The Acton Free Press.

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The Acton Free Press

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Editor and Proprietor.

Business Directory.

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Office and residence—Corner Mill & Frederick streets Acton.

S. A. McKEAGUE, M. D.,
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BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, NOTARY PUBLIC,
Money to Loan.
OFFICE DAYS—Tuesday and Saturday.
OFFICE—Kennedy's Block, Acton, up-stairs

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Leads 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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Twenty Years Practice. No Patent, No Pay.

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An easy shave, a stylish hair-cut, a good sea-foam or a refreshing shampoo, always given. Razors honed and put in first-class condition. Ladies' and children's hair tastily cut.
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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.

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WE want both travelling and local salesmen to represent the old established Fonthill Nurseries. SALARY PAID FROM THE START to salesmen experienced in our line. Liberal terms to beginners and a permanent situation assured. We have 700 acres under cultivation and furnish only first-class stock. GUTTA PERCHA Hardy varieties for Northern Ontario and Manitoba a specialty. WE GUARANTEE OUR STOCK. Apply for terms at once. We want you Now.
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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
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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.
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Licensed Auctioneers, Appraisers, Valuators, Collectors, Real Estate and General Land Agents.
—FOR THE COUNTIES OF—
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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.
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HAMMOCKS
LARGE
STRONG
SPECIAL
Low Price
—AT—
DAY'S BOOKSTORE

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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, 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,
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 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 p.m.
Careful attention given to every order
The wants of Commercial Travellers fully met.
JOHN WILLIAMS.

Wellington Mutual
FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY,
ESTABLISHED 1840.
HEAD OFFICE - GUELPH.
Insures Buildings, Merchandise, Manufactories and all other descriptions of insurable property, on the Cash and Premium Note System.
F. W. STONE, President. CHAS. DAVIDSON, Manager.
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BELL
Pianos
AND
Organs
WERE AWARDED
THE GOLD MEDAL
AT
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 178.

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.

The Traders' Bank
OF CANADA.
HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO.
CAPITAL AUTHORIZED $1,000,000
CAPITAL PAID UP 604,000.00
REST FUND 55,000.00
GUELPH BRANCH,
CORNER OF WYNDHAM AND QUEBEC STREETS.
Savings Bank Department.
4 per cent. paid on sums of $1 and upwards from date of deposit to date of withdrawal, or compounded half yearly on 31st May and 30th November.
Deposit Receipts issued.
Advances made to responsible farmers.
Sterling Exchange bought and sold. Drafts issued payable at all points in the United States and Canada.
A general banking business transacted.
A. F. H. JONES,
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Plush Parlor Suites
Solid Walnut Frames Complete
FROM $30, UP.
P. SPRAGGE,
Guelph.

THE RUSH
FOR OUR
LOW SHOES
AT
. . Cut Prices . .
CONTINUES.
Leading Boot & Shoe Store.
W. McLaren & Co.,
GUELPH, ONT.

- - 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. EGBAGE, 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

99 Upper Wyndham Street.
Fresh Arrivals
FINE SCOTCH SUITINGS,
NEW SPRING WORSTED SUITING.
OVERCOATING—NEWEST COLORS
Opened To-Day
Choice New Lines in Fine English Hats, in Fedoras and all 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.

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.

JOB PRINTING,
INCLUDING Books, Pamphlets, Posters, Bill Heads, Circulars, &c., &c., executed in the best style of the art, at moderate prices and on short notice. Apply or address
H. P. MOORE,
FREE PRESS Office, Acton

Poetry.

THE THINNING OF THE THATCH.

O, the autumn leaves are falling, and the days are closing in
And the breezes growing chilly, and my hair is getting thin!
I'm a comfortable income—and my age is thirty-three;
But my thatch is diminishing quickly—yes, as quickly as can be!

I was once a merry urchin—curly-headed I was called,
And I laughed at good old people when I saw them getting bald,
But it's not a proper subject to be lightly joked about,
For it's dreadful to discover that your roof is wearing out!

I remember asking uncle—in my innocent surprise—
How he liked his head, that I made use of as a skating rink by rules;
But although their direct intrusion I shall manfully resist,
I'm afraid they soon will have another rink upon their list.

When invited to a party I'm invariably late,
For I waste the time in efforts to conceal my peeping pate—
Though I coax my hair across it—though I brush it away for weeks,
Yet I can't prevent it parting and dividing into streaks.

I have tried a hair-restorer, and I've rubbed my head with rum,
But the thatch keeps getting thinner, and the new hair doesn't come—
So I gaze into the mirror with a gloomy, vacant stare,
For the circle's getting wider of that open space up there!

People tell me that my spirits I must not allow to fall,
And that coming generations won't have any hair at all—
Well, they'll never know an anguish that can adequately match
With the pangs of watching day by day the thinning of your thatch!

Select Family Reading.

An Alibi.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

"Fannie," said old Mrs. Grief, in her shrill old voice, "go out and get me a new cap. I want a new cap if I am to go out to lunch to-morrow. Go to Madame A. Tell her I want one of those point lace things with tabs under the chin. She'll understand. I looked at them on Monday.

"Yes, ma'am," said Fannie, who was a sort of humble companion, who performed the duties of lady's maid. "Certainly, if you wish. I will go this evening, but I should have to leave you alone, since cook is gone out, and I had better, perhaps, go early in the morning. I could be back long before lunch time—"

"I want it to-night," said Mrs. Grief, sharply. "Bless me, am I in my dotage that I can't be left alone? You can take your latch-key, and I shall go to bed perhaps. I want to feel fresh to-morrow. Yes, put my hair up, and I'll undress now, and slip on my double gown over all, so that I shall have no trouble."

Fannie merely said "very well." She undressed the old lady, put up her front curls, fixed a night lamp, and left her reading in her own room. Then, taking a hat and cloak from a wardrobe, she peeped once more into the old lady's room, to say that she was off, and departed.

The way was lonely; the houses, all shut against the damp night, were dark, and the wind was piercing; but Mrs. A.'s residence was soon reached, and that lady was found hard at work at a bride's trousseau. She stopped her sewing, picked out the proper cap and put it in a little box, and after a few words to a young girl at work on a sewing machine under the gas jets, Fannie started homeward.

Before she had gone many blocks she saw before her a little girl, who was well-dressed and who seemed not at all the sort of child to be alone in the streets at this hour. The little thing trotted on, looking up at the street corners, and showing no signs of terror, until at the corner of an avenue the figure of an old female rag-picker appeared in view.

This woman, arrested by the fluttering figure of the well-dressed child, stood still, and as it came up accosted it with some words that Fannie could not hear.

The next instant she saw the old woman seize the child, smother her hand in her filthy shawl, and endeavor to drag her down a cross street.

Instantly the girl flew across the intervening space and uttered the first words that occurred to her.

"What are you doing to the child?"

The rag-picker released the little thing.

"I thought the dear critter were lost," she said; "and being cold, I jest put my shawl round her whilst I talked," and she rapidly hobbled away.

The child, trembling, and yet self-possessed, clung to Fannie.

"It isn't true," she whispered. "She put something that made me giddy to my nose. She is a kidnapper. Oh, I know it!"

"She wanted to steal your pretty jewelry I suppose," said Fannie. "And where do you live, little Miss? Your parents don't let you go out alone at night at your age, do they?"

"Oh, no," said the child, I've been quite naughty, I'm afraid. I went home from school with another little girl, and we played together, and I had tea with her; and she has such pretty, curious toys, and I did not know it was nine o'clock until it struck. Mamma did not know where I was. She will be so frightened."

"Yes, it was wrong, Miss," said Fannie. "And now I'll go home with you. A rainy night like this, the streets are as empty as if it was twelve o'clock; especially this part of Fifth Avenue, where there are no stores. Which way, Miss?"

"Oh, I'll show you," said the child. "You are so kind."

They walked on, and reached the house, after rather a long walk. Fannie rang the bell, and it was instantly answered by a lady who cried:

"My child! my dear child! where have you been? Papa is out searching for you."

"I hope she'll get a good scolding, naughty little thing," said Fannie to herself, and turned away. She was in a great hurry, and the street was one of the many up-town streets in New York which never seem quite finished. A great building was going up, and a narrow plank crossed a chasm in the sidewalk.

Fannie who was very sure of foot, crossed it without hesitation, but the rain had softened the earth which supported it, and as she reached the middle it gave way. She did not get a heavy fall, but she went down in such a way that she hit her head against a bit of the cellar wall, and for a time, how long she could not guess, lay senseless on the wet ground. When she came to herself, she fancied herself in bed, in her own room, and wondered what made the couch so hard and uncomfortable. Then she sat up, and saw about her darkness, and felt the mist in her face. At last she remembered. Her forehead was stiff. She put up her hand, and realized that she had been cut about the head. Her arm ached terribly, but she could lift it. By degrees her senses returned, and she contrived to stand up to get the use of her laborers limbs, and to find a path by which wheeled their barrows into this cellar, and slowly made her way out.

She found that her hat was gone, after she had limped on for a while, and untying her white apron, pinned it about her head.

Strange to say, long as was the way home and slow as was her progress, she met no one—not even a policeman—and when she stood at the door of Mrs. Grief's house, she began to wonder, in a sick, dazed way, where the latch key was.

The cook and chambermaid, who were sisters, went to stay all night at their mother's house. There was a wedding in the family, and they had asked leave to have the holiday. She knew that; and where was the key?—where was the key? In her apron pocket. She took the apron from her head and tied it on. The key had been lost on the way, but now she saw that the door stood ajar, that there was light in the house. Doubtless Mrs. Grief had been taken ill, and was up trying to get medicines for herself. Just her careless way to leave the door open! Fannie pushed her way in. The little hatchet used for kindling wood was lying on the hall floor. How strange! She stood looking at it, a hand came down on her shoulder.

"Well, young woman, what's up?" asked the policeman.

"I don't know," said Fannie.

"All that blood on you, and don't know?" said the policeman.

"I fell down into the cellar," said Fannie.

The policeman still held by the arm as he stalked forward. Every gas jet in the room in which Mrs. Grief slept was burning, and as they entered a horrible sight met their eyes. The old lady, or rather, her dead body, lying across the floor weltering in blood—murdered horribly.

At the sight Fannie uttered one long and fearful shriek, and swooned away.

She came to herself in prison, charged with the murder of Mrs. Grief. In vain she told her story. Nobody believed her. And as the trial went on circumstantial evidence proved her guilty to the jury. The fact of her having been out to the cap did not help her. She might have been home at nine o'clock. She was found with a hatchet in her hand, making no outcry, and covered with blood. Her wounds were supposed to have been given by Mrs. Grief in defending herself. So great was the horror and detestation in which the innocent girl was held for her supposed crime that it was with difficulty she was guarded from assault on her way to the court-room. The very prisoners desired to do her harm, the fact of the old lady's age and her previous liberality to Fannie, and the position of confidence she held, making the crime more terribly.

In fact, she was proven guilty, and sentence was pronounced. She was to die on the gallows. Judge —— had pronounced her sentence. He was a grave and good man, very fond of his wife and family, and with such a desire for the preservation of the delicacy of the latter that he never permitted them to know the details of any of the cases which came under his observation. But this one was talked of widely, and had come to the ears of his little daughter, Grace. She a pretty, creature of eleven, came into his private study one morning, with her face full of thought.

"Papa," she said, "don't, be angry. I have been reading the papers about a girl Fannie who is supposed to have killed her mistress, and I read that you said she must be hanged by the neck until she was dead. Papa, do you remember the night I was naughty and staid at Amelia's house so late? You had gone out to look for me—"

"Yes, child."

"A girl brought me home that night—a tall young woman in a white apron. She was very kind; she walked a long distance with me, and only for her I would have kidnaped by a rag picker. She had me by the neck with my head under her shawl, and I smelt chloroform. Well, papa, this woman pulled me away from her, just as that Fannie says she pulled a little girl that night. And you know there is a dreadful place down the street where they are building. She says she fell down a place. Papa I went and asked the men if they thought any one fell down there one night. Most of them laughed at me, but one nice man said 'Yes.' A plank was washed down that rainy night, and there was a bonnet there and a handkerchief. He took both home. I think, papa, that Fannie tells the truth."

"Great Heaven!" cried the father. "Child, you have saved a life, and me from what I dread to think of."

He touched a bell, and gave the servant who appeared orders to call a coupe instantly.

In half an hour, Fannie, lying upon her cot, saw the door open; a little figure entered, and stood before her.

"Did you ever see me before?" the sweet voice asked.

"You are the child I took safe home that dreadful night," said Fannie.

"And I know you," Grace said, "and it is all right, my dear. You will be proven innocent."

So it was, after more delay than one could believe, with the child's sworn word given, and the bonnet and a handkerchief marked with her name, to say nothing of the cap in Madames A.'s box, which had also been found in the hollow, for evidence.

But at last Fannie was free. She was ill for a long time, but was brought back to perfect health at the hospital to which she was taken, not as a charity patient, but at the expense of the good judge himself, and afterward was offered a position as Grace's nursemaid and attendant.

Years have passed. She is still retained in the household as a valued and useful member. She is married. Her husband is the family coachman and gardener, a very worthy and intelligent man; and certainly the end of her life is decidedly happier than were its early years.

Take Hood's and only Hood's, because Hood's Sarsaparilla cures. It possesses merit peculiar to itself. Try it yourself.

The thought that comes after the plunge.—Two souls with but a single thought get married, and then comes the second—a sober one.

Nothing tires the soul of a man more than a shoe peg.

The Female Lion Tamer.

"Yes, gentlemen," remarked the advance agent of the only big show on earth, "notwithstanding the fact that in the past we have ransacked the globe from pole to pole, have penetrated the jungles of South America, the deserts of Africa, the ice-locked fastnesses of the Arctic region and the sacred lands of India in our determination to secure everything weird, worthy and wonderful under the sun, we have still been enabled to stamp improvement on the wings of time, and this season we present a bewildering array of attractions totally eclipsing the wildest imagination of wonderland; a whirlwind of marvels, sweeping all our would-be imitators away with an irresistible impetuosity:"

While the speaker paused for breath his hearers prepared themselves for the worst.

"Our gigantic universal aggregation of consolidated wonders was the first show on earth to introduce a female lion tamer. The first year she performed with one lion, the next year with two, and so on till the tenth year, when she played with ten of them at once. Then she began the very hazardous proceeding, which might be termed mixing her drinks, by bringing tigers, leopards, etc., into her family of brute monarchs, finally, during last season, she appeared in a mammoth enclosure and played with a number of lions, tigers, leopards, hyenas, crocodiles, boa constrictors, wild cats and rattlesnakes all at one and the same time.

"The public unanimously declared that woman could do nothing more to demonstrate her utter fearlessness of the animal creation, but she has."

Everyone held his breath awaiting the startling revelation about to be made.

"Yes, sir; recognizing the fact that the press and people demand something newer and more startling every year, Mme. de Slambangio has this year discarded lions and tigers and everything old, and now actually enters a cage containing three live and unfettered mice!"

It required the combined efforts of the strong men of the party to resuscitate the weaker members who had fainted away.—*Chicago Times.*

How to Cook a Ham.

"Do tell me just how to cook a ham," said an inexperienced housekeeper to a friend who was noted for her culinary knowledge. "I have looked in four cook-books and I can find nothing plain and simple enough for my Biddy to follow;—they all assume that the ham is boiled or half boiled when they proceed to treat it in more elaborate fashion—and I have not an idea how to begin even. I have bought my ham—I know enough for that, and I know what are the best hams in the market. Now begin and tell me just what to do with it until it is ready to serve cold on the table."

"It is very simple," said her friend, "but I know it is as you say; it is just the simple obvious knowledge that is hardest to find written rules for. First, soak your ham all night in water which should cover it entirely. Then set it on the fire to boil. The rule for boiling a ham is fifteen minutes to each pound, so you can easily tell by weighing it the exact length of time that it will be necessary to cook it. When it is half boiled add a cupful of molasses. When it is done set it to cool, and when it is cold enough, skin it and put it in the oven to bake until the whole is nicely browned; some people sprinkle it before putting it in the oven with brown sugar which forms a sort of glaze."

"This is the simplest way of cooking a ham, and there is none better in my estimation; but there are all sorts of facts about what will give it various peculiar flavors, and many are the suggestions for the last boiling. Some epicures cook it in champagne just at the last, others in beer, many lard it with cloves. An old southern cook I once had, had a way of covering the whole ham after it was skinned with a dough paste made of flour and water and then putting it in the oven to bake. This she claimed confided all the juices to the ham, and the results she obtained were certainly delicious."

Legendary Origin of Earrings.

According to the moslem creed the reason why every mohammedan lady considered it her duty to wear earrings is attributed to the following curious legend: Sarah, tradition tells us, was so jealous of the preference shown by Abraham for Hagar that she took a solemn vow that she would give herself no rest until she had mutilated the fair face of her hated rival and bondmaid. Abraham, who had knowledge of his wife's intention, did his utmost to pacify his embittered spouse, but long in vain. At length, however, she relented and decided to forego her plan of revenge. But how was she to fulfil the terms of the vow she had entered into? After mature reflection she saw her way out of the difficulty. Instead of disfiguring the lovely features of her bondmaid, she contented herself with boring a hole in each of the rose lobs of her ears. The legend does not inform us whether Abraham afterward felt it incumbent upon him to mitigate the smart of these little wounds by the gift of a costly pair of earrings, or whether Hagar procured the trinkets for herself. The fact remains, however, that the turkish women all of whom wear earrings from their seventh year, derive the use of these jewels from Hagar, who is held in veneration as the mother of Ishmael, the founder of their race.

Reading in Bed Hurts the Eyes.

Reading in bed is supposed to be injurious to the eyes on account of the recumbent position. Who does not propose "to take it easy" in the torrid weather—betaking himself to hammock, greensward or sofa with a congenial book as the scene of summer comfort and rest! In this case the body is generally in quite as recumbent a position as it is in bed; yet no one suggests that it is as bad for the eyes in any way to read at one's ease. The real difficulty in this reading is the light. Beds are generally so placed that the eyes are shielded from the glare of the windows, and the single candle by which night readers are lighted is generally quite insufficient to prevent a certain amount of strain to the eyes. "This," said a physician to a New York Tribune reporter, "is undoubtedly the reason that reading in bed is popularly supposed to be particularly hurtful to the organs of sight, and if there is not enough good, clear light certainly is. But with a good reading lamp that throws a distinct illumination on the book reading in bed for one with strong sight is no more harmful than reading in an arm-chair.

Male Mischief.

It is perfectly astonishing the "mess" which a male pair of hands can make in your room in the short space of five minutes. You have put everything in that dainty order without which you could not for the life of you accomplish any work. There is not a particle of dust on anything in sight, or out of sight—which last is quite as important. All the little pet things are in the right location, pictures plumb on the wall, work-box and ink-stand tidy and within hail. Mr. Smith comes in. He wants "a bit of string." Mr. Smith is always wanting a bit of string.

Mr. Smith says kindly (good fellow), "Don't get up, dear; I'll find it." That's just what you are afraid of, but it won't do to say so; so you sit still and perspire, while Mr. Smith looks for his "bit of string." First, he throws open the door of the wrong closet, and knocks down all your silk dresses, which he catches up with irreverent haste, and hangs in a heap on the first peg. Then he says (innocently), "O—h—I went to the wrong closet, didn't I?" Then he proceeds to the right closet and finds the "bit of string." In taking it down he catches it on the neck of a phial. Down it comes smash, with the contents on the floor. Mr. Smith says "d—estruction!" in which remark you fully coincide. Then Mr. Smith wants a pair of scissors to cut his "bit of string;" so he goes to your work-box, which he upsets, scattering needles, literally at "sixes and sevens," all over the floor, mixed with bodkins, spools, tape, and torment only knows what. He gathers them up at one fell swoop and tables them back into the box, in a manner peculiarly and eminently masculine: and ask it—the—hinge—of—the—lid—of—that box—was—broken—before, or if he did it. As if the rascal didn't know! But of course you tell the old fib, that it had been loose for some time, and that it was no manner of consequence; all the time devoutedly hoping that this might be the last mischance.

Not a bit of it. "He thinks he will take a little brandy to set him right;" so he uncorks the bottle on the spotless white toilet-cover of your bureau, spills the brandy all over it, powders the sugar on the covers of a nice book, and lays the sticky spoon on a nice lace collar that has just been "done up." Then he uncorks your cologne bottle to anoint his sinoky whiskers, and sets down the bottle, leaving the cork out. Then he takes up your gold bracelet and tries it on his wrist, "to see if it will fit." The "fit," need I say, is not in the bracelet—the fastening of which he breaks. Then he throws up the window, "to see what sort of a day it is;" and over goes a vase of flowers, which you have been arranging with all the skill you were mistress of, to display the perfection of each blossom. He looks at the vase, and says, "miserable thing! it was always rickety; I must buy you a better one, dear," which you devoutly hope he will do, though a long acquaintance with that gentleman's habits does not authorize you to indulge in any such expectation.

Then Mr. Smith goes to the glass and takes a solemn survey of his beard. Did you ever notice the difference between a man's and a woman's way of looking in the glass? It is wonderfully characteristic. The woman perks her head on one side saucily and well pleased like a bird; man strides in a lordly, dignified way up to it, as if it were a very petty thing for him to do, but meantime he'd like to catch that glass saying that he is not a fine-looking fellow. Well, Mr. Smith takes a solemn survey of his beard, which he fancies "needs clipping," and takes your sharpest and best pair of scissors for the wiry operation, the stray underbush meanwhile falling wheresoever it best pleases the laws of gravitation to send it. Then Mr. Smith says: "Really, dear, this is such a pleasant room one hates to leave it but alas! business—business."

"Business enough, to put that room to rights, for the next three hours!

Hungarian Railway Fares.

The zone system of railway fare collection has now been in operation in Hungary three years. It was inaugurated originally by the Hungarian minister of commerce and railways, Von Baross. Frequent mention has been made of the experiment—how Buda-Pesth was taken as a center, how imaginary circles were drawn about it ten-miles apart, and every railway station within one of the given zones all about the city was reached for the same fare. At the same time the railway fares were reduced to about one cent a mile, no commutation or return tickets.

Time sufficient has now elapsed to sum up the result of the system. Travel on the roads has well nigh doubled in the three years. Although fares were so reduced, yet the railway revenues have been somewhat increased. This is owing largely to a reduction in expenses. Numbers of ticket agents and much ticket stamping have been dispensed with. The tickets can be bought at cigar shops or places where stamps are sold.

There are fourteen zones in the circuit about Buda-Pesth. The system has proved so satisfactory there that in time it will probably make its way with modification into other parts of Europe and America. Its greatest merit would be the cheapening of railway fares, so that the poor working people could live in suburban towns.

In Demand.

One day Tommy had been asked to do several "chores" about the house. He was wanted to bring in wood, hunt eggs, run errands, etc. He grew tired of it at last, and upon some new request he said half impatiently, half jokingly: "Well, I think here's a boy in pretty good demand to-day."

"Good articles are always in demand," remarked one who heard him.

"O yes, I suppose so!" said Tommy, as he marched off to do this favor also, evidently thinking it was a little tiresome. The demand seemed to press a little hard upon the supply.

Yes, Tommy, "good articles are always in demand." This is true the world over. People like to choose the best they can find; not only the best things, but the best men. Good lawyers, good teachers, good doctors; good merchants, good mechanics, good farmers, good editors, good preachers, will all find that the great world has plenty for them to do. They are in demand.

But worthless things have poor sale. They may go begging. Men don't want them. The lazy, the disobliging, and the careless are not often asked to do much, when better hands may be had.—*Western Christian Advocate.*

Minard's Liniment cures La Grippe

HER GRAND-AUNT JANE.

When you asked for my hand, and I answered
you "yes!"
I certainly loved you then.
For I thought you all that a husband should be
And better than most of the men;
But since you have uttered some notions of
yours
On the wife you expect to obtain,
I have a half doubt if we're suited for mates—
You should marry my grand-aunt Jane.

You say that a woman should gentleness be,
With a timid and downcast eye,
And govern her temper and bridle her tongue
However much troubles may try.
But I'm gentle alone when they're gentle with
me,
I speak an utterance plain,
And I look a man square in the face when I
speak—
You should marry my grand-aunt Jane.

You say that a woman should close up her ears
To the gossip that travels around,
And always remain with her duties at home,
Where a wife should ever be found.
But when visitors chatter I let them talk on,
While my thoughts in my mind I retain,
And I like the fresh air now and then for a
change—
You should marry my grand-aunt Jane.

Eve was taken from Adam, you say—ah, yes!
From a rib she was fashioned complete;
But you'll please to remember she came from
his side,
And not from his head nor his feet.
And though in the great matrimonial state
As absolute monarch you'd reign,
I fear my rebellion might ruin the realm—
You should marry my grand aunt Jane.

My kinswoman now is past fifty, they say;
And never a petulant word
Has ever escaped from her innocent mouth,
Nor slander she never has heard;
While she never goes gadding away from her
home;
And the cause of her goodness is plain—
She was deaf, she was dumb, she was lame from
her birth—
You should marry my grand-aunt Jane.

If you seek not a slave, nor a toy, nor a wife,
With a heart that is loyal and true,
Who will bring you affection as warm as your
love,
And the honor she knows is your due,
Pain yours to the end, be it bitter or sweet,
A sharer in pleasure or pain;
But if other your views about marriage, why,
then,
You should marry my grand-aunt Jane.

Things to Keep your Thoughts from Wandering from the Subject.

Having a squalling baby in the same car.

Having the ferry-boat pushing out just as you get in sight.

Having a beastly drunken individual in front of you.

Having to swallow your dinner in five minutes or have your train go without you.

Having to pay ten cents for the morning paper, that at home costs you two.

Having some one get into the sleeping car berth above you just after you have retired.

Having the brakeman brawl out the stations and not be able to distinguish a word he says.

Having your washerwoman fail to send you your clothes in time to leave as expected.

Having the conductor inform you just after you have started that you are on the wrong train.

Having the hotel waiters hinting at every meal that they expect you to give them something.

Having somebody in front keeping the car window up when the dust and cinders are flying in.

Having your baggage go astray just when you wanted your best clothes to make a good impression.

Having a street car poking along at a funeral gait when you have only ten minutes to catch the train.

Having to wait in the corridor until the elevator goes two floors above you and comes down again.

Having the Pullman conductor wake you up and ask for a ticket just after you have fallen into a sound snooze.

Having the car porter, as you are about to leave after he has brushed the dust off, ask "if you have not forgotten something."

Having forty Jehus poke their whips under your nose when you arrive at your destination, each wanting to take you to your hotel.

Having packages of lozenges and copies of "The Red Demon of the Wild West," thrown into your lap every five minutes on the train.

Having a room at a mountain hotel along side the bowling alley and being kept awake by the thunder-like rumbling of the balls.

Local Customs in India.

I have received the following from an Indian correspondent. An immediate stop should be put to the practice to which he alludes:

It is the custom once every six months for native infantry regiment stationed at Alipore, near Calcutta, to be summoned to the Alipore jail, where there are more than 1600 native prisoners, in order to fire ten rounds of blank ammunition by section volleys at, or in the direction of, the said criminals, who crouch down in their cells and tremble in their shoes—metaphorically as they all have naked feet.

The idea of the civil authorities is, I presume, to intimidate the prisoners and to dissuade them from attempting to escape. I am sure all the native soldiers called on to perform this duty must think it very strange. I have been a long time in Calcutta and never heard of any prisoner escaping from Alipore jail. Besides, there is always a fairly strong native police force there on duty. To witness this last parade the Lieut.-Governor of Bengal and others were present on the roof of the jail.

What Your Great Grandmother Did.

She hetcheled the flax and carded the wool, and wove the linen, and spun the tow, and made the clothes for her husband and ten children. She made butter and cheese, she dipped tallow candles, to light the house at night, and she cooked all the food for her household by an open fireplace and a brick oven. Yes; and when she was forty years of age, she was already an old lady whose best days were over. Her shoulders were bent and joints enlarged by hard work, and she wore spectacles and a cap. Her great granddaughter, with all the modern conveniencies for comfort, refinement and luxury, may be as charming and attractive at forty-five as at twenty. Especially is this true if she preserves her health and beauty by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, which wards off all female ailments and irregularities, cures them if they already exist, keeps the life current, healthful and vigorous, and enables the woman of middle age to retain the freshness of girlhood upon brow and cheek, the light of youth in her eyes and its elasticity in her step. Sold by all druggists.