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Are said to be the best selected in the city.
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Sash and Door Factory.
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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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Sashes, Doors and Windows and Door Frames and Dressed Lumber.
And keeps a stock on hand. All orders promptly attended to.
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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 6 p.m.
Careful attention given to every order.
The wants of Commercial Travellers fully met.
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In competition with American, German, English and Canadian manufacturers.
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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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—FROM THE—
GUELPH
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—MEANS—
Enterprise, Character,
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ILLUSTRATED CIRCULAR SENT FREE TO ANY ADDRESS.
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RARE VALUE
—IN—
Men's Long Boots
—AT THE—
Leading Boot & Shoe Store
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COW HIDE, KIP AND FELT BOOTS
At Lowest Prices. We invite the Farmers to see the Largest and Best Stock of Long Boots ever shown in Guelph.
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For something extra good. We recommend our Waterproof Felt Foxed Boots $2.25 and $2.50 Telescopes or Full Outs $2.25 to $2.75.
We guarantee every pair.
The Leading Boot and Shoe Store
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Upper Wyndham St.
Choice New Novelties in
Scarfs, Ties and Neckwear,
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The Finest Range of Choice
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Plush Parlor Suites
Solid Walnut Frames Complete
FROM $30, UP.
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- - SEASON---1891 - -
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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 Acton.

Poetry.

WHAT WILL MY BABY BE?

BY TIMOTHY TICKLE.

(Written for the Acton FREE PRESS.)

What does my baby's face express,
As her little eyes look into mine?
What baby thoughts prompt her tiny caress
As her arms round my neck entwine?
Her face expresses her innocent trust,
In me; and her innocent glee
Calls forth her caress while clasped to my breast,
Or a laugh as she sits on my knee.

What thoughts are mine, as I rock her to sleep,
Cuddled close to my side, so warm?
What hopes spring up, as I see her creep,
Towards me with outstretched arm?
Do I rock to sleep some Jennie Lind,
Whose voice, sweet with incite shall ring
With messages of heavenly love, and find
It her joy to sing unto her King?

Do my arms unfold an Elizabeth Fry,
Whose mission on earth, so blest,
Was to care for the fallen, whose low sad cry,
Never failed to bring her bequest?
Or, perhaps, a Florence Nightingale,
Looks, trustingly, up to me?
Or a Frances Willard, who can tell,
Pleading her Temperance plea.

Or, maybe, the little hand I hold,
Is that of an embryo wife,
Whose modest mission is simply told
By her own domestic life.
Or an earnest soul, on missions bent,
Far away on a foreign soil,
Whose life of love for Christ is spent,
In unceasing Christ-like toil.

Perhaps her little lovely face,
Will, in stature years,
Show forth the beauty of God's grace,
And gently dry the tears
Of those whose path is marked by sin,
Far on the downward, road;
And teach them how the crown to win,
And learn the way to God.

Or, maybe, the in humble sphere,
Shall have no claim to fame
Shall wear no laurel crown down here
Nor wide renown, nor name;
But in her place, where duty calls,
We'll find her, ever doing
What ever to her lot befalls,
An upward course pursuing.

The future time alone can tell,
My baby's place and mission,
What talents will be her's to use,
What tastes, and what ambition,
But whether high or whether low
My darling's place shall be,
My wish for her is, may she know
Dear Saviour none but thee.

That whether in the world at large,
Or round her own hearth stone,
May she keep faithfully the charge,
Which on her rests alone;
That in her daily walk she shall
Do only as she should
That if the truly good are great
She may be truly good.

Select Family Reading.

Clare's Cousin.

Clare Valleton was in tears, a most uncommon event, as she had let her father go away that morning—on a long journey too—without his accustomed kiss.

An only daughter, and a petted one, she was so rarely made to bend to the parental authority, that, now Mr. Valleton thought it necessary to exert it, pretty Clare was first astonished, then angry and rebellious, refusing to give the promise demanded of her.

"I am sorry we are not at one on this subject, my little girl," Mr. Valleton said, "but you must remember that my experience is greater than yours—my judgement less partial."

"Less partial, papa?" she retorted with a sob, "when you have permitted yourself to be prejudiced against Cyril because some ill-natured fellow has brought reports to his disadvantage! He declares that there is no truth in them, and I have told you so but you will not believe it."

"Say I cannot. But I do not wish to find fault with Cyril. He is my sister's son, and I have done and will do all in my power to advance his interests; but in this I shall be firm; I will not give him my daughter!"

"He loves me, papa," she asserted, though blushing deeply, "and—and I love him equally well!"

"I am sorry to hear it. I strongly object to marriages between first cousins under any circumstances."

"Is that all, papa?" asked the young lady, with a pout.

"No, Clare, it is not all. I have too much reason to fear that Cyril would not be a good husband to you, and therefore it is that I forbid the engagement you and he are so eager to enter upon."

"Then you will make me miserable, sir."

"I am afraid I shall, because you are young and wilful, and accustomed to have your own way."

"And why should I not have it now?" she queried.

"For more reasons than I can stay to urge," said Mr. Valleton, looking at his watch. "You ought to have faith enough in your father to obey him, even though it grieves you to do so. Some day, Clare, when you are wiser and older, you will thank me with all your heart for refusing to let you throw yourself away on Cyril Myers."

Clare's only reply was to fling herself on a couch and bury her face in the cushions, nor would she look up to say good-byes as her father hurried off to catch the next train to Liverpool, where he had an appointment of importance.

"It is because Cyril is poor," she sobbed—"because papa would like me to make a grand marriage, although he knows I could be happy in a cottage; and it is in his power to settle enough upon me for all our reasonable wants. But he shall never induce me to break with Cyril. The more others persecute and revile the poor boy the more closely will I cling to him."

She wiped her streaming eyes, and sat down to write her lover a description of the painful scene she had just had with Mr. Valleton, and assure him that the only effect it had upon her was to make her more resolute in her constancy.

"I may not be allowed to see you as frequently," she went on, "and we will not stoop to meet by stealth, neither can I openly disobey my father by wearing the engagement ring you propose giving me, but in heart and soul I am yours, dearest, and in time I hope to make papa see that—"

But here came an interruption. Cyril himself rushed into the room, a small valise in his hand.

"My darling Clare," he exclaimed, affectionately, "how worried you look! Surely you are not fretting at the idea of losing me for two or three weeks at farthest?"

"Where am I going? Only to New York pet, for the firm that has the right to send me hither and thither whether I like it or no. Where is my uncle? On his way to Liverpool already? Then he has left with you the money he promised to lend me? I do so hate getting an advance from one's employers for expenses. It betrays one's poverty so unpleasantly."

"Of course it does. You were quite right to apply to papa," said Clare promptly, "but I am afraid he must have forgotten his promise, for he left nothing with me. You shall have the contents of my purse, dear Cyril. I have a five-pound note in it and a couple of sovereigns."

"Thanks muchly, you generous darling!" cried Cyril, accepting the loans, "but it will not be nearly enough. My uncle agreed to let me have one hundred pounds."

Clare opened her blue eyes widely.

"But a journey to New York, even if you went first class, would not cost that sum!"

"Not half that," Cyril assented: "but I have purchases to make for one of the partners."

"Then he ought to have supplied you with a cheque. How inconsiderate of him!"

"Awfully so; but there is no time to go and tell him how my uncle disappointed me. Dearest Clare, what shall I do! My berth is secured; the vessel starts at half after twelve; it now only want a quarter to eleven. Was ever a man in a worse quandary?"

"Can you not borrow?"

Cyril shook his head.

"The only fellow from whom I should care to do that is miles away. But a lucky thought! surely if you explain the case to your father's confidential clerk he will rectify my uncle's mistake and supply the funds."

"I will write to Mr. Wallis," said Clare; but Cyril's hand arrested her as she seized a pen.

"There is no time for that. I have a cab at the door; drive with me to the offices; I will wait outside while you interview Wallis, and then if you care to see the last of me, we can go on together to the wharf from whence the boat starts. If you love me, my own, don't waste these precious moments by demurring!"

Thus adjured, Clare hastened to don her walking apparel, and was soon being driven rapidly from her father's house at Brompton to the city.

She did not like her errand, yet how refuse Cyril's request? Had not her father said that very morning, that he was always very willing to advance his nephew's interest? and who would be more concerned and sorry than Mr. Valleton himself if his act of forgetfulness did Cyril an injury?

The truth was Clare felt a little shy of Cuthbert Wallis, the confidential clerk already referred to. When he was a tall boy and she a fairy child he had been the willing slave of all her caprices, for he was the son of an old and highly-esteemed friend of her father, by whose with the larger half of his holidays, while he was finishing his education, were spent at Mr. Valleton's.

Years had passed since then. Cuthbert had accepted a berth in the house of his father's friend, and by his integrity and business abilities had soon raised himself to the post of confidential clerk. At first he was a frequent visitor at Brompton; but the intimacy was broken off when Cyril Myers began to assume the airs of a favored lover, and to be positively insulting to the young man.

Too sensible to be provoked into a quarrel, yet at the same time too high-spirited to patiently submit to such treatment, Cuthbert Wallis gradually withdrew himself, leaving Clare painfully conscious that he had not been well-used, but unwilling to displease her jealous lover by protesting against his rudeness too strongly.

To go and ask a favor in the name of Cyril seemed almost an impertinence, and it was with flushed face and much embarrassment that Miss Valleton entered the inner office where Mr. Wallis sat writing.

However she proffered her request as curtly as she could.

"In the hurry of his journey," she said, "papa must have forgotten the loan he promised my cousin. Will you kindly carry out his intention and give me gold and notes for a hundred pounds?"

Cuthbert Wallis demurred.

"With your permission I will first telegraph to Mr. Valleton. I never have paid away any such large sums in his absence, or without his sanction."

"I cannot wait while you do that," he was told impatiently. "Cyril's berth is taken, the vessel leaves the wharf in little more than half an hour. Why do you hesitate?" I will take care that papa holds you blameless. My receipt for the money will be sufficient. Shall I write it at once?"

Still Mr. Wallis evinced a provoking reluctance to unlock the cash box of his employer, and Clare stared up distressed and irritated.

"How can you be so ungenerous?" she exclaimed. "Is it because Cyril has given you reason to dislike him, and you would fain avail yourself of this chance to take your revenge? It is I you are punishing, as much or more than my cousin. I shall be most unhappy if he leaves England penniless, through papa's neglect, and your cruelty!"

"You shall never have cause to call me cruel to you!" said the young man, deeply moved by her passionate gestures and tearful eyes.

He quitted the room, leaving Clare in doubt as to his intentions, but returned almost immediately, and put into her hand notes to the amount asked for.

Scarcely staying to thank him, she flew back to the cab, where she was received with a rapturous embrace.

"Now for the wharf!" cried Cyril, promising the cabman an addition to his fare if he drove fast. "And you, my Clare, shall go with me to the land where better fortune awaits us. Yes, my darling one, must consent. Once on board, we have nothing to fear from pursuit. My uncle, will storm perhaps, when he finds he has lost you, but he loves you too dearly not to forgive our flight."

"Are you mad, Cyril?" demanded the astonished girl. "Do you really think I could be tempted to do anything so rash and so wicked?"

As Clare spoke, she thrust him from her, angry at his proposition, yet hoping that it was made in jest.

He soon proved that he was in earnest, and so vehemently insisted that she should be the companion of his voyage, that she knew not what to think.

But still her answer was "No."

"Say no more, Cyril, or I must come to the conclusion that you have lost your senses. Why should I desert my good, indulgent father?"

"You know he opposes our marriage," she was suddenly reminded. "And if you love me you will set him at defiance and be mine."

"We will defer any further discussion on this subject till you return," Clare said, with gentle decision.

"I shall never return to England," was the startling reply. "There are reasons why I feel it necessary to expatriate myself. If we part now it is forever. But you will not let me go alone, my adored Clare? For your own sake as well as mine you must consent. Your father will be furious about that money. How could I leave you alone to bear the brunt of his rage?"

Clare put back the arms that would have clasped her.

"Before you say another word explain this: Why should papa be angry with me? Was it not true that he promised you a loan?

"Bah! What signifies whether he did or no? We have but to delay the transaction and then pappy Wallis must bear the brunt of it. No one will believe such an unlikely lie as that you went borrowing from him."

"It is true," Clare persisted, "that papa had not promised you a loan? Answer me Cyril. You must, you shall."

His eyes sank before her steadfast gaze.

"My dearest, if you knew all the difficulties of the position in which I found myself, you would not blame me! But we are here! Come then! Our destination is not America, but Australia, and my uncle will soon forgive and recall us."

There was no faltering in Clare's reply:

"I would rather die than become the wife of a man who had lied to me, and tricked me into wronging Cuthbert Wallis and papa as you have just done! Away with you and I pray heaven that I may never see your face again."

* * * * *

A couple of hours latter Mr. Wallis received a second visit from the daughter of his absent employer.

She looked so ill and shaken as to alarm him, refusing the chair he brought her, she opened a case she was carrying and displayed a very handsome set of pearl ornaments.

"I want to restore the sum I made you give me," she said excitedly. "My father must never know that his child was inticed to rob him. Will you sell these pearls for as much as they will fetch, and I will find some other way of making up the amount. They are my very own, my aunt willed them to me and it must be done before papa comes back. How could I meet him with that money on my conscience?"

"You need not feel at all uneasy," she was assured. "The notes I gave you were my own, withdrawn from a savings bank yesterday for a purpose that can be deferred. So take back your pearls, dear Miss Valleton, and suffer me to be your creditor for the present. I claim the right as your friend to help you in any emergency."

She tried to force the ornaments upon him, and failing, to murmur her thanks for the relief; but her heart was full, her brain was in a whirl. The words she had spoken died on her lips, and she fell forward into the arms extended to receive her.

When Mr. Valleton returned to town he found his daughter so seriously ill as to be unable to recognize him.

For some weeks she lay feverish and prostrate, making such tardy progress toward convalescence that at last her medical man advised her removal to the country.

The advice was immediately acted upon, and after a rapid journey Clare found herself installed in homely but cheerful apartments at a Surrey farm-house.

Her hostess, a sweet-faced, middle-aged woman, wearing a widow's cap, came in to ask how she had rested, and though Clare had not hitherto testified the least interest in anything or anyone, a smile played on her changed features when the pretty rosy child in Mrs. Lenard's arms showered down upon her the freshly gathered primroses with which she had filled her chubby hands for the poor sick lady.

Mrs. Lennard had four children to whom their mother's invalid guest was such an object of compassionate interest that they were untiring in their efforts to gratify her. They brought her flowers and fruit, their toys and their picture books, and how could she help loving them in return?

Coaxed to get up and see the hens and chickens, or ramble with her child friends in the great old-fashioned garden, Clare was insensibly won from her own sombre thoughts, and by the end of a week after her arrival at Willows Farm she was able to meet her father without the bursts of remorseful tears which had frightened and distressed him.

She wept again as, kneeling at his feet, she insisted on making full confession. He did not care to add to her regrets for the past by telling her that it was to avoid arrest for forgery that Cyril had fled from England, but contented himself with begging her to get well for his sake.

And she did recover rapidly as soon as she knew she had regained his confidence, recovered to be the merriest of playfellows to the widow's children, and the most charming of companions to motherly, gentle Mrs. Lennard.

There is only one thing that makes me reluctant to prolong my stay with you, as papa wishes me to do," she observed one day. "And that is my fear that I am the cause of your keeping your relatives away from the Wilows."

"My dear I have but two relatives left now," was the reply. "A married sister in India, and my youngest brother, the dear good fellow without whom, when I lost my husband so suddenly, I think I must have sunk under my troubles."

You mean the uncle Bert of whom the little ones talk so lovingly? Every day I hear some murmur of regret that he never comes here now, and when I had the curiosity to ask Jessie the reason, she confided that it was for fear of seeing him would make me worse. But I am no longer weak and nervous," Clare added with a sigh for the cause of those many days and weeks of suffering. "And I am quite prepared to like and be liked by anyone who bears the name of Lennard."

"But my brother is not a Lennard," she was reminded. "His name is—Cuthbert Wallis."

Clare shaded her face for awhile. Never would she be able to recall without a pang or a shudder the events connected with her brief infatuation for her unworthy cousin. It would inflict fresh suffering on her to meet one who knew all that had occurred, and despised her for being credulous. However, when she looked up, it was to say firmly:

"Unless Mr. Wallis renews his visits to you I must go home. I cannot endure to think that I am depriving you of the pleasure of his society."

"Thank you my dear," said the widow simply. "He will be glad to come, for he loves us all."

Clare meant to confine herself to her own apartments as long as Cuthbert Wallis remained at the farm; but it so happened that he arrived just as she and the older children were taking shelter from a thunderstorm in an old shed in the centre of a wood.

It was he who calmed her fears, who wrapped about her the thick shawl he had brought with him, and on whose arm she leant during her walk to the farm.

After this it was impossible to seclude herself, and they gradually fell back to the old intimacy.

By-and-by Clare returned to her father's house, a little graver than she used to be, but more unselfish more considerate for others.

With Mrs. Lennard she had established a life-long friendship.

She was busy one morning selecting, from a pile of illustrated volumes for the young, the prettiest and most interesting as a birthday gift for little Bertie, his uncle's namesake, when Mr. Valletou looked over her shoulder.

"Hi! You are going down to the farm this afternoon, aren't you, my dear? You may take Mrs. Lennard a bit of news that will, I think, please her. I have arranged to accept her brother as my partner. I could not have a better one."

"Oh, papa, I am so glad to hear it!" cried Clare, her eyes sparkling with pleasure.

"Hem! but Wallis is not satisfied with the arrangement. He wants something more than I offered him.

Am I to agree to his demands?"

"What is it he asks?"

But as Clare spoke her voice sank to a whisper; her eyes fell before her father's quizzical glance, and Mr. Valleton, taking her to his breast, kissed her tenderly before responding:

"What does he ask? He will tell you himself this afternoon when he joins you at his sister's. Whether he is or is not to have the precious gift he craves must rest with you."

And Cuthbert Wallis did take courage to tell Clare Valleton how long and firmly he had loved. And Clare has learned to thank Heaven that she escaped the misery that would have been her lot as the wife of reckless, profligate Cyril Myers, and is free to give her hand to her more deserving lover.

THE BOTHERATIONS OF SPELLING.

Victor Hugo, who was a very fine penman himself, which is a proof that his remark is more witty than true, called an an elegant hand-writing, "That brevet of incapacity;" but no one ever yet has dared to sneer publicly at correct spelling. Its effect on strangers is too well known.

Many very well informed people find it actually impossible to learn to spell in school, and go through life making mistakes which would lead you to believe them ignoramuses. A genius would not be considered a genius by one who received a letter from him full of misspelt words. And in order to give yourself your proper value in the eyes of the world you must be particular about your orthography. Therefore, "How shall I spell well?" or "How shall I hide the fact that I cannot spell well?" becomes a very important question, and one that is often asked.

The English language alters in the course of years more than most languages because it has been made up (like a crazy quilt) of old bits. It is made up of Celtic and Latin, Anglo-Saxon, Danish, Norman French, some Greek, and I know not what beside, and is ever growing larger by the addition of fragments not originally in the written language at all, including the slang of one generation, which gets into the dictionary before the next generation is old.

English being such a conglomerate, it is naturally very hard to spell. Its pronunciation scarcely helps you at all in the spelling. At present the only way to be sure of spelling well is to select one dictionary and go entirely by that. Webster and Worcester are at present the great rivals, and you get delightfully mixed if you happen to receive half of your education at a school where they use Worcester and half where they swear by Webster. For instance, Webster writes amend; Worcester will have it emend; and, unexpectedly Webster writes embassador, while Worcester, out of a contrary spirit apparently draws a line there and writes ambassador. Webster says offense; Worcester offence. Worcester spells many words—for instance jeweller and quarrelling—with a double l, while Webster spells them with a single l. Webster gives you gaiety; Worcester gayety. Webster leaves out a u where Worcester puts it in. Webster has skeptic; Worcester Sceptic. The name of the common plant which all who live in the country love, is written sumach by Webster and sumack by Worcester.

And you cannot even break an egg without differing from one of them; for Webster spells the little yellow bell within the egg "yelk," and Worcester will have it "yolk," as most folk do. I should say, then to those who feel their spelling shaky, and who, surveying "English as it is spoken," cannot be quite sure of himself, get some standard dictionary, and then go ahead.

M. K. D.

Hard to Get At.

Inquisitive city people in the country sometimes find small satisfaction in catechizing little country boys about their names and affairs. A "summer boarder" once said to a small boy dressed in a broad straw hat, a gingham waist, long trousers and bare feet:—

"Hello, little boy! What is your name?"

"Same as pa's," said the boy.

"What's your pa's name?"

"Same as mine."

"I mean, what do they call you when they call you to breakfast?"

"They don't nuvver call me to breakfast."

"Why don't they?"

"Cause I allus git there the fust one!"

Didn't Pay.

Anarchist:—"I tell you, my friend, things are going to come to a focus in this country before very long. The taxpayers are not going to stand the oppression much longer."

Listener: "How much do you pay?"

Anarchist: "I never paid a tax yet."

As a preventive of the Grip Hood's Sarsaparilla has grown into great favor. It fortifies the system and purifies the blood.

MOTHER'S POSIES.

Kind o' purty, don't yuh think?
Green an' red an' yeller
Bloomin' in the winder there
Sort o' makes a feller
Think 't summer's back acin,
Even though he knows his
Eyes 'r only caught th' shine
There uv mother's posies.

In th' ol' fomster cane
An' th' pote an' bopes,
There they bloom as big as life—
Pinks uh' hollyhockses.
Creepin' things an' vittels, too,
Peekin' through the th' winder-pane
Out where its a-growin.

There's a grea' big fuzzie there
Wetli some ferns aside it,
An' a primrose with some moss
Tryin' for tuh hide it,
An' geraniums an' sich
Clattered all to gether,
Bloomin' there like sixty an'
Laughin' at the weather.

Pote o' green an' pote o' red
Make an lights an' shadders,
With th' tiny an' th' vines
Climbin' up th' ladders
What I whittled out m'self
Jes for them to grow on—
An' ther' banteria' th' snow,
An' th' wind a-blowin'.

Yes, sirree, it's purty an'
Soothin' like, an' cheerin'
To set here on days like this
An' see mother clearin'
Out the dead leaves an' sich things
From th' vines an' phloxes
In th' ol' tomster cane
An' th' pote an' bokes.

A NEW AND WONDERFUL INVENTION.

Harper's Young People.

In reading a newspaper recently I came across an account of a new and wonderful invention. It is so wonderful that I feel it my duty to spread the news so that the public may be forewarned, for people have been known to indulge in fits on less provocation than the exhibition of this new invention.

Suppose you should wake up some gloomy morning in the fall, and rush to the window to see what the weather was to be. And while you are poking at the gray clouds, and speculating as to whether it would rain or not, suppose you should see the following sentence in bright letters suddenly shine above, "Are You Prepared?"

Of course you wouldn't be prepared for any such demonstration, and might imagine that some dire disaster was predicted unless you waited to see what came next, and saw the following flash forth: "Are you prepared for a rainy day? If not stop in on the way down town and buy one of Peters's Umbrellas?"

To see any such advertisement appear in the sky would be decidedly startling, and therefore it is well to be warned. An Englishman has succeeded in perfecting an electric apparatus that enables him to cast luminous letters and figures upon the clouds, so this warning is by no means unnecessary. It is quite possible that such an advertisement may some day be seen.

It would certainly be a great novelty at first, and after a while could be made useful. Any great piece of news might be thrown upon the sky so that thousands could read. The portraits of prominent men might be given, and already Mr. Gladstone's familiar face has shone on high. Ships upon the ocean could signal each other at night, and tell each other all the news, so that the passengers might understand also, and not worry the captain to death by questioning.

In a fog at sea the steamer might anchor, and throw out from all sides signs of warning, such as, "No Trespassing! Go Slow, We are here!"

If a man wanted to hire a house, or had one to let, he might advertise the same on the clouds, and feel certain that it would be viewed by a great number of people. He could also give a picture of the house, if he so desired, and then they would know just what he wanted, or what he had. There is absolutely no end to the schemes suggested by this new invention.

But there is also a sad thought in connection with it, for a report farther says that on clear nights, when there are no clouds, the inventor has found a way to manufacture artificial ones. This is really too bad. The moonlight is often very desirable for straw-rides or sleighing or other amusements, and it would be very sad indeed to have a moonlight party broken up by an artificial cloud shutting out the moon, and have a sign stating down upon you advising you to "Go to Jones for Shoes!"

This, too, might possibly happen at some future time, and it is well to be prepared. But what a shame it would be to have the skies at night converted into advertising sign boards. And what would poets do in the future if they couldn't see the "star-gemmed heavens, etc.," and so be unable to write about them?

NO WONDER HE WAS ANXIOUS.

He was a very old man, hair white, teeth gone, but very fond of fishing. Day after day I used to see him at the end of the pier with his line and hook, and generally with a group of little darkies around him with their lines and hooks. One day one of these boys lost his balance and tumbled in. The water was over his head, and it was apparent if he did not get help he would drown. Then the old darky threw down his rod, jumped in, and rescued the boy. I was much impressed with the old man's heroism.

"He is your son?" I said.

"No, sah."

"Your grandson, then?"

"No sah."

"Then you risked your life to save that of a child who was nothing to you, which makes your act even more heroic."

"Well, you see, boss, dat nizzerable chile had all de worms in his pocket."

His Best Girl.

We find in the "New York Recorder" an interesting account of a travelling man who was seen by his companions to kiss a letter he had just received. They declared that it was not from his wife, and he finally admitted that it was from his best girl. After considerable badgering he consented to let them read it and this was the letter:

"My own dear Pa Pa, I ax mi PRairs every nite wen I kis yure Pictshure I ask God to bless you good Bi Pa Pa yure best gurl. Dolly."

—Its Excellent Qualities

commend to public approval the California liquid fruit remedy Syrup of Figs. It is pleasing to the eye, and to the taste and by gently acting on the kidneys, liver and bowels, it cleanses the system effectually, thereby promoting the health and comfort of all who use it.