The Acton Free Press.

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The Acton Free Press

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H. P. MOORE,
Editor and Proprietor

Business Directory.

MEDICAL.

J. F. UREN, M. D. C. M.
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

J. F HALSTED, M. D., F. L. C., M. C. P. and S. ONT
OFFICE Medical Hall, Main Street Acton
Patronage Solicited
Rheumatism and Catarrh Specialties

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OFFICE Wm Husband's, lot 21, con 4, Nassagaweya.
Calls day or night promptly attended to

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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. I. S. MERCER, DENTIST
Graduate of Toronto University and R. C. D. S.
Office over Drug Store, Acton
SPECIAL DAYS, MONDAY, TUESDAY AND FRIDAY

LEGAL.

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
OFFICES:—1296 Queen St., Parkdale
Victoria Chambers, 01 Victoria St.
Telephone 207. Toronto
JOHN DOUGLAS A. G. MURRAY

A. J MacKINNON,
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, CONVEYANCER
OFFICE Corner Mill and Main Street above Kopman's store, Acton

T. G. MATHESON, & J. B. McLEOD,
BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, CONVEYANCERS
Georgetown and Milton
Money to loan at lowest rates

R. J. McNABB,
Clerk, Fourth Division Court County of Halton, Conveyancer, Agent Fire and Life Assurance Real Estate Agent. Money to loan, etc
OFFICE Matthews Block,
ACTON ONT

MISCELLANEOUS.

HENRY GRIST,
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Solicitor of Patents, for Invention, etc
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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MILL STREET, ACTON
WORDEN BROS., Proprietors
An easy shave a stylish hair cut a good wash foam an exhilarating shampoo always given Razors honed and put in first class condition Ladies and children's hair tastily cut

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Account Books of all kinds made to order. Periodicals of every description carefully bound. Ruling neatly and promptly done.

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H. P. MOORE
Issuer of Marriage Licenses
Private Office. No witnesses required to go at residence in the evening
Free Press Office, ACTON

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INCLUDING Books, Pamphlets, Posters, Bill Heads, Circulars, &c. &c. executed in the best style of the art, at moderate prices and on short notice. Apply or address
H. P. MOORE
Free Press Office, Acton

Wellington Mutual
Fire Insurance Company
ESTABLISHED 1840
INSURANCE on Cash and Mutual plan. Any communications for wanted to my address Box 128, or telephone 58, will be promptly attended to.
JOHN TAYLOR, Agent, Guelph.

WM HEMSTREET,
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$5 00 FOR FARM SALES
Also money to loan on the most favorable terms, and at the lowest rates of interest, in sums of $300 and upwards.

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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 SESSIONS commence Sept 1st
Write for circulars
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FOR THE

WINTER EVENINGS.

Prices to Suit the Times at Day's.

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George Eliot's Novels, 8 Vols., strong Cloth Binding	3 50
Bulwer Lytton's Novels, 13 Vols strong cloth binding	10 00
Wilson's Tales of the Borders 12 Vols.	6 00

All Complete. Good Type.

Store is full of Books. Prices lower than ever

DAY'S BOOKSTORE,
GUELPH.
Day Sells Cheap.

DON'T YOU WANT.....

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

?

Go direct to
WATERS BROS.
NEAR POST OFFICE GUELPH.

Hair Brushes

We carry an immense stock to choose from, all shapes, made with bleached or unbleached bristles.

Tooth Brushes

We have an equally big stock of hair brushes, and just as large variety. Splendid all bristle, solid back brushes at 50 cts up to $4 50

NAIL BRUSHES,
CLOTH BRUSHES,
WHISKS.

There is a reason satisfaction in having a big stock and variety to choose from and our prices are away down

ALEX. STEWART,
Chemist, Guelph.

Fall Campaign

... Prepare for Winds

We would call your attention to the fact that we are prepared to supply you with lumber of suitable length for your Barn Doors, viz. 10, 12, 13 or 14 feet also
SASH
DOORS
FRAMES
MOULDINGS.
etc for building. Storm Doors put up at as low a rate as possible.

PUMPS.

Repair your pumps or put in new ones before it is too cold. We can do it

Shop at foot of River Street, ACTON
THOS. EBBACE
Manager.

Coal & Wood

John McQueen

Shipping patrons of the Coal business is re-carried on by James Brown. I am prepared to supply all orders for

Furnace Coal
Stove Coal
Chestnut Coal
OF BEST QUALITY

Orders given to me personally or left at D. A. WATSON'S DRUG STORE will be promptly filled
JOHN McQUEEN

Georgetown Electric Works
T. J. SPEIGHT, Proprietor
Manufacturers of
DYNAMOS,
ELECTRIC MOTORS
WATER MOTORS, and
HYDRAULIC RAMS.
Gas and Steam Fitting and General Repair Work. 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

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

Authorized Capital $1,000,000
Paid up Capital and Surplus $785,000
Assets over $6,300,000

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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. B. JONES, Manager

To the Ladies

BEAUTY
Attracts
BEAUTY

That is why you are invited to call and see our new stock of

American Lamps

Better value and nicer goods than ever before.

J. M. BOND & Co.
HARDWARE
GUELPH.

McLAREN'S SHOE BULLETIN

NOW is the TIME to buy your FALL SHOES, and

McLaren's

IS THE PLACE TO BUY THEM

LOOK AT THESE BARGAINS

Youths School Lace 11 to 13 for	65c
Boys' School Lace, 1 to 5 for	85c
Boys Finer Buff Lace, 1 to 5 for	95c
Men's Buff Lace, new toes for	$1 19
Men's Genuine Calf Lace Goodyear Welts, pointed or wide toes for	$2 20
Men's New Oil Dipped $3.50 Bals for	$2 75
Mechanics shoes, Lace or Buttons for	95c
Women's Fancy $1.25 Butt for	95c
Women's Dongola $2.50 Butt for	$1 90
Women's fait Congress or Lace, for	75c
Misses School Butt 11 to 2, for	85c
Misses Finer $1.25 Butt for	$1 00
Women's Over Gaiters for 35c and	45c
Lamb's Wool Soles for 15c 20c and	25c

And even the babies can get lovely Warm shoes for 25c

We need not impress upon the people the high quality of our shoes.
We are the undisputed leaders of the Footwear Trade

The Leading Shoe Store
W. McLAREN & CO., Guelph

[illegible] come unawa[illegible] We are thoroughly reliable. Better spend a few cents & Have an satisfactory clothes than waste your whole expenditure on clothes that are the opposite.
See our new Autumn Goods. They're all right

SHAW & TURNER,
Merchant Tailors,
GUELPH

A New Merchant Tailor

I W Stra[illegible] has purchased a general business in Mrs. Steed's Block, next Mrs. Adams', is prepared to meet the public wants in

High class English Irish and Canadian Suitings.

Beaver, Milton, Freize Overcoatings in Latest Styles.

The public are cordially invited to call and inspect our Fall stock which we are sure will please the most fastidious taste

We have secured the services of Wm Lee who formerly conducted a business here. Perfect fit guaranteed

Prices to suit the times

H. W. Strasser
Mrs. Secord's Block, Acton

Acton Saw Mills,
and Wood Yards.

JAMES BROWN
MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN
Lumber, Lath, Shingles, Wood, Etc
All kinds of Wood 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

WANTED SEVERAL FAITHFUL MEN OR women to travel for responsible Established house in Ontario. Salary $780, payable $15 weekly and expenses. Position permanent. Reference. Enclose self-addressed stamped envelope. The National, Star Building, Chicago

Poetry.

"FOR FIFTY CENTS."

"I up to John Kannudy's auction—John let his farm this spring
I didn't do quite like some men that seldom buy a thing
To a sale, but always git there 'bout noon 'er a little before.
An set around in the women a way, an spit on the kitchen floor
Till they hear that dinner's ready, then, hurrah for a dog-cheap feast,
But I've noticed that them that waits for grub most always buys the least.
I got my grub afore I went to Kannady's that day,
The thing I wanted mostly was his double pleasure sleigh,
But that was sold when I got there, so I bid on some tackle blocks.
An' was buttonin' up my coat to go, when 'John brought out a box
That held most everything' he said they'd sell 'fer the lot.
An' when I bid four shillin' they took me on the spot.
Well, I got the box home somehow, an' next day when it rained,
I took it to the wagon house to see what it contained.
First come an old corn cutter an' a piece of leather tug,
A riding whip, two worthless bits, a handle off a jug,
Come next an umbrella frame the handle part was out,
A cradle knife, two old horse shoes, a hammer, less a snout,
A leaky washdish, an a nub from off some critter's horn,
Three four inch bolts, one five inch do, an ear of yeller corn,
Thirteen old nuts, a lump of chalk, a dozen feet of line,
Two bottles that once contained some spirits turpentine,
Five worn out rackeyes an a chink of heavy harness hame,
An old plowshear a black clay pipe, an empty honey frame,
A dozen ground out reaper knives a lot of fan mill screen,
A little pasteboard box that once had held some paris green,
A chain, a jug some nails, all bent a pair off tarret rings
A piece of tire a rusty knife an lots of other things.
That I can't so well remember, but you see, at all events
That I didn't shoot my granny when I bid that fifty cents."

Select Family Reading.

Love is Best.

He had come in the drawing room, but the lamps were not lighted, and the young women in the picturesque hats clustered round the little tea table as closely at their huge sleeves and illimitable skirts allowed and ripped their Assam Pekoe before the bursts of confidence proper to the half hour. They had discussed the reigning terror to inched delicately on the last scandal and were now busy with Jack Rodney's name and money. A'as! he had no money. A decision of the court had given his inheritance to another heir, and then he had gone into Wall Street and been caught on the wrong side of the market.

"I can't picture it, 'ad Sally Little-john, balancing her little gold spoon, "What will become of him? The spoiled darling! Why, he will have to go to work!"

"Work!" said Julia Montressor. "With those aristocratic hands! What sort of work?"

"Poor Jack!" said Arabella. "He would not know himself out of his habit. How is he to go without his horse, his club, the opera, his London tailor?"

"I don't believe he will try to," said Felicia.

"Why, what will he do?"

"The only thing he can do, stop it on."

"Oh, Bab! How horrid of you! Jack Rodney, the dear spendid fellow! Has anyone seen him? I wonder what he is doing now," said Sally.

"Walking on his shame! And he has lent and given away a fortune to other people. He never seemed to care about money."

"No, indeed. I suppose he has dropped a modest fortune in cards before this."

"Why, Bab, with the poor fellow in such a strait. He only does what all the men do."

"And he does a great deal they don't do," said Arabella. "Everyone else was letting Will de Luys reap what he sowed, but Jack made good all the misappropriation isn't that the neat term? And if it was Jack's yacht that went cruising up the Mediterranean and had Princes on board for guests it was his steamer that took those children from Seven Alleys down the harbor every afternoon all the hot summer."

"You always had a specific talent for turning a telescope on microscopic subjects," said Bab.

"No thanks. I don't drink another drop of your tea, Felicia, though I declare it does put the spirit in you," said Julia. "Well, just one cup lemon; yes," as Felicia a jeweled hand suspended the sugar. "What a perfectly lovely cup. Did you know that one of Daisy Van Allen's engagement cups was a tiny thing of gold, ornated with peridots."

"So!"

"And who do you think gave it to her? Well, Jack Rodney. And she cut him dead last week."

"She ought to," said Felicia, "for doing such an utterly silly thing."

"I suppose he paid for it," said Bab.

"Where is Jack, does anyone know?" said Sally.

"Going to Texas ranching. He has cleared up everything and starts at once, someone said. He'd like it if it were play poor fellow!"

"Oh, it is really getting dark," exclaimed Arabella, as the maid stole gently about the room, and the great lamps flared up like moons dressed in the fashion. And she pulled on her ermine gips. "We must be going. Why, Felicia, how white you are! I should think you were ready to faint yourself."

"The sudden light," murmured Felicia. And then she saw herself in the glass, and passed her hand quickly over the shining olive-eyes that glittered there for half a moment like points of steel.

Years afterward Felicia had only to make that motion with her hand across her eyes to call up the whole scene: the lofty room, with its old Gobelin hangings, the great mirrows framed in alabaster, the moony lamps, the high vases heaped with red roses, the lounges heaped with silken cushions, the Dresden and silver, the beautiful girls getting into their princely furs, talk, scandal like dowagers, her sister Bab's face with the scarlet on both cheeks, and her own, white and angry, in the glass as the marble Diana behind her.

It was while the last dinner guest that night were still saying tender nothings to Bab, as she leaned against the mantel and the low firelight played on the satin sheen of her white gown till she looked as if taking life from a flame tinted jewel, that a slender shape slipped swiftly down the steps and passed along in the shadow of the houses like herself. The girl had never been in the street at night before without attendance; every sound affrighted her, she shrunk behind her veil from every passerby. As soon as she had turned the corner she brought into plainer sight the parcel she carried, that she might pass more readily as a maid. A half hour's rapid walk and she ran up some steps to make sure of a number, rang the door bell and said something explanitory to the man who answered it, passed in and followed him to the door up one flight of the broad low stairway there.

The room was in confusion. A leather box and a portmanteau lay packed and strapped by the door. There were empty and discolored spaces on the walls where pictures had hung, brackets had held their busts and great cases and cabinets had stood. It was plain to see in its dismantled state that it had lately been a place of luxury.

A man sat there, with his head bowed upon his arms as they lay along the table, in an attitude of utter dejection. He did not look up when the door opened and closed. But the girl crossed the room quickly, and standing behind him laid her arm across her shoulder. He lifted his head, looking straight before him. "I sup pose it is a dream," he said, half to himself. "If you are a dream——"

"I am not a dream, Jack," she said bending lower, her soft, cold cheek touching his. "I am Felicia."

There was silence in heaven for the space of half an hour. For one moment there was silence and rapture here. And then the transfer men came for the luggage. "And this parcel, too," said Felicia.

"Felicia!" he exclaimed.

"This parcel," she repeated. "You know I can not go back after coming here," she said, when they were alone again. "I have burned my ships behind me."

"Do you mean it?" he exclaimed joyously. And then his face fell. "I thought so, oh, yes, certainly, I must take you home before my train leaves."

"You will take me home? My home is with you, Jack."

"You don't know what you say!" he answered her. "Oh, no, I cannot accept the sacrifice!" the eager gleam of his eyes belying his words.

"Jack," she murmured, "the sacrifice was in my coming here unasked."

"You knew I loved you, you knew I loved! And then this crash came and there was nothing for me to say to you, who have lain in the lilies and fed on the roses of life. I, whose part was the husks!"

"Yes, I knew it or I could not have come," she replied as she moved away from him, going about the room and pausing at the curtainless window place where the moonlight lay upon her pale and impassioned.

"Don't make it so hard for me," he exclaimed. "An hour ago it was the darkness of despair. I was going to bury myself in that ranch with its bunch of cattle, the one thing left me as if it were a grave. Now I shall go out in that new life radiant with this happy knowledge and my hope. And even if I should never prosper enough to come to you," he said after a moment, taking a step toward her, "if you should weary in the long waiting and give some other man the love I have won well, I could bear it, perhaps remembering and living again in this night's joy."

"Some other man!" she exclaimed unclasping her arms and looking for the hat and jacket that had been thrown aside. "I am going with you, Jack. If you can live summer and winter in a tent in Texas, I can, too. I have the clothes fit in that parcel. I have my jewels there. They were my mother's and are mine and I have the right to take them, and their price will hinder my being a burden."

"A burden! Oh, Felicia, if I might if I dared——"

"You will have to," said Felicia, calmly. "The Church of Blessing is around the corner, and the rector is my friend. Jack, you made me propose to you. I shouldn't think you would make me ask you to marry me!"

Standing there in the moonlight adjusting her disordered hair, she was too beautiful, too sweet and tender for mortal man to resist.

"The train leaves at midnight," he said. "There is but scant time. oh my darling if you should repent. If! Oh, you must you will!"

"Never!" said Felicia. And then up to lip and heart to heart they lingered one moment before they went out together.

* * * * *

It was a year afterward that Felicia sat one night in the refulgent moonlight of the high prairie after a day of heat, tempered by the great Gulf breeze blowing over 300 miles of flowers.

"Are you sorry I came?" she said.

"Are you?"

"Do you know, it seems to me precisely as if we were living on an outskirt of the Holy Land with flocks and herds, and the fig and the pomegranate and the tender grape giving a good smell?" she said.

"Precisely. And the flocks and herds are prospering so that we shall have to take counsel of the prophet. Wasn't it Isaiah that said: 'Enlarge the place of thy tent, and let them stretch forth the curtains of thy habitation; spare not, lengthen thy cords, strengthen thy stakes?' Col Upshur lived in a tent over yonder for a dozen years. But we may build our house next year, I fancy."

"With roses lying on the lower roof and a night blooming cereus clambering across the gallery, like some of the houses in the old Spanish town there, I don't know, but I like this better, though he lovely freedom of it. Oh, we never could feel more——"

"Are you sure you never regret?" he asked.

"Regret! Well, I confess I should like to have heard Bab read out our marriage notice at breakfast and Bab so bitter the day before for fear of it! But regret those days of littleness and idleness and gossip, the soothing clothes and cramping life? And the large, white, lamplit room, sumptuous with mirrors and marble and carvings and gilt likes, with bronzes and paintings, with priceless rugs and lounges, with its voluptuous rose and great vases, hung for a moment before her like the room you see painted through a window in the dark. She saw the young and lovely women, heard the sweet, high bred voices, heard her stepmother's low laugh and Bab's shrill or tone. And then she looked around her, at the sky flooded with splendor, at the vast softly dark slumbering land below, felt the preciousness of the love that was hers, and it seemed to her that a return to that other life would be like a butterfly creeping back into its chrysalis.

"I—I miss my father," she said, and her lip quivered.

But her husband's arm clasped her, and the pressure of his own lips quieted the sob.

"But even," she said presently, "if he never forgives us, or comes to see us, and if poor Bab should never come down here and learn what it is to live, I shall be sure, my dear, that love is best!"—HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD, in *Courier Journal*.

THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

A few years ago, as the story is told in the English papers, the Princess of Wales went to the Holy Communion accompanied for the first time by her oldest son. She gave him that morning a little manuscript book containing texts and verses of hymns, which she had copied for him, "hoping," as she said afterward, "that they might help him to keep closer to the Cross."

After his death, as she was stooping over him to lay some flowers on his breast, she saw upon a little table close to his bedside, the book, bearing marks of long and constant use.

The princess told this fact to Canon Fleming, adding, with the tears streaming from her eyes, "I could not but feel that Eddy had clung to the Cross."

The woman who, in her grief, told the story of her dead boy, because she knew that all other mothers would be glad with her, is the daughter, the wife, the mother of kings and princes. Yet the little worn book which gave her a hope that "Eddy had turned to the Cross" is of more value to her now than that proudest of earthly crowns, which he lost in dying.

The boy who is a prince in a foreign court, or the boy who is in a school, or shop, or office in any town, may believe that power, money, prizes of one sort or another, are the only things to think of and work for, and his mother may spend her life in trying to gain these things for him; but when the boy, in the midst of his work and fun, suddenly feels death's hand upon him, it is only his soul and his fate that he thinks of.

And his mother, be she queen or slave, when she stands over the dead body of her boy, would give all the rank or wealth or success which she had hoped to see his for one word to tell her that he had clung to the Cross.—*Youth's Companion*.

A REMARKABLE PHYSICIAN

Last spring, in the city of New York occurred one of the most remarkable funerals ever witnessed. The hearse was attended by sixty pall bearers, and each man of the sixty owed his life, under God, to the ministration of him they bore. Behind the hearse walked eight hundred men in line, hardly one of whom but was indebted to the dead man for his ability to be there.

Two hundred and ninety three carriages followed, and these in turn were attended by a large number of people on foot.

This man was a simple east side physician, whose patients were dwellers in the tenement districts, and whose mourners were the poor to whom he had ministered.

Doctor Aronson opened, at his own expense, a hospital for consumptives in the poorest part of the city, and threw himself heart and soul into the work of alleviating the distresses of friendless patients. Once he was taken down with blood poisoning, contracted from a patient, and for weeks lingered between life and death.

Then a wonderful and beautiful sight was seen. Hundreds came daily to inquire for the good physician. Scores of people knelt together in the open air around his door step, and prayed aloud for his recovery. When he recovered, he said he would gladly undergo the same again to again save life.

At last came a day when, upon his return from a call on a poor patient, this good man dropped dead upon the sidewalk near his own door step, his end thus coming, just as he had long hoped and prayed that it might come.

The end came, we have said. But who can predicate an end to a life so allied with the spirit of Him Who was pre eminently the Helper and Healer of men?

ISAR AND LEPER

A ghastly story comes to us from the *Cote Democrate* of Louisiana. In that low malarious district a few lepers have found refuge.

One friendless old man was found last winter just before he died by a faithful priest. He was deaf and blind, and the horrible disease had almost destroyed the human outlines of his face, but just before he died the distorted features suddenly lightened, and he cried out——

"I shall see Jeanne again!"

Jeanne, whether wife or child, was the one being dearest to him, and he carried with him his love for her through years of torture into death.

Queen Olga, of Greece, who was one of the watchers at the death bed of the late Tzar of Russia, has written that for days he could not bear to have the Tzarina leave him for a moment. He held her close in his arm as she knelt beside him, often kissing her cheek. At the last moment, when he found that he could not move his head, he sighed and said:

"I shall never kiss her again!" They were his last words.

He sat upon one of the highest earthly thrones of the world, yet when he went out into the darkness it was not his power or majesty that were real to him, but the love that had been true and dear.

There are but one or two facts in men's lives which are of real import, and they are the same for each man. These are his work, his relations to God, and the love of those dear to him.

When in health we clutch at many other things, money, fashion, position, or power, but at the gate at the far end of the road they drop away and beggar and Emperor can carry nothing into the unseen world but the mercy of God, and—let us hope—the human love that in its sweetness and purity is a foretaste of heaven.

He who, silent, loves to be with us, and who loves us in our silence, has touched one of the keys that ravish hearts.—Lavater.

IMPROVEMENT IN FARM LIFE.

Our system of common schools is gradually opening many ways to intelligent understanding of the higher life where intellectual and æsthetical interests go side by side with the coarser economies. The church, the lyceum, the literary club, and the various social and charitable establishments are doing their fine work even in remote rural nooks. Every competent observer sees and feels a decided veering of rural currents toward intelligent consideration of what we call culture. The movement may be slow and faltering; but it indicates no uncertainty.

But how shall the way be best smoothed and this happy change be most successfully hastened? The conservative spirit is stubborn in our sound hearted and hard-headed rural population. Fashions and habits and traits die hard where the community does not feel the direct urge and stress of conventional requirements. On the farm there is little to provoke inquiry touching the latest wave caps of that great sea called human progress. A newspaper comes once a week, a magazine, possibly, once a month; but the stream of the world's great throbbing life is scarcely known to exist; it is but faintly adumbrated, as the picture of a picture. Still, culture and the sweets of it are becoming facts within the feeling and the vision of the youngest generation of country people in America, and we may as well face the duty of rightly directing the inevitable reform in country life.

Education and by the word we mean book education is the chief factor in every great social and intellectual change for the better. Good literature is not the whole of life; but it is a corner stone of true enlightenment. The greatest need of our country people is to read, to learn, to strengthen and broaden their grasp of what are the best possibilities of human existence. Not so much mere polite culture as solid wisdom in life's lighter affairs is demanded. Facility in reaching happiness of an enlightened sort, a quick comprehension of the difference between crudeness and refinement, and a cordial recognition of what a desirable thing a refined life is are mightily aided by good reading. It is because country people are reading and studying as they never read and studied before that a great improvement in farm life is beginning to make itself apparent.—Editor's Outlook, in the *Chautauquan* for November.

HIS HONOR'S TOOTHACHE

A good story is told of a judge, W. D. Greer, a prominent lawyer of Paducach.

Once during a visit to St. Louis he had a severe attack of toothache. He sought a dentist's office and was met by a young man who was scrupulously neat and clean. The latter bowed suavely, the judge began:

"I believe you profess to be able to extract teeth without pain."

"Yes, sir," was the reply, "and if I don't do it I'll refund your money."

The judge was seated in the operating chair, and the last thing he remembered was the dentist inserting a small tube in his mouth. He got a dose of gas and became unconscious. When he came to, the young man was under a table, his spotless shirt and collar covered with blood and his clothing torn almost beyond recognition. He was desperately waving the judge off, saying all the while: "Get out of here. Get out of here."

He seemed very anxious to have the judge out, but he couldn't be induced to leave his retreat under the table.

"Why, young man what is the matter?" asked the judge, who didn't understand the situation, in surprise. "If I've done anything, I'm willing to pay for it."

The young man protruded his head for a moment, glanced reproachfully about at the demolished furniture and his own sorry plight, wavered for a moment and then exclaimed: "Pay, nothing! You get out of here."

It seems that the judge, under the influence of the gas, had cleaned out the establishment and the dentist didn't get the tooth either.

PHYSIOGNOMY.

They were enthusiasts in physiognomy and phrenology, and were travelling by train. On the opposite seat was a man of commanding figure, massive brow and a serious expression.

"What a fine countenance. Arthur. I wish I knew his occupation."

"Perhaps he's a lawyer, Edith."

"No, he's not a lawyer. There's too much benevolence in that face for a lawyer. He may be a banker."

"I am sure he is not. A man with such a heavenly expression couldn't contaminate himself with money getting. His aim in life is higher."

"Well do you think he can be an editor?"

"An editor with such a face! An editor saying hard things about everybody, ridiculing women's dresses and abusing mothers in law? An editor cutting and slashing his enemies, flaying public men indiscriminately, and mercilessly slaughtering his best friends for the sake of a paragraph! No, Edith, he's a philanthropist. His face plainly indicates that he is all that is good, noble, pure and true."

At the next station an inquisitive old fellow took a seat beside the man with the noble brow and asked him about his vocation. The couple opposite held their breath. The reply was this:

"I've a public house and a butcher's shop. My wife looks after the bar and I do my own killin'."

A YOUTHFUL DIPLOMAT

"Papa," said George, "it worries me awful to think how much trouble I give mamma."

"She hasn't complained."

"No, she's very patient. But she often sends me to the shops for things, and they are a good way off, and I know she gets cross waiting when she's in a hurry."

"Not often, I fancy."

"O she's most always in a hurry. She gets everything all ready for baking and finds at the last minute she hasn't any yeast, or she gets a pudding all mixed and finds she hasn't any nutmeg, or some thing, and then she's in an awful stew 'cause the oven is all ready, and maybe company coming, and I can't run as very long distance, you know, and I feel awful sorry for poor mamma."

"Humph! Well, what can we do about it?"

"I was thinking you might get me a bicycle."

Neuralgia is the prayer of the nerves for pure blood. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the One True Blood Purifier and nerve builder.

THE TWENTY-FOUR PRESIDENTS.

Washington first of the Presidents stands;
Next placid John Adams attention commands
Tom Jefferson's third on the glorious score,
And square Jimmy Madison counts number four.

Fifth on the record is plain James Monroe,
And John Quincy Adams is sixth, don't ye know?
Next Jackson and Martin Van Buren true blue,
And Harrison ninth, known as Tippecanoe.

Next Tyler, the first of the Vices to rise,
Then Polk and then Taylor, the second who dies.
Next Fillmore a Vice takes the President's place,
And small Franklin Pierce is fourteenth in the race.

Fifteenth is Buchanan, and following him
The great name of Lincoln makes all other dim,
Next to Johnson comes Grant with the laurel and bays,
And next after Grant comes Rutherford Hayes.

Next Garfield, then Arthur, then Cleveland the fat,
Next Harrison wearing his grandfather's hat—
Adroit little Ben, twenty third in the train,
And last in the list, behold Cleveland again.

Burn's Horn.

A SHOCKING AFFAIR.

Among the regular grist of crimes and outrages due to strong drink, reported in the columns of the daily press a few days ago was one of unusual horror, which occurred in Cleveland the day previous, Sunday. It was the story of a workingman who came home drunk and beat his wife cruelly. A young son finally interfered, and the drunken brute turned upon him and threw him down a stairway leading into the street, a distance of twenty feet. The little fellow screamed for help, and rolled out into the open street writhing in convulsions. A crowd gathered, and, excited by the sight of the boy's agony, made a determined effort to lynch the inhuman father. The police interfered, and a general struggle ensued. The sequel is best told in the words of the newspaper dispatch: "The mob gave battle to the police, determined not to allow the man to escape them. During the scrimmage the prisoner broke loose from those who were holding him, and ran down an alley toward the river. The mob was close at his heels, and when the fugitive reached the river, knowing that the chance of life was small if captured, he plunged into the cold, muddy water of the Cuyahoga, and was drowned. His body has not been recovered. The boy will die, and the wife's injuries may also prove fatal." Here we have two fearful deaths, and perhaps three, one suicide and two murders, in one family, a father being the murderer, and what came near being a riot and a lynching besides, all because of a Sunday debauch. In reading of this one cannot repress the thought that if the mob which sought to vent its not unjust anger upon the drunken father had also wrecked some of its vengeance upon the rumseller who was responsible for his condition, they would have been acting in the line of consistency, to say the least, and also of justice. *Christian Work.*

URBAN AND SUBURBAN LIFE

Many a man is rich and doesn't know it or at least does not appreciate it. If a man who owns a farm upon which he can make a living and who has a good wife and family is not happy, he would not be were he in business in a city, where the chances for success are not so great and where the sanitary conditions are never so good as they are in the country.

A resident of the city must of necessity either make more or live on less than the man who lives in the country. Food and clothing may be purchased as cheaply in the city, of course, but the farmer may raise many necessities, while the resident of the city must buy everything. He must pay exhorbitant rents, or if he buys land, the high price paid and the taxes will nearly equal rates of rental; he must buy the water he drinks, the wood he burns, he must even pay a garbage man for removing the ashes, he must buy fruit, vegetables and meat at double the price the farmer receives for it, he must buy high priced clothing in order to keep up with the times, he secures little sunshine, less fresh air, and lives under a nervous pressure that early breaks down the system and undermines the health.

The farmer, on the other hand, is likely to at least have health, fresh air, sunshine, good wholesome food and appetite, and will live longer.—San Francisco *Call*.

The Month for Coloring and Recreating.

[illegible] AND DYES MAKE [illegible] THINGS LOOK LIKE NE[illegible]

Hats in milk, thousands of women will be adoring dresses, shawls, coats, vests, pants, knitting yarns, carpet rags, sheepskin mats, etc.

The dyeing operation is an important one, and demands much care. The great essential is to get the right dyes colors that are pure, bright, and fast to washing and sunlight.

The Diamond Dyes the only guaranteed dyes in the world possess all the important virtues that make perfect colors. The popular Diamond Dyes have such an extended sale that unscrupulous dealers have made efforts to imitate them. Avoid all such imitations. If you would have your goods and materials colored richly and permanently, use only the "Diamond." Refuse all dyes that your dealer tells you are "just as good" as the "Diamond." The "Diamond" are the best in the world and he knows it well.

Some men refrain from telling women they are married for fear of hurting their feelings.

The New Hook Spoon Free to All.

I read in the Christian Standard that Miss A. M. Fritz, station A, St. Louis, Mo., would give an elegant plated hook spoon to anyone sending her ten 2 cent stamps. I sent for one and found its so useful that I showed it to my friends, and made $13 00 in two hours, taking orders for the spoon. The hook spoon is a house hold necessity. It cannot slip into a dish or cooking vessel, being held in the place by a hook on the back. The spoon is something that housekeepers have needed over since spoons were first invented. Anyone can get a sample spoon by sending 10 2 cent stamps to Miss Fritz. This is a splendid way to make money around home.

Very truly, A SUBSCRIBER.