# The Acton Free Press.

VOLUME XXV.—NO. 28. ACTON, ONTARIO, THURSDAY, JANUARY 11, 1900. PRICE THREE CENTS



## The Acton Free Press

—IS PUBLISHED—

EVERY THURSDAY MORNING.

—AT THE—

Free Press Steam Printing Office,

MILL STREET, ACTON, ONT.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION—One dollar per year strictly in advance. All subscriptions discontinued when the time for which they have been paid has expired. The date to which every subscription is paid is denoted on the address label.

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Accounts payable monthly.

H. F. MOORE
Editor and Proprietor


## Business Directory.

*MEDICAL.*

DR. JOHN M. MACDONALD, M. D., C. M.,
SUCCESSOR TO
JEFF. UREN, M. D. C. M.
Office and residence—Corner Mill & Frederick streets, Acton.
Office Hours:—6 to 10.30 a.m.; 1 to 3 p.m., and to 9 p.m.

DR. F. J. R. FORSTER.
SUCCESSOR TO
DR. A. H. ELLIOTT,
Late resident Physician and Surgeon to Victoria Hospital for Sick Children, Toronto.
OFFICE—Mill Street—lately occupied by Dr. Elliott.

DR. DRYDEN,
EYE, EAR, THROAT AND NOSE.
McLean's Block, Douglas St., near P. O., GUELPH.
OFFICE HOURS—10 a.m. to 1 p.m. and 3 to 5 p.m.
SUNDAYS—10 a.m. to 1 p.m.

*DENTAL.*

L. T. BENNETT, L.D.S., DENTIST,
GEORGETOWN, ONTARIO

J. COGHLAN, D.D.S., L.D.S.,
DENTIST
WORK CAREFULLY DONE. PATIENT MODERATE.
OFFICE OVER BROWN'S DRUG STORE.
HOURS—EVERY DAY FROM 9 TO 6.

J. M. BELL, D.D.S., L.D.S.
DENTIST,
BROOKVILLE.
HONOR GRADUATE OF TORONTO UNIVERSITY. Work made Satisfactory. Prices Moderate.
VISITING DAYS—Monday afternoon, Campbellville; Tuesday, Acton, Office—Clark's Hotel; Friday, Rockwood.

*LEGAL.*

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

A. J. MacKINNON,
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, CONVEYANCER.
OFFICE—Mill Street; in Matthews' Block, Upstairs.

J. H. McLEOD,
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, AND COMMISSIONER FOR TAKING AFFIDAVITS.
Main Street, Georgetown.
Conveyancing done, and money loaned on first mortgage on farm property at 4½%.

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

*MISCELLANEOUS.*

MISS S. L. SCHRAM,
LATE OF HAVERGAL COLLEGE,
TORONTO.
is prepared to give thorough instruction in both vocal and instrumental music—piano or organ. Terms reasonable and made known upon application at the home of the Misses Laing, Agnes St., Acton, or at
FREE PRESS OFFICE.

MISS MAGGIE E. THOMPSON,
T. C. M., of TORONTO CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC, Pupil of Dr. Edward Fisher,
is prepared to give instruction in vocal and instrumental music, piano and organ, at her room at Mrs. John Williams', Mill Street. Will be there every Monday beginning December 4th.

HENRY GIRST,
OTTAWA, CANADA.
Solicitor of Patents, for Invention, etc.
Prepares Applications for the Canadian, American and European Patent Offices, and for the Registration of Trade Marks. Hand for pamphlet. Thirty-two years experience.

FRANCIS NUNAN
BOOKBINDER,
Wyndham St., Guelph, Ontario.
(Over Williams' Store.)
Account Books of all kinds made to order at reliable prices. Every description carefully bound. Office work promptly done.

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

WM. HEMSTREET,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER
For the Counties of Wellington and Halton. Orders left at the Free Press office, Acton, or at my residence in Acton, will be promptly attended to. Terms Reasonable.
Also money to loan on the most favorable terms, and at the lowest rates of interest, in sums of $200 and upwards.

SUBSCRIBED STOCK CAPITAL $125,000.
THE WELLINGTON MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.
Established 1840.
Head Office GUELPH, ONT.
INSURANCE on Cash and Mutual plan. Any communication addressed to my address, Box 802, or telephone 56, will be promptly attended to.
JOHN TAYLOR, Agent, Guelph.

**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.
Wood and stove cut stove length always on hand.
Telephone Communication.

## I Thank the Public

For our big Christmas trade.

THE ALANCE OF OUR STOCK

Games,
Toys,
Dolls,
Dolls' Dishes,
Dolls' Carriages,
Railway Trains,
Drums,
Toy Books,
Fine China,
Etc.

Will be sold at much Reduced Prices at

**Day's Bookstore, Guelph.**

Day cells cheap.

## FREE

WATERS' BROS.
CALENDAR FOR 1900.

You Ought to Get One.

**Wyndham Street, GUELPH.**

**Sun Savings and Loan Co.**
HEAD OFFICE TORONTO, ONT.

*Authorized Capital $5,000,000.00*

Ten-year maturity shares are paid Monthly Instalments of 50c. per share for 120 months, when payments cease—$60.00 aid in—maturity value $100.00.

Money to loan at 5% straight loan or repayable in monthly instalments on application to

R. J. McNabb,
Agent, Acton.

**John McQueen, ACTON.**

Agent for

*FROST & WOOD'S*
*Binders, Mowers, Etc.*
AND
*GOOLD, SHAPLEY & MUIR'S*
*Windmills and Grain Grinders*

And a complete line of Farm Implements and all kinds of Repairs.

In my absence Mr. John T. Elliott, who resides on the property, will attend to the wants of customers.

Warerooms -- John St.

**John McQueen.**

**Two Kinds of Men**

There are two kinds of men to be found everywhere—those who are obliged to dress roughly while at work and those whose occupation involves no difference in attire. For the laborer we have heavy, substantial boots; for the business man comfortable, sensible shoes; for the boys and girls good knockabouts, and for the ladies the latest novelties in footwear.

OUR FALL STOCK

is now coming in and embraces goods sure to please our customers as to style, quality and prices.

CALL AND SEE OUR NEW LINES

**W. WILLIAMS, MILL ST.**

THEY WIN

Every time, do the Students who attend the GUELPH Business College, because of the thorough and efficient training given by experienced teachers.

Winter term will commence January 2nd.

Circulars free.

J. BRAND, Principal.

WANTED—Several bright and honest persons to represent us as Managers in this and close by counties. Salary $900 a year and expenses. Straight, bona fide, no more, no less salary. Position permanent. Our references, any bank in any town. It is mainly office work conducted at home. Reference. Enclose self-addressed stamped envelope. The Dominion Company, Dept. S. Chicago.

—THE—

## TRADERS' BANK OF CANADA

Capital Authorized..... $1,000,000
Capital paid up..... 700,000

**Guelph Branch**

We are now issuing Money Orders payable at par at any branch of Chartered Bank in Canada, excepting the Yukon District, at the following rates:—

Under $10 ..... 3 cents.
$10 to $20 ..... 10 cents.
$20 to $30 ..... 15 cents.
$30 to $50 ..... 14 cents.

HIGHEST CURRENT RATE OF INTEREST paid on sums deposited of $1 and upwards. Interest allowed from date of deposit to date of withdrawal and paid or compounded half yearly.

Advances made to responsible farmers on their own names at the lowest current rates.

No charge made for collecting sales notes if payable in Guelph.

A general banking business transacted.

A. F. H. JONES,
Manager.

JOHN M. BOND & CO.

Agents for

**COLUMBIA BICYCLES FOR 1900.**

Call or write and get our Catalogue and Prices before buying.

**John M. Bond & Co.**
GUELPH
Motto: "Satisfaction." HARDWARE

**Speight & Brady**

Manufacturers of
*DYNAMOS,*
*ELECTRIC MOTORS,*
*WATER MOTORS,*
*GASOLINE AND GAS ENGINES, BRASS & IRON CASTINGS TO ORDER.*

Repairing Promptly Done.
Georgetown, Ont

W. BARBER & BROS.
**Paper Makers.**
Georgetown, Ontario.
BOOK, NEWS, COLORED PAPERS
JOHN R. BARBER.

**Oxford**
Oxford Stoves and Ranges
Oxford Base Burner
Oxford Furnaces.

*The Imperial Oxford Range is the leading Cook Stove. May be seen at any time at Pannabecker's, Mill St.*
*The Oxford Base Burner is the leading Coal Stove.*

Pipes,
Scuttles,
Shovels;
Stove Furniture,
at low prices.

**C. A. Pannabecker,**
Mill Street, Acton.

1831 THE 1900
**Country Gentleman**
THE ONLY
**Agricultural Newspaper**
AND ADMITTEDLY THE
**Leading Agricultural Journal of the World.**

Every department written by specialists, the highest authorities in their respective lines. No other paper pretends to compete with it in qualifications of editorial staff.
Gives the agricultural news with a degree of fullness and completeness not even attempted by others.

Best Reviews of the Crops.
Best Market Reports.
Best Accounts of Meetings.
Best Everything.

INDISPENSABLE TO
**All Country Residents**
who want to
KEEP UP TO THE TIMES.
Single Subscription, $2;
Two Subscriptions, $3.50;
Four Subscriptions, $6
SPECIAL INDUCEMENTS TO FARMERS OF LARGEST CLUBS.
Write for Particulars on this Point.
Club Agents Wanted everywhere.
*Four Months' Trial Trip for 50 cents.*
SPECIMEN COPIES
Will be mailed free on request. It will pay anybody interested in any way in country life to send for them. Address the publishers,
LUTHER TUCKER & SON,
Albany, N. Y.

## Poetry.

*LAUGHTER.*

He laughs! an honest, hearty shout,
Of reckless joviality,
That burst the flood-gates, pouring out
In unrestrain'd hilarity.
He laughs! oh, ho!
Oh, ho! ho! ho!
He laughs! oh, ho!
He laughs!

He laughs! a joyous, ringing note
Of universal sincerity;
A sweet, unconscious antidote
To temper life's severity.
He laughs! ah! ha! etc.

He laughs! an optimistic ring
Of eloquent alacrity,
That makes the best of everything
With smiling partiality.
He laughs! ha, ha! etc.

He laughs! a mirth-provoking trill
Of gaiety and merriment;
A wanton maiden, with a will
For ludicrous experiment.
He laughs! e, he! etc.

He laughs! a harsh and bitter jest,
Insensate to calamity;
A soul unhallowed by a tear,
Incapable of pinity.
He laughs! i, hi! etc.

He laughs! a dubitative sound
Of hesitant complicity,
Lest illegitimate be found
His tribute to publicity.
He laughs! e-hem! etc.

He laughs! a sempiternal smirk
Of fond conventionality;
An over-studied role, where lurk
The features of formality.
He laughs! er, her! etc.

He laughs! ah intermittent burst
Of simplicity! fallibility!
A chronic titillation, nurs'd
By conscious imbecility.
He laughs! ah hey! etc.

He laughs! a simper, ill-control'd,
A giggle of insanity;
A witless affectation, school'd
By unaffected vanity.
He laughs! ge, he! etc.

He laughs! an idiotic voice
Of maniacism falsity,
That seemeth, joyless, to rejoice
With mournful incongruity.
He laughs! oo, hoo! etc.

He laughs! a deep, sonorous roar
Of unctuous jocosity;
A foaming billow on the shore
Of corpulent composity.
He laughs! aw, haw! etc.

—*Victor.*

## Select Family Reading.

### Dita's Stepmother.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

"THE sweetest little cherub that ever you saw!" said Mrs. Constant. "But, oh—such a pare!"

"I told you so, Mary Jane," said old Aunt Arabella, sourly, "when you would insist on marrying a widower with a child!"

"But I loved him," said the little bride, wistfully.

"Stuff and nonsense!" said Aunt Arabella. "The woman never yet lived who could get along with another woman's child."

"Well, I mean to try," said Mrs. Constant. "And I think I should manage splendidly if only the first Mrs. Constant's old maid sisters would keep away, and Mr. Constant's mother-in-law by his first wife wouldn't persist in coming here every day to see if Dita has her flannels on and sets her regular quantum of oatmeal and says her catechism regularly."

"Tell Bridget not to let them in," suggested Aunt Arabella, who looked as if she herself were capable of doing single combat with all the Boers of South Africa.

"And make mischief between John and his first wife's relations!" said Mrs. Constant, shaking her curly head. "I couldn't do that!"

Just then the door flew open and little Dita herself trotted in, a golden-tressed, pink-cheeked fairy of three years old, in a voluminous white frock, blue sash and gold sleeve-links, with blue kid boots, buttoned with little knobs of pearl. And close beside her stalked her maternal grandmother, Mrs. Cartwhistle, with the two Misses Cartwhistle bringing up in the rear.

"I am surprised Mary Jane," said the step-mother-in-law, (if such a relation can be), "to hear from Bridget that Perdita is allowed to wear her best white frock every day."

"She looks so pretty in it," said Mrs. Constant, pleadingly. "And she will soon outgrow it."

"It is not the way my girls were brought up" said Mrs. Cartwhistle.

"I've just been counting over her dresses and other things," said Miss Malina Cartwhistle. "Sixteen white dresses, a dozen sashes, eighteen ruffled and embroidered skirts—"

"And that big doll of hers," added Miss Susanna Cartwhistle, "with the flaxen hair and the eyes that open and shut. I declare, Mrs. Constant!" (these sour spinsters never could be gotten to call their brother-in-law's wife by her Christian name) "It's positive idolatry—that's what it is. It makes me think of the golden image that King What-Do-You-Call-Him set up for the Israelites to worship."

Mrs. Constant winced.

"But, indeed, Susanna," said she, "I didn't buy the doll. It was a gift from her godmamma to Dita."

"I think it ought to be sold for the benefit of the heathen," Miss Malina said.

"And I was shocked to see Bridget giving her raspberry jam—yes, raspberry jam—upon her bread and butter, for dinner," added the old lady.

"It's very plain," apologized the young step-mother. "I made it myself, last summer. And Dita is so fond of it."

"Me like wabbery dam," solemnly soundated this small bone-of-contention, who had been looking gravely from one to another of the speakers.

"Is a child's digestion of no consequence?" demanded Mrs. Cartwhistle.

"Are the rules of hygiene to be set entirely at defiance?" Miss Malina questioned.

"The seeds of disease to be implanted, even at this early age?" added Miss Susanna.

But here Aunt Arabella rose up, bustling and indignant, in her niece's defence.

"It strikes me, ladies," said she, "that we are all of us meddling with what is none of our business. My niece, Mary Jane, as the wife of Charles Constant and the mother of this little child, is doubtless a better judge of these matters than we can pretend to be. Mary Jane, if you are going out shopping with me it's high time you put on your bonnet.

The bride looked timidly around.

"If Mrs. Cartwhistle and Malina and Susanna will excuse me," said she, doubtfully.

"Oh, we are of no consequence," said Miss Malina, with a toss of her head.

"Pray, don't remain at home on our account," said Miss Susanna.

"We are just going to take leave, ourselves," said Mrs. Cartwhistle, sourly.

"Me doo, too, mamma," coaxed little Dita, seizing hold of the skirts of Mrs. Constant's dress. "Me doo with oo."

"No darling, no," said Mrs. Constant, ringing the bell for Bridget. "You are too little."

"Exercise is good for the child," interposed Grandma Cartwhistle.

"Ettertise dood for F." This was Dita's mite.

"And you know you were very croupy last night," added Mrs. Constant tenderly.

"I never could find it in my heart to leave a child that wasn't well," croaked Miss Malina.

"But," added Susanna, "a step-mother knows nothing of the sensations that agitate a true maternal heart."

And the bride, fairly driven to the last extremity of patience, took an abrupt departure, leaving the small Dita shrieking in the arms of Bridget, while her grandmother and maiden aunts stood around, a sort of commiserating chorus.

"She has no heart at all," growled Miss Malina.

"I told Charles how it would be when he would persist in marrying that slip of a girl" said Mrs. Cartwhistle.

"What can one expect of a step mother?" gloomily demanded Miss Susanna.

"Sure an' savin your presence, ladies," put in Bridget, who by this time succeeded in quieting the child's cries, "it's me humble opinion as Mrs. Constant spoils the little lady intirely wid too mush kindness. Sure, wasn't she up wid her half the night, last night, wid ipecac an' camphorated oil? And ain't it her as hears misey's prayers (very blessed night of her life, and tells her all the fairy stories as ever grew, an' pets her like a kitten?' There ain't one mother in a hundred, let alone a step-mother, as loves a child like my misus loves little Dita."

And the grandmother and the two maiden aunts went grimly away, saying to one another what a very presuming person that Bridget was, and how Charles' young wife hadn't dignity enough to keep her servants in their proper place.

But when Mrs. Constant returned from her shopping expedition that afternoon there was an air of consternation about the house. Doors and windows were wide open; sympathetic neighbors were gathering about the threshold; Mrs. Cartwhistle, with her wig on awry and her mourning veil all twisted to one side, stood sobbing in the middle of the floor, with a prodigious black-bordered handkerchief pressed to her eyes; Miss Malina and Miss Susanna were hurrying to and fro, wildly flinging their hands; and Mr. Constant himself had just sprung from a cab which rattled up to the curb as if drawn by flying dragons.

"Dear me!" cried the young stepmother. "What can have happened?"

"I told you so!" said Mrs. Cartwhistle.

"I always prophesied it!" said Miss Malina.

"I foresaw it from the very beginning!" said Miss Susanna.

"But what is the matter?" gasped poor Mrs. Constant. "Has anything happened to—to dear little Dita?"

"She's drowned!" said Mrs. Cartwhistle.

"In the great Persian jar," said Miss Susanna.

"Filled it with water from the bathtub, and then crawled in herself, dear, sweet innocent!" sobbed Miss Malina. "Oh, dear. I knew something would happen when you so heartlessly refused her innocent plea to accompany you."

"All this comes, Charles," croaked Mrs. Cartwhistle, "from giving your precious lamb a step-mother."

"I shall maintain to my life's end," said Miss Susanna, "that it was all Mrs. Constant's fault."

But the poor young wife pushed her way frantically through the confusion.

"Where is she?" she gasped. "Dita!" Where have they laid her?"

"We—we hain't dared to touch her," answered Miss Malina, with a burst of hysterical tears. "But there's her dear little blue shoe in a puddle of water on the carpet, and her lovely gold hair floating on top. Oh, dear, don't let Charles go near her. Oh, dear, to think that she should be drowned, and no one near to help her. It all comes of a step-mother's neglect!"

"Mamma! Mamma!" piped a little voice at the self-same moment, and Mrs. Constant felt a tiny hand pulling at her dress, and turned to behold Dita—held up in Bridget's triumphant arms. "Sure ma'am I found her fast asleep on the garret floor," said Bridget, "wi' her precious arm under her head. An' to think of the thrick she played us, with the big doll drowned in the chaney vase, an' its yelly hair floatin' a top, just for all the wurreld, like Misey's own!"

"Dolly dirty! Dolly have bath!" complacently proclaimed Miss Perdita.

And then, naturally enough, Mrs. Constant fainted away in her husband's arms.

When she came to her senses again, the house was restored to its usual stillness and composure, and she was lying on a sofa, with her husband at her side, and little Dita playing on the floor at no great distance. She looked vaguely around.

"Where is Mrs. Cartwhistle?" said she.

"Gone," said Mr. Constant. "And so have Malina and Susanna—and they will never come back to this house again. It is quite true that they are my last wife's relatives, but that gives them no title to assail you as they have done to-day. You have been more than a mother to our little Dita, and the child's love bears a mute testimony to this. Hereafter with her, as well, dear, as with me, your will shall be law."

And so Dita's stepmother conquered at last, and the Cartwhistle battalion was routed in mass.

### SUPERSTITION.

A gentleman who had been dining at a restaurant, and who often ordered a dozen oysters, counted them one day and found but eleven. Still another day he counted them, with the same result. Then he said to the waiter:

"Why do you give me only eleven oysters when I order a dozen?"

"Oh, sir, answered the waiter, "I didn't think you'd want to be sittin' thirteen at table, sir!"

### BEST WORK ON SOUTH AFRICA.

The war in South Africa has caused several publishers to advertise forthcoming histories of that country. We have several of the prospectus books before us. One is from the pen of a newspaper correspondent who was in South Africa a short time ago, but is not there at all now. Another is a rehash of Livingstone's and Stanley's travels, with a few engravings and pages added. Apparently newspaper reports and paste and scissors are relied on to make up nearly all such forthcoming books on South Africa. But we are glad to know that South Africa, with the added interest of this war, is going to be the subject of one first-class book by the best known authors of the present day, and that the same is not being run through with lightning speed, but has been in preparation for several years. John Clarke Ridpath, LL. D., author of "Cyclopaedia of Universal History," "Life and Times of Gladstone," "History of the World," etc., is undoubtedly the best American historical writer living, and the equal of any historian of any land. He is assisted by Edward S. Ellis, M. A., author of the Standard History of the United States, a work that has made for Mr. Ellis a world-wide reputation. A considerable part had been already written when hostilities commenced, and a great number of photographs and drawings obtained while official sources were easy of access.

As war became a certainty, arrangements were made for direct correspondence as to the progress of events. The work will excel all others as a record of the war, and be incomparable in other respects. It will be profusely and handsomely illustrated. There will be about 150 full page, half tone engravings, executed in a style superior to that of the largest American magazines, and certainly in striking and beautiful contrast to the other prospectuses that we have seen. These will comprise scenes in South Africa, and sketches of the great battles—many of which have been sent from South Africa direct to the publishers—life-like portraits of Lord Roberts, Lord Kitchener, Col. Otter, Gen. Joubert, Paul Kruger and other prominent commanders of the British and Boer forces. Of special interest will be the section devoted to the Canadian Contingent, which will be from the pen of Mr. J. A. Cooper, managing editor of the *Canadian Magazine* and one of the ablest writers in the Dominion. There will be twenty full page illustrations of the first Canadian contingent, and equal justice will be done to the second contingent now in course of organization. A comparison of the prospectus of this book by the side of several others before us, shows at a glance its great superiority in paper, printing, engraving and binding, and yet the price is no higher than the others. The work is being published jointly by two of the largest and wealthiest publishing firms in the United States, and a Canadian edition is being issued by the World Publishing Company, of Guelph, Canada, a firm that publishes only the best books, a firm that has exported millions of books to foreign countries, that has sent five hundred men to Australia, and that has had a branch house in South Africa for the last nineteen years, which gives it an immense advantage over any rival publisher in securing photographs and material, an article from its representative being a special feature.

The maps contained in the work are the best we have yet seen of South Africa. Surely a fortune awaits the publishing firm and a rich harvest for the agents on such a book and at such a time. The call for agents by The World Publishing Company Guelph, Ont., for this great work, will be found in another column.—*Daily Herald*, Guelph.

### MISPLACED ORDERS.

During the Civil War volunteer officers, new to soldiering, utter many orders not in true military form, though perhaps not the less effective on that account. The following stories are related of Maj. Moody of the Twenty-Seventh Michigan Regiment:

He had been a sea captain on Lake Superior, and not unnaturally some of his old lingo came to his tongue now and then in moments of keen excitement. Once, while his company was in line of battle behind some protection, some of the men exposed themselves recklessly in spite of his repeated orders. At last he lost his patience entirely, and rushing in front of the company shouted:

"Boys, bear a hand and keep down or, by Jupiter, I'll send every mother's son of you aft."

On another occasion, while advancing in line of battle in the Wilderness under a heavy fire, he was so anxious to keep his alignment that he forgot his tactics and his military phrases, and was heard all along giving his commands:

"Luff, boys, luff—steady, steady—luff, luff—there, steady—now give 'em every shot in the locker."

### INTERESTING.

It was decided that Mr. Wright must administer a stern lecture on his four-year-old daughter Florence. The little girl had been naughty, but she did not seem to appreciate the fact, and Mr. Wright reluctantly undertook a "scolding."

He hated to make the tender little heart ache and to see the dear child cry, but he forced himself to speak judiciously and severely. He recounted her misdeeds, and explained the whys and wherefores of the stern rebuke. Mrs. Wright sat by, looking duly impressed.

Finally Mr. Wright paused for breath, and also to hear the small culprit acknowledge her error. The scolding was never continued. Florence turned a face beaming with admiration to her mamma, and said, innocently:

"Isn't papa interesting?"

### RECKLESS CUSTOMER.

The New York *Tribune* tells a story of a boy who did not mean to be heartless, but spoke without weighing his words.

He had lived all his short life in a city, but recently went to visit at a "real farm." He was in ecstacies. Every animal on the place was a delight to him, but he particularly fell in love with a Jersey calf.

"I'd like to buy it," he said to the owner.

"But what would I you give in exchange?" he was asked.

"My baby sister," answered the boy with the utmost gravity. "We have a new baby at our house almost every year, and we've never had a calf!"

### EARNED HIS RANK.

Promotion in the army is supposed to be always for merit, but it is to be added that the merit may be of different kinds. Patsy O'Flyn, being at a reunion of veterans not long ago, according to the Detroit *Free Press*, was asked to tell how he became a corporal. If Patsy had been a Dewey, instead of a true hearted and modest soldier, he would no doubt have made a different story of it.

"We was in Georgie," said Patsy, with a grin, "an' the atin' we had been afther havin' was that bad there was no livin' on it. One avenin' whin we had camped on a farrem, wid pickets surroundin' the house an' the shtable, patriotic the intimy, as the boys was a saying, the ginoral he sint for me, for the ginoral an' meself was from the same town, an' Oi had worked in his garden miny an' miny a day.

'Phwat is it, ginoral?' says Oi, a-comin' to a salute in his tint.

'Patsy,' says he, 'how ale ye fallin' this avenin'?'

'Foine, ginoral,' says Oi, 'but bad luck to the boardin' we're gettin'.'

'That saime here, Patsy,' says he, shmilin' loike.

'Tis's fatherin' at all, at all, is it, ginoral?' says Oi, shmilin' loike meself.

'It's ruinin' me constitution intirely, Patsy,' says he.

'Bad luck to us if we be afther lettin' the loikes of yez, ginoral,' says I. 'Mebe we could be afther gettin a change at the farram house, ginoral,' says Oi, hintin' loike.

'The ginoral looked harrud an' stern.

'Patsy,' says he, 'phwat is the first duty of a soldier?'

'Ginoral,' says Oi, comin' to a salute, 'it is to be afther gettin, a foine pig an' a bag of corn, male for the commandin' officer whin he has been livin' on harrud tack an' an ials pork for four wakes.'

'That will do, Patsy,' says he, 'lookin' harruder than iver; an' Oi saluted agin' an' went out, an' the ginoral had fat pig for breakfast, an' Oi'was a corporal inside of sixty days."

### PATIENT WAITERS.

The Greenlanders' mode of life has accustomed them to take things as they come. If they find no game, they know how to go hungry, and in their relations with each other and with Europeans they manifest the same "astounding patience," as Doctor Nansen calls it. Even the most open injustice, he says, is received with imperturbable calmness. He had many opportunities of admiring this stoicism.

I would see them in the morning standing by the door in the passage of the Colonial Manager's house, or waiting in the snow outside his door, to speak to him of his assistant, who happened to be otherwise engaged.

They had probably some little business to transact with those officials before starting for their homes, often many miles from the colony, and it might be of the greatest importance to them to get away as soon as possible. If the weather happened to look threatening, every minute would be more than precious; but there they would stay waiting, as immovable as ever, and to all appearances as indifferent.

If I asked them if they were going to start, they only answered, "I don't know. Perhaps if the weather doesn't get worse," or something to that effect; but I never once heard the smallest murmur of impatience.

The following occurrence, for which my informant vouches, illustrates this side of their character:

An inspector of Godthaab sent a boat's crew into the Ameralik fiord to mow grass for his goats. They remained a long time away, and no one could understand what had become of them. At last they returned; and when the inspector asked why they had been so long, they answered that when they got to the place the grass was too short, so they had to settle down and wait till it grew.

### UNTRUSTWORTHY.

Fame has its own peculiar bitterness. "Isn't it pleasant to go back with laurels to your old home?" asked some one of a celebrated artist, who replied, quizzically: "It would be, except that many of my townsmen think me a house-painter. That is a worthy trade, but still it is not my trade." Yet such a sting is not the sharpest to be imagined.

A century ago there lived a famous almanac-maker, named Partridge. One day, while travelling in the country, he stopped for dinner at an inn, and afterwards called for his horses, in order to continue his journey.

"If you will take my advice, sir," said the hostler, "you will stay where you are, unless you want to be overtaken by a heavy rain."

"Nonsense," was the reply. "It doesn't look in the least like rain."

He proceeded on his way, and was thoroughly drenched by the shower in which he had refused to believe. Turning back, he was met by the hostler, with a broad grin.

"Well, sir," said the man, "you see I was right, after all."

"Yes, you were right, and now you must tell me how you came to know about the rain."

"Well, sir," replied the man, "you see we have a book at our hotel called 'Partridge's Almanac,' and whenever that fellow promises us a fair day, we know it will rain. Now this day is put down in the almanac as fair'ish fine weather. I looked at the prediction before I brought your horses out, and that was how I could put you on your guard."

### CHANGE THE SUBJECT.

One of the most difficult things to do gracefully is to change the current of an unpleasant conversation. But the small boy can do it if circumstances make it necessary.

"Thomas, will you please tell me why you pulled up the onions from my Danvers onion-bed? How many times have I told you to keep away from the garden?"

Thomas grew red in the face, and his grandfather went on to depict the fate that was sure to befall boys who went around accomplish it, called Bridget in to the dinner-table one day and said severly:

"Bridget, this drawn-butter gravy is actually bitter!"

"Is that so, ma'am?" asked Bridget, sorrowfully.

"It is, Bridget. Now, how do you account for it?"

"I do' know, ma'am; but I do be thinkin', ma'am that I dropped a tear until it!"

### ORDERLY DISORDER.

(Chicago's Chief of Police says there are no objections to saloonists violating the laws "in an orderly manner.")

"If you should wish to break the law,
The chief explains it highly,
It's all right just as long as you
Can do the job politely.

For instance, when you rob a house,
Do not forget to gurgle
Apologies for doing so,
And then proceed to burgle.

Or, if you use a footpad bold
Remark: "Please don't refuse me"
Then take the victim's watch and cash
And murmur low: "Excuse me."

If you desire to forge a check
Do ask he to forgetful
As to neglect to write a note
Colched in a style regretful.

Whene'er you wish to kill a man,
First speak to him a word or
Two, telling him how sad you feel,
And then proceed to murder.

And, when you go to steal a horse
In etiquette don't falter,
But say: "Pardon me, old hog,"
As you pick up the halter.

If you intend to lift a purse,
To take away the shook it
Perhaps will cause, excuse yourself,
Before you pick the pocket.

And thus we see that etiquette
Will introduce some brightness
Into the gloomy ways of crime,
Through orderly politeness.

—*Baltimore American.*

### NOT TO BE RESISTED.

The craving for freedom is so strong among prisoners that they will throw away even their chances of pardon and release for the sake of its temporary gratification. The author of "The American Siberia," a book describing convict life in the South, says that one prisoner had served out a long sentence up to his last day. He had worked faithfully, and never violated a prison rule; all the officials had the utmost confidence in him. He was to be released the next day, and during the meantime was one of a squad of men working out of doors.

The captain of the camp had occasion to use a barrel left on the top of a neighboring hill, and said jocosely to this prisoner:

"Do you think you could come back if I sent you over the hill for the barrel?"

He laughed at the idea.

"Why, of course I could, captain," he replied. "I've had a hundred chances to escape, and besides I shall be a free man to-morrow."

"Go ahead," said the captain.

He started over the hills, and was presently seen returning. When the captain looked up again, he was gone. And pursuit proved that he had run about a mile, and then set down to hammer off his irons. When he was captured he seemed half-pleased, and could offer no explanation except that he "just couldn't help it."

Another prisoner knew himself better. He was to be released in a few days, and the captain said to him, in reference to some errand:

"Do you think it would be safe for me to send you over there?"

A singular expression overshadowed his face, and then, in one burst of wonder, came its explanation.

"Captain," said he, "you'd better not send me. If I got that far away, I couldn't come back if I wanted to."

### CONTRADICTION OF TERMS.

Young John Green was a very literal, matter-of-fact fellow, who, after he had graduated at the High School and taken a year's course in short-hand, obtained a situation as a secretary in a large mercantile establishment. One day his employer, who had a good opinion of John's literary abilities, called him and said:

"Green, I want you to write a circular letter to our customers, telling them squarely what we are going to do for them in the matter of that big consignment of percales."

John went away to write the letter; but the task troubled him. By and by he came back.

"Didn't you tell me, sir, to write a good square letter to the customers?"

"Yes."

"And didn't you also tell me that it was to be a circular letter?"

"Why, yes."

"Well, sir, how can it be square and circular at the same time? That isn't good geometry, is it, sir?"

"Oh!" said the merchant, looking steadily at John, "I forgot the geometry. Perhaps you had better tell them roundly what we are going to do—not squarely! Can you do that?"

"Oh, yes," said John. This time he performed his task without any trouble.

### TRULY RESIGNED.

There was once a certain old lady whose son, late in life, married against her wishes. The wife was everthing that could be desired, and yet the old lady had not intended her middle-aged "boy" to marry at all, and loud were her complaints thereat. Finally the minister called, to assay consolation, and remind her that it was hardly best to make the neighbors the confidants of her woes.

"I am sure Huldah will prove a dutiful daughter to you," said he.

"She'll do as well as she can," grumbled the old lady, "but her best'll be bad enough."

"Well, you know the deed is done now, and nothing you can say will prevent it."

"I know it. If he had only heard to me in the first place, it never would have happened."

"But, my dear madam, this is not making the best of things."

"There ain't any best to some things!" snapped she.

"If you could only be resigned—"

"Resigned? I'm always resigned when things go as I want them to!"

Evidently there was no more to be said.

### PATHETIC.

A lady who had spent a great deal of time in trying to teach her servant girl to make a good drawn-butter gravy, and who found no little scolding necessary to accomplish it, called Bridget in to the dinner-table one day and said severly:

"Bridget, this drawn-butter gravy is actually bitter!"

"Is that so, ma'am?" asked Bridget, sorrowfully.

"It is, Bridget. Now, how do you account for it?"

"I do' know, ma'am; but I do be thinkin', ma'am that I dropped a tear until it!"