The Acton Free Press.

VOLUME XXV.---NO. 33. ACTON, ONTARIO, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 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.

ADVERTISING RATES—Transient advertisements, 10 cents per Nonpareil line for first insertion, 2 cents per line for each subsequent insertion.

COMMERCIAL RATES—The following table shows our rates for the insertion of advertisements for specified periods:—

SPACE.	1 Wk.	1 Mo.	3 Mo.	1 Yr.
20 inches	$20.00	$35.00	$60.00	$75.00
10 inches	12.00	20.00	32.00	40.00
5 inches	7.00	12.00	17.00	25.00
2 inch	4.00	5.50	9.00	12.00

Advertisements, without specific directions, will be inserted till forbid and charged accordingly. Transient advertisements must be paid in advance.

Advertisements will be changed once each month if desired. For changes oftener than once a month the composition must be paid for at regular rates.

Changes for contract advertisements must be in the office by noon on Tuesdays.

Accounts payable monthly.

H. F. MOORE, Editor and Proprietor.

Business Directory.

MEDICAL.

DR. JOHN M. MACDONALD, M. D., C. M., EDINBURGH.

Office and residence—Corner Mill & Frederick Streets, Acton.
Office Hours:—8 to 10.30 a.m.; 1 to 3 p.m., and to 9 p.m.

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

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

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

J. M. BELL, D.D.S., L.D.S., DENTIST, ERIN VILLE.
HONOR GRADUATE OF TORONTO UNIVERSITY. Work made satisfactory. Prices Moderate.
VISITING DATES—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 at 6%.
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 rooms at Mrs. John Williams', Milldamat. Will be there every Monday beginning December 4th.

HENRY GRIST,
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. Send for pamphlet. Thirty-two years experience.

FRANCIS NUNAN
BOOKBINDER,
Wyndham St., (Over Williams' Store.) Guelph, Ontario.
Account Books of all kinds made to order and bindings of every description carefully bound, ultra neatly and promptly done

MARRIAGE LICENSES.
H. F. 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 $500 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 forwarded to my address, Box 343, or telephone 54, will be promptly tended 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 slabs but above length always on hand.
Telephone Communication

Hockey Sticks.... Fine Lot.
Punching Bags....
Boxing Gloves....
Crokinole ....
Winter Games....
BIG SUPPLY —AT— Day's Bookstore, Guelph.
Day sells cheap.

MERCHANTS BANK OF CANADA
Capital $6,000,000
Rest 2,600,000
A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS TRANSACTED.
Interest at most favorable current rates allowed on Savings Bank accounts and Deposit Receipts.
Letters of Credit issued, available in all parts of the world.
Special attention given to Farmers' Business.
MONEY ORDERS.
FOR ANY SUM UP TO $50.
Payable at any banking point in Canada outside of the Yukon Territory, may now be procured at the Bank Counter without any delay.
ACTON BRANCH
J. H. WALLACE, Manager.

FRAME YOUR PICTURES
WATERS BROS.
Can do it for you at the lowest Prices, and in the latest Styles.
Wyndham Street, GUELPH.

Main Street
PLANING MILLS,
ACTON ONT.
John Cameron,
Architect and Contractor,
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.
JOHN CAMERON Proprietor

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.

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 and.
Circulars free.
J. SHARP, Principal.

WANTED—Several bright and honest persons to represent us as Managers in this and adjoining 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. T, 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.... 12 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.

LINOLEUM AND OIL CLOTH DEPARTMENT.
Spring is no cause of coming than we are of being ready for it with the newest and most pleasing designs and patterns in Linoleums and Oil Cloths. Twenty-two large rolls have just arrived, which means that thousands of yards are to be sold to make rooms in homes in Guelph and vicinity more comfortable than they now are. Samples sent on application and estimates given. Don't wait till the choice pieces are sold although all our pieces are carefully selected that choice is hard to find.
Our Prices are Always Right

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

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

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 paid 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.

CAR OF CORN
Just arrived 1st December for
ROBERT NOBLE'S
Flour & Feed Store
We also keep always on hand:
"Noveal Flour," "Pure Manitoba"
All kinds of Mill Feed and Chopped Grains, Rolled Oats, Split Peas, Fine Corn Meal, Graham Flour, Cracked Wheat, Etc.
FRANK HARRIS, Manager.

GREAT RUSH FOR FOOTWEAR
AT W. WILLIAMS' MILL ST., ACTON.
GOOD Values are the secret of it all. Our method of doing business is to buy the best, sell the best, and recommend only reliable goods. It is this method that has brought to our store a permanent and desirable patronage.
Quality and Price are two of the most important points to consider when buying
Boots and Shoes Rubbers and Overshoes
We make them our specialty. It will pay you to give us a call and see the bargains we are offering in all kinds of seasonable footwear. We are in touch with the best Wholesale Houses.
Remember, we are after your patronage, and the inducement we offer is GOOD RELIABLE GOODS at close prices for CASH.
CALL AND SEE PRICES. NO TROUBLE TO SHOW GOODS.
W. WILLIAMS. MILL ST.

Poetry.

WHERE SHE FALLS DOWN.

She's a leader in society, a speaker and a wit,
She can talk about astronomy and law;
She quotations quadratic and the higher mathematics
She's the sweet adept mortals ever saw.
With Kipling, Shakespeare, Conan Doyle she's intimate and free,
And she views the world right in the handsome big strife,
But with all her wealth ofology, from Theo to Sociology,
She never darned a stocking in her life.

She can play all scales chromatic, plain and simple, idiomatic—
A piano just a victim to her touch—
And a lady's a pleading poor thing when she trembles on its main string,
And she hangs its working frame with loving clutch;
And the neighbors they are praying, and to each other they are saying,
Things she never heard as maiden or as wife,
But over all their praying, piping voices they are saying,
"She never darned a stocking in her life."

Virgil, Homer, Horace, Cæsar, not one of them can scare her
In thought he gave the world some time ago;
Latin, Yiddish, Greek and Russian, French and Spanish, Dutch and Prussian,
All come tripping from her lips in accents low.
Rules of order and disorder, wealth of parliamentary lore,
Points of privilege in couples rushing drive;
As she sits a queenly christmas, still, you know a very fair one,
Though she never darned a stocking in her life.

Oh, she's strong on all reforms, politics and natural storms,
And on all city ownership she's great—
Water, telephones and light, electric cars that run by night,
And improvements in the borough and the state!
Wonder how she knows it all, on this city terrestrial ball,
And is now the brightest star in all club life,
When with such a simple thing as a needle with a string,
She can't learn to darn one stocking in her life.

—S. J. Doulevy in Denver Republican.

Select Family Reading.

A Dark Mistake.

"NO use burning all these lights down here. I'll just have to fill them in the morning, and no use making me work for nothing," said the old sexton turned down the one lamp burning in the chandelier in the room and went out, leaving the door ajar. The light flickered for a few moments until an outer door was opened, and then, with one bright flash, it died out.

Up stairs there was much laughing and talking as the busy hands put the finishing touches to the church decorations for the morrow.

"There. I think that it is as well as we can do," and Nellie Collier stepped back to survey the work. "We need a small piece of rope to reach across that seat yet, doctor," she said turning to Dr. Graham, who was standing beside her. "Two of those letters in that center motto are crooked. You straighten them, please, while I get the rope. I know where there is a piece that will just do," and she hurried down the stairs and ran against Mr. Pitcairn as he was entering his study.

"Whew! Dark as can be," she said half aloud as she entered the small anteroom and felt her way over the closet under the stairs.

Mr. Pitcairn went into his study, his thoughts in a tumult. For months Nellie Collier's laughing face had been haunting him, and he often found that his eyes rested on her when he was preaching.

He waited a few minutes and then met the little white-robed figure as she was about leaving the room.

"Nellie, I want to tell you something," he said, taking hold of the hands which were full of rope.

"I have been wanting to tell you for a long time that I love you. I don't think that you can be surprised, for you must have seen that I love you dearly, and I hope that it has not been distasteful to you, has it?"

There was no answer, but there was no attempt to withdraw the hands that he held.

"I am not an adept at lovemaking, darling. Will you be my wife, Nellie?"

"I never thought that you cared for me," she murmured. "You never noticed me much, and I thought you cared for others," came in a low voice.

"I must have hid my feelings more than I thought, but it was because I loved you so that you thought that I neglected you. A minister is watched so much and has to be so very careful. But can you love me, darling, enough to be my wife?"

He could scarcely hear the answer, but he suddenly clasped her in his arms. No matter what happened for a few minutes. It was the first time that he had been in love, and the room was dark. He remembered afterward that he even then felt surprised to find that she was so small.

"I must be going, darling," he said at last as he heard some one entering the next room. "There is a committee meeting in my study. I will come up stairs as soon as I can," and, giving her a last kiss, he hurried from the room.

He was in no humor for a business meeting, and the good brethern must have thought that their young minister was growing frivolous, he seemed so light hearted and laughed several times when they were discussing important business. The truth was he scarcely knew what was said or done, and as soon as the last one had departed he hurried upstairs. Nearly every one had gone, but Nellie, his Nellie, was busy arranging some last flowers in a vase, and Dr. Graham was standing beside her and whispering something to her while she just shook her head and laughed.

Nellie merely glanced up as he approached.

"What do you think of the decorations?" she asked.

"They are fine, very fine," he answered, trying to meet her glance, but she had turned back to Dr. Graham, and for a moment he was angry.

"Pshaw! How unreasonable I am," he said to himself. "How much more thoughtful she is so as not to attract attention."

So he waited away until he saw her preparing to leave.

"Are you ready to go now?" he asked in a low tone. "Do you want to take this basket along?"

"Why, yes—but," she hesitated an instant, "Dr. Graham will help me with my things."

He suddenly dropped the basket.

"Why, Nellie, it is my place, not that fellow's," he exclaimed.

Nellie Collier's face flushed. "I do not see how you can claim that right any more than you have to speak of Dr. Graham in that manner," she said haughtily.

"Why, Nellie, I think that what passed between us this evening would certainly give me the right."

"Why, Mr. Pitcairn, what could possibly have passed between us? You must be laboring under some mistake," she exclaimed in surprise. "I saw you when you came into the church and had scarcely spoken to you until you came here a few minutes ago."

"What do you mean, after what was said in the anteroom when you were after rope?"

"Mr. Pitcairn, if you had any conversation with any one down stairs it certainly was not with me. I went down after rope, but I was not gone two minutes, and you must remember that I was not the only one who had been down stairs after things, and if you have made any arrangements to accompany a young lady home this evening it was not with your humble servant," and her black eyes danced merrily, and he knew that she was enjoying his discomfiture.

Mr. Pitcairn grew pale.

"I'll forgive you for calling Dr. Graham a fellow if you don't do it again, for he is" —she hesitated and blushed—"a very particular friend of mine, and you and I have been such good friends that I will tell you a secret—we are engaged."

"Oh, you little torment! I might have known that you would try"—he exclaimed, his face all aglow.

"Why, Mr. Pitcairn, how could you have known it, when we did not know it ourselves until this evening? And I don't know what the doctor will say to my telling you."

Mr. Pitcairn staggered back against a seat. "I—I wish you every happiness," he stammered, then he turned to examining the flowers until after they had left the church. He felt dazed, and he certainly pinched himself to see that he was not dreaming as he went down stairs to his study.

"A pretty kettle of fish I've got into," he exclaimed, as he threw himself into a chair and kicked the footstool, which Miss Reynolds had made, across the room. "Lost the girl I wanted and engaged myself to something I don't want, and I have no idea who it is!"

He lit a match and went over to the anteroom. There lay a piece of rope on the floor and beside it a daintily perfumed handkerchief. He picked them up and went back to his study. He remembered now that he noticed the scent of violets as he held her in his arms. It cost him a struggle to give up Nellie Collier. He sat and thought until long after midnight. He studied over all the Nellies of his congregation. There was Miss Reynolds, but she was too stout, he thought, with a great sigh of relief; Miss Mattern was too tall. It was some one whose head just reached his shoulder. He had called her Nellie, he was certain of that, with some love epithets thrown in. She was small and dainty and, whoever she was, evidently loved him.

If he found she was some one would not suit him, well, he would have to get out of it in some way. But, whoever she was, her presence seemed to haunt him as he sat there. He could feel her arms around his neck and the pressure of her head against his shoulder, and he felt an intense longing to hold the little white robed figure in his arms and feel her warm breath on his cheek. And he—dignified minister that he was—picked up the handkerchief and kissed it passionately.

He scarcely knew how he got through the next day. He was thankful that the services were such that he did not have to give a regular sermon. He studiously avoided looking at the choir, where Nellie Collier was sitting, until near the close of the evening services, when, while Elinor Vandever was singing a solo, he turned that way, and their eyes met, her voice faltered for an instant and then rang out clear and sweet. He nearly let the hymn-book he was holding fall to the floor in his surprise, and a sudden feeling of relief came over him.

Elinor Vandever! He had never thought of her, and yet he knew that her pet name at home was Nellie. She had always been so reserved that he had never dreamed that she would care for him, but there was no mistaking that look.

"What a dear little thing she is. I don't think that I will want to give her up. I—I have been very fortunate," he said to himself as he met her at the foot of the stairs and drew her little hand on his arm. "You—you were busy talking to Nellie Collier, and Aunt Minnie was ready to go and I didn't know how to get out of not going along with her. I thought you would understand it."

"Well, if I didn't have you last night I have you to-night," he said tenderly, pressing the little hand to his side.—Chicago News.

DIDN'T HAVE TIME.

"I thought you were going to make an attack on the Americans?"

"They didn't give us a chance," replied the Filipino chief.

"What was the matter? did they run away?"

"No; they sent out a scouting party and chased us away."

AN EXTRAVAGANT WIFE.

Mrs. Talkmuch—That Mrs. Rev. Backwoods is a shamefully extravagant woman. She spends every cent of her husband's salary.

Mr. Barksam—You don't pay us. The dreadful spendthrift. And to think Rev. Backwoods gets $400 a year too.—Ohio State Journal.

"Adversity flatterpth no man," but the pains of dyspepsia turn his attention to Hoods Sarsaparilla and in its use he finds a cure.

THE FEAR OF WANT.

Courage and cowardice change their basis as human life goes on. Mankind is not afraid of much which used to terrify, but modern life has terrors of its own. The peculiar feature of our new kind of cowardice is that no one seems ashamed of it.

Men who would face death by lead and steel, by fire and water, and who would be heartily ashamed to be found making themselves secure in time of common danger of the old-fashioned sort, will fly headlong before the one governing fear of life to-day, and are not in the least ashamed to spend and waste lives in buttressing themselves against it.

Our fear is the fear of want.

It is a large, loose, general term, and somewhat difficult to analyze. On last reduction it can mean but death—but we are not afraid of death. On the middle distance it means a varying degree of hardship—but we are not afraid of hardship. In its first easy grades it means simply going without things—luxuries, restriction—but it would be hard to show why this should so affect us, since all life everywhere meets the same limitations. There are always some things which one wants and does not have, and there always will be.

If eyesight stopped at the lids, we might live without wanting, but so long as seeing goes before reaching so long is the world led and lifted by desire. Unfulfilled desire is the main condition of life, and no more to be feared than the weather. Hardship is fairly courted by the young and vigorous, is a recognized educator, and is so common a human condition as to disarm all dread of the unknown. Death we learned to face with calmness many thousand years ago. What, then, are we afraid of in the fear of want? Why is it that a man who would not be a coward on the field of battle is so prone a coward on the field of business? Why will the workman who will any day lose his life to save a comrade commit many a sin rather than lose his job.

The standard of living has been slowly lifted from age to age by men who were not afraid. They were not afraid of the great beasts, and slew them. They were not afraid of strange seas, and crossed them. They were not afraid of evil governments and overthrew them. They were not afraid of oppressive religions, and forced them to open and develope, or they made new ones.

Hunter, sailor, soldier, explorer, inventor, discoverer, reformer, these have faced hardships, danger, and denial, and made broad the way of progress for us all. And here we stand in new conditions, confronted by new difficulties and dangers, and are most unblushingly afraid. Man to-day has only social conditions to struggle with—he is past master in subduing the earth.

The problems to solve are those of social adjustment, and the need of inventor, explorer, discoverer, is as great as ever. The need is as great, the gain is greater; the danger, after all, is really less—and yet we are afraid!

It is mere shortsightedness and lack of observation. We have courage enough, and devotion, too, but we are not quick to see where to-day's fighting and enduring are most needed.—Charlotte Perkins Stetson, in Epworth Herald.

FINIGUERRA AND THE LAUNDRESS.

It is always pleasing to hear a pretty story told of a man who has created beautiful things. Two groups of tourists—one of the number was reporter—were standing in the Pitti Palace before the large plate of pure silver upon which Finiguerra, the great master of early engraving, had depicted his lovely Madonna and child in a trellised arbor covered with roses. As the tourists looked at the exquisite work, an Italian guide discoursed upon the value of the silver, and offered a magnifying glass with which to observe the delicate lines of the drawing, talking volubly, and uttering scatetically, "Bello!" and "Bellissimo!" as he fell into theatrical poses of admiration.

At the same time an Italian lady was telling her friends in an undertone the charming anecdote of Finiguerra and the laundress.

The artist, it seems, in mastering the new and difficult art of engraving upon metal, had acquired a singularly keen eye and delicate touch; and he also possessed a number of very fine and sharp instruments, which he used in his work.

Being a kindly man, he sometimes placed both his sure hand and his fine tools at the service of his friends and neighbors, in performing for them some of the simpler operations of surgery, until he acquired quite a reputation for his skill in doctoring their hurts.

One day a poor laundress who had been washing clothes, in ringing out a garment in which a needle had been carelessly left, ran it deeply into her hand; worse yet, it broke of in the wound, and a part remained embedded in the flesh. She was in much pain, and on her way back from the stream where she had been washing, she stopped at the house of the artist and was admitted.

Entering his studio, she lastily set down her wet and heavy bundle, and held out the injured hand, begging his assistance. Finiguerra left his work to help her, and after long and delicate manipulation extracted the broken needle. The woman thanked him and turned to go, lifting her bundle from its resting-place.

Then he saw that she set it upon one of his engravings. Like all others at that time it was a plate of engraved. Like all other at that time, it was a piece of engraved metal, complete in itself, and regarded as a single and sufficient picture, exactly, as if it had been a painting.

But as the damp bundle was raised the quick eye of Finiguerra saw that it had received an impression from the engraved picture beneath, and his quick mind seized at once the suggestion of the possibility of indefinate reproduction from a single original. Both at from the kindness of a great artist to a poor washerwoman sprang the discovery which has placed the beautiful products of the engraver's art within the reach of all of us to-day!

FAULTS OF EARLY TRAINING.

"Flossie Bluffington believes in reincarnation."

"She is too lazy to believe in much of anything."

"Yes; she says she can't help it. She used to be a princess on the banks of the Nile."

MODEST EXPECTATION.

Uncle Harry had lived all his life in an inland town of New England. He was a farmer; his father and grandfather before him had been farmers, but there must have been a strain of old Norse blood in his veins, for he loved the sea, and ever since his boyhood all his dreams had been of adventures on its mighty billows. More than anything else he longed for the perils and excitements of a whaling voyage. At the country grocery or at his own fire side—when the subject was not forbidden by Aunt Abigail—he delighted to give a minute description of the great industry, as that time in its primiest days.

As he had never seen the sea or a ship, his description probably lacked what is known as local color. He was the first to recognize this fact. He often ended his most graphic and stirring recital with a sigh. And when the applause was heartiest—this was not at his own fireside—he felt constrained to offer an apology

"Only sehon' han', you know. Never see it myself."

There came a time when his desire to see the great monster with his own eyes could no longer be resisted, and he nerved himself to broach the matter to his wife.

That good woman, product of the rock-ribbed State of Vermont, measured her husband with her eyes, then with her tongue:

"You ketch whales?"

Not being glib of speech, Uncle Harry could think of nothing pertinent to say, and the subject was dropped. All day long Aunt Abigail's keen face wore an unpromising smile, and more than once, as she bent over her churning, she might have been heard to mutter, "Whales!"

At milking-time Uncle Harry got to the root of the matter.

"What a man needs is 'encouragement.'"

This he repeated several times, at first plaintively, then with emphasis—the barn was not near the house. It is perhaps needless to say that the necessary encouragement was not forthcoming, but a determined conviction is not to be repressed, and before long Uncle Harry was talking whale again with added firmness of voice and manner.

Aunt Abigail pooh-poohed, but he was not to be turned from his purpose.

At length Aunt Abigal grasped this fact: her husband was really going, in spite of every thing she could say. This, to use her own expression, "started" her, and she said, with the conviction born of simple domestic experience:

"You will not ketch any—mark my words!"

"Preps I shan't get a big ketch," Uncle Harry admitted, "but," here he faced his wife squarely "I'm bound ter go if I don't ketch few a day!"

THE FUN OF BEING BLIND.

Blind people are proverbially happy, but one would hardly expect to find even a blind man giving a lecture with the above title, "The Fun of Being Blind." There is such a man, however, and he lives in the sunny State of Kansas. Here are a few points in the lecture:

It is very curious to notice how people will ask questions of a blind man which they never think of asking of a person suffering from the loss of other senses.

For instance, almost every person I meet says: "How did you become blind? Was it a gradual loss of sight, or did you become blind all at once?"

Now, how absurd it would be for a person to inquire of a bald-headed man: "How did you lose your hair? Was it a gradual loss of hair, or did you become bald all at once?"

There are many pleasures which a blind person enjoys in a peculiar manner. His sense of hearing is keener, and he feels sensations as persons with full sight never can feel them. This peculiar sensation is like none of the other senses; it may be called very properly the blind man's sense.

This is what gives him such keen pleasure in music. I can hear sounds from a piano or violin which not even the performer is able detect.

I have heard sounds made by certain insects, which my friends who have their eyesight never can hope to hear. And when the breeze is in a certain quarter I can catch the sound of the ocean surf-beat, many miles away. This is not while I am in Kansas, but while visiting in the New England States.

Among the pleasures of being blind is the impossibility of seeing ugly sights. A blind man never has to behold physical deformity and suffering.

Then again, all the friends of the blind man are beautiful. You remember in Victor Hugo's terrible story, "The Man That Laughs," Dea, the blind girl, always thought Gwinplaine was a handsome young man, although in reality he was hideously deformed.

The blind are always happy. They see the face of God, and that is enough.

A LUCKY THING FOR MOTHER

Every night before retiring to bed a certain little boy carefully places a toy pistol beneath his pillow.

Of course they have laughed at him, telling him that he might wake up some fine morning and find that pistol, pillow, and all had disappeared together.

But the other night, his mother awoke and remembered that something had been left unlocked in the lower part of the house. So she quietly stole down the stairs and attended to the errand. She was on her way back, and was slowly ascending the stairs when a coarse little whisper assailed her ears:

"Who's that?"

She looked up quickly, and there on the top step, outlined against the gloom, stood a tiny white figure. And the figure's arm was outstretched, and in a small hand was a gleaming toy pistol.

Of course he knew her as soon as he she spoke, and was presently back in bed again, with his precious pistol beneath his head.

"It was a lucky thing for you, mamma, that you spoke when you did."

GOING THROUGH THE MOTIONS.

"What is your purpose in remaining so silent?" asked the practical politician's friend.

"Are people wondering about it?"

"Of course they are!"

"Well, that's what I want. I have noticed that nearly every politician who amounts to much is at some time or other spoken of as a sphinx. I don't know as it does any good, but it seems customary."—Washington Star.

THE RISE OF THE AWKWARD BOY.

He longed to be great and he longed to rise,
And they laughed at him;
He studied books till he strained his eyes,
And they laughed at him!

His tongue was thick, but his will was strong,
His ears were big and his legs were long,
In a hundred ways he (sic) went wrong,
And they laughed at him.

He left his source day after day,
And they laughed at him;
He packed his satchel and went away,
And they laughed at him!

They heard of the blunders he made in town,
If his awkward efforts to win renown—
To them he was merely a foolish clown,
And they laughed at him.

The papers began to mention his name;
They were proud of him;
He was getting up he was winning fame;
They were proud of him.

He down among them there to day,
And you'll hear his wise old neighbors say
They always knew he'd make his way,
And they're proud of him!

—Chicago Times-Herald.

VARIETIES.

At a so-called "literary" in a Georgia settlement a sturdy old farmer obtained the floor and spoke for one hour on corn raising, fodder pulling, and cotton picking. The local preacher was present, and arose to a point of order. "I do not see," said he, "what a literary meeting has to do with corn raising and fodder pulling." "Well," replied the farmer, "it's got jest this to do with it: At it wasn't for corn, cotton, an' bacon, an' greens there wouldn't be a literary man in the whole country!"—Atlanta Constitution.

"Schoolmaster! Now, if your mother gave you a large apple and a small one, and told you to divide with your brother, which apple would you give him?" Johnny: "D'you mean my big brother or my little brother?"—Tit Bits.

On of the prettiest incidents of the summer is the way a company of our soldiers in camp protected a defenseless mother bird who had made her nest in the parade grounds. As they swept across the field one day the lark and her home were discovered. The boys opened ranks and passed on. Succeeding companies followed their examples. Then to insure future safety the kind-hearted men set up sticks around the nest, which remained undisturbed until the brood was hatched and flown.

Mons, in Belgium, apparently by the well-known computation of interest on a penny in the savings bank by Adam, has decided to present to every child born in the town a savings bank book, with one franc credited in it, which is never to be touched. The object is to encourage saving. Many Belgian towns are making ready to follow the example of Mons.

An old Scotch woman was dying. The storm was raging without, the wind was howling, and the rain dashing against the window panes. They were gathered around her bed. "I maun dee, doctor, I maun dee."—"Aye ay. I'm mickle feart ye' are gaun." "Weel, weel, the Lord's will be done. But its an awfu' night to be gaun skirklin through the clouds."

In the Navy, when the ship's bells toll for Church, the national colors are hauled down from the peak, and the Church pennant, a blue cross on a white field, is displayed. Then the colors are hauled back underneath the pannant. The Cross is the only flag that is ever hoisted above the stars and stripes.

LOOK OUT YOUNG MAN.

When it is said of a man, "He drinks," and when it can be proved, then what store will anyone set by his word? Who would trust him—What—dying man would appoint him his executor? He may have been forty years in building his reputation—it goes down. Letters of recommendation, the backing up of business firms, a brilliant ancestry, cannot save him. The world shies off. Why? It is whispered through all the community, "he drinks! he drinks!" That blasts him. When a young man loses his reputation for sobriety, he might as well be at the bottom of the sea. There are young men who have their good name as their only capital. Your father has started you out in city life. He could only give you an education. He gave you no means. He started you, however, under Christian influence. You have come to the city. You are now achieving your own fortune, under God, by your own right arm. Now look out, young man, that there is no doubt of your sobriety. Do not create any suspicion by going in and out of liquor establishments, or by any odor of your breath, or by any glare of your eye, or by any unnatural flush of your cheek. You cannot afford to do it, for your own good name is your only capital, and when that is blasted with the reputation of taking strong drink, all is gone.—Carrick-fergus Advertiser.

DECEPTION PRACTICED BY GREEDY AND PROFIT-LOVING MERCHANTS.

They Try to Foist Imitation Dyes on their Customers when Diamond Dyes are Asked For.

One of the Ladies Who Could Not be Deceived.

Wise women are never deceived by the untrue and deceptive statements of greedy and profit-loving merchants and dealers. When a storekeeper tells you that some other make of package dye is JUST AS GOOD as the "DIAMOND," he is merely trying to mislead and deceive you. Successful home dyeing depends upon the use of Diamond Dyes; the use of common dyes means spoiled materials every time.

Read the following letter sent to the proprietors of Diamond Dyes by Mrs. A. E. Parker, of Clarence, N. H.:

"Please find money enclosed for Fast Black Diamond Dyes for Cotton. I can't get it here, but I am offered something JUST AS GOOD. The JUST AS GOOD may do for some people, but I want the 'Diamond Dyes' as they are the best made."

Patience and misfortune, courage and death, resignation, and the inevitable, gradually come, together. Indifferent to life