The Acton Free Press.

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The Acton Free Press

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H. P. MOORE
Editor and Proprietor.

Business Directory.

MEDICAL.

JOHN M. MACDONALD, M. D., C. M.,
SUCCESSOR TO
J. E. UREN, M. D. C. M.
Office and residence—Corner Mill and Frederick streets, Acton.
Office Hours:—8 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. L. P. & S. GLASGOW.
MEMBER BRITISH MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, late SUCCESSOR TO DR. KELLY.
Office—Frederick Street, - - Acton, Ont.

DR. DRYDEN,
EYE, EAR, THROAT AND NOSE.
Corner Woolwich and Baker Streets.
GUELPH.
OFFICE HOURS—10 a.m. to 1 p.m. and 3 to 5 p.m.
SUNDAYS—10 a.m. to 1 p.m.

DENTAL.

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

J. M. BELL, D.D.S., L.D.S.
DENTIST.
ACTON.
Office over McKee's Drug Store.
HONOR GRADUATE OF TORONTO UNIVERSITY.
VISITING DAYS.—First and third Tuesdays, Brookville; Friday, Rockwood.
The latest anaesthetic used if desired.

LEGAL.

A. J. MACKINNON,
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, CONVEYANCER.
OFFICE—Mill Street; in Matthews' Block, Upstairs.

J. B. 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 Barber Shop, next door to Feed Store, Mill Street, Acton.

INSURANCE AGENT,
W. H. DENNY,
General Agent Confederation Life Association.
Agent Union 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
ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES.
Private Office. No witnesses required. Issued at residence in the evening.
Free Press Office, ACTON

WM HEMSTREET,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER
For the Counties of Wellington and Halton. Orders left at the Free Press office, Acton, or my residence in Acton, will be promptly attended to. Terms Reasonable.
Also money to loan on the most favorable sums, and at the lowest rates of interest, in sums of $400 and upwards.

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 343, or telephone 141, will be promptly attended to.
JOHN TAYLOR, Agent,
Guelph.

Excelsior Bakery and Grocery.

In addition to our daily supply of first-class Bread, Cakes, Buns, Etc., of our own manufacture, we are now supplying Fresh Oysters of the best brands.

Our Oyster Parlor

is now open and patrons will find their orders filled with entire satisfaction.

A larger stock of Groceries and Provisions than ever before, and the public know our prices are always reasonable.

T. STATHAM & SON
MAIN ST. ACTON.

WANTED.—Capable, reliable person in every county to represent large authority of solid financial reputation; $18 per year, payable weekly; $3 per day absolutely sure and all expenses straight, bona fide, undeviating salary no commission; salary paid each Saturday and expense money advanced each week. STANDARD UNIONS, 334 Dearborn Br. Chicago.

Balance of
Christmas Stock
To Be Cleared at
DAY'S.

Remainder of Ladies' and Gents Purses at ½ off.
Toilet Cases at Cost.
Inkstands, half price.
Brass Photo Frames, half price.
Fine Hair Brushes, 25 per cent. off.
Bibles, half price.
Toy books and Games, Dolls, Toys, Dolls, Carriages, Etc., at Cost.
First comes, get first choice.

DAY'S BOOKSTORE
GUELPH.
DRY DOLLS 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.

Letters of Credit, available in all parts of the world, issued at this office.

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.

Our Store is Filled with
Christmas Goods
Too Numerous to Mention and too Lovely to Describe

Waters Bros.
ART STORE
GUELPH.

W. BARBER & BROS.
Paper Makers
Georgetown Ontario.

BOOK. NEWS. COLORED PAPERS
JOHN R. BARBER

Acton Pump Works
Main Street, Acton.

If you are in need of a good Pump, either in wood or iron, come to Acton Pump Works.
Cisterns Made
All Repairs Promptly Attended to—
Wells Cleaned—

THE CHICAGO NORMOTOR
Is acknowledged the lightest running and best windmill manufactured. I am agent for this district. Call and investigate before you buy.

T. EBBAGE,
Main Street, Acton.

—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
PROPRIETOR

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

—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, 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. F. H. JONES, Manager.

BEDS.

What gives a more comfortable look to a bedroom than a fine Brass mounted bed?
We can supply you with Beds in brass mounted or iron at prices from $3.50 upwards, strong, well made and very neat. We have a very large assortment to choose from. Also Child's Cribs in iron. Beds to be shipped carefully packed. Our prices always right.

JOHN M. BOND & CO.
HARDWARE
GUELPH.

New Cutters
Season—1901-1902.
JUST IN.
All bargains. Common seated. Terms Cash or on Time.
Also Robes, Blankets, Rugs, Rubber Aprons, Whips, Halters, Tie Straps, Etc. All at special prices.

Geo. J. Thorp
Opposite Market
GUELPH.

Do You Use Your
Neighbor's Telephone?
By so doing you are injuring his business.
PRESENT RATES make it possible for you to have a Telephone in YOUR HOME.
The Bell Telephone Co. of Canada.

NASSAGAWEYA
Saw and Planing Mills.
Lumber and Shingles
AT LOWEST PRICES.
Bill stuff cut to order.
Wood at $1.00 a load at the mill.
P. Savers, Proprietor

ACTON
SAW MILLS
LUMBER, LATH SHINLES 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 KNYIST ACTON

Poetry.

SPEAK IT OUT.

If you've anything to offer that will aid the cause of right,
Speak it out.
If you've any truth within you that will lend the world a light,
Speak it out.
If the fire is in your spirit and the passion to create,
You will feel it, you will know it. Then to labor. Do not wait.
Go about it with a purpose that will conquer Time and Fate.
Speak it out.

Should your heart contain a message, make it terse and make it clear.
Speak it out.
If it's new and if its true the world will listen do not fear.
Speak it out.
In the realms of soul, expression is the dominating need.
Tell your thoughts by art or music, by a word or by a deed;
If there's light, or love, or beauty in the product, we will heed.
Speak it out.

Do you say there's nothing new? Some thoughts bear telling o'er and o'er.
Speak them out.
Just be sure you say them better than they o'er were said before.
Speak them out.
Do you make the weakling plea that all the changed have been runt?
Still we are but babes in Progress, for the world as yet is young;
On the Future's lips are sweeter songs than ever have been sung.
Speak them out.

Do you thrill with God's great purpose, that impels you to aspire?
Speak it out.
Does the hope of something better burn within you like a fire?
Speak it out.
Never called the world for leaders, teachers, prophets, as to-day.
If you have, for love of humankind, a cheering word to say:
If your brain contains a thought to help upon the upward way.
Speak it out.

—*J. A. Edgerton*

Select Family Reading.

Simon Warner's Will.

A GRAY old farm-house, nestling among great old hickory trees, and beaten by the winds and rains of half a century—you never would have guessed that it belonged to the richest man in Seaburne, nor would you have recognized that individual in the wrinkled sexagenarian who sat on the porch smoking his pipe, under the shadow of a perfectly blooming honeysuckle that was nearly as old as himself.

To-night (it was in the year 1813) Simon Warner was troubled in spirit; the red glow in his pipe-bowl had faded into white ashes, and he wiped his brow repeatedly with the old-fashioned yellow silk handkerchief he always carried in the right-hand pocket of his pepper-and-salt colored coat.

"I didn't s'pose you'd ha' gone off and left your old old uncle in this sort o' way, Martin," he said, querulously. "It's blow to me."

"Uncle, I am sure you would give my plans a hearty approval if you would only consider them."

The words came from a tall handsome young fellow with auburnt cheeks and eyes full of blue, flashing fire, who leaned against one of the rude wooden pillars that supported the porch.

"Then you've made up your mind to go headlong off to get yourself killed or taken prisoner—it don't matter much which—by those pestilent Britishers?"

"No, uncle, I haven't any such intention," laughed young Martin Warner. "But I have made up my mind to go and do my duty on the field, where a thousand better men than myself have left the stain of their hearts' blood?"

"Pshaw!" ejaculated Uncle Simon.

"Just so you please, sir," said the young man, good-humoredly.

"Is it just as I please?" snarled Simon Warner. "Look here, Martin—you say this here country is more to you than wealth or life; we'll prove it! If you are determined to make a fool of yourself do it. Only I warn you henceforth to abandon all thoughts of ever succeeding to the wealth I have amassed. You act in opposition to my wishes—be good enough to consider yourself no longer my heir."

"I am poor, uncle," said the young man, with changing color, but not poor enough, I hope, to allow my sense of right and duty to be bartered for gold. Leave your money where you please—its disposition cannot influence my decision.

"Stay, though, pursued Uncle Simon, keenly watching the young face from beneath his frosty eyelashes, "there is yet another consideration. Do you suppose Dr. Maylie will give his pretty daughter to a penniless adventurer? Do you think Dora Maylie would have been engaged to you had you not been the heir to my money?"

The words, though spoken with the bitterest sarcasm, glanced from the armor of truthfulness that encased Martin Warner's heart. He only smiled.

"I have the firmest faith in Dora's love, uncle."

"Shake hands!" and Martin extended his hand entreatingly. Simon Warner merely touched it with his cold, shrivelled palm, and the next moment Martin had disappeared among the tall shrubs of the little door-yard.

Gone—he was indeed gone. Up to the last moment Simon Warner had scarcely believed he would go—now he must believe it.

"What do you say, Dora, darling? Will you love your soldier as truly as you loved Uncle Simon's heir?"

"Martin!"

It was a very lovely young face that was turned up to his in the silver June moonlight—a face with violet-gray eyes, and cheeks faded from pearl into carmine—a face that was truth and purity embodied.

"Then you will love me still!"

"I will love you until death, Martin, and through all the ages of eternity!"

He folded the frail figure to his breast with a passionate tenderness that was beyond words.

* * * * * * *

The November snow was falling white and thick among the leafless hickory trees; the wind shook and rattled the casement of the lonely room in the old farm house where Simon Warner lay dead and shrouded! Vain and powerless had been his golden stores to bribe the grim messenger, Death!

In the keeping-room below sat a fortieth cousin, one Bela Warner, spreading his long, claw-like fingers over the blazing pine logs, and talking by fits and starts to a bony female in a calico short-gown, who sustained towards him the relation of *wife*.

"The will is to be read this afternoon—of course I'm the heir, seein' he's disinherited his nephy. You and I'll be grand folks, Elviry; see if I don't keep a kerridge equal to Squire Duncan's, and I'll buy that corner medder of Nat Price's the fust thing!"

"Ain't you goin' to allow nuthin' to young Martin?"

"Not I! What's Martin Warner to me? Hallo!" as the door opened. "It's you, is it, Mr. Martin? I hardly new ye, you was so fine in your new uniform. I was jest a-sayin' to Elviry, of course you wouldn't expect me to do nothing' for you, when the property comes to me. Let everyone look after himself; that's my motto."

Martin's cheeks flushed slightly.

"I entertained no expectations of any kind, sir," he returned, haughtily. "I am only too glad that I was here in time to receive a dying grasp of my uncle's hand, and to hear from his dying lips that I was still dear to him in spite of what had come and gone. I attend his funeral from a motive of deep respect and affection; pray do not misinterpret me!"

Bela chuckled, visibly relieved, and as the funeral guests dropped in, one by one, he went about with a long face and a sanctimonious whine, doing the honors of host, chief mourner, and heir-apparent, to the edification of the whole neighborhood.

But when at length the snuffy little old lawyer unfolded the will, with a pompous "Ahem!" Bela's eyes sparkled greedily, and his features twitched with eager interest. Would the old man never have done with formality and legal prose? Ah! here it came:

"Do leave and bequeath my whole property, real and personal, to—"

Lawyer Jones stopped here to wipe his spectacles. Bela uttered a little, convulsive gasp.

"To my beloved nephew, Martin Warner, as a token of my appreciation of his straightforward, manly, and disinterested conduct, and a proof that I am not ashamed to confess myself wrong in any trifling difference we may have had."—

Not another word did Bela hear. He scarcely waited for the reading of the will to be concluded ere he burst into a storm of angry remonstrance.

"There's some false play here! I witnessed a will bequeathing it all to me afore—"

"What might have been the date of that document, sir?"

"The third o' July. I mind it, because—"

"Ah, yes; very probable. But this will bears date only six weeks ago. Mr. Martin Warner, allow me to congratulate you upon the inheritance of this splendid property."

Alas! there was no cure for the discomfiture of Bela and "Elviry," his wife. Fortunate it was for them that Martin did not adhere too strictly to the motto, "Let every man look after himself."

So, after all, Dora Maylie married the richest man in Seaburne.

LINCOLN AND HIS CRITICS.

The president of the United States, being the servant of the people, the people considered it their privilege to call upon him During the Civil War they improved this privilege to the full.

Scarcely a day passed, Mr. Lamon says, that several delegations of citizens, especially of clergymen, did not call to advise Mr. Lincoln about the conduct of affairs. Some wanted this, others wanted that, and all of them, as a rule, had plenty of advice and criticism to offer. Mr. Lincoln was accustomed to receive them with respectful courtesy, but sometimes it was not easy for him to retain his good temper.

"How many men have the Confederates in the field?" inquired one trespasser upon the hard-working President's time and patience.

"Twelve hundred thousand, according to the best authority."

The inquirer and his companions looked aghast. "Good heavens!" they exclaimed.

"Yes, sir," reiterated Lincoln, "there is no doubt of it. You see all our generals, when they get whipped, say that the enemy outnumbers them from three to five to one, and I must believe them. We have four hundred thousand men in the field, and three times four make twelve—don't you see it?"

Once Mr. Lamon saw the President really turn upon his critics, a committee of Western clergymen. Their spokesman delivered a long lecture, charged with fault-finding from beginning to end, and containing many sharp thrusts at the administration, which thrusts the members of the delegation had the poor taste to applaud. When the tirade was over, Mr. Lincoln replied, as Mr. Lamon says, "with unusual animation."

"Gentlemen, he began, "suppose all the property you possess were in gold, and you had placed it in the hands of Blondin to carry across the Niagara River on a rope. With slow, cautious, steady step he walks the rope, bearing your all.

"Would you shake the cable, and keep shouting to him, "Blondin! stand up a little straighter! Blondin! stoop a little more; go a little faster; turn to the south now a little to the north."

NOT MRS. HOBBARD.

A good story, illustrative of the prosaic nature on which art makes no impression is told by the New York *Evangelist*:

In the 'monument room' at Trinity Church is the large marble tablet in memory of the late Bishop Hobbard. It is a bas-relief, representing the Bishop—a portrait, in the agony of death, sinking into the arms of an allegorical female figure presumably intended for the Angel of Death.

It is said that an aged couple from the rural districts were being shown through the church, and pausing long before the tablet, the old lady remarked to her husband:

"That's a good likeness of the bishop, but—" regarding the angelic personage attentively—"It's a very poor one of Mrs. Hubbard. I knew her well, and she didn't look like that."

Happiness is the proper goal of human effort, and health is indispensible to it—take Hood's Sarsaparilla.

"POP GOES THE WEASEL."

Jolly John Nash, one of the last of the old-fashioned music hall singers, died Oct. 19 at Hacton Road, Pulham, aged seventy-three. John Nash had been before the public for many years. He began in a small way, and was touring the provinces in the sixties with a company known as Mr. Jolly Nash and party. In 1871 he became chairman and most popular singer at the Strand Music Hall, which stood on the site of the Gaity Theatre now in turn doomed to demolition. The entertainment failed but Nash's reputation was not injured in the least. He records in his ingenuous recollections that shortly afterward he had the honor of appearing in private before royalty singing, "The Merry Toper" and "Rackety Jack." Later successes were his laughing song—a real side-splitter—and "Now and Then," in which he commented on the social delinquencies of the late Mr. Bigger and others. The Royal was perhaps the hall in which he was most appreciated, but it was at the Trivoli that he took his benefit in 1899 on retiring from the boards. The Eagle or Grecian Saloon, in the city road, inspired that immortal ballad, "Pop goes the Weasel." Why a weasel should pop is a mystery that has baffled all the efforts of the naturalists to this day.

Mr. Henry Heyman, 175 New Bond St., W., writes:—In your very interesting obituary notice on Mr. 'Jolly' John Nash, your contributor quotes the old song, as par above heading, and says;—"It has always remained a mystery to naturalists and others why a weasel should pop." If you will allow me to explain the meaning of the term, I think it will be perfectly clear to all and sundry why this does happen.] The word weasel, in the slang of the period meant the family plate, or something of equal value, therefore the jingle:—

Up and down the City Road,
In and out the Eagle,
That's the way the money goes,
Pop goes the weasel.

It stands to reason; that after the wild expenditure of caressing up and down the city road, paying the admission and commitant expenses in the Eagle, the best means of replenishing the purse was to "pop the weasel," anglice, pawn the family jewels or plate. It strikes me as a greater mystery why such a song ever took the town, though we have in later days had equally insane idiotic ditties, to wit, "Tara-ra-boom-de ay," and others, which most readers will, no doubt be able to call to mind.

WITHOUT A MOTHER.

A blind musician has for ten or twelve years partly supported his family by going from seaside resorts to mountain hotels, during the summer, giving concerts and taking up collections. He says that never throughout these seasons of wandering minstrelsy has he met with the least unkindness or dishonesty. No one has dropped a counterfeit bank-note or coin into his hat. The fact is that blindness appeals to the better nature of men and women, just as a child's loneliness and sorrow appeals to a mother's heart. Read for instance, this incident, published in the New York *Tribune*:

A pale little lad in a west-bound train glanced wistfully toward a seat where a mother and her merry children were eating lunch. The tears gathered in his eyes, though he tried to keep them back. A passenger came and stood beside him.

"What's the matter?" he asked. "Have you no lunch?"

"Yes, I have a little left, and I'm not so awful hungry."

"What is it, then? Tell me; perhaps I can help you."

"It's—it's so lonely, and there's such a lot of them over there,—and—and they've got their mother."

The young man glanced at the black band on the boy's hat. "Ah," he said gently, "and you have lost yours."

"Yes, and I'm going to my uncle; but I never seen him. A kind lady, the doctor's wife, who put up my lunch, hung this card to my neck. She told me to show it to the ladies on the car and they would be kind to me; but I didn't show it to any one yet. You may read it if you like.

The young man raised the card and read the name and address of the boy. Below were the words:

"And whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones a cup of cold water only in the name of a disciple, verily I say unto you, he shall in no wise lose his reward."

The reader brushed his hand across his eyes and was silent for a moment. Then, "I'll come back very soon," he said, and made his way to the mother and her children.

And presently little George felt a pair of loving arms about him, and a woman's voice, half-sobbing, calling him poor, dear little fellow, begging him to come with her to her children. And for the rest of that journey, at least, motherless George had no lack of mothering."

"THAT HORRID NARCOTIC."

The late Dr. Thompson, Archbishop of York, was a tall, stout man, with a remarkable head. When as a young man residing at Oxford, he married Miss Zoe Skean the daughter of a Scottish father and a Greek mother, they were pronounced the handsomest people Oxford had seen for many a day.

There is an amusing story connected with his elevation to the Province of York which Mr. Tuckerman tells in his "Personal Recollections," as coming from Mrs. Thomson herself.

When Doctor Thomson was Bishop of Gloucester, he suffered from toothache, and by medical advice, resorted to narcotics to relieve the pain. One morning after a night of great suffering as he left the house to consult the doctor Mrs. Thomson begged him not to allow the physician to prescribe a narcotic, as it affected his brain for several hours after taking it.

On his way the bishop met the postman who handed him a large official envelope. He opened it in the street, and read his appointment to the See of York!"

Instead of visiting the doctor he hastened back to communicate the surprising news to his wife.

"Zoe! Zoe!" he exclaimed, "what do you think has happened? I am Archbishop of York!"

"There, there!" rejoined the wife. What did I tell you? You've been taking that horrid narcotic again and are quite out of your head."

WITTY COMMENTS.

The New York *Herald* prints a collection of sayings, more or less witty, provoked by the—longwindedness—of—tiresome—speakers—a fault which too often provokes something worse than a humorous complaint.

A gentleman and a lady came out of a Madison Avenue church at an hour later than usual.

"That was a finish-sermon," she said.

"Yes, at least," he said.

John Cousins, when superintendent of the Central Pacific Railway, on the occasion of a visit to his brother, Erastus, in Albany, was taken to church, and heard a sermon remarkable for its length.

"What do you think of our preacher?" asked Erastus, as they left the church.

"He is very fine, but has poor terminal facilities," answered the practical railroad man.

Henry Ward Beecher was once the subject of a cane presentation, and stood while the spokesman of the donors made a speech that ran into an elaborate oration.

"He didn't want me to have the cane until I really needed it," said the preacher, to an intimate friend who commented on the length of the speech.

Paul Morphy, a chess-player, once attended church in New Orleans, when the bishop of a foreign diocese was present. The young rector had prepared a sermon in honor of his distinguished visitor, in the delivery of which he tried every one except the bishop, who paid close attention. Part of the congregation left the church.

"Well," said the chess-player, "that preacher is the first man I ever met who hadn't sense enough to stop when he had nothing left but a bishop."

Dr. Elisha Kane, on returning from his great Artic exploration, was invited to a banquet in New York, where an after-dinner speaker talked an hour.

"Doctor what did you think of the speaker?" asked a friend.

"It was like an Artic sunset," answered the explorer.

"What do you mean by that?"

"Bright and interesting, but provokingly long in operation," replied the doctor.

"Spike" Brady, who was a well-known baseball-player in the Mississippi Valley a few years ago, once attended church in Dubuque, Iowa, with his club, which went on special invitation. The preacher, thinking he might not again get a hearing from the boys, made a special effort, that consumed much time.

"Spike" was asked what he thought of the preacher.

"Got round to third all right, but was an foe-wagon in getting home," the ball-player answered.

DISTRESSED POST-OFFICE CLERK.

"If you could spend a day here with me, you wouldn't wonder that my hair is turning gray at thirty." The speaker, quoted in the Washington *Star*, was a post-office clerk, whose mind, just then, was running upon the perplexities and worries of his lot. "A thousand and one persons are dinning questions into my ears from morning till night," he said, and then he proceeded to describe somewhat at length, and perhaps with some heightening of the colors, an experience in point.

Only last Friday, he said, a sour-visaged elderly lady came up to the window. It was about eight o'clock in the evening, a time when ordinarily I have a little respite.

"Young man," she said, "I dropped a letter into that place an hour ago."

"Well," I said that is the proper place for it."

"I know, but I want it again. It wasn't properly directed."

"I am sorry, madam, but it is against the rules for me to return a letter to any one. If it is deficient in its address, write a line to the postmaster of the place to which it is going, and he will see that it is delivered. Besides, there are a thousand or two of letters in the box, and I couldn't find yours, even if it were right for me to do so."

"Sense! Those rules are ridiculous. I must have the letter and alter the address."

I was beginning to get warm under the collar, but I restrained myself.

"It is forbidden to return a letter," I repeated, "and as I said before, I haven't time to run through a thousand or more letters."

"What!" cried the woman, shaking her parasol uncomfortably near my nose, "don't you suppose I know what you are paid for? You're paid to serve the public, and I tell you I must have that letter. It's to John Wesley Dyer, Philadelphia, and I shan't leave this window till you hand it out, if I have to stay here till morning."

I tried another tack. I consented to search the box, and hand the letter to the postmaster, whom the woman could consult in the morning. But that wouldn't do, and finally making the best of a bad matter, I went about the search, which took the better part of half an hour, and finally drew out the precious missive. The woman snatched it from my hand, scrawled something upon one corner of the envelope, and handed it back to me.

And what do you suppose she had written? Just this, and nothing more: "In haste."

COULDN'T AFFORD IT.

In the year 185—, when wages were low, and hard work was the rule, a certain Vermont farmer attempted to increase the small income of his farm by a winter's job of lumbering. He had for an assistant a tall, lank youth of eighteen. In the late fall the logs were cut and skidded, that is drawn together in a pile at the brink of a steep bank, where they could be easily loaded on a sled when there would be sufficient snow, and drawn to the mill.

A large pile had thus been accumulated, when the blocking that held them together suddenly gave way, and the logs began to roll down the steep incline.

The young man was standing at the moment directly in their path, and the farmer shouted to him to run for his life. Instead of rule, he dropped into a little hollow that chanced to be near, and the huge logs came down and buried him several logs deep.

The farmer supposed that he had been instantly killed, but the logs were too heavy for him to remove alone. With much difficulty he secured the assistance of several men, the logs were rolled away and youth crawled out unharmed.

"Why didn't you run, you idiot, as I told you?" said the angry farmer.

"Do you s'pose I'm going to run for ten dollars a month?" was the indignant reply.

PA'S IGNORANCE.

Most every day when I'm at school
The teacher tells us things
About the birds and animals
And the presidents and kings.

And then at night, when I ask pa
If what she says is so,
He reads his paper right along
And says, "Oh, I dunno!"

One day she told us that the world
Is round just like a ball,
And that there's nothing down below
It's standing on at all.

But pa he read his paper through,
And puts his feet upon a chair,
And said, "Oh, I dunno!"

And once the teacher said the sky
Ain't heaven's floor, and I tried
To make us think no angels walked
Along the other side.

And so that night I asked my pa,
And all he said was—"Oh,
Don't bother me about such things,
I'm busy—I dunno!"

I used to kind of think somehow
That my pa knew a lot—
But that was wrong, or if he did
I guess that he's forgot.

Since I've got started into school,
Most every day or so
I heard about a hundred things
Pa doesn't seem to know.

—*Sturgeon Reformer.*

HOW SHE WAS PUNISHED.

One of those shoppers who seek to see rather than to buy, having kept a salesman of a Boston dry goods house busy for an hour in displaying the choicest goods, at last said, "I'll take a skein of silk." "Shall we send it to your address, madam?" asked the polite clerk, as he wrapped up the purchase. "You may," said she without a blush and handed him her card. The silk was sent by a messenger-boy. In London, however, the retail dealers are not so polite, and they are not pleased to show their goods unless one buys liberally. The London *Millinery* tells this story of making an example of a woman who would look at goods without buying any:

A pompous lady, after teasing the shopman of a millinery establishment beyond the forbearance limit, ordered a spool of cotton to be sent to her house. It was agreed that she should be made an example of and a warning to her kind.

She was surprised, and her neighbors interested, soon after she arrived home. A common dray drawn by four horses, proceeded slowly to her door. On the dray with bare arms, were a number of stalwart laborers. They were holding on vigorously to some object she could not see.

The neighbors stared. After a deal of whip-cracking, the cart was backed against the curb. There, reposing calmly, and up in the centre of the cart, was the spool of cotton she had ordered. With the aid of a plank it was finally rolled barrel-fashion to the pavement.

After a struggle it was placed on the purchaser's door-step. The fact that the purchaser came out a little later and kicked her property out into the street, detracted nothing from the lesson.

CHILDREN'S IDEAS.

Who shall follow the mind of a child? The other day a small girl of my acquaintance was with her mother passing a travelling orchestra, including a harpist, which was playing before a mansion, in hopes of "prize-money," or some kindred bribe to go away. "Do stop. I must watch him," pleaded the little one, fixing her eyes on the harpist. Mother amiably waited a moment while her wee girl rubbered diligently, apparently eagerly desirous of finding out how the gentle thrumming noise was produced. When at last mother's patience gave out and she hauled the small girl on her marketward way, that one excused her for tarrying thus: "You see, mother dear, I just thought that if I died suddenly and went to heaven, I knew nothing at all about harp-playing!" which of course was conclusive.

HOLDING FOR A RISE.

Ex-Congressman Cable, of Illinois, has a charming young daughter, who is receiving her education in France. When she was several years younger than she is now, her father took her on his knee one day and said to her:

"To-day a man asked me if I would not sell little brother. He said he would give me a whole room full of gold. Shall I let him have little brother?"

The child shook her head.

"But," persisted her father, "think how much money this room full of gold would be. Think how many things you could buy with it. Don't you think I had better let the man have little brother.

"No," said the daughter, "let's keep him till he's older. He will be worth more then —Chicago *News*.

A STREET SCENE.

Child—Oh, mother, stop; I want to look at that man just run over by the car. "Come along, do! There'll be another presently a little farther on."—*Life.*

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