Poetry.

ULD LANG SYNE.

Por suld leng syne, my dear,

Should suld sequeintance be forgot.

And herer brought to min't

And days o' sald lang syne !

For suld lang syne.

Let precent years be bright and gay

And flowers our brow-entwine.

We need na' surely a pint stoup

To cheer your heart and mige.

For sparkling wine on which to look

And let our bearte in friendship blend,

Relect Family Reading.

Easter came late that year. Netis

Raymond was glad of that. It never

seemed quite right or natural for the

churches to be dressed with flowers while

the snow was heaped high without, and

the wind carried sheets of frozen hail upon

its restless wings. But this year Easter

was in time and tune with the daffodils.

favorites of April. Even the stunted mag

nolis shreb in the South garden-ah, such

"Can't I go to church?" said Netis,

opening wide her blue eyes. "But why

not? I always went to church on Easter

"Bless yor heart, child, are you crazy?"

"My winter suit is very pice," said

"Pluci!" said Mrs. Pytchley.

Easter Bonnet.

They suld lang syne.

For suld lang syne.

For kuld lang syne.

And glo's a hand o' thine,

They go'er can bring a sunnier day

Sin' suld lang syno.

And fence it sround with grid.

Set it all with diamonds and tubies :

Grow vince and shade trees about it.

Let in only enthine and light : .

NOT WITHOUT CARE.

You may build you arelegast marige D

The Acton Free Press EVERY THURSDAY MORNING. -AT THE-

Free Press Steam Printing Office, 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 as the common papers—ONLY ADVERTISMO RATES-Transient advertise-meats, 8 cents per Nonparoli line for first in-sertion, 3 cents per line for each subsequent CONTRACT RATES-The following table shows

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- - SEASON---1893 - -

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Sash, Doors, Etc. and will also supply any special sizes on short Frames of All Kinds made to order. We also keep in stock a line of Base, Window and Door Casing, Corner Blocks, Your Lumber Dressed While You Wait. Price -\$1 50 per H.

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Dominion Notes.

Deposited with Government to Secure AMEN INVEDIATELY AVAILABLE. Bills Discounted. s Discounted Overdue Mortgages and other Assets.

LIABILITIES.

4,714,080

Paid up Capital Notes in Circulation. Deposits from Public

Total Assets ...

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.

Graduation

-FROM THE-

QUELPH.

GUELPH

TO ANY ADDRESS.

MILLIONS

Put money in thy purse;
If not, ales!
He who steals thy purse
Steals trash.

So said-William Shakespeare, and all we have

A good Bedroom Suite at \$10

\$6 00

And the best in the world

A better one for

A good sideboard for

A daisy with mirror

A better one with mirror

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-ACTON-

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Well Equipped and Stylish Rigs can al

WE'S be Secured

BUS LINE

A daisy

A beauty

A dandy

Business College -MEANS-

Enterprise,

Character Capacity,

velvet! and ostrich plumes! My dear girl we should be socially ostracised if we predressed in last winter's things. If your Success. uncle cares to send you money for an entire suit how-"

to keep Easter.

Day, at home."

to wear!

"Uncle Basil will not send me any more money at present," harriedly interrupted Netis, feeling as if a ball were rising up in-LLUSTRATED CIRCULAR SENT FREE to her (brost. "Uncle Basil has failed. He has accepted a clerkship at \$800 a year. M. MacCORMICK, Principal. And he hopes I shall be able to find some respectable and remunerative employment here in the North. I got his letter yesterday, Mrs. Pytchley, but I didn't intend to

spoil your Easter with it. I was going to tell you afterward." Mrs. Pytchley and herdaughters, Verona and Sabips, looked aghast at each other. The young Southern consin had been enough of an infliction before. Now she had become a positive incubus. "What are we to do?" said Verona.

"Gooddess only knows!" piously remarked Babine. "Something must be done," said Mrs. "But'at present we all have our hands full to finish Verona's gros-grain overskirt. Do thread your needle, Netis, to add is that a lean purse takes a new leace of life whenit comes in contact with the prices we and not sit there staring. One would think you had no desire whatever to be

asefal! Notis threaded the needle, as well as the could through her tears, and began diligent. ly to sew. It was two months now since she had seen sent North to her Uncle Basil's relations to finish the education which had been left at loose ends down We won't quote to you any big 15 per cent. disthere in the sanshine and butterflies of the Southern plantation. Mrs. Pytchley had my precious, treasured wife." been kind to her, in a cold, passionless sort of way! but Netis could scarcely be blind to the fact that her two cousins. Verons ond Sabisa, were decidedly distant and frigid toward her. Somehow, the never seemed to suit them. Verons declared that she laughed too loud. Sabina was always trying to train her into the proper

method of entering a room. "Not with a bounce, as if you were the housemaid bring coals," said Sabina, "no et dragging back, like a child that is brought to see the dentist. Why don't you watch Verona? Or model yourself after Mrs. Singham Singleton, who is always so

elegant and graceful." And, thee, too, they never let her come down any more into the drawing-room when they had company of an evening.

"Netis is only a child," they said. "I am eighteen," pleaded thegirl. "And should like to dance. We always danced Are the finest over seen in the city. Just see them. We handle the Celebrated High at Uncle Basil's in the evening." "You must wait until you are 'out." Mrs Pytchley said autocratically.

"But I never have been 'in,'" pitcously argued Nets Once or twice the pleaded her way into the room, in her white dress with the knots of pink ribbon and the precious old

Will be in a little later. Walt for us; we are going to put new life in this town and its good people. lace on the edge of the frills, and then she proved herself so dangerously pretty and attractive that Mrs. Pytchley prohibited it for the fature. "You have got your education to attend to, Netis." the said. "It is for that purpose that your uncle has sent you bere. And all these late hours and exciting side-We pay freight on all bills amounting to \$15.

issues are entirely out of question." "But," Netis gasped, "I told Mr. Arbuthnot that I could be one of the theatre-party en Mardi Gree night!" "Then you spoke very unadvisedly,"

primly remarked Mrs. Pytchley. "I shall

certainly allow nothing of the sort, Netice!

"Shan't I see him again?" "Mr. Arbathnot, I mean." "Kot with my consent," said Mrz. had been pleting and planning for a week to make properly unconscious opportuni. in the end. ties for the special purpose of meeting Mr.

beyond measure.

Netis looked from one to the other with s puzzled sir. What could she possibly

have said to appall her friends thus?" "It is not worth our while to discuss the question further," said Mrs. Pytchley. Should we forget the suld thatch'd tot be thought of in the fature." foll tak's thought o' kindness ye

Mr. Arbuthnot came that evening. He troofie in her chest; a queer feeling in For said leng tyne, very often dropped in, in a friendly way. her tack. We two eso run about the brane st Mrs. Pytchley's; but he looked disap-And pu't the gowens fine, But we've wandered mony weary days pointed when he did not see Netis. "Miss Raymond is not at home?" he We twe has peldi't i' the brook Fre mornin' san till dine,

And pay'd aroun' the ingle nook, In adld lang syne. Still dairies fair and beather Hell, Deck banks a' sweet wi' thypes. leave us soon." But could the hearts we lo'ed sa well, In edid lang syne.

for a hearty cry. "It is a little shabby, I admit; and the medicines, and was his own druggist. as I forgave his, thirty years ago." feather has never looked quite; right since | And the seelstant was pounding something And here's a hand, my trustle friend, it got drenched in that awful shower; but in a mortar when the doctor spoke to him.

-Rev. Geo. C. Lorimer, D.D. She caught up the scissors, and hurriedly ripping off the folds of velvet, turned them skillfully the other way, so as to present a

fresh frontage to the public eye. "And the ribbons aren't so bad," she told herself, consolingly. "If I only had something to trim it with ! Just then Maris, the parlor maid, came

up the stairs with a vase of suburb magno-"I had to cut 'em, miss," the said, apologetically addressing Netis. "Them boys was stealin' 'em over the fence. So, I'll just set 'em on the parlor mantel.' "Oh, Maria, do give me one," cried Netis,

ear Alabama!" Maria was a good-hearted girl.

the blue-birds, the spring violets, all the first faintly scented, delicately colored "Sure miss, you're welcome," said she, handing out the sweetest and largest of all the blossoms, as she went on her way. a contrast to the giant groves of cream and "My own sweet southern darling," said bloom to which Netis had been accustomed in her far off Southern home-was putting Netis; and as she pressed her lips to the lilac petals, the great flower slipped down forth its fresh colored buds, in the resolve athwart the violet-velvet bonnet. Netis

attered a cry of joy. "The very idea!" said she. And when she stole quietly out to church the next day after the Pytchley family had driven off in the carriage, which the liveryman on the next street had instructions to replied Mrs. Pytchley. You have nothing send around, looking as "private" as pos-

sible. Netis wore the re-modeled bonnet with a royal magnolia on its side. On Easter Sunday, with the sunshinepale and wintry still-playing on the pave- you so well. Bolus has all his patients on out their triumphant melody her own heart full of dim, vague, happiness, as if something very, very delightful was about to

It was a quiet, unostentatious church, in a side street, where fashionable people never went, to which she betook berself. And as Netis rose from her prayers, she was emazed to see, in' a pew nearly opposite hers-Mr. Arbuthnot!

When service was over, he joined her at the church door. "Miss Raymond," he said, "may I walk home with you? Pardon me, but-they told me that you had returned to the South She looked up shy, lovely, altogether beautiful. Did he see that she had no new dress, that her gloves were mended, thathorrors !- the purple tipped magnolia was

already beginning to droop from the heated atmosphere of the church. "No," she faltered, "I have not returned. But I think I shall soon go. My cousins are tired of me, I think, and of course. since I must earn my own bread, the sooner I get accustomed to it the better."

'Netis," said Mr. Arbuthnot, gravely, "I advise you not to go." Netis looked at him with a grave puzzled

"But what am I to do?" said she. where I am not welcome?" "Stay where you will have the warmest welcome, the tenderest love in the world." said Arbuthnot. "Dear little Netis, can if be possible that you have not fathomed the secret of my love? Stay here, Netis, to be

"Do you love me?" said Netis, a great wave of mingled terror and happiness welling up into her heart. And his tender look

yet criticising the various Easter toilets which they had seen at church, when Arbuthnot walked in, with little Netis Ray. mond leaning on his arm. "We are engaged, Mrs. Pytchley," said Netis, simply. "And I do so hope you will

be pleased." What else was there for Mrs. Pytchley that she was "delighted !" "But where on earth," said Verons, "did

to do but to smile galvanically and declare Netis get that exquisite French hat, with the peerless magnolia on it? I saw no such flower in all the millinery shope."

"It was a real flower," blushingly admitted Netis. "I had no other." "And that," said Mr. Arbuthnot, with a lover's pride, "is one of Netis's character-

istics. She is all 'real.' " EX-PRESIDENT HARRISON'S SALARY.

Ex. President Harrison received his last month's pay in the shape of a draft for \$4,166.67, issued on a warrant to the trees- Miss Tit did not send for him. arer signed, as asual, by the secretary of | night thermaid-servant who waited on her the tressury and sent over to the White | entered his office in tears. House by messenger. March 3 he received another draft for \$416.65, issued be the treasury department in the same way, representing his pay for service as president of the United States for the first three day's of March and closing his account

with the government. Notwithstanding the fact that he was president up to goon the fourth of March. General Harrison received no pay whatever for his services on that day for the reason that the federal accounting officers do not recognize divisions of a day in the settlement of accounts of salaries. Each ly. He maked he had not humored her incumbent of the office of president is paid fancies, Tet felt that perhaps she might the salary of that office beginning with the Pytchley. And Verons and Sabins, who day of his inauguration, so that he gains in the beginning of his term what he loses

This arrangement was followed at the legacy to ber maid, smaller obes to her Arbuthnot, looked shocked and scandelized | previous change of administration, and at other servents, and ended with this clause its predecessor, and is so fair and reason. "It is positively unmaidenly," said able that it is not likely to be changed. Itents of the six great chests in the garrets.

Sabina, with virginal severity.

According to the treasury computation, the presence of the assemblar who hear this will read. Mr. Presidential salary of \$50,000 a year is at unrestrained," said Verons.

The Southern girls are so very bold and presidential salary of \$50,000 a year is at the rate of \$138,88 a day.

The southern girls are so very bold and presidential salary of \$50,000 a year is at the fawyer, will unlock them: No. 1

MISS TAFT'S LEGACY.

Miss Talt was waiting in the doctor's from office for Dr. Moore to come in. She "Netis is not to go-that is enough! We your. Her money was all her own, and bered in the same way. must try to get her a place as companion | shelled more than she knew how to spend. or perhaps, a genteel post in some confec. Perhaps, if she had been poorer she would tionery or fancy store. But all that can not have had so many mysterious afflictlong pein here and a pain there; a

Enery week she called the doctor or went im, and swallowed nearly as much medicine as she did food. As for lotions and salves, she had bottles and pots and "Netis sees no company in the evening," jars mough to start an anotherary.

such a little recluse. And, really, she is she sad dropped in and was waiting for Dr. trick by another; but you will forgive me, getting so homesick that I think she will Moore with some impatience, when she heard him enter the back parlor. The But on Easter eve, when Mrs. Hytchley | doors were drawn, but the expected them and the two girls had gone to assist in the to open in a moment, being unaware that decoration of some fashionable church, in | the servant had gone across the street to their most becoming toilets, Netis sat down spess to a friend at a doorway, and had not mitiged the doctor of her presence. "My poor old bonnet!" said she to her- Inche little village where Miss Talt had self as she turned it around and around. spent per life, the doctor prepared his own

I did so want to go to church. I won-"Williams !" "Did you mix the licorice and water?"

Hat this label on it. Miss Taft is sore to come in this week." "Hit you don't give her licorice and

"Different flavoring," said the doctor. "Mill Taft, is an excellent woman, but there is nothing in the world the matter with Her. If I were to tell her so, she wouldonly go to Dr. Bolus, and he might kill . I need my fees. She je rich. It does get hurt her, and I take care that she wan't be injured. Not highly con-

Only one! It makes me fancy I am in ssiant us, I know, but I must live." The secietant laughed. "I'd not betray you," he said, and the

> towards the folding door. Then she felt that her face was flushed, and remembered that then she lost her temper she also forgo her dignity: so she quietly turned into the ballway and out into the street. write him a note she said-"a note that shall crash him with shame, and I willi bver go to him again." As the hurried slong many people nodded

or board to her, for the was very popular, and on bne corner she met the minister's "Breit as a rose, I declare, Miss Talt," this ledy cried, with all the town sick. I believe t must be Dr. Moore who keeps Moore & such a cereful man, and yet, they tell me he can barely live. His assistant you? Iff they'd change I think Mrs.

"Those Dr. Moore certainly does not sister what she had seen. give," skid Mics Taft. Then she found !.

of the poture was presented to her. "Licarice water, indeed !" great blume of comebody's "Family scrambled into the git and concealed the Medicing," and read the symptoms of entrance cleverly by drawing the boards small por carefully. Then she threw a and brush into place.

shawl mout her, and ley down upon a sofe, and sent a servant for Dr. Moore. "Tell him to run," she said, maliciously she know he had no gig.

not fan but he was prompt; and Miss for them. Talt, who had managed to grow graye, described every symptom of small pox, add- | candles were in the jack-o'-lasterns, and ing that the thought she had been exposed they were thrust up through the brush. to the infection on the care during a late The dostor was slarmed, but puzzled.

"Your palce seems all right he said. "You really surprise me; but I will send He din For a week he came every day; then Mist Taft declared herrelf well. A fewidays after she had symptoms

laver-if her word was to be be Mrs. Pytchley and her daughters were For seme time the Dr. came regularly, as before. Indeed, from that time he never knew when Miss Taft would send for himat dawagehd at dusk, at noon and at midnight from his bed in coldest winter, from his dinner when he was hongriest. Finally he decided that she was actually a mad

paid for all the medicines, and was always saking for more.

thought timself a wonderful physician- He can fell it from a man every time. Naturally the families thus saved called man. Bet Miss Talt never failed bim. on his widding day. They were the best of friend always, but somehow the regard-

laugh at them as he departed. Long. Hong years went by. One day "I can't without being told," she said. "Miss The didn't get up to-day, and won't

The direct harried to the house. He went to Miss Taft's bedside and took het "My date lady, you are really sick this time." he kaid.

A little hourse laugh answered him. bought be heard her say : "Latorine water won't do now." Dr. Moore did his best, but Miss Talt died that might. He mourned her sincerehave fared worse if he had not. Miss That, without relatives, and dying very rich had made her will. She left the balk of the property to a widow's home,

"To I'd Manuel Moore I leave the con-

Burgrise seized all.

The garret stairs were climbed. Six great, beir trunks of immense size, and very, yery old, stood in a row. They were waste rich lady, still by courtesy called marked, "Taft," in brass nails, and num-

> Mr. Boll unlocked number one. The contents were covered with a cloth On the cloth lay a letter. "DELE DOCTOR : "Thirty years ago I was in your office when you were not aware of

, and heard a convertation between yourself and your eseintent, Mr. Williams. By this I learned your method of prescribing for me. From that day to this I have called you in constantly, but Libave never had a single day of real illness. In these trunks you will find everything you ordered said the manœuvering widow. "She is This time her little finger felt queer, and and pill boxes opened. I have repaid your for I always paid my fees. Mr. Boll will open the other trunks before all present." The doctor, albeit a little finched and remulous, bore the ordes! bravely until

the sixth trunk was opened. In it were the title deeds of propert that made him a rich man, and these words on the envelope that contained them "For Dr. Mixter Moone, my dear old friend, who will forgive me my bit of fun, You may let love be conquered by duty. But you cannot live without care.

. Then he broke down and wept. BRAYE GIRLS. A correspondent of the Portland Tran-

eriptrecounts the thrilling experience of two girls, Prodence, and Endarance Piace. | lath muskets, was displaying handkerchief twin sisters, who lived in the Cocheco Valley near two hundred years ago. At waterfor everything, do you ?" saked the that time the country from Portamouth to Ofsipes was an unbroken wilderness, and settlers were few, in the beautiful valley. The Place family lived in a log house in-

away empty-handed. When Prudence and Badarance were fourteen years of age Mr. and Mrs. Place. with the younger children, went on a visit I'm the only feller to cap'n this company. to Portsmouth leaving the twins to keep Any one says I sin't he can get out. Say, house. During the first day of their home. can any of you fellers make them cars keeping the girls gathered the big yellow start when he wants ter? I can, I'm boes Wild Teft, boiling with rage, advanced pumpkins from the field, and laid them in of that train, now you see! Stand where

a pile near the back door. While resting from their labor, they ! amused themselves by cutting two hideous | between two cars, he could see the conducjack-o'-lanterns from large pumpkins, each | tor. From the rank and file of the "soldiery" seeking to outdo the other in carving the this official could not be seen. grotesque features. They stuck them on . "Now, then," he shouted, ttrain don't ready to actonich their father on his re- you'll see how it minds me."

While Endurance prepared the simple supper and set the house to rights for the the abedient frain puffed off. night, Pradence went out to drive home the cow and sheep. She had to go farther | cap'n of this comp'ny now ?" 'Then the ment at her feet, the church bells clanging their beks. It's a pity he gets so many, than she had expected, and as she came bood-winked company of boys trotted off. near a brook she was startled to see three | submissively behind the juvenile charper Indians on the other side, talking exruest- who had thus demonstrated his power to Speak well of him at the Brown's won't then toward the hopse in the clearing. Prudence was alarmed by their suspic-Browe I would improve. Such terribly lous conduct. Turping back, unseen by claim a better right to their boasted titles :

strong tredicines won't do for everybody. them, she fled homeward, and told her than was due this precocious little pretendherself aughing. A sense of humor is a gone away, an' they're comin' here to steal server of the scene, "he will probably begreat beep to the temper. The fanny side an' p'r'spe kill us," they mid to each other. come one of the lazy glib tongued leaders' For & minute the frightened girls knew not what to do. The jack-o'-lauterns were Salt and water once she felt sure; rose lying in a corner of the room, and like an water mother time; sugar and vanilla be- inspiration it came to Enderance that fore that. Oh! it was funny. And the with these horribly grinning faces they had mesured and dropped so carefully, could scare away the Indians. Quickly and keet her eye on the clock, taking her | they decided what to do. Near the back | pine wastes so common in middle Georgia By the kime she reached home her ideas | and now covered with beards and brush.

> After what seemed hours of waiting and and listening, the girls heard steatthy steps | manac. about the house, which was in total dark-

Now was the moment for action. The Indians caught a glimpse of the frightfal faces, and filled with super-

stitious ferror, fled, believing they had seen In the morning, when Prudence and Endurance ventured forth from their concealment, they found in the garden path, a tomaliank and three eagle's feathers. The spot was ever afterward regarded with superstitions are by the Indians, not

the log House of the Places.

A THIEF IN FEATHERS Most boys who live in the country here had a tame |crow at some stage of their career, and the verdict is that a tame crow is more tame than any other living thing. A gentleman, talking about crows the other day, also said that This went on for years. At last, at the crows are brainy animals, and that a age of 80 Dr. Bolos, with many murders | bundle of old clothes strung on a stick in a on his unconscious old soul-for he really corn field never deceives a veteran crow.

Several years ago, this gentlemen said

he was keeping a dry-goods store in Nash-Dr. Moore. His lucome thutingressed. ville, and owned a pet crow. Little He married, and was spoken of as & rising articles were aften misred, but the shoplifter could not be detected. "One day." She sentitor him he should ever remember he continued, "s one hundred dollar bill disappeared from the cash desk, and then I hired & detective to watch the store. He was not long in spotting the thief. Mr. Crow flew away with a skein of silk thread and he was followed. He deposited it in a hollow oak-tree in the rear of the building, and came back for another baul. We cut the tree down, and found it to contain more than a boshel backetful of notions of all kinds, filehed from counters, and in the lot was my one hundred dollar bill. He was the most successful shop lifter I ever

We empanelled a mock court, tried the offender, and passed sentence of death upon him. But it was never executed. Whether he understood the rentence, or simply realized that his occupation was

gone I do not know, but with a loud croak he flew away and we never saw him again. The editor of a country paper says Wednesday's bost brought us a letter addressed Rev., snother 'The Hon., snother 'Col.,' one 'Mr., and the last 'Esq.' On the way to dinger we accidentally stepped on a woman's train, and she addressed us

thus; 'You brufe !" That care of George W. Turner of Galway, N. Y., of scrolule, by Hood's Sarsap.

Minard's Liniment relieves Neuralgia.

You may keep out the wind and the cold, You may benish from it all intruders. Have music and levity there: You may shut out discord and cary, But you cannot thut out care. You may build a lowly cottage. You may paint it all in white.

> You may keep out the cary and malice That wrinkle the faces we wear: You may keep love inside and contentment But you cannot keep out care. You may sing with the voice of an angel. You may deuco with a fairy's feet. You may lough till your laughter makes grusie For everyone that you meet You may deace till your feet seem twickling. Till the reses fade in your bair .

You may dance till the world dies of cury. Butyon cannot drive away care. You may tuile in the faces of women . Who enty your very life, As you bide from their eyes all the burdens, The weariness, heartaches and strife : You may live to the poor will adore you Live a life that the world calls fair ;

- Waverly Magazine

A company of small boys, armed with banners, was recently boticed marching toward a suburban railway station from the open space in front of it. The commander

was a shrewd-faced lad, somewhat older Mutiny had evidently begun in the ranks small clearing. Indiana occasionally for as the youngsters drew near the station called at the house, but Mri Place treated |-before which a train had just then them courtequely, and never cent them stopped-their captain, bringing them to a sharp halt, addressed them as follows ! "Say, fellers, some of you say you want to take turne bein' cap'n. You can't do it.

> you, are and just watch me." He moved several rods to the right where

poles, fixed the candles inside, and made start till I wave my sword. Watch and turn by showing the grinning ourse at the | His eye was on the conductor. "Hold window. He would know what they were still he called apparently to the engineer. for he had taught them to make jack of "Not yet-there-hold on!" In a moment or two the conductor gave the signal. "Go it !" and apparently at his command.

> "Do you see that? he cried. . Who's command and therefore his right to rale. How many "great discoverers" or "originators of great movements" can justly

"They've found out father an' mother | 1 "When that boy grows up," raid the obiu 'practical politica' that are so plenty in

SLIGHT INDIFFERENCE.

our great citizes."- I'outh's Companion.

doses apprecisely as if life depended on it. door was a pit, dug for storing potatoes, some 'years ago overlook a young man. whose sack of corn under him on the farm. had charged. She took from the shell a Taking their jack o'-lanterns, they horse he rode gave evidence that he was Some conversation between the two developed the fact that the young man

Was a son of the author of a popular al-The gentleman asked the young man, ness. Listening intently, they heard the Jocosely, "And do you ever make calcula-The litotor came. I am afraid he did Indians in the garden, evidently searching | tions upon the weather like those for which your father is so celebrated?"

> "Oh, yes," he replied readily. "And how do your calculations agree with your father's?" inquired the centle-"Very well indeed," replied the young man. "We are never more than one day

part in our reckoning." "Why that is wonderful, certainly !" relaimed the gentlemen. "Ouly one day's "Yee," said he, with a twinkle in biseye: the can always tell the day before when it then it is going to rain and I can always

one of whom was ever known to approach | will the day afterward !"- l'onth'e Com-HE LOVED THAT WHISTLE SO Going to Springfield, the other day, there tas sealed in the car one of Holyoke's legal lighte; accompanied by his wife and wirweer-old son and heir, whose sole ambition h life at present is to learn to whiatle. he window was open, and the boy had been holding on to his hat with one hand for fear it would blow away. The conductor coming in slammed the door, and r an inetant the boy let go his hat. His

ther reached round through the window d whisked it off his bead. The boy was Look straight ahead and whistle for it id it will come back," said the father. I can't whietle, I'm too mad." "Well, then, I'll try :" and the dignified wyer whistled a few bars of Annie fooney, and shortly afterward placed the. oy's hat on his head, whose tears were now srned to smiles. . Then he stood up in his seat, and enstched his father's new by tile

ain, papa." - Northampton Journal.

from his head, deliberately threw it out of

the car window, saying, "Whistle for at

SOMETHING TO SAY. a & Norfolk, Va., police court & colored was about to receive sentence for sometty crime, says a correspondent. It was idently his first offence, and he was not familiar with court usages. When the dage saked the usual question before proconcing sentence, he varied the form a tle-carelessly, or perhaps as a relief to

"Well, sir," have you anything you, can

"Yes, sir," said the frightened boy.

"You have? !- the case had been very clear against the prisoner. "Speak up. then, and let us hear it." To the amazement of judge, lawyers, hd looppers, the little fellow began : The boy stood on the burning deck.

Whence all but he had fled. So keen was the appreciation of the ludi crous in the listeners that the poem was ompleted without interruption - Youth's Conspanion.