The Acton Free Press.

VOLUME XIX.---NO. 2. ACTON, ONTARIO, THURSDAY, JULY 13, 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 are 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	$60.00	$35.00	$20.00	$7.00
10 inches	35.00	20.00	12.00	3.00
2 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. E. OREN, 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 and Saturday and the first Thursday of each month.
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—Kennedy'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.

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 Macdonald street, Guelph.

PATENTS SECURED
FOR INVENTIONS
HENRY GRANT, 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. Rulling neatly and promptly done.

THE HANLAN BARBER SHOP,
MILL STREET, ACTON
An easy shave, a stylish hair cut, a good tonic, an exhilarating shampoo, all kinds of fancy hair bound and put in first class condition. Ladies and children's hair tastily cut.
J. & H. WORDEN Tonorial Artists

Wellington Mutual
Fire Insurance Company
ESTABLISHED 1840
INSURANCE on Mutual plan. Any communications for warded to my address, by post or telephone, will be promptly attended to.
JOHN TAYLOR Agent
Guelph

Hamilton's Marble Works.
HAMILTON's Block (formerly Hatch's Block) the grey 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 76 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, strong, portable, nickel plated, perfect and adapted to all kinds of typewriting. 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 its work at the ODELL.
Reliable Agents and Salesmen wanted. Special inducements to Dealers.
For pamphlets giving information, etc., address
ODELL TYPE WRITER CO.,
Room 30, Canada Life Building, Toronto.
J. W. Rutherford, Mgr. for Dominion.

NO MONOPLY IN BICYCLES

Day will sell you Coventry made Bicycle, Ball Bearings, Pneumatic Tire, an A1 $150 machine for $80 cash. Come and see it. He is agent for the Record Breaking New Howe and Rudge Cycles. Special low prices for cash at

DAY'S BOOKSTORE.

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 greenhouses. 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, 15c. 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.

GEO. 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 process and 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, suitable 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,

Location at Nos. 101 and 103 Wyndham street, Guelph. 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 [illegible] the past season, we wish to [illegible] 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, Cornice Blocks, &c.

Your Lumber Dressed While You Wait
Price, $1.50 per M.

PUMPS

Issue better able than heretofore to supply pitted 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 8½ p.m. Careful attention given to every order. The wants of Commercial Travellers fully met.

JOHN WILLIAMS.

STEEL ENGRAVINGS,

Proof Etchings, Colonial Pictures, Room and Picture Mouldings,

IVORY OAK **FRAMES** SILVER GILT

ARTISTS' MATERIALS.

A full stock of Winsor & Newton's Flake White.
Double Tubes, Rowney's, &c.
8 x 10 Deep Photo Frames, complete 30c.
3 Foot Cabutco 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.

Capital Authorized $1,000,000
Capital Paid up 687,000
Rest 75,000

GUELPH BRANCH.

4 per cent. paid on sums of $1 and upwards deposited in the Savings Bank department and paid or compounded every six months.

Deposit Receipts issued.

Farmers notes discounted.

The collection of drafts, notes & accounts.

A general Banking business transacted.

A. E. B. JONES,
Manager

Binder Twine

"Red Cap,"
"Blue Ribbon,"
"Silver Composite,"

At Prices Lower Than Ever Can quote now.

BOND & CO
Hardware, GUELPH.

SHOES

Ladies' Fine American Shoes, Flexible and Dainty, Hand Turned, Cork Soles.

Every Lady Enjoys Stylish, Durable and Perfect Fitting Shoes

This you can have by letting us fit you with a pair of our Shoes which are made in all the different widths.

Oxfords for Ladies, Gents and Children's wear. We carry the largest stock in the city, and of the very best quality. Our Specialties are—Hand Sewed, Hand Welts, Goodyear Welts and Mokey Sewed Flexible.

If you are looking for stylish footwear of the best quality at low prices try W. McLaren & Co.

The answers to our climax puzzles have been examined. Miss Tena G. Hood, Guelph, is the successful competitor for the second prize, $2.50 and any pair of Shoes in our store valued at $2.50. As the various solutions were not correctly given by any one the first prize was not awarded. We white to-morrow on the results of the answers throughout, but more especially on those received from John Keane, Alma Ross, Lottie E. Webb, Maggie M. M. Stewart, Clyde, Lizzie H. Sigsworth, Erin, and Aug. McAllister, Moaghan.

Guelph's Leading Shoe Store

WM. McLAREN & CO.

IT WAS EVER THUS

That Sprague in Guelph sells better Furniture cheaper than anyone else, he has the largest and most select stock west of Toronto and will pay freight on all purchases. In bicycles he handles the

Humber, Whitworth, Helaire, Fleet, Spartan, Remington, Comet, New Rapid, Premier, Reglan and Excelsior.

Business is good because we sell cheap.

P. SPRAGGE,
Guelph.

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. P. Ryan & Co.

FASHIONABLE WEST END
99 Upper Wyndham Street

Headquarters for Best Values and Choicest Range of

Summer Ties, Shirts, Collars and Cuffs, Sox and Summer Underwear.

Fine Range Fancy Vests

One of the largest stocks in the city to choose your Hat from.

Try our Unhundred Shirt at 50c.

Specialty $4 Pants to order.

R. E. NELSON,
Merchant Tailor and Gents Furnisher,
99 Upper Wyndham St., Guelph

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

Poetry.

GOOD MANNERS.

BY MRS. M. A. KIDDER

At home and in society
We try to do our duty,
And make our lives as noble and wise
As befitter for their beauty.
We study art with all our heart,
We flaunt our silken banners;
And yet, of all the graces small,
There's nothing like good manners.

The pleasant smile, the gentle tone,
The eyes that glow and glisten
When others tell a story well,
And we in deference listen;
We grant each may the right of way,
That elders may precede us,
Give soft replies, scorn sacrifice
Our wills, should others need us.

To spare the tender hearts at home,
To smooth their path by slights,
To cheer and bless in tenderness,
That burdens may be lighter,
Know this one thing—good manners spring
Up from the heart, my neighbor.
They thrive and blow, as lilies grow,
By dint of loving labor.

Oh, womankind, though you may dress
In satins and in laces,
Or only wear the garments fair
That would become the Graces,
When you would shine inscribe this line
Upon your silken banners,
For sweethearts, too, as well as you,
There's no charm like good manners.

Select Family Reading.

Crystabel's Trial.

BY BONNIE BELLE TRYING.

"Crystal! Crystal!"

It was a man's voice that uttered the name, and it was filled with pleading, passionate intensity. He drew a little nearer as he spoke, and looked as though that utterance of her name was but the prelude to an eloquent pleading. But she interrupted him, saying:

"Mr. Chaloner, you forget yourself."

"I only wish I could," he answered, huskily, "if, in forgetting myself, I could forget you. Crystabel! Crystabel! do not turn from me! Be my wife! Try to love me! Oh, child——"

"Mr. Chaloner," interrupted Crystabel, haughtily, "this is worse than useless. Say no more. I will not listen. And be so kind as to let me pass. I would return to the ball-room."

For a moment a struggle took place with in him. He stood in her way, and as he looked at her, so exquisitely beautiful, with the pale light quivering over her delicate lace draperies sprinkled with pearls, he thought should he let her go, or tell her why he had spoken what was the great blow that had broken down the barrier of his long silence?

"Will you allow me to pass?" repeated Crystabel, ah! angry flame coloring her delicate cheek and sparkling in her lovely eyes. "This is, to say the least, ungentlemanly."

"Wait," he said, huskily, "just a moment and for God's sake listen to me, child. I would never have spoken of this to you. My love should have died ere it has lived in silence. But I would save you!"

"Save me!" She threw her head back in defiance, and her suddenly clenching handkerchief the frail ivory sticks of her fan. "I will not ask what you mean. I will not even try to conjecture. You deal in enigmas and insults. Let me pass!"

As if she had struck him he stepped aside, but even in the blazing heat of her anger, she saw and always remembered the agonized pain and pallor of his face.

The next moment she was gone, and he sank down on a seat under the dew-ladened vines, with a bitter groan.

"Lost! lost! my one love! And how will she bear the blow that is to come? How can she—reared in the rose leaf lap of luxury and delicate as a snowflake—battle with poverty and the world? It will kill her! kill her! And I, who would lay down my life for her, must see it all and be unable to help!"

With what rapid, swinging strides trouble, grief, and despair march across the sunny paths of our lives, and blast all the future with their baneful shadows!

Three hours after Crystabel swept away from her lover in haughty, insulting anger, she knew what he had meant when he said that he would save her. All that he had known must happen, she now knew had happened. Summoned from the ball in cruel, unwarted haste, she now stood in her laces, jewels, flowers and beauty, in the midst of ruin, disgrace and death.

Her father lay dead by his own hand in one room, her mother in terrified convulsions in another, and the house, her beautiful, luxurious home, was filled with officers and men.

And she, she, the dainty belle, the sensitive hot house plant, the frail, delicate girl who had known naught but sunshine, luxury, and laughter from the hour of her birth, what did she do?

With a vivid clearness as stinging as death she heard them tell how it was the old story of temptation and fall, and death as the only alternative to life long disgrace.

And then her stunned heart and brain turned from the dead to the living, and her only words were:

"Let me go to my mother."

Almost immediately after she left the ball room, Gilbert Chaloner heard of it, and heard the idle wonderings of the gay guests at her sudden summons.

"Merciful heavens!" he muttered—"can it have come so soon and she gone alone to face it? The blow will kill her."

And with all haste he followed and reached her home, only to find that the blow had been worse that he dreamed, that the guilty husband and father was dead.

"Where is she? Miss Carlisle?" he stammered to one of the terrified, speechless servants who flocked in the hall.

"There, sir, with mistress," was his answer, as the man pointed to the door.

And there he went, to be struck motionless with surprise on the threshold. What he had expected to see was Crystabel in hysterics of terror and grief, watched and tended by the devoted, heart-broken mother. What he saw was Crystabel on her knees by a low couch, her face was white, still and tearless, her eyes on her mother's insensible face, her own hands eagerly chafing those cold lifeless ones. The dreamy hearted pearls still gleaned in her sunny hair and clasped her white throat.

In all her exquisite laces she knelt down there like an angel, and forgot her own grief in trying to comfort her mother.

She did not see him, and it was several moments before he could sufficiently recover himself to advance and speak to her.

"Can I do anything?"

She started a little, and lifted her eyes, stunned and dreary, in their unspeakable anguish.

"Nothing unless you can help me save her," she said.

And he at once knelt beside her and began rubbing one of the cold hands with his warm, vigorous ones.

"You know this?" she asked him, and he marvelled at her voice, so singularly cold and calm.

"Yes," he answered, simply, "most of it. But I did not dream of the ending."

She said no more, nor did he. The hours wore away, and gray dawn began to supersede the night.

The dead was decently composed, with the ghastly bullet hole in his head covered. The living had been won from insensibility to a drugged resemblance of restless sleep; the crowd had dwindled, and still Crystabel moved about the darkened house like a dumb ghost in her lace robes, with that awfully still anguish in her face that almost drove Gilbert Chaloner wild. For he still remained. He was an old friend, a younger brother in all but blood to the dead man, and it seemed to be his place now.

"Will you not rest?" he said, to her at last. "For your mother's sake, I beg of you, try at least."

"Rest!" she repeated, turning her eyes slowly to him—the eyes that so little while ago had sparkled with joyous beauty, but that now seemed steeped in stony, speechless grief. "What time have I now for rest, and what would it be but a mockery? No, no! I have had my day of rest. I must work now."

In mingled astonishment and grief, he could have cried aloud at this change in her. But knowing words to be useless, he did no more. He only went his way and wondered.

The world that speculated and talked and gossiped, received but little satisfaction after all; Crystabel neither died nor went crazy. A strength, a resolution and depth of character that no one ever dreamed the gay little butterfly could possess, developed under the storms of adversity and trouble. As she had said on that terrible night, work she must, and work she did, earning her own and her mother's daily bread; and, when the gay world no longer knew or sought her out, she felt that she was learning one of life's bitterest lessons, and clung with deeper appreciation and tenderness to the few very few friends that were true in shadow as in sunshine. And in reaching the depths of her heart she found at last the love that Gilbert Chaloner had craved, and that had been buried under frivolous gayety; and there, all unknown to her, it had thrived in spite of neglect, but now unearthed, and fed with daily thought, it grew to be her life's strongest impulse when it was all too late—too late!

For he never spoke of love now. He was the truest, kindest, best of friends, coming often to their humble home, and never without some delicacy to the invalid mother, who never recovered, but was wasting slowly away. He took every interest that a son and brother could take, and watched over them carefully, managing now and then to help a little, in spite of Crystabel's pride.

But he never spoke or seemed to think of love, and Crystabel bore her aching heart as best she could, and tried to hide any sadness or pain from the mother's watchful eye. But another blow was more than she could bear, and when, in the summer stillness of night, the tenderly loved and devoted mother dropped her weary burden, and quietly passed from troubled sleep to sleep everlasting, Crystabel fainted, with a wild, pleading prayer on her lips to be allowed to die.

Gilbert Chaloner heard of it at once, and with his heart filled to bursting, hurried to her, filled with a resolution to take her, whether she would or not, and cherish her against further grief and suffering; for Crystabel had hidden her heart with sensitive pride. He did not dream that the love he craved above all earthly things was his own at last.

A stillness suggestive of death but peaceful death, not wild and terror stricken like the other, rested upon the little house, lying slumberously warm in the sunshine. Several kindly neighbors, with tear filled eyes, lingered on the porch and in the little yard, and whispered to him that Crystabel was alone with her mother in the sitting room.

And there he went, blinded with tears and dumb with the overwhelming love and pity that filled his whole being.

Crystabel was kneeling beside the dead body, as once before she had knelt by the living one, with her crossed arms and bowed head on the pulseless bosom.

"Crystabel!" he almost stammeringly uttered.

And then she started up. Through the clouds of bitterness and grief that voice went piercingly to her heart, and she forgot everything save her love and her anguished, tearless grief.

"She is dead!" she cried, standing up and facing him. "Dead! And I am alone! alone! for even you will desert me now!" And the quivering love in her voice told his heart the truth.

For an instant he stood as if stunned, then he was beside her. In his strong arms, that trembled with joy, he clasped her slender, wavering figure. To his great, worshipful heart he pressed her lifting the sorrowful, lily white face to his own.

"Speak to me, my darling! my cherished, precious darling! Thank God that you will at last let me love and care for you as my heart has ached to do."

She lifted her eyes shining with love, around his neck she put her arms, and on his breast laid her head with a sigh of perfect trust and devotion.

Origin of the Word "Dollar."

Few persons have ever troubled themselves to think of the derivation of the word dollar. It is from the German thal (valley) and came into use in this way some 300 years ago. There is a little mining city or district in Northern Bohemia called Joachimstal, or Joachim's Valley. The reigning duke of the region authorized this city in the sixteenth century to coin a silver piece, which was called "Jochimsthaler." The word "Joachim" was soon dropped, and the name "thaler" only retained. The piece went into general use in Germany and also in Denmark, where the orthography was changed to "daler," whence it came into English, and was adopted by our forefathers with some changes in the spelling.

To gain strength—Hood's Sarsaparilla.
For steady nerves—Hood's Sarsaparilla.
For pure blood—Hood's Sarsaparilla.

THE GOSSIPVILLIANS OF GOSSIPVILLE.

There are many Gossipvilles scattered about the country. One can scarcely go fifty miles in any direction without plumping into a Gossipville. From some cause or other, the name has been committed by the pioneer settlers, and untravelled persons may possibly consider this circumstance prima facie evidence that the places referred to belong only to the topography of Dreamland. But as we know that many villages described and depicted on paper have no existence in fact, why should not villages that exist in fact be sometimes uncatalogued on paper?

That last suggestion is thrown in for the benefit of inductive philosophers. Practical men are well aware that every county, to say the least, has its Gossipville. The specimen of the genius we have in our mind's eye at present it is unnecessary to locate. We will merely describe the peculiarities of the inhabitants, and any community that the cap fits, is respectfully invited to put it on.

The misanthropic individual who acquired a fortune by minding his own business would be out of his element in Gossipville. There the inhabitants magnanimously neglected their own affairs, to attend without fee or reward to those of their neighbors. The womankind are so unselfish that they will leave the most pressing household work unfinished, to canvass confidentially, in committees of twos and threes, the sayings and doings of their dearest friends.

Rumor is very potent in Gossipville. In fact she is the lutelar divinity of the place, "whom all in public and in private worship." Exaggeration is cultivated there as one of the fine arts, and the legend of the three black crows would be considered a very feeble attempt at amplification by the Gossipvillians.

Reader, if you have ever been among them, we need not tell you what a deep, not to say enthusiastic, interest they take in the private concerns of the sinner within the gates; how skilfully they examine, and cross examine him; how they watch his comings and outgoings, and what unpleasant theories they get up in relation to his antecedents, his means, his motives and his morals.

Dr. Franklin, who knew the Gossipvillians well, was accustomed on entering their territory to display a card which forestalled inquiry. On it were inscribed his name and age, manner of life, the object of his visit, and such other information of a personal nature as he supposed to be in special request at Gossipville. This is a very excellent plan, and we heartly commend it to all who may have occasion to sojourn among these inquiring people.

THE VALUE OF STORIES.

A gentleman who acted as a private secretary and amanuensis for Prescott, the historian, gives some extremely interesting particulars in relation to the daily habits of that remarkable man. He was as regular in his movements as clock-work, and among his invariable habits was that of listening every day of his life, for the space of an hour, to some story or tale, read to him by his wife or his secretary. He needed this kind of mental refreshment as a relief from his grave study of the matter of fact histories in which he worked, as much as he needed sleep, over exercise in the open air. And what he required every mind requires. Stories, therefore, are as necessary to the preservation and improvement of the human intellect as any other kind of literary exercise. It is only the thoughtless and unphilosophical who speak of stories with contempt. They are to the sober realities of earth what flowers are in the vegetable world. Roses and violets are as important in the economy of the universe as are oaks and cedars. The story writer, therefore, is not to be held in less esteem than the author of ponderous volumes of history or dissertations on philosophy and political economy. Each has its sphere, and is entitled to respect according to the degree of ability with which he fulfils the duty which his talents qualify him to discharge.

THE BABY'S PICTURE.

Photographing her own baby is one of the occupations of the modern mother. And if she has a knack at the art and has reached a fair degree of skill her work is apt to be a perfect success. She has the subject at a greater advantage than any professional photographer ever can. Her knowledge of the baby's character and moods and her being able to take him at just the most bewitching moment count for more in the portrait than the trained artist's higher powers.

One photographer and mother who is an enthusiast in both capacities keeps a sort of diary of her boy's likenesses. She takes him every day, rain or shine, trying to catch the most characteristic expression that his babyship assumes in the course of the twenty four hours. Sometimes he is asleep lying on the bias across the bed with his arms stretched out as if endeavoring to take up every inch of space in the world he could. Sometimes he is investigating the nature of his last new toy, sometimes laughing to glee at his latest piece of wickedness.

This amateur artist mounts her daily photographs in various ways. One year she took only blue prints, setting them on blue gray drawing paper and binding them into one huge book. This year she is using a brown tone in her work and mounting the pictures on plain manilla paper. She says that for next year she shall make all the photographs as light as possible and mount them on fair white cardboard.

VERY LEARNED.

Not long ago the orthodox clergyman of a New England town was called from his study in the evening to marry a young couple who were waiting in his parlor hard upon matrimony. The young people appeared to be from a humble walk in life, but were beaming with happiness.

At the conclusion of the ceremony there was a pause of some length. The bride looked inquiringly at the groom, and he gazed back at her with a happy but somewhat vague expression of confidence.

At last the bride stepped forward in a hesitating manner, and dropping an elaborate courtesy said:

"We—we are very much obliged to you, sir, and we hope that at some time we shall be able to reciprocate."

Her husband looked at her with undisguised pride in her ability to cope with a word of such length and elegance, and the minister bowed the couple out with as grave a face as he could call up with that remarkable wish ringing in his ears.—*Youth's Companion.*

GOLD, DIAMONDS, ETC., AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.

Perhaps the most beautiful display of gold and silver ores is that sent by Nevada and placed in the mineral mineralogical collection. It is a special exhibit made by the state of the extraordinary finds of ore from the richest of its mines. The collection does not contain a piece of ore in which pure precious metal is not to be seen lying in little chunks on the surface ready to be picked off, or twisted in wire forms through the entire rock. Silver is shown in the ores in all its forms—native, black metal, wire, ruby, chloride, and bromide. There are bits of gold ore, not larger than one's two fists together, that are valued at $800. On other pieces of ore it requires only the application of a little cleaning acid to reveal the pure gold. One remarkable specimen shows gold and silver together in a piece of iron ore. From the Hawthorne mining district are specimens of ore that runs $200,000 a ton. From the Manhattan mine is one piece of silver ore that weighs 108 pounds and contains $1,100 in pure metal. Nearly all the great mines of the state are represented in the collection, the Comstock, the Big Bonanza, and all the others where the Mackays, Fair, Flood, and O'Brien made their millions.

Arizona's exhibit is not like that of other states. They have paid more attention to bulk and the arrangement of attractive and spectacular pyramids, while all that Arizona has to show is to be seen in glass cases. Colorado has followed the example to a certain extent by the arrangement of a few cases of rarely valuable ores, but the greater part of the exhibit consists of the ordinary product of the mine.

One enterprising firm (American of course) has made models of the largest gold nuggets ever found, and these are shown in one of the galleries. The largest is the famous "Welcome" nugget, found in the Ballarat, Victoria, which contained 2,166 ounces of pure gold, valued at $41,853.

A New York firm has collected a unique group of gems containing a specimen of "Hiddenite," the only distinctive American gem, found only in North Carolina. This gem resembles the diamond and has about the same commercial value.—*The Chautauqua.*

THINKING IS GOOD.

When a young man does a wrong thing he is apt to excuse himself by saying he didn't think. More is the pity. Given a young man of honest intentions and intelligent mind and he will not go far wrong if he thinks before he acts. He will not commit a murder, or forge cheques, or run away with a woman or money that does not belong to him. It is presumed that every thinking person thinks it is a good thing to think.

An eminent teacher has said: "To call anyone thoughtful is almost the same as saying he is kind; his life is occupied, not in following out selfish inclinations, which come into one's mind without effort or praise, but in forcing them to submit to the test of thought, and to reveal how by energy here or abstinence there he may more truly live for others—thereby living more truly for himself!" The man who thinks broadly will get away from himself and from narrow creeds. He will love the whole world and give all who are in it, so far as may be, a living chance to act upon either better thoughts, and so make the world better.—Ex.

THE FUNNY POSTMASTER.

A funny postmaster recently sent to the Postoffice Department a new set of post office rules, says the New York *Telegram*. They were:—

A pair of onions will not go for two cents.

Ink bottles must be corked when sent by mail.

It is unsafe to mail apple or fruit trees with the fruit on them.

Alligators over ten feet in length are not allowed to be transmitted by mail.

As all postmasters are expert linguists, the addresses may be written in Chinese or Choctaw.

Persons are compelled to lick their own postage stamps, and envelopes the postmasters cannot be compelled to do this.

John Smith gets his mail from 671,229 postoffices, hence a letter addressed to "John Smith, United States," will reach him.

It is earnestly requested that lovers writing to their girls will please confine their gushing rhapsodies to the inside of their envelopes.

Nitro glycerine must be forwarded at the risk of the sender. If it should blow up in the postmaster's hands he cannot be held responsible.

When watches are sent through the mail if the sender will put a notice on the outside, the postmasters will wind and keep in running order.

When you send a money order in a letter always write full and explicit directions in the same letter, so that any person getting the letter can draw the money.

When letters are received bearing no directions, the persons for whom they are intended will please signify the fact to the postmaster that they may at once be forwarded.

A PAWNBROKING EXPERIMENT.

Notice is served in the *Christian Union* of the impending trial of an eleemosynary experiment which has long been discussed, and is of unusual interest. In August or September the People's Bank Association hopes to open the first of several model pawn offices for the poor. The newspapers abound from day to day with stories telling how hard it is for the very poor to borrow indispensible small sums of money, and what exhorbitant rates of interest are exacted for such loans. The legal rate at pawn shops is three per cent. for the first six months, and two per cent. a month for succeeding months, but most pawn brokers supplement these rates by charges for care of articles pawned, so that as much as 800 per cent. per annum is sometimes paid to them for the use of money. The People's Bank Association proposes to begin by a charge of one per cent. a month, and expects to start with $100,000 capital, which is to earn 4 per cent. dividends for its owners. The success of such a movement seems to depend simply on the shrewdness of the money-lender employed. With the right man in the avuncular situation there seems to be no inevitable obstacle to the success of a plan which if it does succeed, seems bound to help the right people at the right time. Plans for the relief of pawnbrokers who succumb to competition can be devised later on if they are needed.

ONLY A LITTLE WHILE.

Only a little while to work,
And a long, long time to rest,
Then drive the cloud from the aching brow
The sigh from the troubled breast.

Only a while to watch and pray,
And a long, long time to praise!
One touch, the Father, perhaps, will lay
Thy meditation off his ways.

Only a [illegible] while
As short as the going down
Of the setting sun, to speak, bear
The cross and the thorny crown.

Only a little while to sow,
And a long, long time to reap,
Let sow in faith with an open hand,
And infer from the good seed keep.

Only a little while to love,
And a long, long time to find
The jewels death has robbed up of
The friends we will leave behind.

Only a while to trim our lamps,
Ere the bridegroom passeth by,
Then fill them with the oil of life,
Let the flame free pure and high.

Only a little while—what matters it
If our life be short or long?
If we only sing a few faint notes
Or the whole of the changing song?

Only a while our barks must drift
Toward the misty Isle of Tears,
Where the pirate Time has buried deep
Lost hopes of bygone years.

Only a while these barks are long
On the swell of earth's waves,
By the stranded pies of other days,
By a shore of grassy graves.

Only a while they'll struggle on
Amid the darkness and the strife
Then God will drop their anchor deep
In the quiet sea of Life.

Pearl Rivers, in New Orleans Picayune.

THE OLD MAN IN THE PANSIES.

Maggie Symington tells us in the Dublin *Warder* the following pretty fancies about the pansy. I have found him, and you can can do so, if you follow my directions.

Have you ever heard the pansy story? Listen. Every pansy that grows represents a whole family, father, mother, two daughters, and stepdaughters. So they say in *la belle France*, and for this reason the pansy is called the stepmother. When I tell you how to find the different members of this interesting family you will, I know, all be seeking for pansies that you may prove the truth of my words. First of all you must know that the petals are the colored leaves of the flow, and the sepals leaves of the calyx; the calyx is the green outer covering or leaf-like envelope of a flower. The pansy has two colored leaves, these are the step-children. By looking at the back you will find that they have only one sepal between them. These are the step daughters, who have only one chair the sepal, to sit down upon. The two marked side petals have each sepal each; these are the own daughters and each has a chair to herself. The fifth leaf, the largest and brightest of all, is the step mother, and she has two chairs or sepals. She cannot sit on two chairs at once, so one must be for her old man, but where is he? Ah, where? Now, do just what I tell you, and you will discover him. Carefully pull away the step daughters, the real daughters and the step mother, and then you will see him a funny little old man, with a comforter round his neck, sitting huddled up with his feet in a bath tub.

THE SACRED NATURE OF PROMISES

Life is too short for evasions, quibbles, untruthfulness and neglect, if we desire to get the best out of life, we must live the best ourselves. To every man and woman blessed with a liberal, or even a common school education there is given an added responsibility. We must war against the corrupting influences of a foreign population which increases rapidly, and brings with it vice and ignorance, we must place our children side by side with children who know nothing of pure home training, and children who have never had a home, we must meet falsehood with truth, and dishonesty with honor, and so train the youth of this broad land that a falsehood would be to them the vile thing it really is. At West Point the young cadet is taught that a falsehood is beneath the dignity of an officer and a gentleman, in the wide world let us teach our young army of coming rulers, in small things, as in great, the mighty power of Truth. Alas for any people when Honor and Truth make way for Policy and Expediency. It was Ruskin who said: "Teach your sons that their deeds are but a firebrand's tossing unless they are indeed just men and perfect in the fear of God. Kate Emmet Hood, in *The Chautauquan.*

ABOUT SOME GEMS

The Sultan of Turkey has an emerald of 300 carats set in the handle of a dagger.

Many of the Hindoo sapphires and other gems are carved into amulets and idols.

The Sultan of Turkey has the richest collection of gems and regalia in the world.

There is a twin crystal of emerald in St. Petersburg 7 inches long, 4 broad and weighing 14 pounds.

The diadem of the Russian Empress Anna contains 2,536 large diamond and a ruby valued at $400,000.

The cutting of the Koh-i-noor occupied 33 days with steam power and cost $10,000. The regent required two years and cost $25,000.

Cutquye is gray quartz with fibres of asbestos in the interior. It is found on the Malabar coast, in Ceylon, Bavaria and the United States.

The topaz took its name from a Greek word meaning guess, since the ancients could only guess at the locality where this beautiful stone was obtained.

Amethyst quartz varies in color from a very light blue to a very dark purple or violet. When heated, it turns yellow, then green, then transparent. Its coloring is due to manganese.

New Horseshoe.

A new horseshoe recently patented has for its special object the obtaining of better foothold and the lessening of concussion or jarring effect upon the animal's feet