The Acton Free Press.

VOLUME XVIII.---NO. 48. ACTON, ONTARIO, THURSDAY, JUNE 1, 1893. PRICE THREE CENTS.

The Acton Free Press

—IS PUBLISHED—

EVERY THURSDAY MORNING,

—AT THE—

Free Press Steam Printing Office,

MILL STREET, - - ACTON, ONT.

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

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

CONTRACT RATES—The following table shows our rates for the insertion of advertisements for specified periods:—

SPACE.	1 YR.	6 MO.	3 MO.	1 MO
20 inches	$50.00	$35.00	$20.00	$7.00
10 inches	35.00	20.00	12.00	3.00
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1 inch	6.00	3.50	2.00	1.00

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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

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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.

W. S. JACKSON,

Conveyancer, Notary Public, Real Estate, Loan and Insurance Agent.
Money to loan at lowest rates.
Office, Day's Block, Guelph, Ont.

JAMES HUTCHEON,

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

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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.

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

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BOOKBINDER,
Wyndham St., Guelph, Ontario
Over Williams' Store.
Account Books of all kinds made to order. Periodicals of every description carefully bound. 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.

Wellington Mutual
Fire Insurance Company
ESTABLISHED 1840.
INSURANCE on Mutual plan. Any communications forwarded to my address, Box 728, or telephone 65, 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.

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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 Indorsements, etc., address
ODELL TYPE WRITER CO.,
Room 36, 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.

Rape Seed!

FARMERS look out and get the right seed this year. I imported my Rape Seed in the winter and had it tested by Prof. Shaw, at the Ontario Agricultural College in their greenhouse. You can therefore rely on getting the genuine true Dwarf Essex Rape Seed from me. Price
10c. per lb. or 11 lbs. for $1.00.
MANGLES, 20c lb.
CARROTS, 40 & 50c. lb.
SWEDE TURNIPS, 18c. lb.
SEED CORN, Yellow Horse Tooth 70c
" " Mam. Southern White 75c. per bushel.
RED COB, COMPTON'S EARLY THOROBRED, FLINT LEAMING, etc. HUNGARIAN, MILLET, TARES, BUCKWHEAT, etc.
CEO. J. THORP,
Direct Seed Importer.
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 the 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.

- - 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 8:18 p. m.
Careful attention given to every order
The wants of Commercial Travellers fully met.
JOHN WILLIAMS.

STEEL ENGRAVINGS,

Proof Etchings, Colored Pictures, Picture Mouldings, Room and

IVORY OAK **FRAMES** SILVER GILT

ARTISTS' MATERIALS.
A full stock of Winsor & Newton's Flake White.
Double Tubes, Rowney's, 10c.
8 x 10 Deep Photo Frames, complete 20c.
5 Feet Cornice Pole, Brass Fittings, 25c.

Our Wall papers
Are said to be the best selected in the city
WATERS BROS.,
ESTABLISHED 1877.
ST. GEORGE'S SQUARE, - - GUELPH

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	139,159
Call Loans on Stocks and Bonds	195,962
Balances Due from other Banks	106,783
Government Debentures	572,500
ASSETS IMMEDIATELY AVAILABLE	$1,539,498
Bills Discounted	3,012,985
Bills Discounted Overdue	6,767
Bank Premises	14,449
Mortgages and other Assets	19,033
Total Assets	4,714,032

LIABILITIES.

Paid up Capital	607,600
Surplus	55,000
Notes in Circulation	589,995
Deposits from Public	3,190,547
Deposits from other Banks	272,941

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 Shoes 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 loan 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 outsell them all, and everybody knows it. Give us a call, and see for yourselves: if it is not true donot 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.

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,
93 Upper Wyndham stree Guelph. Next to G. H. Ryan & Co.

Poetry.

WHERE THE OLD TROUT HIDE.

The rosy lips of morning kiss the blushing cheek of spring,
The first bluebird of summer is already on the wing,
The pussy willow heads are nodding in the gentle breeze,
The buds are swelled to bursting on the sappy maple trees,
The wine of life is mingled with every breath you take—
All nature is responding to the summons to awake
And the resurrection lifts you like a mighty rolling tide,
As you early seek the deep pool where
The Old Trout Hide!

How unwillingly you left them when last year's season closed
How you labored for that big one, who only calmly dozed
In the shadow of the rock there, while he winked the other eye,
"Do you take me for a baby, to be tickled with a fly?"
How dignified and lazy as he came forth from his lair,
And smelled your scarlet-ibis and your royal-coachman there!
How every speckle glinted like a ruby in his side,
And you almost got to swearing where
The Old Trout Hide!

There never was a fisherman, so I've heard the old folk say,
Who caught the biggest fish. Always sure to get away.
And it's just as true in trouting as it is in other things,
That blessings seem the brightest when they spread their golden wings
And soar where you can't catch them: but only stand and wish
That you had them in your basket, with the other little fish.
If wishes were but fishes, how your heart would swell with pride,
As you landed that three-pounder where
The Old Trout Hide!

Yet after all the sportsman, though he doesn't catch the fish
Catches all the happy sunshine that a happy heart can wish;
Old Mother Nature takes him and smooths life's wrinkle out,
So get your rod and basket, for the morning's made for trout;
You'll go back to your labor, to your dry and musty books,
In your soul a little laughter, of the laughter of the brooks,
In your heart a little singing, like the singing of a bride;
And you get your inspiration where
The Old Trout Hides!

—*Forest and Stream.*

Select Family Reading.

Weighed in the Balance.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

Solomon Speed was a builder by occupation, a hard-working, calculating, saving man, who had come to Belmont when the town was new, attracted thither by promise of much occupation in the line of his calling. He was a good mechanic, a very fair architect, competent to superintend the erection of any ordinary building, and able to do much of the better class of work with his own hands. He was also a shrewd man. When he had thoroughly inspected the town and its surroundings, he saw that its possibilities were great, and all the money he could raise and all the credit he cared to ask were invested in land. And he did not mistake. He lived to see land that he had bought at the rate of fifty dollars per acre sold for one dollar per square foot. He built for himself a large and comfortable dwelling in the new town, feeling well assured that he was settled down for the remainder of his life.

Solomon Speed had three children—three sons—Nathan, Thomas and Peter, aged, respectively, eighteen, sixteen and four. This four-year-old son was the child of a second wife, married after Mr. Speed had built his new house in Belmont; and we say here that the two elder sons were never quite reconciled to their father's second marriage. They had inherited all his shrewdness, and having seen that wealth was likely to flow in upon their father, they did not take kindly to the idea of an increase in the number of his heirs. The step-mother they had never ill-treated—that they dared not do—but they never liked her, nor were they heartily kind to her. After little Peter had become large and strong enough to creep around upon his knees, and anon to stand upon his feet, the two brothers, large and strong, sometimes spoke pleasantly to him, and would pick him up when he fell, but they never kissed him, they never gave him brotherly love.

But the child was not without a playmate of his own sex. In the family, adopted by Solomon Speed, was a boy named Robert Ashworth, a son an only child of his—Speed's—only sister. His father had died when Robert was an infant, and his mother had survived her husband but a few years. On her deathbed she had called her brother to her side, and begged of him that he would take care of her boy, and he had promised that he would do so. Robert was at that time five years old, just the age of Thomas and from that time he had been one of the family, enjoying all the advantages of life and education that his two cousins enjoyed. But with the dawning of better times—as the prospect of wealth opened upon the family—the aspect of Robert's situation changed somewhat. As Solomon Speed began to gain more money than he could spend, he became more and more inclined to save; and he came in time, to look upon his sister's child as a burden which he ought not to bear. And the same feelings found life in the bosoms of Nathan and Thomas. As their prospects grew brighter and brighter, they began to cherish the fear that they might be called upon, in some way, to share with Robert,—their "pauper cousin," as they had called him more than once.

Robert Ashworth loved the bright-eyed, flaxen-haired child, and never tired of carrying him in his arms, and playing with him in all sorts of ways. In fact the time came,—it had come at the time at which we open the story,—when little Peter and his mother were the poor cousin's only friends—the only ones who loved him, and contributed to his happiness.

At the age of sixteen Robert concluded that he had been a burden upon his uncle long enough, and he suggested that it might be well for him to go out into the world, and seek his own fortune. Uncle Solomon thought the same; and Nathan and Thomas both coincided; and the uncle stipulating that the boy should never trouble him more—should never appeal to him for money,—offered to give him one hundred dollars in money. The lad had thought his uncle would give him something but this condition aroused his indignation and he would not take a penny. He had ten dollars, saved in two years, and he would make that answer. Mrs. Speed, who was becoming thin, and pale, and weak wept with bitter grief as she held his hand for the last time; and from little Peter he was forced to tear himself away.

Time passed on. Mrs. Speed received two letters from Robert—one written at St. Louis, and the other away out toward the Rocky Mountains. She answered them both. In the last she confessed that she was very weak, with little hope of life remaining! At the end of a year and a half he wrote his third letter, from the Pacific coast, bidding her that she should direct her answer to San Francisco. He was going away to the mountains, beyond Sonora, but a friedd in San Francisco would forward it to him. Another year passed, at the end of which time his last letter to Mrs. Speed was returned to him. She was dead! And the wanderer wrote no more letters to his old home.

Ten years more had passed, when Robert Ashworth—now a strong, rugged, brown-faced, full bearded man, of eight-and-twenty—met a man who had come from Belmont within a year. From this man he learned that Solomon Speed was dead, and that the two elder sons were carrying on the business. They were both married, and had families, and were looked upon as being very wealthy. At all events, they were proud and aristocratic.

Five years more, and Robert again heard from the old home—this time meeting with a man whom he had known in the days of his boyhood. Nathan and Thomas Speed were still flourishing, their business being simply the looking after their real estate and personal property, and in spreading the glitter of their wealth before the world. Their half brother, Peter, had grown to be a man of one-and-twenty, and was hard at work in one of the mills belonging to them. By some sort of hocus-pocus he had been left poor at his father's death—dependent entirely upon his elder brothers. Robert's informant could not fully explain; but he belived that old Solomon, by his will, had left everything to Nathan and Thomas, making them joint-guardians to Peter, the boy at that time having been only nine years of age.

And still the years sped on. Robert Ashworth, in the way of money-making, was fortunate. A strong healthful, honorable man, dealing justly with all, and respecting the rights of all with whom he came in contact, he made friends wherever he went, and made no enemies. Early in his mountain experience he struck a prolific mine, and bought it. When he erected his shanty on his land there was not another human habitation within fifteen miles of him. At the end of twenty years, still living upon the same spot where he had first erected his simple cabin of logs, and clay, and birch-bark thatching, he was father of a town of four thousand inhabitants—its mayor and its chief man in every way.

Five-and-thirty years had now elapsed since Robert Ashworth left his Eastern home to seek his fortune, and the fickle dame had never in all that time played him false. Only, he had found no society in which he cared to spend the calm evenings of his days. His heart turned longingly back upon the old home. In all his years of wanderings he had seen no woman whom he could love well enough to make her his wife; and he prayed that he might yet find a faithful bosom upon which he could rest his weary head in trustful confidence and love. So he offered all his Dorado property for sale, and, though people were pained to see him leaving them yet they gladly bid for his valuable estate.

When all his business had been settled and the balance-sheet brought to him by his private secretary for inspection, he was truly surprised. At first he could not believe it. He had known that his property was extensive and valuable; and he had known, also, that his bank-account was large, seeing that he owned the bulk of the bank himself; but when he, looked at the foot of the column of *Totals*, and saw the sum total of all—saw it running away into the millions—over three millions—when he was assured that he read aright, and that the figures did not lie, he was astonished.

Government bonds had then come into the market, and had already reached a premium. His first movement, on reaching San Francisco, was to lock three million dollars safely up in registered bonds. The money was deposited with the sub-treasurer there, with orders that the bonds should be sent to his address at New York. After paying for the bonds he had left between one and two hundred thousand dollars in gold, of which he reserved sufficient to pay his expenses on the road, placing the rest in bank, and taking a draft on New York in exchange, which draft, for security's sake, he gave into the hands of a reliable express company. And it was well that he did so, for between the Great Salt Lake and Cheyenne, his pockets were picked of every dollar he had with him.

Arriving in New York, Robert first looked after his bonds and his draft. The bonds were safe and awaiting his call, while the draft arrived on the very day of his own arrival, having come on the same train.

And now for his visit to Belmont. If he could not find a loving heart there, then he knew not where to look. But, if he was to find true love, it must not be known that he was wealthy. No, the love his heart yearned for was a pure, loyal love for poor Bobby Ashworth, just as he was when he set forth to seek his fortune. So he went to a clothing store, where second-hand garments were sold, and purchased a full suit as sadly worn and faded as he could feel comfortable in; clad in which he set forth on his trial trip.

Arrived at Belmont—and the steam cars took him to the very centre of the town—he found the place wonderfully grown. Where he had left green fields and tangled hedges, were now broad streets, flanked with stores and dwellings. In short the place had grown to full six times its size in five-a-thirty years before. At the smallest and poorest public house he stopped, and ordered supper, and, while it was being prepared, he asked after the Speeds. Did any one present know them? Yes, a man was sitting there, in the bar-room, who had formerly worked for them. Said he:

"Well, stranger, it would be rather difficult to tell you just how they stand. If you could take them for what they think of themselves, they'd be two of the biggest men in creation. That's Nathan and Thomas. About a score of years ago they got to feelin' above work and took to playin' big-bug entirely. They let out their mills, and went to livin' on the interest of their money, and it's my opinion that they've done to dippin' pretty deep into their principal. However, they're proud enough."

"And Peter Speed—what had become of him?"

"O, he is here—the same poor, hard-workin', unfortunate man he always was. He did, one spell, drink a little too much, but he finally married a woman that made a sayed man of him."

"But didn't his father leave him anything?"

"Not outright. The old man, somehow got set against the boy—thought he was wild and frolicsome, and unsafe to be trusted with money; so he left him in care of his two older brothers."

"Well," pursued Robert, "and what have they done for him.

"Really, stranger, I don't like to say anything against them two men; but if the truth was told I think it would come out 'at they meant, from the first, to have the whole property in their own hands. For a time they refused to let the poor fellow have money on the plea that he would drink it all up; and then, when he fell in love with Kitty Moore, they told him if he married her that they would cast him off forever. You see, Kitty, bless her sweet face! aye, and bless her noble heart too! Kitty was a poor girl—an orphan—workin' in one of the mills; and the big feelin' men thought it would be a stain on them if their brother should marry her. He married the poor girl, and he's the father of five of as pretty children as you ever set eyes on, and as happy as can be, notwithstandin' he has to dig pretty hard to keep the wolf from the door."

It was just in the edge of the evening—a chill autumnal evening—that the door-bell was rung at the aristocratic residence of Mr. Nathan Speed, and shortly afterwards a servant announced that a man wished to speak with the master.

Nathan Speed had grown to be a man of four-and-fifty; red-faced and obese; dressed in a satin house-robe; pride stamped in every feature. His wife, sitting near by, was the same, her face betrayed the use of the wine-cup, while the sparkle of many diamonds told where much more of her husband's money had gone.

What a sight for the proud man to meet in his own front hall! A stout, broad-shouldered man; brown-visaged and full-bearded; habited in a poverty-stricken garb, and evidently very poor.

"Nathan! don't you know me?—your cousin, Robert? Ah! I've had hard luck on the road. Beyond Cheyenne I was robbed of every dollar I had with me, and—"

"Hold on!" The proud man raised his hand. He wanted to hear no more. He knew of no claims which his cousin could have on him. And, further: "You promised your uncle you would never again apply for help."

"Have I asked for help?"

"No; but it was coming."

"No, Nathan; you mistake. I only ask a friend."

"Then you'd better go and hunt up your Cousin Peter. He would make a boon companion for you, I doubt not."

Robert got away as quickly as possible, resolved next to call upon his cousin Thomas.

He found Thomas at home, and clearly under the influence of wine—not intoxicated, but his blood unduly heated thereby. And Thomas was even more harsh and unkind than Nathan had been; and he, too, tauntingly advised the poor wanderer to go and seek his cousin Peter, as one who would be a fitting companion for him.

And to Peter Speed's cottage Robert made his way. Not even a poor roof to cover his head had the wealthy brothers given to their half-brother. The cottage, really belonging to Nathan, was hired of an agent; and more than once the poor man had come very near being turned out for non-payment of rent.

"That!" cried Peter, when the wayfarer had made himself known. "Is it Bobby? Don't deceive me. Come in where it is light." And he led the new-comer into the little kitchen, where the supper-table stood, with the remains of the evening meal upon it. By the lamplight Robert saw a woman—the sweetest-faced woman, he thought, he had ever seen—standing near the table; and near by—two of them at the table, two sitting by the stove, while one clung to its mother's dress—were five children, the oldest not more than twelve.

"Ah! I know you! Yes, I can see the dear old face, notwithstanding the years, and the brown tan, and the beard. Robert! old fellow! bless your dear, true heart! how are you?"

They shook hands; a few more words, and then Peter exclaimed:

"O! Kitty! in all the days of my early childhood, saving only my sainted mother, this was the only true and loving friend I had—my cousin Robert. I was but a wee bit of an urchin when he went away, but I can remember how my mother had to tear my arms from his neck as though it had been but yesterday."

Kitty greeted the man cordially, though at first inclined to be shy. At length she said, with a smile that captured Cousin Bob forever:

"Really, Cousin Robert, I ought not to feel that you are a stranger. Peter has talked of you so much and so often and with so much of warmth in his heart, that I have regarded you more in the character of a true brother than anything else."

A few more words, and then Peter bethought himself that his cousin might be hungry. But no. He had eaten a hearty supper just before dark.

"I saw at the little tavern at the lower end of the village, and shall spend the night there."

"Spend the night there! You will, eh? How's that, Kitty?"

"I think we can make him comfortable," the wife said.

"We, I think so, too, Robert."

By and by, after three of the children—the youngest—had been kissed all around and put to bed; and, by the way, the little four-year-old Robert, named after the elder of that ilk, cried lustily when they tore him away from "Uncle 'Obert"—he was to be uncle to them—after this said Peter, in his off-hand way:

"Say old fellow, I suppose you have come home somewhat under the weather, eh?"

Robert told him that he had left San Francisco with between two and three hundred dollars in his pocket, but he had been robbed between Great Salt Lake and Cheyenne, of every dollar of it. "I went to sleep in the car," he explained, "at night, and must have been chloroformed on top of that."

"Well, well," cried Peter, giving him a friendly pat on the knee, and speaking from the heart, "don't you worry. Thank God, you have health and strength. We'll fix you up a good comfortable shake down here, old fellow, and then we'll look around and see what can be done. I wish you could find work here and live with us. You sha'n't pay a penny more than it costs us. Anyhow, here's your home for now, Robert."

Robert said he would think of it. And then he told the story of his visit to the mansions of Nathan and Thomas. Peter's brow contracted and his face grew dark. He said but little. "For my Kitty's sake," he whispered, "I never speak the names of those men when I can avoid it."

It was very near the hour of midnight when the trio began to think of bed. As they arose from their seats Robert took a hand of Peter's and one of Kitty's, and so held them while he spoke. His voice was tremulous, and his eyes were brimming.

"Peter! Kitty!—True hearts!—I don't want you to be spending the night in vain speculations upon the future. I came back to the old home resolved that I would put my three cousins into the balance and weigh them. I have done it, and you know the result. I told you I was robbed on the road. So I was, but—I had taken the precaution to send my fortune on ahead of me; so I only lost the trifle I had reserved for expenses on my journey.

"Dear hearts! When I came to reckon up my possessions, six months ago, and found myself the owner of more money than I could ever spend, I felt the need of the one thing that was not mine—a true heart to love—a heart to love me in return—and somebody to help me to enjoy my wealth. There! Now to bed, and on the morrow we will consider. One thing, my dear Peter—your days of digging and delving are past and gone. Kitty—"

He drew her gently towards him, and she kissed him—a sweet, sisterly kiss, warmed with dewy eyes, and a loving smile, but she could not speak.

On the following morning Robert learned, for the first time, that the grand residences of both Nathan and Thomas Speed were for sale. They had reached the end of their financial means, and wished to sell out and leave the place.

Then Robert sat down, with Peter and Kitty, and frankly gave to them a statement of his wealth. At first Peter could hardly believe that he had heard aright; while, as for Kitty, she could not comprehend the vastness of the sum; but they finally knew this: They were to be Robert's chosen companions thenceforth: to fear the wolf—they and their little ones—no more forever.

Robert went to New York, where he engaged an agent—who was to work in his own name—to come to Belmont and purchase every piece of property that the Speed Brothers had to sell.

There was great wonderment when it was known that a stranger had purchased all the Speed property; and that wonderment was increased ten fold when, a week later, it became known that Robert Ashworth was the purchaser, and that the palatial mansion of Nathan Speed had been deeded to his half-brother, Peter.

Aye, and more still: To Peter Speed, and to Peter's wife and children, had been duly made over all the mills, and houses, and lands, clear of all encumbrance, formerly belonging to the brothers aforesaid.

But who shall tell the feelings of Nathan and Thomas when it came to them that the poor wayfarer—the brown-faced cousin—whom they had so harshly turned from their doors, was the "power behind the throne" that had furnished all the money! O! the torture of their vain regret and deep chagrin was terrible. But that was not the worst. The worst came when Nathan's wife was brought to the need of applying to cousin Robert for help.

The crowning joy was yet to come—a joy of which Robert Ashworth had often dreamed, but which he had never dared to promise himself. After Peter and Kitty had moved into the great house, Kitty's sister Mary came to visit them. Polly was the name by which she was always called. She was two years older than her sister, possessing the same sweet face, and loving, honest heart. Robert fell desperately in love at sight, and she very soon loved him in return. When she came to wind her arms around his neck, and nestle fondly and confidingly upon his bosom, he knew that it was himself she loved, and his cup of joy was full to the brim.

A BIT OF ROYAL VANITY.

The only trait of vanity which I ever noticed in Empress Elizabeth was the pride she took in her magnificent chestnut hair, which fell below her knees. She used to have it brushed for hours every day, whilst her "reader," Mlle. F——, read to her English, French, and Hungarian novels. Her Majesty was particularly anxious that the dressers who brushed her long tresses should avoid pulling out a single hair. This, of course, was an impossibility, and the unfortunate maid concealed carefully in the pocket of her apron any hair which became entangled in the brush. One day the Empress, happening to glance into the looking-glass, caught sight of the maid concealing a small roll of hair in the above-described fashion. Jumping up from the rocking chair, her Majesty clutched her attendant by the wrist, and angrily exclaimed:

"I have caught you at last. You are ruining my hair!"

With a presence of mind which would have done honor to an expert diplomat, the maid replied, unhesitatingly: "I implore your Majesty to forgive me. It never happened before. I only wished to have a few of my sovereign's hairs to put in the locket which my little girl wears around her neck as a talisman."

Whether the Empress believed or not this clever invention, I do not know, but shrugging her shapely shoulders, she resumed her seat, laughing merrily; and the next day she presented her maid with a locket enriched with diamonds, saying, with a mischievious twinkle in her eyes, "I think this is the kind of talisman your little daughter deserves for having such a clever mother."—From "The Empress of Austria" by One of the Ladies of Her Court, in *Harper's Magazine* for June.

Found—the reason for the great popularity of Hood's Sarsaparilla—simply this: Hood's CURES. Be sure to get Hood's.

WHEN LILACS IN THE DOOR-YARD BLOOM.

When lilacs in the door-yard bloom,
And lift and shake their plumy sheaves;
When sunbeams smile the forest's gloom,
And winds go whispering through the leaves;
When wrens and robins build again
In peace anear the cottage eaves—

Then, though my strength is something spent,
And though my eyes are growing dim;
I thrill with gladness and content,
My soul sends up a joyful hymn,
And in the beauty of the world
I feel my spirit overbrim.

Long years have gone since mother took
The lonesome way that angels mark;
The memory of her latest look
Is like a candle in the dark;
But when the lilacs bloom I see
Her sweet face in a starry arc.

She loved to well these homely flowers;
She broke them for my childish hand;
They speak to me of happy hours,
By mother love and patience spanned;
Their perfume has a waft of sweet
Blown hither from th' immortal strand.

I like the dear old-fashioned things;
I always find them just the same;
And so the fancy wakes and clings
That, blooming by whatever name,
I'll one day pluck the lilac sheaves
Where flowers in deathless gardens flame.

THE MAGIC OF SILENCE.

You have often heard "It takes two to make a quarrel." Do you believe it? I'll tell you how one of my little friends managed.

Dolly never came to see Majorie without a quarrel. Majorie tried to speak gently, but no matter how hard she tried, Dolly's finally made her so angry that she would soon speak sharp words too.

"Oh, what shall I do?" cried poor little Majorie.

"Suppose you try this plan," said her mamma. "The next time Dolly comes in seat yourself in front of the fire, and take the tongs in your hand. Whenever a sharp word comes from Dolly, gently snap the tongs, without speaking a word."

Soon afterward in marched Dolly to see her friend. It was not a quarter of an hour before Dolly's temper was ruffled and her voice was raised, and as usual, she began to find fault and scold. Majorie flew to the hearth and seized the tongs, snapping them gently. More angry words from Dolly. Snap went the tongs. More still. Snap.

"Why don't you speak?" screamed Dolly in fury. Snap went the tongs.

"Speak!" she said. Snap was the only answer.

"I'll never, never come again, never!" cried Dolly.

Away she went. Did she keep her promise? No, indeed! She came the next day but, seeing Majority run for the tongs, she solemnly said if she would let them alone they would quarrel no more forever.—*Select.*

Poverty and Debt.

Poverty is a bitter draught, but may, and sometimes with advantage, be gulped down. Though the drinker makes wry faces, there cry, after all, be wholesome goodness in the cup. But debt, however courteously it be offered, is the cup of a siren, and the wine, spiced and delicious though it be, an eating poison. The man out of debt, though with a crack in his shoe leather, and a hole in his hat, is still the son of liberty, free as the singing lark above him; but the debtor, though clothed in the utmost bravery, what is he but a holiday—a slave, to be reclaimed at an instant by his owner, the creditor? My son, if poor, see wine in the running spring; think a threadbare coat the "only wear;" and acknowledge a white-washed garret the fittest housing place for a gentleman; do this and flee debt. So shall thy heart be at peace, and the sheriff be confounded.

To Make Celery Salad.

Cut up celery into small pieces till there is a pint. Put in a cool place and serve with a boiled dressing as follows: One tablespoonful salt, one tablespoonful of sugar, two tablespoonfuls salad oil, two teaspoonfuls mustard, three eggs, one cup of milk, one cup of vinegar. Mix the salt, sugar and mustard together. Add to them the eggs well beaten, then the vinegar and, after stirring well, the milk; cook in a double boiler for 20 minutes or till thick as boiled custard.

A bonnet does not sing because it is covered with birds but the chap that pays for it whistles.

A musical young lady says that a composer may properly make overturer to anybody.

Too much rest is rust.

Avoid bathing within two hours of a meal.

Tea is very cheap in China! in one province of the empire good tea is sold at about two cents a pound.

If every house in London consumed its own smoke, fogs would be almost unknown in the great metropolis.

Only one copy of Shakespeare's first folio has lately come into the book market, and this released $1,640.

MEN OF BUSINESS.

You cannot afford to have your office scantily supplied with stationery of an inferior grade. First impressions are strong and your business methods will be judged by your business forms. When the highest grade of printing can be had at as low a price as the poorest grade, you should get the best. The FREE PRESS Job Dep't is filled with modern facilities for the highest class of work. Call, write, telephone or telegraph to the ACTON FREE PRESS.

Few are the remedies whose beneficial qualities and real merits have made them so popular with the public, and increased from year to year their consumption, which, whilst possessing the most valuable remedial properties, are yet so simple in their compound, and so easy to take, as the Quinine Wine, prepared from the pure Sulphate of Quinine, combined with fine Sherry Wine, and choice aromatics, which relieves the Quinine of its bitter taste, and does not impair in the least degree the efficacy of its action upon the patient; while small doses, frequently repeated, strengthen the pulse, increase muscular force, and invigorate the tone of the nerv