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The Acton Free Press

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—AT THE—

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For Dyspeptics and anyone with weak digestion.
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Day Sells Cheap.

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A SAVINGS DEPARTMENT
Has been opened in connection with this Branch.
Interest Allowed at Current Rates.
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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.

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IVORY OAK FRAMES SILVER GILT
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Double Tubes, Rowney's, 10c.
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Our Wall papers
Are said to be the best selected in the city
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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 6:30 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.
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BELL
Pianos
AND
Organs
WERE AWARDED
THE - GOLD - MEDAL
AT
Jamaic aInternational Exhibition 1891,
In competition with American, German, English and Canadian manufacturers.
FOR SALE
On Monthly or Quarterly Payments only at
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MUSIC STORE,
52 Lower Wyndham street, Guelph. Telephone 178.

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 Graytie and Marble Monuments, Tombstones, etc. Having had an extensive experience for the last 15 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.

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.
HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO.
PAID UP CAPITAL 604,600.00
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We call your attention to the conveniences 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. P. H. JONES,
Manager Guelph Branch.

Babies! Babies
Bring Your
Fathers and Mothers to
Spragge's Furniture Store,
GUELPH,
and get a beautyiof a
CARRIAGE.
New ones just in
Very Cheap.

30 Solid Oak Rockers,
Upholstered in Plush and Tapestries, coming. Look out for them in about ten days.
A GREAT SNAP.
P. SPRAGGE & Co.
Upper Wyndham St.
GUELPH.

99
Upper - Wyndham - Street.
FRESH
ARRIVALS.
Fine Scotch Suitings,
New Spring Worsted Suitings
Overcoatings—Newest Colors
OPENED TO-DAY
Choice New Lines in Fine English Hats, in Fedoras and all the Newest Shapes to be sold at close prices.
Special Drives in Hats.
Remember our Famous $4 Pants to Order.
R. E. NELSON,
Fashionable Clothier,
99 Upper Wyndham St., Guelph.

Guelph's Leading
Boot & Shoe Store
New Goods,
Best Quality,
Fair Prices.
OUR New Spring Stock is selected from the Best wholesale houses in Canada and the United States. Every pair of Shoes we sell is WARRANTED. Any failure in quality will be made good by giving you a new pair.
All Widths kept in stock of Ladies' American hand turned Boots.
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Give us a trial and you become a regular customer.
LEADING BOOT & SHOE STORE
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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 work manlike 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

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.

DEBATIN' SKULE.

Altho' I'm very fresh and young,
At fame I've made a spunky grab;
I've got a very limber tongue,
They say I'm gifted with the gab.
Altho' a modest man and meek,
Lo, I can lecture like a streak,
And get upon my legs and speak—
I learned it in a debatin' skule.

I don't care who my foemen are
I daunt less take them as they come,
For I've debated whether war
Has killed as many men as rum,
Or smoky chimney—scolding wife?
The city versus country life?
Or dux religion foster strife?
I've did it at a debatin' skule.

And I've debated whether wealth
Has caused more crime than poverty?
Do undershirts conduce to health?
Are Sunday girls a luxury?
Do ignorance and superstition
Do more harm than proud ambition?
Does learning better our condition?
I've talked them at debatin' skule.

I jump upon the chairman's neck
I swing my mighty fists and roar,
I boldly stamp upon the deck
And with the foemen wipe the floor.
I've helped to whop the Blatherskites,
I've helped to thump the Out of Sights
I've spoiled the Patrons' appetites,
And did it at debatin' skule.

I fear no man on airth of course,
I'm open for a challenge now,
The subject is, Resolved the horse
Is a useful'er critter than the cow.
All is welcome far to come,
My tongue is in good shape, by gum,
And I shouldn't be to learn
You'll find me at debatin' skule.

—*The Khan in Dundee Banner.*

Select Family Reading.

The Two Answers.

BY MARY E. MOFFAT.

"Mrs. Montague, can you tell me the name of the young lady who is so exclusively engrossing my son Percy's attention this evening?"

The suave hostess turned her eyes smilingly in the direction indicated, and then whispered behind her fan:—

"Yes: that is Miss Morna May. She was educated at the same boarding-school with my Clara, and is her dearest friend. She is a very sweet girl, and is, I believe, quite an heiress."

Morna May! Where had Mrs. Wyndham heard this name, which seemed so familiar, and yet was owned by a stranger? The puzzle lasted but a moment. Into her mind like a flash of light came two pictures from out of the past, and she knew who this girl was, beside whose purple-black tresses bent the yellow head of her own Percy, and who was evidently whispering into her ear some of those pleasant trifles which count for so little to an uninterested party, but which from a lover's lips often for the time being outweigh, in the listener's mind, the fate of nations.

These were the pictures:—

In a distant inland city, some eleven years ago, a large and aristocratic audience were assembled at an amateur entertainment given to raise money for charitable purposes. A young child stood upon the platform as the curtain was raised, looking out at them wistfully with her large, dark eyes. Then a master hand struck a few plaintive chords to prelude the song, which burst from her pretty lips with as much ease as its musical notes trill from the throat of an untaught forest bird, and even more sweetness in its rich melody.

The second scene was in her own home, which was then situated in that same city. Percy, at the time a lad of eight, had led the tiny songstress into her boudoir.

"See, mamma," he said, "it's Morna. She can make music on the pretty, cold keys, and I brought her into play for you."

She had risen hastily with an impulse to send Percy to his governess, and to tell the child to go home, when a look went straight to her heart from the lustrous, pleading eyes which had so touched her as she had listened to her song but a few evenings before. Thinking to herself, "It can do no harm; they are but children," she yielded to her impulse; and taking one of Morna's tiny hands, led her into the drawing-room, and lifted her upon the piano stool, saying, kindly:

"I shall be glad to hear you, my dear."

From this time Morna had been Percy's favorite playmate during the remainder of their stay in the place. But when, in a year's time, they had removed to their present home, the memory of the child had faded almost entirely out of her mind until thus suddenly revived by seeing her a favored guest, at Mrs. Montague's Musicale.

After a moment's silence she turned again, and asked Mrs. Montague:

"Do you know who Miss May is?" And when she was answered, "Yes; she is the adopted daughter of the Maynards', a very rich and somewhat eccentric old couple," with a generosity not often found, she forbore to enlighten her with (what would have been a choice bit of scandal to the gossip-loving community) the story of the rumors current about the parentage of the girl when a wee bit of a child. Report had said that a very beautiful quadroon woman had been seen in the neighborhood carrying a young babe in her arms. The next morning she had disappeared as suddenly as she had come, and Morna had been found at the door of her adopted parents. Let her sun herself in the happiness which evidently filled her innocent young heart. She would not be the one to cast a cloud over it.

But Percy must be removed at once out of the influence of her attractions. If she had been a poor girl, without the drawback of a cloud upon her birth, Mrs. Wyndham would not have felt so about it; for Percy was rich enough to marry a penniless wife if he chose. But his bride and her daughter-in-law must come at least of an honorable race. It was no wonder that during the remainder of the evening Mrs. Wyndham's mind was filled with uneasy forebodings as she saw Percy so constantly hovering near Miss May.

The long promised trip to Europe should be delayed no longer. They would go at once.

But, to her dismay, she found the mischief was already done.

The next morning Percy came into her room with a bunch of violets in his hand. Holding them up smilingly, he said:—

"What will you give me for my flowers?"

"Anything my boy may ask for," answered Mrs. Wyndham, in the same light tone.

"Then, mother," and Percy grew suddenly earnest, "I ask for your blessing upon my precious hope of winning the girl I love. You have always wished for a daughter, and I have chosen one for you; that is, if she will have me."

Mrs. Wyndham grew very pale. She knew that Percy's feelings ran so deep and strong that when they had once cut a channel for themselves it would be like diverting the restless torrent of Niagara to try to turn them in another direction; and he was such a dutiful, loving son, how could she go against his wishes?

Percy went on eagerly, not waiting for an answer.

"Oh, mother, she is the dearest, sweetest girl in the world, and I want you to help me win her."

"Then she does not know of your feeling toward her?"

"No. I waited to ask your advice before I risked my happiness upon the chance of her accepting me. She has a faculty of keeping me from saying anything decisive, and yet I have an idea that she is not indifferent to me. Oh, mother, help me in this, and I will—"

"Love your darling and forget your mother. 'A son's a son till he gets him a wife,' the old adage runs," interrupted Mrs. Wyndham.

"But you don't believe it, do you, mother?"

"No, Percy." And as she said it she smiled fondly into the animated, boyish face. "I do not. Now about the young lady. Who is she and what do you know about her? If it is Miss May of whom you speak, I think you can learn more from me than I can from you."

"Tell me, then, all you can about her, for you have guessed right."

Then Mrs. Wyndham told Percy what she had heard in former days of Morna's desertion by her rightful protectors, and of her adoption by the Maynards, notwithstanding the cloud upon her birth. He listened quietly and gravely until she had concluded. Then he said, with a dignity which surprised and impressed his mother:

"Morna is a gentlewoman to the very core, and I am sure that as pure blood flows in her veins as in my own. Mother, you are above such prejudices, are you not? You will love her for my sake?"

Mrs. Wyndham was a tender-hearted woman, and she could not resist the intense pleading in Percy's eyes.

"For your sake, my son," she said at last, "I will. But, oh, Percy, if your poor father had only lived I would have been spared this terrible responsibility. I am only a weak woman, and it may be wrong in me to give my consent."

"You shall never regret it, my darling mother," said Percy heartily. "You have made me strong to learn my fate. Good-bye. When I see you again I shall be either the happiest or the most miserable of men."

Morna had not been reared in ignorance of her supposed parentage, and when Percy came to her with the story of his love, she refused him gently, but firmly, saying she should never marry. Her resolution was immovable. Though when Percy's mother came in person to plead for her son, she was very much moved. Putting her tender young arms about her neck, Morna kissed her again and again.

"It will be a sweet thought to me all through my life," she said, "that Percy's mother is as noble as he is himself. It is because I love him with all my heart that I refuse him. It is not that I was born poor, but—but—"

An irrepressible burst of tears concluded her sentence.

"I know, Morna," said Mrs. Wyndham, her own voice broken with emotion, "and knowing all, I would be proud to claim you for my daughter."

Morna put out her hands in a sudden appeal.

"Don't!" she said. "I cannot bear it! If I should yield, I should be a recreant to the teachings of my own conscience. It cannot—must not be!"

Full of a sympathy too deep for words, the elder woman folded the sobbing girl in her arms. Then she kissed her tenderly, saying:—

"May God, who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, make you happy and content in the way you think it your duty to tread."

The next moment Morna was alone.

Prominent among the notables in Washington society during the following winter, were a Cuban gentleman named Altamonte and his beautiful wife. Their entertainments eclipsed all others. Everything was on a princely scale, although far removed from arrogant display. Through the brilliant scenes moved the hostess, ever affable and gracious, though with an indescribable sadness looking out of her lustrous, dark eyes, which interested the beholder even more than the magnificent beauty of her face and form. It was whispered about that her early life had been shadowed by some mysterious affliction.

Percy and his mother were spending the winter in Washington, and from the first were very much drawn toward Mrs. Altamonte. The attraction was mutual, and they soon grew to be welcome guests at her stately mansion. Once yielding to an impulse, Percy said to Mrs. Altamonte:

"I can scarcely keep my eyes, from your face, it is so much like that of a very dear friend of mine."

The lady's dark eyes were resting upon him with an expression of interest, and he continued:—

"She is younger than you—a mere girl—but at her age you must have been her very self over again. She is enough like you to be your daughter."

A cloud of sorrow came into the fine eyes of his listener:—

"My pretty Nita would have been a girl of seventeen, had she been spared to me. Have I ever spoken of her to you? of my only child, and of the cruel way in which she was taken from me? I see I have not, by the surprise in your face, and though it is a theme I rarely touch upon, I feel sure that your sympathy will be so fully mine, I will once more tell the sad story of my blighted hopes.

"Eighteen years ago, in the first freshness of my bridal happiness, I accompanied my husband to the States. Our stay was prolonged some two years, and during that time my Nita was born. Among my servants was a quadroon woman, possessing the wonderful type of beauty sometimes seen in decendants of a mixed race. She was well recommended, but she had been spoiled by flattery, and felt herself too much above her position to prove a good attendant upon a perhaps capricious mistress's whims. At last I grew weary of contending with her indolence and impertinence, and discharged her. She left, breathing threats of vengeance, which alas! were soon fulfilled. Before a month had passed, my precious baby had disappeared, and we never have found the slightest clew to her whereabouts, although every effort has been made that unlimited means can command.

"Could I be sure that my darling was lying white and still in the peaceful rest which must come to all of us after life's fitful fever is over, I should be content; but to think of her alive, and in the companionship of the class to which Zillah belongs—Ah! that is the chief sting!"

Percy had listened with deep and breathless attention. With youth's impulsive haste he had rushed at once to the conclusion that in his own knowledge rested the happy ending of Mrs. Altamonte's sad story. Nita and Morna were indentical. All, even to the appearance of the beautiful quadroon woman in the distant city where Morna lived, and in the resemblance which had so impressed him, proved her to be the stolen child over whose loss Mrs. Altamonte had mourned so unavailingly. But before he had time to unfold this strange and marvelous conjection of circumstances, a servant came to the door.

"What is it, Antoine?" asked Mrs. Altamonte.

"A poor woman says she must see you."

"Must is a strong word," said the lady, smilingly. But show her in; I suppose it is the usual plea for help."

After a short interval a strange, weird-looking figure appeared at the doorway. She was tall and emaciated, with a face whose thin, hectic-tinted cheeks told of the ravages of consumption. She did not seem to be conscious of Percy's presence, but fixing her wild unnaturally bright eyes on Mrs. Altamonte's face, she sprang forward and cast herself on her knees before her.

"Oh, madame, pardon! pardon! My dreams are haunted by demons who give me no rest. I have come to you to drive them away—to exorcise them.

With sudden sternness, Mrs Altamonte rose to her feet.

"Unhappy woman, do you dare to come to me for help? Where is my child!"

"Oh, madame," and the woman grovelled still at her feet, clutching desperately at her garment, "if you cast me out I am indeed lost!"

"Tell me of my little Nita. Render up your account of her. Then ask for forgiveness. As you have treated her, even so shall your punishment be meted out to you.

"That is what I mean to do—to take you to her. Ah, in my wicked hate I meant to kill her, but she smiled in my face with her innocent eyes, and I had not the heart to do it. She is as fine a lady as yourself and as handsome as one of the angels of Heaven. Come, I will take you to her. We will go upon the wings of steam, and find her. Then my tortured soul will be at peace, and I will lie down and die. They call your child Morna May—the kind and rich ones who took herin."

At this name, Percy could control himself no longer. He came suddenly forward.

"The woman says truly," he said. "I know Morna May, and she is as the sunshine to all who love her. She is an angel!"

As Zillah had said, the wings of steam could hardly bear them swiftly enough to Morna's home.

It was a happy meeting between mother and daughter; and the good old couple who had adopted the desolate little waif when left a wailing baby, at their door, shared in her joy at finding herself the owner of an unsullied name.

One morning, not long after Morna had found her mother, she was seated by her side, recalling some of the events of her short life—a story to which Mrs. Altamonte was never weary of listening. Suddenly a question was asked which sent the tell-tale blood rushing rosily into the girl's face.

"Morna, why do you never speak of young Percy Wyndham? Do you dislike him?"

"Dislike him! Oh, mamma!" and the blushing face hid itself upon her mother's breast.

"He has received permission from your father and from me to call upon you this morning. This is his ring now. Go to him, my daughter, and whatever may be the answer you may make to the question he will ask, it will meet with our approval. He is a noble youth, and I have always envied his mother such a son.

As Morna stood at the door her heart throbbed so violently that she had to pause awhile to gain courage to enter. Then she went softly in.

Percy came eagerly forward.

"Morna," he said, eagerly, "I have come to ask the same question again. Is it still "no?"

One look into the downcast face and he was answered.

The next moment she was folded to his faithful heart.

An hour later Morna tapped for admittance to her mother's boudoir. In answer to her low "Come in" she opened the door and motioned to Percy to enter first.

"Mamma," she said, softly, "I have brought you the son you have coveted so long."

Facts and Figures.

There are about 170,000 licensed drink shops in the United Kingdom. It is computed there are at least 600,000 drunkards.

Dr. Norman Kerr says 120,000 deaths are caused every year by drink, 40,000 of these being the direct victims and 80,000 indirect victims.

Buffon, in "Discourse on Nature" (1765), says: "Drink alone destroys—ruins—more people than all the other plagues put together which afflict humanity."

Last year the drink bill was £139,495,470 while the amount spent upon mission work Bible societies, etc., was only £2,000,000.

The $500,000 given to General Booth represents a little over six months' drinking. The result is a standing army of nearly 200,000 criminals, about 20,000 of whom are always in jails at one time. They have almost a million paupers, and two millions more on the verge of pauperism, in British.

The London *Times* has declared: "The use of strong drink produces more idleness, crime, disease, want and misery than all other causes put together," and Mr. Gladstone testified: "It has been said that greater calamities are inflicted on mankind by intemperance than by the three great historical scourges; war, pestilence and famine. This is true for us, and it is the measure of our discredit and disgrace."

Didn't Work Right.

De Smoker—"Do you know, my dear, an eminent scientist has discovered that tobacco arrests the development of bacteria.

Wife—"Does it, really? You wouldn't want your little wife to be eaten up by those horrid bacteria would you my dear? Where's your other pipe?"

Two Sides of a Question.

Ned Willis was a banker's only son. He had been so petted and flattered, it was a wonder he was not utterly spoiled, especially as he had dollars to spend where other fellows had pennies. But Ned had considerable common sense when it occurred to him to stop and think. One lovely day he went fishing. Going through the woods he passed Judge Allen, who had come out with a surveyor to see about some disputed landmark. Ned was flattered by the pleasant greeting the judge gave him, for Judge Allen was the great man of the village. By-and-bye, when Ned got at his fishing, he began to think:—

"This is the sort of man I'll be—the biggest and most influential in town. I ought to be mighty glad I've such a grand start. Father is rich, and when I am of age I have a lot of grandmother's money coming to me. How some fellows have to dig and when they are forty years old they won't have what I start with. I shall read and study more, of course, but I shall never grind away at books. I shall travel and see life, and have a yacht to go around the world in, give wine parties, and be somebody. Look at Tom Elders now! He is as bright as any gentleman's son, if his father is only a poor carpenter. Tom is having to work every blessed day this vacation to pay for his school next winter. When he comes of age, if he is college educated, he will be as poor as a church mouse."

Just then the judge's loud voice was plainly heard behind the dense foliage:—

"Yes, just about the very worst thing in these days for the average boy is money or the expectation of it. Take that bright, little chap that passed us just now. I knew his father when he hadn't a six-pence, but he was bound to become 'somebody.' He studied nights and drove an express cart daytimes; never spent ten cents he didn't earn until he was a man grown. He got a good education and business habits. His mother then fell heir to quite a fortune, and, knowing, how to care for it, he came to be as rich as he is; but this boy of his—what a difference! Ned will know just enough not to be called a fool. He never will learn, until the knowledge is no use to him, that money will not buy everything on earth worth having. He will inevitably grow up lazy, self-indulgent, and, nine chances to one in ten, depraved. Even now it is cigarettes and every show that comes to town. Soon it will be tobacco and treats and gambling and theatres. What will he care for business habits, even leaving principles out of the account? He needs no business habits to acquire money. He has all he can spend without any efforts to make more. O, I tell you, money is usually a curse to a boy like Ned. I expect to live to see it has been to him."

"You won't!" ejaculated Ned, jerking his fishing rod yards above his head. "No you won't! I walked off to-day because I had a hard algebra lesson. I'll march back and tackle that lesson, and we'll see if I'll only just escape being a fool—may be not escape, and all because my money was a curse. We'll see, Judge Allen! And I guess tobacco and some other things will have to go after this."

"Within Six Inches of Heaven."

In a thriving town in Central New York there once lived a poor cripple, wholly without lower limbs, and pitably deformed from rheumatism and other acute diseases. He supported himself and family by dealing in nuts, fruits and confectionary. Pity for his misfortune induced the town authorities to grant him permission to erect a small stand on the main street, provided it could be done without trespassing on the sidewalk reserved for pedestrians. A desirable location was soon found, with ample space for the stand, if a wealthy widow whose residence and extensive grounds stood near, would consent to allow the foundations of the little building to rest just six inches on her land. The cripple called to secure the desired permission. To his surprise she flatly refused.

"But madam," he urged, "this is almost a matter of life and death with me. At no other point on the street is the outlook so promising. Your grounds are ample, and I ask but six inches."

"My grounds are my own. Neither you nor any other person can trespass a single inch."

"Very well, madam," said the cripple, "I have made my plea. I have been to-day within six inches of securing what certainly promised to be a mean of support. Beware lest sometime you lack just six inches of heaven."

To be wanting in charity is surely to be wanting in one of the most important requisites of heaven.—*Wide-Awake.*

The Czar's Cloak.

The Emperor Alexander the first of Russia was fond of long solitary walks, and he sometimes met with curious adventures. One day he could not get back by the exact hour he had named, so he mounted the first sledge he met, and desired the peasant who drove it to take him to the Imperial Palace.

"Yes," said the man, not knowing the Emperor, "I will take you as near as I can; the guards will not let me go up to it."

He drove a little distance from it, near a row of other sledges waiting for hire, and stopped. The Emperor sprang out, and having no money with him, told the man to wait, and he would send him his fare.

"Oh, no," said the man, "I have driven many young officers like you, and they have short memories. If I once lose sight of them they forget to pay me."

"Here is my cloak, then!" said the Emperor: "it is worth more than your fare, though neither new or handsome. Keep it, and restore it to the person whom I send out with the money."

Ten minutes afterwards a footman came out of the palace and asked which of the drivers brought the Emperor. They were silent. He inquited which had a cloak to restore. The peasant came forward, and received in exchange four pounds, which the Emperor had sent to pay for himself and those officers who were still in the driver's debt. It was a large sum for a Russian peasant, and more than this man had ever had in his life.

The next day the Emperor was reviewing his army, and called the field-officers to speak to them.

"Gentlemen," he said, your regiments are splendidly well kept, but tell your officers that yesterday they gave me the humiliation of leaving my cloak as a pledge. All looked astonished. "It is true," he added. "A driver yesterday would not give me credit, because the officers he said: your comrades, often forget to pay me."—*Exchange.*

WHERE'S BILL.

Where's Bill? Yes, o' course I'm glad to
See th' old town once again;
When I turned th' bend I had to
Jes git up an' yell; an' when
I see that old steeple risin'
Like the guide post on th' hill,
Leapin' up from the horison,
I jes had to—Say wher's Bill?

Know that mettlin-horse? I guess so!
Ain't that where we used to go,
Us boys? Settin' stiff an' jes so,
Like we was put up to show.
There's th' graveyard back behind it,
With th' old stone on th' hill;
I believe that I could find it
If I tried to now. Where's Bill?

When we two was boys, Bill showed it
To me one day, an' th' year
Cut in it was—There, I knowed it
Wasn't far away from here.
See, it's bld an' stained an' breakin'
Grass-growed, too, and cracked, until
It seems like some poor, forsaken,
Homeless thing that—Say where's Bill?

Bill an' me we often wondered
Whose that stone was, for we guessed
He'd laid down there a hundred
Years or more at very best.
An' he 'uset to say: "Now, I don't
Want no better tomb. I will
Lay there when I die." Say, why don't
Some o' you-uns say where's Bill?

Yes, old paid, this is th' stone, an'
It's th' one you used to claim.
Pshaw! You talk about your own; an'
Sich fool things. Why, what's this name
Here cut underneath the creepers
An' th' moss? Why are you still?
Hit's name! Here among th' sleepers—
An'!—Well, I've found you, Bill.

—*Harper's Weekly.*

Bound to be Forgiven.

Gustave Dore had many faults, but none so large as not to deserve excuse when one remembers his tenderness of heart. He absolutely would not and could not keep up an enmity. Life was short, according to his loving theory, and only the foolish man could afford to spend it in bitterness. Blanchard Jerrold was exceedingly angry with him at one time, because, after they had worked together on a volume of drawings and descriptions relating to London, Dore published a French edition of the book, in which Jerrold's text did not appear.

For a year the intimacy of the two men ceased, and then, on Dore's annual visit to London, he suddenly appeared in his former friend's library, held out his hand, and said, "I couldn't leave without seeing you."

He owned that he had been in the wrong, and did not attempt to justify himself. The only thing he did insist upon was the fact that he could not live at enmity with one of whom he had once been fond, and, after long discussion, the two parted, on their old affectionate terms.

Yet Dore was an irritable man, and one day actually quarrelled with a friend on the subject of art. It was not long, however, before he rushed into the gentleman's house saying, "let us embrace each other. It is too stupid to quarrel with friends. We will talk no more about paintings, but only of drawings. Then, you were perhaps in the right."

"We hugged each other," says the friend in telling the story. "He had been the first to come back. He was a better man than I. Another friend, Albert Wolff, the critic, had written somewhat severely of Dore as a painter, and the latter, who was never content to be admired as a mere illustrator, felt the cut most keenly. The two had been friends for fifteen years, but this unfortunate criticism had parted them for five. Then, one summer evening, they met, face to face, and it was Dore who advanced, with outstretched hand, saying, "Is it all over?"

"As you please," was the cool reply.

Dore hesitated. Then his better nature prevailed over his pride, and passing his arm within that of his friend, he said: "I must talk with you."

He talked and the other listened with the result of healing the breach between them.

It is a well-established principle of economics that the young man who would get up with the sun should not stay up later than 10 o'clock with the daughter.

A Gift Repaid.

Dr. A. Billhardt, of Sandusky, O., many years ago, while in Philadelphia one evening walking through a well known quarter of that city, was stopped by a pale faced gentleman who begged piteously for assistance. His story of wrongs and misfortune was so plausible that the doctor handed him the amount asked for and was on the point of continuing his walk when the stranger stopped him again, asked his name and address, promising that when fortune smiled upon him he should be well remembered.

Recently upon opening a small package addressed to him from Mellmore, a mining town in South America, the Dr. found glistening in a downy bit of cotton a brilliant scintillating with all the colors of the rainbow. Inclosed with the gem was a card reading:

DR. A. BILLHARDT:

DEAR SIR—Several years ago I met you in the streets of Philadelphia. I was starving and asked you for bread; you gave it to me. For your kindness I return you a stone. It is of great value, but nothing, I assure you, in comparison to the gratitude I feel for the kindness you extended. BARON ISO ROSSA.

That the doctor was amazed goes without saying, and no wonder. The gem weighs twenty carats and its value is estimated at $8,000.—*Chicago Inter Ocean.*

The people at the World's Dispensary of Buffalo, N. Y., have a stock-taking time once a year and what do you think they do? Count the number of bottles that've been returned by the men and women who say that Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery or Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription didn't do what they said it would do.

And how many do you think they have to count. One in ten? Not one in five