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The Acton Free Press

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H. P. MOORE
Editor and Proprietor.

Business Directory.

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

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EYE, EAR, THROAT AND NOSE.
Corner Woolwich and Baker Streets.
GUELPH.
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SUNDAYS—10 a.m. to 1 p.m.

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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.

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Hon. Member Veterinary Medical Society.
Office—Over Worden's Barber Shop, next door to Feed Store, Mill Street, Acton.

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Wyndham St., (Over Williams Stores.) Guelph, Ontario.
Account Books of all kinds made to order periodicals of every description carefully bound. Ruling neatly and promptly done

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H. P. MOORE
ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES.
Private Office. No witnesses required. Issued at residence in the evening.
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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 sums, and at the lowest rates of interest, in sums of $500 and upwards.

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PLANS furnished and estimates given on shortest notice. Address—ACTON

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THE WELLINGTON MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY.
Established 1840.
Head Office GUELPH, ONT.
INSURANCE on Cash and Mutual plan. Any communications forwarded to my address, Box 802, or telephone 56, will be promptly attended to.
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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
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ACTON
Machine and Repair Shops
HENRY GRINDRIL Proprietor
A mill well equipped with all the machinery necessary to execute all repairs to machinery and agricultural implements, and to do all kinds of steam fitting, horse shoeing and general blacksmithing. Woodwork repaired and painted in a satisfactory manner. We can repair any machine or implement of any make. New running and filing done.

Two Large Shipments of
American Wall Paper
--at--
Day's Bookstore
Last Week.
10c. and 15c. Gold Paper for 5c.
20c. Gold Paper for 8c. and 10c.
30c. and 40c. Gold Paper for 20c. and 25c.
Borders and Ceilings to match.
All New Goods and Colorings.
Choice Goods, Big Stock.
Low Prices at
DAY'S
GUELPH.
DRY GOODS 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.

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

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.

J. A. SPEIGHT & CO.
Willow St. Acton.
Undertakers
--and--
Furniture Dealers.
Undertaking in all its branches attended to promptly and quietly.
Furniture—New Stock. Sure to please our customers.
Our prices are low.

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.

—THE—
TRADERS' BANK OF CANADA
Capital paid up, $1,000,000
Assets Over $9,000,000.
Cuelph Branch
(NEXT DOOR TO POSTOFFICE)
Savings Bank Department
HIGHEST CURRENT RATE OF INTEREST paid on same 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. E. 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.
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Garden Tools Farm Tools
Churns Tiles
Linoleum Oil Cloth
and all Building Hardware.
JOHN M. BOND & CO.
QUELPH'S BIG HARDWARE.
GUELPH.

AMATEUR CAMERAS AND SUPPLIES
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POCO,
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4 x 5 and Cabinet, 25 cents.
PRINTING PAPERS.
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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

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

—ACTON—
LIVERY
—AND—
BUS LINE
The undersigned respectfully solicits the patronage of the public, and informs them that
Well Equipped and Stylish Rigs can at all ways 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 have fully met.
JOHN WILLIAMS
PROPRIETOR

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 YEE HING, Proprietor

Poetry.

THE TWO LEADERS.

When Luck and Pluck, one Summer day,
Went faring forth together,
Pluck wore a suit of homespun gray,
Luck had a cap and feather;
A handsome, dashing fellow he,
And full of careless pleasure;
"Come, follow me: I hold the key,"
He cried, "of boundless treasure!"

He looked so gay, and bold, and strong,
That listening ears were plenty,
His train of followers grew long,
A dozen—fifteen—twenty—
A hundred—still they came; while Pluck
Tramped on, with few behind him;
"Poor plodding fool!" cried laughing Luck,
"A stupid guide you'll find him!"

Luck led his careless troop ahead,
With boasting and with revel,
The sun shone radiant overhead,
The road was smooth and level;
But as the day wore on, behold!
Athwart the way, a river,
Without a bridge, flowed deep and cold,
A sight to made one shiver.

"Well, well," cried Luck, "we'll sit and wait,
It may run dry to-morrow,
Or we'll see coming, soon or late,
Some boat that we can borrow!"
So down they sat—and there they stayed
To wait and hope at leisure,
While Luck assured them, undismayed,
They still would reach the treasure.

But Pluck, with those who tramped behind
His sturdy figure, waited
No movement on the bank, to find
Whether the stream abated;
They plunged, they swam, they fought their way,
The shore in safety gaining—
And theirs the treasure is to-day,
While luck looks on complaining!"

—PRISCILLA LEONARD.

Select Family Reading.

WHAT HARM?

ROBERT J. BURDETTE.

THAT'S it, is it?—you want to know, my boy, what harm there is in playing cards.

Oh, well, as the "boys" at Crozier often hear President Weston say, "that depends." In the first place, it is rather a foolish question for one to ask. Or, perhaps, it is just a foolish way of asking it. It carries an accusation in itself. I haven't said there was anything wrong with card playing; your own question shows, plainly as a confession that your conscience isn't exactly easy on the subject. If it is a closed question, a settled matter with you, why do you ask for opinions or a judgment upon it?

Why don't you ask me, "what harm is there in not playing cards?" Because you know there is absolutely no evil in that. It won't hurt you a particle not to play; it won't waste a minute of your time; it won't develop an undue taste for card-playing in you, not to know one bit of pasteboard from another. It won't lead you to putting up a little "penny ante" just to make the game interesting. You cannot call to mind the case of one man in all your circle of acquaintances, who gambled away his fortune, just because he resolutely refused to play cards. There isn't a man in the state penitentiary to-day, who was sent there because he didn't take his employer's money to make good his gambling debt which he never contracted. You never heard of a man going out of a gambling den which he never entered, and blowing out his worthless brains because he hadn't "blowed in" his entire bank account at cards. That's why you don't ask me "what harm there is in not playing cards?" Because, my boy, you can answer that question yourself. Because you say at once, in most emphatic italics, "Why, there isn't any harm!" Of course there isn't. But on the other hand—?

Well, somehow it seems to you that you have heard—possibly, young as you are, you may have known, instances in which some or one of these rather unpleasant, or at least embarrassing—not to say absolutely injurious—results grew out of the card table. And it makes you a little bit restless and uneasy on the subject. "Not at all," you say? Well, at any rate, it appears to be somewhat on your mind. When I meet a man at the cross roads and he asks me which fork leads to Wayerass, he may ask the question with the complacent air of a man who would be a millionaire if he had as many dollars as he knew the road to Wayerass, nevertheless, the very fact that he asked the question, convinces me that I am talking to a lost man. And if, by way of testing the matter, I point out the wrong road, the confidence with which he starts off on it, confirms my conviction as I call him back. And it amuses me to see him a little bit reluctant him take the right road after he has started off so promptly on the wrong one.

Ah, my boy, my boy—a man who knows his way, and who knows—knows in the heart and brain of him, that he is on the right road, doesn't ask questions. He goes right along and saves his breath to make time with. How did I know the man we met a few minutes ago was from a county a long way from here? Because he asked us where the Court House was. And when you told him it was on Main Street, he turned from you, as a blind guide, and asked me the way to Main Street. And then he sauntered off, swinging his cane, and wearing his hat just a point out of plumb to let other people understand that he knew his way about town with his eyes shut. Like a lost dog, he did. I once went to school to a shrewd, boy-studying teacher, who was in the habit of reading the lesson in class himself, and drawing us out in various interrogations, and then he marked us, not by the answers we gave, but on the questions we asked. Better, oftimes, than an answer could do, the boy's question showed whether he had given the lesson ten minutes' serious thought or not.

"What harm is there?" Don't you know, my boy, how much mischief there may be in such a question? There is an old book which you should read much oftener and much longer at a time than you do. Even though you don't believe one word in it, you can't help being impressed by the sense of wonderful truthfulness that it prints upon your brain. In the beginning of this human race, of which you are a most important member, the first shadow of a doubt, that wrought so much trouble and sorrow and pain, came in just such a question—"Yea, hath God said?" hissed the serpent. The woman and the man knew in their very minds and souls that God had said. But the devil knew that the best way to unsettle the faith, to make them doubt what they knew as well as they knew anything, was not to argue, but merely to question. God said to them clearly and unmistakably, "Thou shalt not." And all the devil did was to come and whisper, "Did he say so?" And to-day, my boy, over and over again, he hisses these same innocent-seeming questions into the ears and calls them honest doubts. When anything honest comes from the devil's suggestions, my boy, it will be safe to use a powder magazine for a smoking room.

"You must have some amusement?" Oh, you must. Well, now, do you know, I'm not so positive about that. There are two classes of people perhaps, who have need to be amused—very young children and very old people. And you belong to neither class. And there are some very wise instructors who question if we do not do the child an injury by giving him too many amusements. The kindergarten idea, you know, combines a great deal of instruction with the minimum of amusement. Why, at your time of life, with the blood effervescing and bubbling in your heart like champagne anyhow, all the world is a show to you. Life itself is all the entertainment you require. Your mind isn't under a very tremendous strain, is it? What do you do with your mind all day, that strains it? What did you do with it yesterday? This morning? Sit down and write it out; things look so plain in cold ink. It is so easy to say that we are worked to death, and then it is so difficult to itemize the statement so as to show other other people just what killed us. I have seen a girl just seventeen years old, and rather delicate for her age, come into an ice cream hair "nearly dead," and then proceed to place her moribund system outside a combination of ice cream, soda water and hand-made cake, that would have killed me in fifteen minutes. Now, suppose I take your word for it that life is such a strain upon your vital force and nerve power that you must have amusement—suppose you just tell me what you do in one day? What you really need is occupation. You need more to do. You are really happier at your work than you are when you are loafing. You know that.

You need amusement! What nonsense! Don't you know that the strongest nations on earth are the ones which have the fewest holidays? The least time for play. Can't you remember what happened when Germany and France came together? One, a nation whose name is a synonym for plodding, steady, persistent industry and straight work, and the other always suggestive of frivolity, high-hearted pastime and amusement? Poor old Spain, with only 365 days in a year, like the rest of the world, and I think somewhere about 30,500—it may be more, as I quote from memory—saints' days and holidays on the calendar—have you forgotten what happened to her when she ran up against a nation which has so few legal holidays that unless they are printed in red ink on the office calendar we never remember them until they have been past for a week? This world isn't a play ground, my boy. It's a farm; it's a brick yard; it's a mine; it's a mill; its a workshop.—And whenever you see a loafer around the shops, you know in the very heart of you that half a dozen workmen are putting in from eight to a dozen hours a day to support that fellow. So long as he is alive; he eats. And there isn't and there never has been a free loaf of bread or a free mutton chop on this planet.

So don't you come to me, at your time of life, talking about your need of amusement. When you want recreation—which is very different from amusement—do you go out and seek it where it beckons you—under the blue sky—in the face of the north wind; on a pair of ringing skates and a crystal sheet of ice, with enough tingle in the air to thrill the sleepiest congregation that ever snored through my longest sermon; find your recreation along the tangles of a trout brook; over the autumn meadows; on the mountain slopes; in the city parks; straddle your wheel and break your shanks, as I do—if I could get a pension for every scar I can show, I'd pay the war debt myself; go out of doors and do something; do anything. But if I were you I believe I wouldn't stagnate my body and heat my brain at a card table. You have no need for that sort of thing.

But certain games stimulate your mentality? Oh, do they? I would like to be present at the autopsy when your mentality is dissected, then. My boy, I can go down into the dives of Chicago, and bring a night hawk who doesn't know an algebra from Wayland's Moral Science, who can sit down and look you right in the face and skin you to the bone at any game of cards you may select. Card playing may be a highly intellectual pastime. I don't know anything about that; but I do know that the experts, with whom it rises to the dignity of an occupation—perhaps I should say profession—are not holding chairs in the universities. But just the same it would be a Klondike day for the professor if he should accept a chair opposite one of these intellectual giants who can deal with one hand.

So, don't you give yourself over to cards just now, son. Wait until your mind has become enfeebled by age; until you are too old to do anything else; until you have leisure to sit for three hours over one game of whist, being awake the greater part of the time, and then—"How old would you need to be?" Well; if you had asked me that question day before yesterday I should have said ninety years, very promptly. But yesterday I happened to hear an old minister—ninety-one years old, stand up and preach a fifteen-minute sermon with all the sweetness of ninety and all the fire of forty in it, so I will have to slide the figures on a little. Say ninety-five, son. Then I say you may be safe in considering progressive euchre an intellectual occupation; draw-poker a study of infinite; seven-up an original research; an auction pitch a test of the profoundest scholarship. In the meantime, if you should die at eighty-four, it may be some consolation to you to know that if you have never handled a card in your life, it will then be no cause of regret, and you will have lost nothing worth the gaining; you will have missed nothing that would have made your life broader, stronger or better.—Ram's Horn.

A LITERARY NIGHTMARE.

When does Mary Mapes Dodge? When Thos. W. Knox?
What did Charles Reade? Whatever he saw Mabel Osgood Wright.
When is it that John Burroughs? When he hears Edward Everett Hale.
Why did they Hall Caine? To make Frances Hodgson Burnett.
Who gave Thomas Paine? Hamilton Wright, Mabie.
What made Winston Church-ill? Eating what he saw John Esten Cooke.
What will make Walter A. Wyckoff? I. Zang-will.
Why did Charles Dar-win? Because he never turned his back to Defoe.
Where did Captain Frederick Marryat? At the Ellen Olney Kirk.
What made Col. Richard H. Savage? Hearing Charles Carlton Coffin.
Why was Wagner Haydn away Back? Because DeKoven had him on his little Liszt.
What kept Charlotte M. Younge? Helping Elizabeth Phipps Train.
Why do we not laugh at R. D. Black-more? Because we find John Greenleaf W(h)ittier.
Whence came Samuel Smiles? Because he saw a Hen-ry Ward Beecher.
Why did Miss Mu-lock up the silver? Because she saw Flora Annie Steel.—Epworth Herald.

ALL THE DIFFERENCE.

The following conversation took place during a recent election in Cumberland between two free and independent electors:

"Wot's these 'ere Socialists, Jack?" questioned one of the other.

"Well," replied the other, "it's this way. If yer had two carriages and two horses, you'd give me one, wouldn't yer?"

"Just think I would," replied Bill.

"An' if you had two fields you'd give me one, wouldn't yer?"

"You bet I would," said Bill.

"You're a Socialist—a born Socialist. If you'd two pigs you'd give me one, wouldn't yer?"

"Nay, I wouldn't," replied Bill. "Before I'd give yer one I'd fight yer for it!"

Bill had two pigs.—London Tit Bits.

TRYING.

There are some cases in which a correct musical ear causes its possessor a good deal of discomfort.

"I suppose you heard Squire Sampson's daughter's voice pretty loud in the hymns, my dear?" said parson Fawcett, inquiringly, to his little wife at the close of the morning service.

"I used to think when she lived here before her marriage that her voice was very strong, but not—er—not exactly reliable, perhaps, as to pitch."

"Mr. Fawcett," replied the minister's wife, while a flush rose to her cheeks, "I suppose she that was Arabella Sampson thinks she is praising the Lord when she sings; and far be it from me to say that she doesn't; but I must say that it's all I can do to praise Him at the same time!"

FIRST SCORE.

"Mary," said Mr. Thomas when a silence, fraught with unpleasant meaning, had followed his first altercation with his young wife.

"Yes," said Mary, interrogatively.

"When a man and his wife have had a—a difference," said Mr. Thomas, with a judicial air, and each considers the other at fault, which of the two do you think should make the first advance toward reconciliation?"

"The wiser of the two," said Mrs. Thomas promptly, "and so, my dear, I'll say at once that I'm very sorry."

It occurred to Mr. Thomas that it might have been as well for him to have made the first advance, after all, but he thoughtfully refrained from saying so.—Collier's Weekly.

KIPLING A TOTAL ABSTAINER.

Here are Kipling's views on temperance: "I used to take a glass regularly," he says, "until one day, going along the streets of Manchester, I saw two fifteen-year-old girls reel out of a public house, stagger across the pavement, and fall into the gutter. From that time I have been a total abstainer. So are all my household."

OLD LOVE LETTERS.

They were about to change boarding houses, and the young matron, while packing, fell to rummaging among a lot of old letters in the bottom of one of her trunks. She came upon a bundle of his letters, written before they were married, five years ago, he was sitting in the room, trying to read his evening newspaper.

"Um," she said reflectively, spreading out and holding up one of his letters. "There's no use in talking, Jack, you could write the lovelier letters! Do you remember how you used to write three of them a day to me, most of them special delivery, not to mention frequent telegrams?"

"Hot!" said he, looking up from his paper in alarm, nevertheless.

"Now, listen to this," she went on, turning a page of one of the letters to the light. "Dearest, did you know that your eyes are the hue of a mountain lake in autumn?"—now, wasn't that a funny way to allude to a girl's eyes? What is the color of a mountain lake in autumn, anyhow, Jack?"

"Balderdash!" said he, rattling his newspaper nervously, and pretending to be deeply immersed in it.

"That fair little throat," she went on, with a sly look at him, "firm as a marble column, yet tender as a dove's breast"—now, don't scowl so frightfully, Jackie—I call that real pretty, indeed I do."

"Rubbish!" said he, beginning to tousle his hair.

"And we shall go hand in hand down the asphodel meadows of life," she continued, turning the page over and regarding him out of the slants of her eyes. "I always wondered what you meant by that, Jack. I don't remember ever having seen an asphodel meadow, and I never heard of one except in the poetry of Rossetti. Is that where you got the asphodel meadows, Jack?"

"Humbug!" said he, crossing his legs in a rattled sort of way.

"Among the possible things, the most impossible is that we shall ever exchange so much as an echo of a cross word," she quoted, picking up another of the letters. "Dear me, that's funny—and the millions and billions of silly spats we've had—eh Jack?"

"Tommyrot!" he mumbled, wriggling around some more.

"What was the name of that Tosti song you sang last night?—it has been running through my head all morning like the hum of harps, so that I've scarcely been able to do my work—and you sang it as Sapho might have sung, brooding dreamily over the wine-dark Ionian sea!"—mercy on us Jack, but how eloquent you used to get, and so delightfully classical in your allusions, too!"

"Bosh!" he snorted, ineffectually attempting to read his paper upside down.

"Now, dearest, don't you ever make the mistake of dreading that I shan't be able to get on famously with your dear mother, for I shall. She may be a little set in her ways, but it shall be my aim and my pleasure to be uniformly gentle toward her, as a son-in-law should," she continued with a rollicking little laugh at the close of her quotation. "Hump! And poor mamma hadn't been in the house three hours on the occasion of her first visit to us before you were—er—well, just scrapping like everything!"

"My dear, can't you see that I'm making a frantic effort to read my newspaper?"

She was silent for a space, chuckling at intervals as she went over more of the letters, and then she began again.

"And I want to have it distinctly understood before we are married that you are to have the handling of all the money—that's the only way a fellow ever manages to save anything," she resumed, taking still another letter.

He jumped up, threw down his paper, jammed his hands into his trousers' pockets, and scowled.

"Look-a-here, my dear!" he exclaimed, "why do you keep such drivelling truck as that about you for, anyway?"

"Why, Jack, they are your letters!" she said, surprised, and clutched them tightly.

A bright idea seemed to strike him.

"What'll you take for 'em?" he inquired of her.

She bit her lip and reflected.

"Well, I do hate to part with them, honest, Jack," said she, "but I saw a lovely spring jacket down town to-day for only $28, and"—

"The jacket's yours—you can get it to-morrow—now gimme those letters," said he, reaching out for them. She handed them over, and he promptly checked them into the open grate.

And he is fondly imagining at the present moment that she gave him all of those incriminating letters, as it were, but she didn't. She held out about forty of them, and if she doesn't use them to swing him for a scalskin by the time the cold weather comes round again, it will be a caution.—Washington Star.

TENNYSON DIDN'T GO.

A poetical traveller, stopping at a Georgia inn, dismounted from his horse and called to the landlord, who was lounging on the verandah:

"Wrinkled 'ostler, grim and thin;
Here is custom come your way!
Take my brute and lead him in
Stuff his ribs with mouldy hay!"

"Ef you say that agin," said the landlord, "I'll lamm you side the head with this hickory. That's a nigger here to look after the horses!"

"My good man", explained the traveller, "I meant no offence. I was only quoting Tennyson to you!"

"Hang Tennyson!" exclaimed the landlord, "an' tell him I said so. Neither him nor you can make a stable boy o' me!"

Don't think less of your system than you do of your house. Give it a thorough cleansing, too. Take Hood's Sarsaparilla.

TELL HIM SO.

If you have a word of cheer
That may light the pathway drear
Of a brother pilgrim here,
Let him know.
Show him you appreciate
What he does and does not wait
Till the heavy hand of fate
Lays him low.
If your heart contains a thought
That will brighter make his lot,
Then in mercy, hide it not;
Tell him so.

Bide not till the end of all
Carries him beyond recall,
When beside his cable pall,
To avow
Your affection and acclaim
To do honor to his name,
And to place the wreath of fame
On his brow.
Rather speak to him to-day;
For the things you have to say
May model him on his way;
Tell him now.

Life is hard enough at best;
But the love that is expressed
Makes it seem a pathway blest
To one feet;
And the troubles that we share
Seem the easier to bear,
Smiled upon your neighbor's care
As you greet.
Rough and stony are our ways;
Dark and dreary are our days;
But another's love and praise
Make them sweet.
Wait not till your friend is dead
Ere your compliments are said;
For the spirit that has fled,
If it know,
Does not need to speed it on
Our poor praise where it has gone
To glow.
But unto our brother here
That poor praise is very dear,
If you're any word of cheer
Tell him so.

PAINLESS DENTISTRY.

Before the days of chloroform there was a quack who advertised tooth-drawing without pain. The patient was placed in a chair and a wrench given, when he roared evidently

"I thought you said there was no pain?"

"So there is not by my process. That he Cartwright's way.—That's the way he does it. It's very different from mine."

Another tug, and a more violent howl.

"That's the way Dumerge pulls teeth," said the unabashed practitioner. "You don't like it, no doubt. Who would?"

Another twist was given, and the patient as a rule, howled worse than ever.

"That," the dentist said, "is Parkinson's mode."

By this time the tooth was nearly out.

"I will now," he said "display my own method," whereupon he triumphantly withdrew the tooth and held it up for inspection. "You observe that by my truly scientific process there is really no pain whatever."

SOMETHING NEW IN MECHANICS.

Great is the humor of woman when she doesn't mean it, great is the nerve of woman when she doesn't need it, and great are the nerves of woman when it so pleases her. This combination is blameable for the following: A very pretty girl sat in a Long Island railroad train. Suddenly the whistle blew. Is it perhaps not necessary to say that a Long Island railroad whistle is more efficacious than otherwise. It is tuned to the key of W and is operated with a great diapason, giving out a brand of yelping shriek different from anything known to nature. To repeat, the whistle whistled. "O-o-ow!" cried the pretty girl. "Isn't that awful? I should think the railroad company would have these things oiled. It is an outrage." Her companion had heard of wetting whistles, but never before of oiling them. Think it over.

THEN SHE BLUSHED.

It is a mistake to presume on the misfortunes of others, as the following shows: a gentleman who had been afflicted with deafness returned home from a visit to London, and soon after went to call on a lady of his acquaintance. He found her at home, and with her a cousin of hers who was paying her a visit. The hostess received him with politeness, and introduced him to her cousin; but to her introduction she added, in a perfectly audible tone: "He's a good man enough, but he's terribly stupid, and as deaf as a post."

The gentleman colored.

"I may be stupid," he said "but I am no longer deaf as a post, for I have been cured during my absence, and can hear as well as anybody."

SERVED HIM RIGHT.

Mrs. Homer—I didn't want to attend the pic-nic, but my husband insisted on my going.

Mrs. Neighbor—And did you enjoy it?

Mrs. Homer—Indeed I did. My old gown was utterly ruined and my husband had to replace it with a new one.—Chicago News.

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