# The Acton Free Press.

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## The Acton Free Press

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H. F. MOORE
Editor and Proprietor.


## Business Directory.

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Office and residence—Corner Mill & Frederick streets, Acton.
Office Hours:—6 to 10.30 a.m.; 1 to 2 p.m., and 7 to 9 p.m.

THOS. GRAY, M. D. C. M., McGILL.
L. R. C. P. EDINBURGH, L. R. F. & S. GLASGOW, MEMBER BRITISH MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, ETC.
SUCCESSOR TO DR. KELLY.
Office—Frederick Street — Acton, Ont.

DR. DRYDEN,
EYE, EAR, THROAT AND NOSE,
Corner Woolwich and Baker Streets, GUELPH.
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H. F. MOORE
ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES.
Private Office. No witnesses required. Issued at residence in the evening.
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SUBSCRIBED STOCK CAPITAL $185,000.
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 867, or telephone 58, will be promptly attended to.
JOHN TAYLOR, Agent, Guelph.

LEE SHUN
CHINESE LAUNDRY.
In Mrs. Secord's, Block, Acton.
Laundry collected and returned. Family Washing at reasonable rates.—All work done by hand. No machines or chemicals used.
LEE SHUN, Proprietor.

—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 all trains between 10 a.m. and 6.10 p.m.
Careful attention given to every order
The wants of Commercial Travellers fully met.
JOHN WILLIAMS
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And all the other late novels suitable for summer reading,
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DAY'S BOOKSTORE.
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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

*F. H. WALLACE, Manager.*

ANY PICTURES TO FRAME?
Any Pictures to Frame?
GO OR SEND TO
WATERS BROS.
*Wyndham Street*
GUELPH

ACTON
Machine and Repair Shops
HENRY GRINDELL, Proprietor

ARE 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.

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

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

SPRING HOUSE-CLEANING AND MOVING
Show the necessities in the way of new
FURNITURE, MATTRESSES, SPRINGS, ETC.
And JOHNSTONE & CO. are confident they can fill your wants very satisfactorily and at the lowest living prices.
Special attention is given to Upholstering, either in new work or repairing.
Picture Framing is a specialty. All orders receive prompt attention.
The New Raymond Sewing Machine is the favorite here-about and Johnstone & Co supply them.
Carpets made up to order, and Housefurnishings also in variety. Roller Blinds of all kinds in stock.
JOHNSTONE & CO,
Furniture Dealers & Undertakers
Main 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 in Guelph
A general banking business transacted.
A. V. H. JONES, *Manager.*

## We Want To Supply Your Wants In Drain Tile.

Almost every property owner requires more or less tile for draining and other purposes. Quality counts in tile, the same as in anything else. We offer the best salt glazed, Canadian and American tile in 4, 6, 9, 12, and 15 inch. Fittings of all kinds such as Y's, T's, Bends, Reducers Elbows, Crosses and Hand Hole Traps; Chimney Flues and Flue Lining, oval and round.

JOHN M. BOND & CO.
HOARDBOARD
*GUELPH*

BINDER TWINE
9 & 10 1-2c a lb.
Standard and Manilla.
The Celebrated McCormick, the best twine made for length, strength and weight.
GUARANTEED.
Also their great Binder, Mower and Steel Hay Rake. Call and see them.
Hay Rakes 10 and 12c each.
Harvest Gloves 15, 20 and 25c each.
Paris Green 20c lb.
Potato Bug Killer 3c lb.
Hellebore 30c lb.
Slug Shot 10c lb.
Instant Louse Killer 25c can.
Lambert's Death to Lice 25c pkg.
Also Sprayers of all kinds.

GEO. J. THORP,
*SEEDS, GRAIN, IMPLEMENTS, ETC.*
GUELPH & ROCKWOOD.

BUGGIES, CARTS AND WAGGONS.

I HAVE a full line of Buggies, Carts, Market and Lumber Waggons, all my own make, which I fully guarantee. Call and see them.
I also sell Binder Twine, Tolton Pea Harvesters, McCormick Binders, leading makes of Plows and Plow Points, Wortman & Ward Churns and C. Wilson Farm Scales.

J. N. O'NEILL
Successor to
Culp & McKenzie,
GEORGETOWN.

ACTON
SAW MILLS.
LUMBER, LATH SHINGLES AND WOOD.
DRESSED LUMBER, ROUGH LUMBER, LATH, SHINGLES AND STOVE WOOD OF ALL KINDS
KEPT CONSTANTLY ON HAND.
James Brown.
Terms Cash.

AMATEUR CAMERAS AND SUPPLIES
PREMO,
POCO,
RAY,
MAGAZINE,
CYCLONE.
PRINTING FRAMES.
4 x 5 and
Cabinet, 25 cents.
PRINTING PAPERS.
SOLIO,
ARISTO,
VELOX,
PHOTOX.
H. RAMSHAW.
PHOTO ARTIST, ACTON

WANTED.—Capable, reliable person in every county to represent large company of solid financial reputation; $540 per year, payable weekly; $3 per day absolutely sure and all expenses; straight, bona fide, definite salary, no commission; salary paid each Saturday and expense money advanced each week. STANDARD HOUSE, 334 DEARBORN ST., CHICAGO

## Poetry.

*A DAY IN THE WOODS.*

A feller feels like drowsin'—for the air is full of dreams;
Fer off the cowbells tinkle by the cool and shaded streams;
An' the woodin' winds invite you where the bees are on the wing,
An' the birds are makin' merry where the honeysuckles swing.

Sing a song o' summer—
"Ting-a-ling-a-ling!"
Cattle boys a-sleepin'
Where the honeysuckles swing!

A feller feels like loafin'; for the weather's fair an' fine,
An' the fishin' line's a bobbin' to the throbbin' o' the line;
An' the river banks invite you where a breezy chorus swells,
An' scatter o' joy delight you where the cattle shake their bells.

Sing a song o' summer—
"Ting-a-ling-a-ling!"
Cattle boys a-sleepin'
Where the honeysuckles swing!

It's good to be a-livin' in this weather—night an' morn;
When you hear a song o' plenty in the rustle o' the corn!
When a picture o' the harvest shines in every drop o' dew,
An' the old world's rollin' happy 'neath a livin' band o' blue.

Sing a song o' summer—
"Ting-a-ling-a-ling!"
Cattle boys a-sleepin'
Where the honeysuckles swing!

—*Atlantic Constitution.*

## Select Family Reading.

### Fate and a Bicycle.

I. WHICH CONCERNS THE BICYCLE.

WINIFRED WILMARTH had a bicycle. She enjoyed riding it, and what was vastly more important in Estelle Durand's eyes, the occupation was becoming to her. A natural form of reasoning led Estelle to conclude that, as she was about the same build as Winifred and had similar tastes, she also would find a wheel becoming and enjoyable. So Estelle persuaded her father that it was especially desirable and expedient for her to have a bicycle that summer, and forthwith the wheel was bought.

She had hoped to be able to mount and ride off without any trouble; but after several attempts, the conclusion forced itself upon her that, being only an average girl, some assistance in the beginning would be a good thing.

"Jacob," she called, as she caught sight of a lumbering figure, "Father doesn't need you just now, so come here and help me."

Jacob bent his energies to the task with the same wooden patience which entered into all his work. They both perspired and breathed hard, and had no surplus strength to waste on words. But after a while, when she could ride three or four feet without falling off, her imagination took flight and made her long for a more ambitious arena.

"Do you suppose, Jacob, that if I went out on the road, a cow might chase me?"

"There ain't no cows, mum, not in this part of town."

"But a dog, Jacob — there might be dogs?"

"Yes, mum," agreed Jacob, "there might be dogs."

"Large dogs, Jacob?" a trifle hysterically.

"Yes, mum; some dogs grows big after they gets over being puppies," Jacob admitted, stolidly.

"Oh, Jacob, you are so horrid! Do go away!" And Jacob took the command with absolute literalness and ambled back to the barn to finish his chores.

"I wonder what father employs such a stupid boy for! Evidently not to teach me to ride the wheel." In her momentary astonishment Estelle did not think to call Jacob back, and as his clumsy figure entered the barn she concluded that she did not want him, anyway. She was surprised to find that the practice she had had on a tandem really was of some use, for after one or two attempts she succeeded in mounting and riding the bicycle uncertainly around the field.

Greatly elated, she decided to try the road, which would give smoother and easier riding. How exhilarating it was to pedal along that hard surface, fine old trees on either side, glimpses of well-kept lawns dotted by brilliant flower beds, a church and a school house in the distance, birds singing overhead! Suddenly she came to a turn and the wheel grew frisky.

"Oh! stop! stop! Please do!" Estelle cried wildly; but the bicycle went straight on until it accomplished its apparent object of throwing her into a barbed-wire fence.

"You needn't tell me that thing is not actuated by malevolent intelligence," said Estelle resentfully, as she disengaged herself from the fence. "Here it's escaped without a scratch, while my dress is in tatters, and I'm cut and torn in all sorts of places. Go away!" and she stamped her foot at the prostrate wheel, but it lay still and looked indifferent. "I hate you," she remarked presently. "But I suppose I shall have to ride you home," and she mounted rather gingerly.

She decided to ride around by the bluff and have a glimpse of the river. To be sure, she would have to walk down hill; but that way home was only a little longer, and the beauty of it well repaid any additional effort. As she drew near she caught sight of an artist who had set up his easel and gone to work about a third of the way down the hill. Evidently he was sketching her favorite view of the river. Her heart warmed to him at the thought. Her eyes were very keen; perhaps if she got in just the right position on the edge of the bluff, she could see what he was doing without being observed. Then, apparently utterly oblivious to his existence, she could walk down demurely leading the "beast," as she termed her luckless wheel.

She decided to ride as close as possible, partly for practice and partly because the walk down would be long and tiresome. Either she miscalculated, or the bicycle took matters into its own hands—or wheels. Estelle always blamed the bicycle for it. At any rate, in a moment she found herself over the incline, and spinning forward with alarming and constantly increasing speed. To dismount was impossible. If she could only keep to the middle of the road, she might reach the bottom in safety; but the wheel veered just enough to strike the easel and send the canvas flying over the bluff, to lodge in the treetops below. Then it bumped into something more solid than the easel, but the obstruction had to give way, and a conglomerate mass, composed of artist, camp-stool, brushes, palette and palette, rolled down hill, while the runaway wheel shot on like a meteor, Estelle clinging to it quite after the time-honored fashion of grim death. Far out on the level stretch of road they sped, bringing up suddenly in a sand pile a quarter of a mile away, Estelle unhurt but utterly exhausted.

"That miserable man!" And she tried to make a single hairpin carry the load that had originally been entrusted to twelve. "Why didn't he have sense enough to get out of the way? Everybody ought to get out of the way when I'm at large!" and she laughed hysterically. "There ought to be signs up warning the public, like those 'Look out for the cars' things, to look out for a wild bicycle with a girl it's trying to kill." The laugh dissolved in tears.

"I suppose the wretched creature thinks I owe him an apology, unless—unless he's dead." This gruesome thought made her set her teeth together hard and clinch her fists; but the sand that had plowed up inside her gloves was anything but comfortable, so she took off the gloves and tried to shake it all out. Suddenly a gleam of hope flashed across her face. "I was going so fast that he couldn't have got a good look at me. Perhaps he doesn't even know what hit him."

She sat very still a moment, then softly clapped her hands. "I might hide that infernal wheel of mine and climb the hill as if I were simply out for a walk. Of course I'd run across him accidentally and then if I could help him any he'd think me a regular angel to take the trouble," and she chuckled wickedly over the dark scheme. "I believe I'll try it."

She rose to her feet with a good deal more nervousness than she would have admitted; then suddenly sat down again on the sand. "O dear!" she moaned, "I wonder if my legs will ever be of use again. They're so wobbly now it doesn't seem likely. You mean old thing!" It was the bicycle she apostrophized.

Some time elapsed before Estelle mustered sufficient strength and courage to approach the spot where the accident occurred; but the artist had disappeared. Broken bits of various articles attested the havoc she had wrought; but they did not appear to be fragments of a man. One ghastly blotch of color made her heart stand still an instant, then bound on with a rush as she happened to think that perhaps a tube of carmine had burst.

"Well, I believe home and mother are about right," she reflected as she studied the ruins. "And that's where I'm going to betake myself." And she trudged wearily and painfully back to her wheel and solemnly led it home.

"I wish Winifred knew about this; but it will have to keep till to-morrow. I'm too tired for anything," and she threw herself on the bed.

II. WHICH DEALS WITH FATE.

The little figure in pink and white dimity, crowned by a rose-laden hat that started out the next afternoon was a picture very different from the wild-eyed, disheveled cyclist of the day before. As she raised her hand to the Wilmarth knocker, Winifred, bristling with excitement, opened the door.

"Oh, you dear! How lovely! I'm glad you wore that gown and picture hat; it's perfectly exquisite! You're too sweet for anything!"

"Winifred," said Estelle severely, "are you crazy?"

"Ungrateful girl! Of course not; but Cousin George has come, and the awfulest thing—but he shall tell you about it himself," and she led the way to the sitting-room.

For one dreadful moment, Estelle wished that the ceiling would fall. On the lounge lay a combination of man and bandages, with bandages a strong majority. One foot rested on a cushion and was so densely swathed in white that its original outlines were lost, and it looked rigid and marble-like, a monument to disaster. The fingers of his right hand were done up separately. His left arm rested in a sling. An especially formidable binding encircled his head, leaving only one eye visible, and Estelle fancied that this lonely orb glowered ominously.

"Oh!" she gasped weakly, dropping on to the edge of a chair. It didn't occur to her to acknowledge the introduction; but no one noticed the omission.

"Pray excuse my appearance, Miss Durand, and my not rising," he said dryly.

"Don't—don't mention it, Mr. Grimwood," stammered Estelle.

"It's a burning outrage!" chattered Winifred excitedly. "Some hoyden of a girl tried to kill him."

"You don't think that she did it on purpose, do you?" asked Estelle anxiously.

"I do not know how murderous her intentions may have been; but appearances are against her. How I happened to escape with my life is a mystery to me," said the victim bitterly.

"How did she do it?" asked Estelle, fanning herself violently, for perspiration had started at every pore.

"She was scorching; of all quixotic performances! And as if it wasn't bad enough to ride like that along a level road, she was scorching down hill. That isn't all, however. The road was wide enough for both of us; but as she came near me, she suddenly left her track, accomplished what you see, and then as if nothing had happened, flew on like the wind. And I didn't know that I had an enemy in the world." George Grimwood's voice was almost tearful; but his eye that was in working order noted with considered satisfaction that a very pretty girl had grown pale on his account.

"Perhaps she couldn't help it," faltered Estelle. "She may have been just learning."

"Beginners don't scorch," replied Winifred in a tone of conviction. "It's one of those wretched summer boarders. I can believe anything of them. Besides, there aren't any beginners in town. You're the only girl who doesn't ride. By the way, when are you going to get your wheel?"

"It's come," replied Estelle faintly.

"How soon are you going to learn?"

"Oh, dear! I don't believe that I shall ever want to ride after this," and Estelle's voice trembled.

Grimwood was touched and his vanity flattered. "Don't let my experience deter you, Miss Durand," he said graciously. "I don't suppose for a moment that any other girl would be so wantonly inconsiderate. My assailant is undoubtedly and mercifully the only one of her kind. Really," he added impressively, "if I did not bear the proofs it would be hard for me to believe that such an experience was possible. Learn to ride just as soon as you can, and when I get over this we may have some fine times together."

By a mighty effort Estelle restrained her inclination to cry. "Thank you," she murmured, "that certainly is worth trying for. I shall have a selfish reason for hoping you will be well soon," and she bade him good afternoon.

With face red and white by turns, Estelle locked herself in her room, sat by the window and tried to think. At first, her thoughts were in such a whirl that her head ached, and she pressed her fingers to her throbbing temples. After a while her mind concentrated itself on one definite idea. "I can't tell Winifred and Mr. Grimwood. They would both always hate me, and it would be so unjust. I don't see any good that could possibly come of it, nor any harm that could come from keeping still unless he should blame some particular person. Then of course I ought to clear the innocent one,—Oh, dear! If they only knew how sorry I am about it; they ought to forgive me, anyway." And she began to cry desperately.

When she finally dried her eyes and went to her mother, Mrs. Durand agreed with her that there was no harm in maintaining silence for the present. Time would show whether the secret ever needed to be divulged.

Estelle's warm heart and tender conscience, however, compelled her to do everything in her power to make amends. Hardly a day passed without its little gift of fruit and flowers, usually brought in person. Untiringly she held the latest magazines at the proper focus for Grimwood's undamaged eye to see the pictures. In some way she had gotten the idea that it hurt him to raise his arms, and Grimwood congratulated himself on the presence of mind and self-control that enabled him to maintain the illusion. She read to him until she was hoarse.

Winifred was delighted. If anything were needed to prove Estelle's friendship, surely this was enough. "So tactful, too," thought Winifred. "She sees that cousin George is difficult, and helps me all she can." And indeed it was no small assistance, for Grimwood's disposition had suffered in the general wreck.

However galling his imprisonment was it did not last all summer. There were times when Grimwood thought that, even if his sufferings had endured longer, he would still believe that his cloud was silver-lined in a most agreeable manner. By early September all traces of the accident were gone except a slight limp. This lay a heavy burden on Estelle's conscience; but the physician assured them that it would not be permanent.

It was one of those days in September that seem a combination of June and October, when Grimwood, with a special design in his heart, asked Estelle to take a walk with him. They went down the shaded street and off the beaten path, breathing in the beauty of the day.

"Don't you think that we'd better go back now? I'm afraid that you'll overtax your ankle," said Estelle, solicitously. She did not realize what a look she gave him; but Grimwood's heart, which was already beating riotously, gave a great leap of joy.

"No, not yet," he said; "there's a particular place I want to go to. I've never been there but once, and I want to go again."

Estelle was filled with scarcely defined misgiving; but when they reach the brow of the bluff and he pointed dow to the location of the accident, she drew back.

"No, no!" she cried. "not there."

"Yes," he insisted, smilingly, "I very much want to go right there. Surely you won't refuse?" And he held out his hand.

With trembling lips and eyes almost overflowing, Estelle allowed herself to be led to the spot that was associated in her mind with so many anguished thoughts. They seated themselves in the shade of what had been her favorite tree. She was sure that she could never love it again. They were silent a few moments, Grimwood carefully studying the spot.

"Yes," he said, "it is very beautiful—just as beautiful as I thought." He paused a moment and when he went on his voice was a trifle unsteady. "This bringing you here was a little sentiment of mine," he said; "I wanted to tell you right on the spot where it happened that I have grown to consider that accident the most fortunate thing that ever happened to me."

Estelle lifted wondering eyes to his face; but dropped them quickly at what she saw.

"The reason I bless that accident," he went on, "is because it was the means of my knowing you. I wanted to tell you so on the very spot where it occured, and to ask you to complete my happiness by promising to be my wife."

He was not prepared for the torrent of tears with which his avowal was received. "Oh! I can't! I can't!" Estelle wailed.

"Why not? Don't you love me? Are you engaged to some one else?" Grimwood asked all in one breath.

"No, no," Estelle sobbed, answering the last question first. "I shall never be engaged to anybody, never! And now I shall have to tell you all about it, and I just can't stand it."

Grimwood was thoroughly puzzled and alarmed. "You don't have to tell me anything you don't want to," he said soothingly. "And please forgive me if I have hurt you. I—I didn't know."

"No, I must tell you," insisted Estelle. "It's been on my conscience long enough; but I couldn't bear to tell. You'll never speak to me again." She caught her breath and then went on. "It was I who did it. I'm that malicious hoyden who you thought was trying to murder you. But I couldn't hold it. Really I couldn't! I was trying to learn and lost control of that wretched bicycle. If you only know how I wish that it was I who had been hurt instead of you! How you must hate me, anyway!"

For an instant Grimwood was petrified with astonishment. Then a slow smile, half quizzical, half tender overspread his face. "Don't cry so, don't, Estelle," he said gently. "You see I'm all right now, and if you'll only let me, dear, I'll devote the rest of my life to getting even." Then, as Estelle made no answer, he took her, unresisting, in his arms.—CLARA CLARK NORTHROP.

The past, present and future of Hood's Sarsaparilla are: It has cured, it is curing, it will cure.

### DANIEL DEAN.

Mr. Benjamin Dean, on the morning of a day in June, 1867, sat down to the breakfast table with a portentous frown upon his brow.

"What has become of the boys, Mary?" he exclaimed, "that they are not at the table at this hour? Plotting and planning more mischief, I'll be bound. I saw them at daybreak out in the woodshed, grumbling and shaking their heads. I suppose Daniel did not like the whipping he got last night, but he deserved it, the little hound."

"Oh, father, don't call him names. He is a good boy—"

But the loving mother was silenced with:

"Your softness has pretty nearly spoiled that boy; but, as often as you put nonsense into his head, I've got to beat it out; that's all. You think he's perfect, but I know better—spare the rod, and spoil the child." He's my own flesh and blood and I have the right, thank heaven, to do it."

"I suppose so," said the heart-broken mother, the tears running down her cheeks; "but you never punish Harold so severely, and he, too, such a lazy, dreamy, boy, that neither likes to study nor work."

"Ah, Mary; that is a horse of another color. Didn't we pick Harold up a mere baby, when the *Sun Price* went to pieces on the rocks? True, we brought him up as our own, but he may have parents somewhere, and anyhow, in justice, and you know justice, Mrs. Dean is my hobby, anyhow, and I've not the right to give him the lesson I gave Dan last night, no matter what he does."

"What has Daniel done to anger you, father?"

"Stolen money from me! A good round sum, too, if you, the mother that bore him, must know. I missed it, yesterday."

"No, no, father; I never will believe it!" said the weeping mother. "I know better than that. I know his principles. He would die rather than do such a thing!"

"But I caught him in the barn, counting it over, dollar by dollar. As it happened he did not see me when I entered. After he had counted it over carefully, he placed it in the drawer of his desk, under the lining, putting a pin in it to keep it safe."

Mrs. Dean arose, wiped away the tears, and going to the dining-room door, called Moses, the man-of-all-work. She was stern, for the honor of her boy was at stake—her darling, her only child.

"Moses, call the boys to breakfast; tell them to come without delay."

"I can't find 'em nowheres, missus; I been a lookin' for 'em all the mornin', up stairs, down cellar and out in the barn." And Moses trembled like a leaf, and his face, black as it was, had an ashen hue. "I was goin' to look in the well, but I'se so scart I darsent."

"What is the matter with you, Moses? What has frightened you so?" said Mrs. Dean.

"I heard master scolding in the dining-room about master Daniel, and I thought maybe he was a-goin' to trounce him ag'in, maru, and I'd rather he'd trounce me instead, if he would. I love that boy so. He's been awful good to old Moss, Master Dan has." And the negro's lips trembled with emotion.

"But, Moses, you must find them, or their father will be very angry. Take the dinner-horn and go out into the woods and call them. If they don't answer take Rover and go down to the village and come back across Brown's pasture, past the old mill, where they play ball; and mind, Moses, don't come home without them."

Moses prepared to obey his mistress, literally.

He went up to his little room in the loft, gathered his few clothes together, tied them in a bundle, crept down stairs softly, and made his way to the woods, and thence to the village. He took Rover along but sent him home again with his master's letters, after he had been to the post-office.

Moses had told his mistress a lie to shield the boys. Well he knew they were many miles away from home by this time, he having put them into a farmer's wagon at six o'clock that morning, on their way to the next town, thence to go to to a neighboring city.

In vain did the breakfast wait! In vain did the angry father scold, and the mother wept. The boys were gone; the Dean household desolate. Even the familiar black face of old Moses was seen no more, he having gone to seek his fortune elsewhere.

One week after that eventful morning, two letters came to Mrs. Dean. The first was from Daniel, and the fond mother kissed it and covered the boyish sentences with tears. It ran thus:

"DEAR MOTHER:

Forgive me for running away. You believe in me, but father does not; so I thought, as I am fourteen years old, I would come to the city and get a place in a store. Harold would not let me come alone; so we put the money we have earned in doing chores together, and here we are. Believe me when I say I did not take father's money, but I know who did. It was not Harold. You will find it in the top drawer of my bureau, where I put it for safe-keeping after the penitent thief had placed it in my hands. Harold and I expect to go to work to-morrow. I will write soon again.

"Your loving son,

"DANIEL DEAN."

The other letter Mrs. Dean opened indifferently, but soon her attention was arrested; it ran thus:

"MISSUS DEAN:

I wonder the gold Lord didn't send lightnin' to strike this nigger when he gone and stole money from old Master Dean. I never stole any befo', 'tickulous, when I seen a little lonesome chicken goin' my way, I took it up and put it under my coat to keep it warm, but never took any money befo,' and I'll never do it any mo.' God bless you, Missus Dean; You've been good to old Moss and so has the Master. Master Dan't talked to me till he made the tears run out of my old eyes. He did me' than the parson could.

"Good-bye.

"MOSES."

Mr. Dean sent post-haste to the city and hunted up his boys. They gladly went home with him. Heavenly a word was spoken on the journey; but ever after, the father's justice was tempered with mercy.

### HIS COMPLAINT.

"Let me see your tongue," said the doctor.

"Certainly," said the patient, suiting the action to the word.

"You're all right, said the M. D. You've got what they call the shirt-waist tongue."

"What's that?" said the young man, in alarm.

"Why there's no coat on it."

### TEACHING A COUNTRY SCHOOL.

It's up at dawn in the morning
With breakfast at half past five,
Of pork, potatoes and coffee—
It's eat them to keep alive.

It's walking to school through grasses
The dew calls dew impearled,
But pretty loses its magic,
In the dew and the damp and the cold.

It's hearing the reading o'xxxx,
It's "setting copies" to write,
It's keeping watch at recesses
And stopping the boys who fight.

It's patiently hearing forever—
"A Cat" and "The fat red hen";
It's showing Jack to make figures,
And Hank to hold her pen.

It's trying to see in their scrawlings,
A promise of future success,
A teaching and training and drilling,
And leaving God the rest.

It's going home at the sunset,
Oftentimes with a heavy heart—
With the fear of some undone duty,
Or not having done your part.

It's a round of wearying duties,
Of lying awake at night,
Thinking of plans without number
And trying to tell which is right.

It's closing your eyes in slumber
With a thought of the day that is done,
Feeling you've tried to do something
For some of God's little ones.

—*By O. O C.*

### BYRON'S TABLE TALK.

THEY'RE IN YOURSELF.

A great deal of our most useful knowledge must be buffeted into us, and that is the chief good you will reap from mixing with society. A great fault in young men is to trust too implicitly to the opinion of others—quite the reverse of what people generally suppose. Trust your own judgement where you have reason to think you have any, and a man need never be at any loss in settling this point. Never ask anyone's advice; I mean exactly what I say. You may ask for information, because another may be better informed upon a given matter than you; but to ask advice is to imply that you have no judgement of your own to rely upon, and if you rely upon the judgement requisit for an undertaking, do not attempt it.

LOVE.

Like the measles, love is most dangerous when it comes late in life.

TACITUS.

Tacitus is praised by everybody because he praises nobody.

TACT.

I consider tact the real panacea of life and have observed that those who most eminently possessed it were remarkable for feeling and sentiment; while on the contrary, the person most deficient in it were obtuse, frivolous, or insensible. To possess tact it is necessary to have a fine perception, and to be sensative; for how can we know what will pain another without having some criterion in our own feelings by which we can judge of his?

FRIENDSHIP AND LOVE.

Friendship may, and often does, grow into love; but love never subsides into friendship.

SOLITUDE.

Solitude has but one disadvantage—it is apt to give one too high an opinion of one's self. In the world we are sure to be often reminded of every known or supposed defect we may have.

### PLAYING THAT RE-CREATES.

Many bring into their recreation hours so many burdens that their sport is only half sport. They try to play leap-frog with a bundle of unlearned lessons astride their back. Their tenis rackes is weighed down with unanswered letters. The bicycle joints are rusty with unmet engagements. The bright story they are reading to relieve the mind from business worries is blank with them on every page.

Recreation can never be recreation thus. As well might the consumptive box up the air of his sick room and carry it to Colorado with him. If you meet on the road a barrier, over which you must leap, you run back half a dozen yards to get a fresh start. But your running back will do very little good if you carry the barriers with you. Recreation is to get this fresh start and if we are not silly enough to carry our obstacles with us to our sport, when we came up again after one half-dozen yards of recession, all fresh and eager for the leap, we go with ease over a fence that seemed stupendous before, or often find the fence miraculously sunk out of the way entirely.—AMOS R. WELLS, in the *C. E. World.*

### TRIBUTE TO ROYALTY.

A pathetic little story in connection with the death and funeral of the late Queen Victoria concerns the three most important little personages in England—her great grandchildren, the daughter and two sons of the Duke of Cornwall and York. While the body of Queen Victoria lay in state at Osburne House these little ones watched with interest and curiosity the arrival of floral decorations from kings and queens and emperors, from public societies and private subjects, and by questioning learned their significance. The day before the funeral they came to their mother with a bunch of short stemmed flowers which evidently they had picked themselves in the conservatories, tied awkwardly together with an ordinary string. A card attached bore this inscription: "From Edward and Albert and Baby," written in a childish hand, with the name of the first, the writer, misspelled. Three attempts had been made to correct the error, and as a natural result the card was blotted and soiled, but this little tribute was given the place of honor upon the coffin of the greatest monarch of modern times.

### VARIETIES.

Destiny is determined not by the intellect, but by the heart. Character determines even intellectual destiny.

Some men extenuate their own sins by the plea of heriditary weakness; but they disallow the claim, when set up by their own children.

The famous eagles which used to haunt the Lakes of Killarney, making their home in the "Eagle's Nest" Mountain, and living on grouse and kids from the farms along the countryside, have been exterminated.

### TANGLED BOY SENSIBLE.

Professor—"My dear sir, I am sorry to have to tell you that your son is a good for-nothing."

Father—"And yet the boy is the very apple of my eye."

Professor—"Then I would advise you to take the apple of your eye by the back of the neck, sir."