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At all times a comfortable bus meets at the station. A comfortable bus meets at the station. A comfortable bus meets at the station.

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By Keeping Things That Move.

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Mill Street - Acton.

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Desires to thank his numerous customers for their liberal patronage since he commenced business last January. He has had the honor and courteous attention to merit a continuance of their patronage.

A complete assortment of first-class Beef, Mutton, Lamb, Pork, Fresh and Salt, Hams, Sausages, Foultry, Lard, etc., in season.

Prices always as low as consistent with the quality of the goods.

Prompt delivery. Pa. stock wanted.

E. B. COLLINS

Poetry.

A KITCHEN FREE-FOR-ALL.

The fork said the corker was crooked; The remnant made the flatiron sad; The steel knife at once took its temper, And called the table-spoon a thief.

The table-spoon stood on its tiptoe; The kettle exhibited bile; The grease-dropper at the discussion, But the ice remained cool all the while.

"The way that the cabbage and lettuce Kept their heads was something sublime!" The grease-dropper the soup to mix with them, And the latter, which it hadn't much to say,

Got so used to being over-the-draws Kett put out and started to cry; The oven then roasted the turkey, And the cork gave the grease spot the by.

The plate said the cork in the corner Assessed its duties as usual; And the plate, which for years had been a latter, The cork said was full of old ticks.

The cork said the cream should be whipped, The cinnamon laughed—in a rage, The cream said the same was too slow, "And if my friend wasn't thought to be sage."

Next, the pepper, whose humor is spicy, "I dare say fellow," did cry, "I can't eat that!" and the butter, "I can't eat that!" did cry.

"No one knows how the rose would have ended, Had the cork, Maggie O'Dowd, After work had closed the kitchen, And thusly shut up the whole crowd."

—Charles J. Colton in the New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Select Family Reading.

Caught by a Tartar.

BY KATE M. CLEARY.

"The queen of hearts, she made some tart, All on a summer's day; The name of hearts, he stole the tart, And took down the tart."

—Nonsensical RHYME.

"There!" said Chrystal, she poised the last tart airy on the top of the pyramid and stepped back to view the effect. And, indeed, the effect was as artistic as appetizing. The oval dish of polished Belek, creamy with sage, dotted all over with little blue forget-me-nots and primrose little pink rosettes would have delighted the heart of a china connoisseur. And the tart, round, crisp, flaky, goldenly brown, each inclosing a crimson lake of strawberry preserve, and all towering up in regular and tempting regularity, quite rewarded the cook for labor.

"If those," considered Chrystal, as she carefully carried the "delectable" dainties into the battery and laid the dish down on the shelf by the north window, "if these do not suit even Clarence's city friends, they will suit the plebeians. Yes, and to please," she repeated, by a hearty exclamation with a series of convulsed little nods. She went back to the kitchen and looked up at the clock. "Half past three and everything is done, except to set the table. I think everything is done. The ham is sliced, the chicken jugged, the complete made-the-cream-whipped, and the tart baked. Yes, I may go and dress, and perhaps have time for a bit of a read before I must set the table."

She slipped up the kitchen, closed the buttry door, set down the blinds, and went upstairs.

The home of the Bruntons was a grey, old frame-house standing on the outskirts of Ashland. Chrystal's parents were in the pleasant circumstances generally designated as comfortable. Her father, her brother, held a confidential position in city grain firm. Yesterday, he had married two college friends of his wife in town. He had called at her hotel, but, failed to find them in, so he had left a note stating that he would call again, on this particular evening, and bring them out to supper at his father's house. The Bruntons happened to be without a girl at the time, but Clarence, with a young man's thoughtlessness, failed to consider that fact. Perhaps he knew Chrystal would prove more reliable than a hired domestic. Her genius for housekeeping (for, alas! housekeeping does imply genius) had been proven.

Fresh, breezy and blowy was the afternoon. Delicious drifts of anemone and tantalizing shadows followed each other in bewildering repetition. Within the hour, however, the sun came out, and "they" must therefore be better. "My better half" bought several pairs of fun and several from the other house and showed her husband they were identical, being even manufactured by the same people. This proved conclusively how foolish a man can be when he really tries. The lady of the house generally knows where she can get the most and the best for her money, and if you were to ask the ladies of Acton the question: "When can I get the best value in Bootees and Shoes?" The answer in nine cases out of ten would be "At W. Williams." Our prices are hard to beat. Try us for anything you want to buy on-line.

W. WILLIAMS, Mill Street - Acton.

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weariness, and striving to appear interested in the prosy talk of her visitor.

And meanwhile two young men, both very hungry, both very tired, returning to town after a day spent in stock-shooting outside the city limits, had taken a short cut through the Bruntons' orchard. They were obliged to pass quite close to the house, and one of them, a tall masculine young fellow, with pleasant black eyes, white teeth, and the sanest of smiles, passed by a window which a great old cherry-tree shaded, a window that was low and open.

"Look, Tom!" he said. "Tom Hilton, insignificant of stature, but decidedly correct as to costume, turned his head in the direction indicated. He picked up his lip. He emitted blue eyes twinkling.

"Great Scott! Dick, can you resist them?" "Lick Bertrand, who had not removed his gaze from the Belek dish, took the strawberry tart slowly shook his head. "Like the father of my country," he declared, "I am the soul of veracity—no!"

"Veracity, you mean," corrected Hilton. "As you like! I can't resist one and I won't!"

With the expression of which desperate decisions, he deliberately thrust his hand through the aperture and lightly picked off the tart.

Hilton looked on enviously. "Is it good?" "Good? Don't talk!" He could not converse with ease himself, so he swallowed the sweet morsel, and jolly extracted another.

"Suppose some one were to come around the house, or—open that door?" ventured Tom, timidly. "This is a Christian country, where starvation men are not refused food," declared Bertrand, reaching for his third tart.

"But—what would you do?" asked of his friend, terrified by such rashness. "If—any one were to catch us—y'know, I mean?"

"I'd run," decided Dick, as he calmly purloined another tart. "Tom was fairly dancing. "Stop! I say. That's your fourth!" "Prove how fine they are," responded Bertrand, brushing the crumbs off his mouth.

"But you won't leave any for me!" wailed Hilton. His scruples were quite gone. Dick's enjoyment of the tart had been too much for him. Hunger had conquered conscience. He made an onslaught on the shining system. He captured the tart, which he devoured in successfully distributed and impartial bites. When five minutes had passed, all the prim little forget-me-nots and primmer little rosettes were visible on the oval dish.

Complacently, the criminal looked at each other. Then, as if moved by one impulse, they put their hands in their pockets. Dick laid a silver dollar on the plate and Hilton followed suit. Then Bertrand pulled out his note book and wrote:

"To the Queen of Hearts, who made some tarts—with thanks and compliments." He tore out the page, laid it on the Belek dish, and weighted it with the money. After which both conspirators took up their hats and went out laughing, ran across a vacant lot, around a corner, and dropped into their waiting buggy, and drove rapidly into town.

"It is after four," remarked Tom; "we must make haste." At all the time Chrystal Brunton, blessedly unconscious of the theft being perpetrated, sat and listened to the chatter of Miss Stokes. It was a quarter to six before that victimizing visitor made her welcome adieu.

"Gracious, how I will have to rush!" groaned Chrystal, as she closed the door behind the brown talk of Maria Angelo—four that was her guest's novelesque name.

Into the dining room flew Miss Brunton, pushed out the table, whistled off the white damask, took the roll silver from its charms wrapping, and brought the company china from its seclusion under the sideboard. Then she sat on a big muslin apron, went into the kitchen, brightened the fire, hurried to the buttry, carried the meat into the dining room, and went back for the tarts.

Where had they vanished? There was the dish. She stood still and rubbed her eyes. "Honey-beyond-a-doubt!"

"The face that was so sweet and youthful and sunny, smiled, if not positively pretty, grew sallow from brow to chin. Oh, it was too bad! After all her trouble, too! Who could have taken them? Probably those horrid little Volmouth children. The sign on the door, she asked her eyes. She ran forward, took up the scrap of paper, and read the lines there. She laughed in spite of herself. Assuredly the Volmouth children were not the culprits.

To be robbed and paid in this fashion! What hungry and gentlemanly william looked in the neighborhood? "Oh, it was aggravating, and ridiculous, too!" "Well, I'm glad it was the tarts and not grandmother's Belek dish he fancied!" she told herself, by way of consolation.

Half an hour later, Clarence and his friends appeared. Mrs. Brunton emerged from her room, and the head of the family came up from the city. "At the first favorable moment" Chrystal beckoned her brother into the hall.

"Clarence!" "Well!" "The strawberry tart!" "Did they fall?" His particular penchant was strawberry tarts. He was interested in their possible fate.

"Fall!" indignantly. "They never fall with the Volmouths," with much solemnity, "were stolen!" "No!" She nodded sadly. "By whom?" "I don't know." And then she told him of the robbery, and the money left on the plate. As an appetizer, he laughingly insisted on telling the whole story. Hilton and Bertrand, who had grown up painfully embarrassed when Clarence or Bertrand had pointed out his home, stooped startled glances at each other, as the tale proceeded. "Lick Bertrand, who had that scrap of paper, 'Christie,' Clarence said, in conclusion.

She drew it from her pocket, and handed it to him.

"By George!" he cried, in surprise and delight. "He sprang to his feet, and then sank back in his chair, with a roar of laughter. "Clarence!" protested Chrystal. "If the writing isn't—" he gasped. Bertrand interrupted him.

"Alone!" he confessed. "Yes, yours!" And off he went in another paroxysm of laughter. Chrystal's eyes, blue as the forget-me-nots on the Belek dish, grew very wide, indeed. Was that handsome fellow the Keeper of Hearts who stole her tarts?

They, the thieves, attempted explanations and apologies. Hilton put the blame on Bertrand and Bertrand on Hilton. They all pointed in young Brunton's hearty and contorted mirth.

"That was just a year ago. And there are those who know that, before the April month, when the world is so busy, Chrystal Brunton will be Chrystal Brunton no longer. For it not exactly a Queen of Hearts, she is at least queen over our hearts. And that one is Dick Bertrand."

COUNTERING ON JOHN.

"Are you the marriage license clerk?" inquired a country dandy of the young man who dishes out the sort of emotional pabulum to hungry victims.

"I am Miss," responded the young man, with the soft suavity a pretty girl is always sure of bringing to the surface of a man, old or young.

"Has there been a man in here to-day after a license?" "Three or four, Miss. Times must be better."

"I mean a red-headed man," she exclaimed, ignoring the young man's allusion to the improved condition of the times. "Yes, Miss; the last one I gave out was to a red-headed man. Here it is," and she handed the man the paper, "John F. Gullion to Miss Mary M. Duster."

"That's the man," she exclaimed, "and that's the name. Now, I want one myself. Make it out quick, for Mary M. Duster and Henry Hooker."

The clerk was quick about it. "How much is it?" she asked as he handed it to her. "Two dollars, Miss."

"Did Gullion have to pay that much for his?" she asked, laying down the amount called for.

"Certainly. That's the legal price, Miss."

"Well, I wish to goodness it was \$5. Gullion has been counting me for two years, and he is the slightest man I ever saw. That's the first money he ever spent on me, and he wouldn't have spent that if I hadn't been sharp enough to let him get the license before I got on for me and Henry. Henry's now looking for a sweetheart, and I am to meet him at the hotel right away. Good-by. I don't ever see you again, obliged to you, and she started out with a rush, but came back in a minute.

"Oh," she said, "if John Gullion brings that license back when he hears how I've looked him up, please don't give him his dollars again, will you?" and she looked so pleading and so pleading that the young man swore John should never see his dollars again.

SINGULAR SIGNS.

Of unwittingly ludicrous or humorous signs there are plenty. A sign in front of Exeter, England, has a sign which reads: "Quart measures of all shapes and sizes sold here." At a market town in Holland, the following placard was affixed to the shutters of a watchmaker who had disappeared, leaving his credit on hanging: "WOUND UP AND THE WATCHING BROKE. Equally opposite was one in Thomaston, Ga. On one of the principal streets the same room was occupied by a physician and a shoemaker—the disciple of Galen in front, while by the side of the sign, a sign in the rear. Over the door hung the sign: "We repair both soul and body." On the windows of a London coffee-room there appeared the notice: "This coffee-room removed up stairs till repaired."

The proprietor of the place was not an Irishman, though the frame of the notice over a French burying ground. "Only the dead who live in this parish are buried here," must have been.

One may see in the windows of a confectioner in Fourth avenue, New York, "Pie-Ome All Night." A doorway placard reads: "Home-made Dining-Room, Family Oysters," while a West Broadway restaurateur sells "Home-Made Pies, Pastry and Oysters," and still another caterer, on East Broadway, retails "Fresh Salt Oysters and Lager Beer." "Books Filled, Ladies' Reading Room," is a frequent sign in the same city, and a sign in New York, and on ALBANY STREET, Brooklyn, there is a "Stationary Library," and the latter is also a circulating library, and the word "stationary" adorns one window and "library" adorns another. Philadelphia has a sign reading: "He Made Pies" and a barber's shop in the same city bears this inscription on its window: "G. Washington Smith, tonsorial abductor."—Democrat's Magazine.

ALPHABET OF PROVERBS.

A grain of prudence is worth a pound of craft. Brainers are cousins to liars. Denying a fault doubles it. Every shote at others and wounds herself. Foolish fear doubles danger. God teaches us good things by our own hands. He has hard work who has nothing to do. It costs more to revenge wrongs than to suffer them. Learning makes a man fit company for himself. Modesty is a guard to virtue. Not to hear conscience is the way to silence it. One hour to-day is worth two to-morrow. 'Tis good to look for the good in fair faces. Quiet conscience is that quiet sleep. Nibbles is the quiet waste land. Small faults indulged are little thieves that let in greater ones. The bougie that bears wood hangs lowest. Bright eyes are the eyes of the virtuous. Virtue and happiness are mother and daughter. Wise men make more opportunities than they find. You never lose by doing a good deed. Zeal without knowledge is fire without light.—Philadelphia Record.

SCIENCE UTILIZES ALL THE OX.

Every Particle Put to Use, Only Its Dying Breath Lost.

In an article on the "Wonders of the World's Waste," William George Jordan, in *Ladies' Home Journal*, details how science at the present day utilizes the ox. "Not many years ago," he says, "when an ox was slaughtered forty per cent of the animal was wasted at the present time 'nothing is wasted but its dying breath.' At but one-third of the weight of the animal costs of products that can be eaten, the question of utilizing the waste a serious one. The blood is used in refining sugar, and in making paper, or manufactured into door knobs and buttons. The hide goes to be tanned; horns and hoofs are transformed into combs and buttons; thigh-bones are worth eighty dollars per ton, are cut into handles for clothes-brushes; fore-leg bones sell for thirty dollars per ton for collar buttons, parasol handles and jewelry; the water in which bones are boiled is reduced to glue; the dust from sawing the bones is food for cattle and poultry; the smallest bones are made into boneblack. Each foot yields a quarter of a plant of man's foot oil; the tail goes to the 'soup'; while the brush of hair at the end of the tail is sold to the mattress-maker. The choice parts of the fat make the basis of butterine; the intestines are used for sausage casings or bound by gold buttons. The unspiced food is the stomach, which formerly cost the packers of Chicago thirty thousand dollars a year to remove and destroy, is now made into paper. These are but few of the products of abattoirs. All scraps sent for any other use find welcome in the glue-pot, or they do missionary work for farmers by acting as fertilizers."

GLIMPSES THROUGH LIFE'S WINDOWS.

There was at Banibek ages since, a magnificent Temple of the Sun, some of whose pillars are yet standing. Near by in the quarry, from which came the stones for the wonderful temple. In the quarry, almost detached from its rock, gressed and ready for its place in the temple is an immense column, seventy feet in length. It was a great piece of stone waiting for it, and for four thousand years this column has lain there in the quarry. It has never occupied the place for which it was designed.

There are many men like that useless monolith. He made for a noble destiny, with grand possibilities, they were missed it all for want of a lofty purpose and a worthy energy. They folded their talents away in their napskins of supposed humility, of self-distr