The Acton Free Press.

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H. P. MOORE
Editor and Proprietor.

Business Directory.

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Office and residence Corner Mill & Frederick roots, Acton.

J. E. WILKINSON, D. D. S., L. D. S.
SURGEON DENTIST
Graduate University of Toronto, Member of the royal College of Dental Surgeons
None but first class operations performed
OFFICE Over the Drug Store, ACTON
Open every day from 8 a. m. to 5 p. m.

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GEORGETOWN ONTARIO

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Barristers Solicitors Notaries, Conveyancers &c. Private funds to loan.
Office.—Town Hall, Acton
WM. A. McLEAN. JNO. A. McLEAN.

DOUGLAS & MURRAY
BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES &c.
OFFICES —1256 Queen St., Parkdale
Victoria Chambers, 64 Victoria St
Telephone 257 Toronto
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E. W. BOYD,
Barrister, Solicitor Notary Conveyancer
MONEY TO LOAN
Office Booth's Block Main St Milton
Office at Streetsville each Wednesday afternoon
Palace Bakery Block, Queen Street

R. J. McNABB,
Clerk, Fourth Division Court County Halton, Conveyancer, Agent Fire and Life Assurance Real Estate Agent Money to loan, etc
OFFICE—Matthews Block.
ACTON ONT

T. G. MATHESON, & J. B. McLEOD
BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, CONVEYANCERS
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Money to loan at lowest rates

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Solicitor of Patents, for Inventions, etc
Prepares Applications for the Canadian American, and European Patent Offices, and for the Registration of Trade Marks. Send for pamphlet. Thirty two years experience.

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For the Counties of Wellington and Halton. Orders left at the Free Press office, Acton, or at my residence in Acton, will be promptly attended to. Terms reasonable.
Also money to loan on the most favorable terms, and at the lowest rates of interest, in sums of $500 and upwards.

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Wyndham St., Guelph, Ontario
(Over Williams Store)
Account Books of all kinds made to order. Periodicals of every description carefully bound. Rulling neatly and promptly done.

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,
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JOHN H. HAMILTON,
Proprietor.
The only direct importer in Guelph of Scotch, American and other superior varieties. Limestone and Marble. A large stock to select from, and none but superior workmen employed.

THE METHODIST CHURCH
ACTON.
REV. J. E. HOWELL, M. A. Pastor.
Parsonage Dawson Avenue
Public Services 10.30 a. m., and 6.30 p. m. Sunday school 2.30. Bible Class conducted by the pastor. All cordially invited.
Strangers and visitors always welcome. Active ushers at the door.
Epworth League of Christian Endeavor.
J. B. COLEMAN, President.
Meets every Tuesday evening. All Young People invited.

Young Men
Get a thorough business education at the Guelph Business College and if you would be wise and prudent get it now so as to be qualified for the positions that are sure to offer with the revival of business activity during the coming spring. Don't neglect the present opportunity. The most fruitful cause of failure in life is the neglect of opportunity. Write for a copy of the December number of the
"Guelph Business College Journal."
It will certainly interest you both in the nature of its contents and in the evidence it affords of the grand work being done for young men by the Guelph Business College. Among its varied contents you will find an article on the faculty of "Memory," another on "Government in Canada" and a third on "The Montreal Clearing House" by one of our own Graduates. The translation of Dumas' thrilling "Drama of the Sea" is continued, and the first instalment of a metrical translation of Book I. of Virgil's Aeneid is also given in this number.
For the "College Curriculum and Journal," mailed free, address
PRINCIPAL McCORMICK,
Guelph, Ont.

Diaries
FOR 1895
Office Stationery,
Blank Books,
Etc. Etc.
TO BEGIN THE YEAR ON
DAY'S BOOK STORE.
GUELPH.
Day Sells Cheap.

THE WATERLOO MUTUAL
Fire Insurance Company.
ESTABLISHED IN 1863
HEAD OFFICE WATERLOO, ONT.
Cash assets over $300,000.00.
The aggregate amount insured in Western Ontario is over $17,000,000.00.
Ample assets for all liabilities.
All honest losses honorably adjusted and promptly paid.
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THE "SPOT"
FOR
Fine Ordered Clothing
AND
Men's Furnishing Goods
CHEAP
IS
R. E. Nelson's
Special Glove Sale on for balance of the month. Cash and one Price Only
R. E. NELSON,
Merchant Tailor and Gents Furnisher
99 Upper Wyndham St. Guelph
Main Street
PLANING MILLS,
ACTON, ONT.
John Cameron,
Architect and Contractor
Manufacturer of Sash Doors Frames Mouldings in all styles
DRESSING
MATCHING AND MOULDING
to order on short notice.
A well assorted stock on hand at prices to suit the times
JOHN CAMERON,
Proprietor.

EVERTON MILLS.
Wheat grists of 20 bushels or over ground at Everton Mills on Roller process for 10 cents per bushel
FLOUR,
BRAN,
SHORTS
CHOP FEED
&c.
Cash for Wheat
Feed of all kinds always on hand at the Everton Mills for sale at the lowest cash price.
HENRY HORTOP

Acton Flour Mill.
CHEYNE & CHEYNE,
Proprietors.
Have put roller mill now in complete satisfactory running order and are in a position to supply the wants of the public with
FLOUR,
BRAN, SHORTS
and all kinds of Feed
AT RIGHT PRICES.
Every order will receive prompt attention and be delivered to any part of the town.
Our terms are cash and one price for all.
Don't forget to patronize home industry give us a fair trial and we will have the matter for you to decide as to the quality of the goods we manufacture.
Orders taken at the Mill or at J. A. Kennedy's Drug Store.
CHEYNE & CHEYNE.

SEASON 1895
WILL return thanks to our many patrons for their liberal support in the past and 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 can 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, Cotton Blocks, &c.
Your Lumber Dressed While You Wait
Price $1.50 per M
PUMPS
Being better able than heretofore we will supply either wood or iron pumps promptly. All work guaranteed satisfactory.
Please call and inspect before purchasing elsewhere.
THOS. EBBAGE, Manager
Acton

Acton Saw Mills,
COAL AND WOOD YARDS
JAMES BROWN
MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN
Lumber, Lath, Shingles, Coal and Wood.
Coal and Wood always in stock and promptly delivered to any part of the town at reasonable prices.
Hardwood and slabs cut stove length always on hand.
Telephone communication.

The Traders' Bank
OF CANADA
Capital Authorized $1,000,000
Capital Paid up 697,400
Rest 85,000
GUELPH BRANCH
3½ PER CENT INTEREST paid on sums of $1 and upwards from date of deposit to date of withdrawal or compounded half yearly on 31st May and 30th November.
Deposit Receipts issued.
Farmers notes discounted.
The collection of sales notes a specialty.
A general Banking business transacted.
A. E. H. JONES, Manager

This is J. M. Bond and Co's Space
Guelph's Leading HARDWARE STORE
"Everything in Hardware."

Snaps 2nd EDITION.
We are prepared to offer some great inductions in all lines of Winter Goods and beg to draw your attention to the following prices. Three thirty-three dollar Overcoats for twenty five dollars each; nine twenty five and twenty six dollar overcoats for twenty dollars, and seven twenty two dollar Overcoats for sixteen dollars.
Thirty or thirty five suit lengths of Heavy Scotch Tweeds, worth from twenty three to thirty dollars, for from sixteen to twenty dollars.
Also and this is a special offer, four suit lengths of the finest fall dress suitings ever brought into Guelph, at thirty dollars per suit, we can make a good dress suit for twenty five dollars.
Remember this, any order you may entrust to us, will be completed first class in every particular.
All prices quoted above are for cash only.
Yours respectfully,
SHAW & TURNER
Merchant Tailors and Furnishing Dealers. GUELPH

Pianos.
There is such a demand for First Class Bell Pianos that we have on hand a large stock, 1 Second Hand Pianos, of different makes, both upright and square, taken in exchange, ranging in price from $75 to $200, which will be sold reasonable and on easy terms.
Any person wishing to purchase such will do well to call early and examine them at
G. W. Kelly's
MUSIC STORE
99 Upper Wyndham Street
Telephone 178.

ACTON
LIVERY
BUS LINE
Horses carefully cared for. Rigs to hire on the lowest terms, and information freely given.
Well equipped and Stylish. Rig at all times and at all hours.
Ample stables. A comfortable place to feed. Calls between 9 a. m. and 5.30 p. m. Careful attention given to every order. The wants of Commercial Travellers fully met.
JOHN WILLIAMS

Wellington Mutual
Fire Insurance Company.
ESTABLISHED 1840.
INSURANCE on Mutual plan. Any communications for wanded to my address Box 726, or telephone 66, will be promptly attended to.
JOHN TAYLOR, Agent,
Guelph

The Star Bakery.
M. C. HARRIS,
Has opened his new bakery and will deliver Bread, Cakes, Buns, etc. to all customers in Acton and surrounding country.
I have a first class baker of long experience and can confidently assure the public every satisfaction.
Bread, etc. on sale at Matthews' Grocery.
M. C. HARRIS

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

Poetry.

OLD FOLKS.

BY MISS A. C.

Ah, dry the sorrowful, darling,
And don't be sorrowful, pray,
Taking th' year together, my dear
There isn't more night than day

'Tis rough weather, my darling,
Time's waves, they heavily run,
But taking the year together, my dear,
There isn't more cloud than sun.

We are old folks now, my darling,
Our heads, they are growing gray,
But takin the year together, my dear,
You will always find th' May.

We had our May, my darling,
And our roses long ago,
And th' time of year is coming, my dear,
For th' silent night and th' snow.

And God is God, my darling,
Of night as well of day,
And we feel and know that we can go
Wherever He leads the way

AY, God of the night, my darling
Of th' night of death so grim,
The gate that leads out of life, good wife,
Is th' gate that leads to Him

Select Family Reading.

A Family Story.

BY ANNA SHELLIS

"Steerage?" the stewardess inquires, with only the faintest shadow of interrogation in her tone.

The little old woman at the door of the saloon shows her ticket. There is no doubt about her right to enter the saloon, and also to occupy the best state room upon the great ocean steamer that will leave Liverpool in an hour or two. But as she enters she hesitates, catching certain scornful glances from ladies in the latest style of travelling costume, whiskered dandies in attendance, and white capped "bonnes," watching extravagantly dressed children—

But while she hesitates, Ethel Mordaunt, a young girl in near deep mourning, who is with a party of merry people chattering together, comes forward, and asks

"Are you looking for any one?"

"Naw," the little woman says, "but I'm not knowing where to go." Then, encouraged by the sweet face bending over her, she continued "My son in law is sending for me to New York, Miss, and he took my state room before the steamer came away from there. I'm tired and dazed like, for I've been on the cars since yesterday'e'en, and it's new to me to move about." And here the tears started, for she felt unutterably forlorn.

Miss Mordaunt had come aboard with a weary feeling that life for her had come to a stand-still, but youth has springs of energy to meet many trials, and an interest awoke at once in this girl's heart for the little old woman. Finding the stewardess she ascertained the locality of the stateroom, and followed its occupant there, making her comfortable by a few womanly devices, and winning uncalled for confidence.

"It was Mary's husband," the little old woman told Miss Mordaunt, "and Mary's the last of six children. She left the old place in Devonshire, more'n thirty years ago, and I've stay with the others till they all be in the church yard, and Mary will have me come to New York. It's a grand man her man is there I hear, with a big house and no end of money. They sent me a hundred pounds to buy clothes, an' all but I couldn't be grand if I tried, so I just put the money by, and Mary can buy them for me. She'll not be the slip of a girl, now that left me, for she has sons and daughters of her own. You're in trouble, Miss, yourself, I'm 'feared," and she gently touched the crape on Miss Mordaunt's dress.

"Both my father and mother died of malarious fever in Rome six weeks ago," was the sad reply and the girl did not shrink as a rough but kindly hand caressed her gently, and a tender voice called her, "poor dear," and other homely, pitying names.

It would have astonished the friends of Ethel Mordaunt to have seen her presently sobbing like a child in the caressing arms of "such a very common looking person" as Mrs Foster, her new friend. Self contained, proud and yet keenly sensitive, the girl had cased herself in an armor of reserve, for with orphanhood she had met other trials.

Letters found amongst her father's papers proved that he had his house to try to save expense, and weather through financial tangles of magnitude. He was in broken health and had put his affairs into a lawyer's hands until he could gather up some physical strength. And the end had come suddenly, while to Ethel's heavy sorrow was added a double loss, as her mother only survived her father two days. The friends with whom they had travelled knew that Ethel would return home to poverty as well as sorrow, and without intentional unkindness, their pity had a touch of patronage that stung Ethel to the quick. So she had wrapped herself in a cold reticence and suffered in silence.

But in helping another she found help. Mrs Foster was terribly sea sick all the way across, and Ethel devoted herself to the old woman's care, and kept the poor little soul alive by her cheery voice, her coaxing and her petting. It was Ethel who dressed her and led her on deck when she could bear the motion. Ethel who listened to the many stories of "Mary and Mary's good man," descriptions sent often to the mother in England, and the many letters urging "mother" to share in the comfort of the New York home.

But Ethel imagined that Mary's husband was probably a well to do mechanic, and the magnificence of his home only so by comparison with the little farm in Devonshire, where he had been hired man to Mary's father before he had started to make his fortune in America.

But when the vessel drew up to dock in New York, and Mrs Foster looking eagerly from the deck, spied "Mary," Ethel smiled, for the Mary was a girl of nineteen or twenty, in the very latest style of New York extravagance, leaning upon the arm of a gentleman a few years older, whose face Ethel could not see distinctly under a wide panama hat.

There was the usual delay, while the custom house officer came aboard, and the passengers looked over the railing at the crowd upon the wharf. A middle aged gentleman, with a handsomely attired lady on his arm, came to the side of the vessel, and looking up, asked.

"Is Mrs. Foster aboard?"

And the little old woman, dropping Ethel's arm, cried.

"It's John and Mary!"

And so it proved, for they came aboard followed by John and Mary, junior, who had already attracted their grandmother's eyes, and Ethel kept away during the inspection of baggage, and the search her little old friend made for her. She saw them all whirled away in a superb, open barouche, excepting John, Jr., who sauntered off on foot, and she said, sighing.

"I shall never see her again."

She heard someone say—

"That was one of our millionaires with that old woman;" and then she remembered that all she knew of him was that he "John, Mary's husband." Doubtless name and address were both in Mrs Foster's mind when she vainly searched for her friend before leaving the steamer, but both were lost now.

"It is simply absurd!" Mr. Ward said angrily, as he pushed aside his breakfast plate, and glared at his only son "a girl in a store!"

Miss Mamie Ward shuddered, but Mrs Ward said softly:

"Poverty is not a crime!"

"And she is a lady," said John Ward, eagerly; "her father was one of our leading merchants, before he died, and she has been highly educated. If you would only see her!"

"Thank you, I do not seek that honor," was the sneering reply. "I never expected you would disgrace the family by marrying a shop girl," and Mr Ward marched off, oblivious to the memory of the days when the head of the family followed a plough in Devonshire.

A pompous, purse proud man, he desired in his children, refinement, and social standing, as well as wealth, and it irritated him that his wife was always the simple woman he had married, though she had a native refinement that kept her ever above vulgarity.

He was not mercenary, to do him justice and did not care so much for money in his children's choice of life partners as for gentle birth and standing in society. But a shop girl! Horror.

He had thought sometimes he should like to find again Miss Ethel Mordaunt, his mother in law's companion in her ocean voyage. He had known Mr Mordaunt slightly in business, and he knew that they had been people of position in England two generations back, before Ethel's great grandfather settled in America. With that reverence for "family" born with the English peasantry, he would rather have welcomed Ethel as a daughter in law without a farthing, than the wealthiest parvenu in New York whose family was no older than his own.

But he had never spoken of this and his anger was terrible when John, his only son, had calmly announced himself engaged to be married to a Miss Smith who stood in a store.

He marched to his office in majestic rage, while John found his refuge in family troubles, in the mother, as he loudly called Mrs Ward.

Grandma was called in council and while Miss Mamie, nibbling toast wondered what John "could be thinking of," Mrs Foster and Mrs Ward were consoling John.

"Suppose mother Mrs Ward said gently, "you go to see her. I should not like to act in direct opposition to my husband, but you might see her and and

So a very stylish barouche, containing a little old lady in rich black silk, with a bonnet of Parisian manufacture of black lace and purple flowers, drove rapidly from the Fifth Avenue mansion to the ribbon store where Miss Smith worked.

"Gone home! discharged!" was the answer to inquiry, but neither speaker guessed that Mr Ward, the rich banker, had so promptly secured the world's discharge.

"Her address? Yes I can get it—— street, Brooklyn."

Over the ferry, a long drive to a——street, and a boarding house, and at last Mrs Foster was in a parlor waiting to see Miss Smith.

She came down to the room a pale slender girl, in half mourning. There was a cry of "My Miss Mordaunt!" "Mrs Foster!" and then the two were embracing with sincere demonstrations of affection and delight.

How they talked for an hour before Mrs Foster remembering her errand said

"But I came to see Miss Smith."

"I am Miss Smith. Don't look so surprised. I told you on the steamer, that I was very poor but I have very grand relations. When I declared my intention of earning an honest living, my aunt, Mrs Grey Mordaunt, who was Mr Grey Mordaunt's cousin, begged me so pitifully not to disgrace the family name by earning my own living that I consented to be called Miss Smith. That is all. But what did you want to see Miss Smith for?"

"Oh, it is of no consequence. You are going home to dine with me."

"Now? Well, yes, I will!"

And she smiled a little mysteriously.

It were too long a story to tell of Ethel's introduction to "Mary" and Mary's family, of John's delight, the mutual surprises and explanations.

But it was not until after the wedding that Mrs John Ward, jr said to her father in law

"There were some investments of my father's, supposed to be worthless when he died, that were secured to me after all his liabilities were met. My lawyer wrote to me on the day I was discharged from the ribbon store that these bonds had become valuable. He has been investigating my claims, and informs me that he has sold out my shares, and deposited a hundred thousand dollars in bank to my credit."

And Mrs Grey Mordaunt whispers, with tears in her eyes

"It is such a blessing Ethel dropped her name when she went in that horrible ribbon store, though to be sure, it was only for a few months. And, my dear, I assure you, I never approved of her marriage with a man of no family whatever, though really they are ridiculously happy."

FOLLY OF BRUTAL AGGRESSION.

It is ridiculous to imagine that the friendship of nations, whether civilized or barbarous, can be gained and kept but by kind treatment; and surely, they who intrude upon the country of a distant people ought to consider the natives as worthy of common kindness, and content themselves at least to rob without insulting them.

To enlarge dominions has been the boast of many princes; to diffuse happiness and security through wide regions has been granted to few.

BAD COMPANY.

"I'm afraid you are keeping bad company."

The young man to whom this was addressed started, colored, and looked more than half offended. Countenance and manner rejected the intimation.

"An enemy hath spoken evil of me," was his firmly uttered reply.

"It is not from the evil which men say of us that we suffer injury. It is the evil done in us that really hurts."

"You are a little mysterious to-day, Uncle Philip. What has bad company to do with inner wrought evil?"

"We have other companions than those of flesh and blood," said Uncle Philip. "You remember Milton's 'Myriads of spiritual beings,' and St. Paul's 'Cloud of witnesses.'"

"Oh!"

"Not bad thoughts, but bad spirits, I mean, Henry. It is the company of these that I fear you have been keeping."

"What is your evidence?" asked the nephew."

"I saw a book on your table last evening that few young men can read without injury to the imagination. I believe that an impure or profane image in the mind—a gross or sensual thought will as certainly allure evil spirits as a decaying animal will draw around it a flock of carrion birds. You understand what I mean by this kind of bad company. Outwardly, for all that I know, or fear, your life is blameless—your company unexceptional. But the discovery of that book on your table has alarmed me for your safety. We choose our own company in the inner or the outer world. See what is involved! If right as to the interior, all that is external is safe. Nothing can really hurt us. But if the heart be as a nest of unclean birds, if our souls enemies be in the citadel of life, we are in danger of losing everything."

Henry had dropped his eyes to the floor, and partly turned away his face to hide the crimson stain that covered it.

"That is the only evidence you have that I keep bad company?" he said, with a sobered air.

"No."

Henry turned quickly with a flash of surprise.

"I have noted other indications of late."

"What are they?"

"You are getting too much inclined to your judgment of others, to search for evil instead of good—to find blemish instead of beauty."

"Is that so, Uncle Philip?"

"According to my observation. It didn't use to be so. There was a time when your charity was a broad mantle. Of late it has become a torn shred. Why this change? One thing is certain, the influences that move you cannot come from angelic spirits, for they seek out and develop the good in man for which they have affinity. It is plain that you have permitted yourself to be influenced by other companions, spirits of a baser sort, who take pleasure in detraction."

"Your speech sounds harsh, Uncle Philip," answered the nephew. "I cannot be altogether as you intimate."

"I speak strongly, because I wish to be heard. Your feet, it seems to me, are leaving the pleasant ways in which they have so long walked, and I wish to get them back to the old true paths. I will turn a leaf in your memory, and by what we find there shall your present state be judged. It was only yesterday that one spoke kindly of Mrs Noble in your presence, and extolled her good qualities. How did you respond, Henry?"

"Not as I should have responded," he answered, frankly. "What could have possessed me at the time?"

"It was not my Henry of old," replied Uncle Philip, with regretful tenderness that touched the young man; "but my boy hurt and demoralized by bad company."

"Dear Uncle" don't use the words 'bad company.' They sound so harsh, involve so much that does not exist. I cannot bear them."

"It is always best and safest to call things by their right names Henry. That you have been keeping evil company of late is, alas! too apparent. There has been demoralization. I will not call the work done in your mind by any softer phrase. A year ago, if Harvey Long had been mentioned in your presence, you would not have curled your lip, nor uttered an expression of contempt for a harmless young man. Harmless did I say? That does not give a just idea of his character. I should rather speak of him as useful, honorable, and faithful in his sphere of life. He is not brilliant nor has he the cultivation seen in many others, but no man can say aught against his integrity. A kind son and brother he has sustained his family since his father's death in comfort and respectability. For this he should have all honor. This you should tell of him when his name is mentioned, and not seek to hurt him with contemptuous and deprecating language. Of yourself, kind by nature, you would not have done so mean a thing. Bad associates transfused their spirit to you, and ruled you for the time. You opened the door for them, and they crowded in, possessing your thoughts and feelings. Ah, my boy! if you had been with angel companions you would have felt and spoken very differently of this young man. They would have recognized his good qualities, and touched your heart with their own kindness."

"I am angry with myself, Uncle Philip," said his nephew, shame spots marking his face. "How could I have so forgotten to be just and generous? Harvey Long never injured me. Why should I have sought to injure him? It must be as you say. An evil spirit has done this."

"Nothing so rapidly depraves the moral sense as bad company," replied the uncle. "We see how this works in the visible world of men. How does it work? Not so much by physical as by mental impressions. It is the wicked thought, exciting the bad affection or the bad affection giving wings to the wicked thought, by which harm is done. These corrupt, sensualize, distort, and mar the human soul. From these come all the worst effects of bad company. And if this be so of our mortal companions, who are seen and known, how can it be otherwise with the invisible spirits of evil, whom we draw into association whenever we give rein to vile imaginations, or permit envy, ill nature, malice, or unkindness, to rule our conduct."

"I will try to keep better company in future," said Henry. "The associates to which you have referred, be they wrong thoughts or bad spirits, have done me harm. Why should I seek to injure my neighbor by detraction? To hide his good and expose his evil? This is not the work of true men."

"No, Henry; it is the work of demons. And I pray you come out from their midst."

TWO FUNERAL STORIES.

There is a touching story told of the funeral of Sir Walter Scott: The road by which the procession took its way wound over a hill, whence can be seen one of the most beautiful of landscapes. It was his habit to pause there to gaze upon the scene, and when taking a friend out to drive he never failed to stop there and call the attention of his companion to the most beautiful points of the view. Few could refrain from tears, when carrying their master on his last journey, the horses stopped at the old familiar spot, as it were for him to give a last look at the scene he had loved so well.

Extremes meet. I told this anecdote of Scott's funeral to a friend, who, in turn told me a story. A little less than a century ago there lived in a certain New England village a graceless fellow who spent most of his time at the grog shop, to the neglect of all honest callings. When the summons had at last come for him—

"To join
"The innumerable caravan that moves
To the pale realms of shade."

As his funeral procession, on its way to the place of burial, passed his favorite haunt, the bearers inadvertantly turned a little aside, at the same time slackening their pace. The wag of the neighborhood spoke hastily: "Go on, go on!" said he; "don't stop here, for mercy's sake! He'll be sure to go in!" *Journal of American Folk Lore*

TO KEEP YOUR WINDOWS CLEAN

"However do you keep your windows so bright and clean?" exclaimed Mabel to her recently married friend. "I must confess that I am frequently ashamed to pull up the curtains in my house on account of the dust and grime on the glass. I used to try to keep them clean, but I found the constant buying of chamois a great addition to the housekeeping expenses."

"I have a better plan than that," replied the young matron. "I, too, found the expense of chamois skins altogether disproportionate. So, instead of despairing, I experimented, and I found that the old fashioned glass towelling, such as we use for goblets, is far better adapted to the purpose than even the softest of skins. I make four of them do me a year. They are regularly washed and ironed, and are always ready to use whenever the windows show the least sign of dust.

"With them the work of polishing is so much easier that my girl can go over all the glasses in the house in three quarters of an hour instead of taking half a day to it. I also use them on mirrors and keep my chamois skins exclusively for the silver. It is not only economical, I find, but absolutely better."

A SHOPPING INCIDENT

She was a haughty dame, and bent on a shopping expedition with a friend, happened to catch a glimpse of an acquaintance she did not wish to recognize.

"Let us go this way past the silk counter. I just saw some one I do not wish to meet."

"Who is she?" asked her friend who did not see anyone near them.

"Oh, some horrid woman with a smirk on her face. Of course I have only a bowing acquaintance with her, and although her face is so familiar."

They finished their shopping and the two ladies found themselves at the same point where one of them had seen her disagreeable acquaintance.

"I cannot remember her name."

"There she is again. Why I do believe she's been there all the time, she said, pointing to the person in question.

"That woman? Goodness sakes, that's yourself you see in the mirror there," said her friend, choking with laughter.

And the mortified woman who had cut her own reflection was obliged to acknowledge that the disagreeable smirk was her own.

A BOY'S PHILOSOPHY

One of the favorite winter games of the small so, who lives along the Hudson is "jumping laddie cakes." This sport reaches its height just as the ice in the river is breaking up, and when the great cakes go floating up and down with the tide a dozen or more youngsters may be seen running from one cake to another and sometimes making really dangerous leaps.

One day a boy apparently about nine years old, was to be seen standing on a cake which was rocking to a somewhat alarming manner and the little fellow was crying in a frightened sort of way.

"What's the matter" called a passer by from the shore.

And then came the sobbing answer. "I'm afraid diss cake'll turn over an' if I get drowned me mother'll hick me." *Harper's Magazine*

THE ROMANCE OF A WATCH

Rossini's watch, which has recently been sold at Bologna, to a rich Englishman whose name is not mentioned, has a history. In 1824 Charles X presented this composer with a repeating watch studded with diamonds, and playing two of Rossini's melodies. Nothing in Bologna could clean the watch, so it was sent in the care of the tenor Fabiano to Paris, where it was destroyed in a fire. Privee, the watchmaker, thereupon made a second watch, the exact counterpart of the first, except that the diamonds were false, and Rossini, who never discovered this pious fraud, wore the trinket all his life. On his death it passed to a relative, whose son has just sold it. It is said to contain an excellent portrait in enamel of Rossini as he was in 1824.

TAKEN WHILE YOU WAIT.

A stout old lady, seeing at one of the railway stations an automatic machine from which by dropping a penny in the slot you receive the portrait of a celebrity carefully reconnoitred it. She dropped the coin in, and posed herself in front of the machine for a few seconds, opened the door and drew out a portrait.

Adjusting her spectacles and looking at it, what should meet her astonished gaze but a portrait of a lady acrobat in costume.

"Well!" she ejaculated, "so this is fame, eh? If I don't speak to the authorities about this, my name's not Maria Jenkins!"

If the devil couldn't lie he would have to quit.

The only way to cure catarrh is to purify the blood. Hood's Sarsaparilla purifies the blood and tones up the whole system.

FRIENDSHIP.

WRITTEN FOR THE FREE PRESS.

How rare and sweet is friendship true!
Life's darksome hours beguiling,
Our counsellor and solace too
When Hope has ceased from smiling.

When sorrow's clouds have gathered thick
And hover dark about us,
'Tis then with aching hearts we seek
Kind words from those who love us.

And when again our sky is blue,
And Hope is bright beaming,
Our friends are still the tried and true
Whose love was more than seeming.

Our friends as well in brighter days
As in our time of sorrow,
Rejoicing at our weal to-day,
To weep perchance the morrow.

Ah! who could live were friends not true?
Who would not die of grieving?
Earth's pleasures then would seem so few
The bliss would be the leaving.

—VIOLET.

A NEWSBOY'S SURPRISE.

One Christmas night an old time newspaper writer stepped into a cheap restaurant in Park Row. He had enjoyed a hearty dinner, but as the air was raw and cold he wanted a cup of hot coffee. As he took his seat at one of the small tables a ragged little boy planted himself on the stool opposite him. If ever there was gnawing hunger depicted on a human face it was on that boy's, and there was a wolfish glare in his eyes as he fumbled a nickel and said: "A plate of beans."

The waiter also took the other's order. As the writer sipped his coffee he watched the boy ravenously devour the beans. Whispering to the waiter, he told him to bring a plate of corned beef, some bread and butter and a bowl of coffee for the boy. The little fellow stared for a moment, then sweetened his coffee, and, seizing a knife and fork, began his meal. In a few minutes the beef, beans, bread and coffee had disappeared, yet the boy's appetite was not satisfied.

"What kind of pie do you like?" asked the writer.

"Most enny kind, they's all good," replied the boy.

"Bring him some mince and pumpkin pie," said the writer to the waiter.

The boy gazed at the two plates of pie in wonderment then looked up shyly and pushed his nickel toward the writer.

"What's that's for?" asked the man.

"To pay for the spread, its all I've got."

Taking a quarter from his pocket, the writer laid it on the boy's coin and pushed them across the table.

"Is them for me?" said the boy, with his mouth full of pie. "Am I to have all dat?"

"Yes, this is Christmas night, you know."

"Yis, I remember, but I have no money for no lodging, so I didn't get any of the dinner down at the newsboys' lodging house. Thank you mister. Youse is good fer me."

Leaving the boy to finish his supper, the man passed out into the busy street, feeling happy over the incident. Months passed and he had almost forgotten it, when one day a boy stopped him near the Brooklyn bridge.

"Say, mister, said he, I owes yer a quarter. Here it is."

Recognizing his Christmas guest the writer gently refused the money, telling him that he had better keep it.

"No, you take it," he persisted. "That supper and the quarter you give me brought me luck, and I've not been so hungry since. Youse was so good that night and I wants yer to take de quarter now, so as youse can give some odder boy a Christmas supper."

The writer took the coin and many a poor newsboy has had a good dinner with it since. New York *Recorder*

ON A WHEEL.

The most glorious discovery of the nineteenth century is the bicycle. It brings health joy, inspiration. Mounted on it a man can beat the fastest horse that ever galloped, paced or trotted. The lone, dusty footman trudges along enjoying the beauties of nature and tiring himself out for the day in a tramp of 10 or 12 miles. The bicyclist flies along enjoying the beauties of nature, making his 60 miles a day, and is ready for a stroll at night. The bicycle does not make corns, spread the feet out like those of a Soudanese or wear out shoes. It dispels the blues and black cats. It gives the person who is master of it a sense of power and freedom that nothing else can. His lungs fill with the free air. The very mastery over the wheel gives him a mastery over his own nerves, bones and muscles that makes a gymnast of him. He feels courageous, hopeful, full of spirit.

The bicycle is slowly transforming our country to a land of good roads. It is transforming our ladies from delicate, timid, helpless creatures into women strong, brave and splendid, like the blue eyed, golden haired Teutonic matrons Tacitus writes about, white armed and sturdy limbed women who could tramp with their warriors mile for mile. It is making mankind aware after centuries that the female sex really have feet and are going to use them. It will do more to develop and emancipate women physically than any other one agency has done in 500 years. Glorious is the reign of the bicycle!

SOW A HABIT, REAP A CHARACTER.

Prof. William Jones, of Harvard, in his text book on psychology, says, "Could the young realize how soon they will become mere walking bundles of habits, they would give more heed to their conduct while in the plastic state. Every smallest stroke of virtue or of vice leaves its scar. The drunken Rip Van Winkle in Jefferson's play, excuses himself for every fresh dereliction by saying 'I won't count this time.' Well, he may not count it, but it is being counted none the less. Down among the nerve cells and fibres the molecules are counting it, registering and storing it up, to be used against him when the next temptation comes. Nothing we ever do is, in strict, scientific literalness, wiped out. Of course, this has its good side as well as its bad one. As we become permanently drunkards by so many separate drinks, so we become saints in the moral, and authorities and experts in the practical and scientific spheres by so many separate acts and hours of work."

THE FARMER'S MISTAKE.

"Jerusha," cried Farmer Haymow, "come here an' look at this young man on a bicycle. I'll be dinged if he ain't got his hair as long as a woman's."

"Bho!" exclaimed Jerusha, when she had adjusted her spectacles, "that there's a gal in bloomers."