The Acton Free Press.

VOLUME XVIII.---NO. 46. ACTON, ONTARIO, THURSDAY, MAY 18, 1893. PRICE THREE CENTS.

The Acton Free Press

—IS PUBLISHED—

EVERY THURSDAY MORNING,

—AT THE—

Free Press Steam Printing Office,

MILL STREET, ACTON, ONT.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION—One dollar per year strictly in advance. All subscriptions discontinued when the time for which they have been paid has expired. The date to which every subscription is paid is denoted on the address label.

ADVERTISING RATES—Transient Advertisements, 8 cents per Nonpareil line for first insertion, 3 cents per line for each subsequent insertion.

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20 inches	$50.00	$35.00	$20.00	$7.00
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1 inch	6.00	3.50	2.00	1.00

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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. 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.,
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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 Y ars 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 an exhilarating shampoo, always given. Razors honed and put in first-class condition. Ladies' and children's hair tastily cut.
J. & H. WORDEN, Tonsorial Artists.

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

Wellington Mutual
Fire Insurance Company
ESTABLISHED 1840.
INSURANCE on Mutual plan. Any communications forwarded to my address, Box 726, or telephone 66, will be promptly attended to.
JOHN TAYLOR, Agent, Guelph.

Hamilton's Marble Works.

HAMILTON'S Block (formerly Hatch's Block), the gore, corner of Woolwich and Norfolk streets, Guelph, Ont.

JOHN H. HAMILTON, Proprietor,

Wholesale and retail dealer and direct importer and manufacturer of all kinds of Granite and Marble Monuments, Tombstones, etc. Having had an extensive experience for the last 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.

THE ODELL
Type Writer

$20 WILL buy the ODELL TYPE-WRITER with 78 characters, warranted to do better work than any machine made.
It combines SIMPLICITY with DURABILITY, SPEED, EASE OF OPERATION, wears longer without cost of repairs than any other machine. Has no ink ribbon to bother the operator. It is NEAT, SUBSTANTIAL, nickel-plated, perfect, and adapted to all kinds of type-writing. Like a printing press, it produces sharp, clean, legible manuscripts. Two or ten copies can be made at one writing. Any intelligent person can become an operator in two days. We offer $1,000 to any operator who can equal the work of the ODELL.
Reliable Agents and Salesmen wanted. Special inducements to Dealers.
For pamphlets giving inducements, etc., address
ODELL TYPE WRITER CO.,
Room 26, Canada Life Building Toronto
J. W. Rutherford, Mgr. for Dominion.

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

—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 meet 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.

The Traders' Bank OF CANADA.

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

ASSETS.

Gold	$ 79,676
Dominion Notes	117,845
Deposited with Government to Secure Circulation	87,505
Notes and Cheques of other Banks	180,159
Call Loans on Stocks and Bonds	785,968
Balances Due from other Banks	106,788
Government Debentures	302,560
ASSETS IMMEDIATELY AVAILABLE	$1,550,498
Bills Discounted	3,018,983
Bills Discounted Overdue	8,167
Bank Premises	14,448
Mortgages and other Assets	19,003
Total Assets	4,711,099

LIABILITIES.

Paid up Capital	607,400
Surplus	55,000
Notes in Circulation	889,993
Deposits from Public	3,130,547
Deposits from other Banks	274,943

New
Stock
Imported
Scotch
LINOLEUM

BOND & CO
Hardware, GUELPH

LEADING SHOE STORE.

Large Arrivals of New Goods

WONDERFUL display of Colored Goods. See our Windows. We only show a small sample of what we have in stock. We are constantly in touch with the wants of the public, hence the daily arrival of New Goods. We keep you supplied with everything in the line of fine Shoes at Low Prices. Quality always has the first consideration. We don't pretend to deal in so called "Cheap Shoes" but in shoes which are really a cheap Shoe in the end. The old and reliable Leading Shoe Store is fresher to-day than when it was opened 25 years ago.
We keep in the front rank with the best quality of Goods that Money can buy.

Guelph's Leading Shoe Store.
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 cute 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 one 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.

KELLY'S
Music Store
Removed to 95 Upper Wyndham St.

Where I will be pleased to meet all my old customers and as many new ones as will favor me with a call.
Having disposed of nearly all my stock during the Clearing Sale, I have purchased a very large stock of

Pianos, Organs and all kinds of Musical Instruments Sheet Music and Music Books.

Call and examine my stock. No trouble to show goods.

C. W. Kelly's
MUSIC STORE,
95 Upper Wyndham street, Guelph. Next to G. B. Ryan & Co.

Poetry.

NEW YORK vs. CHICAGO.

The New York newspapers are amusing themselves by slinging pleasantries at Chicago. The following verses are a sample of the many effusions:

Ef yer goin' to see the circus called the big Chicago fair,
Ye'd better cut your wisdom teeth an' sharpen 'em' with care,
An' keep yer wits about ye, an' mind what yer about,
For they'll skin ye like the mischief
at
ye
don't
watch
out!

They're a-goin' to charge for gassin' an' a extra lump for thinkin';
It'll cost a heap for eatin', an' they'll sock it on for drinkin'
An' if ye get a bad at night or ef you go with-out,
They'll skin ye like the mischief
at
ye
don't
watch
out!

It's a count a piece for coughin', an' jest twice as much for sneezin';
A nickel ef ye hold your breath, an' two of 'em for breathin';
A shillin' for a whisper, an' a quarter for a shout—
They'll skin ye like the mischief
at
ye
don't
watch
out!

They'll tax ye for the privilege o' walkin' on the ground,
No matter ef ye go ahead or ef ye turn around,
An' as' because yer livin'—don't yer never have a doubt—
They'll skin ye like the mischief
at
ye
don't
watch
out!

Select Family Reading.

Dodger's Method.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

"I'll tell yer what, Mrs. Lyons, if yer boy proves to be the right sort I'll do well by him; you see if I don't."

"I hope you will, Mr. Dodger. I know you will find Sammy willing to do work, and perfectly honest. I have done my best to bring him up well."

"Wal, ye may let the boy come termorrer mornin'."

And on the following morning Sammy Lyons, a bright, blue-eyed boy of about fourteen, the only child of his widowed mother, entered the store of Artemas Dodger, to try his hand at being a merchant.

It was a country store, in which about everything was kept for sale, from a toothpick to a crowbar; a spool of thread to a grind-stone. Mr. Dodger was a coarse man, and ignorant of everything save trade. He considered himself a born merchant, and fancied he could buy and sell with the next man.

The people of the village were glad when they knew that Sammy Lyons had gone into the store. It was The Store. There was another store, recently opened, in the upper part of the village, where a young man, named Bascom, was trying to eke out a sustenance by trade; but he found it hard work.

Sammy very soon proved himself a smart boy, and Dodger flattered himself that he had found a prize. But he kept it close. There were breakers ahead, however.

One day Joel Bishop, a farmer from the immediate neighborhood, came in with a bucket, and called for fifteen pounds of granulated sugar. Sammy took the order, and the bucket. He weighed the bucket—just one pound and four ounces. He had already handled sugar enough for his eye to tell him that the bucket could not contain a great deal over the amount ordered; so he lifted it upon the scales. It lacked almost two pounds of being the fifteen called for. He shook it, and pressed it down with the cover, and the most he could do—the most he could get in—was fourteen pounds and six ounces; and so he told Mr. Bishop.

"Well, that's kind of curious, I vum! That er bucket allers has held fifteen pounds—leastwise, that's what I've allers paid for. Are ye sure, boy? I must a been most—"

His exclamation was cut short by the approach of Mr. Dodger, who was earnest to know what was the matter. Mr. Bishop began to explain.

"Oho! I see! Yes, yes!" cut in the merchant, glibly. "I forgot ter tell you, Sammy, this sugar is awfully dry. I never cut anything like it; but it's plaguey fine sugar, an' that's what makes it so—it's so all-fired dry. I guess you ken put in fourteen pound 'n a half, Sam."

"Yes—but—blame it all!—look here, Dodger—if you've been puttin' off short weight unto me—"

"Bless the man! hear him talk! Why, haven't I explained it to you, Joel? I tell yer this sugar's jest as light as ken be. He give short weight!—Me!"

Finally Bishop took his goods and left. Then Artemas Dodger became a thunderbolt to poor Sammy.

"Samwell! what d' you think 'r yourself?"

"About what, sir?" asked the boy, in blank surprise.

"About what? About cheatin' me out o' my profits, and makin' sich a spectacle of me to Joel Bishop."

"But—Mr. Dodger—I don't understand. What have I done out of the way?"

"Goodness! hear the boy talk! D'you ask me what you've done? When Joel Bishop give you that bucket, an' tole yer to put fifteen pound o' sugar into it, why if didn't hold it, that wasn't your lookout. Put in what you could, an' let the rest go."

"O! you mean, sir, I should have put the rest in a paper, and made a separate—"

"O, bother, Haint you got no sense? No I mean you ought 'o 've put what you could into the bucket, and let him s'pose he'd got what he wanted, let him pay you for the amount he ordered."

"But, sir, would that be honest?"

"Honest! Thunder an' lightnin'! d'you s'pose I'm got ter stretch out a man's pocket? Ef he don't know how big it is, must I tell him? Honest! Of course it's honest. Heavens and airth! how d'you s'pose I'm to make a livin' ef I keep other folks' accounts for them? Now jest let me tell you: The next time sich a thing as that happens, do you keep mum. Ef a man thinks his keg'll hold five gallons, let him think so, an' let him pay for what he ordered. He's got his keg full, an' that's all he expected. I can't never git that extra sixpence fot sugar out o' Joel Bishop 'gin, just for your foolishness. Don't let us have any more of it."

A few days after that Sammy stood in the doorway, and heard Mr. Dodger talking with a man about a horse. Dodger had one that he wanted to sell, and he asked two hundred and fifty dollars for it.

"I'll tell you what I'll do, Artemas," said the man, Dick Smith, with a laugh of contempt. "I'll give you two hundred and fifty cents for him; and I do honestly believe that's all he's worth." After that Sammy went back into the store.

On the next day Dodger had another customer on his string—Tom Doubleboy. He was offering him the same horse.

"Dick Smith offered me two hundred and fifty only yesterday," said Dodger, "and he knows what a horse is, doesn't he?"

"Yes, he does; and if he made you that offer, I don't know—But say, now—honest—did Dick make you that offer?"

"It's jest as true as preaching. Here, Sam, come here. Say—you heard Dick an' me talkin' yesterday about this hoss?"

"Yes, sir."

"And didn't you hear him say to me: 'Artemas, I'll give you two hundred and fifty for him'—for this very hoss?"

"Why, yes—es, sir; he said he'd give you two hundred and fifty—"

"That's it! That's jest 'exactly what he said."

"Two hundred and fifty—what?" asked Tom, who had marked the boy's hesitation and his master's cutting in before he had concluded his sentence.

"Two hundred and fifty dollars!" thundered Dodger, forgetting himself in his deep indignation.

"Two hundred and fifty what, Sammy?" persisted Tom.

"Why don't you tell him?" snapped out the store-keeper, with a look at his boy that meant to frighten him; but Sammy had been too thoroughly educated by his good mother to tell a lie in such a cause.

"He said two hundred and fifty—"

"Dollars!" howled Dodger.

"Cents!" finished Sammy, quietly.

Tom Doubleday laughed, and as soon as he could bring himself to it, Artemas Dodger laughed. He said it would have been a big joke if he could have got Tom to believe him.

"Of course you don't s'pose I ever meant ter take no two hundred and fifty dollars out'r you for that hoss! You know me better'n that, I hope."

And, for a wonder, the merchant did not scold poor Sammy very severely; but he tried to impress upon him:

"You ought 'o 've helped me out with my joke, Sammy. Next time I hope you'll remember. There! that'll do."

About an hour later, an old lady of the village, whom Sammy well knew and respected, who had always been very good to him, came into the store, and asked him if he had any real, nice, pure, young hyson tea.

Sammy told her they had some that was called young hyson, but he did not think it was just what she would like.

"Not—what?" cried Dodger, who had come up in season to hear the last part of Sammy's answer.

"I told her that we hadn't got any young hyson tea, just such as she wanted, sir."

"What in the world d'you mean by that, Samwell?" Don't you know 't we've got a chist of jest the werry best young hyson tea 'at ever was?"

"I did'nt know, sir. If you mean, in that little yellow chest, I carried quarter of a pound of it home last night; and mother said that—"

"What chist 'd you say you took it out of?"

"That small yellow one, sir."

The man puffed and blew. He could not—he did not dare—after Sammy's exposé—to put off that tea on the old lady—Mrs. Whiting—for pure young hyson; for he knew it was not, though it looked very much like it. So he got out the best way he could—by lying, and yet, losing the trade.

"Well! I declar' for it! I'll jest send that chist o' tea back ter the man I bought it of, an' give 'em a piece o' mind. My soul! what a world it is. Just think of it. There I paid a dollar 'n ninepence a pound for that stuff (he paid just fifty cents) an'—But, Sammy, are you sure your mother thought it wasn't jest the thing?"

"Indeed, sir, I am. She didn't like it at all. She said she'd rather have—"

"There that'll do, Mrs. Whittin', we've got some o' the werry best old shoo-shong ye ever tasted on. Shan't I put ye up a pound of that?"

But the old lady did not want it. She wanted her good old-fashioned green tea or nothing at all. After she had gone Mr. Dodger looked at his helper.

"Well, boy, I'd jest like ter ask ye one question: Who—runs—this—store? Is it you or me? But I reckon I've had about of you. You may go home, jest as soon as you like, an' tell yer mother 'at you an' I don't hitch nohow. Goodness gracious! think of it! After what I've done for your mother, for her ter turn round an' run down my goods! It's mean! It's contemptible, that's what 'tis!"

Sammy tried to explain. He would have excused his mother, but the angry man would not listen.

So Sammy went home. On the next day Mrs. Lyons went to the store with her boy in company; and she learned the truth before she came away.

Naturally, the story spread. People asked why Sammy had left his place. Mr. Dodger told his story—a very lame one. Sammy had none to tell. Others told it for him—Joel Bishop, and Tom Doubleday, and Mrs. Whiting—they told it; and it came to the ears of young Bascom, at the upper end of the village; and he hired Sammy Lyons to work for him; and he paid him, of his own accord, much more than Mr. Dodger ever thought of paying.

The result was marked; but not, after all, wonderful. Somehow, people had come to have confidence in Sammy; and Bascom realizing that if he would have the boy's good word for his goods he must purchase the best, did so, and before the year was out he had the bulk of the trade of the town. He had to enlarge the store, and enlarge in every way.

And the time came when the sign over the door of the largest store in town read, "Bascom & Lyons."

"O! I wish that boy'd been sunk afore I ever set eyes on him!" is the plaint of Dodger, as he sees the big store flourish. The policy of honesty has ceased to interest him.

When you speak or even think of spring medicine, how quickly Hood's Sarsaparilla comes into your mind. Take it now.

GENERAL MOURNING.

The Hindu, if not inventive, is a capital imitator, and not without a wit as refined as anything to be found among English speaking people, as is plain from a story related by the Rev. J. Ewen. Many years ago, when the Mogul emperors reigned in the imperial city of Delhi, a policeman, walking along one of the streets, met a potter in mourning.

"Oh, potter, for whom do you mourn?" he inquired.

"Sadamiya," was the reply.

"Dear, dear! Is Sadamiya dead?" cried the policeman.

He hurried off to the corner where the barbers sat plying their trade.

"Shave my head and beard," said he, "I am going into mourning for Sadamiya."

Shortly afterward duty took the policeman to the kotwal, chief of police, and at once the kotwal asked for whom he was mourning.

"For Sadamiya, that illustrious person."

"Ah! dear me!" Is he dead?" exclaimed the kotwal. "Well, well, all die in turn! Call the barber."

Presently the kotwal had occasion to visit the vizier, who was surprised to see him in mourning; the more so as he did not know that any of his family were ill.

"Who is dead?" he inquired.

"Alas! your honor, the illustrious high-minded and dignified Sadamiya has been called away."

"Oh!" exclaimed the vizier. "I am sorry to hear you say so. What a loss! Will you please call the barber?"

The barber came, and the vizier went into mourning. Duty took him into the presence of the emperor, who was startled at the changed appearance.

"Who is dead?" he asked.

"Your highness, I grieve to inform you, but that sublime custodian of goodness, of honor and learning, Sadamiya, has been taken."

"Call the barber," said the emperor to his attendants, and soon he was mourning with shaven head.

When he appeared before the empress she inquired:

"Who is dead?"

"Alas! that I should have to say it! Sadamiya is dead."

"But who is Sadamiya!" she asked, for even in India women are endowed with curiosity.

"Sadamiya! Sadamiya! I never thought of asking, but the vizier knows. I will ask him."

The vizier was summoned and the empress demanded:

"Who is this Sadamiya, we are all in mourning for?"

"Really, your highness, I never thought of asking; but the kotwal knows. I shall ask him."

But the kotwal could not tell; no more could the policeman, but he would ask the potter.

"Who is this Sadamiya we are all in mourning for?" the policeman inquired of the potter.

"You—you—do not—mean to say—you are—mourning—for Sadamiya?" he stammered.

"Yes, I am; and so is the kotwal and the vizier and the emperor."

"Dear, dear! Whatever will become of me!" cried the potter. "In mourning for Sadamiya! Why—Sadamiya is my—donkey!"

IT SAVED HIS LIFE.

Ingenious Interposition of a Little Word by a Speaker in Public.

A few days ago a party of Texas Congressmen called upon the President to introduce Judge Jacob Hodges, who is a candidate for the Attorneyship of the Eastern District of Texas. "Oh, yes," said the President, instantly, "you are the man who divided time with the negro who was hanged."

Judge Hodges was naturally surprised that the President should have read so clearly the account of the terrible vengeance which was wreaked upon the Texas negro, but thinking that the President had not heard the whole story, he said:

"I thought that I would prevent the tragedy if I could," said Judge Hodges, "and so I rode over into the crowd with the air of a field marshall. I ascended the platform which was already prepared for the negro and looked out upon the angry mob. "Fellow citizens," I began, "you are about to commit a crime that will bring disgrace upon our fair and growing city. It will return to plague our children's children and will redound to the discredit of our State. It will——"

Just at that moment someone in the crowd whipped out a revolver, pointed it at me and shouted, "Shoot the——"

Instantly it seemed to me as if every man, woman and child had revolvers levelled at my unprotected breast. My wife did not desert me.

"But!" I exclaimed.

"But!" I again shouted, still louder, "if you are to lay aside the slow processes of law and resume our sovereignty as individual men, let us do so in an orderly and quiet manner."

That simple word 'but,'" said Judge Hodges to the President, "saved my life."—*Washington Post.*

DEFINITIONS OF A BABY.

A London paper awarded a two-guinea prize for the best definition of baby. The lady who won the prize gave the following answer:

A tiny feather from a wing of love dropped into the sacred lap of motherhood.

The following are some of the definitions sent:

The bachelor's horror, the mother's treasure, and the despotic tyrant of the most republican household.

The morning caller, the noonday crawler and midnight bawler.

The only precious possession that exites envy.

The latest edition of humanity, of which every couple think they possess the finest copy.

A native of all countries who speaks the language of none.

About twenty-two inches of coo and giggle, writhe and scream, filled with suction and testing apparatus for milk, and automatic alarm to regulate supply.

A quaint little craft called Innocence, laden with simplicity and love.

A thing we are to kiss and look at if we enjoyed it.

A little stranger with a free pass to the heart's best affections.

That which makes home happier, love stronger, patience greater, hands busier, lights longer, days shorter, purses lighter, clothes shabbier, the past forgotten, the future brighter.

WIT AND HUMOR.

Mr. Peet, a rather diffident man, was unable to prevent himself being introduced one evening to a fascinating young lady, who, misunderstanding his name, constantly addressed him as Mr. Peters, much to the gentleman's distress. Finally summoning courage, he bashfully but earnestly remonstrated: "Oh, don't call me Peters—call me Peet." "Ah, but I don't know you well enough, Mr. Peters, to be so familiar as to call you Pete," said the young lady, blushing, as she playfully withdrew part way behind her fan.

The landlord of a village tavern stood on his porch fondly gazing at his newly-put-up sign of the Golden Lamb, which specimen of zoology swung lazily over his door. "Good morning, friend James," said a passing rustic; "what be you thinking of?" "I was thinking," said the host, "as how the lamb is a picture of innocence." "Yes, friend James; but that one of yours is a picture of gilt."

At a recent picture sale a study in oils of a man's head, called "The Hangman," was put up for sale, and bought by a haughty, purse-proud man, who gave an unusually heavy price for it. He had the pleasure of hearing one bidder say to another: "Were you not astonished at the price it fetched?" and the reply: "I was, until I found out that the purchaser had a family interest in the subject."

Civilities of Omnibus Travelling.—Very thin and miserable looking passenger in an omnibus, after half an hour's torture, to very stout passenger: "I think it would be only fair if people travelling by 'bus were charged by weight." Stout and jolly-looking passenger: "You may be thankful it isn't so, as no conductor would think it worth his while to pick you up."

A crusty old curmudgeon who was laughing over something in his newspaper, being reproached by his wife for not reading it aloud, so that she could share in the enjoyment, testily said: "Oh, fudge, my dear! A thing that's funny enough to make only one laugh would be dreadfully stupid if divided between two."

INFREQUENCY OF BALDNESS IN WOMEN.

The small amount of baldness among women as compared with men has given rise to many interesting speculations, and if Miss E. F. Andrews, who has recently written on the subject, has added but little that is new to what has already been advanced in the way of arguments and opinions, she has, at all event, taken a practical method of ascertaining the relative amount of baldness in the two sexes, in sending out a large number of circulating blanks to be filled in by recipients. From the returns received it is found that 1196 males between the age of ten and 20, 8-10ths per cent. showed signs of baldness whereas of 1374 females of like age, only 9-100ths per cent gave symptoms of it. In other words, the proportion of baldness was 80 in the case of males to 7 in the case of females. The conclusion reached by Miss Andrews is that while "man" is evidently evolving into a bald-headed animal, "woman on the contrary, and, perhaps, by a law of compensation, is destined to develop in the other direction, and produce her crowning glory in still greater abundance and beauty. This is, of course taking it for granted that the esthetic instincts as regards the fair sex do not undergo a radical change and lead him to prefer baldheaded women in the same way that many woman express a preference for a bald-headed man, because "it looks intellectual." Miss Andrews surmises that the day may not be very far distant when, in the course of human evolution, a man with hair on his head will be as great an anomaly as a bearded woman, but as long as men love beauty and are won by personal charms, so long will women continue to rejoice in those abundant tresses of brown and gold that are one of the chief ornaments of their sex.

A BRIEF HOSPITALITY LESSON.

Do not overdo the matter of entertainment.

Do not make a hobby of personal infirmities.

Go directly when the call or the visit is ended.

Do not forget bathing facilities for the traveller.

"Make yourself at home"—but not too much so.

In ministering to the guest, do not neglect the family.

Conform to the customs of the house, especially as to meals.

Let no member of the family intrude in the guest chamber.

Do not make unnecessary work for others, even servants.

Be courteous, but not to the extent of surrounding principles.

When several guests are present, give a share of attention to all.

Introduce games and diversions, but only such as will be agreeable.

Better simple food with pleasure than luxuries with annoyance and worry.

A guest need not accept every proposed entertainment—he should be considerate of himself and of his host.

Learn the likes and dislikes of those who are to be entertained; but, not through the medium of an imperative catechism.

POETRY CONTRIBUTIONS.

The editor was a kind man at heart. He had written poetry once himself, and his experiences had evidently led him to make a resolve to get even with the poetry writing public. It was a blushing young woman who said to him:

"Have you examined my manuscript?"

"Yes. I'm sorry but it can't be used."

"But," and it took all her courage, "I took so much pains with it."

"I could see that, but you know that there is no art which has advanced less in its mechanical detail than typography. Men set type now just the same way that they did years and years ago."

"You don't say so!"

"Yes. And that's the difficulty about your poem."

"Do you mean that your facilities are not sufficient for its proper presentation?"

"That's it exactly. As yet no way has been discovered for getting neat penmanship and sky blue ribbon into print!"

A Gallic Hibernicism.

The following notice was found posted at the gate of a rural cemetery—not in Ireland, but near Dieppe, in France:

"Owing to the crowded condition of this cemetery only those living in the community will hereafter be buried in it."

SHE CAN'T HELP IT

There's a flame determined glitter in her azure eye.
She's a-tipping all the carpets up and pulling things awry.
She has wrapped a towel around her head and donned her oldest gown,
For house cleaning must be finished though the heavens tumble down.
And her husband gazed sadly at her sweet-but-pink'ed face,
At her wierd and awful costume, as she flies about the place,
And he wonders and he ponders, as she rushes to and fro,
"Oh this really be the angel that I wed a year ago?"

THE INFLUENCE OF A PLEASANT VOICE.

ELIA ROCKWOOD.

Perhaps our own voice is not always as pleasant as it ought to be, but we realize it the moment we hear one that is soft and low and evenly modulated, and instinctively we alter ours to correspond with it. Nothing so quickly checks rising anger, or quick retort, as a gentle voice. Well has the wise man said, "A soft answer turneth away wrath; but grievous words stir up anger."

Few of us can remember our mothers, now, perhaps, passed away, as having had other than pleasant voices. Harsh words were strangers to those lips. The children when they had done wrong were corrected, but the voice that chided their misdoings was a gentle one. Let our children have like remembrances of us. Children are quick to imitate. If the mother or father speaks crossly, or, in a loud, commanding tone, the child soon learns to speak so also, and among his younger companions he will assume the same tone that he has heard from older lips.

Although a pleasant voice is not given to everybody, culture can accomplish wonders in this and in everything else. Let any one strive to acquire a pleasant voice, persevering time after time when in a moment of forgetfulness the old harsh notes escape the lips, and after a time the voice will become changed to one at least soft and well modulated, if not musical.

THE ART OF SHOPPING.

The art of shopping, as it is known in this country, is purely an Anglo-Saxon institution. In many of the countries of Southern Europe it is considered an indelicacy for a woman buyer to appear in the public marts, unless she is of the menial order, which is restrained by no social etiquette. Thus the joys of shopping, such as the American woman knows, are totally forbidden to her Spanish equal, and in that land of stately etiquette and formality, shopping is done by the maid alone, who usually makes a pretty penny from her commission in addition to her wages.

The word shopping is to be distinguished from marketing, be the purchase of supplies for the family table. One may be an expert shopper, have a good knowledge of cloths and other fabrics, and yet be totally ignorant of the supplies of the market. In order to be an intelligent shopper, one must have some idea of the manufacture of the articles to be purchased, and of the different grades made, their advantages and disadvantages for the purposes needed. It is almost impossible for the average woman with all her family cares and social duties, to be fully acquainted with all these matters. Therefore, the only rule is to deal with a merchant whose name and reputation are guarantees of trustworthiness.—*Good Housekeeping.*

SUNFLOWER PHILOSOPHY.

A theory works all right until you try it.

No man is old enough to know some things.

Women admire nature until it shows itself in a man.

Every time people talk love they try to pass their brass money as gold.

The more worthless man is the more he likes to sit and spit on a hot stove.

Every man tells his children that they must not do lots of things he does himself.

Every man makes a little money grating horseradish until he begins putting turnips in it.

In love affairs men make too wild statements and women are too wild in believing them.

It is the disposition of most people when they get any one's friendship to draw on it at sight.

Every woman likes to hear her young man talk about his ma and pa until she has married him.

It is hard for a woman who has a big ironing to do to get any one to sympathize with her this weather.

Have you noticed how soon you forget people when they die? Well, people will forget you in the same way.

A woman who would rebel at the thought of obeying her husband never dreams of disobeying fashion, whose mandates are more tyrannical.

THE POPULARITY OF TOTAL ABSTINENCE.

The cause of temperance is gaining ground in social circles, however the fact may be denied.

The young man who to-day makes up his mind that he will be on the safe side and adhere to strict abstinence, will find that he is not alone. He has now the very best element in business and social life in the largest cities of our land with him. He will not be chided for his principle, but through it will command respect. It will not retard him in commercial success, but prove his surest help. It will win him no enemies, but bring him the friendship of upright men and good women. It will win his surer favor than aught else in his eyes which he will sometime in life think are the sweetest he ever looked into. It will insure him the highest commercial esteem and the brightest social position. And as it moulds his character in youth, so will it develop him into a successful man and a good citizen.

A Word of Wisdom.

Profitable farming depends as much upon selling as upon producing. First, grow the best crop you can. Then take it to the best market that is available. To do this a man must be out of debt, or at least have no one "carrying" him in such shape that he is forced to sell his crop through or to his creditor. This shuts off all chance to find the best market. The only free man, and the only farmer who can get the full profit from his work, is the one who pays as he goes.—*Kansas Farmer.*

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns &c.