FOR MICRO SA

# The Acton Free Press.

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## The Acton Free Press

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—AT THE—

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H. P. MOORE,
Editor and Proprietor.



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JAS. H. FINLAY,
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The paper used in this journal is from the above mills.
WM. BARBER & BROS.

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Lower Rate of Interest and on Better Terms of Repayment
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Should write or call at once and be convinced before applying elsewhere.

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—AND—
Sash and Door Factory.

John Cameron, Contractor.

Has fitted up the building on Main Street, lately occupied as a trunk factory, with new machinery and is prepared to furnish plans, specifications and estimates for all classes of buildings, and execute all kinds of
DRESSING,
MATCHING,
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

## - - SEASON---1893 - -

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

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Your Lumber Dressed While You Wait.
Price—$1 50 per M.

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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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In competition with American, German, English and Canadian manufacturers.

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On Monthly or Quarterly Payments only at
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MUSIC STORE,
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ESTABLISHED 1840.
INSURANCE on Mutual plan. Any communications forwarded to my address, Box 788, or telephone 68, will be promptly attended to.
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MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN
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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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—AT—

## R. E. NELSON'S

A Month of Bargains.

Stock must be reduced one half and prices reduced accordingly.

Choice Spitings reduced in price 20 per cent.

Fine West of England Pantings in Black and Blue, choice Patterns for $5.58 per pair. Former price $7.50 and $8.

About 100 Suits all Wool Underwear, 75c a suit.

Hats, Caps, Ties, Gloves, White Shirts and Top Shirts and Gents' Furnishings at greatly reduced prices.

A lot of Remnants at your own price.

R. E. NELSON,
Merchant Tailor and Gents' Furnisher,
99 Upper Wyndham St., Guelph

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GUELPH
Business College
—MEANS—
Enterprise,
Character,
Capacity,
Success.

ILLUSTRATED CIRCULAR SENT FREE TO ANY ADDRESS.

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AND NOW FOR
NEW YEAR'S GIFTS

Beautiful Banquet Lamps
Handsome Piano Lamps
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In Oak, Walnut, Mahogany and Curly Birch.
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From $8.00 up. And the Best
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Come and See for Yourselves.

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A present to everybody who will buy their
SHOES
—At the—
LEADING SHOE STORE,
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During the Holidays. Such an offer is rare. Come early, our prices are the lowest, our goods are the best.

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Double Tubes, Bowney's, 10c.
8 x 10 Deep Photo Frames, complete 20c.
5 Feet Corniee 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.


## Poetry.

### ON THE STAIR.

My little laughing daughter,
Climbing slowly toward the sky,
Throwing kisses from the stairway unto all.
Carols sweetly:—"Good-night papa!
I will the 'oo by-an'-bye,
In de morning when I hear the sparrows tall."

*Refrain:*
"I will tiss 'oo by-an'-bye!"
O what love-light lingers nigh
When the children toss their kisses on our care!
O the truest life, undefiled,
Of a loving, happy child!
What a music in the 'Good-night' on the stair!

Like a white-rob'd angel vision
She had call'd on every one,
Dropping sunbeams, smiles and kisses at each chair;
Leaving 'Papa' in his sanctum
Quite coquettishly alone
But I caught and kissed "The Rascal" on the stair.

*Refrain:*
"I will tiss 'oo by-an'-bye!"
O what love light lingers nigh
When the children toss their kisses on our care!
O the truest life, undefiled,
Of a loving, happy child!
What a music in the "Good-night" on the stair;

We are growing old and sober,
So we sometimes sadly say.
And have burdens more than heart or brain can bear:
How the children's cheery chatter
Chases chating gloom away!
There is more than rest and sunlight on the stair.

*Refrain:*
"I will tiss 'oo by-an'-bye!"
O what love-light lingers nigh
When the children toss their kisses on our care!
O the truest life, undefiled,
Of a loving, happy child!
What a music in the "Good-night" on the stair!

So we climb our Father's stairway
To the restful resting above.
In his infinite protection, here and there;
We have hope to see the morning
And the fullness of his love;
Lo! we find him close beside us on the stair.

*Refrain:*
When the light, beyond the night,
Flashes on immortal sight,
In the glory of the home beyond compare,
By our ways, the Father's praise,
Shall have perfect paraphrase,
As we laud His tender keeping on the stair.

—*Llewellyn A. Morrison.*

## Select Family Reading.

### Vance's Revenge.

"I wish to see Miss Lester," said Vance Whitney to the servant who answered his impatient ring at the door of the Lester mansion, and he strode toward the parlor. He had not long to wait. The door swung noiselessly, and Olive Lester came shrinkingly toward him.

He advanced eagerly to meet her. But she shrank from him, covering her face with her hands.

"Olive, my little Olive," he said, trying to take her hands from her face.

"No, no!" wrenching herself away from him. "I'm not your Olive any more, Vance; I—I don't——"

"What Olive?"

"I don't love you. I thought I did till he came. I have promised to be his wife. Don't blame me, Vance—don't look so at me."

"Whose wife have you promised to be?" he demanded almost fiercely.

She murmured something very low, but he caught the name.

"You were almost my wife, Olive," he said, in a passionate whisper, "and he was my friend. I may forgive you, but I never will forgive him."

The next instant Olive was alone and Vance Whitney was hurrying down the street.

He remembered that morning, as he stood in Ernest Evremont's spacious library just ten years from that day, his hand closing, with an iron grip upon a paper it held.

"Have mercy! God knows. I was only tempted to do it in hope to save from beggary and ruin my wife and child. Be merciful for her sake Vance."

"For her sake you stole from me, with deliberate beguiling," Vance said, with bitter sarcasm, as thrusting the paper in his pocket, he left the room.

As he was descending the steps of the veranda outside a shower of roses came pelting in a fragrant avalanche upon him, and a laugh sweet as the trill of a mocking-bird, gurgled out from somewhere among the blossoms.

He flung a dark look overhead, and he saw peeping at him through the leaves two eyes, black with mischievous fun and sparkle, two round dimpled arms, overflowing still with roses.

The child started a little at the sight of his face, and dropped her roses, saying in a voice as sweet as the voice had been:

"I am sorry—I thought it was papa."

Vance Whitney gazed at the pretty creature like a man in a trance. Suddenly he turned, and swiftly retraced his steps to the library, in which Ernest Evremore still sat, his head bowed to the table in the extremity of his despair. Vance paused in the doorway and looked at him.

"Ernest," he said, "there is one condition on which I will forgive this wrong, and that other deeper one you did me long ago."

"Name it."

"Give me your child."

He almost recoiled from the look of despairing anger with which Evermont regarded him.

"My child, my little Olive! Man, wretch, dastard, what is it you ask? What has my pretty darling done that you should wish to harm her?"

He held out his arms as he spoke, and the child who had descended from the veranda roof, sprang into them.

"I would not harm a hair of her head, Ernest," he said in a low voice.

"What then?"

"You have other children—I have neither wife nor child. Give me this child to dwell in my desolate home, to rear tenderly, carefully, as you could rear her; give her to me, to be my wife in time. You will not? Then take the consequences.

He turned away, and Evermont, groaning, let the child slip from his powerful arms to the floor. But she clung to him, saying, in her soft, sweet voice:

"Oh, papa, papa, what shall I do for you?"

"Olive," he said suddenly, "would you go and live with that man away from us all, to save mamma and me and Georgie and Fred, from a great trouble?"

She darted from the room and overtook Vance Whitney at the avenue gate. She was breathless with running, so that she could not speak, but seized his hand, and drew him irresistingly back to her father.

"You accept my conditions?" Vance demanded, as he entered the library again.

"I must, if she will go with you willingly," Evremont said, brokenly.

The June afternoon was bright, the June roses hanging in as vivid clusters as they had that morning a week before, when Olive Evremont had pelted Vance Whitney with them. But Olive herself, as she came out under their drooping fragrance, and entering the waiting carriage, was driven away to her future home, the grand gloomy house in which Vance Whitney lived—had changed very much in that short week. She looked pale and ill, poor child, and there were great, dark rings about the soft, bright eyes. Vance Whitney led her into the house with stately and ceremonious politeness, as though she had already been the wife he meant her to become.

"Have you learned already to hate me, Olivo?" he asked.

"I don't hate you, sir," she said, timidly lifting her soft eyes to his; "I'm only just sorry for you, and—I'm—afraid of you, too."

He was touched. Old and tender memories pressed upon him in a flood.

"You are complete mistress here, Olive. I am a lonely, sad man, but I mean to try to make you happy."

He kept his word. Every indulgence—every gratification that money or the most watchful kindness could procure for her, Olive had. She saw her own family, too, often as she chose; though never in the presence of her strange guardian, and she grew in time quite at home in the grand house which her coming seemed to fill with sunshine.

As Olive grew older and recognized slowly what that fate was to which she was destined she grew silent and shy and uncommunicative, even with her mother.

At eighteen she was as much lovelier than Olivo Lester, her mother, had been, as a moss rose tree is lovelier than its plainer sisters whose stems are unsheathed in velvety emerald.

It was another June afternoon when Vance Whitney sought her presence in the pretty boudoir. She expected him.

She lifted the silky black eyelashes, and dropped them again quickly at the sight of him not noting that he looked like a man who had passed the night in watching.

"Olivo," he said, taking her hand gently.

But she drew it away from him.

He shut his eyes a moment and his face whitened a little. Then he went on:

"I have learned to love you in these years as I believe man never loved woman before. Till lately I thought nothing could make me yield you. But I will not have a loveless wife. My child, you are as free as though you had never seen me."

He put a sealed envelope in her hand, directed to Ernest Evremont and said, the carriage waits your commands," and he left her.

"Free from the hateful bond—free," she murmured, dashing the tears from her eyes and wondering what made her heart sink so. "Now for home—dear, dear home."

But she cried all the way, try as she would not to.

They were surprised somewhat at home to see her, but glad, and heard her story with varied emotions. Ernest Evremont, as he dropped upon the flames the little paper to which he had wrongfully, and to such lasting punishment, put another's name, drew his child to him and kissed her sadly.

Suddenly she lifted her beautiful eyes, dim with tears, her little hands extended in entreaty:

"Papa, mamma. I'm going back. Come with me and tell him what I never never can."

Vance Whitney sat in his lone library, just as he had sat ever since he saw the last glimpse of Olive entering the carriage—his attitude hopeless, his eyes seeing only vacancy.

Mrs. Evremont could hardly see him for tears; his desolate life had been a living reproach to her.

"Vance," she said gently, her voice broken, "my little girl cannot be happy without you. She wants to come back and live with you always. May she."

He turned with a flash, voicelessly extending his arms. A slender little figure glided from the shadows by the door and nestled in them, sobbing.

"You don't love me?" he questioned incredulously, holding her close.

"Yes, I do; I do; I do; but if you hadn't sent me away from you, I'm afraid I should never have found it out."

So the old pain and wrong were swallowed up in the overwhelming joy."—New York *News*.

### PATCH-WORK.

*Clara J. Denton, in Harper's Young People.*

Have ready before beginning to play some slips of paper one and one-half inches long by five or six inches wide. The number prepared must depend, of course, on the number of players.

When all are ready to begin, each one of the company is provided with a slip of paper. They are then told to write upon each slip a sentence describing an action. The sentences, however, must be without grammatical subjects.

To make this plain, I will give a few specimen sentences:

——climbed up the side of the house with a ladder.

——sat down in the middle of the road and sang a song.

——went to bed with shoes and stockings on.

——wore a bright red dress and yellow hat.

——could not eat because his teeth were all gone.

When the players have written the required sentences, they are told to fold each paper carefully, so that the sentence will be on the inside. It is better to fold it twice.

The slips are then collected in a box, basket or hat, and shaken up thoroughly.

The receptacle is then passed around, and each player takes out a slip. Without unfolding it, he writes on the outside a noun, accompanying it with "a," "an," or "the," as he sees fit. Proper names may not be used.

After this second writing, the slips are again collected, thoroughly mixed as before and again passed around.

As each player draws a slip, he looks at the noun that has fallen to his share, then unfolds the paper, and connects the two parts of the sentence either mentally or by writing the noun and its article in the proper place.

When all are ready, each player in his turn reads the completed sentence.

The result of this "patch-work" will often be exceedingly funny.

## OBSTINATE ALICE.

*By Amy Randolph.*

"Mother," said little Alice, "can I go with Frank to look after his rabbit traps to-morrow morning?"

"No; certainly not," Mrs. Arnold replied with decision.

"But, mother, why not?" pleaded Alice.

"Because," her mother answered, "at five o'clock in the morning of a January day I think a little girl is better off in bed than tramping in the woods at a boy's heels."

"But I want to go," whined Alice.

"And I do not want you to go," said her mother; "so let that end the matter."

"And Frank says—" began Alice.

"No matter what Frank says," interrupted Mrs. Arnold. "Go on with your knitting."

Alice obeyed; "but all the same," she she told herself, "I mean to go."

So when Frank shut up his algebra and spelling book and lighted his bed candle, she made some excuse to creep into the hall after him.

"Frank," she whispered, "will you wait for me under the big Lightning Tree to-morrow morning?"

The big Lightning Tree, it must be explained, was a monstrous white pine which, some two or three winters ago, had been struck by lightning, and one half of its huge bulk torn away. Very strange and weird it looked, with one half green and growing, and the other half all dead and blasted, but it made a landmark for all the country around.

Frank, an honest lad of thirteen or fourteen, opened his eyes.

"Mother said you were not to go," said he.

Alice tossed her head.

"I'm going," said she.

"Not with me," said Frank, resolutely. "If mother objects to it, mother is right."

"But you'll wait for me, Frank, won't you?"

"No, I will not," said Frank.

"You're a cross hateful boy, and I don't like you," sputtered Alice.

But Frank only laughed and whistled as he went off upstairs to bed.

There was a deal of quiet obstinacy about little Miss Alice, and she was quite determined to have her own way. So she lay awake nearly all night, so as to be sure not to oversleep herself, and when she saw a red streak in the eastern sky she scrambled out of bed and hurriedly dressed herself.

"I know where the rabbit traps are, and if Frank won't take me with him, I'll go myself," thought she. "And won't he be surprised when he sees me there before him!"

It was bitterly cold out of doors. A keen, raw wind was blowing, and in spite of the red bar in the east Alice could scarcely see her hand in front of her face. She had meant to stop in the kitchen and get a drink of milk and some bread and butter, but as she passed the door she heard Tessy, the old coloured woman, splitting kindlings for the fire, so she hurried past in fear lest she should be detected and sent ignominiously back to bed.

As she reached the woods it began to snow. Here and there a stray flake came floating through the air.

"All the better fun," said Alice, dancing heedlessly along. But pretty soon the snow fell so fast and furious that she blinded and bewildered; the wind howled dismally and the tips of her ears got so numb and cold that she began to wonder if they were not frozen. She had missed the path to the rabbit woods, and thought she must be near the limestone quarries, but she was not sure of anything.

"If I should wander off the path, and fall into those deep quarries," she thought. And the very idea sent the blood curdling through her veins, and she sat down and began to cry piteously.

"I am lost!" said Alice, addressing a cluster of leafless barberry bushes, where here and there a scarlet cluster still blew back and forth in the wintry blast. "And I shall be covered up with snow; and they won't find my skeleton until next spring when the drifts melt away."

Just then a fantastic little figure in a red cloak came around the barberry bushes—an old woman with a basket on her arm.

"Eh!" said the old woman, putting one hand back of her ears.

Alice started.

So did the old dame.

"Do you know where Michael Farrelly lives soon?" said the old woman.

"No," said Alice, in a howl of despair. "Nor where I live myself! Nor where any one lives! I'm lost! I'm lo-o-ost!"

"Sure, it won't do no good to cry like that," soothed the old woman. "Come wid me, sure!"

"Where?" said Alice.

"To the cave," said the old woman.

"She must be a good fairy," Alice reasoned within herself, "or she wouldn't speak so kindly;" and she put her hand in that of the old woman and limped along beside her.

The first Alice knew, the old crone was leading her into the black mouth of a sort of cavern, under the roots of an old cedar tree. The entrance was so narrow that they had to crawl along on all fours, but presently they reached a more roomy spot where a few embers were smouldering and the black smoke made Alice nearly choke with coughing.

"But perhaps," she thought, "it is the way to Fairyland!"

Instead, however, of proceeding to Fairyland, the old woman sat down on a stone, and began to puff and blow to make the embers blaze up.

"How soon are we going?" asked Alice.

"Going where?" asked the old woman.

"To Fairyland," answered the child.

"Sure I don't know what you are talking about," said the old woman.

"Ain't you a fairy?" asked Alice.

The old woman bristled up.

"I never was called such names before," said she. "I'm a respectable Irish woman from County Cavan, and I've a niece working out on Michael Farrelly's, and I've walked clear across the mountain to find her, and lost me way, an' stayed all night in the cave, an' I'll not stay to be called out of my name; so there now!"

And she caught up her basket and trudged away apparently very indignant indeed.

Alice followed as fast as possible; but the old woman was a great deal to expeditious for her, and Alice began to sob and cry pitifully.

"What shall I do?" she asked herself; and as she stood there, ready to faint with chill and weariness, she heard a far-off noise like some one whistling, and the whistle was a familiar tune—Frank's old tune, in fact—"The Bonnets of Bonnie Dundee." A gleam of hope started up in her heart.

"Frank! Frank!" she screamed.

The whistling ceased, and "Halloo-oo-oo!" shouted back a shrill voice.

And in a minute or two, Frank, with half a dozen dead gray rabbits slung over his shoulder, ran into the opening.

"Alice!" he cried, "is this you? How on earth came you here?"

But Alice could only sob and wail by way of answer.

When they got home they found that her poor little feet were both frozen, and I cannot describe to you what a terrible time they had before those feet got well. She had taken a severe cold, also, and did not go out of the house for a month. And she heard afterwards that her Bad Fairy was Michael Farrelly's crazy old aunt, who had broken out of the asylum where they kept her, and was tramping aimlessly all around the country.

"And it's a wonder," said honest Michael that she didn't fling little Missy down the limestone quarries. She'd have done it as soon as not if the fancy took her, the poor, demented soul!"

And all this had happened just because a little girl would have her own way.

## GRANDADDY CAME AT LAST.

It was a lonely road running through the pine, and I was deep in the wood when I came across an old negro man rooted by the roadside. He was blind, toothless, bald, and evidently more than 80 years old. While I was yet thirty feet away I heard him calling in a quavering voice:

"I know it, chillen—I knowed yo'd come back fur grandaddy! I knowed you wouldn't leave de ole man to die in de woods!"

"Who are you?" I asked as I halted beside him.

"Fo' de Lawd! but who's dat? Han't de chillen cum?"

"No! How did you come to be here in this lonely place? Where are your children?"

"I nebber dun heard yo'r voice befo'," he slowly answered.

"No; I'm travelling."

"Yo' see, I'se old and feeble and han't no good any mo'. De chillen was movin ober to Alabam', and dey didn't want to take me 'long wid 'em. So—so——"

"You don't mean they left you to take care of yourself?"

"Yes, dey dun put me outer de cart right yere and drive on. I called to them but dey wouldn't stop. I heard de leetle children o'yin fur gran'daddy, but William wouldn't turn back. I'se bin p'eyin and ps'yin', an when I heard yo' cum I felt sush it was William."

"If he doesn't return what will you do?" I asked.

"I shall ax de Lawd to take keer of me, an' he will do it."

I promised to send him help and rode away. It was ready late in the afternoon, and by the time the proper official was found it was evening, and a storm was raging. He would not move till morning came, and then he rode back with him. The old man was lying very quiet, and we thought him asleep. As we lifted him up he opened his eyes and smiled and whispered:

"I keep hearin' de leetle chillen cryin' back for gran'daddy; I'se comin' chillen; I'se tryin' to catch up wid de cart!"

While we were trying to revive him from the fainting spell which followed he straightened out and breathed his last, but his last breath he called out:

"Hole on, chillen, hole on! Yo'r pore gran'daddy am dun comin'—comin—com——"

## DISTINCTIVE FEATURES OF NEW ORLEANS.

"The biggest little city in the country," is what an adopted citizen of New Orleans calls that town.

With but little more than a quarter of a million inhabitants, the Crescent City has most of the features of a true capital and metropolis. It is among the few towns in the country that can be compared with New York in respect of their qualification but New Orleans leads all the rest, though in population it is small beside any of the others. It has an old and exclusive society whose claims would be acknowledged in any of our cities. It supports grand opera; its clubs are fully what the town implies, and not mere empty club houses. It has fine theatres and public and church buildings. The joys of the table, which Chesterfield ranked first among the dissipations of intellectual men, are provided not only in many fine restaurants and in the clubs but in a multitude of homes. No city has finer markets. Its commerce is with all the world, and its population is cosmopolitan, with all which a long continuance of those conditions implies. Like the greater cities, it has distinct divisions or quarters, which offer the visiting sight-seer novelty and change. Its "sights" are the accumulation of nearly two centuries, and of Spanish French, and American origin.—From "New Orleans our Southern Capital," by *Julian Ralph in Harper's Magazine.*

## HARD TO GET AT.

Inquisitive city people in the country sometimes find small satisfaction in criticizing little country boys about their names and affair. 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 never call me to breakfast."

"Why don't they?"

"'Cause I allus git there the fust one!"

## Our Odd Corner.

Empty heir—A hungry boy.

Worth its weight in gold—A double eagle.

The place to keep up one's spirits—A haunted house.

Large returns—Fat folks coming home from the country.

Don't say "a crowd of swells," but "a flock of chappies."

Deeply interested—A man who has tumbled down a well.

A gas-burner—The suitor who stays late at the house of his best girl.

A sermon is more voluminous than luminous when it does not illumine us.

The great value of Hood's Sarsaparilla as a remedy for catarrh is vouched for by thousands of people whom it has cured.

## A CIGARETTE.

BY TIMOTHY TICKLE.

(Written for the Acton Free Press.)

I'm small! so small am I,
That many hundreds snug would lie,
Inside an old-time carpet-bag.
Or pocket made for burglar's swag.
So delicate am I, that one
Who squeezed me somewhat, just for fun,
Would crush me so that I no more,
Could go through life as I've before:
So light am I, that it would take
Some thousands of my weight to make
Compared to pure, mixed with alloys,—
A thousand pounds, avoidupois.

I'm small and delicate and light,
I'm not accounted much for right;
They say I'm insignificant,
And am not worth a copper cent.
Just give me chance, and I will meet,
At home or on a crowded street,
A sturdy and light-hearted boy,—
His father's hope his mother's joy,—
And let me his companion be,
From now till his majority:
Then please examine us again
And see which has the strength of men.

I'll pledge my word, you'll find him there,
Not sturdy, but pale-faced and spare;
His intellect shall be upset,
His health 'll be almost gone; and yet
He'll cling to me, as if I'd been
The kindest friend he'd ever seen:
Nor can he then bid me, "AWAY."
For I've been given too long a stay,
In his companionship, and now
To me, as in the past he'll bow;
And yield his life up, with regret
And all for me—a cigarette.

## ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

It is a queer honor to be paid to Saint Valentine, the martyr and celibate, the Christian bishop who suffered death in the reign of Emperor Claudius A. D. 270, that the day dedicated to special love making, the day accorded to mating birds, should be the day honored by his name.

That it should commemorate the ancient Roman feasts of, Lupercalia on February fifteenth is more in harmony with its tenor. Lupercus was the Latin god of fertility and the marriageable young men and maidens celebrated the fete day with rapturous glee. The decked their homes with holly and ivy, and in Kent, England, for many years, a part of the regular frolic was for the girls to make and burn a holly boy, and for the boys in turn to sacrifice to the god a girl of ivy.

Walks were taken in the early morn before the sun had peeped above the horizon, while the birds were singing their morning song to the birdlings of their choice, while the dew was at its freshest and heaviest on grass and shrub; the beauty of the year lay in the clasp of each rounded dewdrop, and applied to the face, neck, and hands, direct from the leaves, would give a complexion that would rival the rare tints of Venus. Large leaves were gently gathered so as not to break the globules, and the precious heaven-given drops were laid against the face and pressed on from the leaves. How much more dainty and romantic, than sleeping in a mask, or steaming one's face through a flannel-shaped face cover, attached by a tube to the kitchen teakettle! If the early rising and active exercise deserved the credit given to the dew, let it pass; it is the way of the world to-day, to neglect the true, and give unlimited praise where honor is not due!—*Keziah Shelton, in The Chautauquan for February.*

## COMFORTING THE AFFLICTED.

Certain it is, that as nothing can better do it, so there is nothing greater, for which God made our tongues, next to reciting his praises, than to minister comfort to a weary soul. And what greater measure can we have than that we should bring joy to our brother, who with his dreary eyes looks to heaven and round about, and cannot find so much rest as to lay his eyelids close together—than that that thy tongue should be tuned with heavenly accents, and make the weary soul listen for light and ease, and, when he perceives that there is such a thing in the world, and in the order of things, as comfort and joy, to begin to break out from the prison of his sorrows, at the door of sighs and tears, and by little and little melt into showers of refreshment? This is glory to thy voice, and employment fit for the brightest angel. But to have I seen the sun kiss the frozen earth, which was bound up with the images of death and the colder breath of the north; and then the waters break from their inclosures, and melt with joy, and run in useful channels; and the flies do rise again from their little graves in walls, and dance awhile in the air, to tell that there is joy within, and that the great mother of creatures will open the stock of her new refreshment, become useful to mankind, and sing praises to her Redeemer. So is the heart of a sorrowful man under the discourse of a wise comforter; he breaks from the despairs of the grave, and the fetters and chains of sorrow; he blesses God, and he blesses thee, and he feels his life returning; for to be miserable is death, but nothing is life but to be comforted; and God is pleased with no music from below so much as in the thanksgiving songs to relieved widows, of supported orphans, of rejoicing, and comforted, and thankful persons.

## MARY AND THE LAMB.

Mary had a little lamb, its fleece was white as snow; it strayed away one day, where lambs should never go. And Mary sat her quickly down and tears streamed from her eyes; she never found the lamb, because she did not advertise. And Mary had a brother John who kept a village store; he sat him down and smoked a pipe, and watched the open door. And as the people passed along and did not stop to buy, John still sat and smoked his pipe, and blinked his sleepy eyes. And so the sheriff closed him out, but still he lingered near, and Mary came to drop with him a sympathetic tear. How is it, sister, can you tell, why other merchants here, sell all their goods so readily and thrive from year to year." Remembering her own bad luck the little maid replies: "Those other fellows get there, John, because they advertise."

## Tommy's Point of View.

Tommy—Papa, did you ever go in swimming when you were a boy?

Papa—Yes, certainly.

Tommy—When your father told you not to?

Papa—Well—er—yes, sometimes.

Tommy—Did he lick you for it?

Papa—Yes, many a time.

Tommy—That is just as I thought, Papa—What is just as you thought?

Tommy—You are getting square on me.