The Acton Free Press.

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The Acton Free Press

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Accounts payable monthly.

H. P. MOORE
Editor and Proprietor.

Business Directory.

MEDICAL.

JOHN M. MACDONALD, M. D., C. M.,
SUCCESSOR TO
J. P. URBIN, M. D., C. M.
Office and residence—Corner Mill & Frederick streets, Acton.
Office Hours:—8 to 10.30 a.m.; 1 to 2 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. Mott.

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 2 to 5 p.m.
SUNDAYS—10 a.m. to 1 p.m.

DENTAL.

L. L. BENNETT, L.D.S., DENTIST,
ORANGEVILLE, 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,
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 R. THOMPSON,
T. C. M., OF TORONTO CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC, PUPIL OF DR. EDWARD FISHER,
is prepared to give instruction in vocal and instrumental music, plain and organ, at her home at Mrs. John Williams', Mill Street. 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., Guelph, Ontario.
(Over Williams' Store.)
Account Books of all kinds made to order and books of every description carefully bound, neatly and promptly done

MARRIAGE LICENSES.
H. P. MOORE,
ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES.
Private Office. No witnesses required. Issued at residence if by 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 communications forwarded to my address, Box 343, or telephone 56, will be promptly handled 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.
Sawed and slabs cut stove length always on hand.
Telephone Communication

Hockey Sticks!

Balance of stock to be sold off at extra

Low Prices.

—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.

PRINT YOUR PICTURES

WATERS BROS.

Can do it for you at the lowest Prices, and in the latest Styles.

Wyndham Street, GUELPH.

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

THE
Up-to-Date Tailoring Store.

In thanking our friends for their patronage for past seasons we beg to announce that our

Stock for Fall and Winter is Now Complete.

and in anticipation of a larger business and also a great advance in British and Foreign goods, we placed our import orders early, that we might give our friends the benefit of the advance which has taken place.

We have the production of the best mills and the latest novelties in designs in

—Suitings—
—Pantings—
—Overcoatings—

Call and see our goods. It is a pleasure to show them.

Fit and workmanship guaranteed.

Cooper & Akins,
Mill St. Acton.

We are sole agents in Acton for the celebrated Hallwarp and Blenheim Serge, which does not fade or change its color in two years wear or money refunded.

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. FERGUSON, Published.

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. 3, 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 the Traders Bank in Canada, excepting the Yukon District, at the following rates:

Under $10..... 3 cents.
$10 to $30..... 10 cents.
$30 to $50..... 15 cents.
$50 to $50..... 15 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. P. H. JONES, ... Manager.

Electric Bell Outfit Complete
$2

For two dollars we supply Bell, Battery, push Button and staples. Can be put up by any handy person in very short time. The Bell for all homes, stores and offices. Sent by express on quick notice.

Our Prices are Always Right

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

WANTED!
Seed Grain

Farmers having Grain fit for seed will please bring in samples. We want thousands of bushels of

Oats, Peas, Barley, Wheat, Buckwheat, etc.

Highest prices paid.

GEO. J. THORP,
MKT. SQ. GUELPH.

Car of Old Dry Corn
Just Received Mar. 1st.

EARLY SEED POTATOES.
Pride of the North.
BEST CLOVER SEED.
Large quantity received and now on sale at the store.
NORVAL FLOUR.
PURE MANITOBA FLOUR.
ALL KINDS OF FEED.
ROLLED OATS.
BREAKFAST FOODS.
The best at reasonable prices is always the cheapest. You can get the best at

ROBERT NOBLE'S
Flour & Feed Store
FRANK HARRIS, Manager.

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.

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.

CASH AND ONE PRICE.
HANDLING NEXTLY DONE.

W. WILLIAMS.
MILL ST.

Poetry.

THE ABSENT-BODIED BEGGAR.

(With humble apologies to Rudyard Kipling and profuse compliments to the numerous able strategists of the "Home Guard.")

When he's read the day's dispatches and digest-
ed all the news,
When he's merely glanced at little items that
hang around the well;
Then he starts to talk promiscuously, to give
some stringent views.
And he sling them very freely with undue
amount of gall.
He's the Absent-Bodied Beggar far away from
scenes of strife,
But you bet your bottom dollar that he thinks
he knows it all.
He can tell you how to do the trick with no such
loss of life,
And he claims if he were only there, he'd
finish up Oom Paul!
Arm chair—warm chair, chair of this effort-
absent man!
Think of the men, the skill, the nerve, the
battles thrown away
By the generals on the spot. Oh, what
awful risks they run,
Through a disregard of such advice as his
say! say! say!
When censored news is read that doesn't tell it
all you know;
But leaves us in the dark about the battles
raging hot,
He up and tells us straightway that this and
that's not so,
And, again, that that and this are mixed, and
nothing's as it ought.
Oh! this Absent-Bodied Beggar, far away from
fighting zone,
He'll figure out the dafalls just as clear—as
clear as mud!
He will tell why General Warren should have
gone ahead alone,
And all about the real—although he'd faint at
sight of blood!
Soft seat—soft seat—seat of an amateur
critical suit;
A whole strategic board combined, though
very far away,
He easily grasps the whole campaign—sit!
sit! sit!
Or he leads you so to gather from his say!
say! say!
When news of some disaster, briefly told, comes
o'er the wires;
Tells how we couldn't drive the Boers from out
the mountain lair,
He'll wisely say what could be done—was done
by "fighting wires"!
If he—this great strategist—had, perchance
been only there!
He's an Absent-Minded Beggar, thousand miles
across the sea,
Or long are now besieged towns would easily
be freed,
And British troops at Ladysmith, Pretoria,
Kimberley!
Bewildered old Oom Paul himself successfully
he tread!
Easy chair—easy chair—chair of the man
who knows it all!
Thought of Boers unscptured will to fill
him with dismay!
He prates of fighting in the past; such
blundering can't recall;
Thus never he stops indulging in his say!
say! say!
When Duffer's doing all he can, but runs against
a snag,
When Cleary, French, Dundonald keep a-
scouting round and round,
When White and Rhodes stand off the Boers,
and everywhere our flag
No matter how the bravely hold, can't always
gain more ground;
This Absent-Bodied Beggar (and he knows no
more than me,
Who, 'e'an if short on knowledge, goes it
might strong on faith),
Tells how, according to his plans, he'd make the
Dutchmen flee,
And paralyze the enemy—by talking him to
death!
Arm chair—warm chair—chair of a windy
strategist,
Who talks and talks about a fight thousands of miles away!
Great Scott! is there no power on earth to
make the man desist,
From his never-ending Tommy-rot and
his say! say! say!

—H. A. M. George, Montreal.

Select Family Reading.

The Drummer and The Drummer.

A STORY OF WAR AND PEACE.

BY CHARES H. DAY.

I—WAR.

"WHY, you're a Yankee, aren't you?" That was what Gladys Clayton, a little Southern girl, said one morning to a small boy dressed in blue who upon her approach had half risen to a sitting posture beside a patch which led both to a spring and a negro cabin, within hailing distance of the spot where the reclining uniformed figure was gazing in open eyed wonder on the vision of juvenile loveliness.

"Yes, I'm a Yank," replied the boy, instinctively saluting. "You can tell that by my blue." Then he paused for a second and said hesitatingly, "Of course you are—are a—"

"A little rebel. Do you surrender?"

"Hardly," replied the boy, making an endeavor to regain his feet, but falling back until he supported himself upon his elbow. An expression of pain swept over his face which startled the child as she exclaimed in sympathetic tones:

"Oh, dear, what a pity! You are wounded and only a boy." Then as a reassurance, she added: "You needn't be afraid, Yankee boy. I won't hurt you and all the gray soldiers are away."

"Where am I?" asked the drummer boy.

"You are on the Clayton plantation, Yankee boy. My mother says that it is 20 miles from nowhere and the last place that was made."

"There's been a big fight," said the boy. "Which licked?"

"Mother says that she reckons they both got all they wanted and then withdrew in good order," answered the girl.

"Where is your father?"

"Licking Yankees," was the reply, with a great deal of energy thrown into the words.

"Oh, ho!" exclaimed the boy, and then, in spite of himself, he permitted a groan to escape his lips.

"Oh, dear!" said the little girl, coming close up to him. "Are you hurt much, little Yankee boy?"

For the moment the boy in blue had forgotten himself as he asked in anxiety:

"Please, little girl, have you seen my drum?"

The girl looked up and down the path on either side, and at length she discovered the wreck of the martial instrument.

"Here it is, little boy," said the girl, with much dignity.

"Thanks, miss," said the soldier boy. "The rebs have shot it full of holes, and it's no good. Throw it away."

The girl threw the shattered fragment into the bushes.

"What can I do for you," said the girl, somewhat perplexed at the situation.

"I'll tell you," replied the boy. And I want you to do it right quick. I want you to get me out of this right smart, for a scouting party of rebs might come this way and capture me—or worse—"

"Yankee boy, my mamma would have a fit if she saw you in that blue suit. She hates you all. Let me see."

Then she clapped her hands and exclaimed:

"I know what I'll do. I'll go to old Hi down at the cabin. He and Auntie are the only ones of all the slaves who have not run away to follow the Yankees. Hi will do anything for me. Be as patient as you can while I am gone, for I won't be long."

It was not long that the lad had to wait, but when the little girl returned with the two colored people he was quite faint and gasped:

"Water!"

"Bring the gourd from the spring!" commanded auntie, who had arrived in advance of her rheumatic husband.

The labor of years and perfect health had given the black woman immense strength, and the drummer boy was little more of a burden to her than an infant.

Gladys ran on ahead to the cabin. Auntie strode on, taking such immense steps that her husband, in a vain endeavor to keep up, was taken with a fit of coughing and was obliged to take a long rest by the wayside. When he did arrive at the cabin, the boy in blue was snugly hidden away in its privacy, and receiving the kind offices of the colored woman, who had had many years of experience in nursing.

Now that the wounded drummer boy was made as comfortable as possible, auntie closed the cabin door and said as impressively as if she was reciting one of her best ghost stories:

"You hear me, Miss Gladys, an' you, ole man? You both done keep yer mouth shut 'bout this 'ere young un. You both all know that the misey at the big house is jest pizen on the Yankees, for all she's a-greeful good woman. But for all that she mustn't be let know of this little chap here any more than's if 'twas a-hidin Linkum hisself."

II—PEACE.

"Linas," said the head of the house to a favorite commercial traveller who had just returned from an extended tour, "do you know anything of the south?"

"A little," was the reply.

"How far south have you been?"

"Richmond."

"Ah!" exclaimed the head of the house. "Long getting there?"

"Pretty near three years."

"First time that I ever heard that you were in the 'late unpleasantness,'" returned his employer. "Never heard about your adventures in the line."

"Well," interrupted the salesman, "you see, I am the only man engaged in the civil war, who is not writing for the magazines."

"In many battles?" asked the managing partner.

"Yes."

"Wounded?"

"Twice; once in the leg and the other time in the heart."

"Recovered from the effects of both wounds?"

"Recovered from the shot in the leg; the wound in the heart is still open."

"Um!" was the finale of this running conversation.

The salesman nodded, and then the converse became strictly business. The desire of the firm was concisely this—to renew a southern trade previously held by the house which had been interrupted by the civil war and never regained; never regained because the house had never made an effort to resume business relations with that section.

"Walter," said the senior partner, becoming familiar. "We must win all that trade back again. I not only want the city houses, but those remote plantation stores at the crossroads which carry such big stocks of our very lines. And, as for the salary and commission, the house will guarantee that your trial trip in the new section shall be no loss to you."

When the day for the salesman's departure for Virginia came, the head of the house at parting said:

"Well, you are advancing on Richmond this time under somewhat different circumstances."

"Not so very different," interrupted the salesman, with a quiet chuckle. "I was a drummer then, and I'm a drummer now."

"Just at dusk one night he drove up to the store on the Clayton plantation and walking into the establishment announced himself and his business by presenting his card, as he said:

"I want supper, feed and keep for my horse, lodging for myself, and will talk business later."

A young man behind the counter replied:

"That'll be all right, Mr. Linas. The proprietor will be here in a moment."

Then he ordered a lounging darky to take the horse round to the barn."

The drummer was just going to ask the condition of trade when a woman entered.

"Miss Clayton, the proprietor," said the clerk, introducing the newcomer.

The greeting of the two was so hearty that the clerk almost fell over the counter.

"Why, Walter!"

"Why Gladys!"

That clerk was a jewel. He knew his business. He hurried out of the store to feed the drummer's horse.

In enclosing an order for a large bill of goods on the ensuing day the drummer, in a communication to the head of the house, wrote:

"I have entirely recovered from that wound of the heart. In Miss Gladys Clayton I have found an old acquaintance, a new woman of the new south, whom I shall have no trouble in bringing into the Union. At present her mother is a hopeless case, but I am quite sure that she too, will become thoroughly reconstructed in due season."

RIVAL BEAUTIES.

Paul Kruger is not a handsome man. It is said that he is the ugliest man in the Transvaal, but he met what he considered his match one day. Being out on the veldt shooting, he fell in with an Irish Outlander of ferocious appearance whom he immediately covered with his rifle.

"Of say!" said the Hibernian, "what are yez going to do?"

"My people," replied Oom Paul, "told me if I ever came across an uglier man I was to shoot him. And I think I have found him."

"Well," said the Hibernian, after a good look at Kruger, "shoot away, for if Oi'm as ugly as you are Oi don't want to live."

THE HOUSE WELL.

Did you ever think of the danger that lurks in the house well? You know that water always finds the lowest ground. The lowest place in the field is always the last to dry up. Often a green scum is seen on the surface of the water. In a new country full of such places there is always more or less sickness. When this country was new everybody had fever and ague. The swamps were not drained out then, and the water had simply to dry up by evaporation. After the country grew older, the swamps were drained out, and sickness disappeared to a great extent.

I said that water always seeks the lowest place. Did you ever think that your well is the lowest place about your house? Did you ever notice that an underdrain, only two feet deep, will draw water from either side for a couple of rods? How far would it draw if twenty feet deep, after it got the water courses established. Did you ever think that your well was the outlet for all the filthy water within a radius of a hundred feet or more? It is, and perhaps for a much greater distance. How do we know, but our well is the direct outlet to close by privy vault? There may be a stratum of sand that leads direct to the vein of water that supplies our well, from such a vault, stable or cesspool.

But some say: Our well is deep and it goes through a deep stratum of blue clay that is impervious to water, so there can be no danger. It makes no difference how deep your well is, there is always a certain portion of it shallow near the top and before you get to the blue clay, that will furnish all the surface drainage necessary to make the water unfit for use.

Where do you throw the slops and other necessary waste that come from the house? Why, nine out of ten throw them into the back yard, often within a few feet of the well. But you say the ground will filter it and make it pure by the time it gets to the well. It may for a while, but later the ground will become full and the filth will be forced to go down deeper and widen out, till, in time a passage for this filth will be made into the well, and then all that is thrown on the ground will hurry of to that place.

We have our well on the house porch, and no water ever falls on the platform. It is a dug well, and 37 feet deep, mostly through blue clay, when we struck a coarse gravel vein, with plenty of water. I then thought that I would have a well free from surface drainage. To make a sure thing, I purchased hard brick and laid them up in cement from bottom to top. I thought I had it. But I haven't. While the vein is such that the water always stays at about the same level, we can notice a difference in the taste and looks of the water during the spring rains. Surface water makes its way into it somehow, perhaps through defects in the walls, and this seepage must continue well into summer before it stops.

The waste spout from the sink is often a very dangerous thing, and often is a hard thing to deal with. It often empties just outside the house by a spout through the wall. This should not be tolerated under any circumstances. Then again the waste is carried away from the house through common tiles placed a little way under the ground. In this case the foul water will go through the joints of the tiles and fill the ground and make its way to the well. Sewer pipes with cemented joints should be used in such cases, and the outlet should be far enough away to make it reasonably secure. I know of one farmer who has a tile waste drain with a hopper fixed near the door where all the filthy water from the house is poured into it. This tile drain runs within six feet of the house well. This is certainly one of the most dangerous things.

Now how shall we manage the surroundings about the house? In the first place fill up all depressions where water is apt to stand. A few wheel-barrowfuls of earth will fill up a bad unsightly place. Level up the yard so no water will stand in it. First of all, fill up the duck pond that is near the spouts of so many wells. Keep the ducks, pigs and all such things out of the yards. The yard is for your family to frolic on, and not for animals. I would almost as lief have pigs in my kitchen as in my yard around my well. Don't throw slops out of the back door because it is an easy way to get rid of them. A barrel on wheels should be at the kitchen door of every house, in which to pour the slops and other wastes, and then wheeled off and emptied around some grape vine, fruit tree or something else away from the house. If you don't have the barrel cart get a couple of galvanized pails at your tinsmith store. They can be had for about twenty cents. They make good receptacles for slops, and should be carried out and emptied on the garden flour-bed, or spread on the lawn. Spread around in this way they will do no harm. It is the dumping the filth in one place for a number of years that does the damage.

How nice and clean and pure your yard looks after a snow! Everything unsightly is covered up. Keep it this way. Don't throw anything out that will stain the snow. Carry everything away and empty it. Do away with the privy vault and use galvanized pails instead. We have used them for eight years, and would not go back to the old way. If they freeze in winter, carry them out and pour a little hot water on the outside and they will empty out clean. This is all a little trouble, but all things that pay make work. Cleanliness is the next thing to godliness, so we cannot afford to have filthy surroundings.

Do away with the back yard and make it all front yard. Instead of this filthy mess of dirty dish-water, meat scraps and bread crusts at the back kitchen door, to look out on, plant a bed of alyssus or other flowers. The ground is very rich there and flowers will grow luxuriantly. Make the back yard so that you will feel proud to take people around and show it to them. You need not call their attention to it, for if they are alive they will take in the situation and go home and do likewise. Now is the time to think over these things and then when the snow goes off in the spring commence attacking up.

Fix up some flower beds around the sides of the house, plant some clinging vines at the windows exposed to the sun. Your surroundings can be made to look summer to look at if things had changed hands, and a better man had taken the helm.—I. N. Cowdrey in *Country Gentleman*.

Catch the opportunity. By taking Hood's Sarsaparilla now you may build up your health and prevent serious illness.

LADYSMITH OF LADYSMITH.

The old name of Ladysmith, the besieged South African town, which recent events have brought so much into prominence, has naturally awakened curiosity. Journalists discovered some time ago that the town had been named for the wife of a former governor of the Cape; now a writer in a London paper relates the story of Sir Harry Smith and his wife, who was a Spanish peasant.

Sir Harry Smith, together with his two brothers, Thomas and Charles, fought through the peninsular war. At the battle of Coa two of the brothers were wounded, Thomas severely in the knee. Sir Harry, slightly, although enough to necessitate his being sent to the hospital, many miles from the front. They were conveyed thither over a rough country in a jolting, springless country cart, their wounds untended, and the motion causing them pain with every lurch.

The two brothers, on their arrival, were placed in neighboring beds in the hospital, and a young doctor was summoned to dress their wounds, which were in a frightful condition from neglect. Reluctantly he came to the first bed, in which Thomas lay and lingerly removed the blanket from the sufferer's knee, at the same time keeping by him a large bouquet, which he carried to his nose and sniffed at every other moment.

The spectacle of his suffering brother treated as an object of disgust by such a creature as this, was too much for Sir Harry's temper. Mustering all his strength he leaped from the bed, fell upon the amazed doctor and fairly kicked him out of the room and down the stairs, bouquet and all. For this extraordinary breach of military discipline he was brought before the Duke of Wellington and reprimanded; but the reprimand was not severe, and it was an open secret that the duke regarded the affair as a good joke, and thought none the less of the high-spirited young major for his fraternal championship.

At the siege of Badajoz, a little later, Sir Harry was standing with the general and his staff, when a Spanish countess and her young sister came to implore protection. The girl was exceedingly beautiful. Sir Harry assisted them, paid rapid and ardent court to the young lady, and soon made her Lady Smith. She was a devoted wife and accompanied her husband throughout all succeeding campaigns. For her succor to the wounded at the battle Chillianwalla, she received a medal from the government.

After his Indian triumph Sir Harry was made governor of the Cape, and he and his faithful wife are now commemorated by the names of three African towns—Aliwal, named from his greatest victory, Harrismith and Ladysmith.

HOW IT BEGAN AND HOW IT ENDED.

Done with a revolver! Shot himself through the head. That was the story of a young life suddenly ended, told in the morning papers a few days ago.

What for? Why should a young man, full of health and strength, in love with a fair young girl—for he left some dying words for her—and with a father and mother to be heartbroken by his terrible death—why should a young man so situated take his own life?

He had betrayed his trust and defrauded his employer. He had been discovered, and the shame which before was secret was about to become open and known. He could not face it. He preferred to face death—grim and terrible as it is. So he died by his own hand.

But what led to such a culmination? *Expensive Habits.* He had been living beyond his means. From this one criminal weakness came all his woe.

Young man, take warning by this fearful example, added to thousands that have gone before it. Above all things cultivate simple tastes and ways of living and inexpensive habits. Make your money before you spend it. Real wants, real necessities are few, and may be cheaply provided for. Avoid extravagance, in advance of means to support it, as you would the Evil One in more visible form.—*New York Ledger.*

THE CHOIR IS BURSTED.

In Dockertown the pastor of the church being absent the divine who filled his place did not know about a difficulty in the choir. He gave out the hymn selected for the opening and read it through. There was no musical response—no sound of praise—from the choir or congregation. After a moment's embarassing silence, a brother arose, and walking up to the pulpit whispered in the preacher's ear. The preacher nodded his head and smiled. He thought the brother had said the wrong hymn had been read, so he turned the leaves again and read another hymn. It was a long one, and he read it through, closing with "Please omit one stanza."

There was silence in the congregation again, and the preacher began to look uneasy. He was about to give out another hymn, when another brother arose and spoke from the gallery:—

"You see, our choir is busted. Some of 'em thought the bass sang too low, and some of 'em thought the sprauny was too high, and others thought we ought to have a better alto, and there wasn't many that liked the tenor, and so the rest got mad and there won't be any singin' today."

And so the services were ended without any singing.

NO HONOR IN HIS OWN TOWN.

The other day Mr. Maurice Thompson, the author of "The King of Honey Island," visited Calhoun, Ga., his old boyhood home.

"Who's that yander?" asked an old countryman, indicating Thompson, who was standing before a grocery store whittling a pine box.

"The tall fellow?"

"Yes."

"That's Thompson—Maurice Thompson."

"What! The feller what use ter play groun' here?"

"The very same!"

"You don't tell me?"

"Fact. But he's a great man now—one of the most successful of literary men."

"Impossible!"

"Fact, I tell you. He's a great man now."

"Well," said the old man, doubtfully, "hit may be so, but hit don't look reasonable!"

"No! Why"—and he drew closer and lowered his voice a little—"he used ter go fishin' with me!"

DONT KNOW THE MAN.

Dont love a man who always kicks, no matter what you do,
Who kicks with most prodigious ease the whole long season through,
Who kicks if anything goes wrong, and kicks if all goes right,
Who kicks because he likes to kick, and kicks this all the night?
We know some awful kickers on this wicked mundane sphere,
Who come on earth, by accident, and kick
(because their here)
To make themselves uncomfortable and other
(people sick)
They drive their friends to suicide, and still
they always kick.
We know a man who kicks and kicks the blessed
livelong day,
And if there's bit to kick about he's kicking
anyway.
At times when things are going right and other
men would smile,
He kicks on general principles and kicketh all
the while.

—*Exchange.*

JOSH BILLINGS' PHILOSOPHY.

We allwuss dispize those whom we kant flatter.

Men flatter the improvident, but seldom flatter the cautious.

It is better to be kikt by a mule than to be praised bi a fool.

He who knows a grate mnnny trades is sure to be master of none.

No man ever shoul feed a too yet, either bi the aid of trats or prayer.

Man's pashuns make him more terrible than enny beast on the dessert.

You kan't make a man think according to law; you may make him sekt'ab.

There is no labor saving invenshun that kompares with the eye on the master.

What a man sez unjust yr fierdjer to hang onto than the hot end of a poker.

There is a great difference between a brave and reckless man, and the two should not be konfounded.

Children are constant anxiety. The only time we kan konsider them safe is when they are fast asleep.

Poverty is not dishonorable enny more than sickness is; it is only the cause of it that may be dishonorable.

One of the most difficult things in a man's karacter to judge of is the actual amount of happiness he is possessed of.

Even the bees will rob a weak hive of its hunny; just as a weak nation falls a victim to the neighboring strong one.

Happiness has been defined so often and in so many different ways that I am almost of the opinion that it doesn't exist at all.

The only way to find all about a man is to set him on the top round of a ladder and then stand off and take a good square look at him.

The best hits that have ever been made hav been made just as the boy hit the woodcock on the fly—hi picking up the fust stone he could find and letting drive without taking aim; and the boy and the woodcock, both, were astonished at the result.

THE FIRST CUP OF TEA.

The antiquity of tea as a beverage is a favorite subject of discussion by confirmed tea-drinkers. China claims the origin of the use of tea as a drink. Of course, there are various stories connected with it, among which, perhaps, the following is quite as interesting and believable as any. As the tale runs, one of the daughters of a reigning sovereign was hopelessly enamored of a young nobleman whose caste did not permit him to inspire to her hand; but they exchanged glances, and occasionally he gathered a few blossoms and took means to have them conveyed to her. One day the princess met her admirer in the grounds of the palace, and as the attention of her attendants was attracted in another direction, the young man tried to put a few flowers into her hand, but all that she could grasp was a little twig with green leaves. This she treasured, and when she reached her appartments she placed the twig in a goblet of water, here to remain for some hours, the object of her tenderest care. Toward evening she was seized with a sentimental attack, during which she drank the water in which the twig had been kept. It had a most agreeable taste, and then she ate the leaves and stalk. The flavor pleased her greatly, and every day, in memory of her admirer, she had bunches of the tea-tree brought to her and ate them or put them in water and drank the infusion. The ladies of the court observed her, and were moved to try it themselves, and did so with such pleasing results that the practice spread throughout the kingdom, and one of the great industries of China was thus established.

It is claimed that the date of the sentimental origin of tea drinking was nearly three thousand years before Christ.

THE WORLDS DECISIVE BATTLES

Professor Creasy denominates these battles "decisive," not alike by reason of their immediate results, but because in each a reversal victory would have changed materially the history of the world:

B. C. 490.
The victory at Marathon,
Greece over haughty Persia won.

B. C. 431.
At Syracuse the Spartan's name
Attained to Hellas naval fame.

B. C. 331.
From Arbela Darius fled,
While Alexander onward sped.

B. C. 207.
On the Metaurus Rome foretold
The speedy doom of Carthage old.

A. D. 9.
With Varus into wilds decoyed,
Rome's trusted legions were destroyed.

A. D. 451.
By Visigoth and Roman spurned,
The "scourge of God" from Chalons turned.

A. D. 732.
At Tours fierce blows from Charles Martel,"
The "Infidels" retreat compel.

A. D. 1066.
At Hastings fought the Saxon lords,
When Normon William clashed their swords

A. D. 1429.
Joan of Arc, of France the pride,
At Orleans turned the battle tide.

A. D. 1588.
Spain's huge Armada, greatly feared,
In English waters disappeared.

A. D. 1704.
At Blenheim Marlborough held away,
While Prince Eugene helped win the day.

A. D. 1709.
Pultowa saw a triumph framed,
Which Russia over Sweden claimed.

A. D. 1777.
At Saratoga, the United States,
Burgoyne gave his sword to Gates.

A. D. 1792.
The young dominion of France
At Valmy checked the foes advance.

A. D. 1815.
But great Napoleon we view,
Vanquished at last at Waterloo.

No fire like passion; no spark like hatred; no storm like folly; no tyrant like greed.