The Acton Free Press.

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The Acton Free Press

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Editor and Proprietor.

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OFFICE—Main Street, third door south of Presbyterian Church, Acton

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Open from 8 a. m. to 9 p. m. Wednesday and Saturday evenings later.
Ladies' hairdressing in any style.

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ESTABLISHED 1840.
INSURANCE on Mutual plan Any communications forwarded to my address, Box 726, or telephone 68, will be promptly attended to
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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
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SALESMEN WANTED.

Pushing, trustworthy men to represent us in the sale of our Choice Nursery Stock. Special ties controlled by us. Highest Salary or Commission paid weekly. Steady employment the year round. Outfit free, exclusive territory, experience not necessary, big pay assured workers, special inducements to beginners. Write at once for particulars to
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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. 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 $500 and upwards.

ACTON
Machine and Repair Shops
HENRY GRINDELL, Proprietor
ARE well equipped with all the machinery necessary to execute all repairs to machinery, and agricultural implements, and to do all kinds of steam-fitting, horse shoeing and general blacksmithing. Woodwork repairs performed in a satisfactory manner. We can repair any machine or implement of any make. Gunsmithing and filing done.

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. All cordially invited.

Strangers and visitors always welcome. Active ushers at the door.

Epworth League of Christian Endeavor
Miss Maude H. Matthews, President
Meets every Tuesday evening. All Young People invited.

.. Bargains ..
... IN ...
Toys,
Books,
Games, &c.
Several cases of new things opened this week.

DAY'S BOOKSTORE.
GUELPH.
Day Sells Cheap.

TO THE
1st MARCH
20 Per Cent. Discount
Off all Pictures, framed or unframed.

This is a
RARE CHANCE ! !
FOR YOU ! !
WATERS BROS.
THE PICTURE GALLERY
GUELPH

WILLIAMS'
Boot & Shoe Store

OUR POLICY.
We operate our store on a determined policy of fair, square dealing backed by resources and ability. This means that we give the customers the benefit of the lowest prices possible every time. We do not slaughter our goods, nor sacrifice any special line to bolster up another, but purchase carefully, buy closely, and are thus enabled to sell on narrow margins of profit. We have won a reputation for reasonable prices that we intend shall stay with us and this principle is in operation in every department and on every article in our stock. It pays to trade here, because you get what you like and what you need. It saves you to deal here, because there is a fixed honest system of value

Our Stock is complete in every line of the latest and most fashionable styles in
Men's Ladies', Girls'.
Boys' and Children's
Boots & Shoes
WILLIAM WILLIAMS,
Mill St. - ACTON
Custom Work and repairing promptly attended to.

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.
The whole to be sold at prices never to be known in Ontario
Call and Inspect
J. H. HAMILTON

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. Kanawin's Drug Store.
CHEYNE & CHEYNE.

—ACTON—
LIVERY
AND
BUS LINE
The undersigned respectfully solicits the patronage of the public, and informs them that
Well Equipped and Stylish Rigs can always be Secured
At his stables. A comfortable bus meets trains between 9 a. m. and 8.15 p. m.
Careful attention given to every order
The wants of Commercial Travellers fully met.
JOHN WILLIAMS
Phone 187 Acton

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 700,000
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 short notes a specialty
A general Banking business transacted.
A. E. H. JONES,
Manager

Are You
Sure . . . . .
You can afford to miss our
LAMP SALE ?
Think what it means !
1-5 Off every Dollar
A Dollar Lamp now 80c.
Don't be too sure you won't be sorry if you pass it by.

J. M. BOND & Co.
HARDWARE
GUELPH.

Unheard of Bargains
—IN—
SHOES
at W. McLAREN & CO'S, Guelph.
The GUELPH SHOE TRADE runs well. We had a BIG RUSH LAST SATURDAY. We expect a BIGGER ONE NEXT. Our TABLES GROAN WITH BARGAINS
A FEW OF THE SNAPS.
Children's Rubbers, only 15c
Misses Rubbers, only 18c
Women's Rubbers, only 19c
Infant's Buttoned Boots, 10.
Women's Felt Slippers, 25c
Women's Tweed Slippers, 15c.
Women's Pebble, button or lace, 50c
Men's Felt, lace or gaiter, half price
Come one come all, to the BIG SHOE SALE at
W. McLaren & Co.
The Leading Shoe Store.
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
SCROLL SAWING
to order on short notice.
Well seasoned stock on hand at prices to suit the times
JOHN CAMERON,
Proprietor.

W. H. WALKER,
Painter,
Paper Hanger,
Decorator, Etc,
Has retuned to Acton his former home and will give the benefit of his large experience to those who desire first class and artistic work in House Painting Paper Hanging, or Decorating. Mail 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

EVERTON MILLS.
EVERTON ONT
Wheat grists of 16 bushels or over ground at Everton Mills on Roller process for 10 cents per bushel
FLOUR,
BRAN,
SHORTS,
CHOP FEED,
ETC
Chopping every day at 5 cents per bag
Cash for Wheat
HENRY HORTOP.

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 in hand.
Telephone communication

Poetry.

BELLS OF THE ANGELUS.

Bells of the past whose unforgotten music
Still fills the wide expanse,
Tingeing the sober twilight of the present
With color of romance.

I hear you call and see the sun descending
On peaks, and waves, and sand,
As down the coast the mission voices blending
Girdle the heathen land.

Within the circle of your incantation,
No blight nor mildew falls,
Nor fierce unrest, nor lust, nor lost ambition
Passes those airy walls.

Borne on the swell of long waves, receding,
I touch the farthest past—
I see the dying glow of Spanish glory,
The sunset dream and fast!

Before me rise the dome-shaped mission towers,
The white presidio,
The swart commander in his leather jerkin,
The priest in robe of snow.

Once more I see Portola's cross uplifting
Above the setting sun,
And past the headland, northward, slowly drifting,
The frightened galleon.

Oh, solemn bells! whose consecrated masses
Recall the faith of old—
Oh, tinkling bells! that lulled with twilight music
The spiritual fold

Your voices break, they falter in the darkness
Break, falter and are still,
And veiled, and mystic, like the boat descending,
The sun sinks from the hill.

BRET HARTE.

Select Family Reading.

Hawaii, the "Pearl of the Pacific."

The First of a Series of Letters by John R. Musick.

(Copyright 1895, by FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY New York.)

Everybody on board the Australia was awake early, eager to catch the first glimpse of land. Our voyage, though a short one, owing to unfavorable weather seemed long. We were assured it was the worst voyage the Australia had made for years.

It was the tramping of sailors and the creaking of rigging above that awakened me, and, although it was still dark, I hastened to the upper deck. The sea was almost smooth, and a gentle breeze wafted us toward land. Groping my way to the bench just forward of the main sky light, I seated myself, and looked about over the dark water. Early as it was, I was not the first on deck. The priest, Father Pamphile, on his way to give his life to the lepers of Molokai, had preceded me. This venerable man had spent nearly the entire voyage on deck. The wind rarely blew too hard, and the waves never rolled too high for him and some of his followers to be on the upper deck.

Day dawned slowly, and the dark outlines of the silent priest became more and more distinct. A murmur of voices arose from the passengers below who were tumbling out of their berths, and hurriedly dressing. I had been sitting watching Father Pamphile but a short time when two bells struck. Just then Mr. Water house, who had all along been authority on matters concerning the islands, came up and said we were approaching and would soon be in sight of Oahu. He said Molokai was on our larboard. During the night we had been within three miles of it, but owing to the darkness the captain had put about and stood out to sea, instead of going in at once.

In a little while it was light enough for us to see Molokai lying like a cloud mist on our left. It was difficult at first to distinguish between the dimly outlined mountain range and the clouds. In a few moments Oahu could be seen ahead of us. First we discerned the long needle like point of land called Kualua Point, and then Mukapu Point, between which and Koko Head lies a valley in which is the Waimanalo Plantation. An approaching steamer is first seen from this plantation, and its arrival telephoned to Honolulu.

So we glided on over the summer sea a hundred pairs of anxious eyes drinking in the beautiful scene. Some one softly hummed

Land ahead its fruits are waving
Over the hills of fadeless green

The outlines of high mountain peaks and a lying beach against which the restless surf eternally dashes, at first seemed a dream, but soon a dawning reality. Nearer and nearer we glided. The high rock promontory, cloud capt and sky piercing, became boldly outlined. A pale blue mist lay on the hills and in the valley, giving to them a softness which no painter's skill can even approximate. As we drew nearer, those hills changed from blue mist to red, and then along their sides appeared a delicate green which deepened in its hue, until, by the aid of our glasses, we could see that they were clothed with verdure to their very summits.

When we came nearer still, we could see the green fields of a sugar plantation in the valley. This valley from our distance did not seem over a hundred square rods in area, though it really covers several thousand acres. Like specks of snow the houses could be seen nestling in orange groves or among waving palms and other trees of the tropics, the tall cocoanuts fairly towering into the sky.

A school of dolphins soon attracted our attention. They were shooting all about the ship, and could be seen skimming through the clear water, occasionally leaping entirely out of it, and then plunging head first back again. A cloud of small flying fish next appeared trying to escape from the vessel, or perhaps from the sharks, which abound in these waters.

Rabbit Island next came into view, near the shore, looking from the ship like a long barren rock. This island is historically interesting as being the place where the arms were landed in January, 1895, when the rebels attempted to overthrow the young republic. Koko Head, an extinct volcano, was passed and, beyond, Diamond Head lay in plain view. We were told that when we had passed that we would be able to see the Bay of Honolulu.

Diamond Head is also an extinct volcano. It has a crater or hollow basin, and projects out to sea in a way that makes it a valuable point to fortify. Properly entrenched, would be impregnable. This mountain also has historic interest. In January, 1895, the rebels, having been driven from the valley below, took a position in this stronghold, which they held until forced out by the soldiers of the republic. From there they fled to the mountains.

At last our vessel glided around Diamond Head, and the Pearl of the Pacific burst on our view, Honolulu, the capital of the Hawaiian Islands. What Havana is to the West Indies, and New York is to the United States, Honolulu is to the little republic of the Pacific. At last this city of which I had read so much but had never seen save in my dreams, lay before me. Snuggling at the foot of wonderously picturesque hills, which rise abruptly into a continuous range of dark blue background, lapped by the waves of a perpetual summer sea, the city, as seen from outside the reef, is very beautiful in its setting. Diamond Head or Leahi seems like some mighty sphinx or lion couchant, guarding in grim silence the approach to an earthly paradise. The balmy air, the dark outlying hills, the abundant vegetation, the emerald green at the harbor bar, the softness and depth of the blue skies, and the gorgeous sunshine bathing all the landscape, greeted us with a tropical welcome. Palms waved before us, and the air was fragrant with magnolia and stephanotis.

The long, low shore, extending from Diamond Head to the city, lay on our right. Tall cocoanuts and waving palms, date trees and banana plantations, with the far receding hills of fadeless green, formed an enchanting scene. The pilot boat, a mere speck at first, was coming towards us, and growing larger each moment. In addition of the pilot, it brought Dr. Wood, of the Board of Health. Since the cholera in September last, the Board of Health has been more than usually careful about incoming ships. Great caution is taken with vessels from China and Japan especially. One ship from Japan was detained forty-eight hours in quarantine before she was permitted to land a single passenger or any part of her cargo.

With the pilot boat came several gentlemen to meet their wives and children on the Australia, and there were numerous happy greetings.

"Ah, papa! There is my papa!" cried the voice of a happy child on the right.

"How are you, Charlie?"

"Have you all been well?"

"What sort of a voyage have you had?"

"Choppy and rough!"

A hundred like greetings rang out over the ship's side, while those who had friends and relatives in the pilot boat were dancing with joy. There were others who were disappointed. All the husbands and fathers could not meet wives and children, and I heard one little curly headed boy of six who had strained his eyes to make out a well beloved form ask with a sigh

"Everybody's papa came but mine. He don't love me."

The United States man of war Benning lay in the harbor, at the time the only warship at the islands. There were a number of other vessels, however, which gave to the city quite the appearance of a seaport town. Native canoes were darting all over the harbor. These canoes are long slender boats with a small runner like keel attached to the side to balance them, the two connected by strips of wood of iron. Many of the natives were amusing themselves with toy ships, which, with sails set were gliding over the harbor, while their proud owners watched them from their little boats.

The Australia received a hospitable welcome in Honolulu, and her advent was greeted with glad cheers and shouts of joy. Some of the little boats of the Kanaka boys ran along side of us their owners giving cheer after cheer. The simple fellows often leaped from their canoes to the ladder suspended over the vessel's side and came on board.

At last we came alongside the dock, and it seemed as if the whole town had turned out to meet us, the dock was literally lined with people, a sea of faces, most of them of the dark skinned Kanaka, were upturned toward us. Continuous shouts and yells came from below, and when the gang plank was thrown out, the people came rushing on board to greet relatives and friends.

Those who expected to go ashore at once were doomed to disappointment. The tide of humanity rushed on board, and we were driven back to our state rooms. Then came a long worry over baggage. Three or four expressmen were on board, taking up checks and the numbers of berths and instructing everybody to wait patiently until the uproar had subsided, and then make our way to the dock where the custom house officials would go through our baggage.

I sank into a steamer chair with as much resignation as a man can have, to wait until everybody got done shaking hands and saying

"How are you?"

"Well how have you been?"

"First rate, have you got over the cholera scare?"

"Yes, how did you leave Frisco? and how did the elections go?"

When the excitement which followed our arrival had somewhat subsided, I determined to try to make my way on shore. With my artic overcoat on my arm I descended down on the gang plank, wiping the perspiration from my face, and approached the overworked custom house officials. There were a hundred or more people present each anxious to have his or her trunk, handbag, or valise inspected first. The officers were busy opening every sort of satchel and travelling convenience, and plunging their hands into soiled linen, superannuated neck ties, and other sacred articles of apparel. In one valise were found some pistol cartridges, which were seized by the custom house officer, who made their owner dive into his hip pocket and pull out the revolver, which with the cartridges was held until he ought prove he was not a filibuster, but a man of good character. Another gentleman had a Winchester rifle in his trunk, which was taken charge of in the same manner. The arms were receipted for, and upon proof that the person having them was a peaceful citizen, a permit was given to carry them.

After a long, wearisome wait, the inspection of my own baggage came. This trying ordeal over, I passed through the street, where I met a Kanaka coachman, who asked

"Wantee la carriage?"

"Yes, take me to the Arlington," I answered, and, jumping into his dilapidated horse surrey, I was driven to the hotel, through an avenue of palm, date, and fig trees. I seemed to have suddenly entered an immense flower garden. Alighting I asked the driver his fare. He answered:

"Two bits."

Bullings, quarters, and cents are never used in Hawaii. Twenty five cents is two bits, fifty cents, four bits, and seventy-five cents, six bits.

No one had yet appeared to welcome me. I saw some people on the lanai or porch, and some monkeys in a cage, but none seemed to have any special interest in my arrival. I stepped upon the lanai and then a lady appeared and called a Chinaman, telling him to take me to number sixteen. The almond eyed Celestial picked up my valise and gave my overcoat a share. That overcoat was as much a curiosity in the city as a native Kanaian in full dress would be in New York or Montreal.

We had gone as far as the passage way between the two houses when a Japanese girl, with hair puffed and feet bare, came running toward us chattering like a monkey. She took my valise, and John Chinaman disappeared. The lady Jap then went out into a vast court laid out in regular walks bordered by tall palms, cocoanut trees, banana plants, and every variety of bright foliage and flowering shrub of the tropics. The air was burdened with the sweetest of perfumes, and the gentle cooing of ring doves floated about me. It seemed more of a park than a hotel. On either side were rows of neat little cottages, all belonging to the hotel, and all embowered in the verdure of the tropics.

My female escort, carrying my valise, walked down the lawn path, I following. We soon passed through a gate into the street. Turning abruptly to the left, she entered another building, and ascended a flight of stairs with me, carrying my overcoat and perspiring at every pore, bringing up the rear. In a wide corridor above, we were met by another Japanese called Ito, who took my valise to room number sixteen.

My apartment was large and sunny. A great window opened on the porch on the west, and I sank into a seat, for a few moments gazing out upon a rear court. The scene was bathed in the sunlight of June, although I was told that this was as cold weather as one might expect in Honolulu. The Houses in Honolulu, by the way, are constructed without furnaces or other heating apparatus. There is but one fire place for heating on the islands which is at the Volcano house on Hawaii.

Though Honolulu is a tropical town in every respect, it is impossible for one to be ashore five minutes without realizing that, after all, the energy and propelling power in this wonderful land are not tropical, but Anglo-Saxon. Wherever there is directing energy or organizing power, or enterprise, or action, there one will find the Englishman. Americanism predominates in the intelligent and ruling spirits of the Islands. This is shown in a hundred ways. The very republic was declared on the fourth of July in order that the day might be doubly endeared to the hearts of the people. Almost as much interest is manifested here in the affairs of the United States as in the States themselves. The results of the elections and the policy of the administration are watched with the keenest interest.

The Englishman is chief in business and politics. He is in the church, the school, the counting room, on the railroad, and steamer, at the dry dock and the foundry, at the lumber yard, at the mill, and the tow boat. He is on the wharf when you land, on the street as you pass, at the hotel when you register. Nothing goes on successfully without him. He fills teeth cuts hair, mends shoes, builds houses shoes horses, mends coffee pots, sells furniture, medicines, and hardware, and fits clothes. In fact you rub up against him everywhere, at least where there is evidence of combined intelligence and progress.

In hospitality the people of Honolulu have no superiors. The traveller is received with the warmth of the South and no pains are spared to make him comfortable.

JOHN R. MUSICK.

WHILE SHE WAS GONE.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

"It's thirty years since I left home before," said Mrs. Plumsted, "and it shan't be thirty more before I go again. I haven't enjoyed myself half so much as I expected. The china and antiquity sale was postponed a month. Plumsted wanted me to stay and see it through, but Plumsted don't seem to realize that our board at that hotel cost five dollars a day, and that we ain't made of money. I didn't see anything that I wanted at the second hand stores, and the art galleries tired my poor eyes to death. I haven't had a cup of tea fit to be called a cup of tea since I don't know when, and as for baked pork and beans—why, they don't know what the word means, up in New York! Plumsted wanted me to get a spring bonnet, but the prices they ask there fairly startled me, and there wasn't a sample of goods in all the stores to match the Turk satin I got when I was married. Oh, I tell you, Belinda Hart, New York ain't what it is cracked up to be."

"Well, I never did," said Belinda Hart, who had brought her old fashioned, little pony phaeton down to the train to meet her friend, and was driving her up.

"I never was so glad of anything in all my life," said Mrs Plumsted, "as I was to see the steeple of the Baptist Meeting House as the train came round the curve. I did feel as if I was at home then. Well, Belinda, how are things in Pepper Corners?"

Mrs Hart shook her head.

"I didn't think you've come home any too soon, said she. "That hired girl of yours has been carrying on like everything."

"What! Pamela Jones?"

"I don't know what her name is," said Mrs Hart, still keeping up the slow, undulating movement of her head. "But I know she's been havin' heaps o' company and parties, and the dear knows what all. And Leander Smith says he see her and your son Joseph sittin' together on the stoop, as you go into Plummits Woods, and I was in there yesterday to borrow a yeast cake, and there was that blue pitcher o' yours, with a big zigzag crack right through the body of it."

"My—blue pitcher?" gasped Mrs. Plumsted, and an ashen pallor overspread her face as she uttered the words.

To Mrs. Plumsted the blue pitcher which she had inherited from some far-back ancestor, was what the Sacred Relics are to a Mohammedan, the sun to a Parsee. Never, under any circumstances, did she allow it to be used. It was kept utterly and entirely to be looked at, in a pretty cherry-wood case, with beveled glass doors, where, with rundry other bits of old china, and ancient crockery ware, it constituted the nucleus of a "collection" that was indescribably dear to Mrs. Plumsted.

"My blue pitcher! cracked? Gracious me! how ever could that have happened? Oh, dear! why did I ever leave home?"

Pamela Jones, a sturdy, middle aged woman, with hair cut short, and a freckled complexion, came to the door to help Mrs. Plumsted out, as the pony stopped at the door. Mrs. Plumsted pushed her petulantly from her.

"Go away from me!" said she. "I wonder you can look me in the face!"

"Eh?" gasped the astounded handmaiden.

"You are a viper!" said Mrs. Plumsted.

"La me!" said Pamela, doubtful as to whether the city gaieties had not disturbed her mistress's intellect.

Joseph Plumsted welcomed his mother with a smile. He was a quiet, sensible young man of thirty, with pleasant blue eyes, and a healthy, sun-burned complexion.

"It's good to see you back again, mother," said he.

Mrs Plumsted burst out crying, and pushed past him into the parlor.

"Why, mother!" cried Joseph, what's the matter?"

"It's gone!" shouted Mrs Plumsted, coming to a stand still in front of the cabinet. "Oh! Joseph, Joseph, how could you treat me so, when I trusted you?"

"Mother!" said the young man, "I cannot imagine what you are talking about."

Just then the door opened, and a pretty young woman of two or three and twenty came in.

"Dear Mrs. Plumsted," said a soft, pleading voice, "won't you speak to me?" It's Barbara."

"Barbara? You here?"

"I came last week, Mrs Plumsted, and I was so sorry to find you were not at home, but Pamela has made us very comfortable and Joseph says—"

"My dear, I am delighted!" said Mrs. Plumsted, momentarily forgetful of her woes, for Barbara was the darling of her heart—the girl who was engaged to be Joseph's wife and a visit from whom her soul had coveted beyond all things. "Come here and kiss me. I am so glad."

"And," added Barbara, "the rector's wife has been staying here to keep me company and play chaperon, you know."

"I don't know, my dear," said Mrs. Plumsted. "One of those new fangled city games, I suppose; but I'm glad she came. People might have gossiped else. The folks of Pepper Corners aint any more sparing of their tongues than other people. But Mrs. Hart told me—"

Mrs Hart had followed her friend into the shady, flower-scented little parlor, and stood there with expressionless face and wide open mouth.

"Aint this 'ere young woman the hired gal?" said she.

"No, Mrs Hart," said Mrs Plumsted, with dignity. "She's a young lady from Minnesota, who is soon to honor me by becoming my son's wife."

"Then I've been mistook," said Mrs Hart.

"I should think so," observed Mrs Plumsted, severely.

"I wish I'd held my tongue," said Mrs Hart.

"So do I," said Mrs Plumsted.

"I'd hapes I'd better go," jerked out Mrs Hart.

"Perhaps you had," seconded her companions.

"But the blue pitcher," added Mrs Hart, not without some exultation. "That's gone for certain. Look! There's the vacant place!"

"No, it isn't," said Joseph. "It's up stairs, safe and sound. Barbara and the rector's wife took it to Wellsdale and had it photographed this morning."

And even while he spoke Barbara ran lightly upstairs, and came down with the precious treasure unimpaired in her hands. Mrs Plumsted uttered a cry of delight.

"La!" said Mrs. Hart, "that wasn't the pitcher I see on the dresser at all. That was a flaming blue one the regular willer pattern on it."

"Oh!" said Mrs Plumsted scornfully. "A common pitcher!"

"I know what she means," said Barbara laughing. "One of the neighbors came in to borrow a quart of vinegar, and I remember Pamela saying to me what a very pretty old pitcher she had brought for it, only it had been cracked lengthwise down the side and puttied!"

Mrs Hart withdrew in some confusion, muttering something about "the best of us bein' liable to mistakes." And Mrs Plumsted, after bestowing half a dozen more kisses on her daughter in law elect with now and then an additional one for Joseph, went out into the kitchen, where Pamela was beating a good deal of energy into a bowl of eggs.

"Pamela," said she, "I've been wrong."

"Most of us are at times," said the hired girl, not without severity.

"And I'm sorry I called you a viper," added Mrs Plumsted.

Pamela whisked the egg beater round and round in dignified silence.

"Pamela, said Mrs Plumsted, who was nothing if she was not magnanimous, "you have lived with me now for a year, and we've never had any difference, to call a difference."

"Until now, said Pamela gloomily.

"Let's let bygones be bygones," said Mrs. Plumsted. "I am sorry I spoke rough to you, but I was misinformed. Will you forgive me, Pamela?"

Pamela dropped the egg beater, and gave her mistress a hearty kiss.

"Forgive you!" said she, "of course I will. There aint nothing I wouldn't forgive you, if you spoke that way to me!"

"And it'll be a lesson to me always, said Mrs Plumsted, "never to believe anything that I don't see with my own eyes."

WHEN YOU SPILL INK.

Should you spill ink upon the carpet or upon a woollen tablecloth, immediately sprinkle over it a thick layer of common salt, remarks an exchange. When this has absorbed all the ink that it can, carefully scrape it off and apply some more. Keep doing this until the ink is taken up. If your carpet has an ink spot upon it or you don't know how to attack at the time of the accident, moisten it with hot water. Be careful not to use enough water to make the ink spread. Then apply the salt. Your success will not be complete, but the spot will become dim, and perhaps will not be noticeable.

Catarrh can be successfully treated only by purifying the blood, and the one true blood purifier is Hood's Sarsaparilla.

THE REASON.

Grandma Goff said a curious thing:
"Boys may whistle but girls must sing
That's the very thing I heard her say
To Kate, no longer than yesterday.

"Boys may whistle," if course they may
If they pucker their lips the proper way,
But for the life of me I can't see
Why Kate can't whistle as well as me.

"Boys may whistle, but girls must sing
Now I call that a curious thing
If boys can whistle why can't girls too?
It's the easiest thing in the world to do.

So if the boys can whistle and do it well,
Why cannot girls—will somebody tell?
Why can't they do what a boy can do?
That is the thing I should like to know.

I went to father and asked him why
Girls couldn't whistle as well as I
And he said, "The reason that girls must sing
Is because a girl's a singular thing."

And grandma laughed till I knew she'd echo
When I said I thought it all a mistake
"Never mind, little man. I heard her say
They will make you whistle enough some day."

—*New Orleans Picayune.*

THE NEWSBOY'S VERSION.

Through a truant officer's activity a seven year old newsboy called "Jamsey" was forced to change the freedom of the streets for the restraint of the school. He went to the school house half determined to escape at the first opportunity, but soon got interested in the proceedings. Toward the close of the session the teacher said:—

"Now, I will read this from this little book and any of you who wish to can repeat it too the class in your own words. Don't try to say it as I read it, but just as you would say it."

Jimmie's eyes grew big and he was all attention. The teacher read this short lesson from the first reader:

"See the cow! is it not a pretty cow? Can the cow run? Yes, the cow can run. Can the cow run as fast as the horse? No, the cow cannot run as fast as the horse."

"Chimmuy!" thought Jimmy, is at all? 'At a dead easy." His hand was up in a twinkling in imitation of several others. His interested face caught the teacher's eye, and she said:

"Well, Jamsey, you may try it, but be careful and get it right. You may stand up by your seat."

"Jamsey" arose. Ordinarily he was not bashful, but now his face was flushed and he was trembling with importance as he said:

"Get onto de cow! Aint she a beaut? C'i she get a move on? Sure! C'n she hump herself as fast as the horse? Naw, she ain't in it wid de horse, no!"

The teacher was overcome, but neverthe less "Jamsey" was a favorite from that moment.

HOW IT WORKED.

When the landlord had settled himself comfortably and got his cigar well started he looked at the newspaper man and remarked:

"I don't see why you don't take more interest in the affairs of this town."

"Nothing in it," replied the newspaper man.

"Oh yes there is," protested the landlord. "Besides I should think it would be a matter of pride with you."

"Pride is inexpensive," interrupted the newspaper man.

"I don't believe I quite follow you."

"Well, last year, I was so proud of this place that my pride just bubbled over."

"Yes I remember you was quite enthusiastic."

"I stopped people in the street to tell them about the beauties of the town in which I lived. I even wrote an article or two about it."

"I recall them. They were of immense benefit, too."

"They were?"

"Indeed they were. They did a lot of good."

"I rather thought they did."

"Why?"

"Because they improved [illegible] to an extent that you raised the rent for my house. That's why I think there's such a thing as being too enthusiastic and public spirited. I am not doing any raving this year."—*Chicago Evening Post.*

A DEADLY ENEMY

Is gone without saying that the saloon is a most deadly enemy of the home. The more it is decorated the more dangerous. To multitudes of our young men and to a vast number of the humbler laboring classes, the saloon becomes a chandeliered and crimsoned gateway to hell. But all the drinking habits are not formed in the dram shop or the billiard room or the club house. A vast many take their first drink at their parents table or at social parties in private houses. I once officiated at a wedding where there was a popping of champagne corks like a discharge of musketry. Not long afterward I was called on to labor for the reformation of a drunken son in that very family. His parents had been his tempters. The father who puts a wine bottle on his table and the lady of the house who provides from false slavery to fashion intoxicating beverages for her guests are playing with fire. If any one forms the drinking habit or is strengthened in such habit through their temptations they are before God responsible for the fatal mischief wrought. As their total abstinence societies have declined, and pledges to abstain have been too often abandoned, there is a perceptible increase of social drinking. Liquor on the table or the sideboard is often the first step to liquor in the club or the saloon or the restaurant. A family temperance pledge hung on the wall would be about the most ornamental piece of furniture in many a dwelling.—DR. CUYLER.

A BORN DIPLOMAT

Charlie was caught napping on the porch of a summer resort. A pair of soft little hands covered his eyes, and a sweet voice commanded: "Guess who it is."

Nothing very dreadful for Charlie to do, you think, but, then, you don't know that Charlie was engaged to two girls, and for the life of him he couldn't tell which girl it was, which made it a very embarrassing situation for Charlie. A wrong guess would lead to complications awful to think of. But a happy thought inspired Charlie, and he announced: "It's the dearest, sweetest little girl in all the world."

"Oh, you lovely boy!" gurgled the satisfied one, as she removed her hands.

And now Charlie thinks of applying for a foreign ministry, feeling that his talent would be wasted in any other than the diplomatic field.