The Acton Free Press.

VOLUME XVIII.---NO. 10. ACTON, ONTARIO, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 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; $1.25 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.

CONTRACT RATES—The following table shows our rates for the insertion of advertisements for specified periods:—

SPACE.	1 YR.	6 MO.	3 MO.	1 MO.
20 inches	$60.00	$33.00	$20.00	$7.00
10 inches	33.00	20.00	12.00	3.00
5 inches	20.00	12.00	7.00	2.50
1 inch	6.00	3.50	2.00	1.00

Advertisements without specific directions will be inserted till forbid and charged accordingly. Transient advertisements must be paid in advance.

Advertisements will be changed once each month if desired. For changes oftener than once a month the composition must be paid for at regular rates.

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

H. P. MOORE,
Editor and Proprietor.

Business Directory.

J. F. UREN, M. D. C. M.
Office and residence—Corner Mill & Frederick streets, Acton.

S. A. McKEAGUE, M. D.,
Graduate of Trinity College, Member of College of Physicians and Surgeons, Licentiate of Royal College of Physicians and Surgeons, Edinburgh.
Office and residence:—Dr. Lowry's late residence, head of Frederick street, Acton.

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

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

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

R. J. McNABB,
CONVEYANCER, COLLECTOR, ETC.
Debts and accounts collected. Agent Fire and Life Assurance. Property bought and sold. Money to loan on the most favorable terms.
J. A. MOWAT'S Office,
Acton

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

PATENTS SECURED FOR INVENTIONS
HENRY GRIST, Ottawa, Canada.
Twenty Years Practice. No Patent, No Pay.

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

JOHN DAY,
ARCHITECT,
GUELPH, ONT.
OFFICE—Wyndham Street.

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

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

Acton Lodge, No. 204,
I.O.O.F.
MEETS in the Oddfellows' Hall, Hill's Block, every Wednesday evening. Visiting brethren always welcome. For copy of constitution and laws apply to the undersigned or any of the members.
W. WILLIAMS, N. G. H. H. WORDEN, Secretary

SALESMEN WANTED.
WE want both travelling and local salesmen to represent the old established Penhill 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. OUTFIT FREE. Hardy varieties for Northern Ontario and Manitoba a speciality. WE GUARANTEE OUR STOCK. Apply for terms at once. We want you Now. STONE & WELLINGTON, Toronto, Ont.

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

Hamilton's Marble Works.
HAMILTON a Block (formerly Hatch's Block), the cor. corner of Woolwich and Norfolk streets, Guelph, Ont.
JOHN H. HAMILTON,
Proprietor,
Wholesale and retail dealer and direct importer and manufacturer of all kinds of Granite and Marble Monuments, Tombstones, etc. Having had an extensive experience for the last 16 years, the public may rely on getting all superior articles at a cheaper rate than any other dealer in the West.
N.B.—15 per cent. off on a direct order received for the next 30 days.

S. M. COOK & CO.,
GEORGETOWN,
Licensed Auctioneers, Appraisers, Valuators, Collectors, Real Estate and General Land Agents,
—FOR THE COUNTIES OF—
Halton, Peel, Wellington, Simcoe, York and Ontario.
Money to loan from $100 up at six per cent.
Parties placing their sales or other business in our hands will have the same promptly attended to at moderate charges.
OFFICE AND SALES ROOMS:—Mill St., Georgetown, or address Box 196, S. M. Cook & Co., Auctioneers.
BRANCH OFFICE:—21 Queen St., East, Toronto.
S. M. COOK & CO., Auctioneers,
Georgetown and Toronto.

MEXICAN GRASS
HAMMOCKS
LARGE
STRONG
SPECIAL
Low Price
—AT—
DAY'S BOOKSTORE

Bank of Montreal
CAPITAL - $12,000,000
REST - 6,000,000
A SAVINGS DEPARTMENT
Has been opened in connection with this Branch.
Interest Allowed at Current Rates.
JAS. H. FINLAY,
Manager GUELPH BRANCH.

W. BARBER & BROS.
PAPER MAKERS,
GEORGETOWN, ONT.
MAKE A SPECIALTY OF
Machine Finished Book Papers
—AND—
HIGH GRADE WEEKLY NEWS,
The paper used in this journal is from the above mills.
WM. BARBER & BROS.

STEEL ENGRAVINGS.
Proof Etchings, Colored Pictures, Room and Picture Mouldings,
IVORY OAK FRAMES SILVER GILT
ARTISTS' MATERIALS.
A full stock of Winsor & Newton's Flake White.
Double Tubes, Rowney's, 10c.
6 x 10 Deep Photo Frames, complete 25c.
5 Foot Cornice Pole, Brass Fittings, 25c.
Our Wall papers
Are said to be the best selected in the city
WATERS BROS.,
ESTABLISHED 1877.
ST. GEORGE'S SQUARE. - GUELPH.

New Planing Mill
—AND—
Sash and Door Factory.
John Cameron, Contractor,
Has fitted up the building on Main Street, lately occupied as a trunk factory, with new machinery and is prepared to furnish plans, specifications and estimates for all classes of buildings, and execute all kinds of
DRESSING, MATCHING, and MOULDING.
—MAKE ALL STYLES OF—
Sashes, Doors and Windows and Door Frames and Dressed Lumber.
And keep a stock on hand. All orders promptly attended to.
JOHN CAMERON.

—ACTON—
LIVERY
—AND—
BUS LINE.
The undersigned respectfully solicits the patronage of the public, and informs them that
Well Equipped and Stylish Rigs can always be Secured
At his stables. A comfortable bus meets all trains between 9 a.m. and 8:18 p.m.
Careful attention given to every order
The wants of Commercial Travellers fully met.
JOHN WILLIAMS.

Wellington Mutual
FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY,
ESTABLISHED 1840.
HEAD OFFICE - GUELPH.
Insures Buildings, Merchandise, Manufactories and all other descriptions of insurable property, on the Cash and Premium Note System.
F. W. STONE, President. CHAS. DAVIDSON, Manager.
JOHN TAYLOR, AGENT.

BELL
Pianos
—AND—
Organs
WERE AWARDED
THE - GOLD - MEDAL
AT
Jamaica International Exhibition 1891,
In competition with American, German, English and Canadian manufacturers.
FOR SALE
On Monthly or Quarterly Payments only at
C. W. Kelly's
MUSIC STORE,
25 Lower Wyndham street, Guelph. Telephone 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 800,000
REST FUND 45,000
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,
Manager Guelph Branch.

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.
THOS. EBBAGE, Manager

CRINDELL'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.
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 64 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 PAST.

I dreamed last night that the sunny past
Had come back to my life with its old time light,
That my heart with wild throbs of joy beat fast,
That my pulse again dashed warm and bright.
Oh! the sunny scenes and the gladsome eye,
And the smile that flashed so warm and gay,
The heart unfettered by sorrow's sigh
In the beautiful past so far away!

I dreamed of an eve when the sun was low,
And rested its head on the mountain's crest,
When the heavens were lit by a burning glow,
And red plumes waved in the golden west;
I saw a face that on me looked down
With the rosy light of love's young ray,
The fair, white brow wore no haughty frown,
That eve in the past so far away.

Again I think in the tender light
Of radiant eyes; and my spirit bowed
At my Ideal's feet, so fair and proud
I spoke of love, for a wildering spell
Had clutched my soul in its fetters gay,
And my heart from its haughty summit fell,
That eve in the past so far away.

I raised in my heart a holy shrine,
And wreathed from the garden of Fancy wrought—
The flowers, the wreath, the songs were mine;
To my idol no borrowed gifts I brought.
All woe was drowned in the mighty sea
Of love that swept o'er my heart that day.
And from sorrow and pain I thought me free—
Oh! happy past, so far away.

I awoke from dream to life, to thought,
And o'er my soul swept an endless pain;
The peace which my heart in peace had brought
Was all, sweet Heaven! in vain, in vain!
Then thoughts as bright as my dream's gay sheen
Stole o'er my heart with a fleeting ray—
But never, oh! never will come again
The beautiful past, so far away.

We've met but once since the happy past,
And now another path is mine.
(Fool, fool, to think such dreams could last)
Which force new lights on my path to shine.
Fame may smother my heart's refrain,
With its brazen trumpets and banners gay;
But ever and aye will come again
Thought of the past, so far away.

Select Family Reading.

The Magnificent Fore-arm.

BY ROUE HALE.

When young Tom Froelington, after graduating at one of the high schools in this city, went to a gymnasium and there began to develop his muscles, he little dreamed of the future for which he was thereby fitting himself.

In a short time he could show as pretty fore-arm as you would care to see. It was the admiration of the young men of his set.

As he was the son of a reputed millionaire, he had no reason to suppose that his vigor would ever be called into action except for purposes of "sport" and amusement.

At the palatial residence of Laura Brownville—a young friend—he was one day showing off the power of the wonderful fore-arm before the lady's father—a finely-built man of sixty-five—when the spectator, with a merry expression of the eye, picked up a much heavier chair than that which his guest was using, and held it straight out in front of him with the greatest ease.

"Ged!" cried Tom in astonishment, "you must have had long practice in a gymnasium to make such a lift, sir."

Mr. Brownville chuckled as he put down the chair, and said

"I practiced my gymnastics many and many a year in good old South street."

"I did not know there was a gymnasium there, sir," said Tom.

"The very best sort of one," replied Mr. Brownville, with twinkling eyes, "one of the best of schools—a ship's hold!"

"Oh!"

"Yes, sir, a ship's hold, from which, on many a hot, broiling day, I hoisted cask,—heavy ones, too, I can tell you. I had a chance to develop my muscle in that capacity, but I can assure you I did not work for that purpose. I worked for the money!"

Tom was "awardly" aghast, but he controlled himself so as not to show it in his face. Mr. Brownville went on to state how he had gradually worked his way up to wealth, finally becoming a ship owner.

Soon after he had finished his story, Laura Brownville made her appearance, and her father, a minute later, left the room.

Laura was a beautiful girl, and as Tom and she had always liked each other, it was thought that they would make a match of it.

It was not more than a month after this visit to Froelington at the Brownville mansion, when there came a crash.

Mr. Froelington, Tom's father, who had speculated incautiously, lost everything.

His misfortunes threw him into a brain fever, and he died a few weeks later; and thus poor Tom, who had been brought up with no trade or profession, who had never before his parent's failure known what it was to feel the want of cash to do what he liked with, suddenly found himself adrift with no means of support.

"Now, oh, papa! now is the time to show you are his friend," cried Laura Brownville throwing herself on her father's breast, soon after the heard of Tom's misfortune.

"Wait awhile," said Mr. Brownville, with twinkling eyes.

"But he will starve to death!"

"He has hands, Laura."

"But—but—but—"

"He has strength, too, my child. I cannot forget that magnificent fore-arm of his."

And the old gentleman chuckled pitilessly.

Meanwhile Tom, who had only himself to support, hoped he might obtain a clerkship somewhere at thirty or forty dollars a week. By the most rigid economy he might, he fancied, make that sum do.

But clerkships, he found, were not so easy to obtain. Vainly he wandered about looking for a situation of this sort.

Months had passed; his garments were becoming seedy; he could procure no employment of the kind that suited his fastidious taste.

His last dollar—all that remained of a small sum he had succeeded in borrowing from an acquaintance—was gone.

Disconsolate and gloomy he stood near Peck Slip, looking at the river, and almost wishing he was at the bottom of it.

Some longshoremen were unloading a ship by the wharf. They were fine, muscular fellows, and their voices rang out cheerily as they hoisted casks from the hold.

An old Quaker, who had also been watching the toilers, suddenly looked at Tom, and inquired if he wanted work.

Froelington stared haughtily at the speaker.

"If so," continued the Quaker, "I can get it for thee, as I employ hands."

Tom reflected. He thought of Mr. Brownville, and the true manliness of his nature sprang up within him.

"I will work my way up!" he mentally exclaimed. "Down with foolish pride!"

Then he frankly said to the Quaker that he would be glad to "do anything."

He was soon busy hoisting on the rope with the others; wages, two dollars a day.

It was very hard work, but Tom was a strong fellow. Day after day he steadily toiled on. The fore-arm became yet larger and so did the breast and the shoulders.

One day, as he was rolling a cask across the street, a stylish young lady, whom, in his prosperous days, he had occasionally escorted to the opera, passed along the sidewalk and saw him. He raised his old tar-covered cap to her, but she bestowed upon him a cold, haughty stare, and moved on.

Tom was amused. For a moment he was so full of laughter that he could scarcely push at the cask.

Meanwhile, small as were his wages, he found, to his surprise, that he could save a little money.

This, when he had enough, he invested in United States bonds.

On Sundays he sometimes visited his friends, the Brownvilles.

They treated him as cordially as ever. He even fancied that Laura's welcome was warmer than before his father failed.

He had informed them of his present business, and Mr. Brownville had said, with a chuckle of the most intense satisfaction:

"It will make a man of you. Keep on working."

"Oh, papa, don't let him toil so hard," said Laura one day to her father.

And still, as before, he replied:

"Wait awhile. He has a magnificent fore-arm."

So Tom worked on. As soon as possible he returned the cash he borrowed of his acquaintance.

Two years passed, when there was a change for the better in Tom's prospects.

The Quaker, having discovered that he could write a good hand and cast up accounts rapidly, made him his entry clerk.

By this time Tom had saved a thousand dollars, and now, gradually, this sum kept swelling.

At last, when he had five thousand, he proposed to Laura.

She acknowledged she loved him, but, as he folded her to his breast, the door opened and in came Mr. Brownville.

"Hah!" he exclaimed, as the young lady, rosy with blushes, sprang up. "I think I understand."

"Yes, sir," stammered Tom. I hope you will consent."

"Ahem! First let me see that magnificent fore-arm," said the old gentleman.

Tom promptly displayed it.

"Humph! It's big enough now to protect her. You can have her."

The happy lover poured forth his thanks.

"There's something else you shall have after your wedding," continued Laura's parent—"a partnership in the warehouse, for which you have been working."

"How?" cried Tom, in astonishment.

Mr. Brownville then informed him that the warehouse was a branch establishment of his own, and that the Quaker was one of his agents.

"I thought I would give you a trial, my boy," added his old friend, "for I knew you wanted my daughter, and I was determined to see if you had the right sort of spirit in you for a son-in-law of mine. The Quaker was sent by me to propose to you that work of hoisting casks. His reports of you have been very good, and as I heartily approve of your conduct, you are welcome to my Laura!"

And thus Tom at last earned the reward of hard, unremitting toil and perseverance. In time he became a prosperous merchant.

How to Keep Boarders.

One of the most common employments of women is the keeping of boarders. Some make a success of it, and some do not, for various reasons. In order to keep your boarders you should treat them well, and at the same time avoid putting yourself in debt for unnecessary expenditures. I cannot remember the time when we did not "take in boarders." After coming to us they generally remained until such time as they make homes of their own. Perhaps it might interest some to know how we treat them. To begin with, as regards meals, have your breads, meats, butter and coffee, of the first quality, and if you must practice economy, let it be on some of the fancy side dishes, and not on any of the staple foods. Do not salt, pepper, or season in any way, the various dishes, as all have not tastes alike, and it is best for every one to suit himself in these matters. Always serve all meals on individual plates, as this allows late comers to have their meals warm, and saves much grumbling. It is best to use individual rats for many other reasons which will be obvious to the boarding-house keeper.

Show no partiality among your guests, and strive as far as possible to cater to individual tastes. Vary the meats as much as possible, remembering, that though some dish may be good cooked occasionally, it loses its charm by being too often repeated. Let each boarder have a permanent seat at the table, and make no changes when new ones arrive, but arrange a new seat for them. Great offence is sometimes caused by changing the position of chairs at the table; let each one "have and hold" an accustomed seat.

Who Are Rich?

The man with good firm health is rich.
So is the man with a clear conscience.
So is the parent of vigorous, happy children.
So is the editor of a good paper with a big subscription list.
So is the pastor whose cost the children pluck as he passes them in their play.
So is the wife who has the whole heart of a good husband.
So is the maiden whose horizon is not bounded by the "coming man," but who has a purpose in life, whether she ever meets him or not.
So is the young man who, laying his hand on his heart, can say, "I have treated every woman I ever met as I should wish my sister treated by other men.
So is the little child who goes to sleep with a smile on its lips and for whose waking a blessing waits.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is an honest medicine, honestly advertised for those diseases which it honestly and absolutely cures.

Moving Reminiscences.

The time for househunting has come. If you have re-taken your present residence, you rejoice. If you have not, you groan in spirit, and think you would have put up with bad paint and doubtful plumbing had you realized what house-hunting is. That hideous New York habit of letting occupied houses is in the way of making a correct estimate of your future dwelling. As the orator in a muddle said, "It calls the blush of virtue to the cheek of modesty" to go about peeping into other people's pantries, and unveiling the mysteries behind portieres and screens. You feel ill at ease where people are so reluctant to let you in and so glad to see you go; but unless you are inquisitive and persistent, you will be greatly taken in, and suffer twelve months for being polite for one hour.

However, as a general thing, you find in every house a room or so that you cannot see. The key is mysteriously lost; the boarder is out, or some one is ill. You only know what that room looks like after you have fairly moved in. And oh! the moving! Well, there are things you dare not contemplate. You know that horrible old sofa will be the most conspicuous article on the coming wagon, and how a stupid helper will arrange your worst furniture on the pavement long before it is wanted, for all the world to see. You thought you had good things enough, but moving day brings you to the conclusion that you have not a decent article in the world, unless you are like Mrs. Flutter, over the way, who goes to a hotel and sends in professional movers with vans. That was last May Day. How you envied her! But you did not envy the people at Number——. Almost everything was smashed, including the children, and the lady of the house kept looking out of an upper window and calling to her husband, who stood whistling tunes from the operas:

"Would you see to things, John?" Whereupon John would answer: "Yes—yes, dear," and cry out to the unluckiest helper: "I say, be careful there!" which generally resulted in disaster. But really when the baby ran away you felt so much sympathy for the family that you stepped over to enquire, just as news arrived that the child was at the station-house, eating bread and molasses, and very happy.

That old bachelor who had apartments on the corner did not take much trouble over his flitting by the way. He rang for a messenger boy at noon; at least the boy came—and went. Shortly he re-appeared with a barrel. Into this the bachelor put most of his portable property in a heap. The boy rolled the barrel down the street, and he followed with a violin under one arm, a small telescope under the other, and a patent coffee pot swinging in his hand. Little Miss May, a maiden lady of seventy did not move in that fashion. Whenever you looked out of the window you saw her conveying down the street a pincushion, a student lamp, a handful of tidies, a catch-all, and other small ornamental articles. Four men conveyed away an upright piano. Two boys took her rocking-chair. Finally a carriage came, in which she placed her bird cage, her parrot cage, her squirrel cage her pet poodle, her pet monkey, her cat and kittens, and four white mice, and in company with this menagerie was driven away.

Really, for a person who doesn't move, it is rather amusing to peep out of an upper window and watch the others do it.

Dates of Inventions.

Buckles were first made in 1680.
Brandy was first made in France in 1310.
The first horse railroad was built in 1826.
Chloral was discovered by Liebig in 1831.
Lamp-black was invented by Mini in 1844.
Water pipes of lead were first made in 1236.
The folding envelope was first used in 1839.
Coal was first used in England as fuel in 1350.
The velocipede was invented by Drais in 1817.
The piano was invented by Christofali in 1711.
Quicksilver was first used in the arts in 1540.
Telescopes were first made by Jansen in 1590.
The electrotype was the work of Spencer, 1837.
Barometers were invented by Torricelli, 1643.
Roller skates were invented by Plympton in 1863.
Iron pavements were first laid in London in 1817.
Bombshells were first made in Holland in 1495.
Coal oil was first used as an illuminant in 1826.
Steel needles were first made in England in 1545.
Anemometers were invented by Wolfers in 1709.
The first almanac was printed in Hungary in 1470.
The first American paper money was made in 1740.
The Gatling gun was the work of Gatling, 1861.
The thermometer was the invention of Galileo, 1596.
Stem-winding watches were invented by Noel, 1851.
Ice was first made by machinery by Carre in 1860.
Alcohol was discovered in the thirteenth century.
Aerometers were first described by Baume in 1768.
The cotton gin was the work of Eli Whitney, 1793.
Advertisements first appeared in newspapers in 1652.
The steam fire engine was the work of Ericsson, 1830.
The knitting machine was invented by Hooten in 1776.
The revolving pistol was the invention of Colt in 1836.
Diving bells were invented by a Dutch mariner in 1509.
The first plaster cast was made by Verrochio, 1470.
Bayonets were first made at Bayonne, in France, 1647.
English books were first printed by Caxton in 1474.
Corn-shellers were the invention of Phinney in 1815.
Covered carriages were first used in England in 1580.
The first iron wire was drawn at Muremberg in 1351.
The first cast-iron plow was made by Newbold in 1797.
The torpedo was the invention of Bushnell in 1777.
Short-hand writing was the invention of Pitman in 1837.

A Little Plain Truth.

"If a woman helps herself she may," says an experienced matron. Was there ever a truer word uttered? No. The wise adage says: "God helps those who help themselves," but men don't. A woman who goes about holding her hands like squirrels' paws to keep them white, who shrieks at the appearance of a mouse in the corner, and is afraid of her shadow, will be waited on by all her male relatives, who will think her reticule or parasol too much for her to carry. But if you refrain from being baby enough to ask for help where the burden is possible, you may carry your own Saratoga trunk down stairs without any man of them all offering to "catch hold of the other end."

Be willing to run out alone in the twilight, and you may escort yourself at midnight. "It is only you, and you're not afraid." Because you don't shriek if a ridiculous dandy says "sweet girl" as he passes, you are supposed to have no dread of a drunken tramp or a midnight burglar. Be brave and sensible, and glad to help others; and—well, you wont get "toted"—oh! good old Southern word, how expressive it is!—you won't get toted about by any man related to you. You are supposed to be impervious to rain, incapable of fatigue, and to need nothing in the way of comfort.

There are families where one sister, who has properly curled up her hands in time is supposed by her masculine relatives to need diamonds and real lace; while not one of them has the least idea that the other sister wants even shoes and pocket handkerchiefs, because she has forborne to cry for them when the family ex-chequer has been low. Poor policy that. I advise all women to curl up their hands and bemoan themselves if they want nice dry goods, and consideration, and escort duty from their own family.

I have preached to women to be helpful and self-reliant, I know. I won't take it back. But remember that "a woman who helps herself, may." All the men, from your grandfather to your grandson, your spouse included, will soon teach you that. A woman who recognizes the fact that she has duties to others may think that by informing them that she will lead others to perform their duties to her. It is not so. They soon begin to think they have none. If you are brave, and take up your share of the load and walked off with it, all you will get (being a woman) is your own approval and that of the angels—the lady angels.

Matches and Pins.

Matches and pins being among the most common things in daily use, it is seldom that any thought is bestowed upon them. Matches that are ignited by friction were first made in 1829, before which time they were made to catch fire from a spark struck from flint or steel—a very inconvenient method. It is hard to say how many millions of matches are made in a day, but when the number of people that use them is reckoned, the total sum is appalling. Probably in the city of New York alone twenty millions of matches are used every every twenty-four hours. But matches are such little things that nobody ever seems to think of them. From an ordinary three-inch plank 186,000 matches may be made, yet even at that rate the lumber used in the match business attains enormous proportions.

Pins are mentioned as far back as 1483, but not until the beginning of this century were they manufactured by machinery. The old way of making each pin by hand must have been very tedious, and it is not likely that people were so careless with them then, as they were much more expensive than now. It has often been wondered what becomes of the pins that are lost, but it is hard to say. There are fourteen distinct operations in making a pin, and lots of trouble attached to the process. Pins are made of brass, and then tinned and bleached, and millions of them are manufactured daily. As a pin can be used more than once, the number used does not equal that of matches, but still miles upon miles of wire are used annually in their manufacture. Like matches, they are little things and not thought much of; but when you need a pin or a match, and there is none to be found, then you realize what an important part they play in daily life.

Pic-nic Proverbs.

The quiet girl doesn't do any waltzing until she gets an ant for a partner.

If you make the kid carry the basket, you can't blame him for lightening it on the way.

The girl who imbibed nothing stronger than lemonade is always the one to see snakes.

You are always out in the boat when the shower comes on.

The fatter the girl the more swinging she can stand.

If your girl wants some cherries, don't climb the tree in your best clothes. It's more economical to follow the example of the immortal George and cut it down.

A girl can set out the pic-nic luncheon in such a way that a man can never find anything but the custard pie.

The small boy is never sorry for having stolen the luncheon unless he gets hungry on the way home.

Among the pic-nic Jonahs may be mentioned the kid who falls overboard, the man who loses his hat, the girl who gets seasick and last but not least the chump who sits in the pie.

The man who keeps awake all night thinking of the nice time he is going to have at the pic-nic the next day is apt to oversleep and arrive at the wharf just as the boat has got under weigh.

Brotherly Kindness.

A London paper says that a young man had a young sister by the name of Jessie who was sent to a fashionable boarding school. When she went away he remarked that he hoped she wouldn't acquire any of the affectation so often learned in such places. For almost a year he had no fault to find upon this score. Then came a letter signed "Jessica," instead of Jessie. He replied as follows:

"DEAR SISTER JESSIE—Your welcome letter received. Mammica and papaica are well. Aunt Maryica and Uncle Georgica started for Glasgowica yesterday. I have bought a new horse. You ought to see it. It is a beauty. Its name is Maudica. Your affectionate brother, SAMICA."

Her next letter was signed Jessie.

The Marine Law having been pronounced a Dead Letter, why don't they send it to Washington with the rest?

HOBOLINK PHILOSOPHY.

I know a deep philosopher who's far too wise to think.
That bubbling, breezy blatherskite, the bobolink.
So drink is he with wine of joy, so mazie mad with mirth,
His gipsy carols of content rejuvenate the earth.
We feel the orient joy of life with which our world began,
'Tis summer in the earth and air, and in the heart of man.
From what deep fount of flowing joy does this mad minstrel drink,
This bubbling, breezy blatherskite, this bolster-ous bobolink?
From rounded apple blossom cups where wild bees browse and bloom;
From tiger lily breakers and from chalices of bloom;
From strawberry goblets filled with dew, the incense of the night,
Caught from the sky's inverted urn embossed with starry light;
Forth from his blossom bed he leaps, and, laughingly and strong,
All up and down the ringing earth he weaves his web of song
And preaches boldly to the sad the folly of despair
And tells to whom it may concern that all the world is fair
And to my heart his wisdom finds a surer welcome home
Than some that has been sanctioned by the sages of old Rome.
That bubbling, breezy blatherskite, the bolster-ous bobolink,
Is such a deep philosopher he's far too wise to think.

—E. W. Foss.

Truthful Hannah.

I have just heard such a funny story of a conscientious lady of this city who had hired a new girl and was posting her in her domestic duties.

"Now, Hannah, when I do not wish to see any one that calls, I expect you to say, 'Not at home'," said the model mistress.

"But wouldn't that be a lie, ma'am?" asked Hannah.

"Not at all. It means 'Not at home to you,' which is quite different from saying that I am out. Do you understand?"

"You-m," said Hannah, "I think I see what you are driving at."

She soon had an opportunity to put her new learning into practice. A lady called whom Hannah's mistress did not wish to see, and the girl met her with the very bearing and front of truth as she said:

"Not at home to you, ma'am."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Bill Nye on Country Roads.

I am patriotic, I had almost said, to a degree. I shot away to solid hours of fireworks here this year, did it too, where the celebration of the Fourth of July has so long remained unobserved that the boat bird dogs here tried this year to retrieve the cannon crackers, and looked thoroughly ashamed when they thought they had flushed a three-pound rocket; and yet I say that, patriotic and enterprising as we are in other things, in education for instance, and the ambition to have about eight more churches than we can support in each village, together with other real evidences of advancement, we have got the worst country roads that have been permitted since the days when the earth was a vast, hot, steaming ball of mud, fit only for a mighty lizard farm.

One of the greatest troubles of the ordinary farmer is that he depends too largely on memory alone for all the information he needs in his business.

A Money Making Job.

Mr. Niedfellow—Ah, how do do, my little man! Been helping your sister, I suppose. She told me she would be busy for a little while with some household duties."

Little Man—Yep. I tried to help, but I wasn't much use."

"I suppose not."

"No. She wanted me to carry some water, but I couldn't carry much at a time, and it takes a lot to get ink out of carpet, especially red ink."

"Red ink?"

"Yes, Sis always writes her letters to Mr. Warmheart in red ink. He says it reminds him of the way she blushes when he kisses her."

A Fish Caught His Toe.

A most singular accident befel A. M. Moore on the Fourth, at Eagle Lake, I. T. Moore, with a party of several others, went into the camp on the evening of the 3rd. On the morning of the 4th Moore, with his fishing pole, waded out to a log on the lake, where he sat down. He was barefooted. While moving his left foot to and fro in the water, a large fish supposed to be a black bass, made a sudden lunge and grabbed the toe in his mouth, sinking the teeth into the flesh to the bone. Moore rolled off the log into the water, which was waist deep. He waded to the shore, the bass still clinging to the toe. In shallow water Moore gathered the fish and pried open the mouth, the fish escaping into the lake. The toe is so badly lacerated that Moore is unable to walk, and the member will probably have to be amputated.—St. Louis *Globe-Democrat.*

The Kind of a Client to Have.

"My client Barker is the kind of a man, I admire," said Brief. "He told me he was willing to spend ten thousand dollars to recover one hundred dollars he had been defrauded of."

"What advice did you give him?"

"I told him to go ahead—that I was with him in all matters involving a principle of that sort."

An Expensive Youth.

Scadds (pere)—Has this lover of yours any fortune?

Amy Scadds—No, pa, but he has good expectations.

"Of what nature?"

"He expects to marry my father's daughter."

The Beauty Standard.

The standard of female loveliness varies greatly in different countries and with individual tastes. Some prefer the plump and buxom type; some admire the slender and sylph-like, and some the tall and queenly maiden. But among all people of the Caucasian race, one point of beauty is always admired—a pure, clear and spotless complexion—whether the female be of the blonde, brunette, or hazel-eyed type. This first great requisite of loveliness can be assured only by a pure state of the blood, active liver, good appetite and digestion; all of which are secured by the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It is guaranteed to accomplish all that is claimed for it, or money refunded. If you would have a clear, lovely complexion, free from eruptions, moth patches, spots and blemishes, use the "Golden Medical Discovery."