The Acton Free Press.

VOLUME XIX.---NO. 12. ACTON, ONTARIO, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER, 21 1899. PRICE THREE CENTS.

The Acton Free Press

—IS PUBLISHED—

EVERY THURSDAY MORNING,

—AT THE—

Free Press Steam Printing Office,

MILL STREET, ACTON, ONT.

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

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

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SPACE.	1 YR.	6 MO.	3 MO.	1 MO.
30 inches	$60.00	$35.00	$20.00	$7.00
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10c per lb or 11 lbs for $1.00.
MANGLES, 20c lb.
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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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Cistern and Well pumps, latest patterns, we can supply either wood or iron pumps cheaply. All work guaranteed satisfactory.
Please call and inspect before purchasing elsewhere
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Are said to be the best selected in the city.
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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 he is prepared to meet all trains with comfortable busses at moderate prices. Careful attention given to every order. The wants of Commercial Travellers fully met.
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BEST QUALITY
SMALL PROFITS.
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Good Shoes at Low Prices
and our customers will get the benefit
Keep in mind that we keep only first class shoes which we will sell at as low prices as you pay for inferior ones.
We claim to have the best $2.00 Ladies Butt. Boot in Canada.
See our stock of men's long boots, prices from $1.50 up.
The Leading Boot and Shoe Store.
WM. McLAREN & CO.
GUELPH.

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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, Beeston
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Business is good because we sell cheap
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Music Store
Removed to 95 Upper Wyndham St.
Where I will be pleased to meet all my 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
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Sheet Music and Music Books.
Call and examine my stock. No trouble to show goods.
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MUSIC STORE,
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SEEN THEM?
If not
You ought to!
NEW SUITINGS, TROWSERINGS, SERGES, WORSTEDS.
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WHY GO
ON USING
THE OLD
FASHIONED
IRON POT
AND PANS
WHEN YOU
CAN BUY
"AGATE WARE"
So Wondrous Cheap.
AT
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Hardware, GUELPH.

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H. P. MOORE,
Free Press Office, Acton.

Poetry.

HE WILL BE THERE.

Oh, I was oldish farmer from the wilds of Indiana,
And I'm almost as good, I guess, as any other man
I don't go much on larnin' and I hev my little ways,
But I'm fifteen ounces to the pound, jest as the feller says;
I may not be a scholard, but an't no small potater,
"None could wicker pitch, a ton hor dror a furrow straighter."
So when the crops are growin and the wheat is in the stack,
Ultimate v Chitchin, of I
Hef to walk back.
They say the exposition will be a sight to see,
And you can put it down in black it's just the sight for me.
Oh, cracky doodle Anula, but you'd ought to see the wade,
And Waller in the peanuts and the red lemonade,
I don't care much for waxworks and filigree and sich,
I'll leave them exhibitions to the poets and the rich,
But when I see the animiles just kindly lean the track,
For I'll set the gosh blamed circus, of I
Hef to walk back.
I'll have no pesky neighbors, a crowin' over me,
That they have seen a show that I could not afford to see
I'll bet a dozen doughnuts that I'll make the whole town stare
When I strike the World's Fair city and get ready for the fare,
Some folks are jest some punkins, and then agin they ain't,
And I bet their eyes'll bulge out when I begin to paint,
For I'll break the diagonal record of I hef to take the track
To the town o Greasers Junction when I
Start out back

Select Family Reading.

Norden's Resolve.

BY MARY E. MOFFAT

A noisy cascade flung its gleaming silver down from rock to rock of a precipitous descent. On either side, upon *plateaux* of nature's forming, grape gardens had been planted. Even now the vines were laden with heavy purple clusters, but they were being rapidly despoiled, for the master of the great house of the neighborhood was to night to give a fete to celebrate his only son's coming of age.

A young man, with his alpenstock in hand, evidently fresh from the descent of the mountain, made his appearance on the opposite side of the brawling stream. Catching sight of the figure standing before the vines, he called across, cheerily:

"Save a cluster for me, good Katrina. I will soon be beside you."

Suiting his action to his words, he stepped lightly from stone to stone, and soon reached the spot. What was his surprise to find himself face to face with a young girl instead of old Katrina. He hastily doffed his student's cap, and stood, his fair curly head bared to the breeze, and with a look of such ardent admiration in his frank blue eyes that the girl's dropped before them in sudden confusion.

"I beg your pardon," he said, "I thought it was Katrina. And you may I ask who you are?"

The girl's cheeks flushed as she raised her clear, dark fringed eyes to his face. Then she dropped a rustic courtesy.

"I am Bromhilda Laurenz Katrina's neice."

"What! little Hilda of the glen, whom my mother used to have up at the castle so often the winter before she died? Why you are as tall as as my shoulder! and you were then the least mite of a thing."

"True," said Hilda, raising one tiny brown hand a short distance from the the ground, "and you were so high."

Norden Friedhoff laughed a merry, boyish laugh.

"Yes, I forgot. Time brings changes alike to all. Well, give me the nicest plum for in your basket as a token that you forgive me for forgetting you." And Norden threw himself upon a bank of velvety grass and held out his hand with an air of lazy good nature.

With as much seriousness as though it were an affair of great importance, Hilda searched until she found a luscious, dewy purple bunch. As she gave them to him she said:

"You will please excuse me for going on with my work young master, for there must be all picked and sent to the house for your party to night."

"Say rather my father's party, for if there is anything I hate it's to have to play the agreeable to lots of people I don't care for as much as as that stone!" with a careless flip of a pebble into the water, then as a thought struck him, he said: "If you will bring the grapes up yourself, I will give you a present with my own hands for your service, and will promise you the first dance at the ball which is to be given to morrow to my father's tenants."

Hilda's face grew grave, and her innocent child eyes clouded as she answered:

"Katrina sends me not to the castle. She says it is not well for maids go. I know not why."

As Norden looked at her, and noted the refined, delicate beauty of her features, the wild, level browed forehead, the short, arching upper lip, its mate full, pouting, and red but finely cut, the straight nose with its trans-parent, tremulous nostrils, the lithe but graceful figure, all crowned with a golden glory of curling silken hair it came to him that the old aunt was right. Such a dower of loveliness might bring the child into danger should she not be carefully guarded and shielded from notice of the gay gallants who visited at his father's—Count Friedhoff's home.

"Ah, I see," he said. "You are a Little Red Riding Hood, and Katrina is a wise old grandmother. She's on the watch to keep the wolf away. Well, perhaps it is best."

Replacing his cap on his curly head, he waved an adieu, and was soon out of sight. Hilda watched until she could see no longer then she turned to her work again, murmuring through her smiling lips:

"Ah, but he is beautiful! So tall and broad shouldered, with such bright eyes and white teeth! And such pleasant ways! Happy will be the girl he loves!"

And all day long, and indeed for many succeeding ones, the girl's mind was haunted by the memory of that handsome and manly face.

Norden, too, found himself irresistibly drawn to the spot, and to an unaccountably attractive by Hilda's presence. At first he deceived even himself, and really thought he had my serious intention in seeking her society beyond a wish to pass a few leasing moments pleasantly; but he soon learned that love was the magnet which had so completely transformed his careless, fun loving nature into one filled with the hopes and aspirations of youthful manhood. Slowly he came to the conclusion to brave all the prejudices of his rank and caste, and to win the peerless peasant girl for his wife. It opened up a vista of intense and wonderful happiness to Hilda when he first told her of his love, and for a few moments she realized nothing but that, like the prince in the fairy-tale, her lover had come to her—a maiden of low degree—and laid his gifts of fortune at her feet as humbly as though she had been a high born lady. Then came the thought of his family, but Norden reassured her by his own high courage, and confidence in his ability to win his father's forgiveness—once they were married. At last, in spite of her better judgement, she consented to a clandestine marriage. The parish preacher would have refused to marry the young heir without Count Friedhoff's sanction. This Norden knew full well. So his fertile brain hit upon an expedient. He dressed himself so completely like an unsophisticated countryman that Hilda herself failed to recognize him. He kept up his assumed character until the last words of the ceremony had been said, and they were pronounced man and wife. Then he threw off his flaxen wig, straightened to a stooping figure, and with a gay laugh at the clergyman's astounded face, took the pen and signed his name Norden Friedhoff—in bold, legible characters upon the parish register.

"Thank you for this morning's work," he said. "Love has again laughed at all obstacles."

"But this is no laughing matter," the minister said, indignantly. "Your father the count, will never forgive me. Oh, my, dear young master, what have you done?"

"I have done nothing I am either ashamed of, or sorry for," and the young heir drew Hilda's trembling form close to his side. "I love Hilda better than my own life, and now nothing can take her from me," but the poor bride's heart was filled with sudden fear and sorrow. Never before had the good minister looked at her without a kindly smile upon his face, now he frowned so sternly.

"Oh, sir," she said, clasping her hands, and sinking down at his feet her eyes brimming over with tears as she looked up at him piteously, "is it so? Will I never be forgiven? Then Norden is ruined, and through his love for me?"

"Nonsense, Hilda!" said Norden, cheerily. "My father never refused me anything in his life. Think you, then, he would say nay to my first plea for forgiveness?"

The sad old man stood looking from one to the other a mingling of emotions upon his face. Pity for Hilda, vexation at Norden, and dismay at his own position in the matter all contending for the mastery. At last he said gravely:

"What is done cannot now be undone, and the young master must go at once to his father and make a clean breast of it."

Moved by a sudden impulse Hilda knelt before him.

"Will you give me your blessing and tell me you forgive me? I did not mean to do wrong."

The old man's eyes were moist as he laid his wrinkled hands upon her bowed head and said, solemnly:

"May God bless you and give you a happy life."

Hilda pressed her soft lips to his hand.

"Thank you," she said. "Whatever comes, I shall be better able to bear it."

The next scene is at the castle. The count is seated in his library. Elaborately dressed, leaning back in his easy chair, he looks as though he might have stepped out from the massive frame of the portrait of Count Friedrich Friedhoff, the founder of the family.

His face softens as his young daughter Irmengarde, a girl of fifteen, comes into the room, and stealing to his side, touches her red lips lightly to his forehead.

"Well, Irmengarde?" he says, questioningly, for at this time of day it is rare for her to interrupt him.

Norden is here, she says gently, and even as she speaks the young man is moving forward, holding Hilda's hand.

"Father," he says, in a voice he in vain tries to render steady, "I have brought you a present, a new daughter."

The count glances in speechless surprise from his son to this girl in peasant's garb thus strangely introduced into his presence. Has Norden gone mad?

"What do you mean?" he says at last, hoarsely. "If you are jesting, it is but a sorry trick. If not, you are no longer my son."

Norden's eyes quailed before his father's fiery glance. For the first time his boyish self confidence failed him.

"It is true." Oh, father, will you not forgive us?" And then with sank upon his knees and drew Hilda down beside him.

"Forgive you! Never! You can go and take your wife with you. Do you hear?"

"Oh, father," said Irmengarde pleadingly, "look at her. She has the face of an angel. No wonder Norden loves her."

"No, I will not look at her, the low born, the peasant."

But Irmengarde insisted on her father's obeying her, and at last he did so.

"Think of our mother," she said, and the soft voice, even as you loved her, my brother.

"Mention not your sainted mother in such a connection."

And as he spoke, the count pointed to the door, and, turning to Norden, said slowly and sternly:

"Go. Do not let me see your face again."

Norden grew pale to the lips. He had, indeed, offended beyond forgiveness. He put his arm about Hilda.

"Come," he said. "We are not the first who have perilled all for love and have lost. Remember, though," turning again to his father, "the fault is wholly mine, not hers. I was deceived myself, and so have misled her. I feel so sure of your love and forgiveness for any act short of a dishonorable one."

"If your idea of honor is to mingle base blood in a pure unsullied stream, it does not accord with mine, sir." And the Count curled his lip in unmitigated scorn. "And I advise you to make new acquaintance with the code."

"I will, sir," answered Norden, proudly, stung by his father's contempt; "and you shall not be troubled with a sight of my face again until I have proved my right to claim the knowledge."

He kept his word. Before another month he had taken passage for himself and Hilda in a sailing vessel, the *Odin*, bound for America.

Then news came that she had gone down with all on board. Alas for pride and anger! when the Death angel lays his cold hand upon the heart of one we have loved, even though estranged, to all appearance forever. When the Count heard of his son's death, it seemed to smite a blow at the springs of his own life. He fell, as though stricken by a heavy hand, moaning:

"My son! My son! Oh, cruel father, to slay his own flesh and blood!"

Irmengarde ministered to him tenderly in this hour of anguish, and when, after a weary, lingering illness he once more rose from his bed, he was a changed man. Months rolled on, and interminable, all seasons seeming alike to the mourning father and sister. Then came a morning when the cloud was lifted to a burst of gladness. A cable telegram in the morning papers announced that a few survivors of the *Odin* had reached America—picked up by a passing vessel—and that Norden and Bronhilda Friedhoff were among the names of the saved.

The next mail carried letters to the young emigrants asking them to return, and conveying messages of love and forgiveness; but in the near presence of death Norden's boyish, impulsive nature had undergone a change, and he realized that he had failed in duty to his father, and that he must make reparation by doing something to atone to him for the sorrow and anxiety he, in his thoughtless willfulness, had caused him to suffer. So he wrote home an earnest, manly letter, expressing his deep happiness, and gratitude to his father for the loving recall, but saying that he must fulfill his resolve to win a reputation that would add new lustre to his time honored name; then he would return and lay his laurels at his feet, thus earning his forgiveness.

Ten years later.

At the exhibition of machinery in the Centenial Exposition one remarkble invention challenged a continual interest and admiration. It combined the application of a principle which, though often tried, had never before succeeded. One morning a distinguished looking foreigner paused among the crowd of spectators standing before it. On his arm leaned a beautiful girl, evidently his daughter. As it happened, a group of gentlemen were discussing its peculiar excellencies, and their remarks, being in their own native tongue, attracted their attention.

"These Americans," said one, "carry off the palm everywhere for mechanical ingenuity."

"But," said another, "this name is not an American one. I see not why it should be in this particular department."

"It has a right here," was the answer, "for Mr. Friedhoff's talent received its first impetus in this his adopted country, of which he has become a naturalized citizen."

Irmengarde—for it was indeed Norden's sister—gave a sudden start.

"Father," she whispered, "did you hear? Can it be Norden?"

Just then the crowd parted and a splendid looking man in the prime of life came toward them. One look was enough.

"Father!" "My son!" burst simultaneously from their lips. It was indeed Norden Friedhoff, who had won this proud triumph, who had distanced all competitors.

"I was waiting," he said, after the first greetings were over, "to see what treatment should be meted out of this child of my brain. Then, if successful, I was coming home to you and Irmengarde, and to the dear old place."

Another hour found them at Norden's home.

In the beautiful, dignified woman who came forward to receive them it would have been hard to recognize the startled girl in her peasant dress, whom Norden had introduced to them so suddenly as his wife on that never-to-be-forgotten morning, long ago.

Hilda had come to the New World with an idea to attain to, as well as Norden. It was to render herself worthy of him and of the proud old name he had bestowed upon her, and she had spared no pains to

THEIR OWN LANGUAGE.

There is nothing like address ing people in their own language. The discovery was made by a lady of my acquaintance, who communicated the details to me.

The lady alluded to lives in a very pleasant street, and has before her door a little court-yard, well sodded and planted with flowers. It is her delight to water and weed them, and see them bloom profusely and it is the delight of all the street boys to the neighborhood to do all they can to destroy them.

They perch on the railings and jump down upon her parterres. They nip her roses in the bud, and cause her cypress vine to mourn the loss of its leaflets. In fact, they tormented her beyond endurance until she discovered the spell for exorcising them.

She had tried mild remonstrance, she had tried threats, but all in vain. The cook a woman of mighty arm had tried routing the party with a broom, and throwing hot water on them, but these skirmishes were attractive, and the garden became a rendezvous for every ragamuffin in the district. The lady, in despair, was about to have the space flagged over, when she noticed a curious thing: the little imps who tormented her stood in great dread of a large boy, whose apron and basket bespoke his connection with some butcher's establishment. When he passed, and looked over the railings, and said, "Yah! What's the matter with yous?" they became silent and dispersed with terror on their countenances. The question, "What's the matter with yous?" evidently conveyed an awful threat of some sort. It was part of the dialect the lady did not understand, but the bright thought struck her to try what it would do.

Accordingly, one afternoon, when the attacking party was in full force and high spirits she opened the door, a high respectable figure in black silk and linen collar, from whose lips only the most proper remarks could be supposed to issue, and looking up and down the street to see that she had no auditors, suddenly cast at her small enemies these words, uttered as nearly as possible in the tone the ferocious butchers boy used, "Yah! What's the matter with yous?"

The effect was tremendous, every dancing eye grew terror-stricken and turned furtively toward her face, every ragged figure slunk toward the gate. There was a patter of bare feet on the side walk the swift, soft, unshod run of the street boy proper, and she was alone.

Since that moment her grass grows green, her flowers bloom undisturbed. She weeds and waters them without being insulted, and if a small boy lingers near the gate, she has only to pop her head out of the window and look at him and he wilts and flies.

"I don't know why I'm sure," she says, "I wonder what I said to them. I have often thought of writing to some paper to ask. Evidently, I spoke a language they understood."

IN A ROLLING CHAIR.

He was short, stout and wore spectacles, and quite a German, but a jolly Teutonic American, and his wife was like him, and the four children were like both of them, only smaller. They got in line outside the 'pay gate' and were admitted within the exposition grounds where for some moments they stood in a huddled group wonderingly.

"Ve shall be lost—said the woman, her blue eyes returning to the children after a startled glance at the moving crowds and the great buildings.

"No, mine Eloisa, ve shall not be lost, said the broad Teutonic father. "I shall procure one of der rolling chair, and ve vill go all together. Stand you all here close."

He made his way, florid and bustling, to a neighboring chair stand, and there secured one of those basket like vehicles which can be hired with or without a 'pusher' and which are designed to carry one person each.

"Get you in, dot chair, Eloisa," exclaim ed paterfamilias, triumphant. "It ish strong. It vill hold up der children also. Liddle Laura, you gets in der lap of your mother so. And liddle Eloisa on dis arm so. And Fritz, you sits on dis odder arm so. And mine liddle Peter, var vill you sit? On der foot rest top of your mother's feet sonny."

"But I can walk, said little Peter, why not?"

"No, no, but you vill stray," interposed both father and mother at once and the lad, seven years old at least was bestowed on the foot rest, with his mothers feet for a cushion, and uncomplainingly held up his own nutcrips in his two hands. "So, dat is all right. Now then, hold on right every body. Ve go."

The father stood behind. He braced himself. The chair creaked and moved forward, and the family set off, for a day's sight seeing, all happy, all enjoying it.

And a thousand smiles followed them not one of which they ever saw. *Lady's Companion.*

HE KNEW WHEN HE WAS THROUGH.

A farmer in Greene County, Pennsylvania, hired as his assistant during a busy season a recent importation from the Emerald Isle. The young man was engaged one evening, and at the breakfast table next morning his employer said:

"Well, Pat, have you had enough breakfast?" "Oi have sore," replied Pat. "Then now pitch in and eat your dinner," said the farmer, "for we are going to work to day at the far end of the farm, and won't have time to come to the house to eat dinner." Pat resumed his eating, and when he stopped, his employer asked: "Have you had your dinner?" "Yis, sur." "Well, we must put in a good long day to day, so you better eat your supper, too, before we start." Pat went to work at the eatables, and finally laid down his knife and fork. "Had enough supper?" asked the farmer. "Yis." "Then now we will go to work." "Worruk, is it?" asked Pat, with a well feigned surprise. "Of course," replied his employer. "Oh, no," replied Pat with a shake of the head. "Where I kim from we never worruk after supper, sorr."

Do you read the testimonials published in behalf of Hood's Sarsaparilla? They are thoroughly reliable and worthy your confidence.

Four times more Irishmen reside in the United States than Englishmen.

A sound discretion is not so much indicated by never making a mistake as by never repeating it.

MY HYMN.

(The thanks of all young people are due to Alice Hromnyhon for the following lines and raising hymn.)

Just as I am, Thine own to be,
Friend of the young, who love to be
In unison to my will to thee,
Oh! Jesus Christ, I come.

In the glad morning of my day
My life to give my vows to pay,
With all my heart I come.

I would live for Thy light,
I would serve over for the right,
I would run to Thee with all my might,
Therefore to Thee I come.

Just as I am, young, strong, and free,
To be the best that I can be,
For truth, and righteousness, and Thee,
Lord of my life I come.

With many dreams of fame and gold,
Success and joy to make me bold,
But device still my faith to hold
For my whole life I come.

And for Thy sake to win renown
And then to wear the rejoicing crown
And at Thy feet to lay it down,
Oh! Master, Lord, I come.

WHAT MAKES SUCCESSFUL MEN

The most successful merchants and manufacturers to-day are those who served a conscientious apprenticeship in their chosen business. The successful man of to day was not the shirk of twenty five years ago. He was the young man who made himself useful and invaluable, who filled his place so well that a week's absence made such a vacancy that he was missed from his post. The successful man of to day was not the young man who tried to kill time, who tried to earn his salary by the least exertion, and who did not have the interest of his employer at heart.

There are hundreds of practical illustrations of the above assertions. We might mention one of the most successful paper manufacturers in New England, who died some years ago but of the wealthiest men of Fitchburg, who worked while a lad for two brothers who had formed a partnership in the paper manufacturing business at Franklin, N. H. He was a quiet, industrious, conscientious lad, who had been well brought up. He did not share in the levity and nonsense of the other lads about the mill. He attended church regularly in the Sabbath and behaved himself every day in the week. When the other lads would go home about his work going habits and even steal his shoes and hide them, he would go on just the same, long footed. He turned neither to the right nor to the left from his path of duty. What was the result?

After he had been in the employ for a week or so one of the brothers said to him and said: "Young man, you blunder and I do not get along well in either, and we have decided to dissolve partnership and I should like to buy out my brother's interest and sell it to you, means and reasonable terms for payment, and you and I will build up a large business." The young man said he felt complimented at this manifestation of confidence, and would take the matter into consideration.

The very next day he was all in for the other brother, and was told that existing relations between the two brothers were not exactly what they should be and that he had formed the idea of rather buying out the entire plant or starting elsewhere, and would like to have the young man join him in the enterprise. The member of the firm agreeing to furnish the capital and make easy terms of payment. The young man was amazed at be ashered by the two offers and, feeling that it might result in some embarrassment to him to accept either of them, he gave reasonable notice and left the employ of the firm at Franklin, going to Fitchburg, where he soon worked his way up as a manager and owner of paper mills, and finally as one of the most successful paper manufacturers in New England.

Such instances are not rare and should serve as examples to the rising generation so to inspire them to work for the best interests of their employers, feeling sure that their present employers do not fully appreciate their services, they are attracting the attention of other manufacturers and at the same time educating themselves for higher positions in office execution. The young man who holds down his place, who letters away his opportunities, is cheating himself. This is a crime equally as well as that of cheating his employer. Real worth never fails of appreciation. *American Cultivator.*

TROLLEY across THE OCEAN

Something of that Kind May Even Be Reasonable Second in the Future.

It is pretty well understood that the limit of speed in ocean steamers is almost reached if the present models are followed and that if there is to be any gain in swiftness it must be by the introduction of new form. The difficulty is to have a vessel of which the structural strength shall be great enough to carry the massive engines required for increased speed and at the same time to resist the force of the ocean storms. The Boston Courier thinks it is not impossible that the solution of the problem lies in the submarine ship and that the passenger steamer of the future will go under water instead of across the surface.

Perhaps the steamer of the future will be operated off a trolley by means of a submarine cable. The advantages of this plan would be great as it would prevent the necessity of carrying immense quantities of fuel and of keeping the vessel loaded down with enormous engines. All the delay and difficulty and expense of manning furnaces and engines on board ship would be done away with by the use of a trolley system, and the ships could be made so much lighter that they could go whizzing across the ocean in a couple of days. Danger of accident could be brought to be no greater than it is at present by having a sufficient number of repair steamers on the route, which would keep the cable in repair and in case of any accident to the trolley could bring the passenger boat into port or put it again in connection with the cable. There can be no question that the proper means of crossing the Atlantic quickly is by some system which will allow the motive power to be applied from the shore, either by a trolley or a cable. The limit of speed for ships that carry engines and fuel is certainly practically reached on the service, and there are difficulties in the way of submarine navigation which it would be hard to conquer. The trolley system is capable of great extention, and we may yet live to get to Europe by its means.

There is no surer mark of the absence of the highest moral and intellectual qualities than a cold reception of enthusiasm.