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Editor and Proprietor.

Business Directory.

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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.

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BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, NOTARY PUBLIC
Money to Loan.
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CONVEYANCER, COLLECTOR, ETC
Rents and accounts collected. Agent Fire and Life, Assurance. Property bought and sold Money to loan on the most favorable terms
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CAPITAL . . $12,000,000
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Has been opened in connection with this Branch.
Interest Allowed at Current Rates.
JAS. H. FINLAY,
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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 hard from me. Price
10c. per lb or 11 lbs for $1.00.
MANGLES, 20c lb.
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" " Main, Southern White 75c. per bushel.
RED COB, COMPTON'S EARLY THOROBRED, FLINT LEAMING, etc.
HUNGARIAN, MILLET, TARES, BUCKWHEAT, etc.
CEO. J. THORP,
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Is a Source of Wealth.
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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.
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and will also supply any special sizes or mouldings at lowest prices.
Frames of All Kinds
made to order. We also keep in stock a full line of 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.
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Proof Exchange Colored Pictures, Room and Picture Mouldings.
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Double Tubes Rowney's 10c
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Our Wall papers
Are said to be the best selected in the city
WATERS BROS.,
ESTABLISHED 1877
ST GEORGE'S SQUARE, GUELPH

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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 8:30 p.m.
Careful attention given to every order
The wants of Commercial Travellers fully met
JOHN WILLIAMS.

The Traders' Bank
OF CANADA.
Capital Authorized . . $1,000,000
Capital Paid up . . 687,800
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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 sales notes a specialty
A General Banking business transacted.
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A Great Big Snap In
Refrigerators
AT
BOND'S
Hardware, CUELPH.

Boots & Shoes
Midsummer Clearing Sale.
We have commenced our annual Midsummer Clearing Sale.
Now is your chance to buy all kinds of
COLORED AND SPORTING GOODS CHEAP.
In our remnant lot you will find big bargains.
The Leading Boot and Shoe Store
WM. McLAREN & CO.
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WAS . .
EVER . .
THUS . .
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Always cheaper than . . .
. . has the largest and most select stock west of Toronto and will pay freights on all purchases. In bicycles he handles the
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Business is good because we sell cheap.
P. SPRAGGE,
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Music Store
Removed to 95 Upper Wyndham St.
. . . will be pleased to meet all . . . and as many new ones . . . call . . . 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 . . . to be shown goods.
C. W. Kelly's
MUSIC STORE.
95 Upper Wyndham street Guelph. Next to C. B. Ryan & Co.

HAVE YOU SEEN THEM?
If not
You ought to!
NEW SUITINGS, TROUSERINGS, SERGES, WORSTEDS
Direct importations. Pronounced the choicest stock in the trade. First-class style, fit and workmanship.
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Merchant Tailor and Gents Furnisher
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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.

PLUCK AND PRAYER.

There was not any use a-fretting,
An' I told Obadiah so;
For of we couldn't hold on to things
Weed just get to let 'em go.
There were lots of folks a-hard suffer
Along with the rest of us,
An' it didn't seem to be worth our while
To make such a dreffle fuss.

To be sure, the barn was most empty,
An' corn an' 'taters scarce,
And not much of anything plenty and cheap
But water, an' apple sass.
But then as I told Obadiah
It wa'n't no use to grouse,
For flesh an' blood couldn't stan' it, 'fur 'twas nothing but skin and bone.

But, laws! of 'you don't heard him,
At any hour of the night,
A-prayin' out of that closet there
'Twould have set you crazy, quite
A-hatchin' the keeps of those troubers
With cloth that was nowhars thin,
But it seemed as of the pieces were out
As fast as I set 'em in.

To me he said nights little
Of the thorny way we trod,
But at least a dozen times a day
He talked it over with God.
Down on his knees in the closet
The most of the time he passed,
For Obadiah knew how to pray
Much better than how to fast.

But I am that was contrary,
"That of things don't go just right,
I feel like rollin' my sleeves up high
An' gittin' ready to fight.
An' the giants I allow that winter
I ain't going to talk about,
Th' I didn't even complain to God,
Though I think that he found it out.

With the point of a camfore needle
I drive the wolf from the door
For I know that we wouldn't starve to death
Or be lazy because we were poor
An' Obadiah, he wondered
An' kept me posted to know,
An' thought it strange how the meal held on
An' strange we didn't freeze.

But I said to myself in whispers,
"God knows where His gifts are found,
An' then I always that faith gets down,
As far as the finger ends
An' I wouldn't have no one reckon
My Obadiah a sluch,
For some, you know, have thought to pray,
An' others the gift to work

Select Family Reading.

Davie's Doctor.

"You can come and live with me and welcome if you can put up with the same fare that I do.

The speaker was a tall, spare man, with keen black eyes twinkling out beneath a pair of bushy black brows. His clothes were shabby to the extreme, but they had evidently been carefully brushed before putting on, and had once been a fashionable make and texture, although long past their palmy days.

He was the step-uncle of the children who stood before him, and to whom his words were addressed.

I say children although the girl was fourteen and the boy twelve. But they were small for their age, and although bright and intelligent looking, had the appearance of being even younger than they really were.

Dorothy answered, shyly

"Thank you, Uncle Jonas, we'll be glad of even a poorer shelter than that hut," pointing to the cowshed which occupied a portion of the yard upon which Jonas Little's cottage stood. Won't we, Davie?

Yes that we will," responded Davie turning his blue eyes from the landscape they had been studying and fixing them wistfully upon his relative's wizened face. He loathes the

Lumber Whitworth, Beistle Fleet, Spartan, Remington, Comet, New Rapid Premier, Reglan and Excelsior.

Business is good because we sell cheap.

P. SPRAGGE,
Cuelph.

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Removed to 95 Upper Wyndham St.

. . . will be pleased to meet all . . . and as many new ones . . . call . . . with a call

Having disposed of nearly all my stock during the Clearing Sale, I have purchased a very large stock of

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"You must have been poorly off, I reckon" was the reply, and I am surprised at it. I thought when Robert Lane married my step-sister, Hulda, that he'd have taken better care of her and her children than to leave them like this."

There was a tremble in Dorothy's voice as she said

"We were very well off when father died and then mother took sick and followed him and while we were at the funeral our nice little house caught fire and burned down, with all that was in it. That is how we came to be poor."

"And if you don't went us uncle," put in Davie, fired into sudden passion by the suppressed emotion in Dorothy's voice "we won't stay."

But but to . . . all, and I didn't . . . Don't be so hasty. My living's very plain but such as it is Hulda's luv and girl are free to have

So it was settled.

Jonas Little had the reputation of being rich although he denied himself all but the barest necessaries of life. He had come to the place ten years before, and had bought the cottage with its few surrounding acres, and had settled down there to pass the rest of his days. He had formed no acquaintance and had made no debts. So that people really knew nothing about him, except that on his occasional visits to the village to procure provisions he paid cash for his purchases. He had since passed a lonely and uneventful life, until, as sudden ly as though they had dropped from the sky, Dorothy and Davie appeared on his threshold asking for shelter and protection.

Then a new era dawned upon the recluse. The sweet, clear music of a fresh young voice singing about the house as a girl put her willing hands to the work of cleaning and regulating the shrill notes of Davie's whistle as he chopped wood or drew water from the old fashioned well whose tall sweep rose above it like a gigantic arm suspending in air its time honored "moss grown bucket" all sounded strangely out of keeping with the half alive air which had previously pervaded all the accessories of the scene.

He had spoken the truth about the plainness of his fare. But Dorothy was a born manager, and with the aid of the milk from their one cow, and the eggs from their few fowls, she contrived many a palatable dish for the table out of the Indian meal which was the staple of most of the food.

Davie, too, was as handy in the garden as "Dot" as he called his sister was in the house. As the spring became more advanced from the bleak barrenness of the wintry sleep he made a few beds for vegetables, and soon had the satisfaction of adding daily a load of crisp lettuce and some bunches of scarlet radishes to Dorothy's warm corn bread and golden brown Indian pudding the usual dinner.

But in spite of the new state of comfort came a dread intruder, and poor Dorothy and Davie were again left without a protector. Death had let his icy fingers upon the heart of him who had befriended them, and it ceased to beat. Being as they thought, the only surviving relatives of Jonas Little, the horse without question belonged to them. But it could not feed them. Winter had again come, and as the little money which had been found within the well worn pocket-book of the deceased had been expended in giving him a decent burial, what was to keep the wolf from the door when the stock of provisions should run short?

If Jonas had been really worth property, no one knew anything about it; and the idea of such a thing being the case had never entered the mind of either of the children. He had died suddenly, without even a parting word of look to anyone. Not coming to breakfast at his usual hour, Dorothy, after a time, became uneasy about him, and after knocking in vain at the door of his room, had mustered courage to enter, even at the risk of being called an intruder. In another moment her cries had summoned Davie to the spot, and together they tried to resuscitate the already lifeless form. He had died as he had chosen to live alone. But he was mourned by the grateful orphans whom he had befriended at the eleventh hour, and so he received, even at that late period of time, the same reward that is generally bestowed only upon one who bears the burden and the heat of the day—unselfish love. For that divinest gift of heaven to man is not measured by years, it springs into the heart at a bound, and glorifies it with its soul satisfying presence.

"Thank God for Human Love!"

At last a crisis came. There was barely enough meal in the barrel for the supper. Moody had gone dry, the feathered purveyors were huddled disconsolately in their tumble down shelter, trying to keep themselves from freezing; and most emphatically on a strike for better wages, or rather food, and the wood pile was on its last legs. I mean logs, and crooked ones at that.

It was a doleful enough prospect.

During the twelvemonth which had elapsed since Dorothy had come to Uncle Jonas's door, a striking change had taken place in her. She had shot up tall and straight, with a lissom grace about every movement one would hardly have looked for in the sallow, stunted looking child. The blush of health glowed upon her cheeks, and her wide, brown eyes seemed to catch a cheery sparkle from every passing sunbeam.

Even as she looked at Davie on this most forlorn of all mornings, when everything seemed ripping the cold speak, of cold, of creature comforts), she could summon a smile to meet his troubled look.

"Run along, Davie, and cut some wood and I'll soon have supper ready. The big goat fire that I can make, too, shall make the old stove do its share toward making us comfortable."

In spite of himself the boy grew sudden ly lighted hearted, and ran off with the merry whistle sounding shrill from his lips. So magical is the charm of a cheerful, happy spirit. He worked away at the tough old knots for some time. Then, when quite a pile of wood lay before him he raised the axe for a master stroke to celebrate the end of his labor when sudden ly a piece of wood flew up against his eye, and with a bad cry of pain, he threw himself down and rolled upon the ground in his agony.

Dorothy a tender nurse was soon about him and she helped him into the house. She was as white and trembling as a girl could be but she did not faint. Getting Davie upon the bed she ran to the door to see if any one was in sight and seeing a child, begged that she would run for the village doctor and ask him to come to the cottage as quickly as possible. Then she went to Davie and tried to coax him to let her bathe his eye, but he was unmanageable from pain and forbade her to even touch it.

A half hour of suspense passed, then the doctor came. Dorothy looked up, expecting to see the venerable old practitioner who had tended her uncle through a short illness he had been attacked by shortly after she came to live with him, but to her surprise and consternation a younger man had come in his place.

"Surely such an inexperienced person could do no good!"

Those are her thoughts; but when she saw his quiet yet resolute way with Davie, and that the lad was as wax in his hands though he had been unmanageable to her own entreaties, she felt relieved and started off at his request to search for some linen cloths with which to bandage the wounded eye.

She could obtain the dark unfinished article, and in one of the, in promising looking receptacles she roughly hunted, starting at every rustle lest a Rat should sally out of a nine hole and frighten her for Dorothy had a feminine weakness even about those unoffending four footed bits of velvety fur commonly called mice and would never have invaded the mysteries of that old lumber room had it not been for the sake of poor Davie's suffering.

The first chest was filled with books, as was also the second, but the third proved to hold some warm linen sheets, which were just what she needed. As she caught them up a glimpse of something glittering caught her eye but not stopping at that time to investigate she hurried down stairs again with the linen.

Davie's eye was soon dressed skilfully and comfortably and then the young physician went away promising to come in again next day. It was not a wound which would put his eye in danger, but it was painful, and it was so far into the night before sleep visited either Davie's or Dora the's eyes. Once asleep, he did not awaken until far into the morning, then to his great amazement, Dorothy came to his bedside, wearing her bonnet and cloak, and with a brilliantly happy face told him that she had found it, treasure-trove, and that she was going to leave him alone while she went to the village and bought some provisions.

She was gone before he had time to ask any questions, but he made up for his omission on her return, and learned that some gold pieces had been hidden under the tattered sheets.

It was a joyful discovery and almost made Davie forget his pain.

Dorothy, too, looked no different from the troubled maiden of the day before that when the young doctor came, for he stood and looked at her for a moment, until suddenly remembering his "manners" as children's nurses admonish their charges, he bowed politely, and asked after Davie.

Dorothy had not been unmoved by that wondering, admiring gaze, and her color rose as she answered until her cheeks looked like two damask roses.

Long after Davie's eye had ceased to trouble him, his faithful physician continued his visits, explaining to Dorothy that as the eye was such a remarkably tender portion of the machinery of the human frame, it must be most carefully guarded from any chance of a possible relapse.

And Dorothy listened, glad at heart that the handsome young stranger was still to come to the cottage; never thinking, silly maiden, that a medical practictioner can not doctor a patient forever, and that even the most attentive and careful of the fraternity must stop coming some day.

And at last something happened very strange and wonderful. Dorothy, in continuing her rummaging in the attic, brought to light a letter and a will. To her surprise, she found that her uncle had deserted his wife and a baby boy years before, on account of a clause in the latter said "of incompatibility of temper, and of extravagance on my wife's part."

Some lingering tenderness toward the boy to whom he had always denied a father's protection must have still lurked in the miser's heart, for he had made a formal will bequeathing him all his property.

As Dorothy read over the list of the dead man's hoard, her eyes widened with amazement. He was very rich, and yet had lived upon the meagerest of fare, and had starved his heart as well as his body, all through the long years which had passed since he had subjected upon his recluse life, soul satisfying presence.

"Oh, Davie!" she exclaimed, hobbling the parchment toward him "Uncle Jonas has a son, and here is his will! and he was awful rich! It tells all about it here."

"And we are poor again, then," said Davie, in an injured tone.

"Yes, but then think of it! We have a real flesh and blood cousin! Isn't it nice.

Davie looked thoughtful, and the doctor said, studying Dorothy's face keenly

"You seem to care more for the cousin, than for your uncle's money. Think of it! if it were not for that document, you would become possessor of the property, for probably no one knows anything about the son."

"Then they will very soon, for I shall put notices in all the papers so as to find him," said Dorothy.

"I have always heard that a generous spirit speaks well of those who are dead and gone, and I didn't think it of you, you seemed so kind.

Tears had succeeded the sudden storm, and almost before Dorothy knew what had taken place, she found herself clasped in strong but tender arms, and a deep voice was whispering in her ear

"I only did it to try you, for I love you little Dorothy, and I am the cousin you have so nobly determined to find and restore to his rights. Will you marry me and share all with me?"

And Dorothy was so glad that she sobbed all the harder. But she let Roland her lover cousin kiss away her tears, and after a time, a happier trio were never gathered together under one roof than Dorothy, Davie, and "Davie's Doctor."

DINNER COMPANY.

One morning, just about nine o'clock some one rang Mrs Bellamy's door bell violently. It proved to be a messenger boy with a small note in his hand. The note was from Mrs Bellamy's sister in law, the wife of her husband's brother, and simply said

"Come at once. Bring a dinner dress. Don't desert me. Edith."

Mrs Bellamy was living a little way out of town, and there had been a quarrel between the cook and the upstairs girl, which had resulted in both taking French leave in the Irish manner, and this had happened only an hour before.

"I must take the children with me," said Mrs. William Bellamy, as she folded Mrs. Henry Bellamy's Epistle. "I can't leave them alone, and I can't telegraph to the office to William, to tell him where I am. I suppose some unexpected company has bestowed itself upon Euphemia, and she makes such a fuss about everything."

Accordingly Mrs. Bellamy made a parcel of a suitable dress, slippers, etc., costumed her children, and took the next train for New York, arriving at her sister in law's in due time, to be received by that lady in something very little short of hysterics.

"I had to bring them. I have no one at home to leave them with" explained Mrs William alluding to her children. "Both girls gone at once."

"Everything seems to come in a heap," responded Mrs Henry, not too amiably "Go up to Fermilia and Rosamond, children. Four can't be worse than two, and what my husband is thinking of, with everything packed to go in the country to morrow morning! Men are the most unreasonable wretches on the face of the earth."

"But tell me what they have done this time, asked Mrs William.

"You may say they, retorted Mrs Henry. "It's your husband as well as mine. I never heard such a thing! Only my old pique wrapper out to wear. I had to unpack at once. When Brian Muddle up told me, I thought I should drop. He came in this morning, in a great hurry you know how Brian looks in a hurry?"

"Yes," said Mrs William

"The master sent me over, mum he said, 'to say that the four Mr Smiths, from Chicago, will be over to dine, and both the masters will come, and he sure to set the best before them, and spare no expense. At six they'll be up.'

"I sat down in a chair and looked at him. 'Say it again, Brian,' said I. He said it again. 'Tell your master that I promised to obey when I married him,' I said. 'Wouldn't "very well," do, ma'am?' says Brian. 'Yes' said I 'very well.'

"Then he went, and I sent for you. The Smiths are very important men, and buy, in large quantities, of the firm, and, of course, they must entertain them. But why not at a hotel? Why come on me, packed as I am, to go to-morrow?"

"It is curious," said Mrs. Bellamy "Very curious."

Then the two ladies set to work polished and arranged everything, ordered dinner, oversaw its cooking, made sure that all was perfect, and were ready dressed by half past five o'clock.

"We've done it anyhow," said Mrs. William.

Well, all is well that ends well. But the cook was out yet.

The dinner hour came. No one appeared. It passed. No guest arrived, neither did the master of the house.

The dinner smoked, grew overdone, was spoiled.

Nine o'clock came. The mothers gave the children some supper and put them to bed, and sat near the windows watching.

"They have taken them somewhere else to dine," said Mrs. Henry, in a fury.

"I never thought William would behave so," said Mrs. William.

"I knew Henry was capable of anything," said the less amiable sister in law. The servants went to bed.

Ten o'clock came. Eleven.

The ladies removed their handsome dresses and substituted wrappers. Mrs. Henry, who was very stout, lending one to her sister in law, who was very small and slender, in which she looked extremely comical.

"What if the Smiths should come now?" laughed Mrs. William.

Mrs. Henry was past laughing.

And as the night wore on, terror began to take the place of indignation in both minds.

Something horrible had certainly happened. What it could be unless the walls of the business place of Bellamy Brothers had collapsed, and crushed them, together with the four Smiths, the faithful Brian and all the clerks, neither could think. But surely something, for now one, two, three, and four o'clock had struck, and neither missing husbands nor news of them arrived.

The ladies fell asleep on sofas, and aroused themselves in the early dawn, with that dreadful sense of awakening to calamity which we all know so well and here it was day, and no husbands yet. What did it mean?

Mrs. William was hastily dressing her self to go to the office and learn the awful truth, whatever it might be, when a latch key was heard in the door, and voices be low.

"Euphemia, where are you?" cried Mr. Henry. "Have you been frightened? Couldn't get down before. No train until six. We've had such a time of it. What Mr. William meant. Hullo, Bill! Your wife is here."

"Yes, I'm here William!" sobbed the little wife. "What does it all mean? I am frightened out of my senses."

"We want to know what it means" cried the brothers, both together. "Where were you?"

"Where were you? Why didn't you come?" replied the wives. "Dinner, a beautiful dinner ready all spoiled! Expected the four Smiths! etc., etc., etc.

"We came," said Mr. William to his wife. "Brian said you said, 'Very well.' The house was locked up. No message left. We had to take the Smiths to the hotel. Went to the house again. No one there. No message. Kept the Smiths at the hotel. Actually locked out of my own house. And they hinted you objected to dinner company. We had to stay until the early train, and I was distracted. Where were you?"

"Here" said Mrs William. "Brian told Euphemia you would bring the Smiths home to dine with her, and she sent for me."

Then came the explanation. Brian had been sent with a message to Mrs. William Bellamy, to the effect that the Smiths would come down to dine with her. The brothers had spoken together, and Mrs Henry received her message in her place. It was all Brian's fault! Every one began to abuse Brian, who, conscious of doing his duty and of being the one man in the world whom the world could not afford to miss, was at that moment opening the office and using brush, broom and dust pan with his usual dignity.

And so the whole affair ended with a hearty laugh, and a resolution never to send verbal messages again by Mr. Brian Muddleup.

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

Freedom is not caprice, but room to en large.

Self control lies at the foundation of the character.

In thankfulness for present mercy, nothing so becomes us as losing sight of past ills.

Kindness is a tender consideration to ward every living thing which God has created.

Honesty is the straightforward performance of every duty and every action as conscience dictates.

Not to do honor to old age is to demolish the morning the hour wherein we are to sleep at night.

In estimating a life or character, the question rarely turns on the correctness of this or that opinion held.

Courage is cool headed strength of will and purpose, ready for dangers and difficulties whatever they may be.

There are many persons who do not know how to idle their time away; they are the scourge of those who are occupied.

"A few books, well studied and thoroughly digested, nourish the understanding more than hundreds gurgled in the mouth.

Some things after all come to the pass that can't get into the doors of the rich, whose money somehow blocks up the entrance way.

If you see to it that the roots of character are pure, healthful, and strong, we may rest assured that its fruits will be sweet, wholesome, and abundant.

The greatest secret of getting on well with the world, a secret which few have learned, is to know when to speak, and especially how to keep still.

Knowledge is a comfortable retreat and shelter for us in our advanced age; if we do not plant it while young, it will give us no shade when we are grown old.

How quietly flows the river toward the sea and yet it always reaches its destination. This is a point to remember when you are trying to rush things.

Truth is like a clear mirror, which when it is not cracked or tarnished with, gives a true image, but when it is, distorts and gives a wrong expression to the object reflected.

Our ideal can never be too high for us to look up to and approach, but to expect to reach it at a single leap and to abandon it because we do not in worse than folly it is the death of moral progress.

True to His Principles.

A case of fidelity to principle is reported from a large city in Texas, where a prominent railroad officer lost his position because of his efforts to close the saloons on Sunday. The liquor dealers boycotted the railroad because they retained an officer who as a private citizen endeavored to enforce the laws of his land. Finally the railroad decided not to endure the boycott longer and give the officer in question the choice of retiring from the Sunday closing committee or resigning his railroad position. He nobly chose the latter, and now the Christian people of his city (San Antonio) have declared war against the saloon.

THE AFTER TIME.

There cometh time for laughter
And joy for the days we see;
But ever there cometh after
A time and a place for tears.
Worry of revel and riot,
Sick of the worldly strife,
Cometh the poverty, the quiet,
That quickens the founts of life.

And the spirit is disciplined
With joys that are bitter and sweet
And the soul which for ruin had panted
Falls down at the Master's feet
The world and its ways seem lonely,
And love at the last seems less
What Duty is there then but only
To cling to the crimson cross.

To cling to the cross that blesses,
With blood for the stifling dead,
On the tenderest of tender bosoms
To pillow the weary head
The feet she has cut or gashed
From the sharp rocks that block the way
With even the harsh nailgoing
In the beautiful sacred print feet.

O bird by the storm winds driven
Where never a sweet bird sings
From the wild and angry heaven
Fly homeward with weary wings.
And ye that are worn and weary
Who faint by the way and fall
Fly to it from the darkness dreary,
To the rock that was cleft for all.

THEY SAW THEMSELVES.

An American traveller in Siberia, having nothing better to do, one day persuaded one of his town native servants to sit for his photograph. The result was amusing, according to the point of view.

The fellow had never seen a mirror, and I dare say had no conception of the degree of ugliness exhibited upon his countenance. At any rate, upon seeing the picture he manifested no delight, though his companion, Constantine was very much elated, and could not rest contented until he had secured his picture also.

But, alas, for the weakness of humanity Mikhecoff was the pleased on this time, while poor Constantine was terribly crest fallen.

The portraits seem to have brought to their minds strange revelations, and they retired from their tent in a very thoughtful mood, each trying to smooth down his ugliness locks. Presently Constantine had occasion to borrow my scissors, and shortly afterward the two returned with scarcely a vestige of hair remaining on their heads and implored me to make other like beasts. *South a Companion.*

HE GOT LEFT.

Our trunks had been burned with the car, and when we got to Cincinnati an official of the railroad company deemed each one of us to give him our statement of loss. A tall, stiff, solemn looking young man came to me as I was figuring away and wanted to know what sum I was going to name.

"Well, I think my loss is at least $50," I replied. "Was my trunk burned, too?"

"Yes."

"But you lost nothing in it?"

"Not at all. And I wanted to . . . about it. Can I talk to you . . . confidence?"

"Oh, yes."

"Well I don't . . . worth over $12 but

"But you'd like to get $50?"

"Wouldn't I? Be charitable."

"That's a matter you must settle . . . your own conscience."

"Yes I know it is, but . . . bottom if I don't hope that . . . will kick me all over this town."

"What's that about?"

"Matter? Why instead of . . . I scoop the railroad out of $40 or $50. I've got to take $10 or $12. I've been study ing to be a preacher for three or four months and there my old hat if I don't tell a lie. That is allus the way of it. I've never tried to hit anything good which comes along!

SQUARE YOUR ACCOUNTS

A retail grocer told us the other day that he had a good balance in his favor and proposed to keep it there.

"Do you owe anything?"

"Yes I owe a few . . . but there is coal. I'm not going to square my self day by day.

This merchant is guilty of a very bad fault. He may not realize it, but . . . for . . . ness house and conducted in . . . are concerned he is a thief. In all probability the public owed him for carrying him for months and shutting every possible . . . But they take the attitude . . . word to the effect that he is unable to pay and have treated him with all possible . . . They owed every dollar that is due them yet forbear to press the debtor a settlement.

And all the time that retail grocer has money in the bank and won't pay his accounts of he would. The man who owes his money and will not pay so long himself his creditors and the community. In times like these a merchant should pay out his cash just as fast as he gets it. He should keep his accounts paid up just as closely as possible. If he does this if he shows a disposition to do all he can he has a right to expect favors from your jobber and will doubtless receive them. Pay, hold money in banks. Pay it out, and thus help to keep the business world moving. *Commercial Tribune.*

BUSINESS APHORISMS

They always talk who never think.

Mark your natural tendencies and apply them.

A husband at home is worth . . . to a saloon.

Have a smile for all a pleasant word for every body.

To succeed work hard, earnestly and incessantly.

A laugh is worth a hundred groans in any market.

Difficulties strengthen the mind as labor does the body.

There are many echoes in the world, and but few voices.

Study people for the knowledge they can impart to you.

An investment in knowledge always pays the best interest.

The luxury of doing good surpasses every other enjoyment.

Strive to obtain every kernel of knowledge within your reach.

If you are governed by reason you will govern many others. *Tact.*

The standard blood purifier, strength builder and nerve tonic is Hood's Sarsaparilla. Insist upon Hood's, because Hood's Cures.

Since the Crimean there have been 24 wars between England and France.