The Acton Free Press.

VOLUME XVIII.---NO. 42. ACTON, ONTARIO, THURSDAY, APRIL 20, 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 Nonparell 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	3.00
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.

JAMES HUTCHEON.
Land Surveyor and Civil Engineer.
Office, adjoining J. A. Mowat's, Macdonnell street, Guelph.

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 $500 and upwards.

JOHN DAY,
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. Ruling neatly and promptly done

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

JOB PRINTING,
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,
FREE PRESS Office, Acton

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 Wodwich 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 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 ROOM:—Mill St., Georgetown, or address, Box 156, S. M. Cook & Co. Auctioneers.
BRANCH OFFICE:—21 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.

Spring Seeds
FIELD and GARDEN
Red and Alsike Clover, Timothy, Flaxseed, Oilcake, Thorley Food, Seed Grain
of every kind, new and old varieties.
SEED POTATOES, early and late varieties. GARDEN PEAS, ONIONS, CORN, BEET, CARROT, &c., by packet, ounce, lb. peck or bushel.
The product of my Mangel, Carrot and Turnip Seed took all the leading prizes at the Township Shows last year.
I am the only seedsman west of Toronto importing direct and avoiding the Toronto and Hamilton seed combination.
GEO. J. THORP,
Masonic Block, GUELPH.

A Business Education
Is a Source of Wealth.
Every young person will find a thorough business training the greatest aid in getting a good start in business life. This age calls for active, intelligent, well-trained help in all departments of trade. Those who make their services valuable have no difficulty in securing desirable positions, where advancement is assured. The demand for capable, reliable assistants is constantly increasing. A practical business education not only fits one for a successful start, but with energy, perseverance and hard work leads to prosperity and wealth. This is within the reach of every ambitious person who attends the
Guelph Business College,
Located at Nos. 101 and 103 Wyndham street, Guelph, Ont. Call or write for particulars.
M. MacCORMICK, Principal.

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.

- - 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. EBBAGE, Manager
Acton

Wellington Mutual
Fire Insurance Company
ESTABLISHED 1840.
INSURANCE on Mutual plan. Any communications forwarded to my address, Box 726, or telephone 68, 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	217,613
Deposited with Government to Secure Circulation	27,505
Notes and Cheques of other Banks	122,159
Call Loans on Stocks and Bonds	756,923
Balances Due from other Banks	106,783
Government Debentures	302,560
ASSETS IMMEDIATELY AVAILABLE	$1,539,468
Bills Discounted	3,012,383
Bills Discounted Overdue	6,767
Bank Premises	16,448
Mortgages and other Assets	19,033
Total Assets	4,714,099

LIABILITIES.

Paid up Capital	607,400
Surplus	55,000
Notes in Circulation	560,963
Deposits from Public	3,190,547
Deposits from other Banks	224,941

Alabastine.
It won't rub off.
It is more sanitary and is cheaper than Wall Paper.
It can be easily applied.
Write
BOND & CO
Hardware, GUELPH
For sample card and prices.

McLAREN & CO'S
Climax Puzzle.

M	E	A
P	C	W
O	Y	R

N R L I

DIRECTIONS FOR CLIMAX PUZZLE
1. Cut the cardion the line in nine squares and arrange them in three rows so that up and down across from corner to corner they shall spell a word of three letters eight ways.
2. Form a cross with the nine letters so as to spell a word of five letters in two ways.
3. Spell a word of nine letters with all the letters in a row.
4. Form a triangle and show a word of four letters in three ways.
N.B.—The above puzzle is printed on a card which will be supplied by McLaren & Co. The letters N. R. L. I. appear on reverse side of card under the letters W. C. R. Y.
This puzzle can be solved.
The first person sending us the correct solution of the Puzzles will receive $5.00 in cash and any pair of shoes in store, valued at $3.50.
The first person sending us the nearest correct solution of the puzzle will receive $2.50 in cash and any pair of shoes in our store, valued at $2.50.
All replies to be sent in on or before June 1st, 1893.
All replies must be sent in sealed envelopes, with full name and address given to the Leading Boot and Shoe Store, Wm. McLaren & Co, Guelph.

THE LEADING BOOT & SHOE STORE.
We take care to keep our prices low and quality high. We have a full assortment of Ladies' American hand-made Kid Boots, in all widths.
We Lead in all the novelties in foot wear. In catering for the best trade in Ladies' and Gents' Fine Goods, we do not forget the children. Our stock is large and always of the best quality.
WM. McLAREN & CO.

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 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.

Poetry.

LET IT PASS.

Let former grudges pass."—SHAKESPEARE.

Be not swift to take offence;
Let it pass!
Anger is a foe to sense;
Let it pass!
Brood not darkly o'er a wrong,
Which will disappear ere long
Rather sing this cheery song—
Let it pass!
Let it pass!

Strife surrounds the wisest mind;
Let it pass!
As the unregarded wind;
Let it pass!
Any vulgar souls that live
May condemn without reprieve;
'Tis the noble who forgive,
Let it pass!
Let it pass!

Echo not an angry word;
Let it pass!
Think how often you have erred;
Let it pass?
Since our joys must pass away,
Like the dewdrops on the spray
Wherefore should our sorrows stay?
Let it pass!
Let it pass!

If for good you've taken ill,
Let it pass!
Do not with scorn the measure fill,
Let it pass;
Time at last makes all things straight;
Let us not resent but wait,
And our triumph shall be great:
Let it pass!
Let it pass!

Bid your anger to depart,
Let it pass!
Lay those homely words to heart,
Let it pass!
Follow not the giddy throng,
Better to be wronged than wrong;
Therefore sing the cheery song—
Let it pass!
Let it pass!
—*Southern Churchman.*

Select Family Reading.

Cupid in the Kitchen.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

"The cook has given warning, and the chamber-maid says that, where Susan goes she goes likewise," said Mrs. Montgomery, in a tone of despair. "And as I have just paid their wages they are packing to go. What wicked, wicked women. Not a word of warning!"

"Why, mamma! what is the reason of this sudden desertion?" queried Emily, the only daughter of the house, aged eighteen—and she laughed.

"Your father found fault with the beef last Sunday. Ah—there is nothing to giggle over, I am sure," said the matron, dropping into a rocking chair. "A week at the intelligence office for me, while the house goes to wreck and your papa loses his temper over the dinners, for old Mrs. Chump, the only person I can send for, always ruins every dish she touches."

"And we cannot have Mrs. Chump this time, mamma," said Emily. "She is in bed with rheumatism. I met her little niece in the drug store buying medicines and lotions for her, and she said she was very bad."

"Then the end has come!" sighed Mrs. Montgomery.

"Don't fret, mamma, I'll do the work," said Emily. "I think it might be fun for a while."

"Do you?" Mrs. Montgomery asked, sarcastically. "Ah!"

Emily laughed again.

"It's the best you can do," she said, "and I'll give papa a high tea; with omelette and chicken sandwich, and all the things he likes, and no doubt you can find some one to come to-morrow."

"Oh, no doubt," said Mrs. Montgomery, in still more sarcastic tones. "I wish I had your sanguine temperament, Emily."

"Good bye, mum and miss," said cook, looking in at the door. "Good bye, and I wish you luck suiting yourself, I'm sure. No doubt there is them that might if they had the patience of Job; not else."

"Good bye, ladies," said the chamber-maid; "I'm loath to leave you, but Susan and me goes the two of us together, always, and if she is insulted, I am likewise."

"Good-bye," said Emily, calmly.

Mrs. Montgomery turned her back, and muttered "Ungrateful wretches!" between her teeth.

"And I actually made over my navy-blue Bedford cord dress for that woman," she said, after the door closed, "and never has she had to buy an apron. There I'll go and begin my martyrdom, and, Emily, if you go into the kitchen, put on my rubber gloves and my mob cap, that I wear for dusting my room—coal ashes are the ruin of the hair—and a big apron—your looks are my pride."

Emily kissed her mother, saw that she went off comfortably, and then obediently donned cap, gloves and apron, and descended to the kitchen.

Cook, in her wrath, had left the kitchen in a state of chaos.

Dishes piled high in the sink, towels on the floor, pots and kettles in sore need of scouring, overflowing tubs, a pan of potato peelings, a kettle of ashes—all by way of revenge for the insulting criticism of last Sunday's dinner.

The prospects were alarming, but Miss Emily went to work with a will, finding it rather more difficult than in her inexperience she had supposed, and wishing that her mother had not so carefully guarded her delicacy at the expense of her usefulness in kitchen affairs.

Just as she took her pots and kettles in hand, Jack Spinner, the millionaire's son, flying along upon his bicycle, came very near running into a young man who sat upon a curbstone, moaning piteously, and at once alighted.

"Good heavens! I haven't hurt you?" he cried.

"No, sir," replied the person addressed, who was enveloped in a mysterious waterproof costume, and covered from head to foot with ashes. "I was clane dead when you came up. I've got the cholera or the typhus, I dunno which, and I'll lose my job, for I'm able for it no longer, and there is no mercy on you if you neglect a thing if it is ever so with you—no mercy."

"That is very cruel," said young Spinner, who had the tenderest heart in the world. "Is it that ash-cart you are driving?"

"It is indeed," said the unfortunate. "And there is six barrels to empty yit, and me not able for it, I could drive back, but I couldn't lift the barrels."

At home they called Jack Don Quixote, for he was always succoring some forlorn being in distress, maid or man—it made no matter which. Now he instantly bethought him what to do for this poor ash-cart driver.

"Come along," he said, taking the man by the arm and leading him into a drug store hard by. "I'll tell the doctor to see to you, and empty the rest of the barrels for you—jolly fun for me, you know, and you'll keep your job, and all that."

The man petrified with astonishment, could only lift his hands, and in a moment more a still more astonished drug clerk had a patient—well paid for in advance—and was mixing hot water and whiskey, and spicing it well with cloves, and dropping cholera mixture into a glass and applying mustard plasters, in the little back room behind the store.

"Six more houses," said Jack, walking beside the cart, "straight down the man said.

He shouldered the first barrel and dumped it. A shower of ashes covered him, but he only laughed. Next came a zinc can, quite elegant in appearance, but filled with decaying vegetables, and ornamented by the inanimate forms of three murdered kittens.

Mr. Jack gasped, but he intended to finish his work of charity now that he had begun it. And, with varied results, new experiences to him, the young athlete emptied five barrels. On the sixth pavement he found none.

What an ashman's duty was he did not know, but he had his invalid's interests at stake, and must do his best for him, so he descended the areaway and rang the bell. In a moment a girl in a mop cap, a big apron, and rubber gloves, opened the door.

"Beg pardon, I am sure," said Jack, bowing, "but do you wish your ash barrel emptied?"

He spoke in the most elegant manner, but he was covered with ashes as with a garment; his moustache was whitened, his hands begrimed, cinders adhered to his hair and his face was dirty.

The maid before him was not quite free from marks of kitchen labor. It was Emily, who had been washing the pots and kettles for the first time in her life.

"What a beautiful manner he has," she thought, "he must be someone in reduced circumstances."

And she smiled upon him:

"You are the—the ash gentleman, I suppose?" she queried.

"I call in that capacity," said Jack.

"Then if it is not too much trouble the ash can stands in this little place under the front steps" said Emily.

"No trouble whatever," said Jack, diving into the place indicated; "I'll bring it back when it is emptied."

"You are too kind," said Emily, unaware of the pot black on her chin.

"Not at all," said Jack of the cinders, and they bowed as if they were dancing the lancers.

In a moment Jack had dumped the ashes and returned with the can.

He was greeted by a great puff of smoke and Emily, blushing and coughing, came out into the area for air.

"Beg pardon," said Jack, "but the house is not on fire?"

"I hope not," said Emily, "the fire went out, and I'm trying to kindle it, but it smokes so."

"Perhaps it is the damper," said Jack, "I'll look if you don't mind."

"I shall be grateful," gasped Emily.

"It is the damper," said Jack "and these things in the oven, now if I may have a bit of paper and some wood?"

He found them himself, made a fire, opened the windows, and waited until the smoke had vanished from the kitchen, and then shut the windows.

"What a wonderful ashman," Emily thought.

"What an elegant girl to cook," Jack said to himself.

"It is so kind of you," said Emily, "so stupid of me. But I did not know about the dampers; I never made a fire before, but the servants have taken French leave."

"Oh!" said Jack, to himself. "The young lady of the house doing amateur kitchen housework. I might have known it. And she thinks me the ashman," and he sighed. "Good day," he said, bowing.

Before Emily could reply a head was thrust in at the window—that of the original ashman.

"An' here you air, sir?" he said. "An' sure the medicine the doctor did be givin' me has made me a new man, an' I'm forever obliged. And sorry I am you've spoiled the fine clothes you have on ye. And you'll find your boy-suckle in the doctor's shop. I've trounced the rascal that was goin' off wid it, to a jelly. I'll drive down sir, and never forget your kindness. May you be mayor of New York yet."

"Oh, you are welcome," said Jack, and now Emily was staring at him.

"Not the ashman!" she was saying under her breath, and Jack, laughing, answered her glance.

"My first ash cart, as this was your first fire," he said. "The driver was ill, and I took his place. It has been great fun, though rather dirty work. May I introduce myself?"

He took a card from his pocket and presented it.

"I am Miss Montgomery," said Emily; "and I think my father must know yours very well, if you are Mr. William Spinner's son. They are in the same business."

So it proved. For special occasions who can say what the coquette may be? Emily said to herself that it would be simply humane to help this martyr to his kindly sympathies out of his coat of ashes, and sent him to her brother's room to find clothes brush and wash basin.

When he met her again she wore neither mob cap nor apron, but was attired in a pretty morning dress, and her hair curled bewitchingly on her forehead.

And, since this was the son of her father's old friend, it seemed but hospitable to ask him to lunch. Mamma would not be at home, she was quite alone. It was awfully improper—but this latter point never occurred to Emily, nor to Jack, and these two were both young and liked sweet things, and Jack declared that he never had so delightful a lunch before.

It was a romance—which is different from a flirtation—that little episode, and it always remained in the memory of those two young people as the sweetest moment of their lives.

When her mother returned, Emily wore cap, apron and gloves. The high tea was ready, and all the work accomplished, after a fashion, and the girl looked so pretty so happy.

"Cooking must agree with you," Mrs. Montgomery said.

But Emily did not speak of the amateur ashman, or her lunch party of two, until long after—oh, long, long after—for it was some days before Mr. Spinner called on the father, bringing the son with him—some weeks before they were asked to an afternoon tea—some months before Jack became a friend of the family—and quite a year before his engagement to Miss Emily Montgomery was announced to his friends.

And it was only on the eve of her wedding that Emily told her mother that Jack had fallen in love with her at first sight, and how and where.

And Mrs. Montgomery declared that it would have been very shocking—frightfully imprudent—if it had been anyone but Jack; but that made all the difference. Jack was such a nice fellow.

A "THANK-YOU" MITE-BOX.

Allen was five years old. He had bright eyes and rosy cheeks, and he was very wide-awake. When his sister Bessie joined the Elioc Star Mission Circle there seemed to be no good reason why Allen should not be allowed to join also. Allen's first mission meeting was an era in his history, for Allen was an attentive listener, and he returned home with some new ideas—and a mite-box, which latter he hugged to his heart in warm affection. When papa Grant returned home that night, Allen ran eagerly to meet him.

He kissed his papa and then asked: "Ain't you glad you got a little boy like me?"

"Of course!" said his papa.

"An' you're thankful, ain't you, papa, that I'm well an' strong an' can run to meet you?"

"Certainly, yes," replied his papa, wondering much what this unusual style of questioning might mean.

"Then papa, please put a penny in my mite-box!" and Allen triumphantly produced his box and held it up for his papa' offering.

"Well, well," said Mr. Grant, holding Allen and his mite-box off at arm's length in pretended terror: "this is some sort of a trap to catch my hard-earned money. I must look into this and see what it is all about."

"Papa, this is a 'thank-you' mite-box, an' when anybody's thankful they must put a penny in it," Allen explained.

"Then I suppose I must take care not to be thankful," said Mr. Grant.

"Oh, but you can't help it, papa. Now put a penny in, that's a dear."

Mr. Grant looked at the eager, smiling little face, and patting the little fellow's hand, he dropped a bright ten cent piece into the box. Allen was so delighted he could hardly contain himself.

"I shall expect you to tell me all about this mite-box business after supper," said Mr. Grant.

"Oh, yes," said Allen: if only mamma will let me stay up long enough."

Allen was accustomed to retiring very promptly after a simple repast of bread and milk, but his mamma consented to allow him to sit up half an hour later that night, that he might tell his papa all about the mission meeting and how he came to bring home the mite-box.

"You see," said Allen, "there was a missin'ry lady at the meetin', who'd been way off teachin' the little Turkey children. Not like what we have Thanksgivin', but little boys an' girls like Bessie an' me. Do you s'pose they have lots of turkeys there? Anyway, the children, poor little things, have orful hard times. I wouldn't like to live there. When they go in school they leave their shoes by the door, an' they have to sit on their legs 'bout the teacher an' study right out loud. Mustn't their legs get tired, papa?"

"Yes," said papa, solemnly; "and the poor teachers must grow deaf."

"Oh, they can't have deef teachers," said Allen, earnestly, "'cause if anybody stops hollerin' the teacher knows it, an' hits 'em with a rod. An' the children go to school quick's the sun gets up an' stay till five o'clock."

"And though they stay so many hours," volunteered Bessie, "there're lots of children in a room, and they don't learn much of anything."

"Shouldn't uppose they would," promptly responded Mr. Grant. "Well, Allen?"

"The rooms are dark, an' they ain't ventilated. You 'splain it, Bess!"

"The rooms have no windows on the outside," said Bessie; "the school-rooms are built about a hollow square, and the windows open into the square, so it makes the room dark and the air isn't good, that's what Allen means."

"Bless me!" said Mr. Grant. "And is ninteen-cent piece going to such a school as this?"

"Why, course not, papa," said Allen, astonished at his father's ignorance; "we have been tellin' you 'bout a turkey school."

"Turkish," said Bessie.

"Turkish," repeated Allen; "but our 'thank-you' money's going to build a lovely new school like ours, where the mission'ries will teach the children 'bout Jesus, an' 'rithmetic an' jography, an' all 'em things, and we've got to be thankful a lot, for I want to get my box full 'fore the next meetin'."

"Whew!" said Mr. Grant, "I'd like to know what our being thankful has to do with your box?"

"It will have lots to do, papa, if every time you're thankful you put in a cent," said Allen, nothing daunted.

"And why do you call it a mite-box, Allen?"

"Papa 'cause it's so little; mamma used to call me a mite, but I'm a big boy now."

"The box gets its name from the story of the widow and her two mites," said Bessie. Miss Bray read it to us once, and I remember she said the richest gift was the one that carried the most love with it. Please won't I read that beautiful story to Allen?"

"Not to-night," interposed mamma Grant, who forthwith proceeded to capture her small boy and lead him off to bed.

The mite-box, however, was henceforth an acknowledged institution in the Grant family. Allen ran about with his, so industriously soliciting the thank-offerings of the entire household that his brilliant success became at length a source of discouragement to Bessie.

"Allen's mite-box is almost ready to burst, it's so full, while my poor little pennies must feel quite lonesome," said she.

It was the day of the quarterly meeting when the mite-boxes were to be opened.

"You're a big girl," replied her mamma, "twice as big as Allen, and your box represents your own individual savings for the good cause. "Your box represents more self-denial than Allen's, although it contains the smaller sum. Don't you suppose that Jesus sits over against the treasury to-day, and understands about our gifts?"

Bessie's face cleared.

"Then he'll know that I tried," she said; "but Miss Bray?"

"She will know that you tried, too," said her mamma, smiling.

"I'll tell Miss Bray," announced Allen, magnanimously, "that everybody put in my box cause I wasn't big enough to be thankful all 'lone."

"Papa and I have about concluded that we ought to set up a 'thank-you' mite-box of our own," said Mrs. Grant. "A thank-offering to God for his great goodness seems such a very sweet way of helping those who lack the priceless blessings which we enjoy."

"Only when a little girl happens to want some candy!" said Bessie, archly.

"She must think," replied her mamma, "how little a gift is worth that never costs us one atom of effort or self-sacrifice."

"And candy makes my teeth bad, too," said Bessie, cheerily.

Bessie and Allen returned from the quarterly meeting full of enthusiasm.

"Building's going up," Allen assured his father. "My 'thank-you' money's gone for a door, an' Bessie bought some bricks with her offerin'."

"We are real estate owners now, papa," laughed Bessie. "I shall have to go to Smyrna some day to see Allen's door and my bricks."

"I mean to buy 'nother door," said Allen.

"And I some more bricks," said Bessie: "see, here are our mite-boxes again."—*Churchman.*

THE HANDIWORK OF MAN.

An Englishman has invented a combination folding bed, billiard table, settee, table and bureau—all taking up no more room than an upright piano.

An electric acidmeter, or instrument for measuring the amount of acid substance in liquids has recently been perfected and is expected to come into extended use in refineries, breweries and similar places.

A clerk in a bicycle store in Kansas City has designed and is building a new buggy with pneumatic-tired bicycle wheels and a number of improvements calculated to add strength, lightness and speed to the vehicle.

No sooner have European aeronauts improved their balloons almost to the point of perfection for military uses than along comes a Russian scientist with an apparatus which captures the rays of the sun and employes them to burn the balloons. A Russian paper states that the balloons can be burned when at a distance of three miles from the persons handling the apparatus.

A watchmaker in Newcastle recently completed a set of three gold shirt studs, in one of which is a watch that keeps excellent time, the dial being only three-sixteenths of an inch in diameter. The three studs are connected by a strip of silver inside the shirt bosom, and the watch contained in the middle one is wound by turning the stud above. The hands are set by turning the one below.

It is said a watch-maker of Geneva, Switzerland, named Casimir Liven has just completed a watch, which, instead of striking the hours and quarters, announces them like the phonograph. The mechanism of the watch is based on phonographic conditions, the bottom of the plate containing a phonographic sensitive plate, which has received the impression of the human voice before being inserted in the watch. The disk has forty-eight concentric grooves, of which twelve repeat the hours, twelve those of the hours and quarters, and twelve more those of the hours and seconds and third quarters.

UNEXPECTED ALARM.

The church at C——had a new communion service, solid silver, of handsome design, the gift of a wealthy friend. It was kept in a heavy iron chest, securely placed in a stout closet in the church; yet it was near being stolen before it had been in the society's possession a month.

It was Communion Sunday. The new service was used for the first time, and was then replaced in its strong chest and the closet securely locked. Meanwhile a thief had secreted himself in the church, and when the building was closed and locked for the night he began operations.

With the aid of skeleton keys and other tools he opened the closet and the iron chest. He packed the silver in a bag, slung it over his back and prepared to make his escape through one of the vestibule windows.

Suddenly he was startled by a sound as of approaching footsteps at the farther corner of the vestibule. It may have been a rat or a mouse, for besides the thief there was no human being in the house.

The fellow made haste to reach the window-stool, and feeling his hand in contact with a rope, on the impulse of the moment he seized it. It was the bell-rope and the next instant a series of sonorous peals broke the stillness of the night air.

"Fool," said the thief, "to sound the alarm myself!"

The ringing of the bell aroused the village. The thief was caught and the communion service was saved.

INTRODUCING A LECTURER.

One of those English customs which should be more honored in the breach than in the observance is that of presenting a lecturer to the audience by a chairman. This unnecessary presiding officer, having read up on the subject, "rises to say a few words of introduction," and sometimes anticipates some of the lecturer's best points.

In an English village a loquacious squire and a garrulous rector both introduced a lecturer and their 'few words' occupied nearly all the time which had been allotted to the lecture. The lecturer, however, was equal to the occasion. He spoke about twenty minutes and then looking at his watch said:

"Ladies and gentlemen, I must now leave that I may catch my train, but I will ask your permission before I depart to suggest for your consideration an occurrence which took place on board a small American vessel.

"The captain, the mate, and passenger dined together. A rolly-polly pudding was placed on the table, and the captain said to the passenger:

"Stranger, do you like ends?"

"No."

"Oh, don't yer? Me and my mate does;" and the captain cut the pudding in two, giving one end to the mate and appropriated the other. The audience saw the point and heartily applauded.

There will be serious trouble if you don't overcome those dyspeptic symptoms. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the medicine you need.

A KISS AT THE DOOR.

We were standing in the doorway—
My little wife and I,
The golden sun upon her hair
Fell down so silently;
A smile white than lily upon my arm—
What could I ask for more
Than the kindly glance of loving eyes
As she kissed me at the door?

I know she loves with all her heart
The one who stands beside!
And the years have been so joyous
Since I first called her bride!
We've had so much happiness
Since we met in years before,
But the happiest time of all was
When she kissed me at the door.

Who cares for wealth of land or gold,
For fame or matchless power?
It does not give the happiness
Of just one little hour
With one who loves me as her life—
She says she loves me more—
And I thought she did this morning
When I kissed her at the door.

At times it seems that all the world
With all its wealth and fold,
Is very small and poor indeed,
Compared with what I hold!
And when the clouds hang grim and dark,
I only think the more,
Of one who waits the coming step
To kiss me at the door.

If she lives till age shall scatter
Its frosts upon her head,
I know she'll love me just the same
As the morning we were wed;
But if he angels call her,
And she goes to Heaven before,
I shall know her when I meet her,
For she'll kiss me at the door.

TOO EARLY.

Early rising was a frequent subject of contention between Nahum Briggs and his wife. Her ability to wake in season for an "early start" was a question often mooted by Nahum, and the result was that all responsibility of waking fell upon him. So it chanced that one night, when it seemed to Mrs. Briggs as if her tired eyes had but just closed, Nahum spoke up briskly: "Come, Lucy, come; time ter git up. It's all habit sleepin' so much. The roosters are crowin' in good shape."

His wife rubbed her heavy lids and rose reluctantly. The clock had stopped, but Nahum said it was nearly six for there was a light in "Bunker's shop" and he usually opened the store at that time.

Soon the kettle was steaming cheerily, and while breakfast was being prepared Nahum took his lantern and went out to "do the chores." He watered and fed his stock, and returned to eat a hearty meal.

Then they sat down to wait the first streak of dawn, but after an hour it seemed, if anything, darker than before.

"Ain't it terrible long coming light, think?" asked Mrs. Briggs, to the carping Judge.

"O, I'm used ter bein' up to greet the day," sniffed Nahum. "I guess the sun will be around on time."

Soon his wife looked out again.

"For the love of John Turner!" she exclaimed. "Bunker has put out his light an' is coin' home. Do go out an' hail him, an' find what time it is."

"It's dey time, I tell ye," said Nahum, but he went out and hailed his neighbor.

"I dunno exactly," said Mr. Bunker, with some moderation, "but when I shut up shop I think it was about 10 o'clock."

Then Nahum came in and shut the door.

While Mrs. Briggs prepared for a second night's rest, he wound the clock and set it. She noticed that he took a decided comfort in winding it more vigorously than seemed quite necessary.

THE STANDING ARMY OF THE UNITED STATES.

Officers for the army are obtained first from the military academy at West Point, second by promotion after examination from the ranks, and third by appointment also after examination from civil life. One cadet at a time is allowed at West Point from each congressional district, nominated by the members of the House, and ten are appointed at large by the president. Those who graduate, usually not more than sixty annually, are appointed second lieutenants. When the graduates do not fill all the vacancies, enlisted men who have qualified before examining boards of officers are selected, and if there still be vacancies civilians may be appointed.

Enlisted men are obtained by an organized general recruiting system whose headquarters are in New New York, and of which a colonel of the army is selected as the superintendent. There are three general depots with officers detailed from regiments and a small permanent party to partially prepare all recruits for their companies, also recruiting rendezvous in a dozen cities, and temporary recruiting parties in smaller places. Applicants are required to be between twenty-one and thirty years of age, of excellent physical development, to furnish evidence of good character, and are allowed to remain on probation six days after they have passed the medical examination. A description of the recruit is made on a card, giving all marks or scars, which is so filed in the War Department as to come next to a possible previous description of the same man to detect him if he be a dishonorably discharged man or a deserter trying to enlist again.

The enlistment is completed by the administration of an oath to serve honestly and faithfully and to obey the orders of those placed over him according to the rules and articles of war—a code created by Congress.—*Lieutenant Guy Howard, U. S. A., in The Chautauquan for May.*

CLEVELAND'S WEALTH.

He is Worth Over $250,000, and Mrs. Cleveland One-third as Much.

When Mr. Cleveland was first elected to the presidency he had to borrow $1,200 to see him to the White House. The purchase of "Red Top," however, cleared him over $80,000 and he saved some of his salary while president. Then on leaving the White House a law firm engaged him at a salary of $25,000 a year, besides which he got several large fees for refereing cases. He made a good deal of money too in company with William C. Whitney and his investments in Chicago gas have paid him