The Acton Free Press.

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H. P. MOORE
Editor and Proprietor.

Business Directory.

MEDICAL.

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

A. S. ELLIOTT, M. B.
Acton.
GRADUATE TORONTO UNIVERSITY
OFFICE: Main Street, third door south of Presbyterian Church, Acton.

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OFFICE—Medical Hall, Main Street, Acton.
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Graduate of the Ontario Veterinary College
Honorary member of the Veterinary Medical Society
OFFICE—Wm. Husband's, lot 26, con 4, Nassagaweya.
Calls day or night promptly attended to

DENTAL.

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GEORGETOWN, ONTARIO

J. M. BELL, D.D.S., L.D.S.
DENTIST
BROOKVILLE
HONOR GRADUATE OF TORONTO UNIVERSITY
Work made Satisfactory. Prices Moderate
VISITING DAYS—Tuesday and Friday of each week

DR. J. E. WILKINSON,
DENTIST.
GRADUATE AND SPECIAL PRIZEMAN ROYAL COLLEGE OF DENTAL SURGEONS. HONOR GRADUATE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO
Office open every day. Special office days Monday, Tuesday and Friday. Over the Drug Store, Acton. Gas and all other anaesthetics used for painless extraction.

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McLEAN & McLEAN
Barristers, Solicitors, Notaries, Conveyancers, &c. Private funds to loan.
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WM. A. McLEAN. JNO. A. McLEAN

DOUGLAS & MURRAY
BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES, ETC.
OFFICES—1256 Queen St., Parkdale
Victoria Chambers, 91 Victoria St.
Telephone 297 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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BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, CONVEYANCERS
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Money to loan at lowest rates.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

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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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Next to Mrs Adams' Grocery, MAIN STREET, Acton.
Open from 8 a. m. to 9 p. m. Wednesday and Saturday evenings later.
Ladies' hairdressing in any style

THE OLD RELIABLE
TONSORIAL ARTIST
J. P. WORDEN
Who has always been Acton's popular barber, when in business here, solicits your patronage. Satisfaction always guaranteed.
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(Over Williams' Store.)
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H. P. MOORE
ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES
Private Office. No witnesses required. Issues at residence in the evening.
Free Press Office, ACTON.

WM. HEMSTREET,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER
For the Counties of Wellington and Halton. Orders left at the Free Press office, Acton, or at my residence in Acton, will be promptly attended to. Fees reduced to
$5.00 FOR FARM SALES.
Also money to loan on the most favorable terms, and at the lowest rates of interest, in sums of $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 repaired, performed in a satisfactory manner. We can repair any machine or implement of any make. Sawgumming and filing done.

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Pushing, trustworthy men to represent us in the sale of our Choice Nursery Stock. Special site 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
ALLEN NURSERY CO.,
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Extra Value
—IN—
Cornice Poles
Oak, Cherry and Other Colors.
Complete for 25 Cents.
HAMMOCKS,
BABY CARRIAGES,
WINDOW SHADES.
Best assortment.
Our Low Prices win every time.
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.
...AR POST OFFICE GUELPH

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 be delivered to any part of the town.
Our terms are cash and one price for all.
Don't forget to patronize home industry and 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. A. Kennawin's Drug Store.
CHEYNE & CHEYNE

PHONE 1094
W. D. HUTSON & SONS
TILE
FELT AND GRAVEL
GALVANIZED IRON,
ROOFERS
Estimates cheerfully furnished. Country work promptly attended to.
The trade supplied with the following building and roofing paper and pitch: galvanized iron eave troughs, down pipes and ridgings, and any work got out to detail.
Office 21 Queen St. E. Residence, 59 Cecil St. TORONTO
Messrs. Hutson & Son will do the slating and galvanized iron work on H. P. Moore's new residence in Acton.

W. BARBER & BROS.
PAPER MAKERS,
GEORGETOWN, ONT.
MAKE A SPECIALTY OF
Machine Finished Book Papers
—AND—
HIGH GRADE WEEKLY NEWS.
The paper used in this journal is from the above mills.
WM BARBER & BROS

Georgetown Electric Works
T. J. SPEIGHT, Proprietor.
Manufacturers of
DYNAMOS,
ELECTRIC MOTORS,
WATER MOTORS, &
HYDRAULIC RAMS.
Repairs and Fitting and General Repairs being equipped with a gas brazing machine I am prepared to do brazing on Bicycles Frames, &c. Wheels converted from Direct to Tangent Spokes. Handle bars bent to any desired angle. Full line of spokes kept in stock. Satisfaction guaranteed. Bicycles enamelled in any color.
T. J. SPEIGHT, Georgetown

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

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.

GUELPH
Business College
...AND...
Shorthand Institute,
GUELPH, ONT.
SUPERIOR FACILITIES for thorough and practical courses of Study. Bookkeeping, Shorthand and Typewriting courses a specialty. Graduates assisted to positions.
FALL SESSION commences Sept. 1st. Write for circulars.
J. SHARP, Principal.

THE
TRADERS' BANK OF CANADA
Authorized Capital $2,000,000
Paid up Capital and Surplus $785,000
Assets over $6,300,000
Guelph Branch
3½ Sums of $1 and upwards received on deposit and 3½ per cent interest paid or compounded half yearly.
Deposit Receipts issued for large sums deposited.
Advances made to responsible farmers on their own names.
No charge made for collecting Sales Notes if payable in Guelph.
A General Banking Business transacted.
A. F. H. JONES, Manager

Freezers
$1.65 is not a great amount for an Ice Cream Freezer, large enough for any ordinary family, but we want to sell them badly enough to make the one sixty-five price move them quick. If you want a larger one it will cost you a trifle more. Write us if you can't call.
J. M. BOND & Co.
HARDWARE
GUELPH.

W. McLaren & Co.
GUELPH.
A Host of Bright new Things in TAN SHOES
Farmers should see our Plough boots at $1.00 and $1.25
They Wear Well
OUR NEW SPRING GOODS ARE NOW IN STOCK.
Prices lower than usual. Call and see them
Shaw & Turner
Merchant Tailors, Guelph

Kill 'em
QUICK.
Potato Bug Bane, 50 lbs for 25c., 100 lbs. $1.25. Shake on dry night morning when dew is on leaves. Composed of Lime, Plaster and Paris Green ground together. The plaster also acts as a fertilizer to the plants.
For Worms on Cabbage Plants, Cauliflower and Tomato Plants use my SLUG SHOT, 10c. per lb or 3 lbs for 25c. We also offer you the Pure Paris Green at 15c. a lb, or 7 lbs. for $1.00. Dusting plaster at 60c. a sack of 150 lbs.
GEO. J. THORP,
GRAIN DEALER.
Market Sq. & Macdonell St.
GUELPH, ONT.

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

Poetry.

THAT BROTHER OF MINE.

Who is it comes in like a whirlwind,
And closes the door with a slam,
And before he has taken his hat off,
Calls out for "some bread and some jam?"
Who is it that whistles so loudly
As he works at some tangle or twine
That will end his kite up into cloudland?
Why, of course, it's that brother of mine.

Who is that, when I am weary,
He always a hole in his coat,
A button to sew on in a hurry,
A sail to be made for a boat?
Who is it that keeps in my basket
His marbles and long fishing line,
And expects undisturbed there to find them?
No one else but that brother of mine.

Who is it that tiptoes about softly
Whenever I'm sick or in pain—
And is every minute forgetting
And whistling some head-splitting strain?
Who is it that, when he is trying
To be just as still as he can,
Is always most terribly noisy?
My brother, of course—he's the man.

Who is it I'd rather have near me
When in need of a true honest friend
Who is it that I shall miss sadly
When his boyhood has come to end?
And when he is far from the old home,
And I long for a glimpse of sunshine,
Whom, then, do you think I shall send for?
Why, of course, for that brother of mine.

—*Agnes L. Pratt, in Good Housekeeping.*

Select Family Reading.

The Second Time.

The Hon. John Crawford had become a prominent man in his community. He had begun life in poverty, had learned economy early, and fortunately had married a girl with tastes and habits similar to his own. Both desired to rise in the world, and she forgetting herself, bent all her energies toward his progress and success. She did her own housework for years, made her own clothes and those of her children, and in every way saved that John might be rich and influential. Her history was like that of thousands of other women she were herself out for her family. She never had time for social life, and not a very great amount of time for reading, though she kept up as well as possible with the thought of the day, but her one aim was to have her husband honored.

John Crawford was a good husband, though not always considerate. He thought nobody quite so good and helpful as Betsey, nobody cooked so well, nobody was more saving, and he was proud to rise by her help. He failed sometimes to consider how large a matter that help had been in his life. If he had been asked who made his money he would have replied without hesitation, "I made it." That Betsey was entitled to half or even a third, would never have occurred to him. He provided for her and the children all they seemed to need. He was the head of the family and that headship had made him somewhat selfish and domineering.

As the children grew older, and Mrs. Crawford looked out into the future and realized the possibility of leaving the world before her husband, she thought much of their condition under a changed home. Mr. Crawford would marry again, and her own children might have none of the property which they together had struggled to earn.

One evening she said, as they sat before the open fire, the children having gone to bed: "John, it seems to me things are unequal in the world. You and I have worked hard and I have been proud to have you succeed. We both love the children, and want everything done for them. What if I should die, and you should marry again and have other children?

"Why, Betsey, you don't think I could forget our own precious children? No second wife could or would influence me against my children. You and I have worked together, and I should feel dishonorable to leave them helpless, and care for others. You must think me a villain."

"Oh no, John, but I have seen cases like that. Only the other day the Rev. Cornelius Jones married a young wife, and gave her all his property, leaving nothing to his three daughters. Now, if a minister would do that, what should we expect of others?

"You know, John, if you were to die, I should receive a third of what I have helped you earn, and the rest would go to the children, well if I were to die first, nothing would go to the children. I should like to have, at least, the third which the law considers mine, go to them at my death, as it does in some countries of the Old World, where a man cannot marry a second time till he has settled a certain proportion on his first children."

"But that would be a great inconvenience to me," replied Mr. Crawford. "A man has money in business, and to take out a third if his wife dies might sadly embarrass him. Or even the use of a third, set apart for them, might cripple him."

"Better that there be a little inconvenience than a wrong done to the children," said Mrs. Crawford. "The husband may lose every cent of what the wife has struggled and saved all her life to help him accumulate. Marriage is a partnership, and, like other partnerships, must suffer some change, and inconvenience it may be if one of the partners dies. There must, necessarily be a new adjustment of interests.

"But the law allows you to make a will and give away your property, my dear, just as it does me."

"Yes, what I have inherited before or since my marriage, but I have inherited none, and you have not. We have made ours together, and you have often said that you owe as much to my skill and economy as to your foresight and ability."

"And so I do, it is true; but the law makes no provision about our common property."

"But make it yourself, then, John, if the law does not. Make a will so that in case of my death, my two daughters shall have at least a third of all you are worth at that time, or, if you prefer, put a third—I might feel it ought to be half in my name or perhaps the home, and let that go to our daughters."

"But if I put the home in your name, so that in case of losses something would be saved from creditors, I should want it willed back to me at your death, so that I could still have a home and do as I liked with it."

"And then nothing would go to the children at my death? That is not fair, John, and I have worked too hard and long to be willing."

"Well, Betsy, you can trust me to do the right thing. I will think it over," and he closed the door as they closed the not altogether satisfactory conversation.

As was to be expected, Betsey Crawford broke down from the wear and tear of life, and died, leaving her two daughters to the care of a fond and not ungenerous father. The loss was a great one to John Crawford. She had been his competent adviser, with tact and good sense to keep matters right. She had guided more than he ever suspected. He mourned her sincerely, as did her two devoted daughters.

He was lonely, and in time married again, a woman considerably younger than himself, a member of the same church, an ambitious and not over scrupulous woman. When her son was born she became desirous that every advantage should be placed before him that he might attain to wealth and honor. She convinced Mr. Crawford, in a thousand nameless ways, that the boy would need most of the property for business, to marry well, and to carry down the family name. The girls would doubtless marry and be well provided for by their husbands. She talked with Mr. Crawford about the uncertainty of life, and, with tact, urged that other things besides a spiritual preparation for death were necessary. A man should think of the younger members of his family who would be left comparatively helpless.

People said that the strong willed John Crawford had become very much under the sway of his younger wife; that he had grown less dominant, more appreciative, and more thoughtful of her needs and wishes. He idolized his son, but he seemed no dearer than the daughters of Betsey. He was a more expensive child, for he needed all sorts of playthings, the best schooling, the best clothes, and a somewhat large amount of spending money. It was evident that John Crawford, jr., would require more money than his half sisters.

In course of time, Mr. Crawford, having served a term in Congress, through good ability and the discreet use of money in organizing his forces, and having done well for his constituency, followed Betsey to the other world. To the surprise of all, save the second Mrs. Crawford, the property was left to her and her son, with the merest remembrance to the unmarried daughters of hard working Betsey Crawford.

"I wouldn't have thought it," said a prominent lady in the church. "Why John Crawford was a deacon, and professed to live according to right and justice! There must have been undue influence. His first wife worked like a slave to help earn that money. I never supposed a man would be unfair to his children."

"You never can tell what folks will do," said another church member. "Youth and tact are great forces in the world. John Crawford never meant to be unjust, but he couldn't help it. A third of that property ought to have gone to those daughters. Why didn't his wife make him fix it before she died?"

"Maybe she tried, who knows?" said the person addressed. "If the law didn't make him do his duty, how could you expect his conscience to do it? We need some new laws about the property which men and women earn together."

Mrs. Crawford's injustice resulted in the early death of one daughter, and left bitter memories of her father in the heart of the other.

A FRIGHTENED CADET.

Last winter, in the time of sudden thaws and wide extremes of temperature, the authorities of West Point issued a daily order defining the limits on the river on which the cadets were allowed to skate.

A cadet one afternoon found himself far outside the limits and he first became aware of his transgression when he saw an officer bearing down upon him. Anxious to conceal his identity, and so save himself punishment and demerits, he turned and skated for the shore.

A glance over his shoulder showed the officer striking out after him in real earnest. Never did cadet skate faster, but the officer drew steadily nearer. Happily, as the cadet thought, an out stretched point of land was just ahead.

Straight upon the rocky shore dashed the cadet, behind the little light house, and ran up through the woods with his skates still on his feet. Breathless he reached cadet limits, and a quick glance around told him he had eluded his pursuer.

Then he took off his skates and hastened to the barracks, to be ready for the roll call that would most likely be ordered for the purpose of detecting the guilty skater. No such roll call was ordered, however, and at parade that night an order was read extending the skating limits, and during the evening the pursuing officer called at the cadet's door to say:

"You are a very good skater, Mr. A. If I could have overtaken you, I would have told you that the limits were extended and that you might skate even farther than you did. But then, I dare say you found the exercise you had quite sufficient."—*Illustrated American.*

FROM THE RAM'S HORN.

Men who try to serve God for gain are willing to serve the devil for nothing.

Skeptics may tear the Bible to pieces, but they can make no reply to a consistent Christian life.

Many a procession that is marching straight toward the pit is headed by a moderate drinker.

There is hope for a man who doesn't have to fall down more than once to learn how to stand up.

Praying for the heathen on other than a cash basis, is like giving a check when there is no money in bank to meet it.

A revival meeting is sure to drag when the leading members feel most comfortable in the back seats.

There is too much singing "Take my silver and my gold," and putting nothing but copper and lead in the basket.

A SERIOUS AFFAIR.

Clara, the mother, we had such fun at the party. Young Smith proposed that he and I should go through a mock marriage ceremony just in fun, you know, and it was too funny for anything. Afterward some of the older people who heard of it said we were really married, but we're not, are we?

Dotty, Mother. Of course not. Besides, young Smith couldn't support a wife if he had one.

Oh, it wasn't that Smith. It was the other Smith from Gold City, the one who owns a bonanza mine, you know.

Eh? That Smith! My dear, a marriage like that before witnesses is binding.

MAJOR McKINLEY'S COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE.

In 1869 occurred what in the life of every seriously minded man must be the most important event of all—marriage. In Canton lived the veteran Ohio journalist, John Saxton, who established the Ohio *Repository* in 1815—the year of Waterloo—and carried on the paper until his death at an advanced age. He had the distinction of being the journalist of longest continuous service in the whole country west of the Alleghanies. One of his sons, James A. Saxton, became a banker, a capitalist, and a man of large and varied business affairs. One of the daughters of the banker was Ida, a girl of many personal charms, a tall blonde, with large, expressive blue eyes, a winning manner, and a quick intelligence. She was well educated, and after her graduation from Brook Hill Seminary, at Media, Pennsylvania, the father sent her to Europe with her sister to give her a broader view of the world and fit her for the earnest duties of life. The older sister had married and gone to Cleveland to live, and the father hoped that Ida would form no early love attachment and would remain in his home to brighten his life. It is said that he systematically discouraged the addresses of all young men, and that for the purpose of giving his daughter a serious bent he persuaded her on her return from the foreign tour to go into his bank as his assistant. There Ida was installed as cashier. He had won a comfortable fortune, but his theory about girls was that they should be taught a business that would make them independant of marriage and enable them to be self supporting in case the parents should leave them without sufficient property for their support. Lawyer McKinley had frequent occasions for dropping in at the Saxton bank, and it was not long before Ida's bright eyes, charming manner, and intelligent chat had made a complete conquest of his heart. No doubt the same thing happened to other young men in Canton, who transferred their accounts to Saxton's bank that they might have an excuse to meet the pretty cashier, but the ambitious young attorney, whom most of the Canton girls regarded as too serious to be good company, attracted Ida. Banker Saxton soon learned that love is stronger than any theories of life, and he yielded graciously to the inevitable. He thoroughly liked and esteemed McKinley. The marriage was celebrated on January 25, 1871, in the quaint old Presbyterian church where Ida's parents and grandparents worshipped and where the girl taught a class in the Sunday School. The young bride was warmly attached to this church, but she immediately transferred her allegiance to the Methodist Church as a proof of her affection for her husband, who had been in the Methodist communion since his sixteenth year.—From "William McKinley, a Study of His Character and Career," by EUGENE V. SMALLEY, in *Review of Reviews* for July.

BICYCLES IN THE ARMY.

There is one thing I never expected to live long enough to see—bicycles introduced into the army. Yet they say there is no doubt about it, that the British army has formally adopted them for light cavalry work, and that in Washington measures are on foot for introducing them into the service. The State of Connecticut has tried them and has a bicycle corps in the First Regiment. Imagine the battle pictures of the future? Bicycles instead of horses, perhaps. The best part of it all will be that the good horses can be kept away. Do you notice how all the time we are having to use less and less of animal life for our own purposes and are learning to rely more and more on other forces—like steam and electricity for instance? And now we are to have bicycles, you see, instead of horses. I think I am glad.

GREAT GREAT UNCLE DICK.

It was the spring of the year 1806. At a Rhode Island farmhouse, nestling among the great trees that surrounded it, there was a bustle of excitement, for Grandmother Waterman was to give a party that evening in honor of her niece Temperance, and besides guests from the country round about, there was to be present a certain wealthy young man from far away. Dick Waterman, as full of fun as is possible for a boy to be, was naturally much interested in the good things prepared for the party, and also very anxious to see Stephen Carder, the strange young man, for only a couple of days before he had overheard his grandmother telling his mother that she thought this accomplished young stranger, who had seen Temperance several times before, would make her a good husband. Temperance was a sweet young woman, besides being very capable about the house as all girls of those days were brought up to be, and of course Dick, who was very fond and proud of his sister, was much interested in her welfare.

There was another reason, too, for Dick was also very fond indeed of a certain young man who lived in the village close to them, and he had an idea that Charlie Slocum would make the jolliest and best kind of a brother in law. Charlie was as bright and good as he was jolly, and Dick was quite certain that Temperance was fond of him—how could she help being so? Of course Dick didn't know anything about it, but of course he thought he knew it all. Consequently, when Mr. Stephen Carder danced so many times with the pretty sister that evening, Dick was much distressed. He made up his mind that the young man was very disagreeable indeed, his courtly manner and sweet words, fine knee breeches and ruffles made no impression upon the countrified Dick, he decided it was his duty to do something to prevent his grandmother's wish being carried out, if he wished some day in the future to have Charlie Slocum for a brother in law.

Was there ever a more enjoyable evening than that? The festivities commenced early, for grandmother Waterman believed in the adage "early to bed and early to rise," and should the good things be mentioned they would make your mouth water, though they were served ninety years ago.

Charlie Slocum, usually the most good natured young man in the village near by, was very cross for some reason or other, and Dick decided it was because he had not been able to dance with Miss Temperance but once during the entire evening. He was sure of it, indeed, for toward the end of the evening he found him in the hall, viciously pulling his moustache.

"Never you mind, Mr. Charlie," he said affectionately, "I'll fix it so you shall take Miss Tempe home. There are so many people staying here," he added, "that there is not room even for us grandchildren, so we have to go back to the village." And then he disappeared before Charlie could say even a "Thank you" if he had wanted to do so.

When sweet and stately Miss Temperance came slowly down the wide stairs, muffled in hood and shawl, Charlie Slocum was smiling again. But alas! just as he stepped forward to speak to her the young stranger leaned in front of him and said, with his most courtly bow:

"Miss Waterman, may I have the pleasure of walking home with you?"

She placed a little hand on his arm, and then, leaning toward Charlie a moment, whispered "Wait!" in his ear, and in a moment had disappeared with her gallant escort down the steps and along the gravel walk to the gate.

"'Tis a beautiful night, Miss Temperance," said he.

"Yes," came sweetly from the muffled figure.

"The moon never shone brighter," he continued.

"No," replied the young woman.

"One might walk forever in such company," sentimentally remarked Stephen Carder, pressing the little hand on his arm.

There was no answer to this, but the young man thought he felt the little arm tremble—perhaps with bashfulness. Still, try as he might to make her talk, Temperance would answer only "yes" and "no," which he thought very strange, as she had been the liveliest one in the room a half hour before. Finally, when her arm trembled so visibly upon his that it seemed as if it must be from laughter, a thought flashed across his mind, and turning quickly he tried to look into her face by the light of the moon shining through the trees; and then, quickly raising both hands, he let them descend in a resounding box upon the young lady's ears.

"You rapscallion Dick Waterman!" he fairly shouted. "Is this the way to treat your grandmother's guest?" and turning sharply on his heel he started to retrace the mile they had just walked.

Suppressing a burst of laughter by holding both hands over his mouth, into which he had stuffed the end of his scarf, the quick witted Dick waited till a bend in the road hid him from the irate young man, and then gathering the borrowed skirt over his arm he vaulted the fence gleefully and was off across lots to his grandmother's house. He knew every inch of the country by heart, so it was not strange that when Mr. Carder reached the house and burst excitedly into the sitting room Dick should be sitting calmly before the open fire listening attentively to a political discussion between his uncles, with suspiciously red cheeks, however, and muddy boots tucked well out of sight.

"Where is Miss Temperance?" asked the hot-headed guest excitedly. "That rascal brother has played a—"

Just then he caught sight of Dick sitting quietly before the fire. Every trace of color left his face, as he stammered again: "W-where is M-miss Temperance?"

"Why, didn't you take her home long ago? I thought I saw you go out of the house together," said Dick innocently.

With a horrified cry the young man dashed for the door. What dreadful thing had he done? He had left Miss Temperance alone on the public road, after giving her ears a sounding box. She would never forgive him!

Had he been less anxious to get back to the spot where he supposed he had left her, he might have heard the irrepressible Dick burst into loud and unrestrained laughter, much to the amazement of his uncles.

Dick was victor of the evening, for Charlie Slocum and the real Temperance had started by another road five minutes after the fictitious maiden had left the house. Stephen Carder was so frightened at his inexcusable action that he did not dare show himself again, since he could not explain his boxing the young lady's ears. He disappeared, and the family heard no more about him until years after, when he died, a cranky old bachelor. It certainly was too bad that he should have been treated so, but he was, and I ought to know, for my great-grandmother Temperance's married name was Mrs. Charles Slocum.

ODD, QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

About 10,000 Americans visit England yearly.

The aristocracy of Britain includes 14,000 persons.

The room in which Napoleon I. died is now a stable.

The deepest mine in the world is the Lambert coal mine in Belgium, 3,490 feet deep.

The Carlton Club, London, has about 4,000 members and is the richest in the world.

Arabs think infinitely more of the pedigrees of their horses than of those of their own families.

More than 60,000 postage stamps are found every year loose in the letter boxes of the United Kingdom.

The smallest bird known to the ornithologist is the West India humming bird. It weighs but twenty grains.

The exact distance from the equator to either the north or south pole is 6,000 miles when measured along the surface.

History tells us that Galileo's first telescope was an old piece of lead water pipe with spectacle lenses glued in each end.

SOME ODDITIES.

Doctors affirm that spirits harden the tone of the voice.

In Bond street, London there is a barber shop where dogs are shaved, washed and frizzed.

Lightning entered a house near Orange, Cal., while the family were at supper, and instantly killed a father and his two sons.

Ostrich races are frequently witnessed on an ostrich farm in Anaheim, Cal. The owner trains the birds to drive in single, double and tandem harness.

The affection of an Indiana woman for her husband caused her to fuss over him to such a degree that he wants to obtain a divorce from her.

The house of David Stohl, of Kingman County, Kan., was on fire. A neighbor, George Austin, was viewing the burning building, when the heat caused a double-barreled gun in the house to be discharged, and the contents entered Austin's head and body.

Hood purified, disease cured, sickness and suffering prevented—this is the record made every year by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

THE GOOD TIME IS THE PRESENT TIME.

The good time coming! 'tis the theme
Of many a bard's prophetic thought,
The good time coming long foretold
Has come with brightest promise fraught.

Why heeds it not but idly stands,
And hopes and waits, shall some time weep
O'er slighted days and squandered years,
For he who plants not shall not reap.

O, workman by the forge and fire,
O, patient toiler in the field,
The good time, if you use it well,
To you life's full rewards shall yield.

If for a better time we wait
Its dawning we may never see,
And disappointment, grief and pain
Our portion in this life shall be.

Wait not! behold the day that is
With opportunity is prime,
'Tis wise to use it while we may—
The good time is the present time.

—By CALEB DUNN.

ALCOHOLIC LIQUOR.

Hispefios and beasts.—Bismarck.

That beverage, the mother of sins.—Southey.

The evil is in the drink. David Lewis, J.P.

The devil in solution.—Sir Wilfrid Lawson.

Liquid fire and distilled damnation.—Robert Hall.

I consider all spirits bad spirits.—Sir Astley Cooper.

The dynamite of modern civilization.—Hon. John D. Long.

He has paid dear, very dear, for his whistle.—Benjamin Franklin.

Every crime has its origin more or less in drinking.—Judge Gurney.

Grape juice has killed more than grape shot. C. H. Spurgeon, D.D.

While you have the drink you have the drunkard.—George W. Bain.

Drink is the mother of want and the nurse of crime.—Lord Brougham.

Drink is the greatest obstacle to the diffusion of education.—John Bright.

Drink, the only terrible enemy whom England has to fear. Prince Leopold.

Nine tenths of the cases to be tried are caused by drink.—Chief Justice Bovill.

Ninety-nine cases out of every hundred are caused by drinking. Judge Erskine.

Choose rather to punish your appetites than to be punished by them.—Epictetus.

To drink water is a property meet for a sponge. Demosthenes.

Every inordinate cup is unblessed, and the ingredient is a devil. Shakespeare.

THE OLD LADIES.

This is a perfectly true story, and has never before been in print, but, as showing the true kindness of the Queen, we are sure many of our readers will appreciate it.

Her Majesty is very fond of matters artistic, and particularly keeps a warm corner in her heart for the theatrical profession, "as the many "commands" to Windsor testify.

A short time ago she summoned the veteran Mrs. Keeley to Buckingham Palace, not that she might act, but for a good chat, and the old lady, who was 90 the other day, and, as all the world knows, received an immense ovation from the stage of the Lyceum Theatre, in London, obeyed her sovereign's behest.

Upon entering the Queen's presence, Mrs. Keeley, according to court etiquette, should have curtseyed to the ground, but even so sprightly and loyal a young lady as she has found herself unable to do so.

Doing her best, therefore, she ventured to excuse herself to the Queen with these words:

"I cannot courtesy, Your Majesty!"

"Neither can I Mrs. Keeley," was the Queen's quick response, and then the two elderly ladies sat down to talk over old times and old performances, in all of which the Queen took an immense interest, plying the aged actress with questions, and thoroughly enjoying the chat.

A QUESTION OF COURTESY.

"Been riding your wheel?" asked the whole man pleasantly.

The man with chunks missing from various parts of his person looked at the whole man fiercely.

"Part of my scalp is gone, isn't it?" he asked.

"Yes."

"A furrow has been gouged along one cheek, hasn't it?"

"Yes."

"There are bandages upon various parts of my body, aren't there?"

"Yes."

"Then why do you deem it necessary to ask me if I have been riding the bicycle?"

"As a delicate compliment to you. I thought—"

"Delicate compliment to me!"

"Yes. It seemed more courteous than to ask you if you had been letting the bicycle ride you."—*Chicago Post.*

FROM TREE TO NEWSPAPER.

A British contemporary mentions an interesting experiment which was tried by a progressive newspaper, the aim being to show to how short a time the entire process of paper making and printing could be accomplished. A poplar tree in the forest, was taken as a beginning. To chop, chip and load in a boat the necessary quantity of wood took three hours; manufacturing of pulp occupied twelve hours; making the pulp into paper took five hours, transporting the manufactured paper to the newspaper office eighty minutes; while, to finish up with, on the paper thus produced with the utmost speed one thousand copies of the journal were printed in ten minutes, making in all for the whole process, from inception to completion, just twenty four hours.—*Paper Digest.*

DO YOU DYE COTTON AND MIXED GOODS?
The only household dyes that make perfect, bright and unfading colors in dyeing Cottons and Mixed Goods, are the Diamond Dyes. These popular dyes give colors that will not wash out with soap or fade in sunlight.
Many of the "Diamond" Cotton Dyes are patented, and cannot possibly be used by other dyes for cotton goods of any kind, or for any description of mixed or union goods, be sure to ask for the Diamond Dyes for cotton and mixed goods.
Refuse all cheap and worthless imitations.