The Acton Free Press.

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The Acton Free Press

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—AT THE—

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H. P. MOORE,
Editor and Proprietor.

Business Directory.

J. F. UREN, M. D. C. M.
Office and residence Corner Mill & Frederick streets, 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.

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WM. A. McLEAN. JNO. A. McLEAN.

J. A. MOWAT,
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, NOTARY PUBLIC
Money to Loan.
OFFICE DAYS—Tuesday and Saturday.
OFFICE:—Kanawin's Block, Acton, up stairs

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CONVEYANCER, COLLECTOR, ETC.
Rents & accounts collected Agent Fire and Life Assurance. Property bought and sold Money to loan on the most favorable terms
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Twenty Years Practice. No Patent No Fee

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Account Books of all kinds made to order Periodicals of every description carefully bound. Ruling neatly and promptly done

THE HANLAN BARBER SHOP
MILL STREET, ACTON
An easy shave, a stylish hair cut, a good sea foam, an exhilarating shampoo, always given. Razors honed and put in first class condition. Ladies and children's hair lastly cut
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ESTABLISHED 1840
INSURANCE on Mutual plan. Any communications forwarded to my address Box 720 or telephone 98, will be promptly attended to
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MONEY TO LOAN.

FARM or village property at reasonable rates
Apply to
McLEAN & McLEAN
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Hamilton's Marble Works.

HAMILTON'S Block (formerly Hatch's Block), the store, corner of Woolwich and Norfolk streets, Guelph, Ont
JOHN H. HAMILTON, Proprietor,
The only direct importer in Guelph of Swedish Scotch, American and other superior Granites Limestone and Marble. A large stock to select from and none but superior workmen employed

THE ODELL
Type Writer

$20 WILL buy the ODELL TYPE WRITER with 70 characters, warranted to do better work than any machine made.

It combines simplicity with durability, speed, ease of operation, wears longer without cost of repairs than any other machine. Has no ink ribbon to bother the operator. It is neat, substantial, nickel plated, perfect, and adapted to all kinds of type writing. Like a printing press, it produces sharp, clear, legible manuscripts. Two or ten copies can be made at the writing. Any intelligent person can become an operator in two days. We offer $1,000 to any operator who can equal the work of the ODELL.

Reliable Agents and Salesmen wanted. Special inducements to Dealers.

For pamphlets giving indorsements, etc. address

ODELL TYPE WRITER CO.
Room 36, Canada Life Building Toronto
J. W. Rutherford Mgr. for Dominion.

PLUNDER.

15 CASES of Miscellaneous Books, Bibles, Sets of Authors, Poems, Sunday School Cards, &c., &c.

The old story, the wholesale houses wanted the money more than we did the goods—the result.

We bought this Plunder at less than half price and will sell it at the same rate. Come and see the prices; they will astonish you 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.

Education For Profit.

The Illustrated curriculum of the
Guelph Business College
For the TENTH SCHOLASTIC YEAR has been issued. By a competent critic it has been pronounced the finest educational calendar yet issued in Canada. Every young man or woman who contemplates attending College either now or in the future should send for it. It contains valuable information in a beautiful work of art, and both in its appearance and quality is thoroughly representative of the genuine work of the Guelph Business College
A copy will be sent free to any address, on application to

Malcolm MacCormick,
Principal.

Save Your Eyesight

We have now in our employ an optician who has graduated at Dr. Owens' Optical Institute, Detroit

No charge for testing the eyes. You only pay for the spectacles

SAVAGE & CO.,
Jewellers, Guelph.

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

WILL returning thanks to our many patrons for their liberal support in the past we wish to inform you that we have entered into an arrangement with R. Stewart, Guelph, to keep constantly on hand a full stock of the ordinary sizes of

Sash, Doors, Etc.

and will also supply any special sizes on short notice at Guelph prices.

Frames of All Kinds

made to order. We also keep in stock a line of Base Window and Door Casing, Corner Blocks, &c.

Your Lumber Dressed While You Wait
Price—$1 50 per M

PUMPS

Being better able than heretofore we will supply either wood or iron pumps promptly All work guaranteed satisfactory.
Please call and inspect before purchasing elsewhere

THOS. EBBAGE, Manager
Acton

STEEL ENGRAVINGS,

Etchings, Colored 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, 10c.
8 x 10 Deep Photo Frames, complete 20c
3 Foot Cornice Pole, Brass Fittings, 35c

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

The Traders' Bank
OF CANADA

Capital Authorized $1,000,000
Capital Paid up 807,000
Rest 75,000

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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 notes a specialty
A general Banking business transacted.

A. F. H. JONES,
Manager.

We want this Advertisement to so Shine That when in Guelph you will not miss seeing our Beautiful Display of

Hall, Banquet Piano, Stand, Library, and Bracket **LAMPS**

BOND'S
Hardware, CUELPH.

HAVE YOU SEEN THEM?

If not You ought to!

NEW SUITINGS, TROWSERINGS, SERGES, WORSTEDS.

Direct importations. Pronounced the choicest stock in the trade. First class style, fit and workmanship.

R. E. NELSON,
Merchant Tailor and Trunk Purveyor,
99 Upper Wyndham St Guelph

Boots & Shoes

FOR FALL AND WINTER

Having made large purchases of Kip and Cow hide Boots at

Specially Low Prices

We are selling men's boots at 50c. less than regular prices.

Men's Kip boots worth $4 00 now $3.50.
Men's Kip boots worth $3 50 now $3 00.
Men's Kip boots worth $3 25 now $2 75.
Men's cow hide boots worth ~~$3.00~~ now $2.50.
Men's cow hide boots worth $2 75 now $2 25
Men's cow hide boots worth $2.50 now $2 00.

We start the LONG BOOT trade this season at a reduction of 25 per cent. Our stock is too heavy, so we offer you cut prices. We will make it worth your while to see our stock.

Our Custom made Department as managed by a thoroughly competent man. We guarantee perfect satisfaction in quality and style.

The Leading Shoe Store

WM. McLAREN & CO.
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. B. Ryan & Co.

Toronto's Greatest Attraction

THE NEW CYCLORAMA.

JERUSALEM
ON THE DAY OF THE
CRUCIFIXION

To drawing large numbers of visitors daily, who all express themselves as greatly pleased with the magnificent and instructive show

EVERYBODY GOING TO TORONTO should avail themselves of the opportunity of seeing "JERUSALEM" at the Cyclorama. Open daily from 9 a m to 10 p.m.

PRICES OF ADMISSION—Adults 25 cents. Children under 15 25c

Next South west cor. Front & York streets

Poetry.

THEY NOD TO ME NOO.

I'm a grocer, an' since I was goyan wael aff,
Their I mixed wi' a crood far aboon the riff raff,
An' their friendship for me aye appeared to be grand;
But I failed, so they pass as fast mal to me noo.

I forced a bit laugh as aged as could be,
An' I thocht that she cared a guid lot about me
But she turned out as falsome the rest o' the crew.
For she passes me by an' mal nods to me noo.

There is Elder M'Scoricks who leaves owre the street,
A Guid fearing man, but gey fond o' the meat.
Weel, he purchased my goods, did his bill is aye due,
When I meet him he smiles an' mal nods to me noo.

An' there's mair than M'Scoricks gey deep in my debt,
But a smile or a nod's a' the payment I get.
An' am sorry indeed, an' its deeply I rue
That I feel sich a crood as whit nods to me noo.

There are fifers that came to me shop day by day,
Wi' a pettifu' tale asking things till "the pay,"
When I meet them you'd think I wis squad wild Zulu,
For they cross owre the street, an' no're nod to me noo.

Oh! I'm spared I get out o' the trouble I'm in
Should the day come agin when I'll has lots o' tin;
You may bet your last mark that I'll never allow
Sic a crood to "do" me as whit nod to me noo.

—The Scottish Canadian.

Select Family Reading.

Mother's Cooking.

The Plainfield boys always had the name of being smart, and I guess Lute Baker was just about the smartest boy the old town ever turned out. Well, he came by it naturally. Judge Baker was known all over Western Massachusetts as the sage of Plainfield, and Lute's mother, she was a Kellogg before the Judge married her; she had more faculty than a dozen of your girls now days, and her cooking was "talked about everywhere," never was a woman, as folks said, could cook like Miss Baker. The boys Lute's friends used to hang around the back porch of mornings just to get some of her doughnuts; she was always considerate and liberal to growing boys. Maybe Lute wouldn't have been so popular if it hadn't been for those dough nuts, and may be he wouldn't have been so smart if it hadn't been for all the good things his mother had fed into him. Always did believe there was piety and wisdom in New England victuals.

Lute went to Amherst college and did well, then he taught school a winter, for Judge Baker said nobody could amount to much in the world unless he'd taught school a spell. Lute set on being a lawyer, and so presently he went down to Spring field and read and studied in Judge Morris' office, and Judge Morris wrote a letter home to the Bakers once testifying to Lutes "probity" and "acumen" things that are never heard tell of except high up in the legal profession.

How Lute came to get the western fever, I can't say, but get it he did, and one summer he up and pushed off for Chicago, and there he hung out his shingle and joined a literary circle and proceeded to get rich and famous. The next spring Judge Baker fell off the woodshed while he was shingling it, and it jarred him so he kind of drooped and pined around a spell, and then one day he up and died. Lute had to come back home and settle up the estate.

When he went west again he took a wife with him. Emma Cowles that everybody called her Em for short, pretty as a picture and as likely a girl as there was in the township. Lute had always had a hankering after Em, and Em never thought there was such a fellow as Lute. She understood him perfectly, having sung in the choir with him two years. The young couple went west well provided.

Lute and Em went to housekeeping in Chicago. Em wanted to do her own work but Lute wouldn't hear to it, so they hired a German girl that was over from the vine yards of the Rhine country.

Lute," said Em, "Hulda doesn't know much about cooking."

"So I see," says Lute feelingly. "She's as green as grass, you'll have to teach her."

Hulda quit seeing a line and wield a spade deftly, but of the cuisine she knew somewhat less than nothing. Em had lots of patience and pluck, but she found teaching Hulda how to cook a puchuns hard job. Lute was sensible enough at first, used to laugh it off with a cordial bet that by and by Em would make a famous cook out of the obstruse but willing young grant. This moral backing buoyed Em up considerably, until one evening in an unguarded moment Lute expressed a pining for some doughnuts like mother makes, and that casual remark made Em unhappy but next evening when Lute came home to tea there were doughnuts on the table beautiful big, plethoric doughnuts that fairly reeked with the homely, delicious sentiment of New England. Lute ate one Em felt hurt.

"I guess it's because I've eaten so much else," explained Lute, "but somehow or other they don't taste like mother's."

Next day Em fed the rest of the dough nuts to a pea nun who came and said with his heart full of gratitude and his mouth full of doughnuts "I hain't had anything as good as this since I left Connecticut, twenty years ago."

That little subtlety consoled Em, but still she found it hard to bear up under her apparent inability to do her duty by Lute's critical palate. Once when Lute brought Colonel Hi Thomas home to dinner they had chicken pie. The colonel praised it and passed his plate a third time.

"Oh, but you ought to eat some of mother's chicken pie," said Lute. "Mother never puts any undercrust in her chicken pies, and that makes them juicer."

Same way when she had fried pork and potatoes, Lute couldn't understand why the flesh of the wallowing, carniverous western hog shouldn't be as white and firm and sweet as the meat of the swill-fed Yankee pig. And why were the Hubbard squashes so tasteless, and why was maple syrup so very different? Yes, amid all his professional duties Lute found time to note and remark upon this and other similar things, and of course Em was by implication, at least held responsible for them all.

And Em did try so hard, so very hard to correct the evils and to answer the hypercritical demands of Lute's foolishly petted and pampered appetite. She warred valorously with butchers, grocers and hucksters; she sent down east to Mother Baker for all the famous family receipts; she wrestled in speech and in practice with that awful Hulda; she experimented long and patiently; she blistered her pretty face and burned her hands over that kitchen range—yes, a slow, constant martyrdom that conscientious wife willingly endured for years in her enthusiastic determination to do her duty by Lute. Doughnuts, chicken pies, boiled dinners, layer cakes, soda biscuits, flapjacks, flub-dubs, baked beans, squash pies, corned beef hash, dried apple sauce, currant wine, succotash, brown bread—how various and unspeakable were the culinary abominations that Em, only to be rewarded with some cruel reminder of how mother used to do these things! It was terrible a tedious martyrdom.

Lute—mind you, Lute was not wilfully cruel. No; he was simply and irredeemably a heedless lout of a man, just as every married man is, for a spell at least. But it broke Em's heart all the same.

Lute's mother came to visit them when their first child was born, and she lifted a great deal of trouble off the patient wife. Old Miss Baker always liked Em; had told the minister three years ago that she knew Em would make Lute a good Christian wife. They named the boy Moses, after the old judge was dead, and old Miss Baker said he should have his grandpa's watch when he got to be twenty one. Old Miss Baker always stood by Em; maybe she remembered how the old judge had talked once upon a time about his mother's cooking. For all married men are as I have said, identically cruel about that sort of thing. Yes, old Miss Baker braced Em up wonderful, brought a lot of dried cat up out West with her for the baby, taught Em how to make salt rising bread, told her all about stewing things, and broiling things and roasting things, and showed how to tell the real Yankee codfish from the counterfeit; oh, she just did Em lots of good, did old Miss Baker.

The rewards of virtue may be slow in coming, but they are sure to come. Em's three boys—the three lumbering boys that came to Em and Lute—those three boys waxed fat and grew up boisterous, jubilant appreciators of their mother's cooking. The way those boys did eat their mother's doughnuts and mother's pies—wow! Other boys the neighbor's boys—came around regularly in troops, battalions, armies, and like a consuming fire licked up the wholesome viands which Em's skill and liberality provided for her own boys' enthusiastic playmates.

And all those boys, there must have been millions of 'em were living, breathing, vociferous testimonials to the unapproachable excellence of Em's cooking.

Lute got into politics and they elected him to the legislature. After the campaign, needing rest, he took it into his head to run down east to see his mother; he had not been back home in eight years. He took little Moses along with him. They were gone about three weeks. Gran'ma Baker had made great preparations for them, had cooked up enough pies to last all winter and four plump beheaded, well plucked, yellow legged pullets lying stiff and solemn like in the chill pantry off the kitchen, awaiting the last succulent scene of all.

Lute and the little boy got there late in the evening. The dear old lady was so glad to see them the love that beamed from her kindly eyes well nigh melted the glass in her silver bowed specs. The table was spread in her dining room, the sheet iron stove sighed till it seemed like to crack with the heat of that hardwood fire.

"Why Lute you ain't eatin enough to keep a fly alive," remonstrated old Miss Baker when her son declined another doughnut, "and what ails the child?" she continued; "Hain't he got no appetite? Why, when you was his age, Lute, seemed as if I couldn't cook doughnuts fast enough for you."

Lute explained that both he and his little boy had eaten pretty heartily on the train that day. But all the time of their visit there poor old Gran'ma Baker wondered and worried because they didn't eat enough. seemed to her as if western folks hadn't enough appetite. Even the plump pullets, served only in a style that made Miss Baker famed throughout those discriminating parts, even those pullets failed to awaken the expected and proper enthusiasm in the visitors.

Home again in Chicago, Lute drew his chair up to the table with an eloquent sigh of relief. As for little Moses, he clapped his delight.

"Chicken pie!" he cried gleefully, and then he added a soulful wish: "as his eager eyes fell upon a plateful of hot, exuberant voluptuous doughnuts.

"Yes, we are both glad to get back," said Lute.

But I am afraid suggested Em timidly "that grandma's cooking has spoiled you."

Little Moses threw him head in indignant a youthful remonstrance.

"Grandma can't cook worth a cent," said he.

Em expected Lute to be dreadfully shocked, but he wasn't.

"I wouldn't let her know it for all the world," remarked Lute, confidentially, "but mother has lost her grip on cooking. At any rate her cooking isn't what it used to be, it has changed."

Then Em came bravely to the rescue. "No, Lute," says she and she meant it, "your mother's cooking hasn't changed, but you have. The man has grown away from the boy and the tastes, the ways, and the delights of youth have no longer any fascination for the man."

"Maybe you are right, said Lute. At any rate your cooking beats the world."

Good for Lute! Virtue triumphs and my story ends. But first an explanation to continuate my narrative.

I should never have known this story if Lute himself had not told it to me at the last dinner of the Sons of New England told it to me right before Em, that dear, patient little martyred wife of his. And I know by the lovelight in Em's eyes that she was glad that she endured that martyrdom for Lute's sake.

Wine represents 3 per cent of the alcohol consumed in England, spirits 25 per cent, and beer 71 per cent.

The honeycomb presents a solution of the greatest possible strength and space with the least possible material.

The highest inhabited place in the world is the custom house of Ancomarca in Peru, 16,000 feet above the level of the sea.

A member of Congress of one of his fair constituents, and she replied: "Very likely, if the uniform were a pretty one and a handsome man in it."

THE SELF DENIAL OF PARENTS.

That parents should deny themselves superfluities for the sake of their children is not in the least to their credit, it is sheer, right, and their bounden duty. That they should give their children better advantages than they have had themselves is equally, in the nature of things their proper line of conduct. Each generation owes to the one in advance all that it can bestow of preparation, of culture, of opportunity, and of privelege. The self-denial of parents is the tribute the race demands; it is not especially notable nor particularly praiseworthy, because it is the appointed and expected role which is given to people when they take upon them the obligations of parenthood.

But self-denial on the part of the parents is one thing, and self effacement quite another. The plain man and the plain woman who have scrimped and stinted and saved, contrived, managed, risen early and sat up late, to send their sons and daughters to college, to educate them liberally, to place them well in the world, are not to be set aside as of small account when their children arrive at maturity.

They are wrong to allow themselves to be pushed to the wall, set in the background as they sometimes are. The mother may not know Euclid, or have the faintest acquaintance with Greek poets, the music her daughter plays may be a Chinese puzzle to her comprehension; but she does know a whole world of science, not necessarily in books, to which her daughter can gain no clue in the class room, since life must be the teacher. The father may speak a less ornate vernacular than his boy's vocabulary, but he has the shrewdness, the acquaintance with men, which come only by intercourse with one's fellows by joy and sorrow, and the different phases through which all pass who live long enough. It should be no part of the self denial of parents to do without the deference, the tenderness, the regard, of those whom they have brought up.

One finds it oftener in a comparatively new country than in the more conventional life of our cities, a state of things in which parents seem to have been outgrown by the children. There are farm houses in our frontier States where women, not yet middle-aged have put on gray hairs and wrinkles, lost the beauty and elasticity of youth, years before their time, resignedly accepting privation and toil and loneliness to give their girls a chance. If the girls are noble, sweet-natured and true, they will hold the dear mother in the greatest esteem because of all that she has done for them. Far from entertaining a feeling of pride or complacency, they will repay the beautiful self-denial of their parents by a devotion which never knows a shade of diminution. It is an ignoble nature alone which is capable of feeling ashamed of those who belong to one's kith and kin on account of any simplicity of manner or plainness of speech. Self-denial must not become self effacement.

A few years ago it was uncommon to find the parents of young people rather crowded out of the way, the drawing rooms given up to the youthful daughters and their friends while the mother and father sat by themselves in a basement dining room or their own chamber. A better state of things obtains now, and young people have learned that society is crude and unsatisfactory in which parents have not their fitting place.

THE PERFECT HOUSEKEEPER

The art of the perfect housekeeper lies in her concealing her efforts. To the uninitiated her work is done by magic, so smoothly do the wheels of domestic management roll along. If there is a jar in the kitchen her first effort is to smooth it quietly over, so that there is no reflection of it in the serene atmosphere above stairs. In every emergency the true housewife is mistress of herself. There is nothing about her of the restless spirit of Molinda's, "the lady one," "who is anon and anon, sir, fetching about in a whirlpool of bustle and confusion, and always dirty under pretence of being always cleaning." Neither is she unpertinently nice, but an air of comfort and restfulness and withal of perfect freedom, provades her house. She does not affect that stately formality which is the surest mark of the parvenu, or demand from those under her that servile deference that is only required by persons uncertain of their places. When Captain Duncan Knock asked Jeanie Deans the secret of her housekeeping, remarking that the farries must help her, for the house was always clean, yet he never saw her with a broom in her hand, she softly answered, "Much be done by timing one's turns." We have all seen such households where mistress was always ready to receive her friends and her husband's friends, where everything seemed to move by some unseen rythm. The secret certainly lies in perfect system, in "timing one's turns," doing the routine work of the house or seeing that it is done on exactly the same day and time of the day each week, and in training the servants to work so methodically that they always know what is expected of them. If housewives were more methodical in their ways of laying out their servants' work for each day, and in adhering to it, there would be less trouble with servants.

THE WORLD OF LABOR

The Manchester Ship Canal cost $90,000,000.

The making of chinaware is the oldest industry.

England eats 40,000 tons of Irish eggs annually.

New York real estate is valued at $1,562,562,393.

Pennsylvania leads the States in cigar production.

Irrigation in India has made 25,000,000 acres fruitful.

During the present century 8,000 tons of gold have been mined.

In Italy bakers tack loaves of their bread outside as samples.

The Krupps have produced a gun that can fire clear over Mount Blanc.

Clergymen come next in number to mechanics under the head of inventors.

Aluminum, worth about $75 a pound in 1859, is now worth hardly as many cents.

There are 50 abandoned ships floating about the Atlantic, which are dangerous.

In Malaga workmen are allowed fifteen minutes leisure in every hour to smoke cigarettes.

The Krupp gun works claims to have manufactured a machine which will roll iron so thin that it would take 1,800 sheets to make an inch.

GIRLS WITH NOTHING TO DO.

Summer is over; winter is near. Miss Angelina wonders, as she sits pensively tying a bow of yellow ribbon on her tennis racket, preparatory to placing it in retirement above her looking glass until next season, what she is going to do now.

There will be parties, of course, and balls and teas and other social entertainments; but society will not absorb all her time, and what is she to do with the rest? She can no longer dream away superfluous hours in a hammock. Light literature has begun to pall. She has quarrelled with several dear friends, and cannot always have the others when she wants them. Evidently she must find an occupation.

There are plenty to choose from. There is fancy work, ranging all the way from embroidered fir pillows to silk mittens and crazy quilts; but, somehow, she never did care about fancy work. Then there is china painting—that might do, only the smell of the alcohol is unpleasant, and her things never fire well, anyway. There is literature; but then she has read the standard novelettes already, and she knows by experience that more solid authors do her no good, for she never remembers what they say.

She might take a course of home study as her friend Seraphina did last winter—it was something about Art in the Middle Ages. But she unfortunately recalls that everybody laughed at Seraphina, and then besides the poor girl is just as stupid this year as she was last, so it couldn't have really improved her mind, after all. American history is somewhat more necessary, and less remote, and she feels that she is sadly ignorant there; she always wants to say "July Fourth, 1492," although of course, when she stops to think about it, she knows better. If only she could reconcile herself to hearing any more about George Washington she would certainly take up American History, but she is so tired of the great G. W.

The cooking school remains, that might be worth considering, only she prefers to buy her macaroons and relishes ready made, and perhaps oh, horror! the teacher would want to make her handle raw meat. Really, it is hard to choose, and she wishes, with a pathetic little sigh, that she only had a taste for something in particular!

Poor Angelina! Her winter's occupation, if she selects wisely, may bring her some measure of both benefit and enjoyment, but how much happier than she is any young woman, gifted or ordinary, who has chosen, in earnest, a suitable and steady employment, or who finds a career with out the pains of choosing, in sharing earnestly and helpfully the labors and responsibilities of a simple, busy and joyous home life.

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

If we would overcome the laws of nature we must not resist, we must balance them against one another.

There is nothing synonimous about poverty. It may even serve as a healthy stimulus to great spirits.

It is not in our open exposed deeds that we need the still voice of the night monitor, opt in the small secret every day acts of life.

If we could read the secret history of our enemies, we should find in each man's life sorrow and suffering enough to disarm all hostility.

There is less misery in being cheated than in that kind of wisdom which perceives, or thinks it perceives, that all mankind are cheats.

A face which is always serene possesses a mysterious and powerful attraction, and hearts come to it as to the sun to warm themselves again.

Work paves the only way leading to knowledge. The way is a long one, and the difficulties in it are many, but step by step it can be traversed, if labor be the guide.

You must not only work, but you must order your work with intelligence, you must be preparing the way for what you want to become, as well as do what lies to your hand.

We may divide thinkers into those who think for themselves and those who think through others, the latter are the rule, the former the exception. Only the light which we have kindled in ourselves can illuminate others.

The man is poor indeed who cannot in some way help his neighbor, if only by words of sympathy, and unless he has the disposition to do this when he is poor there is little likelihood that the possession of riches will transform his nature.

He who makes a baseless insinuation against a neighbor's integrity or honor is guilty of an injustice which is atrocious and monstrous in comparison with the petty depredation of the despicable thief who breaks into his granary and surreptitiously carries away his corn.

The chief office of silence is to bury all that is evil, and the chief office of speech is to disclose and disseminate all that is good. Let this be done with sincerity and earnestness, and let no criticism discourage it, for its ultimate benefit to character and to conduct is established beyond a doubt.

Boys' and Girls Rapid Growth.

The year of greatest growth in boys is the 17th, in girls the 14th. While girls reach full height in their 15th year they acquire full weight at the age of twenty. Boys are stronger than girls from birth to the 11th year, then girls become superior physically to the 17th year, when the tables are again turned and remain so. From November to April children grow little and gain no weight, from April to July they gain in height, but lose in weight, and from July to November they increase greatly in weight, but not in height.

Too Tempting Altogether.

A little boy had his first pair of rubber boots, and could not be contented till his mother went down to the brook to pass them wade. With loving care he dragged a board across the brook for his mother to walk on, while he waded beside her in water which came nearly to his boot tops. Suddenly, as if he had just realized what she was deprived of in being a woman, in shoes, he took her hand and said with affectionate earnestness,

"Indeed, mamma dear, I will not wade another minute where you can see me. It must be too temptatiouy for you to bear."

The [illegible] medical authorities say the proper way to treat catarrh is to take a constitutional remedy like Hood's Sarsaparilla.

A DREAM OF HEAVEN.

I dreamed I saw the road which led
Me to the gate of heaven,
And as I climbed the hill, I found
New strength to me was given.

And when I landed on the bank
Of heaven a celestial shore,
I saw the fruits of righteousness
Within the open door.

Those fruits of old never waste or die;
Their deathless nerves cease,
But give eternal life or joy,
And everlasting peace.

I felt that I would like to stay,
And enter further in,
But no one came to welcome me,
Oh! it was but a dream!

May be that I had not yet left
Some treasures far behind,
That no one came to ask me in
Beyond the hill I climbed.

Or, maybe, those rich fruits I saw
Were symbols of God's love,
To give me footsteps of the joys
To be in heaven above.

Just then my dream was nearly o'er,
But I could plainly see
That all was joy and happiness
Within God's canopy.

BRIDESMAIDS.

Next to being a bride herself, every good-looking young woman likes to be a bride's maid. Well it is thought by a large proportion of the blooming sex to be contagious and much to the credit of their courage, fair spinsters are not at all afraid of catching it. Perhaps the theory that the affection is communicated by contact, is correct. Certainly we have known one marriage to lead to another, and sometimes a series of happy events to follow.

Is there any book entitled "Rules for Bridesmaids" in secret circulation among young ladies? It seems as if there must be, for all the pretty bridesmaids act precisely alike. So far as official conduct is concerned, when you have seen one bridesmaid you have seen the whole fascinating tribe. Their leading duty seems to be to trust the bride as a victim led with garlands to the sacrifice. They consider it necessary to exhort her to "cheer up and stand by." It is assumed, by a poetic fiction, that she gives in a state of fearful trepidation to the altar, and upon the whole, would rather not be married. Her fair aids provide themselves with pungent essences, lest she should faint at the trying moment, which between you and us, reader, she has no more idea of doing than she has of flying. It is true she sometimes tells them that she "feels as if she should sink into the earth," and that they respond "Poor, dear soul!" and apply the smelling bottle, but she goes through her nuptial martyrdom with great fortitude, nevertheless.

In nine cases out of ten the bridegroom is more flustered than the fragile and lovely creature at his side, but nobody thinks of pitying him, poor fellow! All sympathy, compassion, interest, is concentrated upon the bride, and if one of the groomsmen does recommend him to take a glass of wine before the ceremony, to steady his nerves, the advice is given superciliously by one who should say, "what a specimen you are old fellow!"

SCIENTIFIC.

The origin of local thunderstorms in summer may be thus explained. In any region strongly heated by the sun's rays there arises an active evaporation, and in consequence a strong ascending current of air saturated with watery vapor. On entering the higher and colder regions of the atmosphere the watery vapor is condensed, and the heat thus liberated accelerates the upper current. The small drops are rapidly borne upward to a considerable height, and as a result of friction become charged with positive electricity, while the surrounding are negatively electric. The ascent of the water drops continues until their weight is sufficient to overcome the pressure of the ascending current of air. *Electrical Age.*

One of the most curious stones in the worlds is found in Finland where it occurs in many places. It is a natural barometer and actually foretells probable changes in the weather. It is called aetsakuur, and turns black shortly before an approaching rain, while in fine weather it is mottled with spots of white. For a long time this curious phenomenon was a mystery, but an analysis of the stone showed it to be a fossil mixed with clay and containing a portion of rock salt and nitre. This fact being known the explanation was easy. The salt absorbing the moisture turned black when the conditions were favorable for rain, while the decomposition of the nitrate precipitated the salt from the interior of the stone in white spots on the surface. *St. Louis Globe Democrat.*

DESTROYED THROUGH TOBACCO.

An agent of an insurance company says "one half of our losses comes from the spark of the pipe and cigar." One young man threw away his cigar in one of the cities and with it he threw away three millions of dollars worth of the property of others that blazed up from that spark. Harper's splendid printing establishment years ago was destroyed by a plumber, who having lighted his pipe, threw the match away and it fell into a pot of camphene. The whole building was in flames. Five blocks went down. Two thousand employees thrown out of work and more than a million dollars worth of property destroyed. But I am speaking of higher values to day. Better destroy a whole city of stores than to destroy one man.

Oh, my young friends, if you will excuse the idiom, I will say, stop before you begin! Here is a serfdom which has a shackle that it is almost impossible to break. Gigantic intellects that could overcome other bad habits, have been flung by this and kept down.

Some one was seeking to persuade a man from the habit. His reply was "Ask me to do anything under the canopy of heaven but this. This I can't, won't give up, though it takes seven years off my life."

Taking up our Cross.

If it be said in Scripture, "Take up thy cross and follow Me," it is because no man can follow Christ that is, rise into the higher state of His own being—except by denying the lower ones. And the cross is always laid on the animal, and not on the spiritual. No man takes his cross upon conscience, no man takes his cross upon his faith or hope; no man puts the cross on love. It is on pride, it is on selfishness, it is on the lower forces giving faculties or animal appetites, that the cross is put in order that higher faculties may predominate, and the lower ones serve. *Henry Ward Beecher.*