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

Wellington Mutual
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ESTABLISHED 1840.
INSURANCE on Mutual plan. Any communications forwarded to my address, Box 790, or telephone 66, 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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FREE PRESS Office, Acton

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 reasonable.
$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. Saw gumming 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 Maggie 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
Are made to be sold at prices never before 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.
Orders will receive prompt attention, or 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. Kanouse'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 8.30 p.m.
Careful attention given to every order.
The wants of Commercial Travellers fully met.
JOHN WILLIAMS
PROPRIETOR

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 65,000
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

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 10c.
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.
Men's Felt, lace or gaiter, half price.
Come one, come all, to the BIG SHOE SALE
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 and MOULDING
to order on short notice.
Work seasoned stock on hand at prices to suit the times
JOHN CAMERON,
Proprietor

W. H. WALKER,
Painter,
Paper Hanger,
Decorator, Etc,
Has returned 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 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. WALKER,
Bower Avenue

EVERTON MILLS,
EVERTON ONT
Wheat ground to 10 hundreds of even grade 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 store length always in hand.
Telephone communication

Poetry.

PA'S SOFT SPOT.

"All folks hev some soft spot,"
Ma outer to say,
"Somethin' or 'nother
Comes out some day,
Comes out 'fore they know it,
Jest like ex not."
Nen ue kids'd say, "Ma,
What's your sof' spot?"

An' we'd keep a plaguin',
Till ma'd say,
"I wish 'at you youngins
'D run away!
Ask your pa 'bout his'n
An', like ex not,
He'll tell you willin'ly
What's his sof' spot."

Nen we'd 'gree to ask him
That very day,
When his train'd whistle
Why right away
We'd just skedaddle,
Clean 'cross the lot,
To be first to ask pa
What's his sof' spot.

Pa, he'd say, "My sof' spot?
Never had none!"
Wouldn't tell us, neither,
But just made fun;
Nen he'd tell his brakeman,
He'd say, "Great lot,
Think you're goin' to tell 'em
What's your sof' spot?"

Nen we'd all go home,
An' after 'while
Pa'd tell ma 'bout it,
An' ma she'd smile,
We'd gin agin a guessin',
Till pa'd say, "Put!
Time you kids wuz dreamin'
In some sof' spot."

An' pa'd never tell us,
When he wuz in,
Ev'ry trip he come home
We'd pin agin,
Onct George sez when pray'in
He prayed a lot
"Please God, wisht you'd tell us
What's pa's sof' spot!"

One day the quotat'n
Sent word by Bert
I here had been a washout
An pa was hurt,
Engineer wuz hurt, too,
An' both night die,
Pa wanted to see us
To say good bye.

We wuz all so still
We hum'd ev'ry wut it,
They was holdin' pa up
A fannin' him,
An pa sez, "I may die
Jest like ex not,
Tell the children I said
They's my sof' spot."

But our pa didn't die
He jest got well,
We wuz all so happy,
Couldn't git to tell
Cause we all loved our p
A great big I.
I guess God saw we wuz
Pa's soft spot!

D. A.

Select Family Reading

Hawaii, the "Pearl of the Pacific."

THE SECOND OF A SERIES OF LETTERS BY JOHN R. MUSICK.

The City of Honolulu. A Bit of its History, and a Climb up to the "Punch Bowl."

(Copyright 1895 by Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York.)

Honolulu dates its existence as a town from 1816. Before this date it was a mere fishing village. At the time mentioned there were several white men on the islands among them one John Young, whose romantic career almost rivals that of Captain John Smith. Young had been a mate on the American vessel Eleanor, and had been captured by King Kamehameha together with a sailor named Davis from a little schooner, The Fair American. The commander and all his crew, save Davis, were killed by the savages, Kamehameha sparing Young and Davis only because they were expert in the use of fire arms. When all of the islands had been brought under the control of Kamehameha, John Young was made governor of Hawaii, the largest island of the group.

Young was a man of more than ordinary ability. He became a true subject of Kamehameha, and his successor on the throne. In 1815 he advised the erection of a fort at Honolulu, to command the harbor. He was given full power to direct its construction, and early in January, 1816, the fort was begun and completed the same year. This fort was nearly square, measuring between three and four hundred feet one side, with walls about twelve feet high and twenty feet thick. It was built of hard rock and had embrasures for cannon. It stood on the seaward side of of what is now Queen Street, and across the lower part of Fort Street. About forty guns, six, eight, and twelve pounders, were afterward mounted and the fort placed under the command of Captain Beckley.

In November 1820, the king moved his court to Honolulu. Mr. Thurston and his wife, two pioneer missionaries, accompanying him. Ever since, Honolulu has been the seat of government for the islands.

In the afternoon of the day of my arrival I decided to take a stroll about this beautiful little city of the tropics and "see the sights."

These sights are worth crossing a continent and an ocean to see. They are such as no pen can describe, no camera depict, no painter place on canvas. The beauties and blessings which nature has so abundantly bestowed on these islands must be seen to be appreciated.

Perhaps the most beautiful tree in the world is the Royal Palm which grows on the Sandwich Islands. In her forthcoming book, entitled "Around the World with the White Ribbon," Mrs. Mary Clement Leavitt says,

"The Royal Palm, introduced here from the West Indies, combining the beauty of architecture in its perfectly symmetrical, highly polished and beautifully collared columnar trunk, with the swaying grace of its long plume like leaves, easily takes a place second to none in the world."

Her description is neither overdrawn nor incorrect. So smooth and symmetrical are these "columnar trunks" that a gentleman who was with me, asked a citizen if they did not scrape the bodies of the trees, or sand-paper them.

There are few residences in the city which are not surrounded with palms. The city is rich in vegetation. The houses are not usually grand or imposing, but very picturesque, and the grounds are ample. The Honoluluan thinks more of his lawns than of his house. The approach to the house is generally through a verdable flower or garden. Usually there is an avenue of palms, between which are numerous plants of shrubs, crimson, vermillion and gold. A tall canna often reaches the height of twenty feet, with flowers of every hue, and the banana spreads its broad leaves before you. Oranges, grapes and figs grow in the yards and gardens. Almost everything is tropical. A few plants, trees and flowers may be seen which grow also in a colder clime, but they reach such gigantic proportions, and are of such gorgeous colors as to be hardly recognizable. Great trees that look as though they might have had fifty years of growth, were planted by people who are still of middle age. Walk into one of the numerous yards where plants, and trees, and vines are growing, as though on their native soil, and you will find that every one of them has been imported within a comparatively short period. Almost every quarter of the subtropical world has been laid under tribute. Here is the rubber tree, the banyan, the baobab, the litchee, the avocado, the mango, and palms innumerable. Here also are the brilliant and gaudy banyan villas, the prolific plumeria, the night-blooming cereus, and the bright and attractive crotons. We have in this an illustration of the beneficient transformations effected by the enterprise of the foreigners in Hawaii. From the days of Vancouver, the foreign residents have been tireless in introducing ornamental and useful plants.

A smooth path of crushed and cinder like lava usually leads from the front gate to the residence, which is almost hidden in its gorgeous surroundings of rich tropical verdure. There are a thousand shady nooks and cool retreats inviting one to come in and rest from the dust and heat.

The houses of the Americans are the most imposing and beautiful, excepting only the public buildings. They are most beautifully decorated with the greatest variety of trees, flowers, plants and shrubs, tastefully painted and ornamented. The native Hawaiian also paints his house, and gives much care to the ornamentation of his grounds, while the Chinaman's house is unpainted, but picturesque in its Oriental style of architecture. Chinese houses in Honolulu are built just as they are in Hong Kong. They are usually two stories in height, small and quaint, with the balcony fronting on the street.

At almost every hour you can see the almond eyed Celestial with his Oriental dress even to the sauce pan shaped bamboo hat, a long pole on his shoulder with a weight on each end that would stagger a common man, jogging along at a dog trot, a pace at which he never seems to weary. Long experience has made him skilful in carrying large burdens.

While passing a Chinese restaurant in company with several of my acquaintances we were startled by a crash, and immediately there was such a commotion among the Japs and Chinamen that one might have supposed the China Japanese War had broken out afresh. Suddenly a sailor from the U. S. man of war Bennington came bouncing through with a native police man holding to each arm.

Nearly all the police of Honolulu are natives or Kanakas, and fine lusty looking fellows. When they get hold of one, it requires strength to get away. The young blue jacket tried to get in a right hander on them but his right hand was caught. He then tried to get in a left hander, but again failed, and was forced out into the street, and started off to the station house.

"I won't walk," he roared. "I belong to the American Navy, and it won't be said I was ever led by any black son of a gun of a Kanaka."

"Won't you walk?" asked one of his captors.

"No."

"Then you shall ride," and he called a carriage, they bounced the jolly sailor in it, and away he went merrily singing "A life on the ocean wave." He had imbibed freely, and his offense consisted in amusing himself by throwing bon bottles at the head of the proprietor.

The native police of Honolulu are said to make fairly good officers. I was surprised to find so many Kanakas holding office. In nearly every department of the government were native clerks and officers.

In the evening we wandered to a beautiful park named "Emma Square" in honor of Queen Emma, who is known as the "good and just queen." Here the Hawaiian band was assembled, and discoursed some of the sweetest music I ever listened to. The Hawaiians are excellent musicians, and there are many Hawaiian airs composed by the natives some of which are really beautiful. When first discovered they had several musical instruments one of which was a nose pipe, played by blowing through it with the nose.

Fort Street is the Broadway of Honolulu. From it branch off numerous streets leading to the right and left. One thing is peculiar in Honolulu. No regard is paid to the points of the compass. The terms *makai* toward the sea, or *mauka* toward the mountains are used. *Ewa* means to the right and *waikiki* for the left. Thus the Hawaiian Hotel is on the *mauka* side of Hotel Street *ewa* of Richard Street. I am told that these terms are even used in surveying lands. There is not a street laid out or a house built with any regard to the points of the compass.

While wandering in the suburbs of the city I came in sight of a field of what at first seemed corn. "Green corn in November," I thought. "It is not possible." Determined to investigate, I entered the field and came upon tall, broad leaved vegetation which was a puzzle to me. I hailed an intelligent looking Hawaiian and asked:

"Will you tell me what kind of vegetation this is?"

He looked and, shook his head and, with a noise like a squirrel eating hickory nuts, passed on. The great specimen of the *genus homo* was an honest looking Chinaman.

"My celestial friend, can you pronounce the name of this vegetation?"

"No savee!" John sighed and passed on. I was growing desperate in my bewilderment, when a dark visaged son of Italy appeared.

"I beg your pardon, stranger, but can you inform me if that rank vegetation is a field of exaggerated horseradish, or some species of tropical melon?"

With a look of contempt he answered:

"Hat ze banana!"

The mystery was solved at last. I remembered then having seen large banana trees in some of the yards, but without knowing what they were.

The next morning I awoke to find it raining, but in the afternoon the skies became clear. The streets of Honolulu are not as well paved and drained as they might be. After a rain they present fully as bad an appearance as do the thoroughfares of New York, Chicago, or St. Louis. Some streets are paved with a sort of cement resembling asphalt, but many are not paved at all. After a rain the heat seems doubly intense, for a disagreeable steam arises which makes one sigh for the good old days in Hawaii when people did not wear clothes. This discomfort lasts only a short time, however. The streets dry quickly, and a gentle cooling breeze fans the heated face.

Just back of the city of Honolulu a mountain rears its head several hundred feet in the air. From some supposed resemblance to that article the mountain is called the Punch Bowl. Tourists invariably scale its lofty heights, from which a grand bird's eye view may be obtained of the city, bay, shipping, and whole surrounding country.

Like all other tourists I determined to pay the Punch Bowl a visit, and as I learned that many tourists had walked to its heights I set out one morning on foot. As I left the city and entered upon the long winding road which leads up to the dizzy height, many of the busy little Japs and Chinese cast curious glances at me, and from the vine clad cottages along the way I caught occasional glimpses of dark eyed maidens peeping shyly forth from trellised vines.

At last, wearied with travelling over a road which seemed to have no end, I began to cast glances up the steep sides of the Punch Bowl and debate in my own mind the possibility of scaling it. Determined to make the trial, I left the road and started up the mountain side. A few shrubs and little coarse grass, with loose crumbling stones were all I at first encountered, but soon a new obstacle presented itself in the form of a thorny shrub called lantana. It is a species of mosquite, and is ruinous to the clothes, and uncomfortable to the skin. It is a hardy plant—triumphs over drouth, and flourishes in a flood. It thrives alike in rich soil, poor soil, stony ground, and where there is little or no soil at all. The most skilled botanist has never been able to find a single use for lantana. No animal will eat it. The islanders have more to fear from lantana than filibusters or the restoration of monarchy. It spreads the contagion, and defies plow and hoe. It is nearly indestructible. I have been told that if you cut it down, each joint will start a separate new plant, if you grub it out, it will come again, and if you burn it, it will rise like the phœnix, triumphant from its ashes. If I had an enemy whom I wished to do a mortal injury, I would sow lantana in his fields.

Sometimes half buried in this noxious plant, I struggled blindly up the mountain side. At last, making my way across a sort of a ravine to some rocks blackened by time, I sat down almost out of breath to rest. My hold on the rocks was slight. I had scarcely six inches of space to cling to, and below me yawned a chasm fifty feet deep. There was no breeze on this side of the mountain, and the rays of the sun were exceedingly warm. So, as soon as I had partially recovered my breath, I resumed my toilsome journey to the top. I afterward learned there was a path on on the west side of the mountain which though steep, is accessible to foot travellers.

As seen from the top of the Punch Bowl Honolulu presents a charming picture. The little city, half hidden in the dense foliage of the tropics, has a shy, coquettish appearance.

I was willing to return by a beaten path and less precipitous route. On the way I paused to gaze upon a squad of convicts at at work on the road. The uniform of the Hawaiian convict varies according to the offense with which he is charged. If it is a misdemeanor, he wears a suit one half of which is blue, the other brown. If he is convicted of a felony, his garb is black and white striped, the stripes being perpendicular instead of horizontal, as is the uniform of most of the prisoners in the United States and Canada.

JOHN R. MUSICK.

MARIAN'S ENTERPRISE

(EARY RANDOLPH.)

Budd & Co. said Marian Budd one day. "How do you think it would sound?"

"And the firm of Budd & Co.," said Mr. Lane.

"Why, I am of an speculative disposition." "It is more matter of euphony you know, adding on the Co." "Budd & Co., Fancy Articles and Trimmings."

"But that is all nonsense," exclaimed Harold Lane.

"No it isn't," asserted Marian. "Why should it be nonsense? I can tell you Mr. Harold Lane I am in very sober earnest."

Harold Lane looked at her as though he had never seen a woman before, but he said never a word, she met his looking steadfastly into Marian's arch, hazel eyes.

"Uncle Benjamin Budd's death has deprived us of the regular allowance which he used to make," explained the girl. "And we can't live upon mamma's poor pension as a soldier's widow. Louise earns a trifle of money by taking charge of Mr. Pelham's photographic gallery, and I mean to open a little fancy store. Mrs. Hyde has been in the business, and she will tell me how to."

"But, Marian," interrupted Harold Lane, "I do not at all approve of this."

"We must live," said Marian piteously. "But not as mere trades folk," said Mr. Lane, contemptuously. "Listen, Marian. I am almost sure of an advance of salary in the fall. Mr. Bond, my employer, has all but promised me it so many words, and then we can be married."

"And what is to become of mamma and the three girls?" said Marian, quietly.

Harold Lane hesitated. It did not lie within the compass of his plans to support the whole Budd family, however deeply he might be attached to Marian herself.

"I care say they will get on as well without you as with you," said he, at length.

"No, they would not," said Marian. "You need not argue against my resolution, Harold. It is like the laws of the Medes and Persians, quite irrevocable."

Harold Lane flushed up with indignation.

"In spite of my decided disapproval?" If you persist in this foolish plan."

"Will?" Marian quietly asked.

"I shall deem it my duty to dissolve our engagement. I do not choose," he added, bitterly, "to have for my wife one who has made herself the talk of the town by taking a place behind the counter."

She was silent a moment ere she spoke.

"Harold," she said at length, "I did not know that we differed so widely in our thoughts and ideas. I am sorry that my decision does not please you; but, nevertheless, I cannot alter it."

"In that case," said the young man, almost rudely, "there is no occasion for my spending my time here. Good evening, Miss Budd."

"Good evening, Harold. Won't you shake hands?"

"Oh, certainly, if you desire it."

And so they parted.

Marian Budd had a little cry, all by herself, when her estranged lover was gone. It did seem hard that he should so misjudge her—that his reading of her duty should be so widely different from her own.

"But I know what I ought to do," she said to herself, "and I must go on and do it, just the same though a score of lovers stood in the way. Mamma and Rosalind and little Aggie are dependent upon me, and they are the ones I must think of first."

Harold Lane came to the house no more. Marion sealed up the simple garnet engagement ring in a neat little paper packet, and sent it back to him, half hoping that it might elicit a reply; but it did not. And on the day when first the simple sign white letters on a plain black ground "Budd & Co.," appeared over the bay window in the little brick house in Hilbur street, Mr. Lane averted his eyes as he walked past, on his way to the Bond Banking House.

"Women are becoming completely unsexed nowadays," he said to himself.

But as it happened, Marion's first customer was Mr. Bellaire Bond himself. He came in as he was passing.

"Is this Miss Budd?" he said kindly.

"Yes, sir, confessed Marian, with burning cheeks, as she arose from her seat behind the counter, where she was engaged in braiding a little child's apron for the show case.

"I admire your independence, Miss Budd," said the banker, shaking hands with her. "I knew your father, and I respected him. And I am glad to see that his daughter inherits his spirit and enterprise. Is there anything in your store suitable to the wants of a middle aged old gentleman like me?"

"I have very nice hemstitched handkerchiefs," said Marian, timidly. "And kid gloves, if."

"Give me a dozen handkerchiefs, said the old gentleman, "and a box of kid gloves."

Marian opened the hazel brown eyes very wide.

"Isn't a box of kid gloves a great many?" said she. "For once, I mean."

"Not a bit too many," said Mr. Bond. "Bless your heart. I've two hands, and I never ought to be without kid gloves!"

And so he departed, leaving a ten dollar bill behind him as a sort of first fruits of the business that was to pour in upon the house of Budd & Co.

Affairs were pretty brisk that day. People came in from curiosity to see the new store which Dr. Budd's handsome daughter had been courageous enough to open, and no one could very well go away without purchasing at least a paper of pins or a roll of tape. And the next morning Mr. Bond came in again.

"My housekeeper tells me that I want some shirts," said he. "A dozen."

"But," pleaded Marian, "I don't keep gentlemen's shirts!"

"Oh, yes, you do," said Mr. Bond, seriously.

Marian was a little puzzled but presently a bright idea envolved itself into her mind.

"I used to help with papa's shirts," said she. "If you will let me take the measure, I think Rosalind and I might manage."

"Of course you could," said Mr. Bond.

And after that, he became a regular and profitable customer.

Late in the fall, Harold Lane decided that Marian Budd was too dear to his heart for him further to indulge his pride. "I must have her," he said to himself, "if she kept a dozen fancy stores, instead of one! The little dewy eyed beauty—what is there about her so bewitching, I wonder?"

So he went to call at the red brick house after the bay window was all shuttered in for the night.

Mrs. Budd was knitting a worsted shawl, Rosalind was sewing, little Aggie was at her lessons, but Marian was nowhere to be seen.

"Marian is not at home this evening," said Mrs. Budd, among his glances of inquiry. "She has gone to a concert with Mr. Bond."

"Indeed!"

Harold Lane [illegible] his surprise.

"It may be wrong to tell you," said the Budd with innocent maternal pride, "that our Marian is to be married to Mr. Bond next month. He is rather older than she is, but his kindness to her, under very trying circumstances, has fairly won her heart. He loves her dearly, and I believe she honestly returns his affection."

So Harold Lane went home, like "Lord Ullin" in the ballad, "lamenting." His false pride had cheated him out of the sweetest, truest heart in all the world. And Marian felt that she had had a fortunate escape from his selfish exactions.

NO CHANCE TO BRAG IN HEAVEN

Mr. Moody has a popular and very telling way of "hitting" the errors which are so rife in the theological thinking of many persons to day. Speaking of salvation by grace he has said: "It is well that a man can't save himself, for if a man could only work his own was into heaven, you never would hear the last of it. Why, down here in this world, if a man happens to get a little ahead of his fellows, and scrapes a few thousand dollars together, you'll hear him bragging about his being a self-made man and telling how he began as a poor boy and worked his way up in the world. I've heard so much of this sort of thing that I'm sick and tired of the whole business, and I'm glad we shan't have men bragging through all eternity how they worked their way into heaven."

I am going to Venezuela. You may never see me again. Then lend me ten dollars.

He—"If I could but be installed in your heart as—" She—"My heart is no installment house."

Do not dally with rheumatism. Get rid of it at once by purifying the blood with Hood's Sarsaparilla. Be sure to get Hood's.

WAITING FOR CAPTAIN WRIGHT.

"They said it was only a foolish dream,
When I spoke in my girlish way
Of a handsome knight, a Captain Wright,
Whom I hoped to quarry some day.
I paid no heed to their mocking smiles,
But carried my head with pride,
And felt no fear, for with love sincere
He would claim me soon as his bride.

They thought it strange that I did not wed
The reason they could not guess
But to none of those who came to propose
Was I willing to answer "Yes."
For I felt that somewhere out in the world,
With heart full of love to the brim,
Was some one, you see, who was waiting for me,
And I was waiting for him.

And oft as I moved through the crowded [illegible]
My heart would suddenly beat
At so rapid a rate, I knew that my mate
Had passed me by on the street.
I knew that I should meet my ideal love,
And marry him, sure as fate,
In God's good time—with a faith sublime
If I only have the patience to wait.

And so one day we met, as it were,
By chance, and at once I knew
My heart's true knight had appeared in sight,
My dream had at last come true!
And never through all the years that have passed
Of mingled blessings and blight,
Have I ceased to rejoice that I held my choice
And waited for Captain Wright.

BOBBY'S COMPOSITION--THE CAT.

The cat is a small animal with four legs and a long tail. The cat is covered with cat fur. In the night cats roost on the back fence. They roost lengthways of it, instead of crossways, like a bird or a hen. When the cat wants to say anything it utters a yowl. No other animal yowls, except a baby, and its yowl is different. Mostly cats make their remarks in the night. The baby is not different from the cat in this respect.

Cats have nine lives, but after she has lost one of them she isn't good for much except a cat skin. If I was a cat I would not be afraid of dogs.

Cat's eyes shine in the dark. Once I was up in our garret, and saw a cat's eyes shining. I came down and went to talking to ma about things. She said she thought I went up into the garret to stay awhile. I said "No, I stayed as long as I intended to."

The cat has an Ann Tipathy for rats. Cats eats rats. Tastes differ. The Chinese make porcelain cats with yellow glass and put a candle inside. When the rats see it they go away on the dead run. Of course there is no danger. I forgot what I went up into the garret for that time.

The middle of cats' eyes gets big in the dark and small in the light. Girls like cats. A cat goes up a tree frontwards and comes down backwards. They go up because they see a dog, and come down when the dog isn't looking. The more dogs a cat sees the bigger her tail gets. The cats in the Isle of Man don't have any tails, so they are not afraid of dogs.

Once we had a cat whose eyes got so big in the dark that you would have been afraid if you hadn't known what it was. This was the same cat I saw in the garret. But, pshaw! I knew what it was right away, soon as I got down.

That's all anybody knows about cats.

LOVING TOO LATE

Not long ago I met a young lady in poverty whom I had previously known in wealth. This was, in substance the story she told me. "Father died suddenly in Washington, and the professional skill through which he had coined money for us died with him. I am not weeping because we are poor. I am broken hearted because none of us saw that he was dying. Was it not pitiful that he should think it best not to tell any of us that he was sick? And I, his petted daughter, though I knew he was taking opium to soothe his great pain, was so absorbed by my lovers, my games and my dresses, that I just hoped it would all come right. If I could only remember that even once I had pitied his suffering or felt anxious about his life, I might bear his loss better!"

The story is common enough. Many a father, year after year goes in and out of his home carrying the burden and doing the labor of life, while those whom he tenderly loves hold with but careless hands all of the honor and gold he wins by toil and pain. Then some day his head and hands can work no more. And the hearts that have not learned the great lesson of unselfish love while love was their teacher must now begin their sad duty when love has left them alone forever. Carrie E. Bird.

AN INDIAN'S AWFUL FATE

For some years certain Indians of Alaska have made strong spirits, called Hootchinoo. It is almost pure alcohol, and but a few swallows are necessary to make one drunk. The Alaska *Mining Record* tells what a horrible fate once befell one of the distillers and consumers of this liquor. The account says:

It seems that this Indian while engaged in the manipulation of his little coal oil can stills imbibed too freely of its tricklings, and in a drunken stupor lay down by his fire of cedar logs and fell fast asleep with his face uncomfortably close to the fire and his breath fanning the flames. Through some reason known only to the medical fraternity gas accumulated in the stomach and the breath of the sleeper reaching the flames the alcohol gas ignited. The sleeper suddenly leaped to his feet with a terrifying scream and fell back writhing in agony. The man was burning internally. Smoke and even flames were issuing from his mouth and his agony was something awful. His loud screeches brought the members of the camp about him, who looked on in silent, terror stricken awe, unable to do anything for his relief. The combustion continued until the Indian was literally consumed inside and for some time after the spirit of life had fled.

There is more than sentiment in the saying of Sir Walter Raleigh to his executioner, "What matters it about the head if the heart is right?" The trouble is that in this high pressure age the heart is seldom kept right. Think for a moment the important work that the heart has to perform, and it is not difficult to realize what a derangement even to a slight extent, of this organ means. Dr. Agnew's Cure for the heart is a cure for heart troubles, and nothing else. It is a mistake to suppose that remedies that are given out as panaceas for all ills that flesh is heir to can effectively cure heart disease. Within thirty minutes after taking the first dose of Dr. Agnew's Cure for the heart relief is secured, and eventually complete restoration is effected.