The Acton Free Press.

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Accounts payable monthly.

H. P. MOORE
Editor and Proprietor.

Business Directory.

MEDICAL.

JOHN M. MACDONALD, M. D., C. M.,
SUCCESSOR TO
J. F. UREN, M. D. C. M.
Office and residence—Corner Mill Frederick Streets, Acton.
Office Hours:—6 to 10.30 a.m.; 1 to 3 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, ETC.
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 6 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 anæsthetic 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 Mutual Life Assurance and Real Estate Agent. Money to loan, etc.
OFFICE—Parkinson'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.

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 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 $400 and upwards.

JOHN R. MacKENZIE
BUILDER AND CONTRACTOR.
PLANS furnished and estimates given on all kinds of buildings.
Address—ACTON

SUBSCRIBED STOCK CAPITAL $125,000.
THE WELLINGTON MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY.
Established 1840.
Head Office - GUELPH, ONT.
INSURANCE on Cash and Mutual plan. Any communications addressed to the undersigned, Box 225, or telephone 56, will be promptly attended to.
JOHN TAYLOR, Agent, Guelph.

—ACTON—
LIVERY AND BUS LINE
The undersigned respectfully solicits the patronage of the public, and informs them that
Well Equipped and Stylish Rigs can always be Secured
Stables—A comfortable bus meets all trains leaving 10 a.m. and 6.15 p.m. Careful attention given to everyone. The wants of Commercial Travellers fully met.
JOHN WILLIAMS
Proprietor

NASSAGAWEYA
Saw and Planing Mills.
Lumber and Shingles
AT LOWEST PRICES.
Mill stuff cut to order.
Slabs, stove length, $1.25 a double cord at the mill.
P. Sayers, Proprietor

WALL PAPER SALE.
....AT....
Day's Bookstore.
Fine New Stock.
Big Values.

DAY'S BOOKSTORE
GUELPH.
DRY BELLS 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. WALLACK, Manager.

FRAMES!
FRAMES
PICTURES
FRAMED
—AT—
Waters Bros.
ART STORE
GUELPH
ARTIST'S SUPPLY HOUSE.

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

EVERTON AND EDEN MILLS
FLOUR and OATMEAL MILLS.
Best quality of Flour and Oatmeal at right prices.
Bran, Middlings, Chop Feed, Etc., for sale.
Cash for Wheat and Oats.
Chopping every day at both mills.
HENRY HORTOP,
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 12 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

ACTON
Machine and Repair Shops
HENRY GRINDELL, Proprietor
A RM 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.

—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.

The More You Are Interested In This List the More We Centre Our Interest in You. What You Require of These Goods See or Write Us Before Buying.
Barb Wire — Fence Wire
Fencing — Cement
Screen Doors — Screen Windows
Garden Tools — Farm Tools
Churns — Tiles
Linoleum — Oil Cloth
and all building Hardware.
JOHN M. BOND & CO.
GUELPH'S BIG HARDWARE.
GUELPH.

Good Shoes
Seasonable Prices.
We are here to serve you faithfully and well. The whole system of our business revolves—around—the—central point, that we sell good goods at reasonable prices. The day of large profits is gone. Sudden fortunes are not often made honestly. We are content with the moderate rewards that come from a large trade well managed. Come and talk Shoes with us; we can't discuss politics, but we are full of ideas on foot gear. We sell all Lines and suit all Customers.
W. WILLIAMS
The Shoe Man.
Mill Street - - - Acton

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.

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

CHINESE LAUNDRY.
In Pearson's Building, Willow Street, Acton.
Laundry collected and returned. Family Washing at reasonable rates. All work done by hand. No machines or chemicals used.
FONG LEE HING, Proprietor

The Pressure of Business
is greatly relieved by the use of the
Long Distance Telephone
You can do your business in a few seconds and MUCH can be accomplished at cost of LITTLE time and trouble.
The Bell Telephone Co. of Canada.

Poetry.

A PUZZLING MENU.

ENTREE.
A Fish and a reader's Tail.
SOUP.
A Divided Letter. A Rubber Sweetheart.
Pertaining to the Regions Underground.
Imitation Reptile.
FISH.
Sheepish Expressions.
A Treatment of Ore.
The Largest Part of Sambo's Feet.
An Express Label.
GAME.
An Injunction to a Lazy Working Man.
A Darling with a Linen Coat on.
A Sheeny's Delight. A Universal Crown.
To Shrink from Danger.
Portion of a Mountain Range.
ROAST MEATS.
A General English Author.
Advice for an Aching Tooth.
The Country of the Crescent.
Adam's Wife in Her First State.
BOILED MEATS.
The Usual Result of Pat's Party.
One of Noah's Sons.
A Woman's Best Weapon.
VEGETABLES.
To Steal Milky. Complete Upsets.
What Successful Candidates Will Do This Fall.
Two Kinds of Toes Not Found on Man or Beast.
RELISHES.
A Gathered Army.
Elevated Felines. Comical Performances.
Ludicrous Situations.
PUDDINGS.
Exactly Perpendicular.
The Mantle of Winter.
What We Do Not Like to Say to Our Creditors.
PIES.
To Walk in an Affected Manner.
Closely Related to the Rural Reservoir.
FRUITS.
The Historian's Delight. Water in Motion.
Small Shot (Plural). Happy Lovers.
BEVERAGES.
The Lover's Address to His Sweetheart.
The Travellers Heaven.
A Couch of Death.
Pretended Agony.

Select Family Reading.

Patty's Business Experience.

BY MAUD HUMPHREYS

"IS it as bad as that?" asked Mrs. Constance Wilson in dismay.

"Every bit as bad," responded Patty, with a brave attempt at cheerfulness. "When it is all over, I will have perhaps $500 and the furniture."

"Dear me," thought Mrs. Wilson, "and every one thought Mr. Norris was such a fine business man." But she did not express the thought. She knew the girl's loyalty to her dead father.

"Patty," she finally exclaimed in triumph, "there are the Van Allen girls going abroad. Their father is a widower. He wants a companion for them. You know the continent like a guidebook, and you would be useful. They are new to this sort of thing, you know."

Patricia Norris drew herself up very straight.

"Connie, don't suggest impossible things. I positively refuse to take a position that savors of charity. I'm going straight into the business world to work—really work."

Mrs. Wilson affected a cheerful acquiescence which she did not feel.

"I'm going home now, my dear, and think this over. You'll hear from me to-morrow. And of course you'll succeed, whatever you undertake."

Mrs. Wilson had been Patty's governess in the days when such a thing as financial uncertainty seemed far removed from the Norris mansion. Now she was manuscript reader for a big publishing concern. When she reached her dimly lighted bedroom, third story, back in a noisy boarding house, she drew forth a small bankbook and studied it carefully. As a result of long reflection she dispatched the following note to Patty:

My Dear Girl:—Before we do anything else we must find a home. I am sick unto death of boarding. Shall we have a little flat together, a cunning apartment, with what you want of your dear old things as furnishings? Then we'll find you the position. But first a home—for your sake and mine. Save me from the fate of a hall bedroom, my dear. It is the chance I have dreamed of for years. Lovingly, Connie.

Three weeks later Mrs. Wilson caught Patty frowning at her across a dinner table that was homelike and dainty.

"Connie, there's absolutely nothing left for me to do. The tins are hung straight in the kitchen, and I've tried the bricy-bracy in every conceivable position. I'm not to be put off any longer. I want a job."

There was mirth in the tone, but it rang false. "Job" from the lips of Patricia Norris! Nevertheless that same evening they faced the situation together. Mrs. Wilson had seen this coming and was prepared.

"There is absolutely nothing open in our offices, as I had hoped, Patty, and the only schools where I would have influence are supplied with teachers that never marry or die." She surveyed the girl through a veil of unshed tears. "You've a regular Gibson figure, dear, and such lovely fluffy hair"—She broke off disconnectedly. Patty laughed.

"Connie, do stick to the text. Shall I go forth as an artist's model?"

Mrs. Wilson clasped her hands tightly.

"Not exactly that, but I heard of something to-day, Patty, that you could do—so well."

"Name it," said Patty, but with an odd sinking sensation in her heart.

"At Schermerhorn's they want a model to show off their imported suits, and you're the very—Oh, Patty, don't look at me like that. I've tried so hard to get something better!"

In a second the girl's soft arms were round her neck.

"Connie, behave yourself! Of course I shall take it and be properly grateful. How much?"

"Only $12.50 a week, but you would not have got that much, only that I told the head of the department what a beauty you were."

"Flatterer!" answered Patty, with a laugh that sounded more like a sob.

So did Patricia Norris make her entry into the business world. It was not hard work, and she never wearied of handling the beautiful wraps and frocks. Her statuesque beauty set them off to perfection, and the head of the department approved of her because she "never got gay" nor wasted the time of other employees by chatting with them, as her predecessor had done. In fact she held herself aloof from the other girls in the shop. It was an odd, unreasoning pride that they could not understand. If the girls who thought her proud had known how she envied them, they might have felt differently. They worked with their hands, and she—just posed. It was not brain that earned her salary, but a mere bauble of physical perfection.

And she resented most of all the quiet, searching glances of a young fellow who seemed to be in the cashier's department. Once when she went to draw her salary he stood near the window and handed forth the envelope without even asking her name. She flushed slightly, and after that his compelling glance called forth a stiff little bow when they came face to face.

One noon when she was threading her way through a stream of cable cars and drays she was almost run down, and the gray-eyed young man from the cashier's department reached her before the policeman. Two nights later when she and Mrs. Wilson indulged in the extravagance of tickets for a fashionable playhouse, they emerged upon a sudden rainstorm.

"Oh!" wailed Mrs. Wilson, "my new bonnet!"

Just then someone arrayed in a long coat and balancing a comforting umbrella reached her side. It was the young man from Schermerhorn's.

"Come back into the lobby, Miss Norris, while I call a hansom for you."

"A hansom, Patty! He said a hansom!" exclaimed Mrs. Wilson, almost tearfully. "What will it cost?"

"I don't know," snapped Patty nervously, "not as much as a new bonnet."

A few moments later he escorted them to the waiting hansom, raised his hat gravely, looked just once into Patty's brown eyes and away they whirled in the blackness of the night.

At their apartment Mrs. Wilson, covering her beloved confection of chiffon and roses with a handkerchief, rushed into the hall, leaving Patty to settle the bill. The latter was strangely silent until they were brushing their hair, when she suddenly burst forth in wrath:

"It is bad enough, Connie, to rail in public over a ruined hat, but to bewail the price of a hansom is forgivable."

"Why—why"—gasped Mrs. Wilson.

"He paid the hackman, that's all," groaned Patty, and she threw herself face downward in her pillows, murmuring, "He needn't think that just because he saved my life he can pay my back fare."

And yet inconsistently she took a strange pleasure in recalling the look in his dark gray eyes when he leaned forward.

A month later Mrs. Wilson came home radiant.

"There's an opening, Patty, dear, in our office, and you must take it quick. There are dozens of applications, but I have the promise!"

And the next day Patty handed in her resignation to Schermerhorn & Co., to take effect on Saturday. With the last day came word that Mr. Frawley would like to see Miss Norris before she left. For once she relaxed the rule and asked one of the girls who Mr. Frawley was.

"Oh, he's the company," responded the girl carelessly.

After drawing her last pay envelope Patty crossed to the main office and was ushered into a smaller room. The ubiquitous young man of the gray eyes rose to receive her.

"Mr. Frawley has sent for me," she began with just the suggestion of a flush in her cheeks.

"I am Mr. Frawley," he replied, and the gray eyes danced at her confusion. "I wanted to tell you, Miss Norris, that while we regret to lose your valuable services we are glad to know you are securing a position better suited—to—er—your tastes and abilities. I trust you will not forget—us?"

The gray eyes were looking most pleadingly into hers. The flush crept closer and closer to the soft brown hair.

"I am afraid I've been very rude sometimes, Mr. Frawley," she murmured in a low voice. "But you know it was all so new to me, and I felt—oh I can't tell you just how I feel!"

"I think I understand, Miss Norris. I—I hope I shall see you again. May I—?"

"We live at Jerome apartments, Mrs. Wilson and I—and we are always home Tuesday evenings."

The gray eyes thanked her eloquently, and she walked rapidly from the office.

That night at the dinner table Mrs. Wilson rambled on happily; "I really don't think it has hurt you, dear. You had to gain business experience somehow and"

"No," replied Patty absently. "It has done no harm," but she was thinking not of the experience, but of the glad light in the gray eyes when she had told him he might call.

I had rather do and not promise than promise and not do.

Now is a good time to begin taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, the medicine that cleanses the blood and clears the complexion.

WHAT ONE BOY DID.

"Don't tell me that boys have no influence," said the dark-eyed lady with emphasis. "Why, I myself knew a boy of twelve whose influence changed the manners of an entire hotel. Tell you about it? Certainly. It was a family hotel on the sea-coast in southern California, and almost all the guests in the house were there for the winter. We had become well acquainted and—well, lazy, I guess is the best word for it. So we decided that it was too much trouble to dress for meals, and dropped into the habit of coming in just as we chanced to be from lounging in the hammock, or fishing off the pier, or bicycle-riding down the beach. Our manners, too, had become about as careless as our dress; we were there for a rest, a good time, and these little things didn't matter, we said.

But one day there was a new arrival. Mrs. Elinn, a young widow, and her little son Robert, a sturdy, bright faced lad of twelve as you often see. The first time he came into the dining-room, erect, manly, with his tie and collar and dress in perfect order, escorting his mother as though she had been a princess, and standing until not only she but every lady at the table was seated, we all felt that a breath of new air had come among us and every one there, I think, straightened up a little. However, we looked at one another and nodded our heads as much as to say, "He won't keep this up long," we were strangers and in the familiarity of every-day life we did not doubt that it would soon wear away.

But it did not. Rob was full of life and active and busy as a boy could well be. At the same time, when twenty minutes before meals his mother blew a little silver whistle, no matter where he was or what he was doing, everything was dropped, and he ran in, to make himself ready. And every time he came to the table with his clean face and smooth hair and clothes carefully arranged or changed, he was himself a sermon on neatness and self-respect, which though none of us said much about, we felt all the same. Then by and by one lad another began to respond to the little silver whistle as well as Rob; and one laid aside a bicycle dress, another a half-invalid neglige, till you would hardly have believed it was the same company of a few weeks before.

"It was the same with manners. Rob's politeness, simple, unaffected, and unfailing, at the table, on the veranda, upon the beach, wherever you met him; his readiness to be helpful, his deference to those older, his thoughtfulness for all, was the best lesson,—that of example. As a consequence the thoughtless began to remember, and the selfish to feel ashamed, and those who had been simply careless to keep themselves more in hand.

And so as I said in the beginning, in less than a month the whole atmosphere of that hotel was changed by the influence of one boy, and the only one there who was utterly unconscious of this was Rob himself."

This is truly a pleasant incident. We like to think of this boy who, because he was at heart a true little gentleman, drew what was kindly and courteous and gracious in those about him to the surface as by a magnet. In like manner it is possible for every boy to be so true and kindly and tender, so unselfish of action, so responsive to conscience, that wherever he goes he shall carry an inspiring atmosphere and influence with him; and whoever he meets shall, because of him, unconsciously be drawn to better thoughts and nobler living.

SPANKED THE WRONG BOY.

A Detroit man was travelling with his son and wishing to transact some business with the conductor, he said, "Now, Willie, I'm going to be away just a few minutes. You sit right here and don't move a bit. If you do, I'll spank you good and hard. So don't stick your head out of the window. You might have it taken off, if you do; then you wouldn't have any head, and you'd get a spanking besides."

The father went away to find the conductor. After a few minutes he came back.

There was little Willie, just his feet and the seat of his trousers sticking in through the window. He appeared to be more outside than inside, and whenever a telegraph pole whizzed by and looked especially close he would make a lunge for it, as if trying to catch it.

The father did not hesitate. He made a grab for the boy just as the latter made a lunge for the pole. He pulled him in by the heels, laid him over his knees, and began to fulfil his promise. The little fellow yelled and yelled until he almost had drowned out the noise of the train, but during a lull in the uproar the father heard a snicker behind him. He laid the boy down and turned to see what it meant.

There, two seats behind and across the aisle, was his son, and two fingers stuffed in his mouth to keep his merriment in. The man rubbed his eyes and looked again—but there was no mistake.

He looked at the boy in his lap. Behind the tears was a face he had never seen before. He had spanked some other man's son.—Galveston Daily News.

A POSER.

Little three-year-old Philo had been taught to say to his mother, "I love you more than tongue can tell." He had repeated this one day to the admiration of some visitors, when looking puzzled, he asked, "Mamma, what is tuncan?" A few years after this he had been at church one Sunday and heard the choir sing, "The Consecrated Cross I'd Bear." On the way home he inquired, "Mamma, what is a consecrated cross-eyed bear?"

TRAPPING A WITNESS.

A case was being tried in a country court. A horse had been stolen from a field, and the evidence all pointed to a certain doubtful character of the neighborhood as the culprit. Though his guilt seemed clear, he had found a lawyer to undertake his defence. At the trial the defendant's counsel expended his energy in trying to confuse and frighten the opposing witnesses, especially a farmer, whose testimony was particularly damaging. The lawyer kept up a fire of questions, asking many foolish ones, and repeating himself again and again in the hope of decoying the witness into a contradiction.

"You say," the lawyer went on, "that you can swear to having seen this man drive a horse past your farm on the day in question?"

"I can," replied the witness wearily, for he had already answered the question a dozen times.

"What time was this?"

"I told you it was about the middle of the forenoon."

"But I don't want any "about" or "middles." I want you to tell the jury exactly the time."

"Why," said the farmer. "I don't always carry a gold watch with me when I'm digging potatoes."

"But you have a clock in the house haven't you?"

"Yes."

"Well, what time was it by that?"

"Why, by that clock it was just 10 minutes past ten."

"You were in the field all the morning?" went on the lawyer smiling suggestively.

"I was."

"How far from the house is the field?"

"About half a mile."

"You swear, do you, that by the clock in the house it was just 10 minutes past ten?"

"I do."

The lawyer paused and looked triumphantly at the jury. At last he had entrapped the witness into a contradictory statement that would greatly weaken his evidence.

The farmer leisurely picked up his hat and started to leave the witness stand. Then, turning slowly about, he added:

"I ought, perhaps, to say that too much reliance should not be placed on that clock as it got out of gear about six months ago, and it's been 10 minutes past 10 ever since."

FOUND THREE ENDS TO THE ROPE.

When Captain W. W. Snow, who recently retired from the Boston and Philadelphia line, after a continuous service of fifty-seven years, took command of his vessel an Irishmann asked the captain if he could employ him.

"Well," said Captain Snow, at the same time handing the man a piece of rope, "if you can find three ends to that rope you shall have work."

The Irishman thought a moment and then took hold of one end of the rope.

"There's one end, your honor," he said.

Then he took hold of the other end, and, showing it to the captain as before, said:

"And that's two ends, your honor."

Then taking hold of both ends of the rope he threw it overboard, saying:

"And there's an end to the rope, your honor, and that's three ends."

Captain Snow engaged him.

MRS. MARTIN'S OPPORTUNITY.

Mr. Martin was talking at the dinner table, in his usual clever manner, about the inconsistency of women.

"These young women who protest that they are never going to marry!" he broke out. "Everybody knows they will belie their our words at the very first opportunity."

He paused, and evidently hoped that Mrs. Martin would come to the rescue of her sex; but that discreet woman held her tongue.

"Why, Mary," he continued, "you remember how it was with yourself. I have heard you say more than once that you wouldn't marry the best man alive."

"Well, I didn't," said Mrs. Martin.—Tit-Bits.

SITTING ROOM DRAMA.

"Who comes there?" called little Willie, the sentry, in threatening tones as he brought his deadly wooden gun into shooting position.

"A friend!" answered little Tommie from behind the rocking chair.

"Advance and give the countersign" hissed the sentry, "or I'll shoot the head off you."

An ominous silence followed this terrible threat. Then Tommie said plaintively:

"I've forgot it."

"You can't remember nuthin'," exclaimed Willie in disgust, throwing down his gun. "Cum over here an' I'll whisper it to you ag'in."

WHAT BECAME OF THE KITTEN.

Lady Visitor (to little girl)—What became of that little kitten you had here once?

Little Girl—Why, haven't you heard?

Lady Visitor No. Was it drowned?

Little Girl—No!

Lady Visitor—Lost?

Little Girl—No!

Lady Visitor—Poisoned?

Little Girl—No!

Lady Visitor—Then, whatever became of it?

Little Girl—It growed up into a cat.

THAT WAS HIS IDEA.

"Look here, Mr. Hojack," said Mrs. Hojack. I'd like to know why you asked me what I wanted for a Christmas present if you intended to get something entirely different?"

"I wanted to surprise you, dear," was Hojack's unsatisfactory reply.

HOME FOLKS.

Home-Folks!—Well that air name, to me
Sounds jist the same as poetry—
That is, if poetry is jist
As sweet as I've heard tell it is!

Home-Folks—they're jis' the same as kin—
All brung up, same as we have bin,
Without no overpowerin' sense
Of their uncommon consequence!

They've been to school, but not to git
The habit fastened on 'em yit.
So as to ever interfere
With other work 'at's waitin here.

Home-Folks has crops to plant 'and plow,
Er lives in town and keeps a cow;
But whether country jakes or town,
They know when eggs is up or down!

La' can't you spot 'em—when you meet
'Em anywhere—in field or street,
And can't you see their faces bright
As circus day, heavens into sight?

And can't you hear their "Howdy!" clear
As a brook's chuckle to the ear,
And sense that their laughin' eyes
As fresh and clear as morning skies?

And can't you—when they've gone away,
Jis feel 'em shakin' hands all day?—
And feel, too, you've been higher raised
By sich a meetin'?—God be praised!

Oh, Home-Folks! you're the best of all
'At ranges this terrestrial ball,—
But north or south, or east or west,
It's home is where you're at your best.

It's home—it's home your faces shine,
In number your fig tree and vine—
Your family and your neighbors 'bout
Yr. and the latchstring hangin' out.

Home-Folks—at home—I know o' one
Old feller now 'at haint got none,—
Invite him—he may hold back some—
But you invite him and he'll come.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

ANOTHER THING.

An aged man, who had fought at Waterloo, and who resided in a remote village in Scotland, was one day visited and interviewed by a party of gentlemen belonging to a literary club.

Having listened to the old man's story about the famous battle and his share in the conflict, they thanked him profusely, and were about to depart, when the veteran remarked:

"Oh, there's another thing, gentlemen, that I can recall to mind." "Ah, indeed, what is that?" they eagerly asked, expecting to hear a most interesting reminiscence. "Gentlemen," said the veteran, in impressive tones, "I weel remember that I was just as thirsty during the whole of the battle as I am now."

The party took the hint.

THE WANTING ADJECTIVE.

A school inspector was examining a class in grammar and trying to explain the relations of adjectives by giving an example.

"Now, for instance," said he, "what am I?" That was an easy question and all the children shouted:

"A man!" and then looked around triumphantly, as much as to say, "Ask another."

"Yes, but what else?" said the inspector. This was not so easy, but after a pause a boy ventured to suggest:

"A little man."

"Yes, but there is something more than that." This was a poser for the youngsters, but after a moment's puzzled silence an infant phenomenon almost leaped from his seat in his eagerness, and cried to the inspector:

"Please, sir, I know—an ugly little man!"

THE NEW YORK GIRL'S LATEST FAD.

"The punching-bag, which is also known as the striking-bag solves the problem of indoor exercise for girls, and is the reigning fad among New York girls at present," says the March Ladies' Home Journal. "By the use of this apparatus every muscle in the body is brought into play, and the stout girl grows thin and the thin girl grows plump. By the daily use of one of these bags lightness of foot, a graceful poise and a springy step develop even to a greater degree than by means of dancing lessons. The waist and abdomen are reduced in size, and the weak muscles of the trunk are so strengthened by its use that the amateur athlete holds herself straight with ease and comfort. The bag should hang about the height of the shoulders."

HIS TENURE OF OFFICE.

"So you're going to keep Bill Hunker in Parliament?" "We are," answered Farmer Corntossel. "We don't want him around here. He was so slick that he didn't give anybody a show in a horse trade or anythin' else, an' he got so uppish that it ground us to have to travel on the same road with him. You kin bet he'll stay in Parliament. We couldn't indict him nor have him kidnapped, an' we've got to get rid of him somehow." Washington Star.

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