The Acton Free Press.

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Editor and Proprietor.

Business Directory.

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Office and residence—Corner Mill & Frederick Streets, Acton.

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

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OFFICE—Medical Hall, Main Street, Acton
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GEORGETOWN, ONTARIO

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

DOUGLAS & MURRAY
BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES, ETC
OFFICE 1236 Queen St., Parkdale
Victoria Chambers, 41 Victoria St
Telephone 227 TORONTO
JOHN DOUGLAS A. G. MURRAY

A. J. MACKINNON,
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, CONVEYANCER
OFFICE—Corner Mill and Main Streets, above Kopman's store, Acton

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Money to loan at lowest rates.

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ACTON ONT

MISCELLANEOUS

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GUELPH, ONT
OFFICE—Wyndham Street.

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Next to Mrs Adams' Grocery,
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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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Account Books of all kinds made to order. Periodicals of every description carefully bound, neatly and promptly done.

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H. P. MOORE,
ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES
Private Office. No witnesses required. Issued at residence in the evening
Free Press Office, ACTON

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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

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Also money to loan on the most favorable terms, and at the lowest rates of interest, in sums of $500 and upwards

Wellington Mutual
Fire Insurance Company
ESTABLISHED 1840
INSURANCE on Cash and Mutual plan. Applications forwarded to my address, Box 278, or telephone 56, will be promptly attended to
JOHN TAYLOR, Agent,
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AUTON
Machine and Repair Shops
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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 repaired and painted in a satisfactory manner. We can repair any machine or implement of any make. Sawmilling and filing done.

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

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

We Hold the Leadership
—IN—
WALL PAPERS
Because our Stock is the largest and cheapest in town.
Our Side Walls, Borders and Ceilings all match perfect combinations.
We have the first choice because we pay cash for our paper.
Our prices are the lowest every time.
—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 story 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, Sweden, Russian, English, Irish, Scotch
OF BEST QUALITY.
We intend 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 promptly attended to 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 8.30 p.m. Careful attention given to everything. 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 85,000
GUELPH BRANCH
3½ PER CENT INTEREST paid on sums of $1 and upwards from date of deposit to date of withdrawal, or compounded half yearly on 31st May and 30th November.
Deposit Receipts issued.
Farmers notes discounted.
The collection of sales notes a specialty.
A general Banking business transacted.
A. P. H. JONES, Manager.

LINOLEUM AND OILCLOTH
The most economical and satisfactory
Floor Covering
We have Scotch, English and Canadian Makers' goods. Many patterns. Several qualities. All prices.
J. M. BOND & Co.
HARDWARE
GUELPH.

SPECIAL CUT
IN
GRASS SEEDS
Having purchased an unusually fine lot of Timothy and Clover Seed direct from the growers, but a very large quantity for a city the size of Guelph, I have decided to make a Special Cut in it and rush it off at the following very low prices.
Best Red Clover $5.35 per bushel
Best Timothy $2.35 per bushel
Best Alsike $4.50 to $4.75 per bushel
All other kinds of Grass Seed at lowest price in stock.
Mange Seed, any kind 10c lb
Turnip Seed, standard kinds 10c lb
Carrot Seed 35c to 50c per lb
All my own importation, guaranteed A 1
Seed Grains of all kinds. Feed oats 42c. a bushel (unloaded 3 cars this week). Baled Hay $13.00, $14.00, $15.00, and $16.00 per ton; Baled Straw $10.00 to $11.00 per ton; Oil cake $19.00 per cwt or $1.00 per 100. Cooper's Sheep Dip, 50c. Little's $1.00 or Macdougall's $1.25 per tin.
GEO. J. THORP,
Seedsman, Grain and Feed Dealer
Market Sq. & Macdonell St.,
Opposite City Hall and Commercial Hotel
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
Fit guaranteed as usual.
Come and see them.
Shaw & Turner
Merchant Tailors, Guelph

EVERTON MILLS
EVERTON, ONT
Highest prices paid for 40 bushels or over of Wheat at Everton Mills on Roller process. Exchange 10 cents per bushel
FLOUR,
BRAN,
SHORTS,
CHOP FEED,
Chopping every day at 5 cents per cwt.
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.

Select Family Reading.

KNITTING ON THE TRAIN.

I saw a woman knitting on the train,
A woman rather old and poor and plain,
Yet handsomer by far was she to me
Than any fashionable dame could be.
She was knitting, knitting, knitting on the train
And to-day I see her knitting there again.
Oh, how pleasant and attractive was her mien,
As we bounded past the hills and valleys green!
And how fast her loving, nimble fingers flew,
Now that nearer to a certain place we drew.
She was evidently busy with a thought,
As well as with the hands with which she wrought.
There a knitting, knitting, knitting on the train
Yes, I plainly see her knitting there again.
She wasn't discontented with her lot,
And politics and "isms knew her not;
She didn't put on any mannish airs,
And fads they formed no portion of her cares.
She hadn't cut her hair and dried her best
To look like some poor ape in coat and vest,
She was still the good old woman—not the new—
With a halo visible to quite a few.
As she sat there knitting, knitting on the train—
Ah, a blessing on her dear old head again!
Do you ask me who she was? I cannot tell,
And yet we all in some way know her well.
And felt that in our hearts she had a shrine
This good old mother of a sturdy line,
And nimbly flew her fingers till the ball
Of yarn upon her lap grew very small,
And we all felt like applauding when at last
Her loving work was finished good and fast.
Then she caught the merry glances of a child,
And she raised her eyes a little while she smiled,
And she proudly said, while smoothing back her locks,
"There, I've finished the dear boy a pair of socks."
Then she gathered up her bundles and was gone.
She declined our proffered help she needed none.
For there, a-leaning in the door, was Jim,
He hugged her and he kissed her with a vim
And everybody blessed her and was glad,
Except the girl in bloomers she was "mad"

—WILLIAM MILL BUTLER.

Hawaii

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"The Pearl of The Pacific"

The Twelfth of a Series of Letters, Written for the Acton Free Press, by John H. Mockler, The Noted American Author

THE REBELLION OF 1895

A feeling of uneasiness oppressed the people of Hawaii from the overthrow of Monarchy in 1893 to attempt at its restoration in 1895. The ex Queen fully expected that President Cleveland would restore her to power. She says the President even sent her assurances that he would do so. She represents that she was in secret communication with him, and her private diary, exhibited in court, states that she had received a present from her "great and good friend, Grover Cleveland, President of the United States."

On Dec. 19, 1893, Albert S. Willis sailed off President Dole, and, in the name of the United States, asked him to surrender the reins of government to the queen, who, he claimed, had been wrongly deposed. Mr Dole for various reasons refused, and then followed a series of movements on the part of the American minister and officers of the men of war Philadelphia, which were certainly mysterious. At present, it looks as if they had attempted to bulldose the Republic into abdicating in favor of the Monarchy, but, finding them men of pluck, were forced to back down.

The Queen and her friends for a year past had lived in the hope that the United States would bring about their restoration to power, and finally, like the farmer in the story, resolved to cut their own barley. The police of the republic were on the alert however, and a close watch kept on suspected parties.

In the fall of 1894 plans for the revolution were laid. The ex Queen is supposed to have been behind it all, her agents being men who had figured in public life in the days of the Monarchy.

The revolt of 1895 was led by Sam Nowlein, a half-caste, aided by another half-caste, Robert Wilcox, who, having been educated in an Italian military school, was called the "Hawaiian Garibaldi." Among their most prominent supporters were Charles T. Gulick, a white man, and W. H. Richard, who it is claimed, had assurances from Captain Rooke, of the British man of war Champion, of English aid. Other leading personages were Henry Bertelmann, Lot Lane, Carl Widemann, John Wise, all half castes, Will Grieg, half Tahitian, Louis Marshall, and J. W. Bipihane, white men.

There is no question but there were prominent white men engaged in the scheme. Just how the arms and ammunition were procured is not known. Some say that a wealthy sugar planter on the Islands furnished the outfit. They were evidently procured, however, on the Pacific coast, and brought in a schooner to Rabbit Island off Kailua, where they were transferred to the little island steamer Waimanalo. The arms were landed and buried in the sand a few miles from Honolulu. The number of recruits to the cause of restoration have been estimated at from four to six hundred.

Two o'clock, on the morning of January 7th, was chosen as the time for the attack, and, early on the afternoon of the sixth the leaders began to muster their clans. Bombs were made to be used at close quarters, and some of the hand grenades were buried in the yard or *pa kale* of the Queen's residence. The Winchester rifles and revolvers were taken up and cleaned and recruits hurried toward their headquarters. During Sunday, the 6th, a number of residents and tourists out walking were made prisoners. The rebels took possession of the signal station and destroyed the telephone, but, unfortunately for their plans, some of them secured whiskey, and the party became drunk, and began firing pistols in our by style.

News of the assembly of natives reached town, and Deputy Marshal Brown, Captain Parker, and half a dozen native police were sent to search the house of Henry Bertelmann, where it was reported the rebels had secreted arms. A squad of the insurgents under Lot Lane were concealed at Bertlemann's house. Brown with his force reached the house, and the deputy was reading the report to Bertlemann, when he was interrupted by the sharp report of a pistol. It was followed by a dozen others in quick succession, mingled with the heavier detonations of Winchester rifles.

Brown ran to the yard where the battle was raging. From their concealment in the shed the insurgents were firing on the native police who were fighting nobly. J. B. Castle, Charles L. Carter, and Alfred Carter who had followed the police came up just as the fight commenced. Charles Carter soon fell pierced by two bullets from the insurgents, both wounds being mortal. Hali, a native police lieutenant, was shot in the body, and another native policeman had an arm broken. Carter was taken into the house, but died two hours later. Alfred Carter started for a surgeon for the wounded men, and Brown and Parker left to call reinforcement, the latter taking with him two prisoners named Lane. They left the premises under fire. The native policemen and Mr. Castle remained in the house with the wounded, where Bertelman was still kept as a prisoner, while a storm of bullets rained at them. At last one of the native police shouted in Hawaiian that unless the firing ceased, they would kill Bertelmann. In less than an hour Alfred Carter returned with Dr. Walters, but they were fired on and driven back.

Central Union Church on this evening was filled with people. It is claimed that a part of their plan was to throw bombs into the church, when the congregation was assembled and thus scatter death and consternation through the town, and seize the government building before the people could recover from the panic. It was known that the President and most of his officials attended this church, and it was supposed that the heads of the government could thus be swept off at a single blow. The minister was in the midst of his sermon when a man entered and went up to Mr. Edwin Bonnor, whispered something in his ear and went out again. Bonnor began at once to glide from pew to pew whispering a single word to a man here and there. Each one to whom he spoke arose and went out. They were members of the citizens' guard. The preacher went on, though a flutter of excitement began to thrill his audience. So many went out that alarm began to spread. Judge Judd went to the vestibule and demanded of Bonnor what it all meant, and Bonnor explained that the Royalists had risen to overthrow the Government. Just then a company of National Guards dashed along the street at a double quick, and the congregation rose and left; the preacher knowing it was useless to attempt to hold them longer, closed his sermon without ceremony.

During Sunday night Nowlein, with a large body of insurgents, sifted from the vicinity of Diamond Head to seize Punchbowl Hill, which is just at the back of Honolulu. Marshal Hitchcock, fearing some such move, early on the morning of the 7th dispatched Captain Murray with thirty five men to head it off.

The rebels were found concealed behind a stone wall and covered by a heavy undergrowth of lantana. A heavy fire was opened on Murray, hand grenades hurled at his men, and all forced back. Reinforcements were hurried to their aid, and for an hour the battle raged. A piece of artillery was brought up and opened with shot and shell until the mountains echoed with reverberations. The dense lantana concealed the combatants from each other.

At last the rebels were located in an extinct crater, and it took fifteen shells to dislodge them, but at last they were driven out and seven of their number surrendered. Then they began coming in with white flags until thirty seven had surrendered. This fight is called the battle of Moanalua as it was fought on Moanalua Road.

On Wednesday the insurgents were again overtaken at a place called Manoa. On Monday Diamond Head had been bombarded and the rebels driven out. At Manoa they made their last determined stand, Robert W. Wilcox commanding in person. Tuesday was spent in searching for the enemy and following up false rumors. It was an active, nervous day. Troops were hurried from Moanalua Road to the foothills and to Diamond Head, a few prisoners were taken and many guns were picked up, twenty rifles that had never been used being found in a little fort near Waialae.

At Manoa, Wilcox and Lot Lane had probably about seventy five men, located among the high peaks, where they hoped to hold out until they could make terms with the Government.

The forces of the Government were massed against them at this point, and the conflict raged for some time at long range, but artillery and the long distance guns of the government men drove them from their place. Wilcox left ten men behind as a cover and went into Panoa valley. Two natives came in under a white flag. One had an ear cut with a bullet and they led the way to where a third lay dead with a bullet in his brain. Wilcox and his forces then retreated into the mountains where they were reduced to the direst want, supplies being entirely cut off. They had no houses or tents, and were compelled to sleep on stones or in caves. On January 14th Nowlein, Greig, Widemann, and Marshall were captured. They were found in a thicket, and on being summoned to surrender came out, dirty and bedragged, their clothes torn and their faces and hands scratched. Marshall, a mere boy, was the only one who seemed cheerful.

The war was now a man hunt. The rebellion was broken, and the only question was the capture of the fugitives. Robert Wilcox was taken and sent to prison, and then the hunt for Lot Lane began. He was regarded as the most desperate and dangerous of the rebels, but was easily captured. Lot Lane was said at that time to be one of the finest specimens of physical manhood on the islands. He was over six foot tall and well proportioned, possessing herculean strength. His father claimed to be a descendant of the kings of Ireland, and his mother had the blood of the Kamehamehas in her veins.

The Provisional Government decided to arrest the ex Queen as the chief instigator in the conspiracy. Bombs and arms were found buried in her yard, and the confessions of those captured were sufficient to implicate her. Marshal Hitchcock and Adjutant General Soper were sent for at 6.30 a.m., Wednesday 16, and a warrant placed in their hands for the arrest of Mrs. Liliuokalani Dominis, the ex-Queen, and deliver to Colonel Fisher, commanding the militia at the Executive Building. They left at once for Washington Place, the ex Queen's residence, in two hacks. There were a number of native guards around the house who did not even challenge the officers. The mistress of the house had no visitors inside. The ex Queen was lying on a sofa in her bed chamber, but arose at once and came into a reception hall to meet the officers. Mrs Dominis has always been rated as a strong woman, and her capture half suspected that she would resist, but she coolly received the summons. Any other woman would have swooned or given away to a flood of tears or imprecations of rage; with a queenly dignity and the stoical indifference of a warrior, she answered: "All right. I will go." Going to her dressing room she attired herself in black, and seated by the side of Deputy Brown, with Captain Parker in front, was driven to the Executive Building.

With this rebellion ended the last hope of Monarchy in the islands. The Republic had proven to the world that it was able to put down any internal insurrection. Over two thousand men were constantly ready at the slightest notice to spring to arms to defend the liberal government. The ex-Queen was confined for a long time in the Executive Building in a large airy apartment in the second story. She was treated with kindness and her lady friends were permitted to visit her. She addressed a letter to the President renouncing any claim on the throne of the Hawaiian people soon after her arrest and before her trial. After a few months she was released, and returned to her home at Washington place, where she now lives, surrounded by splendor and elegance, but shutting herself up and refusing to communicate with any one save her most intimate friends. She says the republic cannot be overthrown, and all she asks is to be permitted to live undisturbed as plain Mrs. Dominus.

President Dole has pardoned all the political prisoners. The wounds made by the revolution and rebellion that followed are being rapidly healed, and all look forward to a long era of prosperity in the islands.

JOHN R. MOSICK.

SIGNAL LIGHTS.

I once knew a sweet little girl called Mary. Her papa was the captain of a big ship, and sometimes she went with him to sea.

One day, on one of these trips, she sat on a coil of rope watching old Jim cleaning the signal lamps.

"What are you doing?" she asked.

"I am trimming the signal lamps," said old Jim.

"What are they for?" asked Mary.

"To keep other ships from running into us, Miss, if we do not hang out our lights we might get wrecked."

Mary watched him for some time, and then she ran away, and seemed to forget all about the signal lights, but she did not as was afterward shown.

The next day she came to watch old Jim trim the lamps, and after he had seated her on a coil of rope he turned to do his work. Just then the wind carried away one of the cloths, and old Jim began to swear awfully. Mary slipped from her place and ran into the cabin; but she came back shortly and put a folded paper into his hand. Old Jim opened it, and there, printed in large letters for Mary was too young to write—were these words:

"Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain, for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh His name in vain."

"What is this, Miss Mary?"

"It is a signal light, please. I saw that a bad ship was running against you because you did not have your signal light hung out, so I thought you had forgotten it," said Mary.

Old Jim bowed his head and wept like a child. At last he said:

"You're right, missy. I had forgotten it. My mother taught me that very command ment when I was no bigger than you, and for the future I will hang out my signal lights, for I might be quite wrecked by that bad ship, as you call those oaths."

Old Jim has a large Bible now which Mary gave him, and on the cover he has printed: *"Signal Lights for souls bound for Heaven."*

AMBERGRIS.

The peculiar value of ambergris in the modern art of perfumery is set forth by a writer in the Boston *Transcript*. From this it appears that the essence of this remarkable substance is obtained by mixing three ounces of it with a gallon of pure alcohol, and not until after a month is it ready for use, this, however, being kept only for mixing, being far too strong, and not until it has entered in minute proportion into the bouquets does it produce those agreeable and characteristic perfumes so well known. As ambergris is the most costly of the animal perfumes, the bouquets containing it are of the most expensive kinds. It is used more in France than in this country, civit being extensively used for a retainer in American made perfumes. Most of the ambergris is shipped, therefore, to France, where it finds a ready demand, among the heavy purchasers being E. Coudray, Felix Prob (Lubin), Chevelot Freres and Roger & Gallet, these being probably the largest perfumers in the world. The pure and separate tincture of ambergris is, like musk and civit, too intense and powerful for use alone, and, like all substances of these kinds, must undergo a slow decomposition, until the remainder possesses very little volatility.

Then He Went Home

The young man who had travelled began:

"And there I stood, an abyss yawning at my feet."

"Was it yawning before you got there or did it begin after you arrived?" asked the young woman who had never been away, and then the young man found that he had just time to catch the last car.

Demurred

Pastor: "My dear friend, were you born with your thirst for liquor?"

De Tranque (proudly): "No, sir. It is the result of long and severe training and unlimited capital, in my case at least."

GOOD ENOUGH.

Just to be good
This is enough—enough!
O, we who find life a billow wild and rough,
Do we not feel how more than airy gold
Would be the blameless life we led of old
Which yet our lips know but a mother's kiss!
Ah! though we miss
All else but this,
To be good is enough.
It is enough—
Enough—just to be good!
To us, if our hearts share they are understood
To us—the thirst for worldly power and place
Can unappeased, to smile back in God's face
With the glad lips our mother used to kiss
Ah! though we miss
All else but this,
To be good is enough.

—JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

TOO LATE.

The old farmer died suddenly, so that when Judge Gilroy, his only son, received the telegram, he could do no thing but go up to the farm for the funeral. It was difficult to do even that, for the judge was the leading lawyer in X——, and every hour was worth many dollars to him.

As he sat with bent head in the grimy little train that lumbered through the farms, he could not keep the details of his cases out of his mind.

Yet bitter grief, he felt, was uncalled for. He had been a good, respectful son. He had never given his father a heartache, and the old man had died full of years and virtues. "A shock of corn, fully ripe." The phrase pleased him; it seemed to close the story of his father's life, leaving room for no regrets.

The village doctor met him at the station and they walked up to the farmhouse together.

"I wish to tell you," said the doctor gravely, "that your father's thoughts were all of you. He was ill but an hour; but his cry was for "John! John!" unceasingly."

"If I could have been with him!" said the judge.

"He was greatly disappointed that you missed your half yearly visit last spring. Your visits were the events of his life. There were no others," said the doctor.

"Last spring? Oh, yes; I took my family then to California."

"I urged him," said the doctor, "to run down to see you on your return, but he would dot go."

"No. He never felt at home in the city."

The judge remembered that he had not asked his father to come down. The old gentleman did not fit into the life of his family, who were modern and fashionable. That was ashamed of his grandfather's wide collars, and Jessie, who was a fine musician, scowled when she was asked to sing the Portuguese Hymn every night. The judge humored his children, and had ceased to ask his father into his house.

The farmhouse was in order, and scrupulously clean, but its bareness gave a chill to the judge, whose own home was luxurious. The deaf old woman who had been his father's servant sat grim and tearless by the side of the coffin.

"Martha was faithful," whispered the doctor, "but she's hard. I don't suppose she spoke to him once a week. His life was very solitary. The neighbors are young. He belonged to another generation."

He reverently uncovered the coffin, and then, beckoning to Martha, went out and closed the door.

The judge was alone with the dead.

Strangely enough, his thought was still of the cold bareness of the room. Those hacked wooden chairs were there when he was a boy. It would have been so easy for him to have made the house comfortable, to have hung some pictures on the wall! How his father had delighted in his engravings, and pored over them!

Looking now into the kind old face with the white hair lying motionless on it, he found something in it which he had never taken time to notice before, a sagacity, a nature fine and sensitive. Here was the friend, the comrade whom he had needed so often! He had left him with the deaf old Martha for his sole companion!

There hung upon the wall a photograph of a young man with an eager, strong face looking proudly at a chubby boy on his knee. The judge saw the strength in the face.

"My father should have played a high part in life," he thought. "There is more promise in his face than in mine."

In the desk were a bundle of old account books which showed the part he had played. Records of years of hard drudgery on the farm, of work in winter and summer, and often late at night to pay John's school bills and to send John to Harvard. One patch of ground was sold after another to keep John while he waited for practice, to give him clothes and luxuries which other young men in town had, until but a meager portion of the farm was left.

John Gilroy suddenly closed the book. "And this was the end!" he said. "The boy for whom he lived and worked won fortune and position, and how did he repay him?"

The man knelt on the bare floor and shed bitter tears on the quiet old face. If he would come back! It would be so easy to make a little home for him in the city, to go to him every day with gossip of his cases, or to take him to hear music, or to see noted men to make his life happy and full! So easy!

"O, father! father!" he cried. But there was no smile on the quiet face. He was too late. *Youth's Companion.*

HE WOULD NOT CAST

"Very busy this morning," he said, as he softly entered an office in the Richmond building the other forenoon and stood rubbing his hands.

"Not very," was the reply of the man in paint.

"Want to go into a little speculation with me?"

"That depends."

"Ah you. There is money in it for you."

"What is it?"

"You know that bread cast upon the waters shall be returned many fold. I don't remember the exact number but it is at least tenfold. That's a big enough profit for anybody in these times."

"I don't exactly understand."

"Then I will be more explicit. How would you like to do some casting this morning? I represent the waters, so to say. You represent the capital. You cast."

"You mean I hand you a coin?"

"Of course. You cast ten cents on the waters. After a due period of time it comes back to you with 100 cents added. You have helped me, and at the same time got a big return on your investment. See?"

"No, sir! There is the door behind you!"

"Exactly. Same door I came in at. You will not cast?"

"Very well. A man who doesn't want to make 900 per cent on his capital these days has not much of a business head on him. One dime returns 100 cents. You don't want it. Good day, sir! The waters will seek another caster!" *Detroit Free Press.*

Drive out the impurities from your blood with Hood's Sarsaparilla and thus avoid that tired, languid feeling and even serious illness.

KEEP A-GOIN'.

If you strike a thorn or rose,
Keep a goin'!
If it hails or if it snows,
Keep a goin'!
Taint no use to sit and whine
When the fish won't bite your line
Bait your hook and keep on trying
Keep a goin'!
When the weather kills your crop,
Keep a goin'!
When you tumble from the top
Keep a goin'!
If you're out of every dime
Gettin' lonesome and low spirit,
Tell the world you're feelin' prime
Keep a goin'!
When it looks like all is up,
Keep a goin'!
Drain the sweetness from the cup,
Keep a goin'!
See the wild birds on the wing!
Hear the bells that sweetly ring!
When you feel like singin' sing!
Keep a goin'!

Atlanta Constitution.

AN INCIDENT.

A traveller in Switzerland last summer, in writing of his experiences in that country, gives the following incident. The window of a little shop, in an old arcade in Berne, was filled with crosses and hearts intended for graves, and among them were several slabs of marble with the inscriptions, "In Memory of my Sister," "To the Best of Husbands," and the like.

As we were in the shop, three or four idle tourists had halted to laugh at the uncultivated taste shown in these cheap votive offerings. Apart, and quite unconscious of them, stood a poor Swiss maid-servant. Her eyes were full of eager longing and the tears slowly ran down her cheeks. The slab which she coveted was the cheapest and ugliest of the lot, a black slab, white lettered, but the inscription was, "To my dear Mother."

"She stops every morning to look at that," whispered the shopkeeper. "But she won't have enough money to buy it in years."

"Tell her she can have it," said one of the tourists, a well dressed man, in a loud voice, "I'll pay for it."

"Monsieur is very generous," answered the shopkeeper. "But I doubt she is no beggar."

While they were speaking, a young American girl, who, with sympathy expressed in her face, had been watching the woman, drew her aside. "I am a stranger," she said, "I have been very happy in Berne. I am going away to-morrow, never to come back again. I should like to think somebody here would remember me kindly. Will you not let me give you that little slab to lay on your mother's grave?"

The woman's face was filled with amazement, and then with delight. The tears rained down her cheeks. She held the girl's hand in both her own.

"You, too, have lost your mother? Yes? Then you can understand! I thank you, gracious lady."

That was all, but two women went on their way happier and better for having met.

Almost every Christian man or woman has at heart the wish to heal the hurts of life for others, but few have the delicate tact which can touch a wound without giving pain. An acquaintance of the late Mrs Astor, whose charities were as secret as they were wide, spoke of one of her habits of sending her carriage out with friends who were ill, or not able to afford the luxury of a drive.

"She did not send the carriage," quickly remarked a friend. "She went in it. The drive was not an alms. It was a pleasure to herself, which the invalid made pleasanter by sharing."

"A copper farthing," says the Irish proverb, "given with a kind hand is fairy gold, and blesses as it goes." *Youth's Companion.*

HE WAS APPREHENSIVE.

"Scuse me, sah," he said, as he approached one of the attaches of the Smithsonian Institution, "but I wants ter ax yoh somthin."

"What's the matter? Was the inquiry. "Are you looking for something to eat?"

"N—no indeed. I ain't hungry. I wants ter git inthe information. I wants ter know 'bout dese hyah X rays dat day s takin' de photygrafs wi' Dey done tell me dey kin take pieters right fro yere, dat when dey goes after ye with one er dem yer skin an' yes clo's ain' no tection t all."

"That's what they claim."

"An' ef I dun hed chickin fo dinnah I s pose dey could just fro down an take a pieter ob de chicken."

"I believe the theory is something like that."

"Dat's what I thought. Dat's what I tole ma yet. Dey yet believe dat dey could git a good outf likeness ob de chicken fer mable de ussuh ter rec mize im."

A GOOD SHOT.

A sporting gentleman who had a reputation of being a very bad shot, invited some of his friends to dine with him. Before dinner he showed them a target painted on a barn door, with a bullet right in the bull's eye. This he claimed to have shot at one thousand yards distance. As nobody believed him, he offered to bet the price of an oyster supper on it. On one of his guests accepting the wager, he produced two witnesses whose veracity could not be doubted to testify to the truth of his assertion. Since they both stated that he had done what he claimed, he won the bet. During dinner the loser of the wager insured how the host had managed to make such an excellent shot. The host answered, "Well, I fired at the door from a distance of one thousand yards, and then I painted the target round the bullet hole."

A CHEAP FORM OF ARMENIAN RELIEF

The cost of the Industrial Bureau at its present running capacity is some twenty five Turkish pounds ($110) a day, including the cost of the raw material used. Hence, we are giving work to one thousand persons who support about five thousands souls at an expense to us of two and one fifth cents per capital, while the product of their labor (already paid for in the 25 pounds daily expenditure) furnishes us with abundant supplies of clothing for distribution. We frequently supply from hundred to one hundred and fifty families with clothing in a single day, and if we were to push our division of average cost still further it would bring us to small fractions.—From "An American Heroine in the Heart of Armenia," by Dr. Grace Kimball, in April *Review of Reviews.*