The Acton Free Press.

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The Acton Free Press

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—AT THE—

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MILL STREET, ACTON, ONT

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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 Sts., Acton.

A. S. ELLIOTT, M. B. Acton
OFFICE—Main Street, third door south of Presbyterian Church, Acton.

J. E. WILKINSON, D. D. S., L. D. S., DENTIST.
OFFICE—Over the Drug Store, ACTON

L. L. BENNETT, L.D.S., DENTIST, GEORGETOWN ONTARIO

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

DOUGLAS & MURRAY
BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES, ETC
OFFICES.—1296 Queen St., Parkdale
Victoria Chambers, 51 Victoria St
Telephone 977. TORONTO.
JOHN DOUGLAS A. W. MURRAY

E. W. BOYD,
Barrister, Solicitor, Notary, Conveyancer
MONEY TO LOAN.
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Office at Streetsville each Wednesday afternoon
—Palace Bakery Block, Queen Street.

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BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, ETC
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OFFICE,—Douglas St., Guelph.

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ACTON ONT

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

THE PALACE BARBER SHOP,
MILL STREET, ACTON
F. R. MORRISON,
Tonsorial Artist.
Shaving and Hairdressing in all its branches. Tobaccos and cigars always on hand

JOB PRINTING,

INCLUDING Books, Pamphlets, Posters, 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

Wellington Mutual
Fire Insurance Company
ESTABLISHED 1840.
INSURANCE on Mutual plan Any communications forwarded to my address, Box 729, or telephone 66, will be promptly attended to
JOHN TAYLOR, Agent, Guelph

WM. HEMSTREET,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER
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. Fees reduced to
$5.00 FOR FARM SALES
Also money to loan on the most favorable terms, and at the lowest rates of interest, in sums of $300 and upwards.

WANTED.

A GOOD MAN in your district to represent the "Foothill Nurseries of Canada," over 700 acres the largest in the Dominion. Position permanent Salary or Commission to right man.
With the increasing demand for fruit a position with us as salesman will pay you better than engaging in farm work Send us your application and we will show you how to earn good money.
School teachers! its just the thing for you during the summer Write for particulars
STONE & WELLINGTON
Toronto, Ont

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

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

SCHOOL BOOKS.
Full Stock of all the new Books for High and Public Schools.
Six New Large Scribblers and Exercise Books.
The biggest Scribbler in town.
Our 84 page Exercise Book is the best.
Don't waste time. Go straight to Day's for your School Books. His books are the best value and he has plenty of stock for all at

DAY'S BOOK STORE,
GUELPH,
DAY SELLS CHEAP

Trilby's Father

When quite a young man went to Paris and clerked in a shoe store. After being away from his native town for a number of years, he returned home, and as his outward appearance had changed somewhat during the years of his absence, he determined to go to his mother's house, unannounced, and see if the filial affection in the child for the parent would be reciprocated by the parent, and thus lead the parent to recognize her boy—he went to her house as a stranger, and asked his mother for food and lodging, she, not recognizing her son, gave him bread, but refused him lodging, thinking that perhaps he might be a robber, but she allowed him to warm himself by the fire and gave him permission to sleep in the barn

You Must be Known to be Appreciated.

WILLIAMS'
Shoe Store
Is well and favorably known and our goods are appreciated. We have all classes of
Boots, and Shoes,
Slippers, Rubbers
Trunks, Valises, etc
REPAIRING NEATLY DONE
WILLIAM WILLIAMS.
Mill St. ACTON

J. H. Hamilton,
DEALER IN
Marble and Granite,
Hamilton's Block GUELPH
Large New Consignment
Just Received a Large Consignment of
Granite Norway Swede, Russian, English Irish, Scotch
OF BEST QUALITY
Cut to be sold at prices not known in Ontario
Call and Inspect
J. H. HAMILTON

- - SEASON---1895 - -
WHILE 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
We are now able than heretofore to supply either wood or iron pumps from Guelph. All work guaranteed satisfactory.
Please call and inspect before purchasing elsewhere
THOS. EBBAGE, Manager
Acton

EVERTON MILLS.
We are prepared to buy wheat at Everton Mills on Roller process for 10 cents per bushel
FLOUR
BRAN,
SHORTS
CHOP FEED
Mill every day at 5 cents per bag.
Cash for Wheat
Everton Mills Flour for sale at ARTHUR'S FLOUR & FEED Store, Acton
HENRY HORTOP.

Acton Flour Mill.
CHEYNE & CHEYNE,
Proprietors.
We have 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.
Every order will receive prompt attention and will 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 leave the matter for you to decide as to the quality of the goods we manufacture
Orders taken at the Mill or at J. V. Kannawin's Drug Store.
CHEYNE & CHEYNE.

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

The Traders' Bank
OF CANADA.
Capital Authorized $1,000,000
Capital Paid up 607,400
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. F. H. JONES,
Manager.

Harping.
We are still harping on the extraordinary value of our
"Sweeperettes"
Price only two dollars.
Saves your carpets.
Sweeps easier, cleaner, and quicker than a broom.
You have no idea of the comfort it will bring you.
Suppose you try one?

BOND & CO
HARDWARE
GUELPH.

GUELPH CLOTH HALL.
We are doing the same creditable class of business that we have always been noted for, and will be glad to see our Acton friends who are in need of good Fall and Winter Clothing.
Yours respectfully
Shaw & Turner
Merchant Tailors
Railway Fare Cheerfully Refunded.

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
Well seasoned stock on hand at prices to suit the times.
JOHN CAMERON,
Proprietor.

ACTON
LIVERY
AND
BUS LINE
Horses and Carriages respectfully solicit the patronage of the public, and inform them that
Well Equipped and Stylish Rigs can always be Secured
At his stables A comfortable bus meets trains between 9 a.m. and 8.30 p.m.
Careful attention given to every order
The wants of Commercial Travellers fully met.
JOHN WILLIAMS
Phone.

W. H. WALKER,
Painter,
Paper Hanger
Decorator, Etc
Graduate of Acton Public School, gives the business of his large expertise, some who desire first class and artistic work in House Painting, Paper Hanging, or Decorating in all its branches
Satisfactory work always guaranteed and at most reasonable prices
Orders left at Pearson's Hardware Store, or at my residence will receive prompt attention
W. H. WALKER,
Bower Avenue

X L Cior
...Bakery
ACTON, ONT
Having opened up a shop opposite the Jewellery Store, Mill Street, we are prepared to keep on hand
Bread,
Cakes,
Biscuits,
Confectionery,
Also FRUITS, CANNED GOODS, ICE CREAM, &c.
In thanking the people of Acton and surrounding country for past favors we trust in them for the continuance of the same. All orders promptly attended to and delivered by the old reliable baker.
T. STATHAM & SON
P. S.—Wedding Cakes a specialty.

Poetry.

AT THE GRINDIN' OF THE CANE.

There was moonlight on the meadows—there were shadders in the lane,
As I drive along with Mary to the grindin of the cane;
It was just above the village—in a little spot of ground
That was brighter than the country for a hundred miles around
An' 'twas drip, drip, drip!
Oh! the juice was sweet to sip—
But nothin' to the sweetness
Of a rosy, leanin' lip
I remember all about it—life is—if it was to day—
In the goin' and the comin', how we took the longest way,
An' I ow I wished the moonlight wouldn't make her lips so plain,
I could find them in the darkness, at the grindin' of the cane!
Drip, drip, drip!
Oh! the juice is sweet to sip—
But nothin' like the sweetness
Of a rosy leanin' lip
The boys all had their sweethearts when the cane was took to mill,
An, they made the most of the moonlight when the evenin' was so still,
They could hear their hearts a-beatin' with a pleasin' sort of pain,
As they walked an' talked together at the grindin' of the cane!
An 'twas drip, drip, drip!
An' the juice was sweet to sip
But nothin' to the sweetness
Of a rosy, cosy lip!
Oh, the ridin' an' the walkin, an' the talkin' with the girls,
The starlight on the meadows an' the starlight on their curls!
Oh, the night winds, softly creepin' o'er the valley an' the plain,
An' the sweet dreams of housekeepin' at the grindin' of the cane!
Drip, drip, drip,
Oh, the juice was sweet to sip
But thank the Lord forever
For a rosy, leanin' lip
Frank L. Stanton in N. Y. Press.

Select Family Reading.

A Disappointment.

And now my little girl, I think that you have news for me," said Aunt Eleanor, when her niece had taken off her things and settled down comfortably in the cosy drawing room, after her journey. "From your letters, dear, and something in your face, I think you have met somebody you like while you were at Wimple Bay. Who is this artist you spoke of? You have never mentioned his name or said much about him? Am I right in guessing that you care for each other?

Lilith blushed pretty.

"You are a witch auntie. I scarcely mentioned him

"Perhaps reticence speak more than words," said Aunt Eleanor, in her gentle, sympathetic voice.

"Well! I do not think that I am in love with him, said the niece, thoughtfully, "but he is very nice, and he seems very fond of me. He is coming back to town in a few days, and he spoke about calling to see us

"And what is his name dear? You must tell me all about him

"His name is Ralph Trevor and he has three pictures in the Academy this year, so I suppose he is quite a well-known artist. I want you to take me to the Academy to-morrow to see them, auntie. He is not young, between thirty and forty, I should think, but he is very handsome. I told you how we met, we were cut off by the tide and he helped us to get on the breakwater. I do not know what we should have done if he had not come to our assistance. Next day he called on Mrs. Montressor, to inquire whether she was any the worse for her adventure, and we met every day afterward."

She had run on quickly without glancing at her aunt's face. Now, as she raised her eyes, she was surprised by its expression

"What is the matter, auntie?" she cried, springing up in alarm. "You are not ill?

"No, dear, your news startled me, that is all. Tell me, dear," she pushed back the pretty golden ringlets from the girl's low, smooth forehead as she spoke, and looked earnestly into her bright eyes, "tell me, dear, that you have not given your heart to this Mr. Trevor?

"No, auntie, I like him very much because he seems so kind and, nice, but I do not think that I am in love. Why?

"I think that I ought to advise you not to let yourself become too fond of him, said her aunt, thoughtfully "I do not think he is a man who would make my little girl happy

"Do you know him then auntie? You have never mentioned his name, said Lilith, in surprise

"I have not seen him in ten years said her aunt "Did you never mention my name to him?"

"Only as Aunt Eleanor. I think how strange that you should know him

"Yes, the world is very small dear. Ten years ago I thought I should become Ralph Trevor's wife. You have often wondered why I never married. Perhaps I ought to tell you now. Ten years ago, you know, my father was alive, and I was considered an heiress, more of an heiress than you are, dear, for your grandfather was one of the richest merchants in the city. Ralph was a rising artist then, and not as rich as he is now, and he pretended to be very fond of me. I considered him everything that was good and noble, and I thought that I was the happiest woman in the world when he wrote to tell me he was coming to ask my father's consent and mine to our marriage. I have the letter now, and will show it to you when we go upstairs. As it happened, we were to have a houseful of people on the evening that he proposed calling, and I had to write to him and ask him to call on the following day instead. I do not think the slting would be so great if it were not for the letter I wrote him, for I showed plainly what were my feelings for him, and I can not bear to think of it even now."

She paused as if overcome by the remembrance of the heart revelation which she had given to a man unworthy of it.

"And did he never come?" asked Lilith, gently

"No, dear, the next day my father's bankruptcy was announced, he died from the shock as you know, and left me practically penniless. If it had not been for your dear father, I should have been without a home. And all through my trouble I was wondering why Ralph did not come to me. I could not realise how despicable he was until a week after the funeral, when he sent me a cold letter of condolence from abroad, and expressed polite regrets that we should not meet so much in the future I have never seen him since. You are crying, dear?"

"Yes, auntie, for you."

She flung her arms around Miss Monton's neck as she spoke and kissed her.

"I am glad that I know, auntie," she said and walked out of the room with her face a little whiter than usual, and her beautiful eyes were still full of tears.

When Ralph Trevor paid his promised call, Aunt Eleanor was out, and Lilith saw him alone.

"Did you tell him who I am?" said Miss Monton, when she returned, and Lilith shook her head.

"I only told him that he must not come to the house again, auntie."

She seemed unnaturally reticent about what had passed, and her aunt sighed as she thought that the man who had ruined her own happiness, had also caused her idolized niece a heartache, and she soon ceased to question her.

"I am sure that I did right," she said to herself, half afraid lest her own resentment against the artist had rendered her unjust. "A man who could be so calculating could not make Lilith happy, even if she knew nothing of the past I am glad that she realizes the fact."

A few days afterward, however, she was called upon to alter her opinion with regard to Lilith's wisdom. Her neice had gone out for a stroll with no companion but her dogs, and as Miss Monton looked out of the window awaiting her return, she was startled to see her bidding "Good-bye" at the gate to a man whom she recognized instantly, although it was ten years since she had seen him. The years which had changed her from a marriageable girl to a settled old maid, seemed to have passed over Ralph Trevor without leaving a trace behind on his handsome face or splendid figure. It seemed to her as she looked, that Lilith could not help caring for such a man and making excuses for his heartlessness in the past, but she was grieved to think that her revelation had had the effect of losing her Lilith's confidence.

"I see that Mr. Trevor brought you home dear," she said, when her niece entered, and a shade of annoyance passed over the girl's beautiful face

"Yes, I saw him somewhere or other every day, she said quietly "He is always on the look out for me, and follows me everywhere

"But if you do not like them, dear, you can easily put a stop to his attentions by telling him so," said her aunt

Lilith blushed a little

"I will do so if you wish auntie

"You must please yourself entirely, for I have told you something of his character It is for you to decide whether you can trust your future happiness in his hands.

Lilith thanked her without giving any definite reply, and her aunt sighed, and hoped that a girl's wilfulness would not make her lose her life long happiness. Perhaps, after all, Ralph Trevor would make her a good husband, since she had money, and there was no fear of her losing it, as she herself had done ten years before. She could understand only too well the attraction that he must have for a young and romantic girl, but she wondered a little that it could have made Lilith forget the injury he had done to the aunt she undoubtly loved

"Why did not you ask him in" she asked, and Lilith flushed again

"I thought that you would wish to meet him, auntie. I am afraid that I have had to tell a lot of stories to account to him for my refusal

Aunt Eleanor sighed, and asked no more questions.

She was surprised when, a week later, the girl came to her with a face flushed with triumph, and a note in her hand, the writing of which Miss Morton recognized at once, although it was so long since she had received a letter in the same hand

"Mr Trevor insists on coming to morrow to see you, auntie, and asks whether you will give me up to him, she said. "I must write and put him off till the following day, as we have promised to go to Richmond

"And what must I tell him when I see him, dear?

For answer Lilith read her the note she had already written to delay his visit

"You are going to trust your happiness in his hands, then dear" said her aunt, when she had read it

"I am sure that he really loves me, answered Lilith.

"I want you to take me to the Academy auntie, this afternoon We have not seen Mr Trevor's pictures said Lilith two days later, and her aunt looked up in surprise

"But you have asked Mr Trevor to come at four, dear, for your reply

"I shall leave my answer said Lilith, and as her aunt's gentle eyes questioned her, she went on

"Here is the answer auntie It is only a photograph of yourself taken ten years ago I think that he will understand and I hope you do not think me a very wicked girl for having tried to make him feel a little of the pain he gave you so long ago

A GOOD DEAL IN A NAME, SOME TIMES

A man of the name of Taylor lately married a second wife, a very pretentious woman and went to spend his honeymoon in Paris The surprise of his friends was great when he returned with a card plate engraved "Mr and Mrs Benny Tailleur

Amongst those people who did not take altogether kindly to the new title was an aged relative from whom the Taylors expected a legacy, and who made no secret of her disgust. Consequently, when the new married couple went a few weeks after their return, to stay with her, they expected an outbreak on the subject. The old lady, however, said nothing at all until the unlucky Taylor made a remark about a new possession she had acquired in the way of a cur of repulsive appearance and uncongenial habits.

"That's a nice dog of yours, aunt," he said one day, after administering a kick to the creature on the sly "What's his name?"

"Well," said the old lady, setting her lips firmly, "I used to call him "Jowler," but now I call him Jowleur"

The Taylors went home next day, and the aunt left her little fortune to a party of the name of Smith, with a reversion to a deserving charity, in case Smith should ever show any symptoms of a desire to call himself "Smythe"

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.

"The bridge broken? How provoking!" And Barbara Lynn leaned from the carriage window to speak to the brown faced boy who had volunteered the above piece of distasteful information.

"Yes, ma'am; the freshet carried the timbers clean away) day before yesterday."

"But how are we to get across? We are going to visit Miss Stapleton at Stapleton Park."

"They keep a ferry man there, ma'am, with a little boat. He'll take you across; and if you'll drive round by Uncle Ezra's he'll send your trunks by the mountain road."

"Very well driver follow the boy's directions."

Close under the green sweep of a clump of water willows lay a little boat fastened by a rope to the upright post which alone remained of the destroyed bridge, and seated by one man in a picturesque straw hat whose broad brim shadowed his face altogether.

"He's reading, I declare, instead of minding his business and looking out for passengers. A literary ferry-man!" sneered Edna Carson.

Miss Barbara made no verbal comment, but walked resolutely down to the landing, and roused the absorbed boatman from his studies with the point of her parasol.

"Bring your boat around," she said, sharply, "we want to cross the river. Be quick."

The boatman pushed back his broad-rimmed straw hat with a look half puzzled half amused, that made Barbara Lynn turn towards her companion with the petulant words

"I believe he's an idiot!"

"Where do you wish to go, ladies?" asked the man, when they had safely bestowed their multifarious flounces upon the seats, not without many complaints at the accommodations.

"To Stapleton Park landing."

As the oars flashed through the bright, tideless water Edna Carson drew a deep sigh of relief.

"Well, we shall be there soon, I hope. If you had only written, Barbara, Miss Stapleton would have sent some one to meet us perhaps that astonishing brother of hers."

"Yes," said Barbara, curling her lip; "and a nice first appearance we should have made, tired and dusty, with our dresses all crumpled and our hair uncurled! No I choose to meet Harry Stapleton *en grande toilette*, when I do meet him. Everything depends on first impressions, you know."

Edna put up her little hand to hide a yawn

"And you really mean to captivate him?"

"I mean to try!"

"How do you know that he'll make a good husband?"

"What difference does that make? He's rich!"

The boatman stepped ashore, and doffing his hat, pointed to a superb gray stone mansion whose gables and mullions gleamed ed through groups of trees just beyond saying

"There is Stapleton, ladies you will have no difficulty in finding it."

Barbara tossed a piece of silver to him

"See that our trunks are sent up as soon as they arrive" she said, loftily

And now, girls, get ready for dinner as soon as you can!" said Miss Stapleton, as she ushered her visitors into a dainty little dressing room all panelled in oak and gold-green, with the curtains of pale green silk, and mirrors that reached from ceiling to floor. "I have a delightful party of guests staying here, and I want you both to look as lovely as possible. Remember our old school compact, Barbara you are to be captivate Harry!"

Barbara did look lovely as she entered the drawing room, where lights and flowers, and delicious perfumes made a sort of fairy land. She was dressed in rose color ed tulle caught up with bouquets of moss-rosebuds, and a branch of trailing roses and buds fastened in her glossy brown curls as carelessly as if it had fallen from the vine. Edna was pretty, too, in her white muslin and lilies—but Edna's beauty was to Barbara's as twilight to sunshine—pearl to the imperial diamond. Anna Stapleton's eyes brightened with a sort of admiring pride as she came forward, leaning on a gentleman's arm, to greet her guest.

"Miss Lynn my brother Mr Stapleton!"

And Barbara's cheeks blazed into scarlet fire, as in the calm glance of the gentleman bowing before her she recognized the dark blue eyes that had beamed so quizzically beneath the shadow of the ferry man's straw hat She was literally struck dumb she could not have spoken to save her life, but Harry Stapleton was less embarrassed

"We have met before," he said, with a half smile. "It was my first appearance in the role of ferry-man I hope it gave satisfaction. Everything depends on first appearances, you know. Pardon me for not disclosing my name but your orders were too imperatively given for me to disobey!

He stopped abruptly, for Barbara, overcome with shame and mortification, had fainted away in his sister's arms

And then and there ended all her hopes of ever becoming the lady of Stapleton Park Alas! what radiant visions "a little mistake" will sometimes overthrow!

A STAMP ALBUM GEOGRAPHER

Nobody can deny that postage stamp collecting is a great help in teaching boys geography. Jack showed this at school when his teacher asked him where Nicaragua was, and what it produced chiefly.

"It's on page ninety eight," said Jack, "and it produces more sets of stamps than any other country of its size in the world."

What He Said About Her Mother.

"Did he pop the question last night?" eagerly asked the mother, as the daughter came down late to breakfast. "No, not quite." "What did he say?" "Why, he squeezed my hand twice, and said he believed I'd make some man an excellent wife if the fellow had sense enough to take me so far away that you couldn't visit me more than once in twenty years."

Don't you know that Hood's Sarsaparilla will overcome that tired feeling and give you renewed vigor and vitality?

HEREDITARY SHORT SIGHT.

"There is nothing more hereditary than tendency to short sight," says a leading physician. "People who misuse their eyes must remember that they are injuring them for two generations."

A fact worth remembering, the doctor says, is that no child is born short-sighted. In Germany much investigation has been recently made concerning this particular and infants' eyes have been subjected to every possible test. A predisposition to short sight may exist, but the actual evil does not exist at the time of birth. And although if the hereditary tendency be marked, it will develop itself, parents may do much to ward it off during childhood.

In many instances children's eyesight is permanently injured by straining the muscles of the eye. The doctor says that no child should be allowed to get close to his work, while printed matter and writing should always be from fourteen to eighteen inches from the eye of the child. Pale yellow and pearl gray are the colors least trying to the eye, and should be used as much as possible in the materials with which children work.

Only ten of the 500 children examined were entirely color blind, but in nearly 25 per cent. the sense was proved markedly deficient. The color test was a very simple one. From a light wooden rod hung a fringe of small skeins of wool, the colors being arranged in a certain order—greens mingled with fawn shades, pinks with blues, and reds with yellows. A knot of green was placed in the child's hand and he was told to throw over the rod any similar color he discovered among the fringe of skeins. Where the sense of color was acute the greens were instantly selected, where it was feeble much hesitancy and searching were displayed.

In cases where the sense was markedly deficient fawns and greens were mingled, blues were pronounced identical with pinks and no attempt was made to distinguish between yellows and reds. The child in whom the color sense was wanting, chose every color in turn.

ARNOLD AND BALCARRAS.

The life of the Traitor Arnold, in England, after the close of the war was not a pleasant one, nor was his bed one of roses. Thorns were in his pillow, and his life was full of shadow and unrest. One incident of many will give an idea of what he had to put up with.

One day, while the king, George III, was conversing with Arnold, who had been admitted to his presence, Lord Balcarras, a tall, stately, handsome Irish nobleman, was introduced, and as he advanced and paid his respects to the sovereign, the latter thought he would make him acquainted with the American. So, in his off-hand, free manner, he said, at the same time motioning from one to the other with his hand:

"Lord Balcarras General Arnold"

The Irishman drew up his lofty form and looked down upon the stranger with an expression of contempt unutterable. Then, to the king:

"What, sire the Traitor Arnold?"

And, upon a nod in the affirmative, he refused his hand, and turned away

This was more than Arnold could family bear. Before night he sent to Balcarras a challenge, which the latter, agreeably to the spirit of the time, accepted, naming pistols as the weapons.

They met, and, at the signal Arnold fired, but the cool and utterly contemptuous manner and bearing of his antagonist had so exasperated him that his hand trembled, and his shot flew wildly. Lord Balcarras had turned to walk away without firing, when Arnold hailed him:

"Do you not fire, my lord?"

"Sir!" the nobleman replied, looking back over his shoulder, "I leave you to the executioner"

JIM WEBSTER'S ADVICE TO THE JUDGE.

Jim Webster, the "Great Texas Chicken Thief," was brought up before an Austin justice of the peace. After the evidence was all in, the judge, with a perplexed look, said

"But I do not comprehend, Webster, how it was possible for you to steal those fowls when they were roosting right under the owner's window and there were two vicious dogs in the yard"

"It wouldn't do yer a bit of good, Judge for me to explain how I cotched dem chickens, for yer couldn't do it yerself if yer tried it forty times, and yer might get yer hide full of buckshot de berry fust time yer put yer leg uber de fence. De best way for yer to do, Judge, is for to buy yer chickens in de market, like oder folks do, and when yer wants ter commit any rascality, do it on de bench, what you am at home!

EXTORTION

A middle aged man of tall stature and earnest cast of countenance stopped into a battery's shop on Jackson street yesterday morning and removed the wrappings from a soft felt hat he carried in his hand.

"How much will it cost to have this dyed a light gray, to match my hair?"

"It will cost you at least a dollar" replied the hatter

The caller wrapped it up again

"I won't pay it," he said, decidedly. For 50 cents I can get my hair dyed to match the hat Good day, sir" *Chicago Tribune*

TO PLEASE THE EYE

Here are some of the paradoxes of architecture If a column which supports an entablature is perfectly straight, it appears to lean outward, therefore, the architect makes it lean inward The perfectly level edge of a roof appears to drop about the middle, therefore it must be raised slightly at that point. A tapering monument with straight sides appears to be concave, therefore the sides are swelled a trifle. Corners are made to look square by being, in truth, a little broader angled. Architects discovered, ages ago, that the human eye was prone to deceive and they have humored it ever since.

HE WAS WASTEFUL.

Fortune Teller "You may in time make a good income, but you will never be rich." Young Man "Eh? Why not?" Fortune Teller "You are not saving you are wasteful." Young man—"My, my—I'm afraid that it is true! You have a wonderful gift! How did you know I was wasteful?" Fortune Teller "You have just wasted five shillings getting your fortune told."

HOW TO PREPARE MANUSCRIPT.

Write upon pages of a single size;
Cross all your t's and neatly dot your i's,
On one side only let your lines be seen
Both sides filled up announce a verdant green,
Correct yes, recorrect all that you write,
And let your ink be black, your paper white.
For spongy foolscap of a muddy blue
Betays a mind of the same dismal hue.
Punctuate carefully, for on this score
Nothing proclaims a practical writer more.
Then send it off. And, lest it merit lack,
Inclose a stamp with which to send it back.
But first pay all the postage on it too,
For editors look back on "six cents due,"
And murmur, as they run the effusion o'er,
"A shabby fellow and a wretched bore!"
Yet ere it goes take off a copy clean—
Writers should own a copying machine.
Little they know the time that's spent, and care,
In hunting "copy" vanished who knows where?
Bear this in mind, observe it to the end,
And you shall make the editor your friend.
—NOTES AND QUERIES.

QUID PRO QUO.

A few years since, at one of our New England colleges, the students had concontracted such a habit of being out late at night that a law was put on requiring every student to be in at, or before, ten o'clock in the evening, unless he should have permission for a later absence from one of the masters; and the penalty, in case of infraction, was the remaining out all night, and being further dealt with in the morning. The porters who had charge of the outer doors through the night were instructed to allow no student to come in after the designated hour, under any pretence whatever, except the name had been given to them as that of one having permission to be absent to a later hour.

Well, on a certain evening Jack Windham, a merry-making, fun-loving, but really good and honest fellow, chanced to be half an hour late. He had been in very pleasant company—the company of ladies—and the glittering moments had passed unheeded. At half-past ten he knocked very gently at the outer door of the college dormitory. The old janitor of the institution happened to be on duty at the time—a work he seldom performed; but he had let the porters go away to an entertainment on this evening, and was sitting up in their place.

"Who's that?"

"It's I—Jack Windham. Is that you Peabody?"

"Yes."

"Well, let me in. Come, that's a good fellow."

But the old janitor was stern. He could not break the laws of the college. At length, however, upon Jack's pushing a silver dollar under the door, which Peabody could reach and appropriate, the door was carefully opened. The old fellow whispered to the student that he should make no noise, and would have pushed him towards the stairway, but Jack had forgotten something.

"Say! Good old friend! I believe I've left a book on the window ledge outside. Will you slip out and get it for me?"

Without hesitation the old money lover went out, and as soon as he had reached the step outside Jack closed the door upon him, and locked it The poor janitor, not half dressed, was shivering in the chill night air, and speaking as loudly as he dared, he asked the student why he had locked him out. No answer.

"Jack! Mr Windham! Will you let me in? I am freezing"

"Ho! is that you Peabody? Ah! you know what the law is. I would open the door if I dared but the law forbids."

"O! nonense! I opened the door for you."

"Did you?"

"Why you know I did

"O! ah! yes! I remember me, and I gave you a silver dollar. My dear Peabody, present within mine optic range the same *quid pro quo* that I did give to thee, and in thou comest."

With a groan, the shivering janitor pushed the piece of silver under the door again, and was quickly thereafter admitted.

WHAT THEY AGREED TO GIVE UP.

A poor woman had lost her husband, and was left with five children and nothing to live upon A neighboring family, named Brown, to which there were several children, felt much sympathy for the bereaved woman. All the little Browns were very sorry when they heard their mother's tale of the widow's woe

"How can we help?" said Jame, the oldest "We've no money at all"

Mrs Brown smiled, and said "No you have no money, but, if you would like to give up some of your pleasures you can earn some."

"How, mother?"

"You might give up having sugar in your tea, for one thing

"But it's so nasty, without, mother

"Well, perhaps you can think of something else. All of you go into the garden for half an hour, and come and tell me what you fix upon"

Off went Jane and Harry and Sibyl and woo Johnnie hand in hand, and walked solemnly around the garden for just half an hour. When the clock struck they ran in again helter skelter

"Well?" said the mother

Jane spoke: "We've thought of every thing all round, mother, and, if you please, we should like to give up our lessons!

Why Drunkards See Double

The reason that a man sees double when he has gazed too long on the wine when it is red is that the nerve centers are changed by the action of the alcoholic poison There is a want of harmony in the action of the muscles which moves the eyeballs Consequently instead of both eyes being focused simultaneously on an object, one eye receives an impression independently of the other The two impressions are communicated to the brain, and the object is seen twice The inflamed condition of and loss of energy in the brain centers from overdoses of alcohol also account for the staggering gait of an intoxicated man.—*New York World.*

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

A physician says that "the way to cure somnambulism is to go without sleep." It will strike some persons that this suggestion is a little more sensible than much of the medical advice gratuitously tendered. No man was ever known to walk in his sleep when he was awake. It is not out of place to add here, that the way to escape board bills is to go without eating. Some people, however, may find it rather unhealthful to go without sleep