employed by Dr. Keeley in an editorial article in his paper, and it being the Chicago *Tribune*, attracted very general attention, and soon afterwards there was a tide of patients turned towards the little village of Dwight, whither hopeless men travelled in search of something which before had seemed beyond their reach.

Arrived at Dwight, these pilgrims found a straggling village, with muddy or dusty streets, according to the prevalence of rain or sunshine and there was only one thing to make it seem different from any other Western village in which twelve hundred persons had their homes. This difference was noted almost at once. There were well dressed and well appearing men on the streets in considerable numbers who evidently had never taken any active part in village life, and who were not now of it. These were the pilgrims, these, the patients who had gone to see whether the bichloride of gold treatment could quench their fiery thirst.

The impulse which each new patient brings with him, it is said, is to conceal his identity; but as there are men from all parts of the country there—and this is but a very small world, after all, as every man who has travelled away from home has found out—this concealment is all but impossible, and the great majority are soon content to settle down, and acknowledging to themselves that their inebriety is a disease which they, as sensible men are trying their best to cure, each, in his own personality, and with whatever weight that may add to his words, tries to encourage the newcomer, and to contribute his best to the fellowship and companionship of the community. And, singularly enough, these patients, once dismissed as cured, never, made an effort to conceal the fact that they have been treated at Dwight for inebriety. The idea among them seems to be that this form of disease may come as typhoid fever comes, and its cure is a matter for congratulations without any concealment whatever.

The increasing number of patients has necessitated the building of a hotel; but previous to that they boarded around at the various houses and cottages in the village. A new patient, registering at the Keeley Institution, is given instructions as to the routine of treatment. He is given a bottle of the bichloride of gold mixture. This he must take once every two hours, and four times every day at stated hours he must fall in line with the other patients with bared arm, and receive a hypodermic injection of medicine the nature of which Dr. Keeley has not announced to the world, but which he explains to his patients is intended as a "bracer," and also to regulate the effects of the bichloride of gold. His method of preparing his gold mixture he also retains as a secret.—*Harper's Weekly.*

A LAWYER BAFFLED.

Jim Webster was being tried for trying to bribe a colored witness; Sam Johnsing, to testify falsely.

"You say this defendent offered you a bribe of $50 to testify in his behalf?" said Lawyer Gouge to Sam Johnsing.

"Yes, sah."

"Now repeat precisely what he said, using his own words."

"He said he would git me $50 if I—"

"He can't have used those words. He didn't speak as a third person."

"No, sah; he took good keer dat dar was no third passon present. Dar was only two—us two. De defendent am too smart ter hab anybody listenin' when he am talking about his own reskality."

"I know that well enough, but he spoke to you in the first person, didn't he?"

"I was the fust passon, myself."

"You don't understand me. When he was talking to you did he use the words, 'I will pay you $50.'"

"No boss he didn't say nuffin about you payin' me $50. Yore name wasn't mentioned, 'septin' dat he tole me of ever I got inter a scrape dat you was de best lawyer in San Antone an fool de judge and jury. In fact you was de best lawyer in de town for coverin up any kind of reskality."

"You can step down."—

WHAT A MODERN GUN CAN DO.

Unless one is actually brought into business relations with the science of modern warfare, it is difficult to conceive of the terrible power of the latest and largest guns. These engines of destruction, weighing 110 tons, hurl a projectile of solid steel 16 inches in diameter and nearly four feet long at a velocity of 2,079 feet a second.

When tested recently, one of these guns sent a shot through 20 inches of steel armour, 8 inches of iron, 20 feet of oak, 5 feet of granite, 11 feet of concrete, and 8 feet of back. Comparatively a locomotive weighing 200,000 pounds will have to spin along the tracks at the rate of 135 miles an hour to strike a blow equal to that projectile. Think of the damage wrought up in a railroad collision where the train speeds along at the rate of 40 miles an hour, and one may calculate the destructiveness of modern ordnance.

Minard's Liniment is the best.

BILLY MYER'S MARE.

One day Mr. Hunt, the temperance lecturer, was making a hard assault on rum drinking in a neighborhood where a Dutch distiller named "Billy Myers," was a sort of king. This man was present and continually interrupted the speaker by saying in a loud voice:—"Mr. Hunt, money makes the mare go!" At first this raised a laugh which Mr. Hunt took in good nature.

At last he stopped for a personal talk with his tormentor, and said:—"Look here, Mr. Myers, you say that money makes the mare go, and you mean that I lecture on temperance for money, don't you?"

"Yes, that is what I mean, Mr. Hunt."

"Well, Mr. Myers, you carry on a distillery, and you do it for money, don't you?"

"To be sure I do, Mr. Hunt; money makes the mare go."

"And so, Mr. Myers, you say I have a mare, and you have a mare, also; suppose we trot them out together, and see how they compare?"

The meeting was in a grove, and the sharp lecturer knew a thing or two, and so the old distiller soon found out; for Mr. Hunt pointed to a young fellow who was quite drunk, and was steadying himself by a tree, and said:—"Mr. Myers, who is that young fellow?" The distiller started as if stung, as he answered:

"That is my son."

"Your son, is he, Mr. Myers? He has been riding your mare, and got thrown, hasn't he?"

"And who is that young fellow sitting so drunk on that log out there?"

The distiller uttered an exclamation of real pain, as he said; "That is my son, too."

"He is, is he," said Mr. Hunt. "I guess he has been riding your mare, also, and she has kicked up and thrown him over her head, hasn't she? Your mare must be a vicious, dangerous brute, isn't she, Mr. Myers?"

The distiller could not stand it any longer, but said: "Look here, Mr. Hunt, I won't say another word if you will let me off."

Billy Myers' mare is a very dangerous beast. She steps off very gayly at first, but she is sure to kick up before you are through with her. The man who starts out on that beast is pretty sure to come home on foot, if he comes home at all, which is by no means certain. Don't ride Billy Myers' mare.—*Selected.*

DEBORAH'S BROWN HAIR.

Thirty-seven years ago a Yankee fishing skipper of Vinal Haven, Me., named Solomon Marshall was courting Deborah Sholes of Upper Port Le Tour, N. S. While at her home he had begged a lock of her beautiful golden brown hair. During the succeeding winter, which he spent at his home, he received the news that the young lady of his heart had turned fickle and was allowing another the honor of her company to village merry makings.

In his despair he and a friend named Colby, who was afterwards killed in the war of the rebellion, bored a three-quarter inch hole into a white birch tree then about five inches through, put the hair in and drove home after it a pine plug. The next summer he went back to Nova Scotia and married the fair Deborah, in triumph over his rival, and brought her to the states, where he afterward died. He never thought it necessary to reclaim the hair, and there it remained for year after year, the tree waxing large and strong, and covering over with its white wood and paper bark the precious token hid in its bosom. This last winter Mr. Edwin Smith who now owns the old Marshall farm, cut the tree for fire wood. In splitting the wood the ax happened to lay the tree open exactly on a pine plug, with a lock of beautiful hair behind it. The outside end of the plug was covered by three inches of solid wood, which consisted of thirty-seven annual rings. The hair and plug are now in possession of Mrs. Margaret Turner of Isle au Haut, Me., the sister of heroine of this romance, who is now Mrs. Saunders of Lockport, N. S.

SMALL FAMILIES.

The tendency to small families is observable in this country, but here it seems to prevail rather among the rich and the well-to-do, the educated and the refined, among the poor and uncultivated. English travelers have long made the smallness of American families a charge against our civilization, and they have also assailed the morality of France for a like reason; but this last census indicates that they have the same evil to deal with at home. Marriage is decreasing in England and the birth rate is falling off even more. Once begun, too, this decline is likely to continue, and it may grow to be very serious as it is in France. Already it has overthrown the estimates and calculations of the statisticians of population, at a time too, when the prosperity of the kingdom has been fully up to the average, unless it be as to the classes dependent on agricultural production.

At the Tip of Her Tongue.

The dissatisfied girl: "I wish you would bring me something besides flowers occasionally."

"The patient lover: "What would you like?"

The dissatisfied girl: "Well, I can name three things right off."

The patient lover: "Well?"

The dissatisfied girl: "Well, candy or jewelry or—or—both!"—*Harper's Bazar.*

The Way the old Lady Used to Do It.

"You see, grandmamma, we perforate an aperture in the apex, and a corresponding aperture in the base; and by applying the egg to the lips, and forcibly inhaling the breath, the shell is entirely discharged of its contents." "Bless my soul!" cried the old lady, "what wonderful improvements they do make! Now in my younger days we just made a hole in each end, and sucked."

Something for the Young to Think of.

Resolve on that course of life which is most excellent and habit will render it the most delightful. Remember, that at the best life is not very long. A few more smiles, a few more tears, some pleasure, much pain, sunshine and song, clouds and darkness, hasty greetings, abrupt farewells—then our brief day will close.

"Why, now I can not get enough to eat," says one lady who formerly had no appetite, but took Hood's Sarsaparilla.

THE AFTER-TIME.

There cometh a time for laughter
And joy for the days and years;
But ever there cometh after
A time and a place for tears.
Weary of revel and riot,
Sick of the worldly strife,
Cometh the peace—the quiet—
That quicken the founts of life.

And the spirit is disenchanted
With joys that are bitter or sweet,
And the soul which for rest had panted
Falls down at the Master's feet.
The world and its ways seem lonely,
And love at the best seems loss—
What help is there, then, but only
To cling to the crimson cross?

To cling to the cross that blossoms
With blood for the erring head;
On the tenderest of tender bosoms
To pillow the weary head;
To feel the love that is glowing
From the heart that is quick to beat,
With even the harsh nails piercing
In the beautiful scarred white feet.

O, wind by the storm-winds driven,
Where never a swift bird sings,
From the wild and the angry heaven,
Fly homeward with weary wings!
And ye that are worn and weary—
Who faint by the way and fall—
Fly fast from the darkness dreary
To the Rock that was cleft for all!

—*Atlanta Constitution.*

LEISURE REFLECTIONS.

If you want to live long don't try to live more than a day at a time.

Every base occupation makes one sharp in its practise and dull in every other.

People are generally what they are made by education and company between the ages of 15 and 25.

We cannot conquer fate and necessity, yet we can yield to them in such a manner as to be greater than if we could.

An indiscreet man is more hateful than an ill natured one; the latter attacks only his enemies—the other injures friends and foes alike.

Whenever you find a great deal of gratitude in a poor man, you may take it for granted there would be as much generosity if he were a rich man.

Great efforts from great motives is the best definition of a happy life. The easiest labor is a burden to him who has no motive of performing it.

There is nothing that has so much authority, and is entitled to so little, as custom, it rules all the fools with a rod of iron, and threatens even the wise.

Nothing hinders the constant agreement of people who live together but vanity and selfishness. Let the spirit of humanity prevail with benevolence, and discord and disagreement would be banished from the household.

Never take into your confidence, or admit other into your company, any man who does not know, on some important subject, more than you do. Be his rank, be his virtues what they may, he will be a hinderance to your pursuits and an obstruction to your greatness.

Learn from the earliest days to insure your principles against the perils of ridicule. Let men call you mean if you know you are just; hypocritical, if you are honestly religious; pusillanimous, if you feel you are firm. Resistance soon converts unprincipled wit into sincere respect, and no aftertime can tear from you those feelings which every man carries within him who has made a noble and successful exertion in a virtuous cause.

A NICE GIRL AT A PICNIC.

Nowhere does a really agreeable girl show to more advantage that at a pic-nic. Nowhere do mere surface politeness and affected graces fail to deceive more completely. A pic-nic, besides being a party of pleasure, is more or less ordeal. Temper, manners, and ability are apt to be tried in unexpected ways, and it is not always easy to predict successfully who will be found wanting.

The difference between prudishness and dignity is never more clearly seen than at a pic-nic. Young ladies whose manners in the parlor and the ball-room are irreproachable, sometimes cast aside their usual restraint, and indulge in the wildest and most boisterous behavior; while others arm themselves in a rigid and steel propriety, as uncomfortable to themselves as it is to everybody else. Neither extreme permits true enjoyment. If the prude sits bolt upright on a beach, aware only of sand-hoppers, heat, and her own superior conduct, the boyden usually ends by over-tiring herself, spoiling her dress, and going home cross and exhausted to sob into her pillow that she has acted like a fool and is dreadfully ashamed of herself. The small mishaps of the occasion also play their part in revealing character. Artificial sweetness may be very sweet indeed, but it is seldom quite proof against sand in the shoes, burrs in the hair, earwigs in the lap, or crushed berries on the back breadth of an overskirt.

It is only the really cheerful and good-girl who, if she minds such accidents, allows no one else to mind them; who can be merry, informal, and even romp a little, without ceasing for a moment to be a lady; who never forces her mind to dwell upon the proprieties, because she is never in danger of ignoring them. She enjoys pic nics thoroughly, and everybody enjoys her enjoyment of them. She beams sunnily across the luncheon baskets, and laughs like a brook when uninvited dog-buns bump against her hat, or spiders spin down to share her supper. If it rains she takes her ducking good-naturedly, and squints a gleeful eye upward at the wet locks during across her forehead. If it blows up cold she merely cuddles a couple of children up under her shawl, and says contentedly that now it doesn't matter that she forgot her fan. People call her "that nice Miss So-and-so," and whoever gets up an excursion is sure to put her name down first among the list to be invited.

No one doubts that Dr. Sage's Catarrh remedy really cures Catarrh, whatever the disease be recent or of long standing, because the makers of it stinch their faith in it with a $500 guarantee, which isn't a mere newspaper guarantee, but "on call" in a moment. That moment is when you prove that its makers can't cure you. The reason for their faith in this Dr. Sage's remedy has proved itself the right cure for ninety-nine out of one hundred cases of Catarrh in the Head, and the World's Dispensary Medical Association can afford to take the risk of you being the one hundredth. The only question is—are you willing to make the test, if the makers are willing to take the risk? If so, 75c rest is easy. You pay your druggist 50 cents and the trial begins. If you're wanting the $500 you'll get something better—a cure.

Minard's Liniment is the best.