The Acton Free Press.

VOLUME XVII.---NO. 25. ACTON, ONTARIO, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1891. PRICE THREE CENTS.

The Acton Free Press

—IS PUBLISHED—

EVERY THURSDAY MORNING.

—AT THE—

Free Press Steam Printing Office,

MILL STREET, - - ACTON, ONT.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION—One dollar per year if paid in advance, or within three months from beginning of year; $1.50 per year if not so paid. The date to which every subscription is paid is denoted by the date on the address label.

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The other Numbers expected daily, will have plenty in stock, having bought extra large quantity.
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DRESSING, MATCHING, and MOULDING.
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Careful attention given to every order
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MUSIC STORE,
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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.
HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO.
PAID UP CAPITAL $0,000,000
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MACHINE & REPAIR SHOP
In addition to machinery repairing I am now prepared to do
HORSE SHOEING &
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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 work manlike manner.
Plow and machinery repairs constantly on hand.
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- - SEASON---1891 - -
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Frames of All Kinds
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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
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New Goods Specially imported for my Trade.
Choice Patterns.
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My Specialty, Perfect-Fitting
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WANTS
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DRY GOODS,
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A TRIAL SOLICITED.

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Acton Lodge, No. 204,
I.O.O.F.
MEETS in the Oddfellows' Hall, Hill's Block, every Wednesday evening. Visiting brethren always welcome. For copy of constitution and laws apply to the undersigned or any of the members.
W. WILLIAMS, N. G. H. H. WORDEN, Secretary

Poetry.

SURLY SAM.

He came to the shaft one winter morn, quiet and grim;
He said not a word to the other boys, nor they to him:
But took a pick to the low seam, and there he'd work all day.
Alone in the gloomiest corner, picking the coal away.

They said he came from the North; he wasn't at all our sort;
Never would join in a glass of beer or a bit of sport;
He didn't a word to say to either woman or man
But tuck to his paper and pipe, and the bread and meat in his can.

He wasn't a pop'lar man, but I stood up for him
For he'd allays a bit of candy for my little Poll and Jim;
And he seemed to take to children; I noticed he had a way
Of smoking his pipe on the green and watching them at their play.

Once I asked him to "have a glass." "No, thank 'ee," he said, "I think
It's only a foolish business to waste one's wage to drink."
"Well, they call thee 'Surly Sam' but I've allays taken thy part."
"Billy," he gruffly answered, "there's but few folk know the heart."

In a couple of years we were "out on strike," same old tussle once more;
Same old grumble of over-stock we'd heard so often before.
Masters want all they can get, and men want just the same,
If there's a fault," said Surly Sam, "we are both alike to blame.

"Do as you choose, I'll keep at work, I'm well enough content,"
But we were set on having our way, and "out" we went.
Then came a sad and woeful time: hunger, and want, and cold;
Bed and cradle, and household things, all for a morsel sold.

Oh, it was rough enough on me, my wife and children sick;
Rent overdue, without a cent, and not a bone to pick.
Then Surly Sam he paid the rent, and, "Bill," says he to me,
"I've saved a bit of money, lad, thou's welcome as far as it can be.

"For thou's sure to pay it back again as soon as e'er thou can,"
And I have paid it every cent, like an honest, grateful man.
And ever since that time there's ne'er been at Surly Sam a sneer,
Although there's some that still maintain his ways are rather queer.

But if he likes to read and think, and watch the children play,
And save his wage, and drink no beer, then, this is what I say:
There is no better kind of man. I'm proud of him—I am.
And nobody, when I am near, shall call him "Surly Sam."

For though he's quiet in his ways, I know he's good and kind;
He may not drink a glass of beer, nor be to song inclined,
Nor stand by us in all our plans, but all who need it, know
That Sam's an open hand and purse for any real woe.

Select Family Reading.

Friend Jane.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

Chicago never was, probably never will be, a city where one would expect to find many of that grave and honorable order who call themselves Friends, and are called Quakers, but one, at least, lived there for many years, a certain maiden lady named Jane Orchard, of whom every one always spoke as Friend Jane.

She was orthodox to the backbone, and at the time of our story undeniably old. She was neither rich nor poor, and, being quite alone in the world, boarded with a family of Quaker descent, who had become in a great measure backsliders, inasmuch as the young folks had abandoned the sad colored garments of their sect, but who still retained in the home circle at least the pleasant "thee" and "thou."

Pretty and trim and fair as a waxen doll baby even in her old age, it was a marvel that Friend Jane had never married. The truth was that a certain Obadiah Black had never found courage to make her an offer.

Being questioned on the subject by a curious friend, she had thus explained matters:—

"Friend Obadiah liked me, and I liked Friend Obadiah, but he wanted to be sure that I should say 'Yea' before he asked me to marry him. He wanted me to creep through the fence before he climbed over, and I did not choose to do anything so unbefitting. If a man wants to know whether a girl likes him let him ask."

Obadiah had died, a bachelor, years before, and Friend Jane had a black "profile" of him hanging over the mantle of her neat bedroom. It had a pretty, cowardly nose, and a small, womanish chin. Her own profile was finely aquiline, though very soft. But, though she had sighed over this "counterfeit presentment" of Friend Obadiah, she had not wasted her beauty in tears.

Placid in love as in grief, her heart had never throbbed or fluttered as most women's do. A cannon fired suddenly within ten feet of her whereabouts would not have made her scream. When Friend Ephraim's children beat drums and blew trumpets, and screamed and tumbled down stairs, she only said, blandly:

"How remarkably fond little boys and girls are of making a noise."

She had no nerves, in the feminine view of the case. She never jumped or twitched or squealed or wept furiously; she never laughed aloud.

She called hysterics "fits," and treated them with large jugs of cold water, and was altogether a very model or a Quakeress.

Any other woman would have abandoned this calm demeanor for once, if she, like Friend Jane, had, one autumn evening just at dark, passed, with silken-soft footsteps, up the stairs, and, lightly opening her bedroom door, had found a man busy with her bureau drawers. But Friend Jane only paused in and closed the door behind her, and set her back against it.

The fellow had her purse and her watch in his hand, and was dragging from its depths a costly and greatly valued drab silk shawl. Other things lay heaped before him. Friend Jane saw each article plainly. No desecrating hand had ever dived into her bureau before; her property had always been held sacred. She looked at the interloper very solemnly, and, having shaken her head solemnly, said, calmly:—

"Friend, those are my things."

The man turned, and his hand went into his breast, as if searching for some weapon.

"Make any noise, and I'll be the death of you," he hissed. "I ain't fond of hurting women, but I won't be caught like a rat in a trap."

"I do not wish to make any noise," said she, "and I do not wish to make any noise," said one to remember. Will you let me go?"

"Poor young man," said the Quakeress. "So thee had no mother. No wonder thee turned out poorly. Take the money that is in the purse, as I told thee. It is but little, and thee is welcome."

"I don't want it," said the man, tremulously. "I'm sorry I meddled with your things. If I'd had a mother like you, I—There, no matter! let me get out of your sight. I'm ashamed."

"Follow me," said the Quakeress, "and do not look disturbed if I disoblige the truth."

She opened the door, and rustled softly down stairs, like some dear old gray dove. Friend Jane, "but I feel a call to speak to thee about the impropriety of thy conduct. It is very singular, to say the least. Perhaps thee has made some mistake that thee can explain."

"You are a cool hand," the man muttered.

"I am not frightened," said Friend Jane, "because if there were cause I could soon call Friend Ephraim and his grown son, but I do not wish to harm thee, only thou must not have my clothes. Perhaps thee is a burglar, but perhaps thee has been driven to dishonesty by poverty. Thee must not take my shawl, and thee must leave my watch and put down that profile, but thee can take the money out of the purse—it is not much—if thee is actually in want."

The man stared at her, flung the purse with the rest of the things he had huddled together upon the bed, and stalked toward the door.

"Let me pass," he said; "I haven't got a thing of yours. Let me go."

"Speaking is thy friend," said Friend Jane, "I'd advise thee not to rush out in such haste. Friend Ephraim is on the front porch, and he is apt to forget the peaceful doctrines of our Society when he is vexed. If thee departs alone, thee may be arrested and put in jail."

"Is this humbug? Are you setting a trap for me, old lady?" asked the man, his hand still within his bosom, his eyes glaring at her.

"No," said Friend Jane, mildly, "I do not wish, nor shall I permit, thee to take my clothes; but I do not wish to see thee severely punished. It is our Christian duty to forgive those who trespass against us, and I am old and thou art young. If I had ever had a son, and had brought him up as badly as thy mother has thee, I should wish others to give him every possible chance to repent and lead an honest life."

She paused a moment, and looked severely at him—not as most people would have looked at a burglar, but as a kind grandmother might look at some favorite, naughty child who had broken her flower blossoms or meddled with her knitting.

"Doesn't thee think an able-bodied young man like thee might earn a living without taking an old woman's frocks and shawls?"

"I'll take none of yours," said the man, huskily. "As for a mother, I never had."

On the porch stood Friend Ephraim.

"Don't disturb thyself," she said, as he stepped aside. "This is a young friend who sometimes deals in second hand clothing. He has been looking at some of my old dresses;" with which words she ushered the burglar past unsuspicious Friend Ephraim, and, as he went, caught a look upon his face that stamped it indelibly upon her memory.

She returned to her room, settled her disarranged bureau drawers, hung up her watch and her precious profile, and went down stairs calmly to take her tea, and no one ever heard a word of her adventure, or knew that there had been a burglar in the house.

Time passed on, and Friend Jane had ceased to recall her adventure vividly, when, as we all know, a certain cow of Chicago kicked over a kerosene lamp and set the city in flames. Friend Jane, forgotten by her landlord and his family, in their terror and consternation, awakened to hear the flames crisping and crackling about her window-sill, and to find the stairway aflame and for her utterly impassable.

This was a desperate state of things. Even Friend Jane felt disturbed by it, but she only cried a little, very meekly, as she dressed herself. Meanwhile, in the street below, Friend Ephraim had discovered her absence, from the family group, and, bewailing it aloud, felt his arm caught by a large but supple hand.

"Which room?" cried the man.

Friend Ephraim pointed, and the next moment the man who had spoken to him dashed into the burning house.

Friend Jane, kneeling at her bedside, hiding her face in its coverings, and waiting for death, suddenly felt an arm flung about her, and was wrapped in a blanket and borne through smoke and flame downward, over the tottering stairs, out into the blazing streets—away with the fire behind them like a raging fiend spitting at them with red-hot mouth, striving to clasp them in his horrible arms, but failing, somehow after all.

At last, in a place of safety, the man set Friend Jane down amidst a group of terrified beings huddled together under a great stone wall, and unwrapt the blanket from about her. She was half suffocated by the fire, but the blanket had saved her from spot or mark. She smoothed her dress, settled her cap, and looking up into the face of the man who had saved her life, recognized her burglar.

"I'm obliged to thee, friend," she said. "I hope thee hasn't found me very heavy."

He smiled upon her faintly, and worn out with his terrible exertions, fell senseless at her feet. She stooped over him, a strange contrast in her lily-like old age to the flushed and blackened and scorched and panting creature who had saved her. She took her little bottle of smelling salts from her pocket, and held it to his nostrils, and waited until he came to himself before she uttered a word, then all she said was:

"Is this more?"

"No," said the man.

Then he put his hand over his forehead.

"I can't remember," he said. "There's something else—Ah, yes"—he dived his hand into his bosom and brought forth a watch—"saved that for you," he said.

He dropped again in the same place.

"Your pictures," he said, "and here, lady, your purse, saved that, too, for you."

"Thank thee, friend," said Friend Jane very softly.

"I'd have saved yer frocks if I'd had time enough," he said.

"Thee seems to forget that thee saved my life."

Then he took both her white hands in his own and kissed them.

"When you remember that the man that came into your room one night to help himself to what didn't belong to him," he said, "just remember this too; there been a lot of preaching to him in jail and elsewhere all his life, but he was never treated like you treated him before. Christian duty was talked to him, but Christian kindness never was acted up to him. 'Twasn't the being let go so much as the way of it. I ain't stole nothin' since that night, lady. I've tried to work."

"Then thee has done thy Christian duty," said Friend Jane.

"It's all gone," said the man with a sob. "There ain't no chance for me. I had a start, but just look around us."

"Look above us," said Friend Jane. "The stars are just as bright and the sky is just as blue as ever. Thee needn't be afraid. The Lord will provide. I trust Him, and just now I am as poor as thee."

Then a sudden impulse possessed her. She put her hand into the ex-burglar's.

"Stay and help me," she said, "and I will help thee, and we will help others for a while, and thee will see. The Lord will provide."

He stayed. Had he left her then it would have been to join with those who were pillaging the city. The poor fellow was not of himself strong enough to bear his peculiar ruin bravely and begin an honest life again, but this placid Quakeress helped him strangely. During those first terrible days they worked together, nursing the sick people who had no one else to care for them. And when at last their task was ended, and Friend Jane left Chicago for Philadelphia, in company with Friend Ephraim and family, the ex-burglar went with them. And this is what Friend Jane has said to him:

"Friend William, I have recommended thee to Friend Smith as a very honest young man."

Don't Break Your Neighbor's Head for Disagreeing with You.

Before breaking your neighbor's head for disagreeing with you, wouldn't it be well to see how near you come to agreeing with yourself? Ten to one, your own opinions haven't all been made at the same shop.

Have you never, for instance, proclaimed the total depravity of mankind in one breath, and in the next, declared that "the voice of the people is the voice of God?" If you never have, we have known many a vox populiar that has, and who saw no discrepancy, either, in thus being a "bear" in his religious, and a "bull" in his political estimate of human nature.

How long, pray, have you entertained your present views?—not upon all subjects but on any one subject? Do they come any nearer coinciding with those you held ten years ago, than with those of the man you are ready to quarrel with to-day? If not, don't quarrel with him. He is only your former or future self. Many a martyr has been burnt amid the shouts of those who, less than a decade afterwards would have given many times its weight in gold for a pinch of his ashes.

Quit trying to be consistent and, above all quit trying to make other people so. Form your opinions carefully, and not too hastily. Change them whenever you find them wrong. Concede the same privilege to others, and never fear but you, and "the rest of mankind," will be consistent enough. Men who never change must be either too perfect to err, two dishonest to admit their errors, or too blind to see them. The first hypothesis is out of the question; it follows that perfectly consistent people may be reduced to two classes—knaves and fools.

"Count five-and-twenty, Tattycoram," was Mr. Meagles's advice to the passionate girl in Little Dorrit. Count five-and-twenty times that, say we before flying into a rage at errors and inconsistencies, merely because they do not happen to be your own.

Beer or Bier?

A great many amusing stories have been told in which Mr. John Stetson, the noted theatre manager appears as a central figure, and in which the raciest and most original portions of certain dialogues are accredited to him. Doubtless many of these episodes had a foundation of truth, originally, but during the process of transplantation they developed considerably in detail and coloring. The following from the columns of the *Illustrated American* is new to us, and, we repeat it verbatim et literatim.

"Once, when Modjeska was playing at the Globe, she required a bier to lie upon in one of her scenes, and sent to Manager Stetson, stating that she wanted a bier 'Wants a beer, does she?' said Stetson; 'well, she can want and be blowed. I ain't providing beer for these furrin players. Tell her she can't have it.' The messenger returned to Modjeska with Stetson's message. The Countess was furious. 'Go to Mr. Stetson' she said, 'and tell him that unless I have a bier I will not go in the dead cart.' The messenger duly repeated the message. 'She won't, won't she?' screamed Stetson; 'well, we'll see if she won't. That's the way with these furriners; they always want beer, beer, beer!' Then, as if relenting, he took 50 cents from his pocket and said, with a deep sigh: 'I suppose I'll have to let her have it. 'Here, go and get her a gallon.' It is needless to say the Countess got her bier."

Raise the Flag.

The following incident occurred at the Fall Assizes, Sandwich:

Mr. Justice Falconbridge (arriving on the court house ground)—"Mr. Sheriff, I do not see that a flag has been hoisted on the court house."

The sheriff—"Your lordship, our flag is an old worn out affair, and I did not think it well to hoist it."

Mr. Justice Falconbridge—"Old or new, it is proper that the British flag should float over a British court house while the court is in session."

The sheriff—"It shall be done, your lordship."

Exeunt the sheriff, who gets hold of a Union Jack which floats over the building for the balance of the day.

The next morning, on arrival at the court house grounds: Mr. Justice Falconbridge—"Mr. Sheriff, where is the flag?"

The sheriff—The halyards broke during the night, and we cannot hoist the flag."

Mr. Justice Falconbridge—"You must hoist it. Get the halyards mended before we adjourn for lunch."

The sheriff—"The county clerk says that it will cost $10 to mend the halyards."

"Mr. Justice Falconbridge—"It will cost the county a good deal less to pay that $10 than it will to have the adjourn the court at the expense of the county. This court will not proceed until that flag is hoisted."

The flag remained at the head of the staff during the whole of the assizes.

Johnny's Composition.

The cat is a very interesting animal. He is a small fur dog that meows, and has whiskers and several other things. He has four paws—two four paws and two hind ones—and a tail. He has been known for many years, two of him having been said to be on the ark, where he must have been tied up, or what would have become of the rats? Cats don't get to be cats until they are a year old, when they stop being kittens which they are born as. It takes a kitten several weeks to get his eyes open, if he doesn't get drowned before that time, and he scratches when he is mad. My father says camels used to be cats, but got their backs up one day and couldn't get them down again, and so became camels. I never heard a camel meow, but I suppose they can because they can do most anything, having seven stomachs and going many days without water.

The dictionary says a cat is a carnivorous quadruped, but that does not sound like a cat. The old Egyptians used to be very fond of the cat, treating him like a member of their own family, and making mummies out of him when he died. Some of these mummies still live. They used to hang people for killing cats in Egypt, because the cat was supposed to be a sacred animal, being a sign of the moon, probably because they are generally out all night. We have a cat named Tom, and he has six kittens, which he washes their face every day just like me.

Cats never fall out of anything without landing on their feet, which is why their feet are so soft, and they have to be killed nine times before they die, and sometimes they don't even then. They eat milk when tame, and when wild they cry like a baby until somebody comes to see what is the matter, and then they eat him, which is fatal and teaches people to mind their own business, and not go seeing what other people's children are crying for.

A cat's eye is a very queer thing, looking like a slot machine all day and an agate at night, seeing better in the dark than in the light like witches. Therefore they are said to be friends of witches, and some people don't like them on that account, but I do.

The two best cats that ever lived belonged to Dick Whittington, Mayor of London, who went out West and killed a lot of rats at a dollar a head and took the money home to his master to get to be Mayor with, and Puss in Boots, who stole his master's clothes and ate a giant, thereby making his master owner of the farm and husband of a rich girl, whose father died and left it all to her.

My cat can't do anything like this, but he gets there just the same, and is very gentle to my little brother, who pulls his tail and doesn't have to wish he hadn't.

Altogether I don't what we should do without cats, especially those that like to have them around just as we do.

Sure Business The Year Round.

"Sure business the year round." Such were the words I read, not long ago in the advertisement of a saloon that was for sale. The saloon keeper who thus advertised his business was right. It is a "sure business the year round." There is no pause in this awful traffic that deals in the bodies and souls of men. Other forms of business may know seasons of depression, but dull times for other men often mean good times for the rum-seller. When men are out of work they often throng the bar-room and beer shop, and somehow, when there is no money for bread, meat or coal, there is always enough for beer, rum and tobacco.

The rum business is sure in more ways than one. It is sure to produce poverty, disease and crime, an awful trinity of evils. Where it flourishes, all forms of misery abound. It grows rich in proportion as others become poor. Its history is a scandal and its presence a curse. And yet, this evil thing is upheld by public sentiment and licensed by the law of the land. It does its work of death under the highest authorities and drags men and boys down to ruin and death in the sacred name of law. In the meantime our ministers preach our elders, deacons and church trustees pray for the kingdom of God to come, and for his will to be done on earth, as it is in Heaven, and then in crowds march up to polls with the rum-sellers and vote to legalize and perpetuate the worst thing that exists outside of Hell. It is enough to make angels weep and devils laugh. As nations have no life in the other world, but get their reward or punishment here, have we not reason to fear that God's day of grace with us as a nation will soon end and the vials of his wrath be poured out upon us?

When Judah had sinned away her day of grace, the prophet used this language: "The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved." God grant our loved country may not be compelled to take up this mournful refrain, and the curse of rum, like the curse of slavery, may not be washed away in tears and blood.—*Rev. Jesse S. Gilbert, A.M.*

How deep does the Earth Quake?

An interesting question has been started anent the recent earthquakes, viz.: How deep does the quake effect the crust of the earth? It is said that the great earthquake at Virginia City, Nev. in 1879 was not noticed at all by the miners in the deeper portions of the Comstock mines. The earthquake at the same place in 1874, which shook down the chimneys, fire-walls etc., and cracked nearly every brick building in the city, was merely noticed by some of the miners working in the upper levels, but did no damage at all. The men in the various shafts noticed it the most, and the deepest point at which it was noticed was on the 900-foot level, where the station man said he felt but a faint throb or pulsation of the air. These facts make it appear that the earthquake is a disturbance of only the upper strata of the earth's crust, like a wave at sea.

The Origin of Troy Weight.

The smallest measure of weight in use the grain, has its name from being originally the weight of a grain of wheat. A statute passed in England in 1266 ordained that thirty-two grains of wheat, taken from the middle of the ear or head and well dried, should make a pennyweight, twenty of which should make an ounce, while twelve ounces were to make a pound. A pound therefore, consisted then of 7,680 grains. Some centuries later the pennyweight was divided into twenty-four grains, which make a troy pound, as now used, 5,760 grains. The pennyweight was the exact weight of the old silver penny.—St. Louis *Republic*.

I'M FOND OF MAY.

Of all the months that round the year
And make the chaff complete,
An I song and sunshine, breeze and storm,
At intervals repeat,
Though every season has its joys,
And each some charms can boast,
Of all the months that round the year
I fancy May the most.

The orchards are with blossoms crowned,
The fields their robes renew,
And here and there along our ways
Are flowers of every hue;
And nature wears a smiling face,
And every heart is gay,
And life is sweet to those who heed
"The promise of the May."

Within my breast there is a bird
That sings the whole day long,
And night and darkness have no power
To interrupt his song;
And all the time a chorus sweet
Of voices seem to say:
"Oh! I'm in love!—oh! I'm in love!
Oh! I'm in love with May!"

They tell the truth; with May alone
My happiness found;
She is the dearest, sweetest, best
Of all the whole year round.
But lest you should my meaning miss,
And fancy me astray,
I may as well confess at once—
My sweetheart's name is May.

Resisting Temptation.

Old Uncle Eben was going along past Brown's store, paying no attention to anybody and evidently far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife, when Brown saw him.

"Hello, uncle," he called out, "where have you been lately? I haven't seen you for a month."

"Been to meetin' mos'ly, Mas' Tom," answered the old man, humbly.

"Oh, there's a revival on, is there?"

"Yas, sir, Mas' Tom."

"Well, you ought to be slipping down on the coop these nights. Fatten chickens, roosting low down there, you ever saw."

The old man's eyes began to brighten.

"Watermelons in the patch yet, too, and sweet potatoes coming on," continued Brown, seductively.

Uncle Eben began to grow fidgety and his mouth watered, but he was firm. You could see that plainly.

"Go 'way, Mas' Tom," he said pleadingly, "co 'way wid yo' temptin' speechifyin'. You hain't no right to be puttin' temptation in de ole man's paf. I've done got religion, Ma's Tom, an' dem yar things ain't fer me no mo' 'deed dey ain't, Ma's Tom."

"Fat chickens, watermelons, sweet potatoes, nor anything, uncle?" wheedled Brown.

"No, Mas' Tom," and Uncle Eben raised his eyes piously; but if you'll be polite enough to tell me jes wha' dey is, I'll communicate with some of dese yer unregen'ate sinners what hain come nigh de mo'ners' bench yet, and I spose dey'll git down der fer a spell one o' dese yer nights fo' de moon am clar gone, an' I'll see dat Uncle Eben ain't lef' to suffer mo'n he kin b'ar, Mas' Tom, after dey gits back from de flesh-pots ob Egyp."

Brown chuckled, and Uncle Eben shuffled along.

A Singular Horse.

A funny story is told of Dean Swift, who was a witty man and fond of a joke at the expense of other people, as most witty people are. One very cold night, says *Harper's Young People* when he was travelling, he stopped at a little inn. There was only one fire in the house and the guests of the inn, crowding around it, left no place for the new-comer.

With a solemn face Dean Swift called to the hostler, and told him to get a peck of oysters immediately and take them out to his horse.

"Will your horse eat oysters, sir?" asked the astonished man.

"Just take them out and see," said the horse's master.

The people around the fire stared at the man who owned this curious horse, and nearly every one left his seat and went out to see the remarkable horse eating oysters.

Then the cunning dean made himself comfortable in the warmest corner and ordered supper.

Presently back came the hostler, with the disappointed crowd after him.

"He won't touch them, sir!" cried the hostler.

"Then take the foolish animal all the oats he can eat," replied Dean Swift. "You can bring the oysters here. I'll eat them for supper myself."

Betting Fools.

All the fools are evidently not dead yet. The man who starved himself for 40 days had his innings; the glutton who eats 100 quails in 100 days has eaten and died. The bridge jumper and the whirlpool rapids swimmer are growing beautifully less but a new star in the firmament and their feit is a novel one. It is as follows:—

John Springer bet William Noble, of Bolivar, Ohio, an oyster supper on Thursday night that he could sit the longer on a rail fence. At 3 o'clock Friday morning both men were still there, having spent the night on the fence, while their respective families supplied them with hot coffee and warm clothing. The whole community was deeply interested in the outcome. Springer is a large, heavy man, while his opponent only weighs 110 pounds. After twelve hours on the fence Noble looked almost as fresh as when he sat down, but his heavy companion appeared to be suffering. Noble won.

Old Nursery Favorites.

There was Tom, the Son of the Piper,
Jack Sprat, and Merry King Cole,
And the Three Wise Men of Gotham,
Who went to sea in a bowl;
The woman who rode on a broomstick,
And swept the cobwebbed sky,
And the boy who sat in the corner,
Eating his Christmas pie.

These were some of the old favorites, but they have been supplanted by the "Pansy" and "Chatterbox" stories, "Little Lord Fauntleroy," and "Five Little Peppers." The old-fashioned pills and physics have been superceded, and wisely, too, by Pierce's Purgative Pellets, a mild, harmless and effective cathartic. They are pleasant to take—so gentle in their action that the most delicate child can take them, yet so effective that they will cure the most obstinate cases of constipation, stomach, liver and bowel troubles. They should be in every nursery. As a gentle laxative, only one for a dose.

A paper printed not a hundred miles from Georgetown contained the following advertisement—"Lost, a leather bag representing Venus and Adonis on Fairbank Road, about ten o'clock on Wednesday evening."