The Acton Free Press.

VOLUME XVIII.---NO. 9. ACTON, ONTARIO, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1892. PRICE THREE CENTS.

The Acton Free Press

—IS PUBLISHED—

EVERY THURSDAY MORNING,

—AT THE—

Free Press Steam Printing Office,

MILL STREET. - ACTON, ONT.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION—One dollar per year if paid in advance, or within three months from beginning of year, $1.50 per year if not so paid. The date to which every subscription is paid is denoted by the date on the address label.

ADVERTISING RATES—Transient Advertisements, 8 cents per Nonpareil line for first insertion, 3 cents per line for each subsequent insertion.

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SPACE.	1 YR.	6 MO.	3 MO.	1 MO.
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Editor and Proprietor.

Business Directory.

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BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, NOTARY PUBLIC.
Money to Loan.
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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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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—
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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,
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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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Proof Etchings, Colored Pictures, Room and Picture Mouldings,
IVORY OAK **FRAMES** SILVER GILT
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A full stock of Winsor & Newton's Flake White.
Double Tubes, Rowney's, 10c.
8 x 10 Deep Photo Frames, complete 20c.
5 Feet Cornice Pole, Brass Fittings, 25c.
Our Wall papers
Are said to be the best selected in the city
WATERS BROS.,
ESTABLISHED 1877
ST. GEORGE'S SQUARE. - GUELPH.

New Planing Mill
—AND—
Sash and Door Factory.
John Cameron, Contractor,
Has fitted up the building on Main Street, lately occupied as a trunk factory, with new machinery and is prepared to furnish plans, specifications and estimates for all classes of buildings, and execute all kinds of
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MATCHING,
and MOULDING.
—MAKE ALL STYLES OF—
Sashes, Doors and Windows and Door Frames and Dressed Lumber.
And keeps 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 6½ p.m.
Careful attention given to every order
The wants of Commercial Travellers fully met.
JOHN WILLIAMS.

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FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY,
ESTABLISHED 1840.
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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.
FOR SALE
On Monthly or Quarterly Payments only at
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MUSIC STORE,
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COAL AND WOOD YARDS.
JAMES BROWN
MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN
Lumber, Lath, Shingles, Coal and Wood.
Coal and Wood always in stock and promptly delivered to any part of the town at reasonable prices.
Hardwood and slabs cut stove length always on hand.
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The Traders' Bank
OF CANADA.
HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO.
CAPITAL AUTHORISED $1,000,000
CAPITAL PAID UP 604,800.00
REST FUND 65,000.00
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.
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Plush Parlor Suites
Solid Walnut Frames Complete
FROM $30, UP.
P. SPRAGGE,
Guelph.

ALL READY FOR SCHOOL.
Solid Leather
School Boots
From the Best Makers.
EVERY PAIR WARRANTED.
PRICES RIGHT.
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 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.
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GRINDELL'S
MACHINE & REPAIR SHOP
In addition to machinery repairing I am now prepared to do
HORSE SHOEING & General Blacksmithing.
In a most satisfactory manner. Woodwork repairs also made.
Careful attention given to all work brought in.
Any machine or implement by whomsoever manufactured will be repaired in a work manlike manner.
Plow and machinery repairs constantly on hand.
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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 $4 Pants to Order.
R. E. NELSON,
Fashionable Clothier,
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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.

AT MILKING TIME.

"Coe, Berry-brown! Hie, Thistledown!
Make haste: the milking time is come!
The bells are ringing in the town,
Tho' all the green hillside is dumb,
And Morn's white curtain, half withdrawn,
Just shows a rosy glimpse of dawn."
Tinkle, tinkle in the pail;
"Ah my heart if Tom should fail!
See the vapors, white as curd,
By the waking winds are stirred—
And the east is brightening slow—
Tom is long a field, I know!

"Coe, Bell! Come Bright! Miss Lilywhite,
I see you hiding in the croft!
By yon steep stair of ruddy light
The sun is climbing fast aloft;
What makes the stealthy, creeping chill
That hangs about the morning still?"
Tinkle, tinkle in the pail:
"Some one saunters up the vale,
Pauses at the brook a while,
Dawdles at the meadow stile—
Well! if loitering be a crime,
Sadie one takes his own sweet time!

"So! Berry, so! Now Cherry-blow,
Keep you pink nose out of the pail,
How dim the morning is—how low
The churning vapors coil and trail,
How dim the sky, and far away!
What ails the sunshine and the day?"
Tinkle, tinkle in the pail:
"Bet for that preposterous tale
Nancy Hirst brought from town,
Tom is courting Kitty Brown,
I'd not walked with Willie Snow,
Just to tease my Tom, you know!

"So! stand still, my Thistledown!
Tom is coming thro' the gate,
But his forehead wears a frown,
And he never made me wait
Till that vexing demon, Doubt,
Angered us, and we fell out!"
Tinkle, tinkle in the pail:
"Tom roosts on the topmost rail,
Chewing straws, and looking grim
When I choose to peep at him;
Wonder if he's sulking still,
All about my walk with Will?

"Cherry, Berry, Lilywhite,
Hasten fieldward, every one;
All the heavens are growing bright,
And milking time is done;
I will speak to him, and spy
If his lordship answers me:
"Tom!" He tumbles off the rail,
Stoops to lift the brimming pail;
With a mutual pleading glance
Lip to lip—maybap by chance—
And—but need I whisper why?—
Tom is happy—and so am I!"

Select Family Reading.

His Brother's Widow.

BY AN OLD CONTRIBUTOR.

"Oh, yes," said old Mrs. Merrydew, "I told John's wife that you wasn't pleased with the match—that you had looked higher for a man like your brother that was a college graduate."

Colonel Brantley Merrydew frowned slightly.

"Was that necessary, mother?" said he.

"It was the truth," answered the old lady compressing her thin lips. "She was only a shop-girl in a fancy store in New York, any way you can fix it!"

"Still," said Brantly, slowly, and as if he were thinking aloud, "I can't help feeling sorry for the girl."

"That's all nonsense," said old Mrs. Merrydew, sharply. "She's nothing to us, now that poor dear John is dead and buried. And I'm glad she's safe back at her store in New York, selling tape and ribbon, and making big eyes at the next foolish young fellow that wants to lose his heart across the counter."

"Was she pretty?" Colonel Merrydew asked, meditatively.

"Why, yes," unwillingly admitted Mrs. Merrydew. "Pretty in a bold, black-eyed gypsy sort of way. I never liked her looks, but she had no faculty at all. When your father's health failed, and we had to come South, she wanted to stay there in the old house where John was born. Taint as if I could have trusted her to take care of things—a silly, city-bred girl, that wouldn't know a Bramah fowl from a Plymouth Rock, or one of our red gilliflower apples from a Baldwin. No, no, I wasn't such a fool as that. So I put Hiram Huxley in charge of the farm, and now that he has died, and the widow has rented it to some one else, I don't feel a bit easy about it. So if you could spare time when you go to New York, Brantley, I do, wish you'd go there and see to things a little."

Colonel Merrydew smiled.

"Set your dear old heart at rest, mother," said he. "I will make an especial pilgrimage to the old farm in your behalf."

So it came to pass that upon one golden September afternoon Colonel Brantley Merrydew came walking up the lane to the old Merrydew farm, on whose green turf his footsteps had not trod in more than twenty years.

It was twenty years since he had gone South to seek his fortune. Twenty years since he had stood a boy, full of vague boyish hopes and impossible aspirations, on life's threshold. He was a middle-aged man now, with locks threaded with silver, and crow's feet around his eyes, yet here were the old pine trees, apparently not a day older than they ever had been; the moss-enameled roof glistening in the sun just as it used to glisten, the same old pinks blossoming along the path, the silvery tufts of southern wood exhaling the subtle fragrance. For Time, relentless tyrant that he is, sets his mark on Nature's peaceful brow.

John had waved good bye to him twenty years ago—the fair-haired, dreamy-eyed little playmate whom he had never since beheld. He had made some effort to see John's widow as he came through New York, but in vain. At the fancy store where she had once had a situation the fat proprietor knew nothing of her.

"Our young ladies grow restless, sir," he said. "They're always trying to better themselves. And I'm very sorry that Mrs Merrydew hasn't left her address with us."

He came up to the front door in rather a melancholy mood. He had expected to find everything going to wreck and decay. But on the contrary, the fences were newly painted, the blossoming plants were tied to neat green stakes along the paths, the grass was shorn as smooth as velvet, while at the rear of the house he could see the cattle coming slowly home to be milked, their bells playing a silver-sweet monotone as they came: the poultry yard was full of plump hens and cocks; the sheep were huddled in their fold; the droves of young turkeys and guinea-fowls made a soft clucking; even the burnished flocks of doves were uttering a sweet cooing on the barn roof in the sunset.

"Hallo!" said Colonel Merrydew to himself. "Some one is doing justice to the old place, whoever it may be."

He knocked. A trim maid-servant came to the door.

"Who lives here?" he asked.

"Mrs. Burney, sir," with a little surprise in her buxom face.

"I thought that Mr. Huxley—"

"Dear, dear sir," explained the girl, "he died long ago, and his executors rented it to Mrs. Burney for a year."

"Can I see your mistress?"

"Certainly, sir."

Mrs. Burney came in presently, a beautiful dark-eyed young woman, in a calico dress, a snow-white linen collar, and hair as smooth and shining as rippled bands of jets. She courtesied gracefully to him as she entered.

"I am Colonel Brantley Merrydew," he said, rather loftily.

She colored, bit her full cherry lower lip, and courtesied again, with a humility which might almost have seemed comical.

"Being in New York, I thought I would just run out and see how the farm was doing," he said, a strange sensation of false modesty stealing over him as he stood there.

"I hope you are pleased with it, sir," she remarked calmly.

"I never saw things in finer condition," he said. "Your husband is perhaps an experienced farmer?"

"I have no husband," she answered quietly. "I manage things myself. Every man, boy and woman on the place takes orders from me. Perhaps you would like to go over the farm."

"If you have no objection."

She put on a little straw hat, with a drooping brim, edged with black lace, reached down a parasol, and speaking a word or two of direction to the buxom maid she set forth on this novel tour of inspection.

"Well," she said, when it was over, "what do you think, Colonel Merrydew?"

He smiled.

"That Mrs. Burney is an excellent farmer," he said. "Indeed, madam, I am more than pleased with what I have seen."

"But you will remain at the old place all night?" she said, with a gracious hospitality which became her well. "You will be my guest for a little while?"

"If you invite me" he answered.

What strange, sweet spell was there in this Mrs. Burney, this dark-eyed, grave-faced little creature, who sat in the old chair where mother used to sit?

Colonel Merrydew remained at the farm a week. Then he returned to New York for a few days. Then he came out a second time to the farm. So that it was nearly the first of October when he at last decided that he must positively return to Alabama.

Mrs. Burney was standing with him on the old portico, where the red and gold maple leaves fluttered softly down at the touch of the sunset wind. They had grown to be real, cordial friends by this time, the Alabama colonel and Mrs. Burney.

"Do you know," said Colonel Merrydew, "that I shall go back to the South with a lighter heart, knowing that the old house will still seem like home to me? In my memory you will be its guardian angel, Joanna."

She looked wistfully into his face.

"Colonel Merrydew," she said, "I have something to tell you. My name is not Burney. I was Joanna Burnby before I married; but my real name is Mrs. John Merrydew."

"What!" he cried, starting back.

"I am John's widow," she said, tears and smiles striving for mastery in her eyes. "Don't look grave: don't turn away. Your mother never loved me; she never called me anything but 'Mrs John'; she never allowed me to take charge or assume any responsibility. So when Mr Huxley died I came here determined to prove whether or not I was worthy of trust. Tell Mrs. Merrydew how the old place looks. Give me an impartial verdict; that is all I ask."

Colonel Merrydew was silent for a minute or two, then he extended his hand to his sister-in-law.

"Joanna," said he, "I owe you an apology. When the news of John's marriage first reached us I was not pleased. I may have said foolish and ungracious things. Will you allow me to recall them now? Will you consent that all shall be forgotten and forgiven?"

"Willingly," she answered, the soft, dark eyes full of happy light. "More than willingly! And, oh, my heart is so much lighter, now that my secret is told!"

"I, too, have a secret to confide," said Colonel Merrydew, with rather a conscious look.

"You?" she echoed.

"Yes, I. Will you listen to it, Joanna? Will you hear me tell you how dearly I have learned to love you? Will you promise, dear Joanna, one day to be my wife?"

She did not quite promise,—yet Colonel Merrydew went joyously on his way, with his heart full of hope!

And when, the next year, old Mrs. Merrydew came back to the farm, her son, the colonel, stood on the doorstep to welcome her, with Joanna smiling at his side.

Mrs. Merrydew was aged and feeble. She had left her venerable life-companion in a Southern grave,—she had looked back on her past existence and sighed for many a lost opportunity and misused chance. And when her son's wife—her daughter-in-law for the second time—came forward to meet her, she burst into tears.

"Forgive me, Joanna," she said, "forgive me!"

And young Mrs. Merrydew took the slight, weakly form in her arms and kissed her, and whispered the one word:

"Mother!"

Henceforward, forevermore, all was peace between them!

A Few Blue Laws.

In 1634 the Massachusetts General court forbade the purchase of "any apparel, either woollen, silke or lynnen, with any lace on it; silver, gold, silke or thread." William Weeden, in writing of New England laws, tells us the following:

In Salem in 1652 a man was arrested for "excess in bootes, rebonds, gould and silver lace;" and in Newbury in 1653 two women each wearing "a silke hoode and scarfe," but they were discharged on proof that their husbands were worth £200 each.

All sorts of peccadilloes busied the selectmen and country courts. Reading in 1649 fines three married women for skolding, five shillings each; and Matthew Stanley pays a fine for winning the affections of John Tarbox's daughter without her parent's consent.

In 1678 a couple of young women of Springfield were summoned to court upon the charge of "wearing silk contrary to law and for long hair and other extravagancies."

Mrs. Smith Has "Asked Company."

There goes the last train, Jerusha! The last train, and those folks haven't come! They are not coming, as sure as your life. I never will ask company again—never! What is the use? They never come when you expect them. Here it is, bright and shining, as fine a day as I ever saw, and cook and Cousin Betsey and Aunt Maria and I, and even little Kitty, have been at work for two days to get up a lunch for the Coboorns and the Pennywhistles. And they were all so pleased to come and meet each other.

I dare say I am so sick of women. They are the most deceitful wretches! "So glad," were they? Why didn't they come, then? The house is as neat as an orphan asylum or visitors' day. We've polished everything and touched up everything, to make it lovely; and there is the new china, and the new napkins with monograms on them, and a wonderful silk cosett for the teapot. We've even tied up the big dog, and got rid of old Miss Calloway (who always comes over if she sees people arrive to lunch) by sending her tickets to the Fair at the next station, and here we are, in our most becoming costumes, with our best smiles on, and they have not come!

Of course not! We shall get such a lovely letter from the Coboorns to-morrow, saying that Anna Maria had neuralgia, and that Kate had one of her headaches, and that they shall very soon "do themselves the pleasure," etc. And we shall have the sweetest notes from the Pennywhistles, telling us they were "kept by circumstances over which they have no control from availing themselves of our delightful invitation, and that they will take the earliest opportunity," etc, etc. Of course they will; and I'll tell you when that opportunity will come:

It will come on some Monday, when cook has gone away in a rage, leaving the table linen to "steep" in the tubs, and when the up-stairs treasure has departed, arrayed in a four story hat and feathers; when Aunt Maria has gone down to New York to look for new combinations of all the domestic virtues in the various intelligence offices, and Cousin Betsy has decided to utilize her artistic ability by frescoing the dining-room ceiling; when I have been so "left to myself" as to employ the travelling chiffonnier to re-rent all the old chairs stored away up garret, and have permitted him to do it on the shady front porch; when the bill of fare for the day is all the leftovers—just to clear up and save cooking—to be eaten on all the cracked china on the kitchen table; when grandpa is sorting all the daily papers since 1812 in the front parlor, which is filled with the dust of ages in consequence, and grandma is cutting up all the old clothes to make carpet rags of; when you, Jerusha, have put on a faded skirt and an old calico ball, and I am stuffed into my blue flannel wrapper in which I look like a polar bear; when there isn't a human being in decent trim, or a spot to sit down in, or a thing to eat, or a welcome for them in a single heart in the house: Oh! then they'll come—bless 'em! They will make a little party to surprise us, and expect us to be delighted; and I believe—upon my soul I do—that they will enjoy themselves a great deal better, and will be as happy as queens and as merry as grigs talking us over going home. And they will talk about how we looked, and what frightful housekeepers we are, and how we are never nice except when we expect them folks. I know them. That's what they'll do—Eh! What? Why don't you say so! They've come by boat, and Ebenezer Boltingcloth has brought them over in the mill wagon.

Yes, there are at the top of the hill! Wave your handkerchiefs, all of you. I do hope I haven't made myself red in the face by talking so hard, but it would have been provoking if they had't come. I'll never borrow trouble again. M. K. D.

Learned Yet Ignorant.

Hazlitt discourses in a very amusing and instructive manner in one of his essays on "the ignorance of the learned," and we have often wondered that he did not write a companion essay to it on the knowledge of the unlearned. The so-called learned men have too often very little practical learning out of their own profession, or specialty; while all that the unlearned know is usually of a practical and serviceable nature.

Some of our most learned scholars, who have gained a great celebrity by their attainments in literature, are lamentably deficient in their knowledge of every day affairs, and would hardly succeed in earning a decent living out of their own profession, while there are thousands of illiterate men that would be called ignorant by scholars who have so varied a knowledge of the ways of life, of the ordinary pursuits of mankind and are so skilled in business, that they would not fail to make themselves useful and gain something more than an honest living under any circumstances. They may know nothing about technical sciences, be unable to tell whether a syllogism be something to eat or to wear, and incapable of speaking any language but their vernacular, and even that not grammatically, and yet have so accurate a knowledge of human character and human motives as to compel their fancied superiors to do their bidding and minister to their pleasures.

The world is so full of learned men who are so ignorant of the arts of life—we do not mean the vicious arts, but the useful arts—that they are unable with all their knowledge to render a sufficient from want. But infinitely better is the knowledge of the unlearned which enables them to prosper, than the learning which cannot save possessor from starving. Many of the great benefactors of the present age have been unlearned, and ignorant men.

A Husband's Sad Lot.

If he be jealous, he is duped; if credulous, he is ridiculed; despotic, he is hated; feeble, he is despised; too attentive he is voted a bore; indifferent, he hurts somebody's feelings, and revenge is sure follow sooner or later. There is one chance in his favor, viz., that, by good luck or through merit of skill on his part, he may come to be worshipped by his wife. In which case, let him be, as the fit takes him, either pleasant, or grumpy; brutal or affectionate; gentlemanly, or boorish; fickle or faithful; loving or distant; intelligent or stupid—everything will be set down to him as a virtue.—*Daniel Dare.*

Love is good, and does good wondrously without thinking about it, and without knowing it. Love does good by deeds and words, and without deeds and words—by touches, by looks, by glances.

Our Ghost.

We came upon it in a queer, ghostly sort of way, on moving into a new house. The dwelling next door was unoccupied, and had a bill on it. For some days we heard very queer noises in that house, which had not been tenanted for months. It had a reputation of being haunted that frightened folk. This fact led us to regard the sounds as unexpected. A friend of ours, who is a convert to spiritualism, assured us that it was Benjamin Franklin who wanted to give us good advice, and even spelt out the communication:

"A penney saved is a penny got,
If you eat potatoes eat 'em hot,"

which he declared that eminent departed philosopher rapped out for him, as he repeated the philosopher rapped out for him as he repeated the alphabet. However, one day we got a key and entered the house by the front door. We carried a lantern, for the shutters were nailed up. We ascended to the kitchen. There a long dresser was built into the wall, and on the upper shelf of this stood an object—the ghost that had made the queer noises and frightened away tenants. It was a rooster!

He regarded us with astonishment, and then uttered an awful cry. You may hear one like it by offending any ill-tempered camel you may see in a menagerie. No rooster ever made such a noise before. We resolved that he was an enchanted prince, and retreated. As he did not pursue us, we returned and captured him. Where he came from we did not know. How he had lived was no mystery, for the last family that occupied the house had evidently eaten only the middle of their slices of bread, and left the crusts anywhere. Besides, there was the proverbial peck of dirt. We carried him home in an old bushel basket, and named him Capt. Kidd, nobody knew why.

We fed him well, but he always hated us, and drove timorous people out of the garden when they entered it; and finally we found that the joy of his life was in fighting to maintain his solitude.

He conquered several enemies—a dog that he settled with one tap of his beak in the right eye; a cat which sat upon the fence until her back was permanently humped and her tail like an immense bologna sausage, and then descended to be borne away a mere mess of grey fur, rage and horror.

And finally he conquered a rat. His favorite dish was sour milk. The rat liked this too, and wanted his share. He came out and tasted the milk. Instantly a beak was driven into his head. He retired to to his hole. The rooster hid himself behind a lilac bush; the rat returned. Then followed sounds as though all the wild beasts in a menagerie had got loose, and we saw Capt. Kidd perched in triumph on the head of a dead rat.

Finally he grew so fierce that we were all afraid to go into the garden, which he began to exterminate, scratching up everything in it. And we were just wondering whether the good works of the Society for the Protection of Animals would cover his case, when he disappeared, in true ghostly fashion, leaving no clew behind: but we found one long tail-feather in the yard, and keep that as a memento.

A Conscientious Coal Merchant.

Mr. Black, an eminent and wealthy English coal dealer, called one of his oldest drivers into the office the other morning, and tendered him quite a large sum of money.

"What is this for?" asked the astonished driver.

"Merely a token of appreciation for services rendered," replied Mr. Black kindly.

"But, sir, you've already paid me enough."

"There is more than that in it, John," continued the dealer. "I really owe you the money."

"I don't understand."

"Let me tell you," said Mr. Black—and he dropped his voice to a whisper. "You have been with me for 20 years, working 300 days every year, and averaging three loads a day; that makes 18,000 loads,—You weigh about 150 pounds, John, and we have never failed to weigh you in with every load of our superior coal; that makes 2,700,000 pounds, or, say 1,200 tons. That at 20s. per ton, John, represents £1,200. The packet you hold in your hand contains £120, or 10 per cent., which we think is yours by right. We are honest men, John and don't desire to defraud any man out of what is justly his."

John bowed in humble submission, and is now anxiously waiting for the next dividend.

Selling Wives in England.

The following clippings are copied word for word as they appeared in British papers of the dates named:

London *Morning Herald*, March 11th, 1802: On the 11th of last month a person sold at market cross in Chapel en le Firth a wife, a child and some beggar's furniture for 11 shillings.

London *Morning Herald*, April 10th, 1802: A butcher sold his wife by auction on last market day at Hereford. She brought £1 4 shillings and a bowl of punch.

Annual Register, February 14th, 1806: A man named John Grantham exposed his wife for sale in the market at Hull, but owing to the crowd brought together he was obliged to take her away and defer the sale. However, he brought her out again in the evening and she was sold for twenty guineas to a person by the name of Housman.

Morning Post, October 10th, 1807: One of those disgraceful scenes took place at Knaresbough. A man brought his wife, equipped in the usual way, and sold her for sixpence and a quid of tobacco.

About Fear.

Fear is the most skillful general in the world, because he has the most exhaustive knowledge of human nature. He seldom attacks any two men from the same side, and seldom makes a mistake as to the vulnerable place in a man's armor. A certain well-known Indian fighter, who has more than once with a handful of men held a whole horde of savages at bay and finally routed them, always dreaded going into his own dark cellar alone for any bribe that could be offered. Another man, whose name is synonymous with courage and audacity in business and upright life, often declares, gravely, that he would be one of the wildest, fastest men in town if he only dared, and then do you remember how deadly afraid Napoleon was of a cat.

When weak, weary and worn out, Hood's Sarsaparilla is just the medicine to restore your strength and give you a good appetite.

A SERMON IN RHYME.

"One half the world's in ignorance how the other half exists;"
This adage sage has come to us through history's hazy mists;
'Tis true indeed we do not know, but if we'd stop and think,
With few exceptions, we'd soon learn they live on printers' ink.

The burglar plies his trade at night, when all is quiet, he believes;
He doesn't want "the other half" to know just how he lives.
Nor where he works, nor how he works, nor when he does his toil—
No printers' ink for him; oh, no—his labor is would spoil.

The man who does the bunco act is likewise very "mum;"
The sneak thief and his concerts, publicity they shun;
The gambler, the common thug, the murderer and his "lay"—
These are the class of men whom "advertising doesn't pay."

Some merchants close resemble the class I've mentioned here;
They work alone and in the dark, and seem in mortal fear
The other half will find them out and take them by surprise,
So they bare all risks and chances, and they never advertise.

THE MORAL.

A moral will be found beneath the lines of this brief screed—
A lesson plain reflected, so that he who runs may read:
If you would thrive and keep yourself and business out of the dark,
Use printers' ink, read printers' ink, to feed the vital spark.

—*John R. Barrett.*

What Mothers Should Do.

As the boys grow up, make companions of them; then they will not seek companionship elsewhere.

Let the children make a noise sometimes their happiness is as important as your nerves.

Respect their little secrets; if they have concealment, worrying them will never make them tell and patience will probably do its work.

Allow them, as they grow older, to have opinions of their own; make them individuals and not mere echoes.

Remember that without physical health, mental attainment is worthless; let them lead free, happy lives, which will strengthen both mind and body.

Bear in mind that your are largely responsible for your child's inherited character and have patience with their faults and failings.

Talk hopefully to your children of life and its possibilities; you have no right to depress them because you have suffered.

Teach boys and girls the actual facts of life as soon as they are old enough to understand them, and give them the sense of responsibility without frightening them.

Find out what their especial tastes are and develop them; instead of spending time, money and patience in forcing them into studies that are repugnant to them.

As your daughters grow up teach them at least the true merits of housekeeping and cookery; they will thank you for it in later life a great deal more than for accomplishments.

Try and sympathize with girlish flights of fancy, even if they seem absurd to you; by so doing you will retain your influence over your daughters and not teach them to seek sympathy elsewhere.

What do you Collect?

Do you keep a collection of stamps, or do you go in for coins, or is it butterflies or beetles? Perhaps some one may say they have "collections" of all these, and add one or two other things. That is wrong, for one collection is bound to suffer at the expense of another, and where there are two or three "collections" by one person, the consequence is that all will suffer. It is always better to know one thing thoroughly than to have a few scattered ideas regarding everything.

The place where you live may offer advantages to make a collection that others cannot. A boy or girl living by the seashore may take up shells, but it would be very foolish to make such a collection and live in Indiana. If you live near any of the Western mines, you have a great chance to study geology, a study denied to any one living in parts of the South where there are no stones. A city boy cannot collect butterflies with any degree of success, but there are other special lines open to him.

Adapt your collection to your circumstances and surroundings, and pleasure and profit will be the result.—*Harper's Young People.*

A Lens That has Been Begun.

The greatest refracting telescopes yet known are made by Alvan G. Clark, of Cambridgeport, Mass. So fine is the work required on the lenses of these instruments that the glassmakers commenced work on two disks from which a 40-inch lens is to be made four years ago, and only one has as yet been sent to Mr. Clark. If there is the most minute speck of any kind in the glass it is rejected. A disk forty inches in diameter and ten inches thick cost $6,000. After Mr. Clark has determined what curve to give the glass, an iron casting is made of the size and shape required. The disk is revolved upon this and ground with steel crushings.

Next, eight courses of emery and an adjustable tool are used, and at this stage measurements are made with an instrument that measures one thirty-thousandth of an inch. The final shaping is made with beeswax and rouge, and even the bare thumb does its part in the polishing. The lens must be so exact in its curve that ray striking it shall center at a predetermined mathematical point.—Public Opinion.

A Thoughtful Witness.

The witness on the stand had been bulldragged by the lawyer until his patience was exhausted.

"Now," said the attorney, "you say you saw the prisoner draw his pistol?"

"Yes."

"Remember you are on your oath."

"I'm not forgetting it."

"You are sure you are telling the truth?"

"Sure."

"No mistake about it?"

"None."

"You couldn't be persuaded into any other statement?"

Here the judge interposed.

"Oh, let him go on your honor," pleaded the witness, "he's a lawyer and he doesn't know the truth when he sees it, and I'm only too glad to show him how as far as I can.

Domestic Pursuit—Chasing the gudeman with a broomstick.