The Acton Free Press.

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H. P. MOORE
Editor and Proprietor

Business Directory.

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

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Acton.
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OFFICE—Main Street, third door south of Presbyterian Church, Acton.

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Victoria Chambers, 61 Victoria St. Toronto.
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ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES.
Private Office. No witnesses required. Issued residence in the evening.
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ACTON
Machine and Repair Shops
HENRY GRINDELL, Proprietor.

ARE well equipped with all the machinery necessary to execute all repairs to machinery, and agricultural implements, and to do all kinds of steam-fitting; horse-shoeing and general blacksmithing. Woodwork repairs performed in a satisfactory manner. We can repair any machine or implement of any make. Saw gumming and filing done.

Wellington Mutual
Fire Insurance Company
ESTABLISHED 1840

INSURANCE on Cash and Mutual plan. Any communications forwarded to my address, Box 626, or telephone 58, will be promptly attended to.
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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.

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.
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L·A·M·P·S
AT
Clearing Out Prices
NEW STOCK OF
BABY CARRIAGES.
FINE STOCK OF
VALISES
AT
Extra Low Prices
AT
DAY'S BOOKSTORE.
GUELPH.
Day Sells Cheap.

Stewart's
Cloudy Household
Ammonia
— FOR —
TOILET, BATH and LAUNDRY.
Invaluable for Toilet Purposes.
Splendid cleansing preparation for the Hair.
Makes Hard Water Soft.
Removes Stains and Grease Spots from Clothing.
Washes Flannels and other Woollen Goods.
Restores the Color to Carpets.
Cleanses Woodwork, Plate and Jewellery.
Price, 25c. a Pint Bottle.
ALEX. STEWART,
Manufacturing and Dispensing Chemist,
Guelph - - Ont.

Wedding Presents.
UP TO DATE
Frames, Pictures, Artists' Supplies, Fancy Goods.
GOOD VALUE.
WATERS BROS.
ST. GEORGE'S SQUARE, GUELPH.

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Your life is spent in your shoes. Then why not have them comfortable! The case of a shoe depends on the material and fit. That is the reason our shoes give general satisfaction. All grades of Boots and Shoes in the latest spring styles and best quality, at
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BOOT & SHOE STORE
Mill Street, ACTON.

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PLANING MILLS,
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John Cameron,
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Manufacturer of Sash Doors Frames Mouldings in all styles
DRESSING, MATCHING, and MOULDING
to order on short notice.
Well assorted stock on hand at prices to suit the times.
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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 commences Sept 1st Write for circulars.
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—THE—
TRADERS' BANK OF CANADA
Authorized Capital..... $1,000,000
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.
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We're stock-taking and to clear our Lamp Stock we'll name you a price on any Lamps you want that will sell it sure.
J. M. BOND & Co.
HARDWARE
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STYLISH SPRING SUITINGS.
Our stock of new Spring Goods is now complete.
They are all choice goods, and we would respectfully suggest an early selection.
Prices right; also styles.
SHAW & TURNER,
Merchant Tailors, - Guelph

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J.N.Stinson Store
ROCKWOOD
NEW SPRING GOODS.
Suitings, Pantings, etc.
Specials: 4 ply Linen Collars, 10c. each. Ties, all shapes, 7c. each.
These are all new goods.

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ROLLER FLOUR MILLS.
JAMES CLARK
PROPIETOR.
Having leased the above mills for a term of years I am in a position to supply the wants of the public with the best qualities of
Roller Flour, Cracked Wheat, Mill Feed,
and all kinds of Chopped Feed required.
All our Flour will contain the proper percentage of No. 1 Manitoba Hard Wheat.
My long experience in the milling business enables me to assure satisfaction to every patron.
I will be pleased to meet all old customers of the mill and many new ones.
I am prepared to pay the highest current prices for Wheat, Oats and peas for use in said mill.
Telephone town orders from Brown's Drug Store.
Exchanging Wheat and Chopping a specialty.
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Coal & Wood
John McQueen
Having purchased the Coal business heretofore 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 BROWN'S DRUG STORE will be promptly filled
JOHN McQUEEN

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

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.

THEY CHANGED THEIR TUNE.

Jim never liked the drags and plows,
He'd ruther die than milk the cows;
It made his palms and spirits burn
To have to take a hand and churn.
He mostly loafed and did but little,
He loved to sit around an' whittle.
An' all the boys the village round
Said Jim was lazy as a Turk;
They called him loafer, skulk and hound.
His poor old father did his work.
An' one proposed, a knock-kneed clown,
To rail-ride Jimmy out of town.

But Jimmy went his quiet way,
An' never minded what they'd say;
He'd sit all day beside the crick
An' whittle, whittle at a stick.
At last he whittled out a scheme,
A dingus to improve on steam.
He hoofed it to a famous town,
A big man thought a great deal of it;
Jim got a hundred thousand down,
Besides a share in all the profit.
An' then he hired a special train,
An' calmly journeyed home again.
He paid the mortgage on the farm;
He made the old folks good as "warm;"
He built a house—a perfect dream;
He drives a splendid trottin' team.
The gang with hayseeds in their hair
Would sit upon the fence an' stare.
The rail-ride crowd is now soft-soapin'
To be good friends with Jim again;
They don't know beans when the bag's open;
An' Jim—it simply makes him grin
To hear them say, "Why, we know Jim,
We uster go to schule with him."

—THE KHAN.

Select Family Reading.

An Asylum Dance.

As this story travelled in a round-about way it may have been elaborated and built up before it came to hand, but the facts as nearly as they can be learned, are about as follows:

Mr. Melton, a young man interested in the lumber trade, travelled on a suburban train one Friday night to attend the weekly dance at the Asylum for the Insane.

Mr. Melton is constantly longing for "experiences." He would rather look at an opium joint than a donation party, and would rather go "slumming" than attend a Sunday school picnic. The ball at the insane asylum appealed to his love for the picturesque. Lowry, the politician, had promised to take him out, and Melton had not allowed him to forget the promise.

Lowry came aboard the train at one of the stations on the way out, and the two were warmly welcomed when they arrived at the asylum, for this Lowry was a companionable man of considerable influence.

As Melton stood in the doorway of the ball room and glanced at the rows of well-behaved and rather abashed people against the wall, he could hardly believe that he was so different from the others. He reflected that if he were to arise some morning and tell the other boarders that he was the Emperor of China and had more money than he could use, he might become one of the company.

Except that many of them were pale and melancholy and a few of them were heavy-eyed, intent on studying the floor, the assemblage would have compared favorably with any chance gathering of respectable, every-day people.

He knew, of course, that the violent patients, or those totally demented were not allowed at the ball. The company was made up of convalescents or those whose vision was merely twisted so that they could not see things in their proper relation. Some of the young men had attired themselves with particular care, and wore button-hole bouquets. Many of the women too, bore the outward signs of gayety. Melton was rather disappointed. He had wanted to witness something "uncanny."

"I want you to dance this evening," says superintendent Lucas, standing at his elbow. "One trouble with the visitors is that they stand around and stare at the patients as if they were a lot of freaks. Now these people are not dangerous. You needn't believe everything they tell you; but if you mix up with them and are friendly you'll find them very easy to get along with. Come on, I'll introduce you to some of them."

The little orchestra was tuning up, and a patient who had been installed as floor manager was giving a correct imitation of a sane man who had been thrown under the same trying responsibility.

Melton had attended many evening parties, but he felt a new embarassment as he passed along a line of demure women patients, and bowed to each of them in turn. He shook hands with several of the men, and then backed up to the wall to watch the opening. The superintendent standing beside him, said: "Oh, by the way, you must meet Miss Caldwell."

He beckoned to the young woman who was talking to the leader of the orchestra, and as she came across the room Melton whistled to himself and said: "Here is a case of blighted love, and she's not over twenty."

"Miss Caldwell, I want to present Mr. Melton," said the superintendent. "He's rather bashful in company, but perhaps you can entertain him. Now I'll go and look after Lowry."

Melton found himself staring at a very pretty girl, who returned his gaze in a half frightened manner.

His head buzzed and he never was so much in want of a topic. How was he to begin a conversation with a young woman who might fancy him to be the prince who had come to rescue her from the tower?

"Do you dance?" he asked, in sudden desperation.

She gave a start, and he imagined that that she shrunk back a little.

"I'd rather not," she said, timidly.

"Well, then, let's sit over here in the corner and watch the others."

They found an out-of-the-way place, and Melton, who had recovered a little, remembered the instructions given him by the superintendent.

"These dances are very pleasant little affairs," said he. "They seem to be attended by an agreeable lot of people."

"I think it's a good idea to have them," said she. "You know most of the people, of course."

"I've met a number of them," he replied.

"You like Mr. Lucas, don't you?"

"Very well indeed. Nice fellow."

"He didn't tell you, did he, that I was a cousin of his?"

Mr. Melton began to suspect the nature of her delusion. He resolved to be diplomatic.

"Oh, yes, I knew that," he said. "So you're a cousin of Mr. Lucas?"

"Yes. I'm here visiting him. I've been here about two weeks. Mrs. Lucas is so good to all the—people here, isn't she?"

"Yes, indeed. She's very considerate."

Melton now understood the situation. This girl did not know that she was in an asylum. They had told her that she was a visitor.

"It's a nice place to come for a visit," said he. "I came out here with a friend of mine, a gentleman named Lowry. I live in Chicago."

"Oh, yes. Well, I'm sure you'll like it out here."

"I'm sorry I can't stay longer. I'm going back to town to-night on the late train."

"Going away to-night?"

"Yes, I have to go to Milwaukee in the morning."

"Why do you have to go there?"

"I'm going to see about a deal in lumber. I may buy some hardwood lumber up there."

"How much?" she asked.

"Well, she's inquisitive enough," he thought, but he was tolerant and answered, "Oh, perhaps 1,000,000 feet."

"Oh, 1,000,000 feet! Won't that be nice? I hope you'll get it."

Melton was rather amused at her interest in his affairs. He began to question her.

"Will you remain here long?" he asked.

"No, I'm going to leave in a few days and go to New York. I have an uncle there, and I expect to take a trip with him on a yacht."

Melton repressed a smile at the reference to the "uncle" and the "yacht." He resolved to investigate further. He had heard that patients were always willing to talk of their delusions.

"I notice that you are wearing an engagement ring," said he. "So you are to be married, are you?"

For a moment she appeared startled and then laughed heartily.

"I'm engaged to one of the nicest fellows in the world," said she. "You're not jealous, are you?"

This was more than Melton had bargained for. He had been impelled by the curiosity of the student, but he was not enough of a ghoul to have fun with the delusions of an unfortunate girl. He had detected the maniacal tone of her laugh.

"Oh, no," said he hastily. "I congratulate you."

She laughed again.

"If I remain here I'll have her violent," thought he. So he excused himself and hurried over to rejoin Lowry.

As they rode to the city on the train, Melton told Lowry that he had met was a girl who thought she was only a visitor at the asylum, and who expected to go to New York and ride on a yacht, wore an engagement ring and really believed she was soon to be married to some nice young man, who existed only in her disordered brain.

No longer ago than last week Melton was at luncheon in a quiet restaurant. He looked up from the bill of fare and saw at the next table—the asylum girl!

She was radiantly attired and was chatting gayly with an elderly woman.

"By George, she's cured," said Melton to himself. "I wonder if she remembers anything that happened? If she does remember it, it will be mighty embarrassing if she happens to recognize me."

Then he asked himself whether it would be proper to speak to her in case she recognized him. He knew the society rule as to ball room introductions, but he had never learned what was good form in the case of asylum introductions. If he spoke to her he would have to refer to their former meeting. This would be painful to both of them.

Suddenly the pretty girl looked toward him and gave a startled "Oh!" and then blushed furiously. He was recognized! He simply stared at the bill of fare to hide his confusion.

The voice of Superintendent Lucas aroused him.

"This is Mr. Melton, isn't it? Come over here. I want to tell you a story."

"No, no!" exclaimed the young woman.

But Mr. Lucas, who had come into the restaurant to keep his appointment with the young woman, seized Melton by the arm and led him over to the other table.

"Mary," said he to the elderly woman, "this is Mr. Melton who came out with Lowry that night. Melton, I'm going to tell you this: You've met Miss Caldwell."

The girl's face was one fiery blush, and she seemed ready to cry.

"Well, sir," said the superintendent without pity, "she met me that evening you were out there and told me that the most interesting patient she had met was that Mr. Melton. She said you seemed to be all right until you started to talk about lumber."

"I'll never speak to you again," said Miss Caldwell, decisively.

"And by the way," continued Mr. Lucas, "she says you asked her if she was engaged."

"Really, I must apologize," said Melton, a great light breaking in upon him. "I wouldn't have talked that way only I thought—well you didn't say—I supposed she was one—"

"What!" exclaimed the girl.

Mr. Lucas roared, and poor Melton collapsed. Then there was a general understanding. They insisted that he take luncheon with them, and he did so, devoting the entire time to a labored explanation.

ADVICE TO GIRLS.

An exchange says:—"Why will girls run away and get married?"

"We give it up," answers the Louisville *Courier Journal*. "But we know a lot here who would be glad enough to stay at home or jump at the chance to walk off and get married. The boys ain't around asking them like they did. It takes more money to run one of them no'days than it does to run a steamboat, and they can see more fun with a straw about. Ain't girls, it's your own fault! Swap off your silks and satins for lawn and calicoes; shut up your piano and dive into a wash tub; throw away your fancy needle work, and tackle a red hot stove in the old kitchen. Instead of receiving Jones, the banker's son, in the parlor, keep your eye peeled for Bill Burns, the blacksmith's son, as he goes home from work; kiss his dirty face through a broken pane of glass in the kitchen window, and after awhile, when he learns his trade and you know your business, get married, go to housekeeping by yourselves, help each other, live happy, raise a family that will be an honor to your names and a credit to themselves, die happy, and the angels will not turn their backs upon you up there."

A FAMILY CUSTOM.

"I was brought up to have wine on the table," said aristocratic Mrs. Nevers, "and I have kept up the custom in my household. Boys will never fall into the habit of drinking too much if they always have wine and brandy as free as water."

Nevertheless, Mrs. Nevers' oldest son, Robert, the pride and hope of the family, did fall into dissolute ways, to the extreme mortification of his lady mother. Yet, when a great temperance reformer came to the city and Robert became interested in the meetings, Mrs. Nevers said to her beautiful only daughter, Alice:

"I hardly know whether I would rather have Robert a drunkard or have him speak at one of these common meetings."

"It is very common indeed to get drunk, mother, said Alice. "A few days ago as I was walking down Main street I saw my brother Robert on Exchange corner turning a hand-organ while a drunken negro danced."

"Alice!"

"I did, mother, and I held up my head and walked on, saying to myself, this is the beautiful fruit of the aristocratic old family custom of having wine at their table."

"Alice!"

"I know you are horified, mother, so was I, but that was what I said. I have inherited much of the family pride, and it would be the proudest day of my life to see Brother Robert leading this reform that is stirring the whole city."

"And have his name in the *Times* as one of the pledge singers, I suppose?"

"Certainly, mother."

"And have him lead Gospel temperance mass-meetings, and sing, perhaps?"

"Why not? If he is converted to the Gospel of Christ I hope he may have courage to live it and proclaim it. He has a fine address and a melodious voice; how could he put them to better account than to become a leader of men?"

"I do not know, child, but I suppose my pride must be humbled."

The next morning's papers chronicled the fact that handsome Robert Nevers, the most popular young society man in the city, had been converted at the meetings, had signed the pledge, and spoke at some length and very eloquently from the platform.

"I shall go to-night," cried Alice with animation. "Say, boys," to her brothers, "let us all go and lead the applause. I never was so happy in my life;" and as her brother Robert at that moment entered the breakfast room perfectly sober for the first time for months, she threw herself into his arms.

"May I go to-night Rob, and hear you speak and see you tie on ribbons?"

"Certainly, darling, if mother is willing. I hardly expected a follower in my own family," replied the young man, much touched at this exhibition of genuine feeling.

"Oh, I am willing for anything," replied the mother.

"And we are inclined to follow our lion in pledge-taking," said the younger brothers.

Robert shook hands with them all around without a word, and, turning to his mother, said:

"Then, mother, dear, you are willing to have me remove my quarters from here to the new temperance hotel?"

"For what reason, my son?"

"Because I can no longer sit at table where there is wine."

"So I am to be vanquished, am I, with all my traditions?"

"Not at all, I simply announce that I am to leave."

"When it comes to choosing between my son and wine, of course there is but one thing to be said—the wine must go."

"What misery we all might have been saved had you said that years ago, mother."

So the family custom gave way to the reign of temperance. Robert is still a temperance worker, and dainty Alice and her younger brothers are his staunch advocates and supporters.

The aged mother in her new peace of mind says:

"The Lord was good to save my family, as a brand plucked from the burning, in spite of my determination to keep up the good old family customs."

TRANSLATION OF INDIAN NAMES

Translations of Indian names, as a rule, have been unsatisfactory, though there are exceptions. The case is reported from the Pawnee reservation, Oklahoma, of an Indian name Coo-rux-ruh-rah-ruk-koo. He was commonly called Afraid-of-a-bear. The literal interpretation of his name, as given to me, is "fearing a bear that is wild." With this interpretation the agent proceeded to call the Indian Fearing B. Wilde; not a bad arrangement, if he had made a success of it. But he did not, for the allotment was finally made to the Indian's native name.

But such names as Flying-eagle, Pipe chief, Crazy horse, Yellow-bonnet, Afraid-of-his-enemy, Walk-in-the-water, Rain-in-the face, Bull-all-the-time, Keeps-his-head-above-water, No-hair-on-his-tail, Bob-tail-wolf-No.-3, Kills-the-one-with-the-blue-mark-in-the center-of-the-chin, are ridiculous and should not be perpetuated. Such names are uncouth, un American, and uncivilized.—From "Naming the Indians," by FRANK TERRY, in March *Review of Reviews*.

DO NOT DREAM.

Lives oftimes go out in dreaming. The light expires while plans are immature. Energy is wasted in vision. Fancies of the brain consume too much time in taking on shape. Well-dreampt Edens are bewitching. Fragrance of unseen flowers is pleasant to our day thoughts. We sleep under the star light of poetry. Our ears are filled with the sound of angel wings. We dream, dream, dream. We dream of large plans and conquering hours; of ambition's fires and hope's success. God wants activity. Action is everywhere. In air and sea and earth; in glowing star and fluttering leaf, everywhere God reveals motion. "Do" is the one great word of Heaven's vocabulary. The wound of the world needs the healer. The tear of the sorrowful needs the sympathizer. The brain of the weary needs the comforter. The breath of disaster at the same time summons the helper. Mighty forces are waiting everywhere for the active touch; the manly grasp of the one losing himself in dreams. The crown glitters for the doer.

JUVENILE PHILOSOPHY.

"What were the dark ages?" asked the governness at the morning lessons.

"That must have been before spectacles were invented," guessed May.

"Oh, no!" interupted Cedric; "I know why they were called dark ages. Because there were more knights then."

"Well, Teddy, have you been a good boy to-day?" asked his mother upon her return home late in the afternoon.

"No, ma'am," replied the truthful Ted.

"I hope you have not been a bad boy?"

"No, ma'am; not a very bad boy and not a very good boy—just comfortable!"

"What time is it, my lad?" asked an American traveller of a small Irish boy, who was driving a couple of cows home from the fields.

"About 12 o'clock, sir," replied the boy.

"I thought it was more."

"It's never any more here," returned the lad in surprise. "It just begins at 1 again."

"Mamma, do you think Uncle Barney will go to heaven?" "I hope so, Johnny. Why?" "'Cause he won't if the Lord knows him as well as I do."

A little boy and his sister were allowed, this summer, to collect the eggs from the henhouse, but they were told they must never take away the nest egg. The little girl, however, did so one morning by mistake, and her brother told her she must take it right back, "because that was what the old hen measured by."

"Mamma," said little Ethel the other day, "I ain't going to marry." "You have time enough to think of that," said her mother indulgently. "No, I aint going to marry," persisted Ethel. "Are you going to be an old maid?" her mother asked. "No I'm going to be a widow, like Aunt Mary, 'cause she always dresses in black and looks so pretty and happy.

Mrs. Brisko: Johnny, did the doctor call while I was out? Little Johnny stopping his play: Yes'm. He felt my pulse, and looked at my tongue and shook his head and said it was a very serious case, and he left this prescription and said he would call again before night. Gracious me! It wasn't you I sent him to see; it was the baby.

Little Daughter (of Methodist minister): Mamma, have we got to move again this year? Mamma: Yes, dear. "I think its a shame!" "Hush, child. We should learn to look upon it as the Lord's will." "Is the Lord going to send papa away to that nasty little town I hear you talkin' about?" "You mustn't talk that way, dear. If the Lord sends us there, it is all for the best." (After some moments of solemn cogitation): "Well if I ever see the Lord I'm goin' to tell him what I think about it anyhow!"

Mamma (after she had punished Tommy): Stop making such dreadful faces, Tommy (bursting into tears): I ain't. I'm trying to keep a stiff upper lip.

JUST FOR FUN.

A few years ago two men were convicted of horse stealing in the district court, Chateau county, Montana. They deserved a sentence of ten years' imprisonment, but Judge Du Bose let them off with three years. The worse man of the two, supposing that the sentence once pronounced was past revision, addressed the court; "I just want to say," he told Judge Du Bose, "that when I get out you'll be the first man I'll come here to kill." "Oh, well," said the judge, "in that case I'll make it ten years. Then you won't trouble me so soon."

Having said this he turned to the other man. "Is there anything you would like to say?" "Not a single word," answered the prisoner.

An Irishman who was a dealer in a small way and kept a little donkey and cart, came on one occasion to a bridge where toll was levied, but to his disappointment he found he had not enough to pay it. A bright thought struck him. He unharnessed the donkey and put it into the cart. Then getting between the shafts himself, pulled the cart with the donkey standing in it onto the bridge. In due course he was hailed by the toll collector, "Hey mon," cried the latter, "whar's yer toll?" "Begorra," said the Irishman, "just ax the driver."

FOR THE HANDS.

Would you have soft, white, fine, firm hands, though you have fires to make, dishes to wash and rooms to sweep? Then follow these rules:

First.—Buy a pair of rubber gloves to wear while washing dishes.

Second.—Wear, loose thick gloves with wadded palms while handling a broom or doing anything else which produces callouses.

Third.—Keep half a lemon in a tray over the kitchen sink. With this rub off the stains made by paring vegetables and the like as soon as they appear.

Fourth.—Never plunge the hands into hot water. Use a mop to wash dishes as far as possible.

Fifth.—Do not wash the hands oftener than necessary. Dry them thoroughly after every washing. Clean them with oatmeal instead of soap.

Sixth.—Wash them at night in moderately warm water, with oatmeal. Dry gently, and while they are still a little moist rub them thoroughly with a little cold cream. Put on loose, fingerless white kid gloves and wear them all night.

WRITE PLAINLY.

A Cincinnati grocer's house found that cranberries had risen to $6 per bushel. The purchasing clerk immediately sent this note to the firm's teamster: "One hundred bushels per Simmons." (Simmons was the driver's name.) The well-meaning correspondent thought the scrawl read: "One hundred bushels persimmons," and the boys straightway set to work, for persimmons were plentiful. The wagon made its appearance next day loaded down with 80 bushels. The remaining 20 bushels were to follow next day, and when the correspondent found out his mistake he angrily demanded why the order did not read "by Simmons."

An English gentleman, in writing to a Lincolnshire friend, mentioned the latter's kindness to him, and said he should soon send him a suitable "equivalent." The friend, read the word "elephant," and immediately built a handsome barn for the reception of his elephantine majesty. But much to his surprise, a barrel of oysters was the "equivalent."—*Harper's Round Table.*

People buy Hood's Sarsaparilla year after year because it does them good. It will do you good to take it now.

IN THE OLD BARN LOFT.

'Tis thirty years, or thereabouts,
Since I used to roll and play,
And turn all kinds of somersaults
On the fresh and fragrant hay;
A-jumping and a tumbling
On the hay so sweet and soft,
At my home away back yonder,
In the old barn loft.

How the pigeons used to flutter,
And strut about and coo!
And make love to one another,
Like sweethearts used to do.
While I walked the risky cross-beam,
Or clambered high aloft,
With half intent of falling,
In the old barn loft.

How I used to frighten sister,
Who was looking for the eggs,
As I dangled there head downward,
Holding by my little legs;
And, giving then a swing or two,
I'd strike the hay so soft,
At my home away back yonder,
In the old barn loft.

The twittering of the swallows,
While making homes of mud,
The gleeful game of hide and seek,
The slip, the sudden thud;
The pattering of the raindrops
Above the hay so soft,
Are memories still clinging
Of the old barn loft.

—S. A. HARRISON.

THE SPLIT WAFERS.

A man who stands high in the mercantile community related to me the following little incident of his early life, says a writer in the *N. Y. Ledger*.

At the age of 16 I entered the store of Silas Sturdevant as a clerk. One day, shortly after my instalment into the office, I was employed in sealing and superscribing a lot of business circulars, several hundred of them. That was long before the day of gluten, and I used small red wafers for securing the missives. While I was busy Mr. Sturdevant came into the counting room; and when I observed that he was watching me I worked the best I could hoping to get a word of approbation. By-and-by he spoke to me.

"Young man, don't you think half a wafer would secure one of those circulars just as well as a whole one?"

I looked up probably exhibiting as much disgust as surprise.

"If you split your wafers," he added, "you will accomplish all you desire, and at the same time make a saving of just one half."

He turned away and while I was thinking what a mean old wafer splitter he was a lady entered who had been appointed one of a committee to obtain subscriptions towards building an orphan asylum. One public-spirited man had given the land, and they now wished to raise two hundred thousand dollars, if possible, for the buildings and necessary endowments. Mr. Sturdevant said he had already been consulted on the subject.

"Yes," thought I, "and I guess that's all it will amount to!"

But he took the paper and wrote his name, and then he said:

"I will give five thousand dollars."

I could hardly believe my ears.

At that moment the merchant arose to a stature of grandeur before me, and in my heart I blessed him; for even then I knew that the lesson of the split wafers, with its sequel, was to be the initial of my future success.

A STUDY OF SUCCESS.

The old gentleman was giving the boy advice; not so much because the boy needed it, as because he had more than he knew what to do with, and the boy might as well have it.

"Joshua," he said, "be polite to everybody. Remember you ain't no millionaire an' yo can't afford ter put on too many important ways."

"Well, I ain't so sure about that," was the reply. "It seems to me they's a lot of people standin' 'round ready ter impose on ye of ye don't show some spunk."

"Yo hev ter hear lots of things in this life but its work ez counts. Remember the little busy bee. He jest keeps a-workin' an' a-workin', day in an' day out. An' they's mighty few bees, I'm given to understan', as can't look back on their lives with satisfaction, and be p'uted out to their neighbors as a success; an' all because they jes' kept on a-workin an' a-workin."

That's so father. But there's one trait of character 'bout the bee that you ain't dwelt on."

"What's that?"

"He don't 'low nobody ter sit on 'im."

A TRAVELLER'S YARN.

This story is told by a commercial traveller of one of the railways in Scotland which is said to be still a little shaky: "We were bounding along," he said, "at the rate of about seven miles an hour, and the train was shaking terribly. I expected every minute to see my bones protruding through my skin. Passengers were rolling from one end of the car to the other. I held on firmly to the arms of my seat. Presently we settled down a bit quieter—at least I could keep my hat on, and my teeth didn't chatter. There was a quiet looking man opposite me. I looked up with a ghastly smile, wishing to appear cheerful, and said 'We are going a little smoother, I see.' 'Yes,' said he, 'we're off the track now.'"

WHAT ROSSLAND MAY YET BE.

Johannesburg, though founded only ten years ago, has a population of 102,078 persons. Of these 50,907 are Europeans or whites, and 42,533 belong to native Kaffir tribes, the remainder being classed as Asiatics or as mixed and other races. Of the white population 16,265 were born in the United Kingdom, 15,192 in Cape Colony, and only 6,205 in the Transvaal; Russia is fourth on the list with 3,335, and Germany comes next with 2,272. There are great possibilities for Rossland.

HAPPY MEN.

Happy, contented men, on whose faces no frown ever appears, are they whose mothers, wives and daughters use the Diamond Dyes for domestic dying.

The coloring over of old, faded and dingy looking garments is so easy, and the results so magnificent, that the joy of the moment is always shared by the men.

Happy, well-regulated homes, presided over by wise women, are the homes where Diamond Dyes are prized.

Rich, bright pure and fast colors are always obtained when Diamond Dyes are used. When buying from your dealer see that he gives you the "Diamond," they are first and best.