

# CHRISTIE, HENDERSON & CO., ACTON,

Are daily receiving fresh lines of NEW GOODS at prices to suit the times. To give visitors to next Monthly Fair the privilege of obtaining Great Bargains, they have concluded to continue their

## Grand Clearing Sale during the First Week of August.

A still further reduction will be given to clear out several lines. If you want goods at bottom prices, call early.

### REMEMBER THEIR FAMOUS 50C. TEA.

Acton, July 30, 1875.

#### TRAILS AT TWIN.

In form and feature, face and limb, I grew so like my brother, That folks got taking me for him, And each boy would say, "It's not all the fault of kin, It makes a fearful pitch." For one of us was born a twin, And set a soul know which.

One day to make the matter worse, Before our names were hied, And we were being washed by nurse, We got completely mixed;

And thus you see, fate's decree, Our rather nurse's whim!

My brother John got christened me, And I got christened him.

This fatal likeness ever dogged Me, when I always wanted to be, When John turned out a fool, I put this question, fruitlessly,

To everyone I knew.

"Who would you do, if you were me?" To prove that you were me,

Our close resemblance turned the tide, Of my dolorous life.

For somehow I intended beside

In fact, year after year the same,

Aborn misfortune went on.

And when I slew the neighbors came,

And buried brother John.

#### A MARRIAGE ON SPECULATION.

The French entered Amsterdam the 20th of January, 1815. The soldiers struck their arms on the pavement, and waited anxiously for their billets and quarters.

Despite the severity of the weather, the citizens turned out in large numbers to welcome and admire the veterans in their ranks. There was general rejoicing throughout the city, for which the most part was illuminated.

At the extreme end of the town there was a single house, whose dark forbidding aspect was in strong contrast to the brilliant appearance of the neighboring buildings. It was the residence of the rich Meister Woerden.

He was completely absorbed in his commercial operations, and neither knew nor cared to know what was going on in the political world; and then he was too familiar with the rules of economy to think of squandering candles on an illumination.

At this moment when all was gay and enthusiastic throughout Amsterdam, Meister Woerden sat quietly in his chair beside the fire.

On the table there was a little brass lamp, a mug of beer, and a big clay pipe. On the other side of the fire sat an old maid servant, whose ruddy betraying her Flemish origin. She was occupied in shoving back the coals that had fallen upon the hearth, when there came a loud knock at the street door.

"Who can that be? Go and see," said the merchant to the maid, who had risen to her feet.

A few moments later a stalwart young man entered the room. He threw off his mantle and approached the fire.

"Good evening, father," he said. "How is it you William, I did not expect you back so soon."

I left Brook this morning, but the roads have been so bad by the trains that we have been the whole day on the way."

"Well, did you see Van Elburg?

"Yes," said the young man, seating himself before the fire; "Meister Van Elburg consented to the marriage, but adheres to his determination to give his daughter a dowry of only four thousand ducats."

"Well, then, he may keep his daughter and his dowry," replied Woerden with a frown.

"But father—"

"Not another word my son! All your age men have no more sense than to sacrifice every thing for love, and to despise riches."

"But Herr Van Elburg is the richest merchant in Holland, and what he does not give now will be ours at his death."

"Nonsense!" replied Meister Woerden. "Am I too not rich? Listen to my son! You will follow me in my business. Never forget these two rules: never give more than other man's interest to the detriment of your own. Guided by these principles one will better his condition in marriage as well as in trade."

"But father—"

"Not another word my son—not another word!"

William knew his father too well to say anything more, but he could not avoid evincing his displeasure by his manner. So this however, the old man paid no attention; he calmly filled his pipe, lighted it, and began to smoke.

"Again there was a loud rap at the street door, while at the same time the dogs began to bark."

"Ah!" said Meister Woerden, "it must be a stranger, or the dogs wouldn't bark so. Go and see who it is, William."

The young man went to the window.

"It's one of the militia horsemen," said William.

"A militia horseman! What can he want?"

At this moment the maid-servant entered and handed Woerden a letter. He carefully examined the seal.

His hand trembled as he opened the letter and read it, but suddenly the old man's face gave a joyous expression as he cried:

"Good—good! I accept."

The letter contained an order for four hundred thousand francs for the army, to be delivered within month.

"Well, cried the old man, I have a capital thought. You would marry Van Elburg's daughter, and have a handsome dowry with her."

"Yes, father, I would; but—"

"Well, leave the matter to me," interrupted the old man. "But see that there are two horses ready for us to-morrow morning early."

The next morning at sunrise, father and son were on the road from Amsterdam to Brook, which they reached about mid-day. They repaired immediately to the residence of Van Elburg, who when he saw them, cried out:

"Ah, good morning, Meister Woerden! Have you fled from the *Verloren*? In any case you are welcome."

"No, I fled from nobody. You know I have nothing to do with politics. I come to propose a good speculation to you."

"What? What is it?"

"I have an order from the Government for four hundred thousand francs, to be delivered within a month. Can you furnish me with that number, in say three weeks?"

"At what price?"

"Ten francs a thousand."

"Ten francs! Yes, I will furnish them."

"Very well, and now to dinner. I am half finished. At table we will talk of another matter."

Woerden introduced the subject of the matter, but Van Elburg could not be persuaded to increase the dowry he had offered to give his daughter to the amount of a single stiver. They nevertheless decided that the wedding should take place next week.

The following day Woerden and his son returned home. Hardly had they left Brook when the young man asked:

"Then father you have changed your mind?"

"How so?"

"Have you decided to accept the offer made by Meister Van Elburg?"

"You—why—you can't do it, Eliza."

"Can't do it, indeed! I'd like to know what is the reason?"

"Lots of women in this town do a great deal more, and think nothing of it. Our family's small—just you and me and Henry Ward—and if I can't do the work for us three, I'd better go to a hospital and have done with it."

"What put you into the notion?"

She asked her husband, hardly yet recovered from his surprise.

"Well, Peter," she replied,

speaking in a tender, self-revealing tone, "I'll tell you. I've been thinking lately how hard you have to work, and how little I have done to assist you, in comparison with what I might and ought to do; and it appears to me that I should try and reduce our expenses as much as possible, and the best way I know of is to do my own housework. We are poor just making as best living in life, and it is my duty to help you."

With a voice almost choked with emotion at this unexpected evidence of his wife's devotion and energy, he feebly essayed to break her resolution, saying he didn't want her to be a slave for him, that she was too delicate for the task she contemplated, that all he asked of her was one condition.

"Name it, my noble wife!"

"That new carpet you thought we were unable to get. Now, if I do my own work it will save at least one hundred dollars a year, and you can certainly afford the carpet."

"Of course, my love, if you are satisfied you are not undertaking more than you can perform."

She was satisfied, and so it was settled. Mack lugget the carpet from home to town, and found the girl gone. His wife was gone, too; she had only been around telling the neighbors that she was doing her own work. Dinner was late but then it was the first meal cooked by her fair fingers, and he could make allowance for the novelty of the

daughter only four thousand francs, I could not oppose the wishes of the young folks; but I determined to compel you to do your duty toward them. With this object in view, I contracted with you for four hundred thousand, although I then had all the harrings in the market. Now, in order to comply with the terms of your agreement, you must buy from me, and my price is fifty francs a thousand."

Well, Meister Woerden was arriving at this merciful deduction, Van Elburg regained his wanted equality.

"I see, I see," said he; "you are a clever tradesman. I am fairly caught and must bid the consequences."

Their conference ended, the two old merchants rejoined the wedding company as though nothing unusual had occurred between them.

The next morning at sunrise, father and son were on the road from Amsterdam to Brook, which they reached about mid-day. They repaired immediately to the residence of Van Elburg, who when he saw them, cried out:

"About three days after, Mrs. McGrochan coaxed Peter into buying her a silk dress, and the next day she waddled him out of a set of jewellery. It was the same old plea—she was lightening the expense so much by doing her own work that she felt that she wanted something extra. It would amount to no more, she reasoned, than the hire of a girl, and Peter could well afford to give it to her."

Mack began to get uneasy. Was there, after all, any saving in doing without a hired girl?

What sort of economy bankrupt him in less than a year?

He had given up all his papers and figures.

"Expend one week without help."

Carpet \$25.00

Furniture ..... 50.00

Dress and jewellery ..... 80.00

Total ..... \$150.00

Cost of help one week ..... 2.00

Balance in favor of a domestic ..... \$148.00

McGrochan was astounded.

Grasping the paper and his hat, he made rapid strides for home.

Opening the door, the first thing that met his frenzied gaze was the hired girl.

"WHO IS SHE?"

There is a little maiden—

Who is she? Do you know?

Who always has a welcome—

Wherever she may go.

Her face is like the May time,

Her voice is like a bird's,

The sweetest of all music.

Is in her lightsome words.

Each spot makes the brighter,

As if she were the sun,

And she is sought and cherished

And loved by every one;

By old folks and by children,

By lofty and by low;

What is this little maiden?

Does anybody know?

You surely must have met her;

You certainly can guess;

What must I introduce her?

Her name is—Cheerfulness.

"Well, George," asked a friend of a young lawyer, "how do you like your profession?"

"Alas, sir, my profession is better than my master."

"I suppose your master's profession is better than yours?"

"Yes, sir, mine is."

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