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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-roads, Acton

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Graduate University of Toronto, Member of the Royal College of Dental Surgeons

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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, to sums of $500 and upwards

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Account Books of all kinds made to order. Specialties of many descriptions carefully bound. Ruling neatly and promptly done

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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 workers at the door

Epworth League of Christian Endeavor. J. S. 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 various 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 installment 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.

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Baby Carriages

FROM $6.00 TO $25.00

Bought for Spot Cash. Will be Sold at Panic Prices.

Come and see them at

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Day Sells Cheap.

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.

We carry a good stock on hand at prices to suit the times

JOHN CAMERON,

Proprietor.

EVERTON MILLS.

Great crowds of people have been going to Everton Mills on Roller process for 10 cents per bushel

FLOUR,

BRAN

SHORTS,

CHOP FEED

Cash for Wheat

HENRY HORTON

Acton Flour Mill.

CHEYNE & CHEYNE,

Proprietors.

We have put our roller mill now in complete and 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.

Custom work will receive prompt attention. All feed 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 leave the matter for you to decide as to the quality of the goods and manufacture. Orders taken at the Mill or at J. A. Kennedy's Drug Store.

CHEYNE & CHEYNE

SEASON 1895

We have much pleasure in intimating to our friends and the public generally 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

A specialty. We also keep in stock a full 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. EDDAGE, Manager

Acton

Now is the time

to come to

GUELPH

for special low

PRICES

PICTURES, FRAMES, ARTISTS' SUPPLIES

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The Picture Gallery.

St. George's Sq. GUELPH

Our new season Wall Papers are beginning to arrive.

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LOCAL and Travelling Salesmen, to handle our Hardy Canadian Grown Nursery Stock. We guarantee satisfaction to representatives and customers. Our Succession are the largest in the Dominion, over 700 acres. No substitute goods to orders. Exclusive territory and liberal terms to whole or part time Agents. Write us

STONE & WELLINGTON,

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(The only Nursery in Canada having testing orchards.

The Traders' Bank

OF CANADA

Capital Authorized $1,000,000

Capital Paid up 607,100

Rest 85,000

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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.

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Farmers notes discounted

The collection of sales notes a specialty.

A general Banking business transacted.

A. E. H. JONES, Manager.

Sampson

Was a liberal Advertiser.

He took two solid columns to demonstrate his strength and several thousand people tumbled to the scheme at once, in fact he brought down the house. But that doesn't compare to the tumble in prices of

LAMPS

AT

BOND & CO'S.

Hardware.

Guelph.

Snaps 2nd EDITION.

We are prepared to offer some great attractions 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 of 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, fifty suit lengths of the choicest fun 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

Acton Saw Mills,

COAL AND WOOD YARDS

JAMES BRWON

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.

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W. BARBER & BROS

PAPER MAKERS,

GEORGETOWN, ONT

MAKE A SPECIALTY OF

Machine Finished Book Papers

AND

HIGH GRADE WEDDING WAS

Paper made in this mill is the above in this

WM BARBER & BROS

ACTON

LIVERY

AND

BUS LINE.

Meets the public and inform them that

Well Equipped and Stylish Rigs and Ways be Secured

At his stables. A comfortable bus runs to trains between 9 a.m. and 9 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 forwarded to my address, Box 728, or telephone 56, 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

JOB PRINTING,

INCLUDING Books, Pamphlets, Posters Bill Heads, Circulars, &c., &c., executed in the best style of the art, at moderate prices and on short notice. Apply or address

H. P. MOORE,

FREE PRESS Office, Acton

Poetry.

COURAGE.

Because I hold it sinful to despond,
And will not let the bitterness of life
Blind me with burning tears, but look beyond
Its clouds and its strife,

Because I lift my head above the mist,
Where the sun shines and broad the breezes blow,
By every ray and raindrop kissed
That tinds a live dolt bosom,

Think you I find no bitterness at all?
No burden to lay down like Christian's pack?
Think you there are no ready tears to fall
Because I keep them back?

Why should I fling life's ills with cold reserve,
To curse myself and all who love me? Nay!
A thousand times more good than I deserve
God gives me every day.

And in lieu of these rebellious tears,
Kept bravely back he makes a rainbow shine
Grateful I take his slightest gift, no fears
Not any doubts are mine

Dark skies must clear, and, when clouds are past,
One golden day redeems penary year.
Patient, I listen sure that sweet at last
Will sound in voice of cheer

CELIA THAXTER

Select Family Reading.

Going To Leave The Farm

The work of the farmhouse was over for the day, the children with the exception of the oldest son, who had gone to the village were in bed, and in the big comfortable kitchen Farmer Harewood, his wife and his wife's sister, Mrs Lucas, were sitting around the center table. The farmer was reading a paper, his wife was putting a patch on the knee of little Harry's diminutive knickerbockers, and Mrs Lucas was crocheting a hood of blue and white zephyr for a small niece.

There was silence in the kitchen, save for the sapping of the fire in the stove, the ticking of the big eight-day clock in the corner and the rustle of the farmer's newspaper, and when Mrs Harewood sighed deeply both her sister and her husband looked up in surprise.

"What's the matter Sarah?" asked the latter. "That sigh was the loudest I ever heard you give. Has anything gone wrong? You look as though you have a big load on your mind."

"I have," answered the wife. "And it is a load you must share, Eli; I have borne it alone as long as I can bear it. There is great trouble in store for us, husband. George is going to leave the farm."

The newspaper fell to the floor and for a moment the farmer looked at his wife, too much surprised to utter a word.

"Going to leave the farm!" he repeated at last. "Sarah, you must be dreaming."

Mrs Harewood shook her head sadly.

"I wish I were," she said. "No, Eli, it is true. George has made up his mind to leave us. I have noticed for months past that he seemed dissatisfied and restless, and since you sold Vixen he has grumbled a great deal about work and the dullness of his life. And to day I heard him say to Jasper Flint that he would not be here a month from now, that he had enough of farm life, and if we refused our consent to it he would run away and take his chances. We'll see about that," said the farmer, angrily. "Consent to it! I rather think not. I won't consider it for a moment. What would he be worth a year from now if I let him go? He'd fall in with all sorts of rascals in the city, and get us all into trouble. Besides, I need him here. It will be ten years at least before Harry can take his place, and he's got to stay if I have to tie him down."

"Why don't you make him want to stay, Eli?" asked the gentle voice of his sister in law.

"If he's got the city fever on him all the talking in the world won't do any good," replied the farmer. "He won't listen to a word."

"Perhaps not. But suppose I told you that you are aware of his desire to leave you. Try a new plan Eli, a plan I have been thinking of all day."

"The best plan I know of is to talk him my mind freely without any beating about the bush, and the sooner it is done the better."

"Now Eli, don't be above taking a woman's advice. Let me tell you how to deal with George. I have been here three months now, and I have taken a deep interest in the boy. I have seen his dissatisfaction and sympathized in his cause. I have heard him talking to Jasper Flint more than once, and only yesterday I heard him say that if he went to the city what he earned would be his own, but that here he worked from dawn to dark and was no better off at the end of the year than at the beginning. He says that Tom Blythe who is in a grocery store in the city, gets $12 a week, and Tom is only 17. Now if you want George to stay on the farm, give him an interest in it, Eli. He is 18 years old and has worked faithfully for you ever since he could talk plain. He. He has his food and lodging, and two suits of clothes a year to be sure, but all he actually owns in the coffee dog which is always at his heels."

"You even sold the only horse you had that was fit for the saddle, and George was extremely fond of Vixen."

"It seems a pity to keep a horse that no one but George ever rode," said the farmer, and she was too light for work. I'm a poor man, Hester, and can't afford playthings for my children."

"You can better afford to keep an extra horse than to have your son leave you, Eli. Whom could you get that would take the interest in the work that George has? You have thought it only right that George should do a big share toward running the farm, and considered your duty done in giving him a home. You are disposed to think him ungrateful because he wants to leave you now that every year makes his services more valuable. But the boy is ambitious, and is not satisfied to travel in a circle. He wants to make some headway, and it's only natural."

The father leaned his head on his hand, a look of deep thought on his grave weather beaten face. His gentle sister in law's plain speaking had given rise to thoughts which had never before entered his head.

"I believe you are more than half right, Hester," he said at last. "I'll think it all over to night, and make up my mind what to do. I'd be lost here without George, and he shan't leave the farm if I can help it."

"Force won't keep him, Eli, remember that," and Mrs. Lucas, feeling that she had said enough, folded up her work, and taking up a lamp from a shelf by the stove, went up stairs to her own room.

Just at daybreak she was aroused from a sound sleep by the sound of horse's hoofs in the yard, and looking out of the window saw Eli trotting away on Rhin.

Where can he be going at this hour?" When she came down stairs at six o'clock George was standing by the kitchen table, having just come in with two pails of milk. His face wore a discontented, unhappy look, and he merely nodded in return for his aunt's cheery "Good morning."

A few minutes later his father entered, but George, who had gone to one of the windows and was looking out dejectedly, did not even glance up.

"You were out early, Eli," said Mrs. Lucas. "I heard you ride away at day break."

"Yes, I went to Pine Ridge on a matter of business."

"That's where you sold Vixen, pips, isn't it?" asked little Harry, and Mrs. Lucas saw a quiver pass over George's face as the child spoke.

"Yes, my boy, I sold Vixen to Lawyer Stanley. George," turning to his son, "I've made up my mind to part with that fifty acre lot by the river. What do you think of that?"

"Of course you are to get a good price for it, sir," said the young man indifferently. "It's the best piece of land you have."

"But I haven't sold it. I am going to give it away."

"Give it away!" repeated George, roused out of his indifference and staring at his father as if he had not heard aright.

"Yes, deeded it, every inch of it, to some one I think a great deal of, and who deserves it," laying his hand on his son's shoulder, as his voice weakened a little. "I'm going to give it to my son, George Harewood, to have, and to hold as he sees fit, without question or advice."

"To me? You intend to give that fifty acres to me, father?"

"Yes, my boy, and with my whole heart. You've been a good son, George, and I only wish I was able to do more for you. But I am not a rich man, as you know, and I have your mother and three little sons to provide for too. Still I want you to have a start, and this fifty acre lot will yield you a handsome profit. You can have three days a week to call your own and that will give you a chance to work, and if you choose to break that pair of young oxen I bought the other day from Bagley, you can have them for your trouble."

"This this seems too much sir," stammered George. "I don't know how to thank you."

"Too much! There I don't know what you'll say to this," and the farmer took his son by the arm, and led him out on the porch. "There's another present for you, my boy."

"Vixen!" the word came from George's lips with a long sigh of joy and with one bound he was at the side of the black mare he had thought never to see again, and had both arms around her neck. "O, father, I'd rather have Vixen than anything else in this world!"

And he buried his face in the pretty creature's mane, and in spite of his eighteen years, fairly broke down and sobbed.

That ended George's desire to leave the farm. He was never again heard to mention the subject, and he grumbled no more about hard work and the monotony of his life, but in every way tried to show his appreciation of his father's kindness. In fact, Eli Harewood was wont to say occasionally in confidence to his wife that he had reason to bless his sister in law for good advice and that he owed it to her that he had a stalwart arm to lean on in advancing years.

But George never knew to what he owed the change in his fortune.

A FOXY OLD FOX HUNTING JUDGE

A Irish judge on the Connaught circuit loved the hunting field more than he did the sleepy court room. His clerk was like minded, and a joyous pair they made. One fine morning the clerk whispered to the judge.

"Yer honor, old Billy Donahoe must be dead, at Ballykillmulligan, an' they've a fine dog fox."

"How many names are on the docket," asked the judge, excitedly.

"Twenty for trying and twenty for yer honor."

"Tim," said the judge, after a thought, "you can get the first fellow to plead guilty without a jury trial and we can let him off with a week in jail?"

"The easiest thing in the world," answered the faithful clerk.

"Make haste then, and bring the whole gang, and, I say, Tim, tell Jerry to saddle the mare meanwhile."

The twenty prisoners were brought into court a defiant gang, nineteen of them prepared to fight, with counsel and jury, to the bitter end. The twentieth had been interviewed by the clerk. He was called.

"Guilty or not guilty of the crimes charged?" demanded the judge, with a propitious smile.

"Guilty, yer honor, Heaven help me," said the crafty prisoner.

"Well," said the judge, glancing benevolently about the room. "I fancy I can let you off with a week." The man thanked the judge, and stepped down.

There was a terrific sensation among the other defendants, none of whom expected to get off with less than five years in limbo. Here was a chance to profit by "his honor's" pleasant mood. One and all manifested an earnest desire to follow the example of their comrade, and acknowledge the crimes in a batch.

"Do you all plead guilty?" demanded the judge, eagerly.

"We do!" shouted the enthusiastic nineteen in chorus.

"Fourteen years in aggregation apiece," exclaimed the judge, with a click of the jaw. "Jerry, is the mare saddled yet?"

UNKNOWN.

The largest Federal cemeteries in the South are at Fredericksburg, Seven Pines, Cold Harbor and Winchester, in Virginia, Chattanooga and Nashville, Tennessee, and Vicksburg, Mississippi. The graves in these cemeteries are those of soldiers in the civil War, and in the case of four-fifths of them, "Unknown" is cut on the little blocks of stone at the heads of the graves.

—If you want first-class Guelph sash and doors at Guelph prices, T. Eahaus, can fill your order at his planing mill.

TRUE AND FALSE MODES OF EDUCATION.

The process of forming the statue that shall waken the admiration of the beholder ages after the hand of the artist has moldered to dust, is slow. Suppose the object be to reproduce in marble the features of a distinguished statesman. A model in clay or gypsum is first formed. Then, by a slow and tollsome process, requiring the accurate measurement of lines and angles, the features of the model are transferred to enduring marble. Such is the course pursued by the true artist.

A novice may pursue a different course. He may commence at once on the block of marble. By the direct application of the chisel, he may in a short time, fashion the rude outline of features bearing some resemblance to those designed to be commemorated. But he can go but little further. He can never reach the perfection which the artist attains by obedience to the rules of his art.

Processes analogous to these may be pursued in the cultivation of the mind. There is a process of patient culture, a tollsome attention to elementary truths, and to the formation of habits which do not admit of direct application to practical life, which though slow, are necessary to the development of the higher forms of intellectual life and of intellectual power.

There is a process which rejects a large portion of this disciplinary toil, and aims at immediate results. The pupil at first seems to make rapid progress, but his progress is soon arrested. It is showy and limited. I can never be carried far.

The educator should take as much pains forming a mind as the artist takes in forming a statue. If time and toil are necessary to the perfection of a statue which is to endure for ages, then time and toil may be necessary to the perfection of the soul which is to endure forever.

WHAT SHE DOES NOT DO

A good wife never abuses her husband's confidence. She never prefers charges against him in the presence of others, or confides the story of her marital wrongs to comparative strangers when he is absent. She never tells other people that he does not bring home money enough to keep the house in food, clothe her and the children, pay the rent and appear respectable. She never makes pompous references to relations who would rather go without themselves than see her and the children starve. She never questions the ability of her husband to earn sufficient money at his trade or in his business, or seeks to render him incompetent and ridiculous in the sight of others. She never usurps authority in her husband's house, or makes him the willing or unwilling instrument of her resentment, petty spites, or malignant malice. A good wife never does anything of this kind; she would rather screen her husband's faults than to hold them up to censure. She would rather mend and patch old garments for her children than go hysterically to her friends for a loan. A good wife is always mildly proud, independent, self denying, loving, seldom finding fault, but always endeavoring to render her home, be it ever so humble, as sunny and comfortable as her husband's circumstances will permit. We are religiously convinced that if wives, as a rule, treated their husbands with more respect, and reposed more confidence in their integrity, society would be spared many of the painful revelations which daily appear in the newspaper press. Husbands should be lead not driven; and should treat their wives as considerately as they wish to be treated themselves.

MODERN COMFORTS

Most of us have probably thought in our young and romantic days that it would have been a fine thing to live in the age of chivalry, when "worlds were staked for ladies' eyes," and there were tournaments and Queens of Love and beauty, and Knights Errant galloped about whither they listed succoring distressed damsels.

But as we grow older we change our views. Seated on a spring sofa, or in an easy chair that Sommer might have patented, or reclining on a sleep producing modern bed, what nature man does not pity the fate of his remote ancestors fellows who lived in willow work shanties daubed over with clay sat on stools, had no carpets save wisps of rushes, slept on straw, and ate the hardest kind of "chums". Turning over to take another inspiration on one's elastic curled hair mattress, one wonders how the unfortunate wretches stood it!

Ah! it is a blessing to live in an era when comfort has been reduced to an exact science. To be sure, rents are high and taxes heavy, but what of that? Who would rather not pay them, even if they were quadrupled, than have had his lot cast in the chairless, sofaless, bedless, and altogether comfortless "Chivalric Age"?

LEGEND OF THE ORANGE BLOSSOM.

Like all familiar customs whose origin is lost in antiquity the wearing of orange blossoms at a wedding is accounted for in various ways. Among other stories is the following pretty legend from Spain:

An African prince presented a Spanish king with a magnificent orange tree, whose creamy, waxy blossoms and wonderful fragrance excited the admiration of the whole court. Many begged in vain for a branch of the plant, but a foreign ambassador was tormented by a desire to introduce so great a curiosity to his native land. He used every possible means (fair or foul) to accomplish his purpose, but all his efforts coming to naught, he gave up in despair.

The fair daughter of the court gardener was loved by a young artisan, but lacked the dot which the family considered necessary in a bride. One day, chancing to be alone, he plucked a spray of orange blossoms, the gardener thoughtlessly gave it to his daughter.

Seeing the coveted prize in the girl's hair, the wily ambassador offered her a sum sufficient for the desired dowry, provided she gave him the branch and said nothing about it. Her marriage was soon celebrated and on her way to the altar, in grateful remembrance of the source of her happiness, she secretly broke off another bit of the lucky tree to adorn her hair.

Whether the poor court gardener lost his head in consequence of the daughter's treachery, the legend does not state, but many lands now know the wonderful tree, and ever since that wedding day, orange blossoms have been considered a fitting adornment for a bride.

THE INVALID'S DILEMMA.

In these days, of antagonistic medical theories, the sick man, in his perplexity, may well say, as Daniel Webster did, when denounced by the Whig party: "Where shall I go?"

"Take Calomel," says the old fashioned Allopathist. "Try champagne" suggests the Chrono thermalist. "Nothing like water and boiled mutton," insists the Hydropathist. "Pills the size of pin's heads," whispers the Homoeopathist. "Have your muscles kneaded and your joints twisted," cries the Massage ist. "Starve yourself," insists the advocate of the "Hunger Cure." "Let me spark you," says the Electrician. "Lobelia's the thing," insinuates the Thomsonian. "Scrub," exclaims the Frictionist. "I do my specific," shouts a thousand charlatans. "What's to be done? Who is to decide when so many doctors disagree? Bewildered and confounded the patient world looks timidly around, and plaintively inquires, "Where shall we go?" "What is truth?"

The best course in such a dilemma is to consult a liberal minded, thoroughly educated physician, of strong common sense, one who observes closely, reasons upon what he sees, and suits his practice to circumstances. There are probably some grains of truth in most medical theories, and these such a man will winnow from the chaff, and apply as occasion may require. Medical treatment should be varied to suit the physical peculiarities and constitutional idiosyncrasies of the sick. There is no invariable rule for all cases.

MANNER OF RETREAT OF ARABS.

When an Arab tribe are pursued by an enemy, they sleep and take their food without halting. That they may not fall from their camels when sleeping, they stretch themselves out at length, placing their feet in a bag on each side of the animal's neck. Their food is prepared by the women. One mounted on a camel loaded with wheat, continues grinding with a hand-mill, and passes the meal to another who is provided with leather bottles containing water, suspended on each side of her camel, she, having prepared the paste, passes it to a third, who completes the operation by baking bread in thin slices on a chafing dish, or a portable oven, which is heated with wood or straw. This bread, with a portion of cheese and dates, is then distributed by her, to those whom it is her province to feed, and the frugal meal is finished with a draught of camel's milk. The camels are also milked as they walk, the men using for this purpose large wooden bowls, which are passed from one to another.

TOO ENOUGH.

Stephen A. Douglas and Mr. Lovejoy were once gossiping together when Abraham Lincoln came in. The two men immediately turned their conversation upon the proper length of a man's legs.

"Now," said Lovejoy, "Abe's legs are altogether too long, and yours, Douglas, I think, are a little short. Let's ask Abe what he thinks of it."

Then, turning to Lincoln, he said,

"We're talking about the proper length of a man's legs. We think yours are too long and Douglas' too short, and we'd like to know what you think is the proper length."

"Well, said Mr. Lincoln, "that's a matter that I've never given any thought to, so of course I may be mistaken, but my first impression is that a man's legs ought to be long enough to reach from his body to the ground."

WAR ABOUT A KISS.

That kissing should go by favor on the stage as elsewhere is evidently the opinion of Mme. Leathold, a Vienna actress. Our correspondent writes: "A tragi-comical war has been waged for some weeks past at the Raimund Theatre here. Mme. Leathold absolutely refused to be kissed by Herr Rauzenburg, her partner, in the scenes of a play in which the author demands that she should be kissed. A few nights ago, when it came to the point, Frau Leathold covered her face with her hands, and Herr Rauzenberg took them down and kissed her by sheer force. The director was distracted between them, and gave Frau Leathold's part to another actress. Feeling that she had been unjustly treated, the lady gave notice to leave the theatre altogether, and her resignation has been accepted." London Daily News.

HOW TO MASTER YOUR TEMPER.

Strength, give it nothing to feed on. When something tempts you to grow angry do not yield to the temptation. It may for a minute or two be difficult to control yourself, to do nothing, to say nothing and the rising temper will be obliged to go down because it has nothing to hold it up. What is gained by yielding to temper? For a moment there is a feeling of relief, but soon comes a sense of sorrow and shame, with a wish that the temper had been controlled.

Friends are separated by a bad temper, trouble is caused by it, and pain is given to others as well as self. The pain too often lasts for days, even years, sometimes for life. An outburst of temper is like the bursting of a steam boiler, it is impossible to tell beforehand what will be the result. The evil done may never be remedied. Starve your temper. It is not worth keeping alive. Let it die.

PARDONABLE PRIDE

There was a well to-do tailor in Springfield who owned a handsome house just across the street from the Lincolns. Mrs. Lincoln did not feel pleased that a tailor should live in a finer residence than that occupied by a leading lawyer. When Abe was off on circuit, therefore, she had a story added to their house. The job was nearly finished when Abe returned. He strode down the street, gazed at his house in surprise and then crossed to the tailor's side of the road.

"Who lives in that palatial mansion over there?" he asked of his neighbor.

"The widow Lincoln," answered the smiling tailor. Then was heard a voice from the top story of the Lincoln house:

"Abe, Abe, come to dinner! You're late!"

We lose more friends by our requests than by our refusals

Dyspepsia seldom causes death, but permits its victims to live on in misery. Hood's Sarsaparilla, cures Dyspepsia and all stomach troubles.

Minard's Liniment cures colds etc.

AS TOLD BY GEN. LEW WALLACE.

In daily wanderings over Judah's hills,
By Jordan's fords, and at the neighboring rills,
Where Master and disciples drew apart
From thronging multitude and busy mart,
I found the Christ

Constant communion with His sweet spirit,
Constant contemplation of His merit
Constant meditation of His grace divine,
Brought me an humble suppliant to His shrine,
The Living Christ.

Man cannot teach the seeker of his Lord,
Nor give him faith in the Incarnate Word,
To know Him as He is may only be
To those who follow through tribulemans
The Pleading Christ.

He truly said the world could never know
Nor understand His love for all below,
Only to those of humankind to given,
Who fix their best affections in the Heaven
Where dwells the Christ.

H. C. HOCKEN

HE'S SUCH A LITTLE FELLER.

Walking down the street the other day I saw a newsboy seated on a grating in the sidewalk, up through which came a little warmth from the basement below. He had something beside him covered up with a dirty, ragged old handkerchief, and as I sat down alongside he continued

"Look out now, don't hurt him."

"What is it?"

He lifted the handkerchief with the greatest care, and there, on one of the iron bars, huddled up and half frozen was a little brown sparrow just able to fly.

"Where did you get him?"

"In the street out there. Got so cold he was tuckered."

"What will you do with him?"

"Get him good and warm and let him go. He's such a little feller, and so he orter have a fair show."

"And he shall," said I.

I added my efforts to Jack's and after a few minutes the bird began moving about in a lively manner and giving vent to his satisfaction in a series of chirps. Jack lifted him, gave him a toss in the air, and away he sailed for his nest under a cornice.

"He's all right now, Jack."

"Yes, cause he's had a boost. Boys can get along most anyhow," said Jack, as he shivered in the cold sweeping blast up from the river, "but birds is such little fellers that we've got to sort o' hist and tote em' round now and then. He's all right now, and we'm all right, and good bye to you."

"Good bye, Jackie," I said, involuntarily raising my hat as the tattered, kind-hearted chappie flew around the corner.—*Our Dumb Animals.*

HOW HE PRESERVES HIS BOOTS

Noticing a recent question in one of my papers on oiled boots, I would like to call the attention of your readers to a cheap and easy method of preserving their boots from wear. I have only had three pairs of boots for the last six years (no shoes), and I think that I shall not require any others for the next six years to come! The reason is that I put a pound of tallow and a half a pound of rosin into a pot on the fire, when melted and mixed, I warm the boots, and apply the hot stuff with a painter's brush, until neither the soles nor upper leathers will suck in any more. If it is desired that the boots should immediately take a good polish, dissolve an ounce of bees' wax in an ounce of spirits of turpentine, to which add a teaspoonful of lamp black. A day or two after the boots have been treated with the tallow and rosin, rub over them the wax and turpentine but not before the fire. Thus the exterior will have a coat of wax alone, and shine like a mirror. Tallow or any other grease becomes rancid, and rots the stitching as well as the leather, but the rosin gives it an antiseptic quality, which preserves the whole."

MEEKNESS A VIRTUE

Meekness bears no spiteful rage,
Meekness, harshness doth assuage
Meekness mitigates, and often
Meekness leaves bygones forgotten
Meekness suffers without whining,
Meekness shows no rude designing
Meekness, though she seemeth shy
Meekness aims to pacify
Meekness ever condescends
Meekness gaineth many friends
Meekness walks in virtue's path,
Meekness never kindles wrath,
Meekness in address is civil,
Meekness is no friend to evil
Meekness loves to please to do,
Meekness no or lots angry swell
Meekness never desires to grumble
Meekness rather would be humble
Meekness never is derisive
Meekness ever is submissive
Meekness hates to dwell in strife,
Meekness leads a friendly life.
Meekness feels before she mourns
Meekness good for bad returns

A BARGAIN HUNTER.

A man, notorious for his jokes, lately went into a butcher's and enquired the price of a certain soup bone. The proprietor of the shop is a generous fellow and answer to the old man's question he told, "Oh, I'll give you that."

The customer put his hand to his ear. He is somewhat hard of hearing, and had missed the other a trifle.

"Can't you take a little off that?" he asked.

The butcher took pity on him.

"Yes," he said, call it four cents.

And the old man went home with a comfortable sense of having driven a good bargain.

THE UNKNOWN QUANTITY

The fast youth in the algebra class had handed in his paper to the professor and that gentleman had found fault.

"Why is it," he asked, "that in all these problems you have a X to represent the unknown quantity?"

"I thought that was about right, sir," replied the student boldly.

"But you know that X always represents the unknown quantity."

"Ordinarily, yes," explained the student, "but in my case I thought it was excessive. A Y is quite sufficiently unknown to call forth all my ability to discover one," and the professor marked the student zero.

On the last day of January there were 107,701 paupers in receipt of relief in London, an increase of 7,296 over the corresponding date of last year.

Do not anticipate trouble, or worry about what may never happen. Keep in the sunlight.

We attract hearts by the qualities we display; we retain them by the qualities we possess.