The Acton Free Press.

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M. F. 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 treets, Acton. Office Hours:—6 to 10.30 a.m.; 1 to 2 p.m., and 7 to 9 p.m.

DR. C. I. KELLY, HON. GRADUATE McGILL UNIVERSITY, MONTREAL. LICENTIATE SOCIETY OF APOTHECARIES, LONDON, ENGLAND. Office and Residence—Frederick St., Acton. Office Hours—8 to 10; 1 to 2, and 7 to 8.

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

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MISCELLANEOUS.

DR. A. P. HUSBAND, V. S. Graduate Ontario Veterinary College. Late Member Veterinary Medical Society. Office—Over Worden's Barber Shop, next door to Feed Store, Mill Street, Acton.

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

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. Hand for pamphlet. Thirty-two years experience.

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

MARRIAGE LICENSES. H. P. MOORE ISSUES 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 any address, free, or telephone 56 will be promptly attended to. JOHN TAYLOR, Agent, Guelph.

—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 8.30 p.m. Careful attention given to everyone. The wants of Commercial Travellers fully met. JOHN WILLIAMS, PROPRIETOR.

Suggestions for Sizzling Summer

Here's three articles which will tend to lessen the effect of Old Sol's rays.

HAMMOCKS. All colors, large and well made, 75c to $1.

BOOKS. Special line of Dickens' and Scott's Works, paper edition 7c. each. See window display.

BABY JUMPERS. Just the thing for baby. Strong swing, large and well made. Special 39c.

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.

ACTON. Machine and Repair Shops. HENRY GRINDELL, Proprietor. All 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 repaired or put in satisfactory manner. We can repair any machine or implement of any make. Saw gumming and filing done.

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.

Men are Creatures of Habit... Thousands of business men still spend Time and Money travelling, When they might do their business quicker, cheaper and just as satifactorily by LONG DISTANCE TELEPHONE.

As Seasons Change-- So Do Fashions. COOPER & AKINS, FASHIONABLE TAILORS. Beg to announce to their patrons and the public generally, that they have been providing for the most tasteful dressers by purchasing freely of the most up-to-date goods in the woollen markets and will show for the spring trade the latest and best goods produced by the best mills at prices within the reach of all. FIT AND WORKMANSHIP GUARANTEED. Call early, no trouble to show our goods. We are sole agents in Acton for the celebrated Bellwarp and Blenheim Serge, which does not fade or change its color in two years wear or money refunded. Cooper & Akins, Mill St. Acton.

—THE— TRADERS' BANK OF CANADA. Capital paid up, $1,000,000. Assets Over $9,000,000. Guelph Branch (NEXT DOOR TO POSTOFFICE). Savings Bank Department. 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 here. A general banking business transacted. A. P. H. JONES, Manager.

COCOA MATTING —for all— PUBLIC BUILDINGS. The most satisfactory flooring for churches and public buildings is Cocoa Matting—needed for floors, stairs, aisles and vestibules. It is long wearing, clean and economical and much more satisfactory than carpeting in many places. Prices furnished promptly. Common widths always in stock, specials supplied at shortest possible notice. "Our Prices are always Right." John M. Bond & Co. GUELPH. Motto: "Satisfaction." HARDWARE

ROYAL CITY Business College. OPENS FOR ALL TERM TUESDAY, SEPT. 4. Students may enter at any time, as instruction is largely individual. Our diploma—the diploma of the Business Educators' Association of Canada—is a guarantee of proficiency, and a valuable introduction to the business public. Write for the principal for handsome catalogue with full particulars. A. W. YOUNG, Principal. Traders Bank Building, GUELPH, ONT.

ACTON BAKERY. J. C. MATTHEWS, Proprietor. WHY BAKE. During the get hot weather when you can a nice assortment of Cakes and Bread at Matthew's. A choice lot of Fruit and Confectionery always kept in stock. Ice Cream in bulk delivered to any part of town. 40c. per quart. Come and visit our ICE CREAM LAWN

WHEN YOU WANT FLOUR —and— OATMEAL GET OUR EGERTON AND EDEN MILLS BRAND. The best in the market. All wide-awake dealers use it. Extra quality—prices right. HENRY HORTOP.

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.

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 DR. WILLIAMS & CO., TORONTO, ONT.

Poetry.

DEEDS AND DREAMS.

Young John Jones sat down and dreamed
Of the things he meant to do;
And the way his fancy seemed
Gave his thoughts a rosy hue.
"I am going to be great,"
Said young John Jones;
"Master great affairs of state,"
Said young John Jones;
"Kings and queens bows shall wait,"
Said young John Jones.

Young Bill Brown got down to work
In a corner grocery store;
And he hustled like a Turk
Till his master paid him more.
"I don't know what I may do,"
Said young Bill Brown;
"But what I can I'm going to,"
Said young Bill Brown;
"And I guess I'll get my due,"
Said young Bill Brown.

Young John Jones still thought and thought
Of his future's flowery ways,
And his fruitful fancy caught
Notes of many nations' praise.
So he dreamed and dreamed, and dreamed,
Did young John Jones;
And a brilliant boy he seemed,
Did young John Jones;
And a bright young man was deemed,
Was young John Jones.

Young Bill Brown just jogged along,
Learning something every day,
Cheering comrades with a song,
Drawing large and larger pay.
He was rather a commonplace,
Was young Bill Brown;
But he had an earnest face,
Had young Bill Brown;
And he hit a steady pace,
Did young Bill Brown.

Old Jack Jones somehow has failed
To achieve the shining height
Which his youthful dreams assailed
With such fanciful delight.
Couldn't reach the top somehow,
Could old Jack Jones;
Fame had never fanned his brow,
Not old Jack Jones;
And he's poor and friendless now,
Is old Jack Jones.

Mr. William Henry Brown
Runs a wholesale store or two,
Owns a quarter of the town,
And believes he's got his due.
In the prints we often read
Of W. H. Brown;—
He's a noted man, indeed,
Is W. H. Brown;
Doing things has head the deed
Of W. H. Brown.

—*Roberta Lowe, in the New York Sun.*

Select Family Reading.

Two Home-Comings.

IT was one of Scarecrow's poorest days. There were seldom many errands to do, and never, never enough to eat. When a boy is only ten and lives all by himself in the dreariest attic in the dreariest tenement in the very dreariest alley in a great city, and when the errands fail—well is it any wonder a boy gets downhearted? Scarecrow was downhearted. The invalid in the other attic across the bit of a hallway had not heard him whistle for three days. She could hardly have imagined beforehand how she would miss the shrill, cheery sound. When Scarecrow whistled it seemed to make it easier for her to draw her needle through the stiff, white cloth with her thin, weak fingers.

"Poor little fellow, he's a dreadin' havin' her come. No wonder he ain't whistlin'!" the invalid mused.

Was that what Scarecrow was dreading? Or was it something else?—there were so many things to dread. He crept downstairs again and out through the noisesome alleyway to a corner on one of the busy streets. There he waited on, listlessly. It was almost night when his good luck came.

"Errand, mister? Gotter errand for a feller? Kin I run?—gimme a try? Ou'y a fiver ter go a mile—dat's de bargain price."

"Eh, eh, what's that?"

The looming figure half halted and looked down absently into the anxious face. Then it went on. Scarecrow ran along beside it.

"Gotter errand, mister—say?"

"O you want a job, eh? That's it."

"Yes, sir—wot'll yer bet I does! De doctors has prescribed a dose er vittles for me stummick. O say, mister! Gimme a job!"

The figure slackened its pace again.

"But I haven't any job—well, well, let's see. Come with me. I suppose you might run ahead with the little chaps' greens."

At a florist's up the street he bought a load of trailing green vines and cheap, bright flowers, and put them in the boy's hands. Take them to Chandler Street—107. Here's a quarter. Now run! The sooner you get there the better."

Scarecrow gazed through the screen of vines at the silver lying on his grimy palm. It took on enormous proportions and twinkled gloriously, wealthily.

"I ain't got no change—I run's 'em for a fiver," he muttered.

The man towering above him laughed good-naturedly.

"Well, run this one 'far' a quarter. It's worth it—it isn't any common errand," he said. And his face as he strode away was radiant with a sudden joyful remembrance. This was an errand out of a hundred—a thousand.

The man smiled joyously. In another minute Scarecrow felt his hand on his shoulder again, and another silver quarter dropped through the vines into the small brown hand.

"It's worth it. Off with you!" the man laughed.

It did not occur to him to distrust the tattered little messenger. He was not in a distrustful mood.

At Chandler Street, 107, the lights were all lighted. It seemed to be a regular illumination. Scarecrow could see through the unshaded windows a big, bright room that seemed full and running over with eager-faced little boys—tall boys, short boys, curly boys, straight boys, and one little lilted boy who danced wildly about. One, two, three—Scarecrow counted boys. There were six of them! And what was this they were doing? The little street boy stood watching them, outside.

"W-E-L-C-O-M-E," he spelled slowly to himself, as one by one the big green paper letters were tacked up over the mantel in the big, bright room. The word, complete, meant nothing definite to scarecrow. He puzzled over it curiously. Then he knocked loudly at the door beside the window. A troop of boys answered the knock with a headlong rush.

"Oh! O! It's the flowers!—Daddy's sent 'em! A boy's brought 'em!"

"The flowers have come!"

"An' the smile-axe?"

"They're red an' pink an' yellow—an' they smell—my!"

"Goody, goody—hoo-ray!"

In an instant little Scarecrow's arms were empty and the rush back to the bright-lighted room had begun. Scarecrow plucked the sleeve of the rear boy boldly, and whispered: "Say, wot's de game?" he asked eagerly. "Wot's dem letters in dere spell out?"

"Why, don't you know?" the little fellow exclaimed in astonishment, "they spell 'Welcome,' because mother's coming home to-morrow. To-morrow morning—yes, sirree! They've cured her at the hospital and she's coming home. We've got pieces to speak, and singing, and we're going to drape the pictures with vines and flowers, an' I tell you there's times, when your mother comes home!"

Little Scarecrow crept away in the darkness. Even the bright silver quarters clinked, unheard, in his pocket. He was thinking.

There are "times"—I tell you—when your mother comes home. That was what Scarecrow was thinking.

Scarecrow's mother was coming home, too, to-morrow. Had they cured her at that great, grim hospital for sick souls over there? All at once Scarecrow remembered something. She was coming out weeks earlier, because of good behaviour, they said. Some one had told him. Scarecrow was conscious suddenly of being proud of his mother! He had never been proud of her in her life before.

"Dey're goin to let her out sooner along o' her behavin' good," he murmured, a little glow warming his thin, brown cheeks. "Oh, I say, mebbe"—his voice quavered excitedly—"mebbe dey'ad cured her!"

But there would be no greens and flowers nor "Welcome" on the wall. The utter contrast smote Scarecrow like a dull blow. He stopped in the street and sobbed in sudden compassion. There would be no vines, no flowers, no singing—no anything when Scarecrow's mother came home. That other mother would have them all.

Then the silver coins clinked reminedly. They bore inspiration straight from the tattered pocket of despondent Scarecrow to his brain, under the tattered cap. Fifty cents will "carry a great way sometimes," and it was Scarecrow's trade to carry things. There were the odds and ends of greens and the half-wilted flowers that the florist let him have, cheap; there were the buns and sausages and the tea—and the bit of sugar and milk. He carried them all home to the attic in the dreary alley. All the way upstairs—flight after flight—Scarecrow whistled. Across the little dark hallway the invalid woman took up her needle again and smiled.

"Maybe she ain't coming home after all—then I don's wonder he feels like whistlin', again", she thought. It's dreadful good to hear him."

The little attic was swept and polished and decorated with the treasures from the florist's. Scarecrow got up at the first ray of daylight to do it. And he set out his little feast on the tilting old table. Over the one little window he nailed a gigantic W that he had fashioned patiently out of shreds of green. It was crooked and queer, but it was a W, and it began the word "Welcome." He would explain—she would understand.

"I wish I could remember de way de other letters went," he thought standing off and eyeing the solitary letter wistfully, "but I'll tell her wot it stan's fer an' how she's welcome home again. An' when she comes in de door I'll set up an' whistle loud.—Dat'll be de sluggin'."

It was midway in the dull wet morning when the mother of little Scarecrow came home. Sore-hearted and hopeless, with the brand of shame on her forehead, she dragged listlessly up the stairs—flight after flight. She had "been good" over at the Island, but now—

"I say!"

It was Scarecrow, on the upper landing, nodding cheerfully. His little brown, lean, hungry face was slate with pride.

"Yer come along in an' look, will yer?" he cried exultingly, hurrying her before him. "It stan's fer 'Welcome,' see?—It's de first letter. I couldn't spell de rest. An' de flowers an' vines an' de vittles—dey all stan's for 'Welcome.'"

Then the boy's lips pursed into a whistle and the whole decorated little attic was filled with shrill music.

A moment the mother gazed—for a moment she listened uncomprehendingly. Then, with understanding, arose, something sweet and warm in her calloused breast, and she caught little whistling Scarecrow into her arms. The music stopped when she kissed him. He could never remember to have been kissed before, and the prophecy of better things was in the strange warm touch on his lips. The faith of a little child and the love of a mother were born then, and the squalid little attic blossomed into a home. It would be easier to "be good" after that.

—Annie Hamilton Donnell, in *Interior*.

COMPETENT.

A young woman recently answered an advertisement for a dining room girl, and the lady of the house seemed pleased with her. But before engaging her there were some questions to ask.

"Suppose," said the lady, "now, only suppose, understand—that you were carrying a piece of steak from the kitchen, and by accident should let it slip from the plate to the floor, what would you do in such a case?"

The girl, looking the lady square in the eyes for a moment before replying, "Is it a private family, or are there boarders?"

"Boarders," answered the lady.

"Pick it up, and put it back on the plate," firmly replied the girl.

She was engaged.

LOST OPPORTUNITY.

I wish I'd been in Ameriky in the time of the war," remarked Mr. Herlihy to his wife. "I wouldn't be drivin' a coal-cart now for a livin' if I had."

"Ah, well, Michael," remarked Mrs. Herlihy in a soothing tone, "if you'd gone to the wars, you might have been kilt, man, like as not."

"And pwhat if I had," said her husband, refusing to be consoled, "pwhat if I had, Norah Herlihy? There'd have been my pinsion comin' regular every month, and its ourselves could have lived on it for the rest of our lives, instead of goin' out scrubbin' and drivin' coal-carts."

"Sure, I niver thought of that," said Mrs. Herlihy, and a melancholy silence fell upon the pair.

WON'T KISS THEIR HUSBANDS

IS related with every evidence of truthfulness that a certain lady in Philadelphia, who died at the age of ninety, never allowed her husband to kiss her. The reason for her strange behavior was the fact that when she was a girl in her teens and on a visit to England, the prince regent had been graciously pleased to print on her red lips an osculatory salute. From that day she vowed to preserve inviolate the mouth that the "First Gentleman in Europe" had thus honored. She kept her vow religiously, and although she married and lived with her husband for years she never allowed him to kiss her lips. His plebian touch was not allowed to profane that which had been rendered sacred by the embrace of royalty.

A certain member of congress, when confessing his present wife, was detected in the dire delinquency of kissing his pretty cousin, of whom his fiance was inordinately jealous. A violent scene was the result. For a long time the outraged lady refused her forgiveness, and when at length friendly relations were resumed, it was on the distinct understanding that those lips which had touched "that thing" were never more to press hers. Though the couple have now been married many years, the unforgiving wife has never rescinded her resolution.

A cranky bachelor, who held extremely ascetic views upon the conduct of life, died in the early '90s, bequeathing the major portion of his property to his niece—an austerlhike housekeeper—conditionally on her never being guilty of what he considered the highly indecorous act of osculation. The young girl was naturally very indignant, the more so as she had but lately accepted an offer of marriage. The legacy, however, was far too substantial to be refused, so the young couple, though bent on matrimony, agreed to abide by the stipulation of the will. They were accordingly united in due course, and despite the utmost vigilance of those to whom the money would go in the event of their disobeying the testator's behest, have not hitherto been surprised flagrante delicto. Whether they indulge in secret is, however, quite another matter.

Dread of the omnipresent bacillus almost destroyed the hopes of a rising New York lawyer, whose fiance, the daughter of an eminent bacteriologist, became so possessed of her father's hobby as to refuse the usual lover's prerogative, on the ground that kisses were potent propagators of disease. In vain he appealed to common sense and immemorial custom. She was resolute in her decision, to which he had finally to bow, and he led her to the altar conditionally on his never aspiring to the germ disseminating kiss.

Some twenty years since a native of Alsace, named Meiser, was suddenly seized with a homicidal mania. One morning as departing as usual to his work, he asked his wife for a kiss. The poor woman raised her mouth, and as their lips met he plunged a knife, which he had concealed upon his person, into her side.

Without a groan she fell to the ground and expired almost immediately. This awful act was witnessed by their daughter, a young girl of twelve, on whom it made such an indelible impression that, when in the course of time, she married, it was only on condition that her husband should never on any pretext demand a kiss.

A young sailor about to depart on a voyage gave his fiance a parting kiss.

"That is the last kiss I shall have for many a long day," she said; "the last till you return, dearest."

"You promise," he cried.

"I promise," was the reply.

The sailor went to sea, whence he never returned. After many years of mourning the girl married one who is now a well-known Boston doctor. But she still remains faithful to her promise. Never has she kissed her husband, nor have his lips pressed hers.—*Columbia Dispatch.*

UNIQUE DISTINCTIONS OF H.R.H.

Here are some interesting facts about the Prince of Wales, which are condensed from his biography as written by his private secretary:

He is a Colonel eight times over.

He has one private secretary, two assistant secretaries, and a staff of clerks to assist him.

He receives 300 letters a day and answers most of them.

He has every order of knighthood in Europe.

His uniforms are worth $75,000.

He is the chief horse owner, dog owner and yachtsman in England.

He goes to church every Sunday morning.

He started life with an income of $55,000 a year.

He likes to travel incognito in Paris.

His favorite vehicle in London is a hansom cab, yet his stables cost $75,000 a year.

He has friends in every nation and speaks German, French, Italian and Russian.

He is 5 feet 8 inches tall and weighs 160 pounds.

He is 57 years old and has four grandchildren.

When he was young he was very tender-hearted and cried for days when a tutor left him.

He is said to one of the best shots in England.

He sets the fashion in clothes for the whole world.

He has thirteen university degrees.

He has made more speeches than any other man in the world, but mostly short ones.

He owns the deepest mine in England.

He was the first Christian to dine with the Sultan.

DISGUISED COMPLIMENT.

The "gentleman farmer," so called, has to put up with many jokes at his expense in print. In real life he is not often treated to speeches as amusing as one which recently came to our ears.

Before leaving his place for a winter visit to gayer scenes, the "farmer" of the anecdote called his Hibernian head man, and said:

"Flynn, I have to be away for a fortnight. I hope everything will run smoothly on the farm."

"Oh," said Flynn, heartily, "ye don't do a bit o' harm, sir, when you're here."

Nervousness is cured by making the blood rich and pure with Hood's Sarsaparilla. It gives the sweet, refreshing sleep of childhood.

CONTEMPT OF COURT.

Mr. Rawley walked in and close at his heels stalked Bitters. Both seated themselves; the one on a chair, the other on end, directly in front of the surrogate. Mr. Jagger looked at the dog with the solemn eye of a surrogate, and shook his head as only a surrogate can shake it.

"Are you the witness?" he inquired of the dog's master.

"I am, sir," replied Mr. Rawley. "I was subponaed to testify."

"What's that animal doing here?" demanded the surrogate.

"Nothing," replied Mr. Rawley. "He comes when I comes. He goes when I goes."

"The animal must leave the court. It's contempt of the court to bring him here," said Mr. Jagger angrily. "Remove him instantly."

Mr. Rawley had frequently been in attendance at the police courts, and once or twice had a slight taste of the sessions; so that he was not much struck with the surrogate as he otherwise might have been; and he replied:

"I make no opposition, sir; and shall not move a finger to prevent it. There's the animal; and any officer as pleases may remove him. I say nuffin ag'in it. I knows what a contempt of court is; and that ain't one." And Mr. Rawley threw himself amiably back in the chair.

"Mr. Blagg!" said the surrogate to the man with the frizzled wig, "remove the dog."

Mr. Blagg laid down his pen, took off his spectacles, went up to the dog and told him to get out; to which Bitters replied by snapping at his fingers as he attempted to touch him. Mr. Rawley was staring abstractedly out of the window. The dog looked up at him for instructions, and, receiving none, supposed that snapping at a officer's fingers was perfectly correct, and resumed his pleasant expression towards that functionary, occasionally casting a lowering eye at the surrogate as if deliberating whether to include him in his demonstrations of anger.

"Blagg, have you removed the dog?" said Mr. Jagger, who, the dog being under his very nose, saw that he had not.

"No, sir; he resists the court," replied Mr. Blagg.

"Call Walker to assist you," said Mr. Jagger.

Walker, a thin man in drabs, had anticipated something of the kind, and had accidently withdrawn as soon as he saw that there was a prospect of difficulty; so that the whole court was set at defiance by the dog.

"Witness!" said Mr. Jagger.

Mr. Rawley looked the court full in the face.

"Will you oblige the court by removing that animal?" said Mr. Jagger, mildly.

"Certainly, sir," said Mr. Rawley. "Bitters, go home." Bitters rose stiffly and went out, first casting a glance at the man with the wig, for the purpose of being able to identify him on some future occasion, and was soon after seen from the window walking up the street with the most profound gravity.—From the *Attorney* by John T. Irving.

A WRECKED LIFE.

Some time ago a man about fifty years of age left his brother's house alone and apparently empty-handed, and did not come back. From a letter received soon after, and from his well-known discouraged state of mind, his going was sadly interpreted by friends, and they feared the worst. It was one of those "mysterious disappearances," the readiest explanation of which is despair and suicide.

The man was a skilled artisan, and an inventor whose patented devices had again and again brought profit to his employers; but his mental working-power was gone and his hand had lost its cunning. Strong drink, that years ago made him a slave, had left him useless when hardly past his prime. With a lady, one of his neighbors, he conversed freely a little while before his disappearance, and this is the substance of what he said:

"I wish the young could realize how many useful things the world is waiting for, and could be taught to look for them. In an age of progress like this the most successful workers are those who find new and better ways. Encourage every sign of young ingenuity. Tell a boy that any talent to think and do will bless the world, if it does not make him a fortune. A lucky thought is a prize everywhere. It is a God-given gift. So is the brain that originates it. Tell him that.

"And tell him to leave stimulants and narcotics alone, and save his brain. I blame nobody but myself—that I did not mind this caution when I was young; though it seems strange that not a soul ever warned me.

"At nineteen I was on the high-road to success, and my skill was in quick demand; but I fell into fast company, and drank—drank until it became a habit to drink. I never shook off the curse till it ruined my faculties. Look at the wreck it has made of me. It is too late now. I cannot think to a point, and my hand cannot make a perfect draft."

The unfortunate man had never expressed himself so freely before. He may never be heard from again. Life—as it seemed to his desperate mood—had ceased to be worth living. He was a frequent and eager reader of the *Companion*, and felt an interest in the welfare of the youthful world it fills.

His last words of warning seem fitly placed in these pages; and every such example repeats once more to the youth of the land, "Your faculties are God-given gifts. Conquer temptation, and keep them whole."—*Youth's Companion.*

EVERY MAN TO HIS TRADE.

The recent death of Mme. Auberon de Nerville, a well-known Parisian hostess, recalls a reply once made to her by the younger Dumas, who did not enjoy a certain kind of lionizing. At a dinner given by Mme. Auberon de Nerville one evening he sat next to a certain general who was disconcerted by Dumas's chilly manner.

"Why do you not tell the general some of your witty stories?" asked the hostess of the novelist in a whisper.

"What would you have, madame?" replied Dumas, in his most ingenuous tone. "Everyone to his trade. I have been waiting for the general to fire off a cannon."

He that falls into sin is a man; that grieves at it may be a saint; that boasts of it is a devil.

ONE DAY AT A TIME.

One day at a time! That's all it can be;
No faster than that is the hardest fate;
And days have their limits, however we
Begin them too early and stretch them late.

One day at a time,
It's a wholesome rhyme—
A good one to live by;
A day at a time.

One day at a time! Every heart that aches
Knows only too well how long that can sound;
But it's never to-day which the spirit breaks;
It's the darkened future without a bound.

One day at a time! A burden too great
To be borne for two can be borne for one;
Who knows what will enter to-morrow's gate?
While yet we are speaking all may be done.

One day at a time! When joy is at height—
Such joy as the heart can never forget—
And pulses are throbbing with wild delight,
How hard to remember that sums must set!

One day at a time—but a single day,
Whatever its load, whatever its length;
And there's a bit of precious Scripture to say
That according to each shall be our strength.

INDIRECT PREPARATION.

An orator, like an editor, must do a great deal of indirect preparation for his work. In the library of the late Thomas Corwin, Ohio's most eloquent orator, there is still pointed out a volume of selections of British orators' speeches, which he often read while meditating on the themes of the address he was to deliver. He was doing two things: getting his mind into the mood for high thinking, and suffusing it with the style of these masters of English expression—their niceties, elegancies and peculiarities of speech.

Mr. Corwin was also a constant reader of the English Bible. He drew from it illustrations, and used its bits of history to point and adorn his political speeches.

One of his most effective speeches was an exposition of the narrative of Noah's building the ark. The farmers who listened to it cried, laughed and shouted. When the orator had finished, they knew not whether they had heard a sermon or a stump speech, but they did know that they had a clearer idea than before of political and social corruption, and a more intense admiration of the men who refused to follow a multitude bent on doing evil.

Mr. Dana, of the New York *Sun*, one of the most accomplished of editors, advises young journalists to familiarize themselves with the English version of the Bible if they would acquire a good newspaper style. Mr. Corwin used to advise his law students to read the Bible as the first book in their course of studies.

TO START CONVERSATION.

"The preliminary stages of conversation offer the principal difficulty—the dread of silence makes us mute," writes Mrs. Burton Kingsland, in the August *Ladies' Home Journal*. "The weather seems to have perennial interest. Why may not one treasure a few bits of stories apropos of that much-worn topic, to be brought out upon occasion? For instance, some one speaks of the variability of the weather, whereupon one might tell of the lady, whose physician advised for her change of climate: 'Why, Doctor, you forget that I am a New York woman. I never have anything else!' was her rejoinder. At least, it is better than mere acquaintance, and when people have laughed together the ice is broken. It is possible to have at one's tongue's end some trifling things of interest on various subjects—but the supply needs frequent renewal. There are moments when the embarrassment of silence is relieved by the knowledge that nothing but the veriest commonplaces are expected. When a hostess has paired her guests before a dinner and each man seeks the lady assigned to him, he usually says, 'I believe that I am to have the pleasure of taking you in to dinner,' and she has but to bow and smile while accepting his arm, and may say in a voice of perfunctory politeness, 'I am very glad.' It is usually the man who takes the initiative and the woman who bears the burden of the conversation."

MARRIAGE FEES.

A bridegroom once came to the minister to engage him to perform the wedding ceremony, and after all the arrangements had been made, the bride groom-elect said frankly: "I tell you right now that I can't pay all in one lump the three dollars I am planning to give you for the job. I have had a cut in my wages, and I won't have the three dollars to spare all at one time. I'll give you a quarter after the wedding, and then I'll come round to your house every Saturday night and pay you a quarter until I am square with you. I don't like this here gettin' married on the installment plan but it's the best I can do." Said a Southern minister: "One of the queerest fees I ever received was from a young negro bridegroom for whom I performed the wedding ceremony at my own home. At the close of the ceremony, and just as the bridal party of five or six were about to depart, the bridegroom said: 'Yo' will find de fee for yo' kindness out in a co'nah ob de po'ch, sah.' I followed the party out on to the porch, and when they had gone on their way, I looked in a corner of the porch, where I found a pair of fine fowls tied together by the legs. They set up a lusty squawk as I picked them up. The bridegroom had said, as he went down the steps, the steps, that they were 'ob his own raisin,' but I never felt quite sure of that."—*Lippincott.*

STILL MORE ALARMING.

An unsatisfactory scientific explanation was that once given by Hans Christian Anderson, to reassure a timid lady who was taking her first trip by steamboat. She was quite convinced that the vessel might explode at any moment, and confessed that she could not possibly understand the principle of locomotion by steam.

At length Anderson, who rather plumed himself on the faculty for popular exposition, undertook to make matters clear.

"Just suppose, madam," said he, "that you have a pot on the fire, and that it is boiling very fiercely. Suppose again that a large lid is on the top of the pot. If this lid were tightly screwed down the pot might burst from the pressure of the steam inside it. But if it be loosely put on, it will only bob up and down, the steam will come out and the pot will not burst."

But the lady clutched convulsively at the railing of the steamer and clung there. "Heaven help us!" she cried pointing at the deck. "If the lid here over the steam engine bobs up and down as you say, we shall all be pitched into the Danube?"