The Acton Free Press.

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The Acton Free Press

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—AT THE—

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Business Directory.

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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.
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Barristers, Solicitors, Notaries, Conveyancers &c. Private funds to loan.
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Twenty Years Practice. No Patent, No Pay.

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

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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.
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INCLUDING Books, Pamphlets, Posters, Bill Heads, Circulars, &c., &c., executed in the best style of the art, at moderate prices and on short notice. Apply or address
H. P. MOORE,
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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
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Wholesale and retail dealer and direct importer and manufacturer of all kinds of Granite and Marble Monuments, Tombstones, etc. Having had an extensive experience for the last 16 years, the public may rely on getting all superior articles at a cheaper rate than any other dealer in the West.
N. B.—15 per cent. off on a direct order received for the next 30 days

S. M. COOK & CO.,
GEORGETOWN,
Licensed Auctioneers, Appraisers, Valuators, Collectors, Real Estate and General Land Agents.
—FOR THE COUNTIES OF—
Halton, Peel, Wellington, Simcoe, York and Ontario.
Money to loan from $100 up at six per cent.
Parties placing their sales or other business in our hands will have the same promptly attended to at moderate charges.
OFFICE AND SALES ROOMS:—Mill St., Georgetown, or address Box 155, 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 BOOK-STORE 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 R. Stewart, Guelph, to keep constantly on hand a full stock of the ordinary sizes of
Sash, Doors, Etc.
and will also supply any special sizes on short notice at Guelph prices.
Frames of All Kinds
made to order. We also keep in stock a line of Base, Window and Door Casing, Corner Blocks, &c.
Your Lumber Dressed While You Wait.
Price—$1.50 per M.
PUMPS
Being better able than heretofore we will supply either wood or iron pumps promptly. All work guaranteed satisfactory.
Please call and inspect before purchasing elsewhere.
THOS. ERBAGE, 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,
25 Lower Wyndham street, Guelph. Telephone 178.

Wellington Mutual
Fire Insurance Company
ESTABLISHED 1840.
INSURANCE on Mutual plan. Any communications forwarded to my address, Box 738, or telephone 65, 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 stove length always on hand.
Telephone communication.

The Traders' Bank
OF CANADA.
Statement taken from Government Return, November 30th, 1892.

ASSETS.

Gold	$ 79,876
Dominion Notes	217,618
Deposited with Government to Secure Circulation	27,505
Notes and Cheques of other Banks	129,159
Call Loans on Stocks and Bonds	795,962
Balances Due from other Banks	105,783
Government Debentures	302,560
ASSETS IMMEDIATELY AVAILABLE	$1,659,468
Bills Discounted	3,012,583
Bills Discounted Overdue	8,767
Bank Premises	14,468
Mortgages and other Assets	19,003
Total Assets	4,714,289

LIABILITIES.

Paid up Capital	607,400
Surplus	55,000
Notes in Circulation	580,969
Deposits from Public	3,190,547
Deposits from other Banks	224,941

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.

Graduation
—FROM THE—
GUELPH
Business College
—MEANS—
Enterprise, Character, Capacity, Success.
ILLUSTRATED CIRCULAR SENT FREE TO ANY ADDRESS.
M. MacCORMICK, Principal.

MILLIONS IN IT.
Put money in thy purse:
If not, alas!
He who steals thy purse
Steals trash.
So said William Shakespeare, and all we have to add is that a lean purse takes a new lease of life when it comes in contact with the prices we are offering on all our
FURNITURE.
We won't quote to you any big 25 per cent. discount, but just ask you to look over the following list:

A good Bedroom Suite at	$10
A better one for	11
A daisy	12
A beauty	13
A dandy	14
And the best in the world	15

NEXT.

A good sideboard for	$6 00
A better one with mirror	7 50
A daisy with mirror	8 50
Ladies' Rocking Chairs from	1 00
Children's Rockers from	50
Extension Tables, full size, from	5 00

We have opponents but no rivals in the Furniture business. We outclass them all, and everybody knows it. Give us a call, and see for yourselves: if it is not true do not buy from us

OUR BABY CARRIAGES
Are the finest ever seen in the city. Just see see them. We handle the Celebrated High Class.
Newcombe Pianos
BOY'S AND MEN'S
BICYCLES
Will be in a little later. Wait for us; we are going to put new life in this town and its good people.
P. SPRAGGE,
The People's Popular Furniture Store
Upper Wyndham St.
Guelph.
We pay freight on all bills amounting to $25.

—ACTON—
LIVERY
—AND—
BUS LINE.
The undersigned respectfully solicits the patronage of the public, and informs them that
Well Equipped and Stylish Rigs can always be Secured
At his stables. A comfortable bus meets all trains between 9 a. m. and 6:18 p. m.
Careful attention given to every order
The wants of Commercial Travellers fully met.
JOHN WILLIAMS.

Poetry.

THE LAST GLASS.

A merry crew, a careless throng,
Where foaming glasses, jest and song,
Filled up the hours;
There gathered rough and bearded men,
And fair faced boys, within that den
Of Satan's powers.

One came as often as the rest,
To share the flowing wine and jest,
With reckless air;
As if pursued by fiends within,
He sought the place where drink and din
Soon banished care.

One night the usual glass was poured
Amid the revel songs—encored
By those who heard
The poison almost reached his lips—
When from his hands the goblet slips,
Without a word.

A muttered oath—a dogged air—
A sudden lull a general stare—
Then loud and clear
He spoke: "Fill me another glass;
Here's to all here."

He lifted up the glass again,
But set it down and faced the men
Who sat around.
"Boys," and his voice was hoarse with dread,
"I cannot drink that glass," he said—
A sudden sound.

A laugh from some—and then his face
All stern and white subdued the place,
A silence fell.
I cannot drink it, for there lies
Within its depth a pair of eyes,
Like heaven in hell.

"I cannot drink it, for there swims
A face above the foam that brims—
The face of one
Whose heart would ache to see me here;
Whose heart would break, to her I'm dear;
Boys, I am done—

"Done with the poison; here's my hand;
With God's good help I mean to stand
By all I say;
And stand by her whose dear face lies
Between me and the reveries
I leave to-day."

Select Family Reading.

No Necessity for It.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

"Oh, yes," said Mrs. Miller, "I'm awfully glad that we're going to live in the country. I've always wanted a country home."

"My dear," said Miss Primrose, "I never heard you say so before."

"Because I never did say so, I suppose," indifferently remarked Mrs. Miller. "Oh! you may look surprised, Cecilia, but you see, you never have been married. You don't understand what a deal of managing men take. If I had told Octavius that I wanted to live in the country, he would have set himself to work—merely for the sake of logic—to conjure up forty different reasons why it wouldn't have been the thing! Now that he has suggested the idea himself, I have only to acquiesce, don't you see?"

Mrs. Miller was a plump, comfortable young woman, with bright blue eyes, blonde hair and a fair, serene forehead,—one of those rare personages who never seem in the least put out about anything. Mr. Miller was a small, sharp-featured, nervous mortal, who went through life on the private detective principle, always looking out for hidden motives or secret plots!

"I never should have any peace of my life, if I hadn't learned how to manage Octavius," added the wife, blandly. "We used to have a deal of trouble about servants. Octavius said there was no necessity for any woman having domestic trials of that nature. He says a servant can be selected from an intelligence office as easily as he selects the straightest and best made tenpenny nail from a ten-pound package. He's full of theories, but I hardly think they would work in real life. Oh, yes, I'm charmed with the idea of a country home. Do come and see us, Cecilia, when we're settled."

Miss Primrose went away, much marvelling.

"Arabella is a girl of talent," she said to herself. "I've always had faith in her, since she used to win all the school prizes, and manage the moonlight feasts without old Madame Moretti ever finding out anything about the business! But, really Mr. Miller must be a great trial!"

The Miller family had scarcely inhabited their new homestead a week, before Miss Primrose put on her new spring hat and dyed gloves, and took the horse-cars for the suburban solitudes wherein Sassafras Lodge was situated.

"Dear me!" soliloquized she, "it's quite a big place! With a double bay-window, and a lawn, and a stone-rimmed sun dial in front of the door. And there is dear Bell now, at the window, all smiles."

Mrs. Miller received her friend with a welcoming kiss.

"So glad to see you, dear," said she. "Come into the back room, where we can be a little quieter.

"What is that noise?" asked Miss Primrose, glancing apprehensively around. "Somebody appears to be disagreeing violently with somebody else."

"It's Octavius and his stableman," explained Mrs. Miller, the least shadow of a smile curving her perfect red lips. "Octavius selected him on account of his high forehead and frank manner. He always said that when Nature hung out her signals no one could be mistaken. I had to discharge an excellent cook only because Octavius said she had a furtive eye. But Nature seems to have played Octavius false this time," she added, half smiling.

"But," cried Miss Primrose, starting, "what is that crash?"

"Don't be alarmed, dear," said Mrs. Miller; "but I rather suspect that it is Octavius pitching John James down the terrace steps."

"Ought we to go for the police?" faltered Miss Primrose, all in a tremble.

"Oh, no," said Arabella, calmly, "it's no very unusual occurence. Octavius changes help about every other day. He used to say that there was no occasion for such domestic upturnings, but I think he's altering his mind."

Mr. Miller rushed into the room at this moment, purple in his face, with flaming eyes and breath that came and went as rapidly as if it were worked by a force pump.

"I've kicked him into the road," gasped he, "and warned him never to—oh, how d'ye do, Miss Primrose? Glad to see you, I'm sure—never to show his face on the premises again! Handing my orts down to a boy at the back stable door, while my horses were eating hay! Supplying his family with fresh eggs from my hennery, while we bought 'em at the grocery at sixty cents a dozen. It's outrageous. Perfectly outlandish! That's what it is!

"So like that laundress we had last June," said Mrs. Miller calmly. "She used to fill her basket from my pantry every time she went home after a day's wash. You said I didn't show any judgment in engaging her, you remember."

Mr. Miller only glared at his wife, without making any answer, and began to explain to Miss Primrose the nature of the alterations he had made in the drawing-room of Sassafras Lodge.

"It would be quite a little Paradise," he said to Miss Primrose, during the temporary absence of his wife from the room, "if only it wasn't for this trying question of servants. You see, in Madison Avenue I never had any men. Here I'm obliged to keep two. Don't say a word to Bella, Miss Primrose; but if this sort of thing goes on I shall be compelled to break up housekeeping."

"Just what I've said myself half a dozen times," said Mrs. Miller, coming sweetly up behind, with her husband's hat-brush in her hand. "And you told me, Octy, that all women talked just so, and that there was no sort of necessity for it."

Mr. Miller took the hat-brush and left the room, banging the door behind him with some unnecessary emphasis.

Breakfast was served at the usual hour the next day, but Mrs. Miller sat behind the coffee urn for full fifteen minutes before her lord and master came in from his usual walk around the premises.

"I never saw anything like it, in all my life!" he cried, when at last he put in an appearance. "The new gardener lying dead-drunk under the hedge, the garden full of chickens, and the calf loose in the clover field. I've sent him down to the railroad station in Farmer Shipley's wagon with a constable."

"Yes," said Mrs. Miller. "Bridget drank, if you remember—that very nice woman that brought such an excellent character from the clergyman's family that she lived with last. You thought it was very silly of me to be so annoyed about little things."

"Hang Bridget!" shouted Mr. Miller.

"Oh, no, my dear," said his wife. "Capital punishment is a deal too severe for such a trivial offence. I seem to have heard that Judge Jackson subsequently gave her thirty days on the Island for a similar misdemeanor."

"I'd put 'em somewhere for thirty thousand days!" muttered the husband, vindictively.

"I thought," observed Arabella, with provoking calmness, "that you always selected them according to physiognomical theories of Lavater; and that gardener certainly had a face like one of the wise men of Athens."

"Arabella," said Mr. Miller, tearing a roll in two, and buttering it with savage energy, "this is no joke."

"I've thought so many a time, Octavius," said Mrs. Miller, with unwonted seriousness.

Her husband looked hard at her; a certain conviction seemed to creep athwart the features of his face.

"Bella," said he.

"Yes, dear," responded Arabella.

"Do you mean to say that you always have such trouble as this—in the housekeeping department, I mean?"

"Most generally, Octavius. Of course, there are some women to be hired; but it requires the patience of Job, the philosophy of Socrates, the sweet temper of St Monica to manage a nineteenth century household, especially," she added, with a roguish twinkle in her eyes, "when one has a husband who is always reitering the fact that there is no necessity for any domestic bitches or rubs."

"I see," said Mr. Miller. He rose, and going around to the opposite side of the table, took his wife's hand kindly in his. "My dear Bella," he declared, "until now I never had the least idea of how much you had to endure. I dare say I may have seemed surly and unsympathetic; but believe me, my dear, it shall never happen again. There's no teacher like experience."

For a moment something like real, actual moisture suffused the eyes of the merry, laughing little wife. She let her head drop on her middle-aged husband's shoulder.

"I don't care how many trials I may have, Octavius," said she, "so long as you sympathize with me in them."

Mr. Miller gave his wife a hearty kiss.

"Well said, my love," said he. "Get on your hat, we'll take the ten o'clock train to the city, and go through the intelligence offices. And I really believe that your common sense and judgment will be of inestimable value to me in the selection of a new domestic staff."

Mrs. Miller's face grew radiant. In her heart she felt that her husband had never paid her such a compliment before.

"I shall never again," she thought, "hear that tiresome old form of words: 'There is no necessity for it.'"

GOOD DOGS.

Doctor Gardner, of Sharon Springs, New York, is the owner of several dogs—Gordon and Irish setters. A little while ago four of them disappeared, and were absent for six days. On Sunday they returned, not together but separately, at intervals of about ten minutes. The dogs looked half-starved, and evidently expected to be punished for their truancy. In the evening their absence was satisfactorily explained. One of Dr. Gardner's hired men, John Hiller, started for a pond about two miles distant, for the purpose of gathering pond lilies. As he neared the pond he came across three of the dogs, Nellie, Beauty and Brownie, in the woods. Rix was not in sight. John presently discovered that the dogs had chased two young coons into the hollow of an old tree. Rix had forced himself so tightly into the tree that he could not release himself. The three other dogs would not desert him in his trouble, but had remained by him for six days. They had made efforts to release Rix by breaking the tree, but to no purpose. They had barked to call for help, but the neighbors who heard them paid no attention. With the aid of a fence rail John Hiller soon released Rix from his perilous condition. The coons were dead. Rix would certainly have died had the other dogs deserted him.

Dr. Bits in a Nutshell.

Raw egg for a cut.
Hot water for sprains.
Hot lemonade for colds.
Turpentine for lockjaw.
Hot milk as a stimulant.
Salt water for falling hair.
Raw oysters for hoarseness.
Tar on sugar for weak lungs.
Quicklime in water for poison.
Milk puddings and stewed fruit for bilious dyspepsia.

WHY MARGARET DIDN'T GET ACQUAINTED.

BY ELLEN E. REXFORD.

The Young People's Literary Society of Ferndale was in a condition of the most pleasurable excitement. It had succeeded in making an engagement with one of the most distinguished American poets of the day to deliver a lecture at the anniversary of its organization. All the young people, and the older ones as well, who were interested in literature, promised themselves an evening of great intellectual enjoyment; and those who took but little interest in such matters were sure that the occasion would be a fine one at which to see and be seen. It so happened, therefore, that everybody was looking forward to the night of the lecture with anticipations of no ordinary kind.

Margaret Sterne was especially pleased and interested. She had long been a sincere admirer of the poet. Everything he wrote she was sure to read at the first opportunity. She was familiar with the best poetry of Europe and America; but nothing else afforded her so much pleasure as this man's poetry did. He was the poet of the world to her.

She had long felt an intense desire to meet him. She wanted to see how he looked, to hear him speak, and compare the real man with the ideal poet she always had in mind when she thought of him. The pleasantest part of the evening's pleasure was to come in an informal reception, which was to be tendered him by the members of the society after the lecture.

And that she would form his acquaintance.

To think of it! She would at last meet the man whose poems gave her so much delight! She would talk with him about them, and tell him how much she liked them. She learned several verses from them, intending, if the opportunity occurred aptly, to recite them in the course of their conversation. That would be sure to please him, because it would prove to him how familiar she was with what he had written.

The lecture was to begin in the church. It was filled, at an early hour, with as fine an audience as ever came together in Ferndale.

Margaret's father was one of the wealthy men of the place, and his daughter was rather proud of the fact, and inclined to be somewhat exclusive in her notions. It was not all strange then, that, on the evening of the lecture she took possession of the family pew, and gave her friends to understand, by her manner, that she preferred to occupy it alone. As none of them felt any desire to sit where they felt they were not welcome, she was left undisturbed, and sat there looking and feeling very much like a queen in state among commoners.

There was a rustle of pleased excitement in the audience when the president of the society came in with the distinguished man and introduced him to them.

Margaret was delighted to find that he was fully up to her ideal. There was something inspiring and uplifting in his presence. His face was a sure indication of his genius, she decided. If she had met him anywhere she would have known that he was no common man.

The room was very still when he began to speak. His opening sentences caught and held the attention of those who had come to hear what he had to say; and those who had come to see and be seen, listened out of respect to the man and the occasion.

Presently the door opened, and an old woman came in, undiscovered by the ushers, who had taken it for granted that their services would no longer be required. She looked about her rather nervously, and seeing no vacant seat near by, except in the pew where Margaret sat, she went to it and would, have entered it had not that young lady given her a haughty, repellant look which made her draw back in a kind of frightened way. It said as plainly as words, "I don't want you here. This is no place for you."

Ruth Archer, sitting in her father's pew, a little to one side and in front of the one Margaret occupied, happened to observe the little scene, and, prompted by an impulse of natural politeness, which is, the world over, the only real and true politeness, she got up and came noiselessly to the old lady who was standing in the aisle, looking about her in a kind of bewildered way, as if not knowing what to do, and putting her hand on the stranger's arm, she led her to a seat in her own pew.

"Thank you," the old lady whispered, giving her a pleased and grateful look.

Then she turned her attention to the man upon the platform, and seemed to be conscious of no one else all through the lecture. She listened as if she feared to lose a word of it. Often her face kindled into enthusiasm at some noble thought, and the eyes behind the plain, old spectacles would shine as if with pride. Ruth got so interested in watching her that she forgot to look at the speaker part of the time.

Toward the close of the lecture, the poet spoke of the grand, helpful influence of a mother's love. The tribute he paid it was a most beautiful and touching one, and every word he uttered seemed to come straight from his heart. He was thoroughly in earnest. You could see and feel that he meant what he said, and you knew that he was thinking of his mother.

Ruth happened to look at the old lady. Great tears were dropping down her wrinkled cheeks. But they seemed to be such happy tears!

"Ah, wasn't it beautiful?" she whispered to Ruth when the lecture was done, while her face was radiant. "I know he meant what he said about mothers all for me."

Ruth wondered why she should think that. What reason had she to believe that his eloquent tribute to mother-love applied to her more than to others?

"It's the first time I ever heard him speak, you know," the old lady whispered, seeming to be so happy that she wanted to share her happiness with some one. "I read in the paper that he was to lecture here to-night, and I came a long way, just on purpose to hear him. He didn't dream of seeing me here, I am sure," with a queer little quiver in her voice. "Oh, he's been such a good son to me, and I can't help being proud of him, you know."

So this was the poet's mother!

The poet had stepped from the platform as soon as the lecture was done, and making his way through the audience to them, as rapidly as he could. Presently he reached them.

"Mother," he said, and Margaret, watching him with eager eyes, heard every word distinctly, "I didn't expect to have you in my audience;" and then he took the outstretched hands of the stranger in a strong warm grasp, and bent down and kissed the proud and happy old face that was lifted to his with such a look of mother-love in it that it was beautiful to see.

Poor Margaret! Her heart sank like lead. He had seen her turn away this mother of his, whom he was proud to kiss before them all. What must he think of her? If she had only known who the old lady was!

She could not meet him now. She felt afraid of him. If he were to speak to her, she would expect to see the opinion he must have of her expressed in his face, and she could not bear it. All in a moment her castle in the air fell to the ground, and she had the satisfaction of knowing that it had been demolished by herself.

She turned away with her eyes full of bitter tears of chagrin and disappointment, and when Ruth Archer sought for her, to introduce her to the poet, she was not to be found.

"I wonder what can have become of Margaret?" she said to her friends. "I can't find her any-where; and I know she was very anxious to form his acquaintance. She has talked of nothing else since it was settled that he was to come here."

"She has gone home," some one told her.

And then Ruth wondered more than ever. But after she came to think it over she did not wonder so much.

"Oh! why didn't you stay and get acquainted with him?" she asked Margaret, the first time they met. "You don't know, how much you missed. We all liked him so much."

"I—I changed my mind," answered Margaret, in a tone that gave Ruth to understand that she did not care to talk about it.

At Christmas time something came to Ruth that Margaret would have prized as worth its weight in gold, if it could have been her own. It was a fine edition of the poet's works, with Ruth Archer's name written in it, and underneath, these words:

"In remembrance of your kindness to my mother."

MAN'S ORGANISM.

In the human body there are about 203 bones. The muscles are about 500 in number. The length of the alimentary canal is about 32 feet. The amount of blood in an adult averages 32 pounds, or fully one-fifth of the entire weight. The heart is 5 inches in length and 4 inches in diameter, and beats 76 times per minute, 4,200 times per hour, 100,800 times per day 36,792,000 times a year, 2,565,440,000 in three score years an ten, and at each beat 2½ ounces of blood are thrown out of it, 175 ounces per minute, 656 pounds per hour, 7½ tons per day.

All the blood in the body passes through the heart in three minutes. This little organ, by its ceaseless industry, pumps each day what is equal to lifting 122 tons one foot high, or one ton 122 feet high. The lungs will contain about one gallon of air at their usual degree of inflation. We breathe on an average 1,200 times an hour, inhale 600 gallons of air, or 24,000 per day.

The aggregate surface of the air cells of the lungs exceeds 20,000 square inches, an area nearly equal to the floor of a room twelve feet square. The average weight of the brain of an adult male is three pounds and eight ounces; of a female, two pounds and four ounces. The nerves are all connected with it, directly or by the spinal marrow. These nerves, together with their branches and minute ramifications, probably exceed 10,000,000 in number, forming a "body-guard" out-numbering by far, the greatest army ever marshaled!

The skin is composed of three layers and varies from one-fourth to one-eighth of an inch in thickness. The atmospheric pressure being about fourteen pounds to the square inch, a person of medium size is subjected to a pressure of 40,000 pounds. Each square inch of skin contains 3,500 sweating tubes, or perspiratory pores, each of which may be likened to a little drain pipe one-fourth of an inch long, making an aggregate length of the entire surface of the body 201,166 feet, or a tile ditch for draining the body almost forty-miles long. Man is marvellously made. Who is eager to investigate the curious and wonderful works of Omnipotent Wisdom, let him not wander the wide world around to seek them, but examine himself.

CONTENMENT.

There are degrees of contentment, and we think it will be found that the best contented are those who are all the while engaged in useful work of some kind, down into that which flows, and the least contented, those who are idle. Rich idler, you are dying for lack of some strong interest in life—for something to set the machinery of your mind in motion—for something heroic, to stir the dry bones of common things with which you are surrounded, and cover them with living flesh. You must get up an interest in something, or you will grow into a dissatisfied, miserable old man a curse to yourself and to all around you. If you will not go into business again, nor bind yourself down to commercial duties, employ your large leisure in public charities. There are a hundred things needed, in common humanity, to be done in our city, which we business men, absorbed as we are in trade, cannot look after, and which men of leisure, like yourself, should feel it their duty to have in charge. Let your capital stand safely invested; hold yourself free from the trammels and routine of business; retain, as now, the command of your time; but if you would find the hours winged with peace—if you would have a tranquil mind and sweet sleep, enter with a heart interest into something by which good may come to others. If the heart is willing and the hand ready, doubt not that God will send the work. Hath He not said: "The harvest is great but the laborers few." Gird up your loins, and stand ready, and be sure that He will appoint your work, and have your pay ready. For the Lord of the harvest is just.

A Word in Season.

If other work is not pressing to hard take half a day and store away the tools which you will not need again this season. Oil all the bright spots on the iron or steel so that there will be no rust next season. If you find a broken part now is the time to mend it, before you put the implement away. Arrange the tools in the order in which you will need them next spring, putting those which you will need last away first. It may take a whole day to do all this, and it may take two days. If it should take a week you cannot afford to overlook it.

Now your blood should be purified. Take Hood's Sarsaparilla, the best spring medicine and blood purifier.

DIMPLES.

By Emma Alice Browne.

Lull-a-baby! Lullaby!
Shut your pretty eyes, Bo Peep!
All the crickets are asleep:
All the flowers they are to bed,
Cuddle down, my yellow head!
All the downy seedlings lie
In their cradles—rock-a-by!—
In their cradles low and warm,
Covered from the cruel storm.
Sleep, my baby, lullaby!

From the roof-tree bare and gray
Little wings have flown away;
Only homeless autumn leaves
Nestle neath the gusty eaves:
Shut your eyes, my dimples, that is,
But the sad rain at the lattice,
And the lost winds' homelick cry—
Sleep, my baby lullaby!

Dimples, dimples go to sleep:
See the little shadows creep
Out of corners, and the light
Lingers just to say good-night;
Restless early head lies still,
Robbing like a daffodil
When the merry March winds blow;
Pretty hands keep quiet so.
Sleep, my darling, lullaby.

Hair dream-angel, softly glide
To my baby's cradle-side,
Take the little groping hand,
Lead him safe to slumber-land.
Hush-a-by, my sweetest—there!
Both pink feet are in the air!
Both bright eyes, wide open, shine
Like little moons, straight up in mine—
Snowy blankets all awry—
Dear me, baby, hush-a-by.

O, what can a mother do
With a naughty boy like you?
There's a big owl somewhere—hark!
Out there in the rain and dark!
Better shut your eyes, Bo Peep!
Cuddle down and go to sleep—
There! There, baby! do forgetting
(Goodness gracious!) Lullaby!

Lull-a-baby! Lullaby!
So, the drowsy lids are fast,
Weighed with happy dreams at last.
Quiet lie the dimpled feet,
Soft as flowers, and as sweet!
Now the red lips smiling part,
Like a little rose-bud's heart,
And a baby's folded hand
Holds the key of slumber land!
Sleep my darling, lullaby!

GETTING READY TO MOVE.

They are now going to move. The lady of the house, throwing herself into the least uncomfortable chair that remains in the chaotic parlor, tells off on her fingers the objects she has that day packed for transfer, and tries to think if there are any more she must attend to. There is the Parian statuette—no, she must carry that herself, when the family go themselves; she could not possibly trust it to a furniture man. Her favorite glass vase with the ferns on it—it will be troublesome, but she can take it in the other hand.

Table-ware, books, lamps—yes, they are all ready. Susy will have to take the kitten in a basket. Two paper-weights and a match-safe have been forgotten, but Mr. Jones will have to stow them in his pockets. He can put in those little blue-and-gold Poems, too, while he is about it; and the salt-cellars that were accidentally left out of the china-box; and the little bronze owl, and—how many pockets has he anyway? She reckons them up and decides that the other small articles must go in her own pockets, and the children's, and that Mr. Jones need not take charge of anything except the silver, which he can hold in his lap quite easily, and Carlo, who must be tied to his wrist by a string. There. Now everything is arranged.

She fans herself with a piece of packing paper and draws a breath of relief. Her troubles are almost over, and really getting into the new house, with its sunny parlor and wider hall, if enough to compensate for anything. They have been crowded up so long! To be sure the room looks large enough to-day, as she glances toward its furthest dingy corners; but that is because half the furniture is out of it; when the piano was in it one could hardly turn round without knocking something over.

How many times she has had to reassure distressed callers who have tipped over the little table with their sweeping skirts! How many near-sighted gentlemen have stumbled over foot-stools and walked into chairs! No wonder. It was always so dim you could scarcely see what was there, even when you knew; with that dark paper it never would light up. At the other house it will all be different; but, somehow they never seemed to notice the inconveniences until now they are to lose them. They have been happy in the old house; will they be happier in the new? She looks fondly at the dingy walls and sighs; but the wagon rattles up to the door for the last load of furniture, and she wakes from her revery with a start and hurries once more to her work.

FARM LIFE THE BEST.

Farm life may often seem dull and tiresome in the busier seasons, but it is far less so than it used to be. Books, newspapers, and magazines come as easily to the country farm-house as they do to the city home. There is, too, on the average, as much reading at least by farmers as there is by city business men. What is read is generally more carefully pondered. The farmer is at work with nature all the time. Insensibly he gets into the habit of noting the hints nature gives. This makes the farmer more philosophical in his habits of thought than are the average of men engaged in occupations that quicken and sharpen intellect by contact with men, but do not broaden mind, as communion with nature is sure to do.

THE EDITOR'S PROBLEM.

One of the perplexities of the editor is to know what to do with the flood of manuscripts which constantly set in upon him—and a grievous perplexity it is. We sympathize heartily with the editor of the Nashville *Christian Advocate*, as he describes his editorial trials: "At our elbow, as we write, there lies a stack of MSS. big enough to fill a half bushel. We have read them all with the utmost care, and put them into shape for the printer. Some of them have been on hand for months. We fully expected to publish them every one. But the probabilities now are that they will never see the light. With only a limited space at our disposal, it is a physical impossibility to use all, or half, of the matter that we judge fit for the readers of the *Advocate*. In making selections out of a large mass it is quite possible that we take some things that would be better left out, and leave out some things that would be better taken; but we always try to do what we conceive to be right, and we must bear the displeasure of those of our friends who think that we ought to be wiser than we are."

Set the currant bushes where they will be partially protected by a shade.