The Acton Free Press.

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The Acton Free Press

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ADVERTISING RATES—Transient advertisements, 10 cents per Nonpareil line for first insertion, 3 cents per line for each subsequent insertion.

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

SPACE.	1 YR.	6 MO.	3 MO.	1 MO.
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5 inches	20.00	12.00	7.00	2.50
1 inch	6.00	3.50	2.00	1.00

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

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

Accounts payable monthly.

H. F. MOORE
Editor and Proprietor.

Business Directory.

MEDICAL.

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 2 p.m., and 7 to 9 p.m.

DR. C. I. KELLY, M.A., 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.

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 6 p.m. SUNDAYS—10 a.m. to 1 p.m.

DENTAL.

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

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

J. M. BELL, D.D.S., L.D.S., DENTIST, 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. 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—Ferryman's Block, ACTON - - ONT.

MISCELLANEOUS.

DR. A. P. HUSBAND, V. S. Graduate Ontario Veterinary College. Hon. Member Veterinary Medical Society. Office—Over Worden's Harber Shop, next door to Food 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, ONT. 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. Periodicals of every description carefully bound. Ruling neatly and promptly done.

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

WM. HEMSTREET, LICENSED AUCTIONEER for the Counties of Wellington and Halton. Orders left at the Valley Times office, Acton, or at my residence in Acton, will be promptly attended to. Terms Reasonable. Also money to loan on the most favorable terms, and at the lowest rates of interest, in sums of $500 and upwards.

SUBSCRIBED STOCK CAPITAL $125,000. THE WELLINGTON MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY. Established 1840. Head Office - - GUELPH, ONT. INSURANCE on Cash and Mutual plan. Any communication addressed to my address, Acton, or telephone 53, 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 will always be Secured at his stable. A comfortable bus meets trains between Acton and Elora. Careful attention given to every order. The wants of Commercial Travellers fully met.

JOHN WILLIAMS, Proprietor.

Lamps

For Winter Evenings.

..FOR..

HALL
PARLOR
KITCHEN
DINING ROOM

Fine New Stock.
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. WALLACH, Manager.

FRAME YOUR PICTURES

WATERS BROS.

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

Wyndham Street, GUELPH.

Spelght & Brady

Manufacturers of

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

Repairing Promptly Done.

Georgetown, Ont.

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 old 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

ACTON

Flour Mills

HUMPHRIES & HAWKE, Proprietors.

Highest Market Prices Paid —FOR— WHEAT AND OTHER GRAINS.

Our Make of FLOUR Has won wide-spread favor. Best grades always on hand. FLOUR CHOP MILL FEED CRACKED WHEAT ETC.

At lowest prices for Cash.

Humphreys & Hawke, ACTON.

ACTON

Saw & Planing Mills

MYKIN ST.

Manufacturers and Dealers In All Kinds of DRESSED AND UNDRESSED LUMBER, LATH AND SHINGLES. SASH, DOORS AND BLINDS. WINDOW AND DOOR FRAMES. ALL KINDS OF INDOOR AND OUT-DOOR FINISH.

Having a well assorted stock of lumber on hand orders will in all cases be promptly filled.

Lumber dressed and matched while you wait.

Prices are as low as any other mill turning out work equal in quality.

Custom logs cut at any time.

JNO. EVANS, Manager. JAMES BROWN, Proprietor.

All kinds of wood on hand and promptly delivered to any part of the town.

—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 in Guelph.

A general banking business transacted.

A. H. JONES, Manager.

JOHN M. BOND & CO.

AGAIN back up their lamp reputation by showing a complete line of Stand and Hanging Lamps of all styles. Lamps—all best American make. If you are in Guelph and pass this store look into the window (corner Cork St.,) and you will see a great many placed for your easy-seeing convenience. No old stock, all less than one month old.

"Our Prices are Always Right."

JOHN M. BOND & CO. HARDWARE GUELPH

ROYAL CITY BUSINESS COLLEGE

PREPARE TO MEET

The responsibilities which will devolve upon you as the future business men and women of our progressive country, by taking a course at Guelph's up-to-date school,

ROYAL CITY BUSINESS COLLEGE

We have every facility for doing good work, and are doing it.

We Train for Business.

When in Guelph, call at the College Office, Traders' Bank Building, or write to

A. W. YOUNG, Principal.
Traders Bank Building
GUELPH, ONT.

WHEN YOU WANT FLOUR —and— OATMEAL GET OUR

ORTON AND EDON MILLS BRAND

The best in the market. All wide-awake dealers use it. Extra quality—prices right.

HENRY HORTOP.

DUNLOP SOLID RUBBER Carriage Tire

A new carriage tire that makes riding on all roads a pleasure—economical too, for it does away with the vibration that shakes and breaks the carriage.

A V-shaped space between the rubber tire and the steel flange prevents the creeping and cutting which other tires are subject to. Ask the hitch at the big fairs.

Send at once for Free Tire Catalogue giving prices of all sizes.

The Dunlop Tire Company, Limited.
TORONTO.
ST. JOHN WINNIPEG MONTREAL

It's Your Nerves.

It's the Condition of Your Nerves that Either Makes Your Life a Round of Pleasure or a Useless Burden.

To many women life is one round of sickness, weakness and ill health. To attempt even the lightest household duties fatigues them. Many of the symptoms accompanying this state of decline are: a feeling of tiredness on waking, faintness, dizziness, sinking feeling, palpitation of the heart, shortness of breath, loss of appetite, cold hands and feet, headache, dark circles under the eyes, pain in the back and side and all the other accompaniments of a run-down and weakened constitution.

All these symptoms and conditions are simply the result of a poor quality and defective circulation of the blood, with a wasting away of the nerve forces.

By feeding the system with

DR. WARD'S BLOOD AND NERVE PILLS

You strike at the root of the disease and lay a solid foundation on which to build. Soon the weight increases, the sunken cheeks and flattened busts fill out, the eyes get bright and the thrill of renewed health and strength vibrates through the system.

50 cents per box, at all druggists, or

DR. WARD CO., Toronto, Ont.

Poetry.

HOI YE VOTERS.

Election time is drawing near,
And candidates will soon appear,
On public honors bent;
They'll try to make it understood,
They'll labor for the public good
With most sincere intent.

O, trust them not! unless you know,
Their characters before they go,
In Parliament to stand,
Who will not swerve in deed or word,
And on the side of right are heard,
When lasting ties demand.

Whose principles are known abroad,
As modeled from the Word of God,
Without reproach, their lives;
Whose word has been their bond from youth,
Who never deviate from truth;
Will such, a nation thrives.

Men who are neither bought nor sold,
Who look upon the bribe's gold,
As something to contemn;
Who strive wrong-doing to suppress,
Removing all that breeds distress,
And all that's wrong condemn.

Who will not stoop for selfish gain,
Such fading honors to obtain,
Or yet the praise of men,
Whose only aim in all they do,
Is to be faithful, just and true,
And many such we ken.

We need them to expel the weed,
While strong to conquer, who oppose,
Wherever woes are found;
To buckle on their armour bright,
Brave and invincible to fight
The foes that surge around.

Such are the men to break the chain,
That has been forged through greed of gain,
And still our land surrounds;
A trade with paralyzing breath,
That binds its victims unto death,
As do the hunter's hounds.

It engulfs all other ills,
The hideous traffic that distills,
The soul-destroying draught;
Its scorching trail blights all the road,
That leads away from hope and God,
Who have its poison quaffed.

If man this evil will ignore,
Throw out the plank that should be there,
They might as well retire;
The people have the right to send,
The man who will their rights extend,
In what they most desire.

Our country bends beneath its weight,
That hinders progress in the state,
Involving much expense;
Its heritage is poverty,
Producing much iniquity,
While law is its defence.

Our land needs good men to appease,
To pilot her through stormy seas,
Of wrongs and malcontent;
To lift the burdens that oppress;
For ills endured, to give redress,
Our laws for this are meant.

P. L. Grant, in Newmarket Era.

Select Family Reading.

Macpherson's Temptation.

"SHUT UP, Macpherson!" Walter Macpherson, medical student, who was thus emphatically addressed, finished the verse of the music hall melody he was singing in his musical, if rather boisterous voice, and then turned towards his companion.

"What's up, old man?" he asked, regarding him with a comical look of concern on his good-natured face. "You don't look as happy as I've seen you. To quote Glabrio in 'The Sign of the Cross,' 'Whether it is your liver or your heart that troubles you? If the former—send for the doctor; if the latter—send for the woman.' That advice is invaluable, my dear fellow and ought to be acted upon at once."

Frank Ross pushed the book he had been poring over away from him impatiently, and rose from the table. He was a tall, slightly-made lad, very different in appearance from the stalwart Macpherson, with whom he had shared his lodgings for the last two sessions. They were both medical students, and in their second last year.

"I wish you'd keep your advice to yourself," he said. "I find it difficult enough to study just now; when you are in the room it's impossible. I cannot imagine how you ever manage to get through your exams., and with honors, too."

"You see I'm not in love, Ross, and that makes a difference. My dear boy," he continued, changing his bantering tone, "I wish you would not worry yourself so over trifles. You will make yourself ill before the end of the session."

"Trifles!" Ross exclaimed. "Do you call it a trifle that I have not seen her for nearly three weeks, and that, although I know she is in town she has not even written to let me know her address? I tell you it is enough to drive a fellow crazy to be engaged to a girl like that?"

Walter Macpherson glanced at Ross's pained, angry face with a look of sympathy on his handsome one, then a dark flush crept gradually over it.

"Have you not seen Miss Wilson then, lately?" he asked kindly. He had a disagreeable feeling of disloyalty to his friend in his honest heart as he thought of how, only a few nights ago, he had met, quite by accident on his part, the young lady in question, and, as he had had nothing special to do, walked part of the way with her to where she was staying with friends. Somehow he had omitted to mention the meeting to Ross, and of course, took it for granted that he knew where she was staying, and had seen her himself. Macpherson had known Lily Wilson for some time, and was on friendly terms with her, as being Frank's intended. She and Frank came from the same town, some distance out of Glasgow, and had known each other all their lives. It was an understood thing that the marriage would take place whenever Ross was through. He made no secret to Macpherson of his all-absorbing love for Lily, and Walter, who had never been in love as yet, listened good-naturedly, wondering sometimes if any girl was worth troubling so much over, and inevitably coming to the conclusion that if such a one existed it was Lily Wilson—Lily, with her yellow hair and tall, willowy figure.

For a moment he hesitated whether to tell Ross of the chance encounter, or not, then he made up his mind to say nothing about it. He would try to see her again and tell her how much pain she was causing Frank by her silence. Macpherson had grown very fond of his companion within the last two sessions, and in his own blunt, good-natured way would have done almost anything to save him trouble or pain.

"Don't fret over her, Frank," he said, laying his hand on his shoulder kindly. "You will see her soon, I'm convinced of that, and then you will laugh at all your fears and doubts about her."

And Ross's despondency as usual gave way before his friend's cheerfulness and unfailing influence.

That night Walter Macpherson, after his classes were over, went round in the direction of where Lily had told him she was staying, in the hopes of seeing her. It was beginning to get dark as he sauntered slowly along towards the gates of the Park where he had almost given up hopes of meeting her, when he saw her slim figure come slowly along towards him with a book under her arm. He stopped and raised his hat. There seemed an unusual glow on Lily's fair face as she gave him her hand.

"I have been enjoying the Park and a book all afternoon," she said. "We seem destined to meet, Mr. Macpherson."

"I was in hopes of doing so," Walter said in his blunt way, looking from his great height at her gracefully poised head and soft blue eyes, which almost looked black in the gathering dusk. "It is too late for you to be wandering about alone. But since we have met, I want to have a talk with you; let us take a seat in the Park for a short time."

Lily turned with him, and they sat down on an empty seat near the Park gates. After a moment's silence Walter said abruptly:

"Frank tells me he has not seen you since you came to town, Miss Wilson. Forgive me for interfering, but is that not rather unfair? He is making himself quite miserable over not hearing from you."

"Does he know you have seen me?" Lily asked, her face, which had been flushed a few minutes ago, gradually growing pale.

"No, I have not told him," Macpherson answered. "I know it is quite unintentional on your part, Miss Wilson, for you could not do an unkind action, but you are causing him great pain. I cannot bear to see him unhappy. He and I are like brothers, and I know you will excuse me for pleading with you on his behalf. You cannot have any reason for treating him like this, and he does not deserve it. I believe he would cut off his right hand sooner than cause you a moment's pain."

Lily sat quite still for a few minutes after Walter had ceased speaking. He looked at her in surprise, she seemed different from the high, vivacious girl she used to be. Had she really intentionally kept her address from Frank? Walter had never thought of this before but had put her conduct down to carelessness.

At last she raised her head and looked at him in the dusk.

"What do you wish me to do?" she asked in a low voice.

"To see Frank at once and put an end to his anxiety and unhappiness, of course. Surely, Miss Wilson, that is what he might naturally expect from his future wife!"

Lily turned on him suddenly, and laid her small, white gloved hand on his arm.

"You ask me to do this?" she asked passionately.

A curious thrill ran through Walter's arm as she touched him.

"Yes," he answered steadily. "I ask you to do this. Surely it is the mode of action your own heart would dictate."

"Oh!" Lily said, in the same low passionate tone. "You will force me to speak plainly and humiliate myself to the dust! Have you not seen that the bond between Frank and me has become intolerable, unbearable to me—ever since—I—met—you?"

The last words were almost a whisper, but Walter heard them. His heart gave a wild throb, then almost ceased to beat. What undreamt-of, unheard-of thing had happened! Walter Macpherson had none of that vanity with which some men are so plentifully endowed, and he had never thought of the possibility of any woman falling in love with him. And Lily! Careless, beautiful Lily!—For a moment he thought he must have dream't that she whispered those last words, then as he saw her face he realized that it had been no dream. Walter thought she had never looked so beautiful as she did now; they were all alone in their corner of the Park, and a pale yellow moon was beginning to shed its rays on Lily's golden hair and dark slight figure so close beside him. For a moment a wild longing to draw her into his arms came over Walter—to take the prize that was so suddenly thrown within his reach—was it not his by right, after what she had said? Then suddenly remembering Frank, he put the temptation from him. Was he going to betray his friend, who had trusted him with his whole heart? A dark flush rose to his brow.

"I am sure you do not mean what your words imply, Miss Wilson," he said. "Believe me, I shall not think of them again. Remember Frank who has not a thought apart from you, whose ambitions, hopes, and dreams for the future are all centred round you; and when the time comes, be the true and loving wife to him that he deserves."

Lily, listening to his grave, calm words, did not guess the wild tumult that lay beneath the outward composure. She only felt that she had humiliated herself in vain, and she hid her face in her hands.

A few days later Frank Ross burst into the little sitting-room where Macpherson was poring over his books, and executed a dance, more distinguished for its violence than its grace, in front of Walter's astonished eyes.

"Congratulate me, old fellow—Lily has consented to marry me at once! She is an angel, and says she does not mind being a little poor for a year or two until my studies are finished. She agrees with me that long engagements are a vast mistake. What a cad I was ever to doubt the dearest, sweetest girl that ever lived! You must be best man, Walter."

"With all my heart," answered Macpherson, giving him his hand. Frank, in his happiness, which is apt to bring with it selfishness, did not notice that his friend's face looked white and drawn. "And I wish you both the best of everything that life can give."

"Thanks, old chap," Frank said as he clasped Macpherson's hand.

Know yourself and your company won't mistake you.

The worth of a thing is best known by the want of it.

They that have the credit of soon rising may lie abed all day.

You have read of the furor by Hood's Sarsaparilla, and you should have perfect confidence in its merit. It will do you good.

TWO WAYS OF DOING IT.

Here is a pleasant story which has never appeared in print, but is known to be true. The poet Walt Whitman was, as is well known, dependent during most of his life upon the kindness of his friends and admirers for support. A few years before his death, one of these friends called upon him in his little house in Camden, a suburban town of Philadelphia.

"Well, Walt," he said, "how goes it this winter? Any subscription needed for Christmas?"

"No," said Whitman, "no. I'm at work now. I'm in the employ of George Childs. He pays me fifty dollars a month."

"You at work! May I ask what is your occupation?"

"Why, I ride in the street cars. I fall into talk with the drivers and conductors and find out which of them have no overcoats, and guess at their size and notify Childs, and then he sends the overcoats. It's not hard work," said the poet thoughtfully. "And then, you know, it helps Childs along."

David Christie Murray, the well-known author, told in print some time ago the story of the hardships of his first years in London. After carrying about his manuscripts in vain from one publishing house to another, he found himself penniless and homeless. He slept upon the Thames embankment for two nights. For two days he had not eaten food.

On the third morning he was standing on London bridge, looking gloomily into the black water, when the editor of a newspaper who knew him passed with a hasty nod. He hesitated, looked at him and came back.

"Oh Murray," he cried, "you are just the man I want! Can you spare a couple of hours?"

"Yes," said Murray, dryly.

"I want an article on—on Columbus for to-morrow. Birthday article. Nothing labored—no dry dates. Something light, fanciful—you understand? Go to the office. You'll find paper and pens ready. Send it to my desk. And, oh, by the way, I may not be there in time. We'll settle in advance," thrusting a couple of sovereigns into his hand.

"I wrote the article," said Murray, "and found out long afterwards that the birthday of Cristopher Columbus did not come for months. From that day success came to me. That man saved my life."

Of misgiving, as of the giving of advice, it may truly be said:—

Its value all depends upon
The way in which it's done.

HOW ANIMALS PUT IN TIME.

It is a common saying among keepers that, averaging one animal with another, a menagerie must be renewed every three years, says a writer in the *Century*. Yet I know of one manager who kept most of his animals, those of Woodward's Gardens, San Francisco, alive, healthy and happy from the beginning of the time to the end, sixteen years later, when the establishment was broken up and the animals were ordered to be shot in their cages. The great secret of his success, he tells me was caring for their minds as well as for their bodies.

Why does the elephant swing to and fro forever from his chain picket? Why does he gather from the floor all the straw he can reach, throw it over his back and over the stable, to be regathered later? Why does the squirrel enter and work for hours the aimless treadmill, and the marten leap listlessly half the day from point to point floor, perch, slat, box; floor, perch, slat, box—day after day?

To all, the answer is the same as to the similar query about the man prisoner. They are putting in time. They are responding to the natural craving for exercise. They are trying to pass the tedium of their hopeless lives; they are doing anything, everything, their poor brains can suggest to while the weary drag of dull, eventless days.

SOLD AT LAST.

Pedlar (opening his pack)—I have here, madam, an improved rat-trap which——

St. Catharines Street woman—We are never troubled with rats.

"Which can also be used for cracking nuts——"

"We never eat nuts."

"Or as a coffee-roaster. Adjusted in this manner——"

"We always buy our coffee roasted."

"Just so. Reversing the wires that form the upper portion, and bringing down the side flaps thus, we have a device for holding eggs when cooking——"

"We never eat eggs."

"And by holding the wire loops, as you see me doing now, it makes a handy arrangement for holding a small mirror——"

"Haven't the slightest use for such a thing."

"While by adjusting another small mirror in this position, and another at this angle, as you will notice, and placing it in a kitchen window, for example, it has the curious effect of enabling the observer, seated at one side of the window, and entirely out of sight, to see distinctly through any window that may be opposite, and to note what is going on inside and, all. I ask for this most useful and comprehensive invention is twenty-five cents, which is only about one-half——"

"I'll take it."

TOO BIG FOR HIS BOOTS.

With great trouble a small body of men were busy hoisting a heavy log to the top of the blockhouse that was being repaired, after an assault in one of the campaigns of the War of American Independence.

As the log swung to and fro, the voice of the little man was heard encouraging the workers with a "Heave away! There she goes! Heave, ho!"

By-and-bye there rode past an officer in plain clothes, who asked the little man why he did not help the others.

"Sir," was the pompous reply, "I am a corporal!"

"Indeed," said the other, "I did not know that. I ask your pardon, Mr. Corporal."

Dismounting without further ado, the officer lent a willing hand till the job was done. Then, wiping the honest sweat off his brow, he turned to the little man and remarked:

"The next time, Mr. Corporal, you have a bit of work like that in hand, and too few men to do it, send for the Commander-in-Chief, and I'll come and assist you."

With which offer and rebuke General Washington left the astonished corporal to his own reflections.

THE MAN WHO HAS A GENIUS FOR THE INOPPORTUNE.

The following from the New Orleans *Times-Democrat* illustrates the characteristic of persons one is continually meeting:

"There goes a man," said a Canal street philosopher, "who has made a failure of life in spite of exceptional equipment for success. He is honest, affable, highly educated, and industrious as a beaver. He has no bad habits, and I couldn't name a man in New Orleans who possesses a kindlier disposition, yet he is continually cut of a job, and is studiously avoided by everybody who knows him. The mysterious part of it is that nobody can tell you just why, and that poor fellow doesn't understand it himself. He is beginning to think that somebody has worked a rabbit's foot on him, but the secret is really this: He has a genius for the inopportune. By some malign freak of fate he always says and does the wrong thing at the wrong time. It is not lack of tact, it is destiny. For example, I like him, but he never called on me in his life that his visit wasn't highly unwelcome. He is morally certain to drop in just in time to catch one doing something foolish or discreditable, and you know how we hate the innocent chance witness of our follies. He made a mortal enemy of Col.——, because he happened to walk into his office while the old man was dyeing his mustache. He chanced on a certain prominent lawyer smirking before a mirror, rehearsing an impromptu after-dinner speech, and the prominent lawyer got even by knocking him out of a valuable contract. Those are two cases out of dozens. He never gossips or tattles, but the mere fact that he has seen things he ought not to see and heard things he ought not to hear makes his very presence embarrassing to the other fellows. It's most unfortunate, and all fate. If he were introduced to a man whose grandfather had been hanged, he would be absolutely certain to begin talking about rope inside of two minutes. As I said before, he has a genius for the inopportune. My wife loathes him because her false frizzes blew off on the street one day and landed on top of his umbrella. He had nothing whatever to do with either the frizzes or the elements, but now I cannot ask him to my house. Terrible to be under such a curse, isn't it?"

MOST NOVEL OF ALL DUELS.

One way of combating an evil practice is to make it look ridiculous, says the Boston *Herald*. It was by this means that dueling was stopped in a certain district in Kentucky. A travelling preacher named Bowman—a strong, muscular fellow—was conducting services in Kentucky. At one of his meetings a well-known desperate character created a disturbance, and, being publicly rebuked by Bowman, sent him a challenge to fight. Bowman, as the challenged party, had the choice of weapons. He selected a half-bushel of Irish potatoes, as big as his fist, for each man, and stipulated that his opponent must stand fifteen paces distant, and that only one potato at a time should be taken from the measure.

The desperado was furious at being thus freshly insulted, and made an indignant protest, but Bowman insisted upon his rights as the challenged man, and threatened to denounce the desperado as a coward if he failed to come to time. As there was no way out of the fix but to fight, the desperado consented. The encounter took place on the outskirts of the town, and almost everybody in the place was on hand to see the fun. The seconds arranged the two men in position, by the side of each being a half-bushel measure filled with large, hard Irish potatoes. Bowman threw the first tuber. It struck his opponent and flew into pieces.

A yell of delight went up from the crowd which flurried the desperado, and his potato flew wide of the mark. Bowman watched his chance, and every time his opponent stooped for a potato another hit him in the short ribs, knocking the wind completely out of him, and doubling him up on the grass. The people were almost crazy with laughter, but Bowman looked as solemn as if he had just been preaching a funeral sermon. The desperado was taken home and put to bed, and stayed there for more than a week before he recovered from the effects of the Irish potato duel.

PAINTING HER PORTRAIT.

"If I could be such an old lady as that, so beautiful, serene, sweet, and lovable, I shouldn't mind growing old," said a young girl the other day, speaking of a white-haired visitor who had just departed.

"Well, if you want to be that kind of an old lady, you'd better begin making her right now," laughed a keen-witted companion. "She doesn't strike me as a piece of work that was done in hurry; it has taken a long time to make her what she is. If you are going to paint that sort of portrait of yourself to leave to the world, you'd better be mixing your colors now."

The merry words were true; and whether she willed it or not, the girl was already "mixing the colors" for her portrait, and drawing day by day the outlines of the mature womanhood which shall yet brighten or darken the lives around her. Many a careless, selfish girl has in her inmost heart no higher ideal than "to be like mother" when she shall have reached mother's years; but in the meanwhile she is content to be as unlike her as possible. She has an idea that age brings its graces with it, and that a beautiful character comes like silver hair, naturally and without effort.

Girls, you are outlining your future and choosing its coloring now. The woman you wish to be must begin in the girl.—*Forward.*

HAD THE RIGHT IDEA.

It is related on good authority, and in this case good authority means good authority—this is no Kafirgram—that a young woman went into a music store in the city the other day and asked the clerk for a copy of "Angels Always Polished."

The clerk turned over a stock of coon songs in a puzzled way and said he was afraid that they were just out, but he could send for it.

"My teacher said you would be sure to have it," said the maiden. "It's by Handel."

Guessing is a part of the clerk's business, and he showed her "Angels Ever Bright and Fair."

It was what she wanted.

HONEY.

Honey is a kind old cow,
She dreams beneath the apple bough
And swings her tail and rings her bell
While roaming up and down the dell.

I see her through the pasture here
Eat all the pretty daisy sprays,
Then gently toss her head on high
To watch the clouds that dot the sky.

When night makes all the meadow black,
She lets the chickens on her back
Fall fast asleep, and sleep, until
The sun comes peeping o'er the hill.

NERO.

In the year 1861 the steamship *Swallow* left the Cape of Good Hope, bound for England. Among the passengers was a child of two years, and a nurse. The lady had also brought with her a handsome Newfoundland dog. A company of the passengers were assembled on the deck, when suddenly all were awe-struck by the loud and piercing screams of a woman.

The nurse, who had been holding the child in her arms at the side of the vessel, had lost her hold of the restless little one, and it had fallen overboard into the great Atlantic. But something rushed swiftly past her; there was a leap over the vessel's side, a splash into the water, and then Nero's black head appeared above the waves, holding the child in his teeth.

The engines were stopped as soon as possible, but by that time the dog was far behind in the wake of the vessel. A boat was lowered, and the ship's surgeon ordered the sailors to pull for their lives. One could just make out on the dancing waves the dog's black head, holding something in his mouth.

The mother of the child stood on the deck, her eyes straining anxiously after the boat, and the black spot upon the waves still holding firmly to the scarlet jacket.

Sometimes a billow higher than its fellows hid for a moment dog and child. But the boat came near enough at last to allow of the surgeon's reaching over and lifting the child and the dog.

"Alive!" was shouted from every lip, as the boat came within hail of the steamer; and, as the answer came back, "Alive!" a "Thank God!" broke from every heart.

Then the boat came up to the ship's side. Many hands were stretched out to help the brave boy on board, and "Good Nero," "Brave dog," resounded on every side. But Nero trotted up to the child's mother and looked up into her face with his big brown eyes. It was as if he said, "It is all right, I have brought her back quite safe."

WHAT TO DO WITH OUR DAUGHTERS.

Teach them self-reliance.

Teach them to make bread.

Teach them to make shirts.

Teach them to foot up store bills.

Teach them how to cook a good meal.

Teach them to wear, thick, warm shoes.

Teach them how to wash and iron clothes.

Teach them how to make their own dresses.

Teach them that a dollar is only 100 cents.

Teach them how to darn stockings and sew on buttons.

Teach them courtesy, modesty, patience, and charity.

Teach them every day, sound, practical common sense.

Teach them to say no, and mean it; or yes, and stick to it.

Teach them to wear calico dresses, and do it like queens.

Give them a good, substantial common-school education.

Teach them that a good, rosy romp is worth fifty consumptives.

Teach them to regard the morals more than the money of their suitors.

Teach them all the mysteries of the kitchen, dining-room and parlor.

Teach them to have nothing to do with intemperate young men.

Teach them that the more one lives within his income the more he will save.

Teach them that a steady, honest mechanic with fair wages is worth a dozen loafers in broadcloth.

Teach them the accomplishments, music, painting, drawing, if you have time and money to do it with.

Teach them that God made them after a wise pattern, and no amount of tight lacing will improve the model.

Rely upon it that upon your teaching depends, in a measure, the weal or woe of their after life.

SMART CHILD.

"Charley, dear," said young Mrs. Torkins, "have you any doubts remaining about baby's being the smartest child in the world?"

"I must confess," he answered, as he rattled his newspaper rather irritably, "that I have seen no proofs of any superlative intellectual superiority."

"That simply shows you are not observing. Do you remember how you read that long list of Chinese names last night?"

"Yes."

"Well, baby was trying to talk to-day, and it sounded exactly as if he had learned every one of them by heart!"

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