The Acton Free Press.

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The Acton Free Press

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SPACE.	1 YR.	6 MO.	3 MO.	1 MO.
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Advertisements will be changed once each month if desired. For changes oftener than once a month the composition must be paid for at regular rates.

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

H. P. MOORE,
Editor and Proprietor.

Business Directory.

W. H. LOWRY, M. B., M. C. P. S., Graduate of Trinity College, Member of College of Physicians and Surgeons. Office and residence—At the head of Frederick street Acton.

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

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

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

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. J. A. MOWAT'S Office, Acton.

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

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

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

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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.

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FONTHILL Nurseries. Largest in Canada—700 Acres. We want reliable, energetic men to sell our Nursery stock; previous experience not necessary; any man with tact and energy can succeed; terms liberal, outfit free. Our Agents have many advantages, such as selling home-grown, hardy Canadian stock. Choice New Specialties, which are of great value and which can only be secured from us. We have given particular attention to the propagation of Hardy Varieties suitable to the Northern sections of Canada. For terms apply to STONE & WELLINGTON, Toronto, Ont.

AGENTS WANTED In every Township. To sell "The Pictorial Cyclopedia of Live Stock and Complete Stock Doctor." The most complete and comprehensive work ever published. Its authors stand at the head of their profession and have a continental reputation. Worth its weight in gold to any one having Horses, Sheep, Cattle, Swine, Poultry, Dogs or Bees. A grand opportunity to make money. Secure territory at once. Address E. N. MOYER, Publisher, 120 Yonge St. Toronto.

Acton Saw Mills, 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.

S. M. COOK & CO., GEORGETOWN, Licensed Auctioneers, Appraisers, Valuators, Collectors, Real Estate and General Land Agents. —FOR THE COUNTIES OF— Halton, Peel, Wellington, Simcoe, York and Ontario. Money to loan from $100 up at six per cent. Parties placing their sales or other business in our hands will find the same promptly attended to at moderate charges. OFFICE AND SALES ROOMS:—Mill St., Georgetown, or address Box 156, S. M. Cook & Co., Auctioneers. BRANCH OFFICE:—31 Queen St., East, Toronto. S. M. COOK & CO., Auctioneers, Georgetown and Toronto.

NEW Wall Papers 1892. Our New Stock PAPERS AND BORDERS, 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 15c. 5 Feet Cornice Pole, Brass Fittings, 15c. 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, begs to 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 keeps 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 8:18 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 Jamaica International Exhibition 1891, In competition with American, German, English and Canadian manufacturers. FOR SALE On Monthly or Quarterly Payments only at **C. W. Kelly's** MUSIC STORE, 25 Lower Wyndham street, Guelph. Telephone 176.

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 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 ..... 604,400.00. REST FUND ..... 35,000.00. 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 4 per cent. per annum from date of deposit to withdrawal, paid or compounded half-yearly, on the 1st May and 1st 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 lets 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 Best 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 $4 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 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.

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.

SONS AND DAUGHTERS.

We are proud of our boys,
Wherever they may be,
Our brave, stalwart sons
In this land of the free.
One never mistakes them
Among other types;
The lads who were born
'Neath the stars and the stripes.

The first to the front
In the battle for right,
With courage undaunted
They entered the fight,
And yet when foes scatter
And warfare shall cease,
Our brave-hearted boys
Make the best men of peace.

We are proud of our girls
And their self-contained ways,
With the life and the spirit
That brighten their days.
They are jewels whose value
Can never be told,
More precious in home life
Than silver and gold.

Our daughters inherit
With fair face and forms,
The Puritan spirit
That withstands the storms.
Though beauty and sweetness
Their boon is to-day,
They pluck with rare courage
The thorns from their way.

Our sons and our daughters,
Heaven guard them, say we,
And send them its sunshine,
These heirs of the free.
Their hearts are all loyal,
And merry and gay,
And "God bless our country,"
Their song is to-day.

—*Mrs. H. A. Kidder.*

Select Family Reading.

How First They Met.

BY MARY E. MOFFAT.

"Oh, Uncle Sam, do come to the window and see what a pretty boy! But he must be cold! He's all rags and tatters."

Uncle Sam was a young farmer, on a visit to his brother in the city. He was Myrtle's favorite uncle. He went to the window in response to Myrtle's invitation; and his eyes flashed as they rested upon the group of which the boy who had attracted the child's beauty-loving eyes formed one.

"I have found you at last," he muttered; and then, without stopping to put on his hat, he hastened out of the room and into the biting air, and, in a low, determined tone, said to the organ-grinder, laying his hand upon the little boy's shoulder:

"How dare you make your appearance in this public place with this child? Did you think I wouldn't be anywhere near? Now my man, you had best give up the boy at once. I have the papers in my pocket to make my claim to him good."

"Guilio is mine. Ask him," said the man. Then, with a lowering look at the boy: "Tell this intruder that you wish to go with me, Guilio."

The child answered as the man thus addressed him: and turning his great black eyes alternately upon the pleasant face of Myrtle's uncle, and then upon the repulsive one of his keeper, he said something, but so indistinctly that he received a gruff order to speak louder.

"All that Guilio can say will not make the slightest difference. I have his mother's dying deposition that her child was to remain in my charge until old enough to decide upon his protector. So go your way without him. Come with me, Guilio."

The organ-grinder hesitated, but upon an authoritative, "Go on, or I will call a policeman," he turned reluctantly and shambled slowly away, as Sam said to the trembling boy:

"Come in with me, and I will see that you have something to eat. You look cold and hungry."

Myrtle had been watching the summary proceedings with wide, astonished eyes, which opened to their fullest extent as her uncle came into the room leading Guilio by the hand.

"Here is a playmate for you, Myrtle. He is to be my boy from henceforth. I have been looking for him ever since last summer, when I lost him."

The two children formed a striking contrast. Myrtle might have been an embodiment of the sunshine, in that land where her namesake flourishes, so bright was the glint upon her yellow hair, so radiant the sheen of the big blue eyes, so rich the coloring of her dimpled cheeks; while Guilio's had the dark, passionate eyes of those who are natives of Italy. His wide, nobly-arched forehead was shadowed by curling purple-black hair, and his olive skin was as clearly pale as though some inner light were shining through it. He was pale usually, unless the rosy blood should be called to the surface by emotion; then he had as vivid a coloring as his native skies at sunset.

The children's eyes studied each other for an instant without speaking; then Myrtle went toward the beautiful, forlorn-looking boy, and held out her tiny, dimpled hand.

"If you are Uncle Sam's boy, you belong to me too; for I am his own little niece. I am glad to have a boy to play with. I think boys are nice."

Then Guilio's face was a study. It seemed as though a burst of sudden sunshine had flooded it with light. He took the baby-soft hand in his brown palm, and looked at it a moment much as he would have inspected the plumage of some captured fledgeling of a bird's nest. Then, with a swift motion, he raised it to his lips and kissed it, murmuring some words in his musical Italian tongue.

This was Guilio's first introduction to the child who was to be ever afterward the star of his adoring heart.

He was then a boy of ten. Myrtle was in her eighth year.

Eight years later. The scene has changed to a rural one. Myrtle is at the farm on a visit.

"Please tell me what you know about Guilio, Aunt Milly. How did he come to be Uncle Sam's boy? Who was his mother?"

The two were out in the flower garden, busily selecting and cutting the prettiest and most fragrant blossoms, with which to decorate the roomy old farm-house. It was Myrtle's birthday, and she was to have a party given in honor of the important event.

"There is little to be told, Myrtle. Sam seldom speaks of it, and I was not even acquainted with him when he adopted Guilio. I remember at the time hearing people talk of it, and say how strange it was for a bachelor to adopt a boy in that way."

"You don't think it was strange for him to do it, though, do you, Aunt Milly?"

"I know your uncle's generous, impulsive nature too well to be surprised at anything connected with him. But it is not strange that the affair should have occasioned a sensation among the slow-going farmers around. Few can realize to what lengths a large-hearted, sympathetic-natured man will go when his feelings are touched. So Guilio's adoption was a standing wonder."

"You are a darling, auntie," said Myrtle, putting down her basket of flowers, so as to give her aunt a sudden embrace. "You are as good as you are pretty, and that is saying a great deal."

Mrs. Milly flushed with pleasure; and her cheeks grew still brighter in color when a manly voice behind them said:

"Well done, little woman. I know some one who would like to be in your place just now. It isn't many who could get such a bear-like hug from Myrtle."

"Bear-like! For shame, Uncle Sam. Do I look like Bruin?"

"It was a figure of speech, Myrtle. You mustn't be too matter of fact in its interpretation. But what were you talking about?"

"About you, Sam," answered Mrs. Sam, quickly. "But you needn't think we are going to acknowledge what slanders we have been circulating with regard to you."

"Uncle Sam knows how much of that to believe, Aunt Milly. We were talking about Guilio, and how he came to be called your boy," said Myrtle.

"The answer to that lies in a nut-shell, Myrtle. You know but little less about it than I do myself. Late in the autumn of '68 a tired young woman stopped at my door and asked me if I could direct her to a boarding-place. She was evidently very ill, for a bright hectic burned upon her cheeks, and there was the peculiarly lustrous look in her eyes which tells of consumption. She was dressed in clothes of foreign make, as was the child she held by the hand. I directed her to the home of a worthy widow who occasionally had eked out a slender income by accommodating a few summer boarders. For a week I heard nothing more of the mother and child; then she sent a message to me, asking that I would come and see her. I went at once, and heard a romantic story of two young lovers breaking loose from parental restraint and becoming man and wife before taking a steamer to bear them to a strange country. After many chances and changes, during which they had managed to gain a precarious existence, the husband had died from an injury received, and the heart-broken wife had been left with only her little Guilio to comfort her. She had since failed rapidly in health, and was conscious that she would soon rejoin her lost Guilio in heaven. So she said in her broken English, adding words to this effect: 'You have a kind, good heart. It can be read upon your face. Will you care for my boy? He is strong, and, after a time, can look out for himself. But now he is so small and tender! I cannot die easy without knowing what is to become of him.'

"I endeavored to make her understand that if I took him she must give him to me in writing, or I might not be allowed to retain him. The influence of those Italian ladies over their country people had lately been much talked of, and I felt that it would be exerted against me, as was proven later.

"I sent for a magistrate at once, feeling that no time was to be lost if I wished to have the poor young mother die with a mind at ease. I also summoned the good old priest of St. Mary's, and, as he understood Italian, she made her wishes clear to him.

"Upon taking her deposition, we found that the dying woman came from an influential family in Genoa, and that her husband was the second son of the proud old Prince Beneventuri.

"Why do you not try to effect a reconciliation with your father? the priest asked; and was told by the mother that she had waited until Guilio should have grown strong and large, so that he would be a descendant worth claiming, and that now it was too late. But that the good man who had promised to take care of Guilio might perhaps, some time in the future bring the child to the notice of the family."

"That very night the poor mother died, and, after attending to the last sad rites, I took her boy home with me, and did my best to soothe him in his wild grief. I soon succeeded in winning his confidence, and for a time all went well. I wrote to Guilio's relatives in Genoa, but received no reply. Then Guilio disappeared suddenly. I blamed the wrong parties for spiriting him away, as I learned a month later, when you called me to the window to see the pretty little boy with the organ grinder. Don't you remember, Myrtle?"

"Yes, Uncle Sam. I can see just how the hateful-looking man frowned at Guilio, and tried to make him follow him. But what could he have wanted of him?"

"He was teaching him to sing with the hand-organ, and, until he had learned how, was breaking him into the miserable itinerant life he had in store for him. It was a lucky thing I chanced to come into the city that day."

"You may thank me for it, uncle. You came to bring me winter goodies you had promised. Don't you know? Red-cheeked apples and beech-nuts off my favorite tree, where you had put a swing for me, and butter nuts and hickory nuts, and—"

"Stop, Myrtle," exclaimed her uncle, laughingly. "Don't you suppose I remember all about the whims and caprices I used to cater to? You were a perfect little autocrat in those days. But you made your demands in such a winning way that I was delighted to have such a darling little princess for my liege lady. I have two now," with a laughing glance at his wife.

"Ditto, Uncle Sam," chimed in the voice of Guilio, and at the sound Myrtle's cheeks flamed into a deeper red. "I would willingly be Cousin Myrtle's slave, if she would let me. But she favors me the least of all."

"That is because you are too audacious in your demands. One would think you had the right to lord it over me, and as I don't agree with you, I do my best to prove it."

The words upon both sides were spoken in jest, but as Myrtle's uncle heard their tone he detected a ring of earnestness in them which caused him to look from one to the other in a puzzled way. Then the thought struck him all of a sudden that Myrtle and Guilio were no longer children, and following swiftly on came the uneasy feeling that his brother would surely be unwilling to bestow Myrtle in marriage upon a youth of whose lineage so little was known! So, if they had a growing fancy for one another it had best be given the less chance to increase!

The good uncle could not banish the uneasiness until he had talked the matter over with his wife. But she, even if seeing with pretty clear eyes how matters stood between Guilio and Myrtle, was too sensible to fan a flame into fire by provoking opposition.

"Don't worry Sam," she said, quietly. "They are children at heart still, and will be for some time if nothing is done to cause them to jump at once into this knowledge of life which should be delayed until later."

So the crisis was delayed for a while, and then—But we will not anticipate.

"Uncle Sam, did you see this?"

"What is it, Guilio?"

Guilio handed him a paper, pointing to an advertisement as he did so, and saying:

"That is my name. Does it refer to me?"

"Yes, Guilio, it does. You know about your mother's deposition, sworn to before the magistrate, and I have it in safe keeping. Also, I have a family jewel which will help prove your identity. My boy, let me be first to congratulate you. You are now Prince Guilio Beneventuri!"

Guilio's dark eyes were resplendent with gladness.

"Thank you, Uncle Sam, for you sympathy in this matter; but I love Myrtle, and unless she will share my good fortune I care nothing for it!"

"You love Myrtle? Then I was right and Milly was wrong. But how does Myrtle feel?"

"That is just what I would like to know myself. She's just as kind to me as everybody, but I—Oh, Uncle Sam, I am getting desperate, and have been for a good while."

"Well, Guilio, it is best to let things rest until your rights are secured. But you may count on one thing, and that is that you have a friend at court, and that is Sam Rexdell."

Guilio straightened his little, young figure proudly.

"What do you mean about securing my rights? Can any one put me out of them?"

"We can't tell until we try. I suppose it will be all right; but law is a strange thing. I shall at once make arrangements to go to Italy with you. But, mind, not a word of love to Myrtle until all is arranged. It don't make a straw's difference to me whether you are rich or poor; but Myrtle is not my child, and brother Eben is of a different make from me. It will influence your success in gaining his consent, if you come to declare yourself a suitor for Myrtle's hand, as a rich man or a poor one."

So Guilio had no alternative but to produce compliance with his benefactor's request, and he set sail for his native land with the unsatisfied feeling that he had left behind a prize which might be won away from him by a more daring suitor. But he need not have feared to lose Myrtle in that way. In spite of the unsatisfactory manner in which she teased and bantered him, she really thought him the noblest and best among all her young friends; and if he could have seen how many tears fell from her bright eyes on account of his departure, he would have been much lighter-hearted during his absence.

All went well with him with regard to his inheritance. He was a perfect type, in face and figure, of the patrician beauty peculiar to his family, and his proofs were too well authenticated to be questioned. So he returned to America, bearing a princely title, and possessed of a princely income. A few months later, he and Myrtle were married, and the prince had a wife who wore her honors right royally, and yet with the unaffected suavity and grace of a true American gentlewoman.

City and Country Cousins.

Plain farmer boys, visiting their city cousins, are sometimes embarrassed by their ignorance of city ways, and we are not sorry that they are ignorant of some of those ways. But city boys find themselves quite as "green," when they return these visits. We have known some ludicrous illustrations. Here is one: A couple of wide-awake farmer boys had been rather "put upon" when in the city, and when their friends made their first trip to the farm said a plan to get even. So, arousing them early in the morning, they proposed to their young visitors to go out to the cow-yard and get for themselves a drink of pure fresh milk, the two brothers going along to instruct them. Tableau: One city boy holding the pail under old brindle's teats, and the other working away with her caudal appendage, as if it were a pump handle. In another case, the city boys were shown, to their wonder and delight, a new variety of dwarf beech trees, bearing the three-cornered nuts, of greatly diminished size. They were taken through a field of ripe buckwheat!

The other sex sometimes fare no better, when "out of their latitude." A very amusing case came to our knowledge in New York. A young city housekeeper had just become chief director of a brown-stone mansion. Some distinguished friends were coming to visit her in her new position of responsibility, and she was anxious to do her best. At the breakfast-table, on the morning after their arrival, she seemed greatly distressed, and in her despair she broke out; "Don't you believe that in order to give you a good treat of pure country milk, for your coffee and oat-meal I sent our coachman, John, way out five miles beyond Hoboken to obtain it, yesterday afternoon; When I went down to get it, myself, this morning, it had a nasty, yellow scum all over the top, and I had to throw it away."—*Prairie Farmer.*

A Frank Statement of the Case.

In a sermon on Journalism the Rev. Thos. Dixon said: The position of the editor of a newspaper of to-day is as solemn a trust as that of a minister of the Gospel. The press, in fact, has absorbed many of the functions of the minister of religion. The responsibilities of such a position are greater because the number of lives directly effected is greater. He has the power to poison the minds and unnerve the arms of tens of thousands daily, with hatred, lies, slanders and appeals to the basest instincts of the animal, or to lift the world from the slumber of the night to the duties of a new day in the arms of love, truth, courage, hope and faith. There is no man of modern times, who speaks with such supreme power as he who dictates the management of a newspaper. The secret of the power to bless or the power to damn the life of a man is his. He is the minister of the most high God, charged with keeping the sacred fires of truth burning along the world's highways that, sweep through the darkness into the infinite eternal.

Minard's Liniment is the Best.

Temperance Selections.

The saloon has no respect for home, the church, or the Sabbath. It curses the one, blasphemes the other and tramples upon the third.

Some people are very liberal in giving their prayers for temperance, but very niggardly when they could help it by giving in their vote. It is because they think their vote is worth so much more than their prayers!

It is a sad thought that more young men are crowding the saloons than the church. For the sake of our young men and for the future welfare of our country and the church we should destroy the saloon and save the boys.

It is said that the railroad managers of Holland have found it impossible to man the switches with men who can be depended upon to let liquor alone, and have accordingly substituted women. Not an accident, it is said, has occurred since, as a result of carelessness.

A noted divine of the old school says: "A drunkard is the annoyance of modesty the trouble of civility, the tunnel of wealth the beggar's companion, the constable's trouble, the woe of his wife, the scoff of his neighbor, his own shame, the picture of a beast, and the monster of a man."

At a certain prominent place in Cincinnati a new saloon has been opened, after fixing the place up in the most elaborate manner. The recess door in front is all that art can make it, finished with stained glass; on either side of the door were large show windows. In one was an easel holding a horse shoe of the most delicate roses, nicely imbedded with ferns. The other window was elaborately decorated with crimson and white roses with fern leaves for the back ground.

Little Things.

It is curious to note that many things which have turned out most useful discoveries for man, having a great influence upon the lives and destinies of mankind, owe their beginning to some slight accident.

It is said that the art of printing took its origin from some rude impressions taken (for the amusement of children) from letters carved on the bark of a beech-tree.

Gunpowder was discovered from the falling of a spark on some materials mixed in a mortar.

The stupendous results of the steam-engine may be traced to the boy who sat watching the steam which came from the nose of the tea-kettle.

Electricity was discovered by a person observing that a piece of rubber glass attracted small bits of paper.

Pendulum clocks were invented after Galileo stood observing the lamp in a church swinging to and fro.

The telescope we owe to some children of a spectacle-maker placing two or more pair of spectacles before each other, and looking through them at the distant sky. Their idea was followed up by older heads.

Sir Isaac Newton was sitting in his garden one day when he saw an apple fall from a tree. This common occurrence set him to thinking why things should fall down and not up, and this train of thought led him to the discovery of the law of gravitation.

Every one can now appreciate the importance of the slight matters spoken of because the wonderful results are now before the world. But the beginnings of those things were treated with ridicule or contempt. No matter how unimportant a circumstance appears, it is quite possible that great results may come from it. In a small building which was once Peter the Great's workshop in Holland is the inscription: "Nothing is too little for the attention of a great man."

Pin This up in the Kitchen.

Ten common sized eggs weigh one pound.

Soft butter the size of an egg weighs one ounce.

One pint of coffee A sugar weighs twelve ounces.

One quart of sifted flour (well heaped) one pound.

One pint of best brown sugar weighs thirteen ounces.

Two teacups (well heaped) of coffee A sugar weigh one pound.

Two teacups (level) of granulated sugar weigh one pound.

Two teacups of soft butter (well packed) weigh one pound.

One and one-third pints of powdered sugar or flour weighs one ounce.

One pint (heaped) of granulated sugar weighs fourteen ounces.

Four teaspoons are equal to one tablespoon.

Two and one-half teacups (level) of the best brown sugar weigh one pound.

One tablespoonful (well heaped) of granulated, coffee A, or best brown sugar, equals one ounce.

Miss Parloa says one generous pint of liquid, or one pint of finely-chopped meat packed solidly, weighs one pound, which it would be very convenient to remember.

Teaspoons vary in size, and the new ones hold about twice as much as an old-fashioned spoon of thirty years ago. A medium-sized teaspoon contains about a dram.

Praise Your Wife.

Praise your wife man, for pity's sake give her a little encouragement; it won't hurt her. She doesn't expect it; it will make her eyes open wider than they have for the last ten years; but it will do her good for all that, and you, too. There are many women to-day thirsting for a word of praise and encouragement. You know that if the floor is clean, labor has been performed to make it so. You know that if you can take from your drawer a clean shirt whenever you want it, somebody's fingers have toiled. Why don't you come out with a hearty, "Why, how pleasant you make things look, wife," or "I am obliged to you for taking so much pains." If you have a hundred and sixtieth part of the compliments you almost choked them with before they were married; if you would stop the badinage of whom you are going to have when number one is dead (such things wives may laugh at, but they sink deep sometimes), fewer women would seek for other sources of happiness.—Columbus *Telegram.*

Nearly every one needs a good spring medicine, and Hood's Sarsaparilla is undoubtedly the best. Try it this season.

A Sunday-school teacher in Litchfield told his infants to ask any questions they had in their minds, and a little one asked: "When is the circus coming?"

RIGHT HERE AT HOME.

Right here at home, boys, in old Hoosierdom,
Where strangers allus joke us when they come,
And brag o' their old states and enterprise—
Yit settle here; and, 'fore they realize,
They're "hoosier" as the rest of us; and five
Right here at home, boys, with their past forgive

Right here at home, boys, is the place I mean,
For me and you and plain old happiness;
We hear the world's lost grandeur—likely so—
We'll take the world's word for it and no go.
We know its ways aint our ways—so we'll stay
Right here at home, boys, where we know the way.

Right here at home, boys, where a well-to-do
Man's plenty rich enough—and knows it, too,
And's got a 'extry dollar any time
To boost a feller up at wants to climb
And git there, like he part' night allus kin!

Right here at home, boys, is the place for us—
Where folks' hearts bigger 'n their money p's;
And where a common feller 's jes' as good
As any other in the neighborhood.
The world at large won't worry you and me,
Right here at home, boys, where we ort to be.

Right here at home, boys—just right where we air—
Birds don't sing any sweeter anywhere;
Grass don't grow any greener 'n she shows;
Across the pasture where the old path goes—
All things in earshot's pretty, or in sight,
Right here at home, boys, er we aire 'em right.

Right here at home, boys, where the old home place
Is sacred to us as our mother's face.
Jes' as we rickollect her, last she smiled
And kissed us—dyin' so and rickonciled,
Seein' us all at home here—none astray—
Right here at home, boys, where she slept to-day.

—*James Whitcomb Riley.*

Always Grateful.

Where will you find a man always grateful, always affectionate, never selfish, pushing the abnegation of self to the utmost limits of possibility; forgetful of injuries and mindful only of benefits received? Seek him not; it would be a useless task. But take the first dog you meet, and from the moment he adopts you for his master you will find in him all these qualities. He will love you without calculation. His greatest happiness will be to be near you; and should you be reduced to beg your bread, not only will he bid you, but he will not abandon you to follow a king to his palace. Your friends may quit you in misfortune, but your dog will remain; he will die at your feet, or, if you depart before him on the great voyage, will accompany you to your last abode.

Short and Sweet.

The silent man is often worth listening to.

Of two women, choose the one that will have you.

A berth in the civil service is worth two in the bush.

Song of the medical student—"Some bodies coming."

The man who dies young will not be obliged to dye when he is old.

When a man buys a porous plaster he generally sticks to his bargain.

The detectives are notified that there are a number of congressmen at-large.

The waiter with a genius for higher pursuits has to hide his talent in a napkin.

Man born of woman is of few days and full of schemes to get his name in print.—*Siftings.*

Saved her Life Three Times.

A correspondent sends the London *Spectator* the following anecdote: "The servant man of one of my friends took a kitten to a pond with the intention of drowning it. His master's was with him, and when the kitten was thrown into the water the dog sprang in and brought it safely to land. The second time the man threw it in and again the dog rescued it; and when for the third time the man tried to drown it, the dog, as resolute to save the little helpless life as the man was to destroy it, swam with it to the other side of the pool, ran all the way home with it, and safely deposited it before the kitchen fire, and 'ever after' they were inseparable, sharing even the same bed."

Cleaning Steel.

The burnished steel on kitchen and hall stoves may be cleaned by rubbing it briskly with a soft wet cloth with naphtha; but as it is extremely inflammable, there must be no fire or light in the room, and the work must be done by daylight.

If you wish to preserve bright grates or stoves from rust through the summer or during any time when they are not being used, the following plan may be tried. Make a thick paste of fresh lime and water and smear it over all the bright parts of the stove. It will be found that this will keep the steel from rusting, even if left in an empty house for months.

What a Carrier Pigeon Did.

We find in "*The Pittsburg Review*" an interesting account of a young man left in charge of a country house, who had a carrier pigeon recently given him by an uncle who lived several miles distant. The house was broken into by burglars. The young man sent to his uncle a note tied to the carrier pigeon, that there were burglars in the house; and the uncle arrived with help in time to capture the burglars, who were convicted and sentenced to fifteen years' imprisonment. That pigeon is not for sale.

Patent medicines differ—One has reasonableness, another has not. One has reputation—another has not. One has confidence, born of success—another has only "hopes."

Don't take it for granted that all patent medicines are alike. They are not. Let the years of uninterrupted success and the tens of thousands of cured and happy men and women, place Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription on the side of the comparison to which they belong. And there isn't a state or territory, no—nor hardly a country in the world, whether its people realize it or not, but have men and women in them that're happier because of their discovery and their effects.

Think of this in health. Think of it in sickness. And then think whether you can afford to make the trial if the makers can afford to take the risk to give your money back, as they do, if they do not benefit or cure you.

Thomas (a lover from Wayback)—"I suppose, Susie, that there comes to every woman, sooner or later, an irresistible longing to lay her head upon some strong man's shoulders, and give vent to the outpourings of a full heart?" Susie (timidly)—"Yes, Thomas!" Thomas—"Well, Susie if you feel that way, my shoulder is at your disposal." Susie embraced the opportunity, and Thomas embraced Susie.