The Acton Free Press.

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The Acton Free Press

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Editor and Proprietor.

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

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

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BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES, ETC.
OFFICES—1206 Queen St., Parkdale.
Victoria Chambers, 61 Victoria St. TORONTO.
Telephone 227.
JOHN DOUGLAS. A. G. MURRAY

A. J. McKINNON,
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, CONVEYANCER.
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ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES
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Free Press Office, ACTON

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Prepares Applications for the Canadian, American, and European Patent Offices; and for the Registration of Trade Marks. Send for pamphlet. Thirty-two years experience.

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Ladies' hairdressing in any style.

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Wellington Mutual Fire Insurance Company
ESTABLISHED 1840
INSURANCE on Cash and Mutual plan. Any communications forwarded to my address, Box 536, or telephone 56, will be promptly attended to.
JOHN TAYLOR, Agent,
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JOB PRINTING,
INCLUDING Books, Pamphlets, Posters, Bill Heads, Circulars, &c., &c., executed in the best style of the art, at moderate prices and on short notice. Apply or address
H. P. MOORE
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Machine and Repair Shops
HENRY GRINDELL, Proprietor.
A LIVE well equipped with all the machinery necessary to execute all repairs in machinery, and agricultural implements, and do all kinds of steam-fitting, horse-shoeing and general blacksmithing. Woodwork repaired performed in a satisfactory manner. We can repair any machine or implement of any make. Sew gumming and filing done.

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Business College
AND
SHORTHAND INSTITUTE
GUELPH, ONT
Superior facilities provided for thorough and practical tuition in Commercial and Shorthand Course of Instruction. Individual tuition. No classes. Write for Circulars. Graduates assisted to positions.
J. SHARP, Principal.

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Public Services 10.30 a.m. and 6.30 p.m. Sunday school 2.30. Bible Class conducted by the pastor. All cordially invited.

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

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

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10,000 ROLLS, 10,000

For a Starter
Just Received . . . . .

Call and be surprised. We can't give it room.

The prices are just the way you want them.

. . AT . .

DAY'S BOOKSTORE.
GUELPH.
Day Sells Cheap.

DON'T YOU WANT . . . . .

Wall Paper,
Room Moulding
Pictures
Frames
Cornice Poles
Artist's Materials
etc., at
LOWEST PRICES ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?

Go direct to
WATERS BROS.
NEAR POST OFFICE 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 an 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 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.
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 patronise 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. Kennedy'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 6.18 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 730,000
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 speciality.
A general Banking business transacted.
A. E. H. JONES,
Manager

YOU MAY BE GOING . . . . . OUT WEST ?
Perhaps taking out a carload of effects. If any
HARDWARE
Is reqired you may get it at
A SPECIAL DISCOUNT.
If you haven't time to call write us. We'll quote you right figures. Please mention this ad.
J. M. BOND & Co.
HARDWARE
GUELPH.

Spring Seeds . . . . .

Choice Timothy Red Alsike Lucerne and Crimson Clovers.
Red Top, Kentucky, Blue, and Orchard Grasses
Seed Oats, Peas, Barley, Corn, Wheat, &c.
Ground Oilcake $19.00 per ton or $10.00 per 100
Flaxseed, $1.40 per bushel.
Flaxseed Meal, best $2.40, 2nd grade $2.00 per 100.
Ground Sulphur 9 lbs. for 25c
Cattle Salts 10 lbs. for 25c
Salt Petre 13½ cents per pound
Baled Hay $13.00 to $16.00 per ton
Straw $10.00 to $11.00 per ton

GEO. J. THORP,
Seed Janian and Grain Dealer
New Store, Market Sq & Macdonnell St
GUELPH, ONT

3 Important Questions About your Feet.
Do your shoes fit you ?
Do your shoes wear well ?
Do you get your shoes cheap ?
You can answer "Yes" if you buy them at
W. McLaren & Co.
The Leading Shoe Store.
GUELPH.

OUR NEW SPRING GOODS ARE NOW IN STOCK
Etc.
Larger than usual
Call and see them.
Shaw & Turner
Merchant Tailors, Guelph

EVERTON MILLS.
EVERTON, ONT
Wheat grists of 10 bushels or over ground Everton Mills on Roller process for 10 cents per bushel.
FLOUR,
BRAN,
SHORTS,
CHOP FEED,
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 on hand.
Telephone communication

Poetry.

TE DEUM LAUDAMUS.

For our dear ones safe on the other side,
We give Thee praise, O Lord!
Though our hearts are sore for prayers denied,
And our songs have a broken chord.
Never the stain of shame or sin,
Never the blight of pain,
Shall come to the blest who have entered in
Where only love doth reign.

Entered in to the hall of the feast,
Through the gates of Jasper clear,
Where the dear Lord's hand shall lead the least,
And Himself shall to all be near.
Entered in, where the deathless life
Into every soul is poured,
Entered, where never toil or strife
Is seen in the light of the Lord.

Some, whom we lost in the long ago,
Are waiting to greet us there;
Forgotten the burden of mortal woe,
Untasted the earth's despair.
Oh, well, when we kneel at the Master's feet,
May we thank His tender love,
That saved the bitter and gave the sweet
In the cup they quaff above

But thanks and praise for the dear ones gone
To dwell in the peace of God,
No longer weary or stunt or lone,
No longer under the rod;
Learning and growing day by day
Where they count not life by days,
Treading forever the upward way—
For these let us offer praise.

Swiftly and surely the hours will come
When, dropping the load of care,
We, too, shall wing to the beautiful home,
And be found of the loved ones there.
For the family life and the family love
Are safe in the father's thought,
And one and all, to the house above,
Shall His ransomed at last be brought

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

Select Family Reading.

Hawaii COPYRIGHT, 1896, BY THE ALBERT A. MUNSELL COMPANY, NEW YORK

"The Pearl of The Pacific"

The Ninth of a Series of Letters Written for The Acton Free Press, by John R. Musick The Noted American Author

A Journey to the Great Volcano.

Of course, no visitor to the Hawaiian Islands fails to see the great volcano Kilauea. The journey to this volcano can now be made very comfortably. The Wilder Steamship Company runs a line of steamers from Honolulu to Hilo which there connect with a stage. This stage takes one to the volcano House, about three miles from the crater.

On Dec. 10, I boarded the Kinau, a steamer of the Wilder line, for Hilo. The next morning we were at one of the ports on the northern part of the island called Waimanacus. The water in this bay is so clear that we could see pebbles on the bottom at the depth of forty or fifty feet. Schools of fish, some weighing from twenty to thirty pounds, could be seen swimming about the ship. The natives on board cast over hooks and caught one fine large fellow.

When the cargo for this port had been all taken ashore, we continued our voyage down the coast of the great island which, with its miles of stone fences and brown earth, seemed a barren waste. But as we proceed the scene changed. Huts and mills in abundance, with green pastures, cane fields, and forests succeeded barren wastes. Then soon as we steamed along the shore, the snow capped peak of Mauna Kea arose before our vision, in strong contrast with the tropical sun and summer breeze that fanned our cheeks.

We arrived at Hilo at about eight in the evening, and going ashore I was taken in a hack to the Hilo Hotel, kept by a Portuguese named Joseph Vieira. From here to the Volcano House one goes over a fairly good road through the Puna district in a stage, which makes the trip every other day.

On the morning of December 14th we boarded the stage and left Hilo. In the suburbs we halted to pick up a Japanese who was going up the road, and at the bridge beyond Hilo we took a man and an empty goods box on board. Then the four horses with the stage swept down the road through a lane with rich cane fields on either side.

After a few miles the cane fields disappeared, and we plunged into vast forests of ohia wood mingled with which wild coffee was growing. Occasionally we passed a narrow path leading into the dense jungle, and whenever one glanced down it, the shanty of a Japanese might have been seen snugly hidden away like a ground-bird's nest.

The stage carried the mail, and I was surprised at the manner in which this was distributed by the driver. At every path along the way he gave a blast on his stage horn, and threw off a letter or paper. Sometimes there was a post box at the roadside, and as he whirled by the stage driver deftly dropped into it the mail for the owner of the plantation.

Hawaii has some of the best and some of the worst roads in the world. Some of her broad turnpikes over the mountains are due to convicts working out their fines or years of penal servitude, which is certainly more profitable than hiring them out to a corporation. If a man violates the laws, it makes no difference whether he commits a misdemeanor or a felony, he must serve the spunky little republic by digging on the road.

At four o'clock the Volcano House, was reached. One has all the evidences of the near proximity of a volcano on approaching the house. Steam was issuing from the seams in the lava crusted earth along the roadside, and when we gained the higher ground we could see for miles about us. There were a thousand fissures in the plain from which hot steam and smoke were issuing, while far off to the west the smoke from the eternal fires of Kilauea gave it the appearance of Dore's paintings of Dante's Inferno. Below the Volcano House, not three hundred paces away, are vast sulphur banks from which issues vapor in a continuous stream. Mr. Lee, the proprietor, has built a bath house, and conveys the sulphur vapor to it, the healing properties of which he declares are unequalled.

The Volcano House is a large, commodious country inn. Although it would seem that one could almost stand on its porch and throw a stone into the crater, it is three miles away.

My guide, whose name was Albert, was a strange mixture of nationalities. He was born in Japan, his mother was a native of the Gilbert Islands and his father a Frenchman. He had been reared in California and was only temporarily in Hawaii. Though a very intelligent fellow, he was unable to solve the problem of his nationality. I tried to, but soon gave it up.

Mounting my horse in the court in front of the house we began the descent. By a curious course we wound our way down the cliff into the first crater, which is over three miles across, our path sometimes leading along the side of the cliff, and the projecting rocks almost grazing our knees as we passed. We gained the second plain or great crater at last. This plain is covered with dark lava, plains which in the distance looks like a congealed quagmire.

Once upon this plain we entered a path made across the lava. In places forms were growing out from the seams in the crust. As we proceed on over the chasm-riven surface we came upon a wider deeper crack spanned by a bridge. There is a story connected with this chasm, the guide said. One day a party of tourists left the Volcano House and went to see the crater, which was then active. While they were there the island was convulsed with an earthquake. Mr. Lee, fearing some harm had befallen his guests, ran to the lava flow to find this awful chasm from thirty to fifty feet deep. He was very much alarmed for his guests until he saw them coming across the lava flow. They had scarcely felt the earthquake at all, but they had to go about a mile above to cross the chasm.

Half a mile from the Lake of Fire, at the second crater is called, we came upon a small corral made of lava, in which we left the horses, and armed with stout sticks, proceeded over the plain of hard, glaring lava, through the seams of which sulphurous steam constantly hissed.

At last we gained the side of the lake. The crater was inactive, and had been so for a year—since Mr. Munick's visit, this volcano has been in eruption. According to the newspaper reports, the flow of lava began on January 5, but far down into its hollow depths the faint glow of fires or heated stones could be seen while the rumbling of subterranean thunders reached our ears. The fires were a thousand feet below us and almost hidden by dense clouds of sulphurous smoke. From the fissures of stone on the side, the quivering air bore evidences of heat. There the guide lighted his pipe by the fire of the volcano, and I thrust my walking staff a few inches into the apperture. Though the stick was of green wood, in a few moments it was ablaze, the heat was so intense that one could not remain long at this place.

Going around to the north side we found great flow holes, where the lava was piled up in a thousand fantastical shapes. One of these cones looked like an elephant rear ed on its hind legs, the trunk and head being quite well formed.

When active the volcano of Kilauea is one of the earth's greatest natural wonders. In the lake or second crater the lava is continuously boiling in a furious manner, throwing up jets and fountains, sometimes to the height of seventy five feet, dashing against the banks in fiery waves and throwing up clouds of molten spray, making one of the grandest, most awe inspiring sights imaginable.

From the lake we went to the great sulphur cave. Though the thermometer stands at over one hundred in this cave, we entered it, penetrating our way through the boiling, hissing steam. Stalactites of sulphur and alum hang like golden and silver icicles from the dome of the cavern. It was too hot to remain long, so we hastened out, mounted our horses, and returned to the Volcano House.

Next day, with a guide and horses, I set out for the great Kona district, the land of stone and coffee. Hour after hour we trudged on over the stony earth, relieved occasionally by groves of trees, and now and then evidences of civilization and former occupancy in the form of an empty beer bottle at the roadside.

That night we reached Pahala, which is a village plantation of between eight hundred and a thousand inhabitants. Of these two at least are white, the others being Japanese, Chinese, and natives. I saw but one white man and one white boy. The great whistle at the plantation mill blew shortly after our arrival, and an army of Japanese, men and women, came in from the fields with hoes on their shoulders, and went to their miserable little huts.

These Japs are all brought to the islands on the contract labor system. They are called coolies and are but little better than slaves. Their importation is beneficial only to the large plantations, but an injury to the islands, as they labor for twelve dollars per month and board themselves. It is said that a Japanese can live on one dollar a month, sending the remainder to Japan.

I was informed that I must lodge with a Chinaman. The thought was unpleasant but it was either with the Chinaman or out on the street. A Chinese cook prepared my supper, and I was then shown to my room which was situated in a cow lot in close proximity to a pig sty. It was a small house with two rooms, and the one on the "mauka" side I was to occupy. My room was eight by ten feet, had a square table, a wash basin, towel, pitcher, saucer with soap in it, a mirror which by actual measurement was four by six inches, a hard bottom chair, a steamer chair with sailor's mattress on the floor and a mosquito netting over it. I was informed that this gorgeous apartment had been rented to another party who had kindly consented to occupy less commodious quarters for my accommodation.

The apartment was supplied with fresh reading matter in the form of a copy of the *Hawaiian Gazette* one month and two days old. Dingy, dark, musty with opium fumes, the place seemed a fit abode for robbers and cut throats. The darkness and dinginess of the apartment were strongly suggestive of pitfalls and assassination while as if in mockery of the surroundings, some one had pinned on the wall the motto "Nearer, my God, to Thee." The aroma of the pig sty was highly flavored with the odor of saddles, freshly oiled harness, and a smoky kerosene lamp which had not been cleaned and trimmed more than once in its lifetime.

At last I ventured to lie down on the bed. The apartment next to mine was occupied by Celestials, but for what purpose I never knew, the sounds issuing from it being sometimes suggestive of a sausage factory, sometimes of a laundry, dyeing works or a planing mill. This adjoining apartment was certainly no larger than my own, but after nineteen Chinamen of all ages had entered it, I became tired of counting, and sought peace in sleep.

At last the sausage mill ceased, the laundry grew quiet, the wheels of the planing mill ran more smooth, and the mosquitoes, having satisfied their wants, at my expense, I slept until rosy morn; I might have slept longer had not a cow poked her head in at my window and awakened me by an unearthly bawl. My landlord provided me a breakfast from which a Washington Square tramp would turn with contempt, and then charged me Delmonico prices for his "accommodations."

To saddle up and leave Pahala was a luxury. I changed guides here. Taking a native boy named Harry with me, I started on a three days' journey through Kona to a place called Kailua.

At noon we reached the village of Waiohinu (sparkling water), where we met Mr. Meinecke, a German gentlemen, who has a store and a coffee plantation. On learning it was our intention to stop at the Kiihuku ranch, the home of Colonel Norris he assured us that it was very doubtful if that individual would entertain me, as he was bitterly opposed to white men. Ten miles beyond his ranch, however, was a deserted house in which we had better stay if Colonel Norris refused to accommodate us.

We set out for Kuhuku and reached it at 4 p.m. By this time dark clouds obscured the skies and chilling winds, sweeping down from snow-capped Mauna Loa, portended a coming storm. The ranch is a small village of houses and barns enclosed in walls of stone. We soon came upon a Chinaman and Kanaka skinning a bullock that had just been slain, while standing near them with a long stick in his hand was an old man whose tall form was slightly bent, and his hair and beard a yellowish white. His eyes were sunken and sinister, and there was a "never smiled again" expression on his face.

"Is this Colonel Norris?" I asked, approaching him and extending my hand. He made no answer and only looked at me. I then remembered the colonel sometimes feigned deafness, so I wrote on a card "Can myself and guide stay at your ranch?"

"No," he answered while his eyes flashed with fire. "You are a missionary, a white man, and an annexationist."

"I am neither; I am an author," I answered.

"You can't deceive me," he cried, striking his stick on the ground. "You are a preacher and a missionary, a white man, opposed to royalty and in favor of annexation. You stole all the land of the natives."

I tried to assure him that I had never stolen an inch of Hawaiian soil save what clung to my boots, that I was not a missionary, and being an American citizen, had no interest in their political wrangle over annexation, or the queen. But he was obdurate. In vain I appealed to his humanity, to the fact that he was a white man himself, that he had 186,000 acres of the natives' land, more than all the missionaries combined, yet it was of no use. I had to go.

For ten miles our course lay across the black lava flow of 1887. This flow is black as charcoal and hard as flint, with sharp bristling points on every square foot, on which not a vestige of vegetation can be found. The blackness is relieved only by the white bleaching bones of animals which have perished in crossing it. On, on, and on, through the gathering gloom of night and a threatening storm, we pressed for ten miles. Then we entered a forest where the trees grew far apart, and the ground was covered with bunch grass and ferns. At last when our tired horses were almost ready to sink from exhaustion, we came upon the deserted house, and, overcome with our exertion, threw ourselves on the floor and slept, regardless of the howls of the wild dogs on the mountains.

Colonel Norris is a mysterious man. Some say he is from Virginia, and was a colonel in the Confederate army; others that he is an Englishman. He has no relatives, is immensely rich, has a large account in the Bank of England, and will allow no woman, or child, or white man on his premises, unless assured of his immoral character, opposition to the missionaries, and loyalty to ex Queen Liliuokalani.

JOHN R. MUSICK.

SAM JONES ON THE HOME.

Among the good things from the pen of Sam Jones the following is worthy of careful consideration.

I am not an alarmist. If every bank was to break I would not lose a cent and I could walk home. I have two shoulders of meat in the smoke house, and clothes to last me six months.

We've got to get back to headquarters home to find out the trouble. Home ought to be the brightest, happiest and cheeriest place under the sun, on the face of the earth.

Every man shows what he thinks of his family by the appearance of the home he puts them in. A man whose home is all out of whack, the blinds down and the doors off the hinges, the steps rotten that shows his character. The husband shows his character by the exterior of his home, and the wife by the interior. I don't see how some men can keep more on what they get three times a day. Spurgeon includes all human miseries under "dirt, devil, debt." I have been in houses where they had twenty five hundred dollars' worth of silverware and only fifteen cents' worth of grub. I would like to be able to digest silver but can't. I like girls who can play on the stove as well as on the piano. Many a man has been sent to a drunkard's grave by what he has been given to eat by his wife. You give a man a biscuit that will knock down a yearling, and he's got to have a drink or something else before night.

If you've got a good home and a good cow you're elected, as Presbyterians say.

Who, There!

Talking of phonographs.

An old farmer the other day had just driven into town with his mules to sell a load of pumpkins and stopped in front of the phonograph store.

"What air them fellers doin' with spouts in their ears he asked.

"Those are talking machines, answered a man in the doorway.

The farmer was a little incredulous, but he finally left his mules and went into the store. The tubes were placed in his ears, he dropped the nickle in the slot and a brass band began to play.

"Whiz, there!" shouted the rustic, dart in out of the store "them mules o' mine won't stand no brass band." *—N. Y. Visitor.*

Teacher "What was Joan of Arc maid of?" Bright pupil "Made of dust."

A STORY ABOUT BIRDS.

FOR THE YOUNG.

Twenty years ago I lived in a cosy little cottage situated on a hill, which was generally known in the small town as Hope Hill. To be in keeping with the surroundings, I called my house Hope Cottage. The house faced the street and had enough ground in front for two or three trees, one of them a beautifully formed sapling, the leaves of which used to shimmer and rustle in the moonlight as no leaves ever did on any other tree which I have seen. There were also some shrubs and flowers growing in front. We had an orchard, and fruit and vegetable garden at the back. Some beautiful maples, acacias, lilacs and everreens, with cherry and plum trees, interspersed here and there, were growing a short distance from the house. In spring and summer it was very pleasant, especially when the blossoms were out. At least it was evident that birds found it to be so, for a number of them paid us a visit every year. Our chief callers were robins, woodpeckers, wild canaries, blue birds, wrens and of course sparrows. Occasionally a lovely humming bird or a stranger, with brilliant plumage, entirely unknown to myself, would arrive and explore the garden and premises to see what dainties could be found sufficiently attractive for their little hungry appetites. My husband was then inspector of schools, consequently was often away from home. By way of consolation, and amusement during his absence, I began to make friends with the birds and was quite astonished at my success in taming and becoming acquainted with them.

The blue birds were very handsome. Their plumage exactly matched the deep azure of the sky, while they were very exclusive in their habits. It was quite apparent they considered the rest of the feathered tribe to be on a lower scale socially than themselves. They were the aristocracy if you please, the upper ten, and looked down with scorn and contempt on their neighbors, the wrens and sparrows, who settled down near them. The unassuming, unobtrusive, meek little wrens were totally ignored by the aristocratic blue birds but towards the sparrows they showed a marked and strong dislike. Father Blue bird expected his efforts in supporting his numerous young family to be noticed with encouragement and approval. He would lay down his fat caterpillars or worms on the fence and twoot, twoot, for me to come and see what sweet morsels he had found on his inces sant journeyings two and fro, from neat to orchard, till I found it growing monotonous to be expected to show so much sympathy and admiration for one, when there were others, who had claims as well as he.

When the sun was in a certain point in the heavens it caused a shadow to fall upon the glass of our neighbor's window across the street making it for the time being a good mirror, in which the blue birds could gaze at themselves and it was most entertaining to see their antics, as they danced and manouvred to their own shadows. Their nest was just inside the piazza, resting on a ledge in the corner of the roof. Jenny Wren had a cunning little nest in a guelder rose tree, which grew at the corner of the piazza, nearest the blue birds, while Mrs. Sparrow took possession of the opposite corner and built her nest in a tall flowering currant bush. The sparrow became so tame and accustomed to my presence that I could shake the door mat close against her in the nest and she would not fly off. One day I discovered a tiny egg inside the nest. When she returned to her home I gave her some crumbs and began talking to her in the affectionate language birds are supposed to understand. She stood up on the edge of the nest with her head on one side, watching me to see what I thought of this new arrival, when lo, and behold, Mr. Blue bird flew round and round my head in such a rage and fury, his jealous passion so excited, because I displayed some interest in that odious little sparrow. At first, really I was afraid he would peck at my eyes. Then he flew at the sparrow, chased her off the nest, pecked her egg to pieces, demolished the nest, tearing it to pieces with his claws and beak. The sparrow and her mate were hovering near, making such a noise with their piercing shrill cries that they brought a robin to help them chastise the blue birds, but the latter came off victorious, for they chased the sparrows and robin away out of sight. I had not observed a robin about the place for more than a fortnight but the sparrow had her own way of communicating her desires to the robin, bringing him on the scene and letting him know she wished him to help her in punishing the enemy. Written for the Acton Free Press by Mrs. S. L., Chicago.

STINGY MAN IN MICHIGAN

Clergymen have many funny experiences in tying the nuptial knot, but Rev. W. B. Mattison, of Oswego, Mich., thinks he can tell a story it would be difficult to duplicate. Last September he was called upon to marry a couple, the groom being 70 years of age and the bride much younger. At the conclusion of the ceremony the groom handed the minister $20. Several weeks later Mr. Mattison was informed that owing to the excitement of the occasion the aged bridegroom had mistaken the $20 for $5, and demanded a rebate of $15. The reverend gentleman sent his cheque for the required amount to correct the error, but this was not sufficient. It seems in the old man's third venture, three months were all that was required to exhaust the glamor of matrimony, and life with him had become once more simply a matter of business. Consequently he demanded that the minister pay him interest on the $15. The request was immediately complied with, and a second cheque was drawn for the sum of 15 cents, and when the voucher was returned a few days ago the minister caused it to be framed, and it now hangs in his study.

Religion Did It.

Wanderer Yes, lady, a few years ago I was just rollin' in wealth.

Kind hearted housekeeper—Poor man. Here is a quarter. Rum did it, I suppose?

Wanderer No'm. Religion.

Kind-hearted housekeeper—Religion?

Wanderer Yes'm. I was one of the most successful burglars in the country; but I got religion and could not work at my trade no more. Thanks.

Out of weakness comes strength when the blood has been purified, enriched and vitalized by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

MARCH.

Growl at March if you will
Jes' go and rack your brain
Frown, murmur, an' complain,
Say there's allus too much rain,
Er thare kin snowin again
Jes' carry on like one insane
Until you jes' git yer mad up.

March suits me well as not
Where d'you get a grander sight
Er what could give us more delight
Than out in the sugar camp some night
A stirring off and boiling tight
The way we piled it in all our might?
March suits me well as kin!

March suits me well as not
Hit seems like sunshine a slippin' through
The clouds o winter for me an you,
Kissin the frost and kissin the dew
Bringing the maple buds out, too
Ah, what a thousand a gittin' in me?
March suits me well as not.

Growl at March if you will,
An' preach that hit will warm
Alone, I'll but you're carryin on
Do birds murmur in their song,
Er complain when hit snows along,
In March? But fret and ding dong
Until you jest git your fill.

—Hattie Alice Cropp, in Knock Knock.

ACQUIRING KNOWLEDGE.

"Papa, what is an old saw—not the saw you saw with, but the kind this paper speaks about?"

"What old saw does the paper speak about?"

"That's what I want to know. It says, 'Everybody has heard the old saw, "Never look a gift horse in the mouth?"' I want to know where the saw comes in."

"Well, there's your old saw. An old saw is an old proverb."

"Why shouldn't you look a gift horse in the mouth?"

"Because—because it's in bad taste. It's ungrateful, and all that sort of thing."

"All what sort of thing?"

"Why, to look a horse in the mouth that has been given to you shows that it shows that you are not thinking of the giver, but of the value of the gift."

"What would anybody want to look at a horse in the mouth for?"

"To tell how old it is."

(After a pause.) "Papa, can you tell how old a saw is by looking at its teeth?"
—Chicago *Tribune.*

STEPPED IT OFF.

It is a commonly accepted theory that a man steps three feet, and many a tract of land has been "stepped off" instead of measured with a chain. In the west they obviate the difficulties of surveys by the land being divided into sections, but in Pennsylvania much of the property, especially in the mountains, must still be described by metes and bounds.

In one of the counties in Western Pennsylvania are two brothers, one of whom is tall and lank, the other short and fat. Many years ago they purchased a tract of mountain land calling for a mile square. They divided the labor of measuring it, one stepping off one side, the other the other. Then they fenced it in and were perfectly satisfied until recently when a suit was brought to recover a considerable tract of the land. Each brother swore that they knew the measurement to be right and told how it had been done. Then, as the spectators saw the short legs of the one, scarcely long enough to reach the floor when he sat in a chair, and the elongated extremities of the other, there was a general laugh, in which the judge and attorney joined. Upon surveying, it was found that one line was a mile and a half long and the other only a little over half a mile.

AN OLD TEAMSTER'S MAXIMS

As driving a horse is something that almost everyone has to do, even in this day of electricity and steam and bicycles, says *Youth's Companion*, the proper way to drive a horse is a matter of universal interest, and the following maxims, which are the work of the old driver, will be found useful for men as well as for the animals.

The more whip the less horsemanship.

Bad tempered driver bad tempered team.

Axle grease mollifies the grain bill.

There are more balky drivers than balky horses.

The golden rule applies to horses as much as it does to men.

Whips, like emetics, are to be used very seldom.

A horse's power is proportionate to his food.

Five cents invested in sugar is better than a dollar invested in whips.

He who cannot govern himself cannot govern horses.

And Then, And Then

A well known bishop tells a story of a clerk at a village church who daily took half a crown off the plate as he brought it up to the communion table, and slipped it into his pocket. "I saw him take it," said the bishop, "and intended to charge him with it at the end of the service, but carried away by the service, I forgot all about it. Next day I remembered the circumstance, and spoke about it. "Oh, sir," said the old clerk, "never you worry about that! That half crown has done good service for many years. I keep it to put it down first, and then the gentry, seeing a poor man like me put half a crown on the plate, can't for shame give less."

A Weasel's Hypnotic Power

A London correspondent writes: A friend upon whose word I can rely told me the following. He saw a lark flying above the turnpike road, fluttering some four or five feet above the ground in evident distress. As he looked he saw a weasel in the middle of the road waiting for the bird to come down. This it did falling helplessly close to the animal, which killed it and carried it away. This incident seems to show that a weasel has some fascination in his eye.

TERRIBLE RHEUMATIC PAINS.

Lose Their Sway After Using South American Rheumatic Cure.

The pain and suffering caused by rheumatism is indescribable in language. The bent back, the crippled limbs, the intense neuralgia pains that are caused by this trouble, almost drive the victims to despair. The blessing comes to those who have learned of South American Rheumatic Cure, which is simply marvellous in its effects, curing desperate cases in from one to three days. About some things there is no certainty, but of the certain cure that comes from South American Rheumatic Cure there is no doubt. Sold by J. V. Kennedy.