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The Acton Free Press

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—AT THE—

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H. P. MOORE
Editor and Proprietor.

Business Directory.

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JOHN M. MACDONALD, M. D., C. M.,
SUCCESSOR TO
J. F. 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. R. F. & S. GLASGOW.
MEMBER BRITISH MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, ETC.
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.

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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 anæsthetic used if desired.

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OFFICE—Perryman'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 Post 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, rulling 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. HEMBTREEY,
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 sums, and at the lowest rates of interest, in sums of $500 and upwards.

JOHN R. MacKENZIE
BUILDER AND CONTRACTOR.
PLANS furnished and estimates given on shortest notice. 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 forwarded to any address, ling 1c, or telephone 56, will be promptly attended to.
JOHN TAYLOR, Agent, Guelph.

Buggies and Market Wagons.

Anyone intending to buy a new Buggy or Market Waggon this spring should inspect my stock—hand-made vehicles. They are neat, strong and durable; will wear out two factory jobs. If you are needing any carriage repairing, come right here. I can give you better satisfaction in that line than any other shop in Peel or Halton.
I also have a first class horseshoer. Mr. Reader. I solicit your patronage.

J. N. O'NEILL,
GEORGETOWN.

—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 6.30 p.m.
Careful attention given to every order.
The wants of Commercial Travellers fully met.
JOHN WILLIAMS
Proprietor

BOOKS

Nothing adds so much to the enjoyment of your holidays as a supply of good reading.

WE HAVE A FULL LINE

of all the latest and most readable books. A fine line of BOOKS at

2 FOR 25C.

DAY'S RETIRING SALE
DAY'S BOOKSTORE.
GUELPH.

MERCHANTS BANK OF CANADA

Capital $6,000,000
Rest 2,700,000

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.

ICE CREAM--
ICE CREAM SODA.

Yes, we have your favorite flavor in Ice Cream Soda, we feel pretty sure. Come in and try them.

Crushed Fruits: the best of extracts. We give special attention to those little details which mean so much in giving you satisfaction. Drop in any time and get a refreshing drink.

Fresh Candies.

Fresh Candies of all kinds. In this line too, we can please you.

Bread, Cakes and Pastry.

There are not many things in the line of Baking that cannot be got here. Just as cheaply as they can be made at home. Try a loaf; we leave the argument to the Bread.

T. STATHAM & SON
Bakers and Crocers.
MAIN ST. - - - ACTON

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

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

—THE—
TRADERS' BANK OF CANADA
Capital paid up, $1,000,000
Assets Over $9,000,000.
Cuelph Branch
(BEST LOOK TO NORTHFICE)
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. E. H. JONES, Manager.

Write for Our Prices on Ice Cream Freezers ?

Any regular size from two quart to ten quart.

We like enquiries for any goods in our line.

JOHN M. BOND & CO.
GUELPH'S BIG HARDWARE.
GUELPH.

"The Overland Limited"
ELECTRIC LIGHTED
..TO..
CALIFORNIA
Via THE UNION PACIFIC.
THIS TRAIN REALY IS
A First-Class Modern Hotel
WITH....
Handsome Parlors
Drawing Rooms
Bed Chambers
Boudoirs
Libraryes
Smoking and Reading Rooms
Barber Shops
Bath Rooms, hot and cold water
Superbly Appointed Dining Room
Glittering with
Mirrors
Cut Glass
Fragrant Flowers
Electric Candelibra,
Promenades
Observation Rooms
Electric Lights
Telephones
Electric Reading Lamps
Perfect Heat, Etc.
Runs every day in the year.
Full Information Cheerfully Furnished on Application to
G. G. HERRING, G. A.
126 Woodard Ave.,
DETROIT, MICHIGAN.

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.

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

Poetry.

A MIDSUMMER REVERIE.

Around this lovely valley rise
The purple hills of paradise.
Oh, softly on you banks of haze
Her rosy face fair summer lays.
Becalmed along the azure sky
The argosies of cloudland lie,
Whose shores, with many a shining rift,
Far off (their pearl-white peaks uplift.

Through all the long midsummer day
The meadow sides are sweet with hay.
I seek the coolest sheltered seat
Just where the field and forest meet,
Where grow the pine trees tall and slender,
The ancient oaks austere and grand;
And fringy roots and pebbles fret
The ripples of the rivulet.

I watch the mowers as they go
Through the tall grass, a white-sleeved row.
With even strokes their scythes they swing,
In tone their merry whetstones ring;
Behind the nimble youngsters run
And toss the thick swaths in the sun;
The cattle graze, while, warm and still
Slopes the broad pasture, basks the hill,
And bright, when summer breezes break,
The green wheat crinkles like a lake.

The butterfly and bumblebee
Come to the pleasant woods with me;
Quickly before me runs the quail,
Her chickens skulk behind the rail;
High up the lone wood-pigeon sits,
And the woodpecker pecks and flits,
Sweet Woodland music shakes and swells;
The brooklet rings its tinkling bells;
The swarming insects drone and hum;
The partridge beats his throbbing drum;
The squirrel hops among the boughs,
And chatters in his leafy house;
The oriole flashes by; and look!
Into the mirror of the brook,
Where the vain bluebird trims his coat,
Two tiny feathers fall and float.

As silently, as tenderly,
The dawn of peace descends on me.
Oh, this is peace! I have no need
Of friend to talk or book to read;
A dear companion here abides—
Close to my thrilling heart he hides;
The holy silence in His voice;
I muse and listen and rejoice.

Select Family Reading.

Three Outside Seats . . .

BY ELIZABETH R. CUTTER.

WHEN I took the omnibus for St. Germain des Pres at the Palace Clichy and mounted to the Imperiale, there were already seated there two priests, a bareheaded working woman with a fillet of marketing in her hand, two schoolboys carrying the usual black portfolios under their arms and an old gentleman who was reading the Petit Journal. Next to the latter I found a place.

A moment later the omnibus stopped again, and I heard the voice of one of my country women exclaiming nervously, "I never can climb up that ladder, never!"

Then a girl spoke. "Oh, do try, Aunt Martha! They say the outside seats are so pleasant."

"Is it—do you think it's perfectly safe, Mr. Henley?" asked the anxious voice.

"Perfectly safe," came a reassuring masculine echo, and there was a half second's pause, in which, I suppose, Aunt Martha tried to ascend and failed, for the conductor broke in impatiently: "En voiture! En voiture! Une place en bas! Neuf places en haut!"

Take the seat inside, Miss Percy, do," urged the man's voice. "Your niece and I can go on top."

The omnibus started forward, and two Americans came up outside, a very pretty girl, elegantly dressed, followed by a tall, athletic-looking man. They seated themselves directly behind me, and she exclaimed:

"How delightful it is up here! And what a shame that we've been in Paris two weeks without ever taking the bus! Isn't it too bad that Aunt Martha stayed down below?"

"On the contrary," he replied, "I find it extremely agreeable to be alone with you for once. I've been trying for days to have a word with you by yourself, but your aunt is a perfect wonder at keeping the party in strict triangular shape whenever I go out with you. To-day I purposely urged her going inside so that I could talk with you in peace up here on top."

"Now I understand what is meant by 'wickedness in high places,'" retorted the girl, playfully.

"Don't try to put me off, Miss Ware, for it's no use. You know perfectly well that I love you and—"

"Sh-sh! What are you thinking of, Mr. Henley? You certainly aren't going to make love to me here, on the top of an omnibus, right before all these people?"

"Why not?" he persisted. "They don't any of them understand English. Look at that femme de menage and those boys and the priest. They're all French. We are as safe here as if we were in the parlor at home."

"But that girl behind us"—she lowered her voice as she spoke—"do you think she looks French?"

"A Parisian unmistakably," he answered. "She doesn't understand a word we say."

I a Parisienne—I, who had been away from New England only six months and who thought my nationality as plain as if it were stamped upon me in red, white and blue! It was a shock certainly, but the blow was softened somewhat by the compliment to my clothes. Aren't the Parisiennes considered the best dressed women in the world?

But the mistake had touched my Puritan conscience as well as my feminine pride. I was listening to a conversation manifestly not intended for my ears. Ought I to get down from the omnibus? That would be quixotic surely. I could not afford to be late to my appointment for the sake of two perfect strangers who would never know of my delicate kindness to them. Ought I to speak out frankly and say, "I beg your pardon, but I understand everything you are saying?" That would be embarrassing for us all and really cruel to Mr. Henley, who had been trying for so long to propose. When a man is in such straits that he has to make love on the top of an omnibus, he ought not to be wantonly interrupted. It was plainly my duty to keep quiet.

"But young French girls don't go out without a chaperon," objected Miss Ware. "She is all alone."

"Not at all," he answered. "There's her father right beside her reading the newspaper."

I trembled with fear. It seemed as if my neighbor must have understood that, but a glance showed him to be happily ignorant of the American daughter so suddenly thrust upon him. He was reading a serial story in the Petit Journal perfectly unconscious of the romance going on behind his back.

"Well, haven't you anything to say to me?" asked the young man.

"What can I say? I don't think you've known me long enough to ask such a question."

"Not long enough!" he repeated. "I've known you all summer."

"Nine days on the steamer," she counted deliberately, two weeks in London and two weeks here. It's easy to see that you didn't study arithmetic in your youth."

"You are trifling with me," he exclaimed. "It doesn't take ten years to find out that you're in love when you meet the right person?"

"Yes, but what is it to be in love?" she asked. "And how are you to be sure that you've met the right person? In the old fairy story one knew the true prince by the halo around his head, but I don't see any halo about you. I see a young man in a straw hat sitting on the top of a bus. It's not romantic in the least."

"Well, never mind if it isn't romantic," he retorted. "Who cares about love being romantic if it's real?" Love doesn't need to be announced by a band of music and brought in on a silver platter. It's much bigger and more serviceable than that. It's for all times and occasions, and it means just as much on the top of an omnibus as anywhere else." She made no answer, and after a moment of silence he spoke again, "Is there any rule about when and where a man should propose?"

She was silent. We were passing the opera-house at this moment, and the busy line of boulevards came in sight. The omnibus stopped in front of Cook's office on the corner, and the two priests got down, but no one else came up to take their places. More than half the broad Avenue de l'Opera was behind us before the young man asked once more:

"You know I could make you happy, don't you?"

Still she did not answer.

"Don't you?"

"There's the Rue de l'Echelle!" she exclaimed quickly. "We must get down here for the Hotel Normandie."

"Don't stir," he said peremptorily. "Your aunt won't get out without us, and you and I are going to the head of the line. We must settle this question once for all."

I was delighted at this decision. The head of the line was my destination also, and now I knew that I would hear the end of the story. I no longer questioned whether I ought to announce myself or get down from the bus. All my scruples had vanished in the absorbing interest of the situation. What woman ever left a novel in the middle of a proposal?

The omnibus drew up slowly at the corner of the Theatre Francais, and a crowd of waiting people came out into the street from the station under the trees. We could hear the conductor calling off the numbers "Un, deux, trois, en voiture! Quatre, cinq, six, en voiture!" as the vehicle filled up with passengers. "Complet!" was called at last, and the controller screamed to the outside seats, "Correspondences sur l'Imperiale?" There were no transfer and the horses started toward the Rue de Rohan.

"Well, Miss Ware, is it 'Yes' or 'No?'" asked Mr. Henley as we moved on.

"I don't know," she answered, hesitatingly. "I like you very much, but I'm in doubt, and when people are in love they don't doubt. Therefore I'm not in love."

"How very disagreeably logical woman are!" he retorted.

"I can't decide my whole life in a minute," she went on. "I must have time to reflect."

"You may reflect," he replied, "all the way from here to St. Germain des Pres. I'll keep still so that you can think better." The omnibus was jolting across the court of the Louvre as he spoke.

"But I can't think at all when you sit there devouring me with your big eyes," she complained.

"Then I'll look the other way," he said.

"I don't know why it is, but whenever anyone makes love to me"— She broke off as if abashed at the implication of her words.

"Go on," he said. "I'm not such a fool as to think that I'm the only man who ever made love to you."

"Well, then, there's a mocking little evil spirit inside of me that always rises up and makes fun of love. I thought when the right man would come he would silence that voice, but I hear it speaking now."

"Don't listen to it," he answered promptly. "You say yourself it's an evil spirit."

Neither spoke for a moment, and then she remarked as if thinking aloud:

"I shouldn't make at all a good wife. I hate sewing and fussing about a house."

"Is it a question of a housekeeper?"

"I can't even cook oatmeal."

"Have I asked you to cook for me?"

"And I have a great many faults."

"I hope so. I detest angels."

There was another pause. Then as we rounded the corner on to the Boulevard St. Germain she asked, half laughing, "Tell me just one thing, please—what will you do if I say 'No?'"

"Oh, don't worry! I shan't kill myself. I shall make love to Aunt Martha."

I couldn't help admiring the young man's spirit. After an acquaintance of only half an hour I was almost ready to say yes to him myself. Unfortunately he had chosen Miss Helen. We rode up under the big chestnut trees of the boulevard in silence. It seemed a long way to me, but at last the old spire of St. Germain des Pres came in sight. We had reached the head of the line.

"Helen, is it 'Yes' or 'No?'"

"I listened breathlessly, for her answer. Now, at the very last, was she going to disappoint him—and me? People were starting to get down from the imperiale and stumbled over me as they went, but I was only dimly conscious of their feet and their apologies. In trembling suspence I waited Miss Helen's word.

"It is 'Yes,' Edward," she said. "It was 'Yes' all the time. Men are so stupid!"

"But women are so cruel, dear!"

I descended in front of the flancees, but I had scarcely put my foot on the ground when I heard an exclamation of horror behind me.

"Edward, look at that young French girl! She has on a short skirt! She's an American!"

THE BOY'S MISTAKE.

A boy applied to a city merchant for a situation. Incidentally he mentioned that he attended St. Luke's Sunday School?"

"St. Luke?" said the merchant. "Does he carry on the Sunday School?"

"Why, no," answered the boy, with evident disgust at such deplorable ignorance; "the saints are all dead."

The boy's mistake was a common and natural one. In a literal sense it is true. One must be dead before he can have a place in the formal and official calendar of saints. But not all the saints have been canonized; nor are they all dead. There are saints of whom the world has never heard, and in whose honor no church is ever likely to be named—men and women who are bearing heavy burdens and wearing unseen the crown of thorns. No halo surrounds their brow, no poet sings their praise, and no artist glorifies them in marble or upon canvas.

There is a mother broken in health and spirits, with a family of little ones to care for, and having a dissolute and worthless husband. God alone knows how hard she toils and how much she suffers. There is that poor patient, bedridden sufferer, year after year bearing her burden of pain, and growing sweeter and stronger all the while.

Far out on the frontier is the home missionary, on meager fare and with thread-bare coat, preaching the gospel in rough mining camps and small settlements, while the faithful wife at home mends and patches, pinches and saves, that there may be fire upon the hearth and food upon the table.

Our idea of sainthood is different from that of former days. The old-time saint was mostly intent upon saving his own soul. He fled to the desert, dwelt in a cave, and dozed and dreamed the hours away, and the more dirty and wretched his personal appearance the greater degree of sainthood was he supposed to have attained.

The modern saint is one who serves and gives his life and thought for others. Many such may be found. Every paper records some heroic act of rescue, some noble deed of benevolence. There is the Red Cross nurse upon the field of battle, the sister of charity moving about the quiet ward, the engineer who gives his life that the passengers may be saved.

No the saints are not all dead.

THE PRINCE'S AMBITION.

In the beautiful illustrated "Empire Number" just issued by the Canadian Magazine, the following story of the eldest grandson of the King is told:

Little Prince Edward of Wales made up his mind to be a sailor.

A few days ago the Prince of Wales went unexpectedly into the Royal nursery and found his bonny son very busily engaged drawing on a bit of scrap paper the picture of a ship.

"Well, my little man," said the Prince, quite proud of his son's creditable performance, "I'm very pleased to see that you are fond of ships and sailors. I am a sailor, you know."

"Yes, daddy," cried Prince Edward excitedly, "and I want to be a sailor, too when I'm grown up."

"Ah!" said the Prince of Wales, smiling, "and you want to be a sailor, do you? Because Daddy's a sailor, I suppose?"

"Not because of that, I think," said the young Prince, thoughtfully; "because I don't like doing my lessons always, and you needn't be clever to be a sailor, need you, daddy?"

BOYS AND GIRLS WILL NOT BE SORRY

For doing good to all men.
For being courteous to all.
For hearing before judging.
For speaking evil of no one.
For holding an angry tongue.
For thinking before speaking.
For being kind to the distressed.
For asking pardon of all wrongs.
For being patient toward everybody.
For stopping the ears of a tale-bearer.
For disbelieving most of the ill reports.—Western Advocate.

The way to regain your health after sickness is to take Hood's Sarsaparilla—it tones the whole system.

MORALITY IN JOURNALISM.

A writer in McClure's Magazine says of the London Times that it is not only free from the influences of corruption and hatred, but it is strictly independent of friendships. It will not accept a bribe, however gilded or disguised. Its representatives must receive no decorations from princes or governments. They must take no favors, and promise none.

There is one form of corruption to which many newspapers yield. A man may buy their favor by giving them news, and many a public official has understood that fact and profited by it. In this respect the Times takes a very high stand, and one example only suffices to show its ethics.

At midnight on the 22d of December, 1886, Lord Randolph Churchill, Chancellor of the Exchequer, drove to the Times office, and sent in his card to the editor, Mr. Buckle. When he was admitted, he announced that he had decided to resign his office as a protest against the premier, Lord Salisbury. The Times was to have the privilege of announcing the step next morning.

Mr. Buckle urged the Chancellor not to take so rash a step, but his arguments had no effect.

"Of course you will be friendly to me?" said Lord Randolph.

"Certainly not," was the answer.

"But there is not another paper in England which would not show some gratitude for such a piece of news."

"That may be true," said the editor, "but you cannot bribe the Times. This news is enormously important. It will make a great sensation. But if you choose, you can give it to some other newspaper, and not one line of it will appear in our columns to-morrow."

"Surely you will let me see what is written about it editorially to-night?"

"You cannot see a word of it before it is printed."

"Well," said the astonished Chancellor, "the Times is the most extraordinary and the most ungrateful newspaper published. You may announce my resignation, but I consider this very harsh treatment."

When the paper appeared in the morning it contained the news of the resignation and a dignified but severe editorial, censuring the Chancellor for deserting his party.

OLD TIMES IN TENNESSEE.

Probably few people know that the original name of the State of Tennessee was Franklin, or that in 1788 the salaries of the officers of this commonwealth were paid in pelts, but the following is a correct copy of the law:

"Be it enacted by the General Assembly of the State of Franklin, and it is hereby enacted, by authority of the same, that from and after the 1st day of January, 1788, the salaries of this commonwealth be as follows, to-wit:

"His excellency the Governor, per annum, 100 deerskins.

"His honor the Chief Justice, 500 deerskins.

"The Secretary to his excellency the Governor, 500 raccoon skins.

"County Clerk, 300 beaver skins.

"Clerk of the House of Commons, 200 raccoon skins.

"Members of the Assembly, per diem, 3 raccoon skins.

"Justice's fee for serving a warrant, 1 mink skin."

At that time the State of Franklin extended to the east bank of the Mississippi River, and on the west bank was that great unknown forest region of Louisiana. It was then a "terra incognita," save a few canoe landings and Indian trading posts on the river banks. It was known as the district of Louisiana, and in 1805 was made the Territory of Louisiana.

The State of Franklin, which became Tennessee in 1796, was almost as little known. The now great city of Memphis was a mere trading post, and was not laid out as a village until 1820.

Pelts were as plentiful in those days as pennies, and much better distributed for purposes of currency and barter. The pioneers were perhaps as happy and as well contented as is the average citizen now.—The Arkansas Gazette.

MISTAKEN KINDNESS.

It is told of a man who wished to add an emperor moth to his collection of insects that by good fortune he obtained a cocoon, and hung it up in his library all winter. In the spring as he watched it, he found the moth trying to emerge. The hole was so small, and the moth struggling so hopelessly, as it seemed, against the tough fiber, that he clipped the hole larger with his scissors. "Well, the fine large moth emerged, but it never flew. Some one told him afterwards that the struggles were necessary to force the juices of the body into the insect's great wings. Saving it from the struggle was a mistaken kindness. The effort was meant to be the moth's salvation." The moral is obvious. The struggles that men have to make for temporal good develop character as it could not be developed without them. It is well, too, that spiritual enrichment has to be striven for. Men never soar because they do not struggle—The Indian Witness.

IDLENESS NOT HAPPINESS.

The most common error of men and women is that of looking for happiness somewhere outside of useful work. It has never yet been found when thus sought, and never will be while the world stands; and the sooner the truth is learned the better for every one. If you doubt the proposition, go around among your friends and acquaintances and select those who have the most enjoyment through life. Are they idlers and pleasure-seekers or earnest workers? We know what your answer will be. Of the miserable human beings it has been our fortune or misfortune to know, they were the most wretched who had retired from useful employment in order to enjoy themselves.—Great Thoughts.

THE BOY WITH THE PURPOSE HIGH.

Little man with cheeks so brown,
Eyes a-flashing and heart that glows,
Blood that hot like a mill-race flows;
Hope your life's highest prize to find,
Peace of body and soul and mind?
Work till the sun on your back goes down!

Little man with the earnest eyes,
What if your coat be patched and bare?
Holy each stitch, 'tis a mother's prayer.
What if from boots brown toes peep out?
Wake the welkin with joyous shout;
Work till the stars begem the skies!

Little man with a purpose high,
Do with it will what you have to do;
Heroes are made from such as you;
Admirals, generals, presidents,
Are but creatures of grit and sense—
Work while the world swings through the sky!

Little man with the soul so pure,
No height's too steep for a boy to scale.
No seas too broad for his ship to sail.
There's nothing too great for a boy to do
So he to self and his God be true—
Work while the round world doth endure!

—WILLIAM HALE.

NELSON'S FAMOUS SIGNAL.

The famous sentence, "England expects every man to do his duty," which was Admiral Nelson's signal to his fleet at Trafalgar, was not originally phrased in that way.

From the account of various witnesses, the facts are that Nelson said, as he stood, just before the action, upon the poop of the "Victory," with Blackwood, one of his officers, "Suppose we telegraph to the fleet, Nelson confides that every man will do his duty."

Blackwood approved the idea, but suggested England instead of Nelson. Practically, to those under Nelson's command, the two words meant the same thing, but Nelson was pleased with the change, and immediately called to the signal officer: "Mr. Pasco, I wish to say to the fleet, "England confides that every man will do his do his duty," and he added, as he saw that the the two columns of ships were already nearing the enemy, "You must be quick."

"Then your lordship," said Pasco, "if you will permit me to substitute expects for confides it can be signaled more quickly."

Nelson replied, hastily, "That will do, Pasco; make it directly," and soon the immortal signal was telegraphed over the fleet. "I wish," cried the testy Collingwood, whose ship was in the van, and now close upon the French, "that Nelson would stop signaling. We know well enough what we have to do!" But the world does not agree with Collingwood; it could ill have lost the last heroic signal of England's heroic admiral.—Mary Whiting Adams.

VARIETIES.

The study of physiognomy is all right as a recreation, but it should not be taken too seriously.

That which is often asked of God is not his will and way as his approval of our way.

There is only one way to be happy and that is to make somebody else so; and you can't be happy cross-lots; you have to go the regular turnpike road.—Selected.

Better it is to have a small portion of sense, with humility and a slender understanding, than great treasures of science with vain self-complacency. Better it is for thee to have little than much of that which may make thee proud.

In the churchyard of Leigh, near Bolton, England, will be found a tombstone bearing the following amazing sentence: "A virtuous woman is 5s. to her husband." The explanation seems to be that the space prevented "a crown" being cut in full, and the stonemason argued that a crown equals 5s.

—Cast your troubles where you cast your sins; you have cast your sins into the depths of the sea, there cast your troubles also. Never keep a trouble half an hour on your own mind before you tell it to God. As soon as trouble comes, quick, tell it to your Father.—Spurgeon.

TRIVIAL WORRIES.

We have read, somewhere, of a battle against cannibals gained by the use of tacks. They had taken possession of a whaling-vessel, and bound the man who was left in care of it. The crew, on returning, saw the situation, and scattered upon the deck of the vessel a lot of tacks, which penetrated the bare feet of the savages, and sent them howling into the sea. They were ready to meet lance and sword, but they could not overcome the tacks on the floor.

We brace ourselves up against great calamities. The little tacks of life, scattered along our way, piercing our feet and giving us pain, are hard to bear. Really, it is easier to dispose of those great questions which cover the world than it is to meet and successfully overcome the little worries which present themselves day by day.—Christian Herald.

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