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The Acton Free Press

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—AT THE—

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Day Sells Cheap.

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Interest Allowed at Current Rates.
JAS. H. FINLAY,
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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.
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Double Tubes, Rowney's, 10c.
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Are said to be the best selected in the city
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ESTABLISHED 1877.
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—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,
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—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.
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LIVERY
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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 8:30 p. m.
Careful attention given to every order
The wants of Commercial Travellers fully met.
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FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY,
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HEAD OFFICE - GUELPH.
Insures Buildings, Merchandise, Manufactories and all other descriptions of insurable property, on the Cash and Premium Note System.
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Pianos
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WERE AWARDED
THE - GOLD - MEDAL
AT
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In competition with American, German, English and Canadian manufacturers.
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On Monthly or Quarterly Payments. only at
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25 Lower Wyndham street, Guelph. Telephone 176.

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HAMILTON'S Block (formerly Hatch's Block), the corner of Woolwich and Norfolk streets, Guelph, Ont.
JOHN H. HAMILTON,
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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 $64,400.00
REST FUND $3,000.00
GUELPH BRANCH,
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Advances made to responsible farmers.
Advances made to farmers on the security of Saloon 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.
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A. F. H. JONES,
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Plush Parlor Suites
Solid Walnut Frames Complete
FROM $30, UP.
P. SPRAGGE,
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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.
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Upper - Wyndham - Street.
FRESH ARRIVALS.
Fine Scotch Suitings,
New Spring Worsted Suitings
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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 B. 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

GRINDELL'S
MACHINE & REPAIR SHOP
In addition to machinery repairing I am now prepared to do
HORSE SHOEING &
General Blacksmithing.
In a most satisfactory manner. Woodwork repairs also made.
Careful attention given to all work brought in.
Any machine or implement by whomsoever manufactured will be repaired in a workmanlike manner.
Plow and machinery repairs constantly on hand.
HENRY GRINDELL

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.

LIKE HIS MOTHER.

"I was born in Indiany," said a stranger lank and slim,
As we fellers in the restaurant was kind o' guyin' him
And Uncle Jake was a-lidin him another pun'kin pie
And an extra cup of coffee, with a twinkle in his eye—
"I was born in Indiany—more'n twenty years ago,
And I hain't been back in twenty—and I'm working to beckard slow:
But I've eat in every restaurant 'twixt here and Santa Fe,
And I want to state this coffee tastes like gittin home to me!"
"Pour us out another, daddy," says the feller warming up,
A-speakin 'cross a saucerful, as uncle tuck his cup.
"When I seed your sign out yonder," he went on to Uncle Jake—
"Come in and get some coffee like your mother used to make"—
"I thought of my old mother and the Posey county farm,
And saw a little kid sq'ats-a-hangin' on her arm
As she set the pot a-billin'—broke the eggs and poured 'em in"—
And the feller kind o' halted, with a tremble on his chin.
And Uncle Jake he fetched the feller's coffee back and stood
As solemn for a minute as an undertaker would;
Then he sort o' turned and tiptoed to'rd the kitchen door, and next
Here comes his old wife out with him, a-rubbin of her specs;
And she reaches for the stranger, and she hollers but: "It's him!
Thank God we've met him comin! Don't you know your mother, Jim?"
And the feller as he grabbed her, says, "You bet I hain't forgot"—
But, wipin of his eyes, says he, "Your coffee's mighty hot."

—James Whitcomb Riley.

Select Family Reading.

"My Brother's Wife."

BY CHARLOTTE M. STANLEY.

When I arose on the morning of my twentieth birthday, and nodded merrily to my own reflection in the glass, the bright young face that laughed back at me was that of a handsome, happy, and very fortunate girl.

"Good morning, Miss Lydia Searle," I said. "And if all goes well with us, you won't be Miss Lydia Searle at all this time next year, but Mrs. Harry Hatton instead."

It wanted but three weeks of my wedding-day. I was happy as I was busy just then, for I loved the man whose bride I was so soon to become with all a young girl's warm, untried affection.

"Better than any one in the world but Tom," I thought. "And surely nobody ever could or ought to be dearer to me than Tom."

Tom was my twin brother. The usual strong affection existing between twins was exceptionally powerful in our case—from circumstances.

One of us was born strong and robust, and the other frail and small. Notwithstanding my sex, I was the favored one by nature, while Tom was the weakly twin.

That was the first of his misfortunes, which naturally gave him a claim on me, and at the same time attached him to me and made him cling to me as a heartier, manlier boy would not have done. The second misfortune was that he resembled our father.

Poor fellow! As if he could help that! And yet Uncle Elliott resented it in him just as if he had been to blame for it. "Not a cent of my money shall go to this second Tom Searle," he used to say.

And he kept his word. He had adopted us at poor mother's death. Our father had died years before. He gave us both a good education, and got Tom a position in a bank; but when he died—just a year before that twentieth birthday of mine—I was his sole heiress.

It grieved me terribly. I loved Tom better far than myself, and would have shared anything with him; but he was proud, poor dear, and wouldn't hear of such a thing.

So the best I could do was to spend as much money upon him as possible, and lend him all he wanted to use. He had no objection to that, because, he would say:—

"Some of these days, when I'm partner in the bank, I'll pay it all back again, Lyddy."

And, of course, it was quite probable that some day he would be partner, since I was about to be married to the banker's only son and heir.

I was puzzled sometimes to know what Tom did with so much money. He had "speculations on hand," he told me. I thought that perhaps he was rather extravagant, too—perhaps somewhat inclined to be wild.

"He is so young and so handsome," I thought.

I was always making excuses for him to myself; but, of course, common sense taught me that if he would be steadier, and attend to business better, his chances of promotion at the bank would be improved.

As I thought of him on that birthday morning—of course, it was his birthday, too—the face in the glass ceased to smile, and a new anxiety crept into my thoughts. I was thinking of last night. Tom had acted very strangely. I had lain awake a long time thinking of it last night, and a vague uneasiness smote me as I remembered it now. What could have ailed him?

He had come in, at about ten o'clock, to the little parlor where Harry and I were sitting together, and had remained with us, restless, agitated, nervous, and showing so plainly that he wished to see me alone that presently Harry, half-vexed, half-amused, took the hint and left us. And then he asked me for money.

No trifling sum, either. He implored me, almost wildly, to give him three thousand then and there, for God's sake!"

He almost took my breath away. I had no such sum of money in the house, of course, nor could I get it on short notice. My fortune consisted of real estate, from which I derived a moderate income, and a few thousands in ready money, which, what with Tom's extravagance and my own preparation for my marriage, were nearly gone.

Quite aghast at his agitation, as well as at his request, I explained to him the utter impossibility of compliance. He said not a word, but dropped into a seat, and sat looking at me as if stupefied.

Every vestige of color had gone from his fair, handsome face, and the delicate, clear-cut features looked haggard and careworn. A pang shot through my heart as I saw his distress. I ceased to care or wonder what the money was wanted for. I knelt down beside him.

"I'll get it for you to-morrow," I said, "if I have to mortgage my property. Don't despair; only wait till to-morrow, dear."

As my hand touched his he started, and looked down at me. He was never very strong or brave—never fit to battle with trouble. It seemed to have crushed him now; tears fell from his eyes upon my face.

"Never mind," he moaned. "Poor Lyddy! Poor girl!" he patted my hand fondly, "I know you'd give it to me if you could. Ah, I've been a bad brother to you, dear. Say you forgive me to-night!"

And of course I said so—said so weeping. His manner distressed me so; but I didn't know what there was to forgive.

I was wiser before that birthday was half over, though the knowledge seemed the greatest calamity of my life.

"Something had gone wrong at the bank," Harry told me. He broke the bitter news to me as gently as he could, and with a grave, pale face. "Three thousand dollars, which had been intrusted to Tom to deliver somewhere several weeks ago, had not been accounted for; and—there were errors, too, in his accounts—"

I heard no more. Insensibility snatched me for a while from the agony of Tom's ruin and my own disgrace.

For must not his sister share his dishonor? I felt that bitterly at first—I who had been so proud of him. But by and by indignation, shame, anger, all gave place to love and love's anxiety. Tom was missing.

What mattered it to me that he had sinned? He was still my brother, and I loved him. My thoughts flew back to his despair that night—his tears, his self-reproach, his prayer for my forgiveness. I remembered how weak he was, how easily led, and who could tell how greatly tempted and from my soul I forgave him.

I had not waited for that, however, before taking steps to shield him from the consequences of his crime. Mr. Hatton was merciful. He had no wish to bring public disgrace upon the family of his old friend—upon the girl whom his own son was engaged to marry. I was permitted to make up the deficit in the bank's accounts. In order to do so, and for another reason, I instructed my lawyer to dispose of my property. And that other reason was a letter from Tom received just one week from his departure.

A pitiful letter—the outcry of a penitent and almost broken heart. He had not appropriated the three thousand dollars, thank God! but he had been out and drinking with the money in his possession, and had been robbed of it.

Oh, how grateful I was. Every other misfortune in the world might be borne with patience now, since Tom was not dishonest.

He confessed to me a thousand indiscretions, follies, sins; told me of many and serious debts that he had left behind him. Most startling of all, he told me he was married, and implored me to seek out and protect his wife and child.

Tom's wife and child! Who was she? After the first suprise was over, I found myself longing to see my new sister and the little one.

I went to the address Tom had sent me; went with a carriage, prepared to bring my new relations home. Disappointment met me. Mrs. Searle and her child had gone.

"They were behind with their board," said the landlady, "and the husband went away, so I couldn't keep her. She left today."

I returned home discouraged. I didn't want to see or speak to any one just then, so it was peculiarly annoying to find that a young woman, whom I had employed to do sewing more than a year ago, had called and was waiting to see me.

I went down to her. She arose to meet me as I entered the parlor. Little Eva Robinson! I remembered the girl well—a pretty, gentle, timid creature.

I started when I saw that she had an infant in her arms.

"Why, what's this?" I cried.

"My baby," she said, timidly. "I'm married since I saw you last, Miss."

I sat down, and bade her do the same, and then asked her what I could do to serve her.

For all answer she burst into a passion of tears, and, rising suddenly, came and laid the infant in my lap.

"Have mercy on me!" she cried, falling on her knees. "This is your brother's child and mine, and I—I am his wife."

I was a proud girl, and this blow was a heavy one. My brother, so handsome, such a favorite, so unfit to fight for wife and child, he might have married to advantageously, I thought, and here I was called upon to welcome as a sister my own sewing girl.

But I did. I may have shrank from her for an instant, perhaps, in the first surprise but next minute the thought of that other disgrace, which Tom had not brought on himself and me, returned to me, and in my gratitude at escaping that I could not murmur.

She was a dear little thing, too, after all; and the baby charming. Ah! I had reason to be thankful for the comfort of her presence soon. For the very next day, meeting an acquaintance on the street, said she:

"And so I hear that your marriage is postponed, my dear."

My heart sank down like lead.

"Who informed you?" I asked quietly.

"Your intended bridegroom, Mr. Harry Hatton, himself. Is it not true?"

"Perfectly true," I answered.

"And postponed until when?"

"Indefinitely."

I wrote the same day to Harry:

"You desire your freedom; take it. You will never be called upon to fulfill your engagement with me."

And he took me at my word.

He called, certainly, and made a pretence of explanation and regret. The almost entire loss of my fortune had influenced his father, not himself; but my brother's conduct—

"Tom was innocent," I said; "and what he lost I have restored. You have acknowledged that there was nothing wrong in his accounts. You need seek no excuse in his conduct, sir."

He lost his temper.

"Do you excuse his destruction of an innocent girl, and abandonment of her and her child?" he said.

With one quick movement I threw open the folding doors, and showed him Eva and her son.

"Allow me to introduce you to my brother's wife and child whom he left in my protection."

But his words had made me uneasy. That evening, seated with the baby on my lap, I asked Eva where she had married.

"Alas!" she cried, "if I only knew. Tom took me to church in a carriage. It was in this very city, but I don't know where. It was because I had no certificate of my marriage that I dared not go to my brother—my dear, noble brother—who had struggled so hard, and make himself, unaided, an honorable position and a name. I know that a cruel slander concerning me has been carried to him, that must almost have broken his heart."

I took her hands away from her face and kissed her.

"We'll find the church," I said. "There must be no slander about my dear brother's wife."

And I did find it after a few day's search. Then I got John Robinson's address—he was a lawyer, I found—and requested him to call on me.

He came, a wonderfully grave, handsome man, with something singularly manly and impressive about him. In my heart I thought:

"No wonder Eva wept at the thought of his displeasure. He is worth pleasing, surely."

I took him to the parlor.

"I wish to reconcile you to your sister," I said. "She is my brother's wife."

Then I left them together. After an hour or more Eva came for me.

"John wants to say good-bye before he goes," said she.

He took my hand in his and looked into my eyes.

"You are a good woman," he said, earnestly. "May God bless you and make you as truly happy as you have to-day made me!"

There was something in his mere look and tone—a strength, a truth, a thorough reliability—that gave one comfort, somehow. I found myself thinking:

"If it had been my fate to love such a man as that I should be nearer happiness than I am to-day.

But I kept my thoughts to myself. Only from that hour I was sensible that I regretted my lost hopes and happiness for their own sake, far more than I mourned for the false lover on whom they had been founded.

One week later all my property was sold. I had paid off Tom's debts; and accompanied by his wife and child, joined him in a Western home.

There we began life anew. I had a small income still, and Tom obtained a lucrative position. The lesson of the past was not lost upon him. The sacrifice I had made was not in vain. Dear Tom was a changed man—changed for the better. Whatever I had lost had been his gain.

And what had I lost? The money I counted less than nothing; and Harry Hatton's love was not worth a regret. What was it, then? I sighed for the trust betrayed—the glamour and illusion gone from life so early.

"Oh, to be well and truly loved!" I thought. And then—my thoughts never went back to Harry.

Another filled them. Strange impression that man had made upon me; seen only once; never to be forgotten. I thought of him constantly; and heard from him, through Eva, now and then.

"What is your brother's wife like, Eva?" I asked her once just to try her.

"He has none," she answered. "I know what I should wish her to be like, though." And her eyes dwelt on me in a way that made my tell-tale color rise.

A few days afterwards she came to me laughing.

"I told John of your question, and only hear what he says." She read aloud:

"Tell Lydia my wife (my wife that is to be, I hope) resides in your city. I hope to visit you before very long, and introduce her to you."

And he did. With the merry Christmas season John came; I think that was the very happiest season of my life. Of course you guess how it all ended. I smile now, looking back and remembering that I fancied once I loved another than John. That was a dream, but this was a reality. All my sacrifices have been well repaid, and all my loss was gain; I realize that every time I hear pretty Eva speak of me—as I spoke of her—as "my brother's wife."

Don't Lose Them.

"I've lost three of my beads, and they won't reach round my neck unless there are fifty-two of them," cries Kitty, searching for the scattered beads of her necklace in the long fine grass. "Oh, dear! I don't know where I lost them, either! I didn't notice when they slipped off."

Poor Kitty! she never found the beads; but I found a certain moral in them, and I said: "Yes, it does take all of the fifty-two to go around," but I was thinking of the weeks of the year.

Only fifty-two! Generally Fate robs us of some of them. We are sick or in grief we cannot string them all fitly and usefully upon our year; but some, I'm sorry to say we lose just as Kitty lost her beads; we do not notice how they slip away.

And how much good we lose with them! How much work we leave uncompleted! How we regret, when the time is gone, that the weeks have been so few—the real working weeks! I imagine that if we oftener thought of that on the new year's first day it would be better for us.

A week wasted! Well, it was warm; one rose stupid and lazy. A week wasted! Oh, it was so cold! Who can be active in such chilly weather? And something, for which there comes no time in the future, is left undone.

But this is not all. There is a friend to whom we intended to make amends for something. The week goes by. "The visit can be paid any time," one thinks. Not so. The friend leaves the country. A letter cannot do what a kiss or a look might have done. Something sweet has passed out of life.

A week! Why, a week may change the warmest living human being into what, to your human eyes, seems a cold, insensible form of marble, as stern, solemn, unresponsive as the Sphynx. Never can you now do that delightful thing which the beloved one was to be so happy over, but which you put off a week—just one week. Heaven help you!

There are people who count the moments and are conscious of Time's flight as he goes; but they are very few. Generally we accept the fact that the weeks are going by just as we do that other fact, that the earth is turning on its axis. We don't feel the earth turn, nor do we feel the weeks go. But they are going and there are just fifty-two of them; and so if you want to round your life out—(and who does not, whose life is worth anything?)—remember that you must not permit yourself to lose any single week, otherwise there will be as great a gap as there was in Kitty's necklace.

M. K. D.

Only a Headache.

If ever the word only was an impertinence, it is so in this case. It is very well for you to be philosophical about it—you, who never endured it; whose heads might be made of wood or iron, for any intimation they ever give you to the contrary; you, who never felt the blood rush to the top of your cranium, as if it were on a wager to force up your scalp; you, who never carried your head on your shoulders as if it were some dainty bit of porcelain, which, in a fatal moment, might receive some annihilating smash, and you, for that very reason, were always doomed to get into bumping cars, joggling over uneven roads, or some new-fangled omnibus, with a low roof built with an express suicidal reference to your particular case, or that ferry-boat which, so sure as you embarked in it, came against the pier with a fore-ordained Jonathism, confirming your fatalistic idea with stunning intensity.

You never had all the shrill-voiced, half-grown boys selecting you to rush suddenly upon round corners with a war-whoop which out-Indianed the Indians, and rang in your ears for days without any perceptible let-up. You who may, like me, adore low voices, were never doomed, perhaps, to be screeched at in the New York ne-plus-ultra pitch, as if you were stone-deaf. You, to whom sorrow, indignation, disgust, went with locomotive speed to a little throbbing spot on the top of your head, till you could never tell why the heat engendered there by those emotions had not scorched your hair up; and who were always, for that reason, doomed to be kept in a beer-barrel state of ferment, how dare you say, "only a headache!"

You who never felt, perhaps, when, for a marvel, your pulse beat quietly, and your head was deliciously cool, a horrible conviction that, after all, it was but the deceitful lull before some distant but fast travelling whirlwind. You, who never spent your mortal existence in trying to find something in the shape of a bonnet, that would not by pressure tell you more in five minutes about your "bumps" than any phrenologists who ever befooled a credulous public.

Perhaps you never sat and talked calmly when you were so agonized with pain that the little red spot on each cheek seemed to send out phosphorescent sparks of fire beneath your eyes, or sat and wrote, till the letters mingled in one confused mass, and your pen, ink-stand and paper seemed dancing a jig before your.

Never, my friend "Only"—were you so blind with the pain of a long protracted day, which seemed doomed to have no ending, no cool, quiet evening, that, when the sun did set (the usual signal for your deliverance) you were as languidly helpless as if you had just recovered from a long attack of fever; and on the next day had the tottering step and trembling hand of extremest nervous exhaustion. You never smiled, with sad faithlessness at the "infallible recipes," which kind-hearted people sympathizingly offered you for a thing which you felt was fixed as the Eternal decrees, which a chance word or sudden disagreeableness might in a moment bring on, and which would then have its crucifying run for a set number of hours, though Eucalyptus stood at your elbow.

"Only a headache," indeed! Well, there's some consolation to be squeezed out of everything. They who have such barometrical heads are never attacked by any other kind of sickness; and with this crumb of comfort I patiently bide my next attack. Still, for all that, I should have a higher opinion of this world, if headaches were curable, or if people wouldn't afflict my soul by saying, "only a headache."

Only One Fault.

I was riding through a country town in Vermont, when I noticed a concourse of people in the graveyard encircling an open grave.

It was a warm day and I had ridden ten miles, and I drew the rein under some trees to allow the horse to rest.

Presently a villager came toward me, and I said, "there's a funeral to-day in your town?"

"Yes—Stephen. He was one of the largest hearted men I ever knew. He had great abilities. We sent him to the legislature three times. They thought of nominating him for governor. But," he added, sadly, "Stephen had one fault."

I made no answer. I was tired, and watched the people slowly disperse, leaving the sexton to his solitary work.

"A very generous man Stephen was. Always visited the sick. The old people all liked him, even the children used to follow him on the streets."

"A good man indeed," I said indifferently

"Yes he had only one fault."

"What was that?" I asked.

"Only intemperance."

"Did it harm him?"

"Yes, somewhat. He didn't seem to have any power to resist it at last. He got behindhand and had to mortgage his farm and finally had to sell it: His wife died on account of reverses; kind of crushed, disappointed. Then his children turned badly. His intemperance seemed to mortify them and take away their spirits. He had to leave politics; 'twould not do, you see. Then we had to set him apart from the church; and at last his habits brought on paralysis, and we had to take him to the poorhouse. He died there; only forty-five. Poor man, he had only one leak, but it sank him.

"Only one fault!" The temple had only one decaying pillar, but it fell.

"Only one fault!" Honor gone, wife lost, family ruined, social and religious privileges abandoned, broken health, poverty, paralysis, and the poorhouse.

One fault, only one.—*Youth's Companion.*

Not Worth the Candle.

Phrases and slang terms are frequently born of interesting episodes, as witness the following:—Peter the Great, while off driving in the neighborhood of Moscow on one occasion, was seized with the pangs of hunger. "What have we in the hamper?" he asked of his aide. "There is but one candle left, your Majesty," replied the aide, "but I think I can exchange it for a fowl at the next farmhouse, if you wish." "Do so," replied the Czar, "for I am famished, and do not care for a light luncheon." The aide laughed, and, as he had surmised managed the exchange; but the bird was found to be unusually tough. "I do not think, Vosky," said the Emperor, later—"I do not think the game was worth the candle."—*Harper's Bazar.*

The whip belongs to the most common variety of team stir.

LOVE MAKES THE WORLD SEEM BRIGHT.

I never heard the robins sing
So sweetly as to-day,
And from the garden softly comes
The linnet's tender lay.

Their music fills my soul with joy;
For in the strains I hear
What others cannot understand,
Although to me 'tis clear.

They seem to know the one I love
Is opening here to-day,
And that is why their carols seem
So blithesome and so gay.

Even the fields I know so well
Are fairer in my eyes;
A tenderer and softer blue
Looks from the smiling skies.

The brook is babbling joyously
As o'er the stones it glides;
Perhaps it passed him on the hills
O'er which my lover rides.

He rides upon the way that leads
To this sequestered place,
While I am waiting longingly
To see his manly face.

He comes to claim me as his bride,
And we no more shall part;
Ah! that is why the world seems glad;
The joy is in my heart.

J. M. H.

"Women are all Alike, After all."

Women all alike! No, my sapient friend. What an absurd mistake! Women all alike? What likeness is there between the true and honest wife and the married flirt? between the splendid woman with a soul and brain, and the vapid scandal-monger who seems to have neither, and to be made of condensed spite? What likeness is there between those two women whose shanties you may see any time you choose to walk down the lane yonder—the Widow McShane and the Widow O'Dawdle? They were both born in Ireland, both married laborers both have the same religion, and at home were farmers' daughters. Both are healthy and yet under forty, and were left widows at the same time. Mrs. McShane adored her big, handsome, warm-hearted husband, and her heart nearly broke when he died. But soon she said to herself: "I must go to work for the children now," and to work she went. She paid the rent of her shanty, kept it tidy, sent the children to school and fed them comfortably. She can never be really happy again, perhaps, but whatever lies before her to do she does. Her hands are never idle, nor her brain either, and the little living room of her house is so tidy that it is a picture, and it smells as fresh as cleanliness can make it. There is never a rag about her children, nor do they pilfer apples from the grocer's baskets, or swear in the streets. Nor would they take a penny as a gift, though they would willingly earn one any time by carrying parcels or doing messages. They are on the way to be respectable and decently-educated men. Mrs. McShane speaks of Mrs. O'Dawdle as "poor crayther."

Mrs. O'Dawdle had nightly arguments with O'Dawdle, in which cooking utensils flew about, and panes of glass and heads were cracked; but she howled wildly when he died, and the people thought she "felt more" than Mrs. McShane. She never mended his clothes, and often failed to cook his dinner on time, and her shanty always smelt of garbage. She makes no effort to work. She simply bought a fine new basket with a brown stripe on it, and settled down as a destitute widow. Societies investigate her case, find her "worthy," and give her alms. Charitable ladies weep with her, and instruct the cook to give her "all there is left" and they also, supply her at times, with old garments. The children carry pillow cases about, and bring them home full of odd bits. Neither mending nor washing is done. When things drop off they are thrown away. The little ones are not too honest. One day they will commit some action that will place them amongst the dangerous classes. They are already doomed, and it is their mother who is writing their sentence, just as Mrs. McShane is preparing her boys for a decent, honorable life.

It is the early home and the mother that make most men what they afterwards become, though there are exceptions to the rule of course. And that honest woman Mrs. McShane, is doing something for her adopted country without dreaming of her work. She is rearing two good citizens. Mrs. O'Dawdle, meanwhile, is preparing two candidates for the jails and prisons of the land; two thieves to rob decent folks; perhaps two murderers to be hung some day.

I scarcely think you can find much likeness between these women. Born on adjoining farms, christened by the same clergyman, at service in good American families before being married to two men who made the same wages, left widows in the same circumstances, they resemble each other as little as though they were inhabitants of different planets. Women all alike indeed! For sheer nonsense that remark caps the climax.

We'll write it down till everybody sees it. Till everybody is sick of seeing it. Till everybody knows it without seeing it—that Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy cures the worst cases of chronic catarrh in the head, catarrhal headache, and "cold in the head." In perfect faith, its makers, the World's Dispensary Medical Association of Buffalo, N. Y., offer to pay $500 to any one suffering from chronic catarrh in the head whom they cannot cure.

Now if the conditions were reversed—if they asked you to pay $500 for a positive cure you might hesitate. Here are reputable men, with years of honorable dealing; thousands of dollars and a great name back of them and they say—"We can cure you because we've cured thousands of others like you—if we can't we will pay you $500 for the knowledge that there's one whom we can't cure."

They believe in themselves. Isn't it worth a trial. Isn't any trial preferable to catarrh?

He Got a Tip from his Father.

A fourteen year-old boy at school wrote this sentence in an exercise: "Ten men and four woman." His teacher pointed out to him the sentence with the remark: "Is it possible that you do not know, after all these years at school, that the plural of woman is women?"

"The boy scratched his head in a somewhat disconcerted way.

"Well," he said, "I've often heard my father say that woman is a singular creature, and I guess he knows!"

Every testimonial regarding Hood's Sarsaparilla is an honest, unprejudiced statement of what this medicine has actually done.