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. F. UREN, M. D. C. M.
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.

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OFFICE OVER BROWN'S DRUG STORE.
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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.

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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.

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BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, AND COMMISSIONER FOR TAKING AFFIDAVITS.
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Hon. Member Veterinary Medical Society.
Office—H. Noble's Flour and Feed Store, Mill St. Acton.

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W. H. DENNY,
General Agent Confederation Life Association. Agent Union and Northern Fire Insurance Companies.
Office Young St., Acton.

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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.

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BOOKBINDER,
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(Over Williams' Store.)
Account Books of all kinds made to order. Periodicals of every description carefully bound. Ruling neatly and promptly done.

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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 $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 8, or telephone 56, will be promptly attended to.
JOHN TAYLOR, Agent, Guelph.

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

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Manufacturers of
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Repairing Promptly Done.
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The Redemption of David Corson.
By Charles Frederick Goss. First edition published March 14th, 1900, and now in its ninth edition.
Babes in the Bush.
By Rolf Boldrewood, an Australian Romance.
Philip Winwood.
By R. N. Stephens, author of "A Gentleman Player."
Arden Massiter.
By Dr. Wm. Barry. Big sale in England.
Sophia.
Good English romance, 1742 A. D., by Stanley J. Weyman, illustrated.
Preparation of Ryerson Embury.
By Albert R. Carman, of Montreal, 4th edition.
The Black Wolf's Breed.
By Harris Dickson, French story, time of Louis XIV, illustrated. 25,000 copies sold.

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. B. WALLACE, Manager.

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

JOHN McQUEEN
AGENT FOR... Implements
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, Acton.

Wanted...
Agents to fill permanent positions with us AT GOOD PAY. All supplies free. Chance of promotion to good men.
We also desire some good Agents, either on whole or part time, to sell our preparation for the destruction of the Tussock Moth Caterpillar, known as
"CATARPILLARINE"
Many of our salesmen carry this as a side line, and make considerably more than their expenses thereby.
We have the largest assortment of stock of any Nursery in Canada. People prefer our goods because of our guarantee. All our stock is sent out under Government Certificate, proving cleanliness and freedom from disease. Apply now for territory.
STONE & WELLINGTON
TORONTO.

Special Cut
—ON—
Binder Twine
For a short time only
GOLDEN CROWN 10c.
TIGER BRAND 11c.
Length and strength guaranteed.
McCormick Binder Twine Agency.
GEO. J. THORP,
Direct Seed Importer
Mkt. Square, Guelph.

Wedding Seasons.
There is nothing requires more thought and anxiety than deciding on wedding presents.
Our great range in stock overcomes this difficulty. We have Silverware and Plated ware—necessity and novelty—Tableware (our stock of Carvers is superb) and all the Household articles generally found in an up-to-date hardware store. Call or write us about any of these goods. Prompt attention to mail orders.
John M. Bond & Co.
GUELPH
Motto: "Satisfaction." HARDWARE

—ACTON—
LIVERY AND BUS LINE
The undersigned respectfully solicits the patronage of the public, and informs them that Well Equipped and Stylish Rigs can always be Secured
At his stables. A comfortable bus meets trains between 9 a.m. and 8.18 p.m. Careful attention given to every order. The wants of Commercial Travellers ably met.
JOHN WILLIAMS
PROPRIETOR

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,
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PLANING MILLS,
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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.

WHEN YOU WANT
FLOUR
—and—
OATMEAL
GET OUR
GEORGETOWN AND GLEN WILLIAMS BRAND
The best in the market.
All wide-awake dealers use it.
Extra quality—priced right.
HENRY HORTOP.

Spring and Summer Weakness
As spring advances a weakness and debility seems to seize on the strong and delicate alike. The circulation is sluggish on account of the exhausted nerve forces, and the blood is poor in quality and deficient in tissue-building elements. As a result there is a general running down of the system. The stomach is disordered and the appetite poor, the liver, kidneys and bowels become inactive, and there is a lack of energy and ambition which renders work of any kind a burden. It is not strong drugs or purgatives with their depressing action that is required, but a food to nourish the nerve centres and enrich the blood.
DR. WARD'S
BLOOD AND NERVE PILLS
Contain the principles that go to the building up of the body through the medium of the blood and nerves.
BECAUSE
They supply the properties that are needed to tone up the system.
50 CENTS PER BOX. ALL DRUGGISTS,
OR SAM WILLIAMS & CO.,
TORONTO, ONT

Poetry.

I JUST KEEP LIVIN' ALONG.

Some folks they keep huntin' for sorrow,
They sigh if they're right or they're wrong;
But this day's as good as to-morrow,
So I just keep livin' along.
I just keep livin' along,
I just keep singin' a song;
There's no use to sigh
While the sun's in the sky,
So I just keep livin' along.

When the Lord made the world, was I in it
To give him directions? He knowed
I wouldn't know how to begin it,
Nor nothin' but dust by the road.
So I just keep livin' along,
And I can't say the Lord's work is wrong;
I never will sigh
While He's runnin' the sky;
I just keep a-livin' along.

I'm thankful for sun and showers;
The Lord makes the winter and May,
And He'd hide all the graves with his flowers,
If folks didn't weed 'em away.
So I just keep livin' along,
Still thankful for sunlight and song;
I know when it's snowin'
God's roses are growin',
So I just keep a-livin' along.

—*Frank L. Stanton.*

Select Family Reading.

A First of July Story.

It was a wonder to all Snowden how Mrs. Ely and her daughter managed to live. They had a cow, it is true, but a procession of small boys came every night and morning to the widow's pretty cottage with pitchers and pennies in hand for the daily measure of milk. One little egg cup full Letty poured from the pail as she brought it in frothing for her mother's tea. The rest was all converted into money, and except the microscopic insurance that came from the friendly brothers of something to which the late Mr. Ely belonged, very little other lucre found its way into the small cottage.

Not a hundred yards from this tiniest of cottages was an imposing stone gateway leading to the well-kept grounds of Squire Melville. His grand house was closed all winter, but one of the symptoms of spring well known to the visitors was the renovating and housecleaning which presaged the coming of the family. It was the only house of any pretention near, and was the tangible evidence of the great financial success which has been won by one of the town boys of the previous generation, who had left his early home and taken his chances in one of the world's great marts.

The battle of life had left Squire Melville cold hard and purseproud, and with enough pride of another kind to make him take pleasure in exhibiting his glory to the eyes of his old associates.

He had a meek and invalid wife, whose fortune had been the stepping stone to his prosperity, and a son and daughter, who were well liked in Snowden.

The latter was engaged to a Montreal nabob's son, and so was of more consequence in her gratified father's eyes than she had ever been before. But the son around whose future every ambitious hope of his worldly father centered, had fallen in love with pretty Letty Ely, and the fact had but just come to that disappointed father's knowledge.

"John Melville," he had said, "you are a drivelling idiot. Do you suppose I am going to see the fortune I have spent my life and health in getting poured into the lap of a beggar, a scrub, a dairy woman, a low creature like the servants in my kitchen?"

There was a storm of angry words between them, for no man could listen calmly to abuse of his loved one. Then the older man more politic than the younger, forced his tongue to a mildness that found no echo in his heart, and tried pathetic appeal to his son, begging him, for his sake, to surrender his fleeting fancy, but threats and entreaties had no effect. Raging with anger, the son flung himself out of the home, followed by the wrathful insults of his father.

In the vine-arched doorway of the little cottage Letty stood with her flower-like face lifted as her eyes looked dreamily into the blue glory of the summer sky. Roses massed themselves above her, delicate sprays heavy with bloom waved about her, and a climbing vine of the York and Lancaster wreathed the pillars that upheld the roof. There were roses on both sides of her, and in the pink perfection of her setting she was the loveliest flower of all.

"My Rose of Summer," whispered Jack Melville, swinging himself over the low rail and stealing an arm around her slight waist.

"You are worth fighting for," he continued, as they stepped together into the little house.

"Fighting, Jack?"

"Yes, my precious, I have just had a battle royal with my father," and he flushed as he remembered the scoffing slights which had been heaped upon his darling.

Letty grew pale and wept as Jack gave her an extended account of the stormy interview which had left its traces on his words and looks. When he finished he saw a look of severe revolution in her lovely face that astonished him. He bent to kiss the red lips that a few moments before had worn such tender curves, but she turned her head away.

"Listen, Jack," she said solemnly, "I will never, never, never marry a man whose father refuses to welcome me."

"Letty," he exclaimed, "is your pride more to you than your love? Don't you know that I can make you happy far away from all this?"

"You will not be happy if you disobey your father, and if you are unhappy I shall be wretched."

Pleadings and protestation, although her own heart echoed them all, failed to shake her resolve. Her only answer was the repetition of her determination never to enter a family without a welcome.

The painful interview was ended at last by Mrs. Ely's hurried entrance with a message brought in hot haste from Mrs. Melville. The squire had been found unconscious on the floor of his library, and the frightened wife had sent for her son where past experience had taught her he could be found.

There were several days of grave anxiety for the family and excitement and sympathy among the neighbors. Then for a time all danger was over, and Mr. Melville, pale, broken and aged, was seen driving out again. But it is was well known that the family doctor, summoned by telegraph at the time of his seizure, had said that his life depended upon an equitable or quiet routine. Any sudden event or shock might be fatal to him.

For a dozen years the great social event of the summer in Snowden had been a lawn party and evening dance at Melville Court, given always on the First of July. Mr. Melville enjoyed overwhelming his country neighbors with his magnificence, so no expense was spared on music, refreshments, decorations and fireworks. And even now, while he was only a hale shadow of himself he insisted upon preparing for the usual entertainment.

The only house of any pretension in the whole village where cards were not left was Mrs. Ely's. Grace Melville had run in at dusk one evening to make a hurried protestation of her own and her mother's innocence of the omission, and to tell her dear Letty of Jack's grief and rage, which had to be restrained because of the father's critical condition.

It was a clear, balmy First of July. Screened by the luxuriant vines which veiled the parlor window, Letty sadly watched the guests go by, their faces bright with the promise of pleasure in which she could have no share.

Night fell darkly, with no light but the soft gleam of stars. The fireworks would have a superb setting of blackness. Heavy foliaged, low growing trees, forming what the neighbors always called the grove, covered that part of Melville Court which touched the widow's garden. Creeping after nightfall under the dense shadow, Letty stood with a black waterproof thrown around her to obscure her white dress, and watched the preparations for a grand pyrotechnic display. The music of the band at first prevented her hearing any other sound, but when it ceased and the dancers poured out of the hall door to join the guests who were crowded on the terraces to watch the fireworks, she was conscious of whispering voices very near. Without the aid of her eyes she knew that James, the new butler, was one of the speakers.

"Remember," he was saying hurriedly, "you are not to let yourself into the little side door till you see that light go out in that diamond shaped window on the third floor. Keep your eye on that, mind."

"An' after we's got ourselves inter de house how's we goin' to be sure we don't run into nobody?" said a brutal voice.

"Because the moment the first firecracker pops there won't be a living sinner from cellar to garret that won't run out to see the fun, that is, except Mr. Melville. He ain't near as well as he thought he'd be. Everybody thinks he's in the crowd somewhere, but I've just helped him into bed an' I must run back to stay within call. Here's the key of the missus' closet in the dressing room an' the key of Miss Gracie's bureau. But you're not to go near the squire, it'll be killing if you do, for a shock will be his death."

Then James hurried off and Letty listened, petrified to a conversation which showed that the two men nearby were quite aware that the squire's room, from which they were warned off, contained much the most promising booty, and were not to be deterred from entering it by any consideration for his life. On the contrary they planned to surprise and threaten him with their pistols if he did not surrender to them certain bonds they believed to be in his private safe.

"Never, under any circumstances, shall Letty Ely enter this house again," was the sentence the squire had pronounced in reply to Grace's intercession for her brother's sake, and now the words were vividly present to Letty as she stole away from the grove, and skirting the fence to the right, hastened with the speed of a deer to the house. She entered into the hall by the back way, flew up the stairs, ran along the halls and into Grace's room. It was empty; so was her mother's sitting room beyond.

A quick step sounded in the distance. It was James going down the stairs. He had been up to darken the diamond window. From behind a portiere she watched till he disappeared.

She lingered uncertainly, hardly knowing what to do next. Should she run down stairs again and out on the lawn to summon help? Perhaps, even in the time she was gone the squire's room might be invaded. Before she could make herself decided upon some plan of action, a shabby, ruffianly figure came in sight at the other end of the long hall, and a hand was lifted to turn out the lamp that hung there. Letty drew back unnoticed into the squire's door and stepped in, locking and bolting it behind her. Gliding across to the other door she bolted it also. She turned around then, with a curious sensation of fear that the real danger had not given her, to confront the surprised indignant eyes of the squire.

The lights were turned low, but the room was filled with the ruddy glare of an eruptive Vesuvius in full play on the lawn. He had wrapped a dressing gown about him and was watching the display from his window. Perhaps he could not think of words ireful enough to voice his wrath, for he looked at her in cold silence.

A real or fancied sound in the next room brought Letty to her senses. Walking close to Mr. Melville she softly and quietly explained the position, reserving the unquieting fact that the enemy was already upon them.

For Letty it was easy to climb out the window, and from the balcony to an ornamental roof, from which she gave the alarm to a group of guests, who quickly disappeared into the house. Under cover of the intense darkness that fell after the going out of the last set piece, she descended the iron trellis work that projected each side of the front door, and slipping through the edge of the crowd, she flew to her own house unnoticed. Having gained its safe shelter she treated her alarmed mother to the only hysterical attack she had ever had.

She had gone through the chill and the sobbing, and the half laughing, half crying recital of her adventure, and was lying back white and tremulous in an arm chair, when Jack came with a fervent message of thanks from his father, and an entreaty, which sounded almost humble, that she would forgive and forget.

He drew the blinds open as he spoke. "Look over there, Letty, and think what might be the condition if you had not been so brave and generous. Those wretches, with that scoundrel James, are safely locked in the stable with a willing band of watchers guarding them, and we Melvilles are all agreed in blessing you. Surely, darling, now you will take back the stern refusal, with such a welcome waiting for you?"

The wild excitement of the evening had interrupted the pyrotechnic performances, but now, late though it was, some young men, remembering that the First of July comes but once a year fired a fuse of the framework of the grand finale, "With malice toward none."

Letty and Jack had gone to the window, and as the noble words flamed against the sky, he repeated them softly, and in their glowing light he searched Letty's sweet eyes, reading in their clear depths no stern refusal.

FORGET YOUR BUSINESS AT NIGHT.

"Every business man of common-sense knows, whether he chooses to acknowledge it or not, that the farther away he gets in the evening from his commercial associations during the day, so that his business associates or thoughts of it or them cannot get at him, the healthier he is, the wiser life he leads; in short, the better off he is in every respect, and the abler for the duties of the morrow," writes Edward Bok of "The American Man and the County," in the July *Ladies' Home Journal.* "Now, what does he get in the city in the evening, even if he lives a carefully regulated life? There is no mode of life he can possibly follow which is in any way recoperative to his mental or physical being. He has never been out of hearing of the noises of the city or out of the range of its lights. Every night he has slept in the polluted air of the city, and in the morning has looked out on the gray sidewalks which he sees all day long. What does such a man know of the exhilarating, refreshing and blood-quickening experience of opening the shutters of his chamber window upon a landscape of space and sunshine? And what is far worse, what do his wife and children know of such a blessing? Yet he deludes himself into the belief that he must live in the city so as to be 'in touch with things.' If you ask him what those 'things' are you invariably discover that they are of a business nature, either strictly business or some social convention which he feels has a bearing on his business. But it is always business, business! Now, a man living under this pressure rarely does his best work, although he fully believes that he is doing it. But he cannot be giving out the best because he does not allow the best to get within him."

HOW ONE WOMAN MAKES MONEY

Almost every vocation open to women has become crowded by applicants eager to follow along the well-beaten paths, but occasionally one hears of an enterprising sister who has struck out for herself in a new direction, and one is always glad to learn that success has attended her laudable venture. The Cleveland *Leader* tells of a bright little woman in a New England town who has hit upon a novel and ingenious method of making money.

Her plan is to buy some house which is dilapidated and out of repair, but in a good locality. There is usually not much trouble in finding such a house, or in purchasing it at a bargain. Then her taste comes into play, devising repairs and improvements to the place, putting in a pretty window here, some ornamental tile or woodwork there, a cosy corner somewhere inside, a handsome touch to the hall-way to give "first impressions"—and in one way and another transforms an old run-down house to an attractive modern dwelling.

She furnishes the house and lives there for a time while her ideas are being carried into effect. She renders the place as attractive as possible inside and out, not at all because she means to stay there—but simply for selling purposes. That is her speculation. Once her work is completed her house finds a ready purchaser, owing to the taste displayed. She generally sells the whole house outright, furnished and all, at a handsome profit. Then she searches out another house, under similar conditions, and does the thing over again.

Living in the house as she does during the repairing period, she considers that she is rent free. Her local reputation for taste and good judgment in such matters is a valuable aid in her business. She is a manipulator of old houses, and they are transformed under her touch.

USES OF LIME AND CHARCOAL

"The heat and moisture of the summer months have a tendency to rust metals, mildew fabrics and cover all sorts of substances with mould," writes Maria Parloa of "The Care of the House in Summer," in the July *Ladies' Home Journal.* "Fermentation and putrefaction develop rapidly in vegetable and animal substances if they are not carefully watched. Lime and charcoal are two aids towards keeping the house sweet and dry, and the housekeeper should, if possible, provide herself with both of these materials. A barrel each of lime and charcoal in the cellar will tend to keep that part of the house dry and sweet. A bowl of lime in a damp closet will dry and sweeten it. A dish of charcoal in a closet or refrigerator will do much toward making these places sweet. The power of charcoal to absorb odors is much greater directly after it has been burned than when it has been exposed to the air for a length of time. Charcoal may be purified and used again and again by heating it to red heat. The lime must be kept in a place where there is no chance of its getting wet, and not exposed to air."

A TRUE GENTLEMAN.

"I beg your pardon." And with a smile and a touch of his hat, Harry Edmond handed to an old man, against whom he had accidently stumbled, the cane which he had knocked from his hand. "I hope I did not hurt you? We were playing too roughly."

"Not a bit," said the old man. "Boys will be boys, and its the best they should be. You did not harm me."

"I'm glad to hear it." And lifting his hat again Harry turned to join the playmates with whom he had been frolicking at the time of the accident.

"What did you raise your hat to that old fellow for?" asked his companion, Charley Grey. "He is only old Giles, the hawker."

"That makes no difference," said Harry. "The question is not whether he is a gentleman, but whether I am one; and no true gentleman will be less polite to a man because he wears a shabby coat or hawks vegetables through the streets instead of sitting in a counting house."

Which was right?

MARRIAGE.

The little rubicund-faced god, Happiness, is one whom many grown up people would worship if they could locate him. But he is a wise little deity, and keeps his shrine in the hearts only of our children, where the pastures are still green and the waters run smoothly. If ever he was among us, he must have disappeared along with the whistling reed nymphs and the good green-capped spirits that formerly lived in the hearts of live oak trees. Once in a long while his glory is still reflected upon a humble man's brow; or he may shine with fleeting swiftness from any woman's eyes, but few of us see him face to face nowadays. Prof. Sommer has been telling the Yale students that he is not one of the penates in the homes of eighty per cent. of the married people. And now everybody who can afford to do so is shading his eyes and staring at Prof. Summer's embarrassed eighty per cent., and wondering what they have done with their little joss stick of happiness.

God was pertinently silent on the subject of happiness when he gave the first couple their coats of skin, and sent them forth to achieve what happiness they could from the "thorns and thistles" outside. Since then the married people have been digging away at their own peculiar variety of thorns and thistles with some courage and much patience, gathering what grapes and figs they can, and keeping silent for the most part about their failures; being generally under the impression that the comradeship of marriage was about the only thing that made their hard pasture endurable.

Happiness is a condition possible only to those who have never sinned, or to such creatures as cannot; and even these latter outgrow the possibility of it. Only young lambs gambol, and birds sing because they cannot live long enough to grow old. To be a man, comprehending the responsibility of life and the significance of death, and to expect unalloyed happiness in any earthly relationship, is like expecting a pronouncing primer at the beginning of a university course. And for the ordinary woman that is what marriage amounts to—a university course in practical life. Usually her benefits from it are greater than men have, owing to her greater concentration of energy to meet the demands it makes upon her. The married man has also the world to manage and govern, but it is possible for the married woman to become a specialist in the chemistry of a mutual life. And it is a fact that the degrees of wifehood and motherhood conferred upon her in marriage have a deeper significance than the titles commonly conferred upon the honorable. They increase her dignity and sense of responsibility without augmenting her conceit, which is really remarkable. There are women of course who hold with their savage teeth what they conceive to be their own happiness, so firmly that they will not yield an ounce of it, though the world bled to death for need of it. They are natural barbarians, and lack the instincts of mutual life. But many of those marriages that prove ignoble failures will be found to have much ancient history behind them, often going as far back as the husband's third and fourth grandsire.

The condemned eighty per cent., at least, will admit that marriage is the most exacting of all human relations. It is the placing of two Godlikenesses to rule a common dominion, and saying to them: "Stay there till you become one likeness to God!" To be a conscientious father and a good mother is more natural than being a good husband and wife; just as it is easier sometimes to serve God than each other, and for such people as believe it is derogatory to character to make concessions to another person's individuality marriage is a great teacher.

Marriage is a practical experiment in sociology, science, and ethics. But it is an experiment upon which people stake their dearest hopes; and it is not a lecture, upon which a man may have only risked his vanity. If his theory is plausible, many will not suspect false deductions. But where one of the unlucky eighty per cent. has tripped in some sociological adventure, the keen nose of the lecturer has found his bloody wound. And if your little scientific experiment in household economics stains your clumsy fingers and breaks a few pots, he will know it. If you have difficulty in arriving with your mutual burden at the throne of your God, he will call the vulgar world's attention to your bedraggled condition. Such a man will sneak into the shekinah light above a baby's cradle with a prism in order to analyze the quality of God's glory.

If so many marriages are unhappy, the fact remains that it is still the best way God has revealed by which men and women can be bound to take care of each other. Also, it is the ordained way of propagating moral life and moral instincts on the earth. Whoever prejudices youth against it has alienated him from a fold of comparative safety.—Mrs. L. H. Harris.

PROVIDE FOR RAINY VACATION DAYS.

In packing the trunk for summer holiday do not forget that there will be rainy days when the children cannot go out of doors, and provide something for their amusement. Take some of the kindergarten occupations, colored papers for stringing, parquetry in which tablets of colored paper are laid in designs and then pasted on mounting cards; beads, and fine wire on which to string them, so that they can be shaped into baskets and various other objects. Sewing materials, knitting needles and worsted should not be forgotten. Painting and drawing books, a few games, some puzzles and story books, as well as books of natural history, will make the time pass pleasantly until the sun comes out again.—July *Ladies' Home Journal.*

JUST FOR FUN.

Once upon a time an Arab approached his camel in much anxiety of spirit. "This, O Camel!" he said, "is the last straw! As you know, it is supposed to break your back, but I'm going to take the responsibility of feeding it to you!" Accordingly the camel partook of the straw, and presently died of indigestion, complicated with appendicitis. This fable teaches how hard it is to thwart destiny.—*Puck.*

When you say your blood is impure and appetite poor you are admitting your need of Hood's Sarsaparilla. Begin taking it at once.

SUNSHINE LAND.

They came in sight of a lovely shore,
Yellow as gold in the morning light;
The sun's own color at noon it wore,
And had faded not at the fall of night;
Clear weather or cloudy—'twas all as one,
The happy hills seemed bathed with the sun;
Its secret the sailors could not understand,
But they called the country Sunshine Land.

What was the secret? A simple thing—
It will make you smile when once you know—
Touched by the tender finger of spring
A million blossoms were all aglow;
So many, so many, so small and bright,
They covered the hills with a mantle of light;
And the wild bee hummed, and the glad breeze fanned
Through the honeyed fields of Sunshine Land.

If over the sea we two were bound,
What port, dear child, would we choose for ours?
We would sail and sail till at last we found
This fairy gold of a million flowers.
Yet, darling, we'd find, if at home we stayed,
Of many and small joys our pleasures are made,
More near than we think—very close at hand—
Lie the golden fields of Sunshine Land.

—*Edith Thomas, in New York Weekly.*

BETTER THAN HE LOOKED.

The Washington *Star* quotes "a travelling man" as telling an amusing but, it is hoped, an exaggerated story of the experience of a man who applied for a position as schoolmaster in a Southern mountain district. The schools in that region, it should be explained, are maintained by subscription. The travelling man says:

I was stopping at a cabin all night, and a pale slender young man came during the evening to talk with my host.

"I'm thinking of starting a school here," he said, "and I wanted to see if you would subscribe."

"Kin yo' read?"

"Yes."

"Kin yo' write?"

"Certainly."

"Kin yo' figger?"

"Of course."

"Air yo' married?"

"No."

"Wal, we did want a married man nex' time. The las' three teachers has run off with gals, an' ther aint enough gals in this hyer neighborhood now. But I don't s'pose none of 'em would want a lean feller like yo'. I don't reckon yo' not bein' married 'll make much difference. Couldn' expect sich a po'ly feller ter be married. Then thar's one thing. Me and Bill Simpkins an' Alf Toney is all gwine ter school an' larn ter read an' write. I licked Bill, an' he done licked Alf so I reckon the only one ter settle with is me. We ain' gwine ter 'bey no man we kin lick. Kin yo' fout?"

"I studied boxing," said the stranger.

"Don' know nothin' 'bout that. Does makin' boxes make muscle?"

"Try one an see," was the cool rejoinder. The big mountaineer hit at the little man, and when he regained consciousness he had his head in the wood-box and his feet sticking up in the air.

Looking about him with a dazed expression, he said:

"Young feller, shake. I'll go with yo' some day an' we'll get that school; an' say, young feller, set me ter work on them boxes, will yo'?"

ABOUT EARLY MARRIAGES.

I think," says Ella Wheeler Wilcox, in the charming *May Success,* "there is more danger of disaster in early marriages than in those contracted at full maturity. The youthful choice is apt to be unwise. The man whom a girl thinks she loves at seventeen would rarely appeal to her so strongly if she were twenty-five, and the girl whom a young man of twenty-one believes he would like to marry would probably not be his selection if he were thirty. A knowledge of the world before marriage is conducive to contentment afterwards. The most unfortunate unions I have ever known were formed while the husband and wife were still in early youth. The man, when he assumes the responsibility of matrimony before he has reached maturity has had little or no experience in the typical bachelor life, and its attractions are likely to seem much greater to him than if he has already tasted them. The wife who was married very early also feels the temptation to taste of life beyond the prosaic domestic circle, although usually in less degree than in man. She has not experienced enough of the ballroom and summer resort flattery to have wearied of it and to become cognizant of its emptiness. There seems to her to be gayety in life which she whose youth has been devoted to home duties has never known, with the result that she, as well as her husband, becomes restless. Unless there are strong ties and will power to keep a husband and wife who are in this mental condition to the road which leads away from this temporary unrest, they may stray into bypaths which lead to dissatisfaction and ultimate misery. It is comforting to know, however, that the number of unhappy marriages is small compared to the immense number of marriages.

FABULOUS FORTUNES.

An incident that recently occurred in Austria, in which the parties are the Archduke Frederic and a Hungarian Colonel, has had the effect of attracting general attention to the question of the enormous fortunes that exist in Austria. One thing that became evident by the episode was that the Archduke Frederic, heir of the old Archduke Albert, is richer than the Emperor. In fact, in point of worldly possessions, Francis Joseph ranks only third in his empire. The Archduke Frederick is the second. The richest of all is a Rothschild. The death of the Barron Hirsch advanced both members of the imperial family one grade. The illustrious philanthropist was not so rich as the head of the Austrian Rothschilds, but he was far in advance of both imperial millionaires.

THE SEVEN SENSES.

Bobbie—"Uncle Jacob, Mr. Tarbox said this morning that when he fell from the roof he had the seven senses knocked out of him. I thought there were only five senses."

Uncle Jake—"Dere is seben senses, honey, but ef dat man, or any uddah man had em all, dey's a mirrikle. Yaas, dere's seben ob 'um—hearin', seein', feelin', tastin', is de five 'at some folkses knows erbout. Den dere's hoss sense, w'ich some mules an' some white folkses hain't got; an' den, lastly, dere's common sense, w'ich is so oncommon 'at it nevah gets to be plenty, an' mighty few people has it—at least in my time."—*Harper's Young People.*