The Acton Free Press.

VOLUME XVII.---NO. 47. ACTON, ONTARIO, THURSDAY, MAY 19, 1892. 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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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.

J. F. UREN, M. D. C. M., Trinity University, Honor Graduate Victoria University. M. C. P. S., Ont. Office and residence—Corner Mill & Frederick streets. Acton.

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

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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

R. J. McNABB,
CONVEYANCER, COLLECTOR, ETC.
Rents and accounts collected. Agent Fire and Life Assurance. Property bought and sold. Money to loan on the most favorable terms.
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Barristers, Solicitors, &c.,
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Offices—Creelman's Block, Georgetown, and Traders' Bank Chambers, 63 Yonge st., Toronto.
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Twenty Years Practice. No Patent, No Pay.

WM. HEMSTREET,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER
For the Counties of Wellington and Halton. Orders left at the FREE PRESS office, Acton, or at my residence in Acton, will be promptly attended to. Terms reasonable.
Also money to loan on the most favorable terms, and at the lowest rates of interest, in sums of $500 and upwards.

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GUELPH, ONT.
OFFICE—Wyndham Street.

FRANCIS NUNAN
(Successor to T. F. Chapman)
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St. George's Square, Guelph, Ontario
Account Books of all kinds made to order. Periodicals of every description carefully bound. Relier neatly and promptly done

THE HANLAN BARBER SHOP,
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An easy shave, a stylish hair-cut, a good sea-foam shampoo, always given. Razors honed and put in first-class condition. Ladies' and children's hair tastily cut.
J. & H. WORDEN, Tonsorial Artists.

Acton Lodge, No. 204, I.O.O.F.
MEETS in the Oddfellows' Hall, Hill's Block, Acton, 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

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STONE & WELLINGTON,
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AGENTS WANTED
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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,
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COAL AND WOOD YARDS.
JAMES BROWN
MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN
Lumber, Lath, Shingles, Coal and Wood.
Coal and Wood always in stock and promptly delivered to any part of the town at reasonable prices.
Hardwood and slabs cut stove length always on hand.
Telephone communication.

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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.
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Wall Papers
1892.
Our New Stock
PAPERS AND BORDRES,
Very large, fine and cheap, are now ready for sale at
DAY'S BOOKSTORE
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 25c.
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.

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
C. W. Kelly's
MUSIC STORE,
25 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 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.

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 ..... $[illegible]
REST FUND ..... $[illegible]
GUELPH BRANCH,
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 [illegible] per cent. per annum from date of deposit to withdrawal, paid or compounded half-yearly, on 1st 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.

Sideboards from
$6.50 up.
Parlor Suites
Walnut frames
Upholstered
In plush from
$30.00 up.
Agent for the "Comet" Bicycle. Best made. Call and see them.
P. SPRAGGE'S,
Upper Wyndham Street, Guelph.

Dust Proof
Watch Cases.
If your old Silver Hunting Watch Case is in the dust, PRINGLE, the Jeweller, of Guelph, will give you a first quality new nickel, open face, thick glass one, in exchange, without extra charge.

FLEXIBLE, DAINTY
—AND—
DURABLE.
Genuine Kid and Dongola Buttoned Boots and Low Shoes.
We keep a fine line of Hand Turns and Machine Sewn.
Ladies' American handmade turn sole Kid Boots in all widths and first quality.
See the Latest Styles in Ladies and Gents' LOW SHOES in our windows.
You get a better selection with us than anywhere else in the city. We study to please the public and buy only the very best.
It does not pay to buy any Shoe because its cheap. Get the BEST QUALITY at the
Leading Boot and Shoe Store
Mail Orders Attended To Promptly.
W. McLAREN & CO.
Guelph, Ont.

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 $1 Pants to Order.
R. E. NELSON,
Fashionable Clothier,
99 Upper Wyndham St., Guelph.

- - 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 Glass, Window and Door Casing, Corner Blocks, &c.
Your Lumber Dressed While You Wait.
Prices—$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

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.

BOIL IT DOWN.

Whatever you have to say, my friend,
Whether witty, grave or gay,
Condense as much as ever you can,
And say it the readiest way;
And, whether you write on rural things,
Or particular things in town,
Just a word of friendly advice—
Boil it down.

For, if you go spluttering over a page
When a couple of lines would do,
Your butter is spread so much you see,
That the bread looks plainly through;
So, when you have a story to tell,
And would like a little renown,
To make quite sure of your wish, my friend,
Boil it down.

When writing an article for the press,
Whether prose or verse, just try
To utter your thoughts in the fewest words
And let it be crisp and dry;
And when it is finished, and you suppose
It is done exactly brown,
Just look it over again, and then—
Boil it down.

For editors do not like to print
An article lastly long,
And the general reader does not care
For a couple of yards of song;
So, gather your wits in the smallest space
If you'd win the author's crown,
And every time you write my friend,
Boil it down.

Select Family Reading.

His Mother.

The cold gray shadows of the wintry twilight had enveloped tree and meadow and sluggish forest streams in their uncertain mist, the factory chimneys flung their fiery banners of smoke against the leaden sky, a *basso-rilievo* that would have made Rembrandt himself rejoice, and the hum of never-ceasing machinery in the little town rose above the rush of the river like the buzz of a gigantic insect.

Charles Emery, the day superintendent in the rolling mills, was just retiring to his home, having been relieved by the night superintendent, and as he walked along, his feet sounding crisply on the hard, frozen earth, he whistled softly to himself, as light-hearted as a bird.

"You're going with us to-night, Charley, to the opera!" cried a gay voice, and two or three young men came by.

For upon that especial evening there was to be an opera in the little town, a genuine New York company, with a chorus, a full orchestra, and all the paraphernalia of scenery and costume which provincial residents so seldom enjoy, and the younger population were on the *qui vive* of delightful expectation.

"I am going," said Emery, slowly; "but not with you!"

"But you will change your mind, though" said Harrison, "when you hear that Kate Marcy is to be of our party—Kate Marcy and the Misses Hallowells and Fanny Hewitt. There are eight of us going. We've kept a seat on purpose for you!"

"I have engaged myself to another lady," said Emery.

Harrison laughed.

"Well, I'm sorry for it," said he, but Miss Marcy is not a girl who need pine for a cavalier. We'll keep the seat for you until a quarter to eight. And let me give you a warning, old fellow! Kate Marcy is a high-minded girl—it won't do to trifle too much with her!"

Charles Emery went on his way rather graver and more self-absorbed. He had asked his mother the day before to go, and his mother's eyes had brightened with genuine delight.

"Your father often used to take me, Charley," she said, "when we were young people and lived in New York. But it is twenty years and more since I have been to an opera. And if you're quite sure, dear that there is no young lady whom you would rather take——"

"As if any young girl in the world could be to me what my own darling mother is!" replied Emery, smiling across the table to her.

"Then I shall be delighted to go," said Mrs. Emery.

And her voice and eyes bore witness of the truth of her words.

But now that a regular party had been organized, and Kate Marcy had promised to join it things looked different to the young man. For a moment he almost regretted that he had engaged himself to take his mother.

"She would be as well pleased with any concert," he said to himself, "and I should have an opportunity of sitting all evening next to Kitty Marcy. I'll ask her to let me off this time. She won't care."

But when he went into the little sitting-room of their humble domain, and saw his mother with her silver-gray hair rolled into puffs on either side of her almost unwrinkled brow, her best black silk donned, and the opal brooch she owned pinned into the white lace folds at her bosom, his heart misgave him.

"I have been trimming my bonnet over with some violet-velvet flowers," she said, smiling, "so as to do you no discredit, Charley; and I have a new pair of violet kid gloves. And now you must drink your tea. I've made some of your favorite cream-biscuit, and the kettle is nearly boiling. Oh, Charley, you'll laugh at me, I'm afraid, but I feel like a little girl going to her first children's party. It's so seldom you know, that a bit of pleasure comes in my way!"

And then Charley Emery made up his mind that his mother was more to him, in her helpless old age and sweet affectionate dependence, than any blooming damsel whose eyes shone like stars and whose cheeks rivalled the September peach.

"Going with someone else!" said Kate Marcy, rather surprised and not exactly pleased.

She was a tall, beautiful maiden, the belle of C——, and rather an heiress in her own right. She liked Charles Emery, and she rather surmised that he liked her. And when she had been studying up her toilet for the opera, she had selected a blue dress, with blue flowers for her hair and ornaments of turquoise, because she had once heard Mr. Emery say that blue was his favorite color.

"Going with some one else!" she repeated. "Well, he has a right to suit himself."

And she kept within her own soul the jealousy that disturbed her all the while she was sitting waiting for the great green curtain to be drawn up, until, of a sudden, there was a slight bustle on the row of seats beyond, and Emery entered with his mother.

Then Kate's overglamed face grew bright again. She drew a long breath of relief and turned to the stage; it was as if the myriad gaslights had all of a sudden been turned up, as if all the mimic world in the opera house had grown radiant.

Never was voice sweeter to her ears than the somewhat thin and exhausted warble of the prima donna; never did scenery glow with such natural tints or footlights shine more softly. Kate Marcy declared that the opera was "perfection!"

"Yes; but," said pert little Nina Cummings, "do look at Charley Emery with that little old woman! Why couldn't he have come and sat with us?"

Kate said nothing. In the crowd now surging out of the aisles of the little opera house she could scarcely venture to express her entire opinion, but she said in a low, earnest tone,—

"I don't know what you think of it, Nina, but I, for my part, respect Mr. Emery a thousand times more for his kindness to his mother."

And, almost at the same second, she found herself looking directly into Charley's eyes.

For a moment only. The crowd separated them almost ere they could recognize one another; but Kate felt sure—and her cheek glowed scarlet—that he heard her words.

"Charley," said little Mrs. Emery, looking into her son's face as they emerged into the veil of softly falling snow which seemed to envrap the whole outer world in a dim, dazzling mystery, "who was that girl with the large blue eyes and the sweet face wrapped in a white, fleecy sort of hood—the one who said she respected you?"

"It was Kate Marcy, mother."

"She has the face of an angel," said Mrs. Emery softly.

The next day Charley went boldly to the old Marcy homestead, whose red brick gables, shouted with ivy, rose up out of the leafless elms and beeches, just beyond the noise and stir of the busy village.

"Miss Marcy," he said, "I heard what you said last night."

"It was not meant for your ears, Mr. Emery," said Kate, coloring a soft rosy pink.

"But," he pursued, looking her full in the face, "I cannot be satisfied with that, Miss Marcy, I want a warmer feeling. If you could teach yourself to love me——"

The dimples came around Kate Marcy's red lips, wreathing her smile in wondrous beauty.

"Mr. Emery," said she, "I do love you. I have loved you for a long time."

And Charley went home, envying neither king nor prince.

"But I never should have loved you so dearly," his young wife told him afterward "if you hadn't been so kind to that little mother of yours. In my eyes you never looked so handsome as when you stood bending over her grey head in the crowded hall of the opera house that night."

Sagacity of the Elephant.

"A few days before my arrival at Enon, says an East Indian correspondent, "a troop of elephants came down one dark and rainy night, close to the outskirts of the village. The missionaries heard them trumpeting, and making extraordinary noise for a long time at the upper end of the orchard; but, knowing well how dangerous it is to encounter these animals in the night, they kept close within their homes till daybreak."

"Next morning, on examining the spot where they heard the elephants, they discovered the cause of all this nocturnal uproar. There was at this spot a ditch, or trench, about five or six feet in width and twelve in depth, which the industrious missionaries had recently cut through the bank of the river, on purpose to lead out the water to irrigate some part of their ground and to drive a corn mill. Into this trench, which was still unfinished and without water, one of the elephants had evidently fallen, for the marks of his feet were distinctly visible at the bottom, as well as the impress of its huge body on its sides."

"How he got in was easy to imagine, but how, being once in, he had ever contrived to get out again, was the marvel. By his own unaided efforts it seemed impossible for such an animal to have extricated himself. Could his comrades, then, have assisted him? There appeared but little doubt that they had, though by what means, unless by pulling him up with their trunks, it would not be easy to conjecture; and, in corroboration of this supposition, on examining the spot myself, I found the edges of the trench deeply indented with numerous vestiges, as if the other elephants had stationed themselves on either side, some of them kneeling, and others on their feet, and had thus, by united effort, hoisted their unlucky brother out of the pit."—New York *Ledger*.

Recognized.

Canadians never tire of descanting on the genial ways of the late Sir John Macdonald, his jocularity, his tact, his popular manners, and his astonishing memory for faces and names. A Manitoba correspondent tells this anecdote of The Old Man, as Sir John was more or less affectionately called by friends and opponents during the latter ten or fifteen years of his life.

In the winter of '89, Mr. Burkholder, an Ontario man who had migrated to Manitoba in '82, went to Ottawa on business. Few of his old friends recognized him, because he had grown stout, very stout, in fact, on the prairie.

At the Rideau Club "Buck" as he is popularly called, had spent several hours re-introducing himself to intimate friends of old, when Sir John entered. Burkholder had been The Old Man's host in a distant part of Ontario for two hours twelve years before, and had no other personal acquaintance with the Premier.

Sir John's eye roved round the room, and stopped at the Ontario man, to whom he instantly went with outstretched hand and:

"Why, Buck! Had you forgotten me? Glad to hear of your great luck in Manitoba. I needn't ask how you are. Plain enough you've gone West to grow with the country!"—*Youth's Companion.*

The Population of the Earth.

According to the latest statistics, the total population of the earth is now 1,480,000,000, as follows: Europe, 357,379,000; Asia, 825,054,000; Africa, 163,953,000; America, 121,715,000; Australia and Tasmania, 3,230,000; the Oceanic Islands, 7,420,000; the Polar Regions, 83,400.

Husband, if you want your wife to believe in your religion, don't look like a graveyard when breakfast is late.

If you feel weak, tired, and all run down, Hood's Sarsaparilla is just what you need to build up strength, and purify your blood.

HOW MAXY SPENT A HOLIDAY.

It was a queer way to spend Christmas, and a queer place for that matter. Maxy had hardly done talking about it before another Christmas came around.

The day had begun very much like others that she remembered, there had been stockings filled with all sorts of delightful things. There had been the usual merry strife to see which should be first with Christmas greeting, then such a happy time at breakfast.

There was one thing about Christmas in Maxy's home that was a little singular, it always kept getting better and better, and the evening was the best of all.

Sometimes, you know, little folks begin to get tired, and after Tommy has eaten a stockingful of nuts and candy he thinks that Willie had more than he did, or his presents don't suit him and he goes to bed feeling that Christmas is a myth.

The secret of it all was in the beginning, Mamma Monroe had them begin right. For one thing they must eat no candy before breakfast—but this won't do, I must go back to my story.

Maxy expected this day to be a little better than an ordinary Christmas; for there was to be company to dinner, and some of her best friends would be there with their papas and mammas, and the whole house was in a delightful state of bustle about 10 o'clock, when Mrs. Monroe called Maxy and gave her a basket to carry to old Mrs. Brown. "You may stop and ask dolly to go with you," she said. Maxy was pleased, for she knew how glad the poor old lady would be, and she loved to hear her praise mamma's goodies, and tell how good she was not to forget an old woman on Christmas day.

So she put on her warm wraps and started out in high glee. It was snowing a little, and nothing was so charming as to be out in a snow storm; a feathery, dry snow like this.

Dolly had a sore throat and could not go; Maxy trudged on without her and enjoyed every step of her long walk through the falling snow.

The only blot upon her happiness was Dolly's sore throat.

Her first little tap at Mrs. Brown's door brought no answer, so she knocked louder, then again; but all was still. "She's gone to the neighbor's," thought Maxy; "I'll go in and leave the basket and get warm, anyway, if the door's unlocked," and in she walked.

She looked around carefully. Mrs. Brown might be asleep on the lounge, but no the house was quite deserted, but the fire still shone red through the cracks in the stove, and Maxy sat down to warm her feet.

Presently the gate latch clicked.

"She's coming" said Maxy, peeping from the window. 'Oh my! it's a tramp!' And it was: one of the dirtiest and most forlorn, at that, and Maxy, like many another little girl, was terribly afraid, of anything that looked like a tramp.

"Maybe he'll come right in, she thought, "like I did. What shall I do?" There was but a minute to think. Maxy glanced quickly around and spied a closet door standing ajar. "I'll slip in here and take the basket with me, for he mustn't find that." A minute more and Maxy, safely hidden in the closet, heard a knock at the front door, then a shuffling step passed around the house. Then came a knock at the back door, and after a pause the shuffling step came back, the gate clicked again and all was still.

The little girl gave a sigh of relief, for her prison was dark and close, and besides she was beginning to feel in a hurry to go home; but, alas, the door would not open.

In vain she pushed; in vain she turned the little knob. The door had locked itself!

Maxy wanted to cry then, but she tried hard to be brave. "Maybe Mrs. Brown will be back soon and I can make her hear me," she said. "Won't she be scared!"

It was dark in the little closet; there was nothing to do but think, and Maxy thought about the folks at home. What were they doing now? Had she been gone so long as it seemed? And were they wondering why she did not come? What if Mrs. Brown had gone somewhere to spend the day? At this one or two tears fell down.

"I know what I'll do, I'll ask the Lord to help me get out," and down she went on her knees in the dark, and offered her prayer with so much faith that she felt comforted at once.

It was warm in her small prison, and by and by leaning against a pile of comforters Maxy fell asleep.

Meanwhile they were getting anxious about her at home. Katie had been looking out at the door or window every few minutes for half an hour, and now mamma had begun to say, "How strange it is she doesn't come." The minutes passed on and no Maxy came. At last Papa Monroe could bear it no longer, and he started out to look for her. At Dollie's home he found that she had gone alone and hurried on wondering where she could be. "She would hurry home to-day of all days, he said to himself, "and she is such a faithful little thing anyway."

He found Mrs. Brown at home, and she assured him that Maxy had not been there

The snow had quite covered the little footprints, and Maxy had the basket with her in the closet, so that there wasn't a trace of her presence to be found.

Mr. Monroe went home quite perplexed, but half hoping to find his little girl there before him.

But no Maxy was there. Quite a little company had gathered by this time, for it was nearly 2 o'clock, the hour for the dinner.

Mamma Monroe said hopefully; "She must have gone somewhere else. She must have gone to Mrs. Brown's while she was out, and she has taken the basket to some one else," but she looked pale and her eyes were anxious.

Dollie was crying in a little heap in a sofa corner, and Katie kept her company.

The ladies gathered around Mrs. Monroe full of sympathy, each one trying to think of something hopeful to say.

At last Papa Monroe said he would go to Mrs Smith's quite at the other end of the town, and see if Maxy knew she was poor and needed help, she might possibly have thought of her, finding Mrs. Brown absent.

A whole long hour dragged by, for he stopped to ask questions of everyone who seemed at all likely to have seen the child, before Papa Monroe came back.

Everybody had been trying to cheer up everybody else, but it did seem so strange that she should be gone so long, that it was hard work to find anything hopeful to say.

"She couldn't lose her way," said Mamma Monroe. "She knows every street in town."

"Here comes papa, alone," said Katie with her face against the window, and with that she began crying again.

Papa came in, the picture of despair Mamma grew white and she hadn't a word to say.

Suddenly there was someone stamping off snow in the hall, and a gay little voice cried—"Mamma, am I late for dinner?" Then there was a great rush, you may be sure. Everybody laughed and cried and kissed Maxy, and she told her story as well as she could, and after a while the Christmas dinner was eaten.

"Only think, mamma," said Maxy, "I spent most all my Christmas in the closet and scared you 'most to death, just because I was afraid of that tramp, and he didn't come in at all."

"We all make mistakes, little daughter," said her mother tenderly, "but you are safe and your Christmas isn't quite gone yet."

To Have a Bright Lamp.

In these days when lamps are used so much the care of them is quite an important matter. Maria Parloa in her department in the *Ladies' Home Journal* writes as follows, showing how everyone may have a nice, bright light:—If the lamps be good and have proper attention, one cannot wish for a more satisfactory light; but if badly cared for they will be a source of much discomfort. The great secret of having lamps in good working order is to keep them clean and to use good oil. Have a regular place and time for trimming the lamps. Put a folded newspaper on the table so that any stray bits of burned wick and drops of oil may fall upon it. Wash and wipe the chimneys and shades. Now take off all loose parts of the burner, washing them in hot soap-suds and wiping with a soft clean cloth. Trim the wicks and turn them quite low. With a soft, wet cloth well soaped, wipe the burner thoroughly, working the cloth as much as possible inside the burner, to get off every particle of the charred wick. Now fill the lamps within about one inch of the top, and wipe with a damp towel and then a dry one. Adjust all the parts and return them to their proper places. Whenever a new wick is required in a lamp, wash and scald the burner before putting in the wick. With a student lamp, the receptacle for waste oil, which is screwed on the bottom of the burner, should be taken off at least once a week and washed. Sometimes a wick will get very dark and dirty before it is half consumed. It is not economy to try to burn it; replace it with a fresh one. The trouble and expense are slight and the increase in cleanness and brilliancy will repay the extra care. When a lamp is lighted it should not at once be turned up to the full height: wait until the chimney is heated. Beautiful shades are often cracked or broken by having the hot chimneys rest against them. Now, when lighting a lamp be careful that the chimney is set perfectly straight and does not touch the shade at any point. The shade should be placed on the lamp as soon as it is lighted, that it may heat gradually.

The old Union and the New.

The sentiment of disunion was not a sudden outburst of feeling in 1861. It was a long and slowly maturing sentiment, and the Union was morally dissolved before the first shot was fired at Sumter. The form remained, and there were Union men in the Southern States, such as Petrigru of South Carolina, but it cannot be said that he represented the prevailing feeling of his section. It was this actual divergence of feeling that made any other issue of the situation than war impossible, and it was for the same reason that the end of the war could not mark a restored Union.

It was a severance that could heal but gradually, but for a quarter of a century it has been healing happily, and an actual, not merely a formal, Union has been developing, until now it may be said truly that no man who is now old has ever known so true a Union as that of to-day. The illustrations of this fact are many, but but the most significant are often unobserved. In a recent issue of the Birmingham *Age* in Alabama, there is a report of the anniversary celebration of the Philomatic Society of Howard College, at which after prayer and music, the subject for debate was announced, "Resolved, that the battle of Gettysburg exerted a more beneficial influence on subsequent history than the battle of Waterloo."

The subject, says the *Age*, "was handled in a masterly manner by the young men"—three on a side; "the audience manifested the liveliest interest, swayed first one way and then the other, as the arguments pro and con were placed before them;" and after an interval of further entertainment the judges "announced a decision in favor of the affirmative." Such a little incident is very suggestive, and leaves no doubt that whether or not there be a new South, there is unquestionably a new Union.

Please Forgive.

A ten year-old boy had both legs recently cut off by a train of cars at Dubuque, Iowa. When the little fellow was taken home his legs hung limp, but he did not complain. Not a tear stood in his eyes, but the tender look he gave those who stood by his side, told plainly that he was suffering great agony. After the doctor dressed his wounds he called his parents, sisters and brothers to his bedside, kissed one and all farewell, and left a tear upon their cheeks. A second time he called his mother to his side, placed his little arms about her neck, and said: "Mother, I am going to die in a few minutes. Please forgive me for not minding you." With this the little fellow fell back, and as the mother said, "Yes, my angel," and took another look at his face, she found him dead, and beyond all pain and suffering.

It is well for children to ask forgiveness for disobeying their parents; it is better still for them to give timely heed to the warnings which they utter, and so keep out of danger and save their souls alive. Many a poor boy has ruined his health or lost his life, because he thought he knew more than both father and mother, whose wise counsels might have saved him from destruction.

Peter Schultz, aged seventeen, and Adam Haas, twenty-two years of age, for burying alive a three-months-old child, and Mrs. Wertheimer, the mother of the child, who instigated the murder, are all under arrest in New York.

Three counterfeiters at Brazil, Ind., gave a tramp a spurious dollar to pass off. The tramp informed the police, and the three men were arrested and looked up.

SUNLIGHT OF SPRING.

Sunlight of spring, what have you seen
That you smile so?
"Crowds of hepaticas,
Fresh from their naps,
Throwing down coverlets,
Pulling off caps,
Chanting together,
"Gone are bad weather,
Chills and mishaps."

Sunlight of spring, what have you seen
That you smile so?
"Millions of wings
Gayly unfurled,
Lifted on high,
Drifted and whirled,
Freighted with song,
Floating along,
Oh, happy world!"

Sunlight of spring, what have you seen
That you smile so?
"Maids with their lovers,
Children at play,
Hope as of April,
Joy as of May;
Winter-begotten,
Night is forgotten,
In this bright day."

—*Alice Ward-Bailey.*

Society Avenges Itself.

Society has a way of avenging itself for the wrongs committed at the lowest of all its members. Sir Robert Peel gave his daughter a magnificent riding habit on her nineteenth birthday, and, attired in the embroidered gown, she rode side by side with him in the parks of London. She had scarcely returned home before she was taken ill with the most malignant form of typhus fever, and in ten days was laid to rest in the churchyard. And the secret was a simple one. The poor seamstress, in a garret in one of the slums, while she was embroidering that garment looked upon a husband shivering in the paroxysm of chills, and she took the half-finished garment and laid it over him; and the garment took up the germs of fever, and conveyed them from the hovel of the poorest to the palace of the statesman. And so we are bound together in one bundle of social life, and if we neglect the poorest and lowest, society will avenge herself in the destruction of the highest and the richest and most cultivated.

Beneficial Influence of Tea.

The beneficial results of the introduction of tea and coffee have been strangely overlooked or underrated. It has been, however well described, as leading "to the most wonderful change that has ever taken place in the diet of modern civilized nations—a change highly important both in a moral and physical point of view. These beverages have an admirable advantage of affording stimulus without producing intoxication, or any of its evil consequences. Lovers of tea and coffee are, in fact, rarely drinkers and hence the use of these beverages has benefitted both manners and morals. Raynal observes that the use of tea has contributed more to the sobriety of the Chinese than the severest laws, the most elegant discourses, or the best treatises on morality." Tea is so little drank in some parts of Germany that it acts like medicine when taken by a native; and persons decline a cup of good bohea, with "No, I thank you; I am quite well at present."

At The Head.

Excellence is after all is a matter of comparison. A boy of six years, who attends a private school where prizes are given on all sorts of provocations, but who as yet never earned a prize, came home one afternoon and exhibited proudly one of these rewards of merit.

"Good!" said his mother; "but how did you get it?"

"I was first in natural history," said the boy.

"Natural history, at your age! How did it happen?"

"Oh, they asked me how many legs a horse had."

"And what did you say?"

"I said five."

"But a horse hasn't five legs, child!"

"I know it, but all the other fellows said six!"

To Avoid Contagion.

The best way, says a physician, to prevent the poison from being absorbed by the lungs is to have the stomach full during a period of contact or exposure. The lungs absorb while the stomach is empty, but throw off during digestion, never absorbing while digestion is going on. While watching at night the nurse should take a light lunch such as beef-tea or crackers every few hours. Another point of protection against contagion is personal cleanliness and frequent changes of inside and outside clothing.

A Minister's Advice.

"A minister anoyed by tobacco chewing thus spoke to his congregation: Take your quid of tobacco out of your mouth on entering the house of God, and gently lay it on the outer edge of the sidewalk or on the fence. It will positively be there when you go out, for a rat won't take it, a cat won't take it, a dog won't take it, neither will a hog; you are certain of your quid when you go after it. Not the filthiest vermin on earth would touch it."

Talk's cheap, but when it's backed up by a pledge of the hard cash of the financially responsible firm, or company, of world-wide reputation for fair and honorable dealing, it means business!

Now, there are scores of Sarsaparillas and other blood purifiers, all cracked up to be the best, purest, most peculiar and wonderful, but bear in mind (for your own sake), there's only one guaranteed blood-purifier and remedy for torpid liver and all diseases that come from bad blood.

That one—standing solitary and alone—sold on trial, is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery.

If it doesn't do good in skin, scaly and scrofulous diseases—and pulmonary consumption is only lung-scrofula—just let it's makers know and get your money back.

Talk's cheap, but to back a poor medicine, or a common one, by selling it on trial, as "Golden Medical Discovery" is sold, would bankrupt the largest fortune.

Talk's cheap, but only "Discovery" is guaranteed.

SIR,—A year ago I was troubled with spots breaking out all over my body, the effect of bad blood. I consulted three different doctors, who gave me medicine, but did not cure me. I was advised to try B. B. B., and after using two bottles I noticed the spots getting less. I continued the use of B. B. B., which entirely cured me, giving me a splendid appetite. Since then I would use no other medicine.