The Acton Free Press.

VOLUME XVIII.---NO. 33. ACTON, ONTARIO, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1893. 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 strictly in advance. All subscriptions discontinued when the time for which they have been paid has expired. The date to which every subscription is paid is denoted 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	$35.00	$20.00	$7.00
10 inches	35.00	20.00	12.00	4.00
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.

J. E. WILKINSON, D. D. S., L. D. S.,
SURGEON DENTIST.
Graduate University of Toronto, Member of the Royal College of Dental Surgeons.
Office open every day except Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday.
Over the Drug Store, 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.
Rents 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 Traders' Bank Chambers, 63 Yonge st., Toronto.
J. SHILTON, B.A. 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 $300 and upwards.

JOHN PAY,
ARCHITECT,
GUELPH, ONT.
OFFICE:—Wyndham Street.

FRANCIS NUNAN
BOOKBINDER,
Wyndham St., Guelph, Ontario.
(Over Williams' Store.)
Account Books of all kinds made to order. Periodicals of every description carefully bound. Rulingneatly and promptly done

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

SALESMEN WANTED.

WE want both travelling and local salesmen to represent the old established Fonthill Nurseries. SALARY PAID FROM THE START to salesmen experienced in our line, liberal terms to beginners and a permanent situation assured. We have 700 acres under cultivation and furnish only first-class stock. OUTFIT FREE. Hardy varieties for Northern Ontario and Manitoba a specialty. 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'S Block (formerly Hatch's Block), the gore, 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 15 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 6¼ 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 BOOKS:—Mill St., Georgetown, or address Box 186, S. M. Cook & Co., Auctioneers.

BRANCH OFFICE:—31 Queen St., East, Toronto.

S. M. COOK & CO., Auctioneers,
Georgetown and Toronto

Every week we are getting NEW EFFECTS IN INGRAIN WALL PAPERS, with BORDERS and CEILINGS to MATCH. These papers are used by the best families. They are as cheap as the common papers—ONLY 15 CTS. A ROLL — and much handsomer. When you are in GUELPH call at DAY'S BOOKSTORE and see how nice and cheap they are.

DAY SELLS CHEAP

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.

MONEY TO LEND

— ON —

Good Farm Security

— AT A —

Lower Rate of Interest and on Better Terms of Repayment

Than ever before offered in Canada.

Intending Borrowers

Should write or call at once and be convinced before applying elsewhere.

W. S. JACKSON,
Real Estate, Loan & Insurance Agent
GUELPH, CANADA.

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

- - 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 B. Stewart, Guelph, to keep constantly on hand a full stock of the ordinary sizes of

Sash, Doors, Etc.

and will also supply any special sizes on short notice at Guelph prices.

Frames of All Kinds

made to order. We also keep in stock a line of Base, Window and Door Casing, Corner Blocks, &c.

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

PUMPS

Being better able than heretofore we will supply either wood or iron pumps promptly. All work guaranteed satisfactory.

Please call and inspect before purchasing elsewhere.

THOS. EBBAGE, Manager
Acton

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,

45 Lower Wyndham street, Guelph. Telephone 178.

Wellington Mutual
Fire Insurance Company
ESTABLISHED 1840.

INSURANCE on Mutual plan. Any communications forwarded to my address, Box 788, or telephone 66, will be promptly attended to.
JOHN TAYLOR, Agent,
Guelph.

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 store length always on hand.

Telephone communication.

The Traders' Bank OF CANADA.

Statement taken from Government Return, November 30th, 1892.

ASSETS.

Gold	$ 79,875
Dominion Notes	217,615
Deposited with Government to Secure Circulation	87,505
Notes and Cheques of Other Banks	129,159
Call Loans on Stocks and Bonds	795,962
Balances Due from other Banks	106,783
Government Debentures	303,580
ASSETS IMMEDIATELY AVAILABLE	$1,559,488
Bills Discounted	5,012,963
Bills Discounted Overdue	8,787
Bank Premises	14,448
Mortgages and other Assets	19,005
Total Assets	6,714,089

LIABILITIES.

Paid up Capital	607,600
Surplus	55,000
Notes in Circulation	589,960
Deposits from Public	5,193,547
Deposits from other Banks	254,941

Clearing Sale

—OF—

Winter Boots, Shoes, Rubbers and Overshoes.

Reduced Prices

Previous to stock-taking.

TRUNKS & VALISES at the lowest prices in the city.

W. McLaren & Co.,
Leading Boot & Shoe Store.
GUELPH.

Special January SALE

—AT—

R. E. NELSON'S

A Month of Bargains.

Stock must be reduced one half and prices reduced accordingly.

Choice Suitings reduced in price 20 per cent.

Fine West of England Pantings in Black and Blue, choice Patterns for $5.50 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

Graduation

—FROM THE—

GUELPH Business College

—MEANS—

Enterprise, Character, Capacity, Success.

ILLUSTRATED CIRCULAR SENT FREE TO ANY ADDRESS.

M. MacCORMICK, Principal.

AND NOW FOR

NEW YEAR'S GIFTS

Beautiful Banquet Lamps

Handsome Piano Lamps

Music Cabinets
In Oak, Walnut, Mahogany and Curly Birch.

Oak Secretaries
From $8.00 up. And the Best.

Ash Bedroom Suite in the in the world for $15.00,

Come and See for Yourselves.

P. SPRAGGE,
Guelph.

STEEL ENGRAVINGS,

Proof Etchings, Colored Pictures, Room and Picture Mouldings.

IVORY OAK **FRAMES** SILVER GILT

ARTISTS' MATERIALS.

A full stock of Winsor & Newton's Flake White.
Double Tubes, Rowney's, 10c.
8 x 10 Deep Photo Frames, complete 30c.
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.

Poetry.

IF WE KNEW.

If we knew what forms were fainting
For the shade that we should bring,
If we knew what lips were parching
For the water we should bring,
We would haste with eager footsteps,
We would work with willing hands,
Hearing cups of cooling water,
Planting rows of shading palms.

If we knew when friends around us,
Closely press to say good-bye,
Which among the lips that kiss us
First should 'neath the daisies lie,
We would clasp our arms around them,
Looking on them through our tears;
Tender words of love eternal,
We would whisper in their ears.

If we knew what lives were darkened
By some thoughtless words of ours,
Which had ever lain among them,
Like the frost among the flowers,
Oh! With what sincere repentings,
With what anguish of regret,
While our eyes were overflowing,
We would cry, Forgive! Forget!

If we knew. Alas! and do we
Ever care or seek to know
Whether bitter herbs or flowers
In our neighbour's gardens grow?
God forgive us! Lest hereafter
Our hearts break to hear Him say,
Careless child! I never knew you!
And from my presence fly away.

Select Family Reading.

A Treasure Found and Won.

BY CARL BRICKETT.

Stanbury Church was always beautiful; but it was more so than ever to-day, with its wreaths and festoons of fragrant flowers.

It was the eve of the annual festival of the Sabbath School, and within its venerable walls were gathered a busy throng of workers.

In a knot by themselves were a cluster of maidens, their nimble fingers engaged in fashioning into various shapes the flowers which lay in brightly colored heaps around them.

They were chatting in girlish fashion together, and more than once a young man, who was occupied in ornamenting with a fern border the balustrade of the gallery above them, smiled as he listened. From his position he could see unseen, and his eyes rested oftener and with evident pleasure upon one girl in the group.

Edith Colby was the acknowledged belle of Stanbury. It would have been difficult to conceive anything more radiantly fair than was her face; and as Guy Moreland watched the play of her expressive features it was not without a slight thrill in the region of a member which through twenty years had never before experienced the like.

"Such a face can only go with as faultless a nature," he thought to himself. "I have always admired Miss Colby, but to-day I almost believe my admiration is deepening into something different."

Just then the great door at the end of the church opened to admit a small, ill-clad figure. It was a child, barefoot, and with her dark elf-locks hanging in dishevelled waves down her back. Straight to the group of which Edith Colby was the centre she came, holding carefully in her hands a wreath of wild flowers tied with a faded ribbon.

"Please," she said, as pausing before Edith she held out her little wreath, will you put this somewhere about the window that tells of Mrs. Moreland's death?"

A ringing laugh, which jarred discordantly in that sacred place, came from the beauty's lips, as with a hasty movement she drew aside her delicate silken robe from contact with the child's poor garment.

"What a scarecrow!" she exclaimed, with another laugh.

The child's great, dark eyes flashed with anger, then they softened with a rush of sudden, passionate tears. She turned to go when, with light steps, Guy, (who, though the girls were entirely unconscious of his near vicinity, had been a spectator of the above scene) saw a young girl who had been working quietly alone some distance from the others, came forward. Taking the despised wreath in one hand, she laid the other gently upon the weeping child's shoulder.

"My little girl, do not cry. I will see myself that your wish is granted. Your pretty wreath shall join the festoons above Mrs. Moreland's memorial window."

A glow of joy chased away the trouble from the little waif's face.

"Oh, thank you, ma'am," she exclaimed unmindful in the presence of her comforter of the bevy of scornful fashionables who were still laughing among themselves "Mrs. Moreland was so good to the poor! She once gave me a warm dress, so that I could come to Sunday school, and she spoke to all us children so kind and sweet. I thought that perhaps up in Heaven she would know and be pleased."

Tears rose in Guy Moreland's dark eyes—tears of which his manhood was not ashamed—for she of whom the child spoke was his own dear mother, gathered to her rest a year before.

When the oaken door closed upon the little intruder, sweet May Andrews turned to resume her seat, but, coming out from among the group of girls, Edith Colby confronted her.

"I think, Miss Andrews," she said, "that you take a good deal upon yourself. I was appointed the manager of the decorations, and I don't see how you have the right to interfere."

The young girl adressed quietly surveyed the haughty speaker; then, without any answer, save that look of calm rebuke, she turned and walked away. An angry flash crimsoned Edith Colby's face from cheek to chin, and with that flash vanished in Guy Moreland's eyes all trace of the beauty which he had hitherto considered so "flawless."

Then, all unwittingly (for it had been long in Miss Colby's mind that the position of mistress of Guy Moreland's stately home was no unenviable one,) she ruined forever all her chances in that direction.

"To think!" she exclaimed, in the midst of her sympathetic "set," "of being defied, as it were, by that chit of a seamstress! She shall pay for it."

But though she was a seamstress, obliged to earn with her needle the wherewithal for the support of her invalid mother and herself, May Andrews possessed riches of heart and mind which would far outbalance Edith Colby's charms of person and pocket-book.

Miss Colby was as good as her word.

Hard as it had always been to make both ends meet, poor May now found it harder still, for with all the means within her power Edith Colby tried to poison the minds of those acquaintances whom she knew were Miss Andrews' patrons.

But, though worn with work and anxiety May found time to hunt up and befriend the little waif whose neglected appearance and intelligent face had so strongly interested her. She found little Madge (that was her name) living in a squalid apartment with an old, feeble woman whom she called her aunt.

Every object evinced the direst poverty; and it was no difficult task out of her own few belongings to find something which seemed like an inestimable treasure to the child's grateful eyes.

Whenever she could spare time, May went to the dismal room on her errands of mercy.

"I think you be one of the angels, Miss," the old woman said one day, as her visitor was going, "but I've been such a sinner that they would scarce be sent to such as me."

May paused in the doorway.

"Jesus has forgiveness for all sinners who repent," she said, in her sweet, grave voice.

Then she went, closing the door softly, but leaving behind her, though she knew it not, the seeds of that which was to make the happiness of more than one life.

A few months went by, and one day May came in to her invalid mother with a face from which the brave mask had completely fallen. Kneeling by her side, she hid her tear-wet eyes in her lap.

"Mother, to-day Mrs. Weston said that she would require my services no longer. This is the last of my patrons. Oh, mother what have I ever done to anybody that they should be so cruel to me?"

The old lady stroked her darling's soft brown hair tenderly.

"Cheer up, May, it is not like my brave child to be so cast down. You remember what the Bible says about one sparrow."

May rose resolutely.

"You are right, mother, and I will not be cast down. If I can no longer sew for our living, I can work some other way with my hands. I will go into the factory."

And so it was that, while endeavoring to work mischief, Edith Colby was the direct means of leading the girl she hated where her joyful destiny awaited her.

In the new applicant before him for employment in his factory Mr. Moreland recognized at once the noble young woman whose kind, brave action in the church had excited, at the time, his warmest admiration. May had gone prepared to accept any occupation gladly, however far down on the ladder it was judged expedient to place her.

"What I know of you is very favorable, Miss Andrews," said the young proprietor, with a keen glance at the sweet, downcast face, with its brown eyes, and sensitive rose-leaf mouth, "and as my assistant bookkeeper has just left me, I should be glad if you would accept the position her absence has made vacant."

Guy Moreland was not one to do or think things by halves; and as time went on he grew to believe that he had found at last a character as faultless as the face which was its signet.

And to May, though her innocent heart knew not why—did not whisper to her that it was because she was beloved and loved—the world seemed like some fairy realm.

One evening, as May sat reading aloud to her mother, the door was suddenly opened, and little Madge flew in. It was quite a different Madge from the one we first met for now the new clothes, though simple, were whole and neat, while the long, dark hair—elf locks no longer—hung in orderly ringlets over her slight shoulders.

Taking May's hand in hers, she cried eagerly:

"Oh, Miss May, come—come quickly! Aunt is very ill, and she wants you. She says to hasten, for she has a secret to tell you which, if she dies, will die with her."

"Go, May," Mrs. Andrews said; and, though the night was dark, and the neighborhood in which Madge's home was located not of the nicest, May obeyed. The old woman was expecting her anxiously, and as May listened to what she had to tell she was truly thankful that she had come.

That night the old woman died.

The next day did not find May in accustomed place, and as Guy noticed her absence he learned for the first time how desolately vacant life would be should he never see again the face which within those last few short months had grown so strangely dear to him.

At noon the office boy brought him a note. It ran thus:

"Will Mr. Moreland call at Mrs. Andrew's home this afternoon."

Though he could not help wondering at the strange, brief summons, Guy lost no time in obeying it.

Once there, that mystery was solved, and also another which was of far graver import.

In Madge, the little, neglected waif (though thanks to May's fostering care and love, there was no neglect in her appearance now) he found his sister—the long-lost, long-sorrowed-for child—whose disappearance had caused the passionate grief which had eventually worn his dear mother into her grave. Twelve years before she had been abducted by her nurse (the old woman who had just died) in the hopes of a large reward. But such strict inquiry had been instituted that, fearful lest her crime should be found out and her own punishment follow, the woman had fled to a distant city. In wandering about from place to place, always poor, and sometimes with scarcely enough to support life, Madge's first ten years had been spent, until two years before, knowing that from the lapse of time it would be impossible for detection to ensue, the woman had ventured back.

Guy listened, with his new-found sister's hand clasped close in his.

As May's sweet voice, telling its sad yet joyfully terminating story, paused, still holding Madge's hand, he went to her side.

"Miss Andrews, May," he said, and in his rich, tremulous tones, even had she not read aright the expression of his dark eyes May would have been prepared for what was coming, "you have been the good angel of this child's life. Will you not come and hallow my home with your sweet presence? I have found a sister, May; have I also found a wife?"

They were married, and Edith Colby nearly died of chagrin and envy.

The chrysanthemum would be all right if its name could be abbreviated about 75 per cent.

It is not what its proprietors say but what Hood's Sarsaparilla does that tells the story of its merit. Hood's Sarsaparilla cures.

TRAPPED IN AN ELEVATOR.

BY MARY PARRISH.

Yes, I was quite a heroine, although I do not believe I did anything more than mother would have done in my place.

You see, when papa died he left mamma penniless, and to support us, and give me an education, she sewed for a manufacturing firm, bringing the work home, and carrying it back when it was finished.

We had two small rear rooms in a tall tenement, and many a tear I have shed as I saw my poor mother wearily climb the stairs with her bundle of work in her arms; and wishing to be able to help her as soon as possible, I applied myself to my books with such diligence that at the age of sixteen I graduated from the Normal College with high honors, and with the prospect of obtaining a school in the fall.

On my way to the college there was being built a large apartment house, which was completed about the time I graduated, and on that day I saw a bill on the window, "Janitor Wanted." I had determined that mother should leave our small, hot, badly ventilated rooms, but until that moment did not know how I should accomplish it. I decided to inquire about the duties required of a janitor, and, if I could perform them, accept the place.

On investigating, I found that the first floor would be given to the janitor, for taking charge of the building, and as the work was of such a nature as I could easily perform, I was fortunate enough to secure it.

We at once took possession of our new quarters. The front half of our flat we rented to a young physician, receiving from him the same amount per month that mother had received for her labor, with the added advantage of having no rent to pay.

It was not long before the flat was entirely filled with tenants, and mother and I were enjoying such rest and freedom from care as we had not known since my father's death.

We had been in the house for more than two months, mother's health had been steadily improving, and I was reviewing my studies that I might not be caught tripping at my examination for a position as teacher, when the day of the great military parade came. It was to be such a grand event that everybody was flocking to see it, and I insisted that mamma should go with some friends who had invited her, while I remained at home to study, and have a nice tea ready when she returned.

I went about my usual duties without feeling the least bit nervous of being entirely alone in the house. Locking the cellar door after my work was done, I went upstairs, lighted the gas through the halls and returned to our sitting room to resume my studies. I had no more than seated myself when the bell rang, and, wondering if it could possibly be mother back so soon, I pulled the door opener, and then stepped out into the hall to see who was there.

Two men had entered and closed the door.

"Gentlemen, who do you wish to see?" I asked.

"We don't want to see anybody, and that's why we're here to-night," replied one of them, with a coarse chuckle, which the other echoed; and, stepping toward me, they pushed me back into the room I had just left, closing and locking the door after them.

I readily divined that they were thieves, who, knowing that I was alone in the house had entered for the purpose of robbing it. Absurd ideas flashed through my mind about how I should escape and alarm the neighborhood; but all were impracticable; and, in fact, ere I could move or scream, one of the ruffians had stepped forward and grasped my wrists.

"Come, Jack," said he, turning to his companion, "we'll have to tie up this young lady, or she'll give us trouble."

Suiting the action to the word, they proceeded to tie my hands behind me, and then, after placing me in a chair, tied my feet together passing the spare cord securely around the rungs of the chair.

"Now, lady," said the man addressed as Jack, "will you promise not to scream, or must I gag you?" exhibiting an improvised gag in the shape of a thick wad of cotton and a bandage as he spoke.

The sight of this was sufficient. Overcome by terror I promised to keep a discreet silence.

"Now, please tell me where the dumb waiter is, and we will not trouble you any further," said the first speaker.

I accordingly directed them to the kitchen, through which passed the large dumb-waiter, or elevator used for conveying coal, wood, groceries and the like to each successive kitchen from the basement clear up to the roof.

I now knew that they intended to get on the dumb waiter, and draw themselves up, systematically ransacking floor after floor, and lowering their plunder to the cellar. This effected without interruption, their escape with their booty would be a comparatively easy matter.

I heard them get into the elevator box and begin to pull themselves slowly up, and then I quickly determined what to do. By a great effort I drew myself on my feet and succeeded in piecing the cords binding my hands over the lamp that we used to read by. The flame burnt my hands cruelly, and I nearly fainted with the terrible pain; but I did not allow a moan to escape me for fear of alarming the villains to the frustration of my plan.

It was not more than a minute before my hands were free, although to me it seemed ages, and my burnt flesh was peeling off in great pieces. I dropped back in my chair, and for a moment sat there completely stunned with pain and gasping for breath. Recovering, I soon freed myself from the chair and untied my feet. Then I ran lightly for the elevator shaft, and peered up through the darkness toward the roof. The thieves had a light with them, and I saw by its glow that they were nearly to the kitchen door of the uppermost floor. I reached in and caught the rope by which they were pulling themselves up, and, with a quick, hard jerk, I had it thoroughly secured by the iron clamp placed at each opening for that purpose.

This clamp was different from those in most elevators. Generally they are smooth but this had two sharp rows of teeth, and when the rope was firmly gripped between them it was impossible to loosen it without opening the clamp, so you will see how completely I had trapped my robbers, hanging, as they did, between two floors.

I did not wait to hear the horrible curses that they gave vent to upon discovering their position, but hastened to get out of the house and summon help. I succeeded in reaching the front steps, and there fainted away in the arms of a gentleman who was just entering.

When I recovered I found myself on a lounge in the young physician's office, with my hands neatly bandaged, and feeling quite comfortable from some soothing application.

Mother was there also, bathing my head and face, and nearly frightened out of her senses at the peril I had undergone.

It seemed that mother had grown tired of seeing the procession, had left her friends to come home, and had arrived just in time to see me fall into the doctor's arms as he was entering the house. At his suggestion, she had examined the rooms to learn the cause of my fright, and upon hearing threats and curses issuing from the elevator, had at once understood the situation and summoned the police.

The robbers were promptly taken into custody, and were subsequently tried, convicted, and sentenced to long terms in State Prison.

Of course I was made a great heroine, but I still do not think I did any more than my duty in protecting the property of which I was in charge.

This all happened several years ago. I have since become the wife of the physician, and reside in the same flat, although I long ago gave up the position of janitress.

"AS RICH AS CROESUS."

Croesus, the last King of Lydia, was born 590 B.C. His name has long been a synonym for very great wealth. It is a common expression, when wishing to convey the idea of immense riches, to say of any one, "He is as Rich as Croesus."

Strabo, a Greek philosopher and historian, tells us that Croesus had mines of great value situated between Pergamus and Atarnes, and that he derived great wealth from the little river Pactolus, the sand of which was gold. His wealth must have been very great, to judge of it by the costly presents he made to the temple of Delphos.

A great many of these presents were still to be seen in the time of Herodotus, "The Father of History," and were worth several millions.

Croesus laid great stress on riches, and thought himself happy and great in proportion to his wealth. He thus mistook regal pomp and splender for true greatness and happiness.

Solon, one of the most celebrated of the Seven Wise Men of Greece, resolved to pay a visit to King Croesus. He accordingly went to Sardis, and was received in a manner suitable to the reputation of so great man. The King and his numerous court appeared in all regal pomp and magnificence, but Solon did not show the least surprise or admiration. Croesus then ordered all his treasures, his grand appartments, and costly furniture, to be shown to Solon, thinking thus to conquer indifference. After Solob had seen all, he was brought back to the King. Croesus then asked him, "Which of mankind, in all his travels, he had found the most truly happy" King Croesus, of course, thought he would be the one Solon would name, but the answer the philosopher gave him was one in which silver and gold were not taken into consideration. "Why do you not think me the most truly happy?" Croesus asked in a tone that plainly showed his displeasure, "King of Lydia," Solon calmly replied, "the life of man seldom exceeds seventy years, and no two days of his life are exactly alike; so the time to come is nothing but a series of various accidents which cannot be foreseen. Therefore, it is my opinion no man can be esteemed truly happy but he whose happiness God continues to the end of his life; I consider the happiness of those who are constantly exposed to a thousand dangers as uncertain as the crown is to a person who is still engaged in battle and has not yet gained the victory." Solon retired when he had finished speaking. His words displeased Croesus very much.

Cyrus, king of Persia, looked upon liberality as a truly royal virtue. "My desire," he said, "is to have it always in my power to reward those who serve the public faithfully, and to aid and relieve those who will acquaint me with their wants."

Croesus one day told Cyrus that by continual giving he would at last make himself poor; whereas, if he had amassed his great wealth, he would have been the richest prince in the world.

"To what sum," asked Cyrus, "do you think my wealth might have been amounted had I given nothing away?"

Croesus named an immense sum.

Cyrus then ordered a short note to be written to the lords of his court, in which he told them that he had occasion for money. In a very short time a much larger sum was brought to him than Croesus had mentioned. "Here are my treasures," said Cyrus, showing the vast sum to Croesus, "the chests I keep my treasures in are the hearts and affections of my subjects."

Cyrus proved conclusively that he was not only as rich as Croesus but was also a great deal richer.

However, if we may judge of Croesus by the character he bears in history, he was a very good king, and worthy of esteem in many respects.

His chief delight was in literature and the sciences, and his palace was the resort for men of wit and learning.

When Cyrus, the great Persian king, conquered Lydia, Croesus was taken prisoner. The conversation he formerly had with Solon came to his mind after he was made a captive and compelled to give up his vast riches, and he was thoroughly convinced of the truth of that wise philosopher's words.

As long as Cyrus lived he treated Croesus with much kindness and respect; but when Cambyses, the son of Cyrus, came to the throne, he caused Croesus to be put to death.—*Harpers' Young People.*

AS ONE WOMAN SEES IT.

A woman who prides herself on her insight into the characters of men she meets remarked the other day that a man always judges other men by himself as a standard. This is the way she finds one man judges another man:

A Crank—One who has theories about men and things different from his own.

A Dude—One who dresses better than he.

A Miser—One who saves more money than he.

A Spendthrift—One who spends more than he.

A Snob—One whose social position is better than his own.

An Upstart—One whose social position is worse than his own.

A Rascal—One who owes him money.

Ditto—One to whom he owes money.

A smart Man—One who thinks as he does.

A Fool—One who doesn't.—*New York World.*

'ENGAGED.

The little bond that links your life to mine
Seems slight and fragile, do you think 'twill hold,
And bear the changes of the coming time.
When life is dark and all is bleak and cold?
And do you think that, purified by pain,
We can take up our lives and love again?

Or when, like the inconstant skies of spring,
Our lives are clouded as her sunny air.
And we know pain that summer could not bring,
Will you not find it all too hard to bear?
And when these storms and weary hours have tried us,
Can we live on and let no power divide us?

Then if this little chain, so frail and weak
It trembles when our lives are free and bright,
Could find a voice and each small link could speak,
Would it not say 'twas frighted of the night?
If it must break, and we must humbly bow,
In pity for my weakness, break it now.

But if you think that it can bear the weight
Of fiery trials as they come and go,
We can take heart and boldly meet the fate
That gives impartially of joy and woe:
And be it summer fair or wintry weather,
We can be brave, and meet all, love, together.

—*Eva MacDonald, in Harper's Weekly.*

WHIMS.

From Harper's Bazar.

Children are supposed to be the most whimsical creatures in the world, and yet there have been grown men who were quite as much so as any child that ever lived. The writer knows a little girl who cannot go to sleep unless she has a piece of rubber held between her thumb and fore-finger, which some persons consider to be whimsical in the extreme; but what have these to say of Haydn, one of the greatest composers of music, who could not put to notes together until he had dressed himself in his best suit and had his hair powdered, and who declared that without a certain diamond ring, the gift of Frederick II of Prussia, on his finger he could not begin to work, since he could not summon a single idea into his head?

Other composers have been equally whimsical. Of Gluck it is said that when he felt himself in a humor to compose he had his piano forte carried into a beautiful meadow, where, with a bottle of champagne on either side of him, he was able to do justice to his muse.

Another writer of music, Satti, could compose only in a dark room, lit by a single candle. This peculiarity showed itself in his work, for most of it indicates that he was a man of gloomy imagination.

The best work of Paisiello was composed while that genius was in bed; and Sacchini declared that he never had any moments of inspiration except when his two favorite cats were sitting one upon each shoulder.

'TWAS AN ANTIQUATED FEAST.

"I have eaten apples that ripened more than 1,800 years ago, bread made from wheat grown before the children of Israel passed through the Red Sea, spread with butter that was made when Elizabeth was Queen of England, and washed down the repast with wine that was sold when Columbus was playing barefoot with the boys of Genoa," said a gentleman of a Chicago club the other day. This remarkable "spread" was given by an antiquary named Gorbel, in the city of Brussels, in 1871.

"The apples were from a jar taken from the ruins of Pompeii, that buried city to whose people we owe our knowledge of canning fruit. The wheat was taken from a chamber in one of the smaller pyramids, the butter from a stone shelf in an old well in Scotland, where it had lain in an earthenware crock in icy water, and the wine came from an old vault in the city of Corinth. There were six guests at the table, and each had a mouthful of the bread and a teaspoonful of the wine, but was permitted to help himself liberally to the butter, there being several pounds of it. The apple jar held about two-thirds of a gallon, and the fruit was as sweet and the flavor as fine as though put up yesterday.

MISS OR MRS.

(A valuable hint to lady correspondents.)

So far as the etiquette of the signature is concerned, there is one unvarying rule for women, married and single. It is never right, nor good form, to sign one's name with the addition of Miss or Mrs. You are Mary Emily Jones, not Mrs. Patrick Fitzgerald Jones, to whomsoever you may be writing. It is necessary to notify your correspondent of your married style and estate, you may do so, and in one of several ways. Please observe that a correspondent should not be left in doubt as this leads to much embarrassment being frequently caused by the omission in letters between strangers, of exact information as to whether the writer is married or single. You may easily indicate all you wish to tell. You may place Mrs. P. F. before the Mary Emily aforesaid, in brackets. You may write Mrs. Patrick Fitzgerald out fully and plainly, in the left-hand corner of your sheet, below your proper signature. Or you may simply enclose your engraved visiting card in your letter, thereby on the whole the most convenient method of showing one's relation to society. The exception must be remarked here that the visiting card is out of place in an exclusively business letter, one which has not even remotely a social bearing.—*Harper's Bazar.*

CHRISTIANITY IN BUSINESS.

We often hear it affirmed that in these days successful business cannot be operated on Christian principles. If this is untrue anywhere it is in the retail dry goods store, where the aim is to win a customer's constant trade by establishing yourself in his confidence for honesty and straightforwardness. And the application of the golden rule, as all life teaches, is the surest way to accomplish that end. You may lose a dollar on a sale by giving a customer an inside fact concerning a certain article he is about to buy, but you have won that man's confidence and respect a hundred dollars' worth. The way to win a man's confidence and respect and good will is through kind accomodations, good cheer, soft answers, pleasant words, sincere appreciation, sacrifice of time and effort and other Christian means and the way to win a customer is not different. The most accomplished buyers are more than buyers. They are men and women. Human nature is strong over all training and acquisition, and that which influences and touches a man or a woman will influence and touch a buyer, a customer.—Ex.

The largest cricket field or ground set apart entirely for the game is the well-known of ground of the Surrey Cricket Club, at the Oval, Kennington, London, which covers ten acres.