THE ACTON FREE PRESS.

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BUSINESS CARDS.

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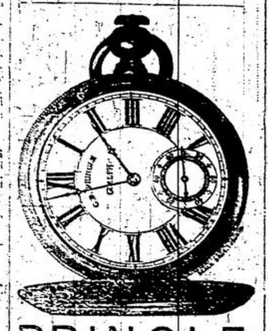

PRINGLE, Watchmaker, Guelph, Has a good stock of "RUSSELL" AND "AMERICAN" WATCHES Always on hand. His attention is to repairing of fine watches himself. Mr. Hocking, of the Free Press, will kindly carry watches and jewelery to and from Guelph when requested. Guelph, Sept. 27, 1875.

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WOMEN'S RIGHTS.

Hurrah! for the time is comin'
When the ladies shall vote like the men,
Och! won't the poll be a bloomin
Wid fithers and crinoline thin!
Election day, thin, I am thinkin',
Will be the grand day of the year;
Whin lasses and lads will be drinkin'
Together the candidate's beer.

What's the use to wrangle wid Biddy,
About who the livin' shall make?
An' sure, if 'twill plaze her, I'm riddy
To give up the lod for her sake;
An' by stayin' all day in the shanty,
To tind to domestic affairs,
A bilin' the beef and praties,
An' mindin' the rips and the tears.

Thin whin the election approaches,
An' the lasses are marchin' the strate,
Wid big bands of music and torches,
An' Biddy is standin' the trate.
I'll be on the sidewalk hurrahin'
For my own darlin' Biddy McFinn,
Wid a chick in my arms, an' drawin'
A cab wid another one in.

An' whin she is makin' her spaches,
Before the great min of the land,
Sure, thin, I will lind her my britches,
An' sit by her side on the sthand;
An' after she's done with her talkin',
An' the people are cheerin' like mad,
Thin off to the polls we'll be walkin',
An' votin' for Biddy, behad!

An' when all the votin' is over,
An' Biddy elected, sure thin,
I'll live like a pig in the clover,
Wid Hon. Mrs. McFinn,
The shanty I'll quickly be lavin',
An' livin' wid illigant taste,
Wid a horse and a shay for my drivin',
An' a nayger to wait on the hasts.

It's naver a lie I'm spakin',
But throw every word that I say;
It's mesilf that never am takin'
The right of the ladies away,
If a lassie, thinkin' it proper,
Should shoulder the mortar and brick,
Bad luck to the man that would sthop her,
I'd black his two eyes party quick.

The way is for all to kape aisy,
An' give the dear ladies their way;
They'll sthop up an' vote like a daisy,
No matther what blackguards may say;
An' thin, should the officer be spakin',
Or twirlin' the pick or the sphade,
An' for us the livin' be makin',
Who cares how the livin' is made.

WHAT FOLKS SAID OF OUR FAILURE.

Have you ever noticed, dear reader, that when a man fails in business his wife is almost invariably blamed as the cause of his failure? His success is another thing almost always due to his own abilities. Now, while I admit that a man's wife has a great deal to do with success and failure, she often receives more blame than she deserves for the latter. In my own checkered life I have experienced this as well as many other things. When we married, Mr. Brooks and I, to say that I was considered the most fortunate girl in our village is not saying to much, and that I thought myself the happiest I am certain; for country villages as well as cities have their "great catches," and, as the son of the richest man in the village, Ralph certainly occupied that enviable position. The wooing and wedding over, next came housekeeping and settling down to business. A year before Ralph had gone into the mercantile business in a village ten miles distant—his father furnishing the capital. Our house was the prettiest little nest I had ever seen, and our furniture and entire belongings were the admiration of the place. "Can you afford it, my dear?" timidly inquired my mother, upon her first visit, as she viewed the many handsome, and, indeed, unnecessary articles of furniture added to my modest outfit, until it was almost lost to view. I cannot help laughing as I recall the look of importance assumed by me as I assured her that that was little of what we could afford. Dear mother, her faith in us was almost as great as our own. Mother Brooks, however, was not so. "Times were changed, and folks too; in her day they began plain and expected to better their condition; didn't begin ahead of where there father left off. Well, we'll see, we'll see." But brusque as she was, she was a sterling friend in need. Well, a happier little housekeeper was never installed in lovelier little home than I, nor assumed the domestic reins in greater state.

Now, in those days there was not so much "help" kept as now, and in so small a family as ours was, mostly dispensed with altogether. I fully intended doing our own work, but Ralph would not hear of it. Was his *Mattie* to be only a household drudge; he could afford to keep one servant and so he would. Flattered and delighted, I was easily persuaded that I did not need all the care he was so willing to bestow. I attempted study, to complete my education, which was defective, but so many things came to hinder, that I could not apply myself. *Music* I loved, and my improvement in it was a source of delight to both Ralph and myself. We visited a great deal, and, of course, had a great deal of company. In our absences, which were frequent, the store was in care of a clerk, the house of our maid, and we were perfectly content.

Time passed, and our little Eddie came to share our love and care; so with that dear charge in hand, I hardly visited the kitchen at all. Those were golden days, for if doing wrong, I was unconscious of it, and my content was perfect. I had noticed from time to time a shade of care upon my husband's brow, but attributed it to anxiety for myself, as my health was long in being re-established. but I grew better, and it continued. I ventured to ask him, but he evaded my questions, saying he never was in better health, and, reassured for his health, I was satisfied, for no other evil occured to me. So time sped along until autumn, when I went home for a long visit, Ralph for the first time sending me alone, and, as, he said, keeping house.

Such a charming visit! marred only by Ralph's absence. I always think of it as a season of wondrous peace and calm happiness. I visited alternately at father Brooks' and my own dear father's, and in a gay circle of brothers, sisters, cousins, etc., spent a couple of weeks delightfully. I had not heard from Ralph for almost a week; what could it mean? He was to come for me toward the close of my visit, but that was distant a week or two; unless, as he tenderly said, when bidding good bye, he grew too lonely without his pets, and if so he'd come sooner. But a sense of impending evil oppressed me; I grew restless, and so much did this feeling grow upon me, that when a week elapsed without a letter, I announced my intention of returning immediately to Westville. I was at father Brooks', and they all joined in joking me for getting homesick, and said that Ralph would probably arrive before night, and laughed at my firm conviction that he was ill. But all persuasion failing to convince me, father and mother Brook said they would go home with me. I believed I had infected them with my fears, which grew so upon me that every minute seemed drawn into the length of an hour. We were on the way at last in the old carryall, having sent a message explaining to my parents our hurried departure. The old folks strove to pass the time chatting pleasantly, but my heart was heavy with its sad foreboding, and they began to be less cheerful as we approached Westville without meeting Ralph. We entered and drove through town; I was not surprised that some whom we met regarded us, I thought, curiously. They are looking at the woman who was visiting when her husband lay sick, perhaps dying," I thought. As we approached the house I observed, without surprise that the store was closed. But father, starting violently, exchanged looks with mother, that plainly said, "She was right after all."

We drove to the door and stopped, without a sign of any living thing appearing to our longing eyes. As father alighted and turned to assist us down, a slow step coming through the hall attracted us, and I thought some kind neighbor was staying with Ralph. The door opened; it was Ralph himself, a little downcast looking, but alive and well. With a glad cry I sprang to his arms, and for the first time in my life wept hysterically. Ralph carried me into the parlor while welcoming his parents and expressing joy at our opportune arrival, explaining his silence by saying he was busy, but meant to have started for his fathers that evening. But something was back, we felt that; soon it came out, for mother could ill brook suspense: "But why is your store closed, Ralph, and everything so still? What means it?"

"It means, dear mother," said Ralph, with a sad smile, "that your boy has failed in his business he undertook with such faith in his abilities, that he has lost the capital given by a kind father, in fine, been sold out by the sheriff, and to-day is penniless, nay, worse."

"Well, I declare," said his mother as he paused, "if you didn't frighten me as much as Lizzie did when she persuaded us that you were sick or dead. Well, I'll tell you the truth, Ralph, I am not one bit sorry, for since Myra has gone the old house seems that lonely that your father and I can hardly bear to stay in it, and now, after Lizzie's visit, I don't think we could have stayed at all. You see" she continued, "it's just providence for if you would have prospered here you never would have gone to the old home again, and I never did like this *Westville*," she added, with sudden asperity, "as if the place was in some way responsible for our failure.

Father joined in pressing our immediate return, and it was settled in a very short time that we should return with them and make their home ours, for the present, at least.

But mother laughed and said: "When we get you there see when you'll get away again."

Dear, kind parents! not a word of our carelessness and extravagance; no wise saws and hints of self-sufficiency that needed no council. Nothing but tenderness, and during the years that we made one family I found no difference. For myself, joy that Ralph was spared to me, made all else seem so trifling that I could not realize it as a misfortune. But as we viewed our past life we saw many things needing careful attention which seemed of very little importance before, and humbly we knelt and implored forgiveness for all our many failings to duty, and while we placed ourselves the Divine protection, and resolved to begin a new life, peace descended to our chastened hearts, as we determined that none should suffer through us.

Next day being the Sabbath, we attended church as usual, and although a few were quite as cordial as usual, candor compels me to say that the majority kept aloof as though fearing some contagious disease. Eddy grew restless during the sermon, and, not wishing to interrupt the congregation, I quietly withdrew, and, seated in the shade of a fine tree, was enjoying the quiet, when I was attracted by the sound of conversation carried on in a low tone between two old ladies who were also enjoying the cool air outside the church and at the same time enjoying a little gossip about their neighbors. Seated with their backs to me, I could not avoid hearing all they said.

"He couldn't help breakin' up if he was as rich as Girard," said one, "with such a wife as he has. I believe he tried to do as well as he could; but law sakes, with her silks and finery, to say nothing of her good for-nothin' lazy ways, no man could get along. I do not honestly believe that woman went near the kitchen once a month. Hetty Marvin had full sway, and you know whether you or me would trust our kitchen to the Marvins. I know what I know, though I never mentioned it to any one living. But Mrs. Marvin had more tea, sugar, and coffee, too, in her house nor I had, and it didn't cost her anything either. Between you and me, Mrs. Briggs, I may say it, Mr. Brooks kept Marvin's family as well as his own; but that's his affair. Of course," and she waxed warmer with the subject, "if he can afford to keep her a-sittin' in her rocking-chair or thumpin' her piano, he may, but he won't get rich at that I do know. Then her company; well, I like to go to see my friends, and I like to have them come to see me, but such housefuls of company as she'd have, the 'biggest bugs' in the place, too."

Mrs. Perkins forgot, or seemed to forget how often she had dropped in to tea, and seemed then to consider me a real nice little woman, not a bit "stuk up," to use her own expressive language.

"*Well*," she continued, "such goings on ain't for nothin', as I tell Mr. Perkins, a man's wife lifts him up or puts him down, and says I, 'where would you be, Mr. Perkins, if you had a wife like Mr. Brooks!'"

What Mr. Perkins might do under the circumstances I never knew, for Eddy, waking just then, cried a little, and both ladies looking round and discovering who their neighbor was, started to their feet, Mrs. Perkins remarking, "I feel better now, Sister Briggs, had not we better go in?" and both the old ladies whipped past me and entered the church in time to join the last prayers, which I have no doubt they did with great gusto after their *innocent* gossip. For a few moments I felt too much amused to think of prayers; but, recollecting myself, I too entered the church and joined the prayers, conscious of a great thankfulness that that Mrs. Perkins was not my mother-in-law, nor did she resemble her in the least.

LOOK OUT FOR COLDS.—About this time look out for colds. The change of weather, when it comes, is likely to be sudden, and there will be much unhealthy exposure. Colds have an unusual tendency this season to result in pneumonia or inflammation of the lungs, a disease that has carried off a great many, who, but for a slight cold, might yet have enjoyed life and good health for many years. There is no specific rule for guarding against this dangerous disease, but the exercise of good common sense will do much to prevent taking cold. Wet feet, going from a warm room into the chilly air, laying off wrappings after a brisk walk in a room insufficiently heated, sleeping in a damp or cold bed, or going to bed before the body and feet have become sufficiently warm, are among the most common methods of exposure. All these can easily and should be vigilantly guarded against.

HALTON COUNTY SHOW. PRIZE LIST.

(Conclusion.)

ROOTS AND VEGETABLES.

Peach blow potatoes—J. Woods, 2 C. Foster. Early rose—W. Howden, 2 C. Swackhammer. Pink eyes—C. Foster. Garnet Chilies—J. Woods, 2 John Mead. Kidneys—H. J. Baker, 2 J. Hunt. Other kinds—John Hunt, 2 W. Dredge. Swedish turnips — C. Swackhammer, 2 John Ramsay, 3 R. Carry. Any other turnip—W. Wilson, 2 John Hunt, 3 T. Taylor. Field carrots—R. Carry, 2 C. Foster, 3 J. Hunt. Table carrots—C. Foster, 2 J. Ramsay. Mangold wurtzel—R. Carry, 2 C. Foster. Globe mangold wurtzel—R. Carry, 2 C. Foster. Red onions—James Kelly, 2 W. Irwin. Spanish onions—W. Irwin. White onions—W. Irwin. Potato onions—W. Irwin, 2 C. Foster. Blood beets—C. Foster, 2 J. Ramsay. Sugar beets—C. Foster, 2 R. Tuck. Cabbage—W. Tuck, 2 H. J. Baker. Red cabbage—H. J. Baker. Squashes—C. Foster. Pumpkins—J Mead, 2 Thos. Kirby. Tomatoes—M. F. McNaughton, 2 J. Cowin. Cauliflowers—H. J. Baker, 2 E. Brain. Celery—W. J. Robinson, 2 Joseph Cowin. Parsnips—W. Irwin, 2 R. Carry. Red peppers—Jas. Stewart.

HARNESS.

Best set pleasure harness—T. Hewson, 2 R. S. Luise. Single harness—T. Hewson, 2 R. S. Luise. Team harness—T. A. Atkinson, 2 T. Hewson. Saddle and bridle—T. Hewson.

LEATHER

Pair ladies' boots—P. McKay, 2 D. C. Watson. Men's fine calf boots—W. J. Ewart, 2 D. C. Watson. Men's coarse boots—W. J. Ewart, 2 P. McKay.

DAIRY PRODUCE.

Best factory cheese—G. Brownridge, 2 Miss Marshall. Farm cheese, not less than 10 lbs., made by parties without factory appliances—Miss Bousfield, 2 Thomas Beak. Table butter, not less than five pounds—Miss Dempsey, 2 Mrs B. Tuck, 3 T. Beak. Firken butter, not less than 50 pounds—Miss Dempsey, 2 Miss A. McPhederan, 3 J. Dalmage.

CABINETWARE.

Side board—Gillet & Caldwell. Bureau—B. Jones, 2 Phillips & Bryant. Panel door—J. R. Mitchell, 2 J. H. Crombie. Window sash—J. R. Mitchell, 2 J. H. Crombie.

DOMESTIC MANUFACTURES.

Flannel—T. Bell, 2 Wm. McClelland. Union flannel — Wm. Gordon, 2 Mrs. R. Miller. Full cloth—L. Barbaree, 2 W. Gordon. Coverlid—W. B. Read, 2 J. Campbell. Pair blankets—P. A. Cussick 2 Mr. McGregor. Horse blankets—T. J. Chisholm, 2 Mrs. Marshall. Rag carpet—P. Campbell, 2 R. S. Hall. Linen cloth Mrs. R. Miller. Straw hat—Miss Culp. Flannel shirt—Miss McClelland. Woolen yarn—W. Gordon. Gentleman's shirt, machine made—Miss A. Stewart, 2 Miss Mary Parks. Gentleman's shirt, hand made—W. Gordon, 2 A. E. Hartnett. Woolen stockings—Mrs. J. McGregor, 2 Miss A. E. Hartnett. Woolen socks—Mrs. J. McGregor, 2 Miss A. E. Hartnett. Pair woolen mitts—Mrs. Millen, 2 J. Dolmage. Rag mat—Miss. M. Hay. Loaf home made bread, hop—Mrs. D. Gillies, 2 Mrs. P. Read, 3 T. Bell. Loaf home made bread, salt—Mrs. P. Read, 2 Mrs. W. C. Beaty, 3 R. Hemstreet. Five lbs domestic soap—W. Irwin. Two hams—W. Dempsey. Starch—J. Campbell, 2 Mrs. T. Kirby. Confectionary—J. Dolmage. Bottle raspberry wine—W. Gordon. Grape wine—Mrs. Joseph Irwin. Black currant wine—Mrs. Campbell. Strained honey—W. Dredge. Ten pounds maple sugar—John Warren. Collection bottled pickles—C. Swackhammer. Raspberry vinegar—Thomas Bell. Collection ketchup—C. Swackhammer. Maple molasses—W. Gordon.

FRUIT, ETC.

Collection apples, 5 of each—A. Dean, 2 W. Howden, 3, J. Peacock. Baldwins—J. Cowin. Roxbury russet—Thos. Chisholm. Spitzenberg—Thos. Chisholm. Northern spy—J. B. Bessey. Rhode Island greening—T. Chisholm. Ribston pippin—Anson Dean. King of Tomkins county—A. Dean. Red Canada—R. S. Hall. Snow apple—R. S. Hall. Golden pippin—A. Dean. Collection pears, 4 of each—J. Cowin. Bartlett—A. Campbell. Louise Bonne de Jersey—J. Kelly. Vicar of Wakefield—J. Kelly. Flemish beauty—L. M. Taylor. Peaches—Jos. Cowin, 2 J. Wrigglesworth. Grapes, white—H. M. Switzer, 2 James Kelly. Grapes, black—James Kelly, 2 Dr. Freeman. Varietey grapes—H. M. Switzer. Water melon—R. Hemstreet. Citrons—M. F. McNaughton.

PLANTS AND FLOWERS.

Collection in pots—Mrs. McKindsey. Bouquet cut flowers for table—Miss A. Chisholm. Hand boiquet—Miss A. Chisholm. Panzies—R. S. Hall. Asters—James Kelly. Fuchia in flower—Mrs. J. Bell. Cactus—Mrs. J. McKindsey, Double zinnias—Mrs. J. Kelly. Stock—Annie Chisholm. Geraniums.—Mrs. G. C. McKindsey. Coxcombs—J. Cowin.

FINE ARTS AND LADIES WORK.

Best ladies' underclothing—Miss A. E. Harthett, 2 Mrs. Bell. Large photographs—Hill Bros., 2 R. P. Coulson, Portrait in oil—P. Moffat. Collection photographs—Hill Bros., 2 P. Coulson. Landscape painting in oil—Miss Gertrude Buck, 2 Miss C. Willmott, Painting in water colors—Miss A Freeman, 2 Miss A. Culp. Pencil drawing Miss S. A. Mason 2 Marion Willmott. Crayon drawing—Miss S. A. Mason Farmers' wreath—Miss Jessie Reid. Specimen wax flowers—Miss S. Bowes, 2 Miss F. McPhee. Wreath hair flowers—Miss Jessie Reid, 2 Miss Cunningham. Stuffed birds and animals—H. J. Baker. Patchwork quilt—Miss J. May, 2 Miss Hardbottle, 3 Miss A. Stewart. White quilted quilt—Miss McGregor, 2 Miss McClelland. Silk patchwork quilt—Mrs. J. Chisholm, 2 Mrs. J. Agnew. Crochet work quilt—Mrs. Marshall. Knitted quilt—Miss O. Parks, 2 Mrs. Marshall, 3 Mrs. S. Mason. Tufted quilt—Thos Wills. 2 Jacob Dolmage, 3 Miss McGregor. Crochet work—Miss O. Parks, 2 Miss S. Parks, 3 W. Gordon. Crochet shawl — Miss O. Parks. Fancy knitting—Miss O. Parks, 2 W. Gordon. Knitted shawl Miss O. Parks. Darned netting—Mrs. Hay, 2 Miss M. Hay. Knitted cushion or sofa—Miss M. A. Cross 2 Miss M. Robinson. Silk patchwork—Miss Lillie Switzer, 2 Miss A. Stewart. Embroidery—Miss McClelland, 2 Mrs. M. Parks. Fatting—Sarah Parks, 2 Miss Hay. Ornamental needlework— Mrs. Gordon, 2 Miss McClelland. Worsted work—Miss Fothergill, 2 Miss Cross. Specimen raised worsted—Miss F. Cunningham Specimen raised Berlin—Miss McCleland, 2 Miss P. Baker. Specimen plain—Miss McCleland, 2 Miss E. J. Cross. Specimen raised German wool—Miss P. Baker, 2 Mrs. J. Bell. Feather flowers—Miss H. Hemstreet, 2 Mrs. J. Bell. Gupine work—Miss D Parks, 2 Mrs. Hay. Braiding on stuff—Miss F. Fothergill. Braiding on muslin—Miss McGregor, 2 Miss P. Baker. Lace work—Miss McClelland. Point lace—Miss Cross, 2 Miss Hay. Honiton lace—Miss Cross 2 Miss Hay. Silk embroidery—Miss C. Fothergill. Net embroidery—Miss McCleland. Net muslin and cotton—Miss A. J. Cross. Ladies bonnet—J. Hollinrake. Velvet hat—J. Hollinrake. Cloak—J. Hollinrake. Ladies cap—Miss Fothergill, Felt hat—J. Hollinrake. Fur robe—J. Bastedo. Ladies furs J. Bastedo.

SPECIAL PRIZES.

Sam Cook, "Thompson house," best band, $10—Oakville.

D. McGibbon, silk patchwork quilt, $2 — *Mrs.* J. Chisholm. Braiding on muslin—*Miss* McGregor.

M. Bussell, second best band, $5—Victoria Brass Band. Collection of flowers, $5—*Mrs.* G. C. *Mc*Kindsey.

H. Watson, mangold wurtzel, "*Mechi's* profitable farming," $1.50—R. Carry.

J. P. Roper, best firkin butter, lamp, $5—*Miss* Dempsey.

I. Cartmer, 10 lbs fresh butter, cruet, $3—*Mrs.* B. Tuck.

J. H. Jackson, third best band, $5—Georgetown.

T. Henderson, wedding cake, $3—*Miss* A. E. Hartnett.

Dr. Robertson, best pencil drawing by the schools of the county, $4—*Marion* Willmott.

T. *H.* Burns, pair knitted socks, *Weekly News* 1 year, $1—*Mrs Mc* Gregor.

Best brood sow (prize by W. D. Lyon,)—Jas. Main.

W. McCraney's prize of $10 for best Durham bull, John Fothergill; best pair ewes, C. S. Smith; best span carriage horses, J. Tasker.

EXTRA PRIZES.

Moss painting—Dorothy Bowes. Feather work—Flora *McPhee*, 2 Jessie Reid. Lepia—*Mrs.* J. Secord. India ink painting—*Mrs.* J Secord. Bedstead—Gillett & Caldwell, 2 B. Jones. Marble work—H. J. Orr. Wash stand—Phillips & Bryant. Assortment of mouldings—John Mitchell. Winter rye—L. Barbaree. Large peas—W. C. Beaty. Quince—Thos. Chisholm. Plums—John Ramsay. Last rose of summer—*Miss* Cross. Gents scarf—*Miss Miller*. Cherry wine—*Mrs.* Gordon

A lady correspondent, who assumed to know how boys ought to be trained, writes as follows: Oh, mothers! hunt out the soft, tender, genial side of your boy's nature. Mothers often do—with an old shoe.

Stove lustre when mixed with turpentine and applied in the usual manner is blacker, more glossy and enduring than when mixed with any other liquid. Applied to an old rusty stove it will make it look like new.

LIFE IS BUT A SPAN.

Life is but a span—of horses:
One is "Age," the other "Prime,"
Up and down the hill our course is;
"Go in," ponies—"make your time."

Boyhood plies the whip of pleasure;
Youthful folly gives a stroke;
Manhood goads them at his leisure,
"Let 'em rip, they're tough as oaks."

"Hi, ya! there;" the stakes we'll pocket,
To the winds let care be sent;
Time, 2:40—"who in socket;"
"Give 'em string and let 'em went."

On the sunny side to fifty,
"Prime" is drowned in Lethe's stream
"Age" is left, old, unthrifty;
Life then proves "a one-horse team."

"Age" jogs on, grows quite unsteady,
Reels and slackens in his pace;
Kicks the bucket "always ready,"
"Gives it up"—Death wins the race.

Eating Fruit.

We hardly know how to account for the popular impression that still prevails in many rural districts, that the free use of fruit is unfriendly to health. It has much to do with the scarcity of fruit gardens and orchards in the country. As a matter of fact, cities and villages are much better supplied with fruit the year round than the surrounding country. There are hundreds of farms, even in the oldest parts of the land, where there are no orchards, and the only fruit is gathered from a few seedling apple trees grown in the fence corners. The wants of cities are supplied not so much from the proper farming districts, as from a few men in their suburbs, who make a business of growing fruit for market. The farmers who raise a good variety of small fruits for the supply of their families, are still the exception. The villager with his quarter of half-acre lot, will have his patch of strawberries, his row of currants and raspberries, his grape vines and pear trees, and talk intelligently of the varieties of these fruits. His table is well supplied with these luxuries for at least half the year. But there is a lamentable dearth of good fruit upon the farm from the want of conviction that it pays. It does pay in personal comfort and health, if in nothing else. The medical faculty will bear testimony to the good influence of ripe fruit upon the animal economy. They regulate the system better than anything else, and forestall many of the diseases to which we are liable in the summer and fall. A quaint old gentleman of our acquaintance often remarks, that apples are the only pills he takes. He takes these every day in the year, when they can be found in market, and fills up the interval between the old and new crops with other fruit. He has hardly seen a sick day in forty years, and pays no doctor's bill. We want more good fruit, especially upon our farms, and the habit of eating fruit at our meals.

Startling Depreciation in Value.

A very intelligent old darkey was met by an ante-bellum friend the other day for the first time since the war, and the old man's delight in seeing one of Massa's tickler friends in old times was unbounded. After a hearty handshaking and a protracted laugh peculiar to the Southern darkey, the gentleman asked:

"Well, Uncle Joe, how are you getting along in this world?"

"Sorter slow, Marse ——. Been had rheumatiz right smart lately, and things aint gone 'actly right no how," replied the darkey.

"A great many changes have taken place since I last saw you, Uncle Joe. Death has taken your old master away, the family are scattered about the four quarters of the globe, the farm is divided up, and strangers occupy the old house. It makes one feel right sad, Uncle Joe, to think of the changes that have been wrought by old Father Time."

"Yaas," replied Uncle Joe. "You 'member when I was a slave I worked hard at odd times, and made money 'nuff to buy myself. I paid ole massa $1,000 for my freedom."

"Yes," said Mr. ——, "I remember it."

"Wish I had dat money now," mused the old darkey.

"Well yes," replied Mr. ——; "it would be quite a fortune for you."

"Lots o' fortune, Sar," said the old man mournfully; "every time I think about it I kinder rue de bargain. Nigger war wuff a thousand dollars then, but now he ain't wuff a cuss. Mighty changes in dis world, means."

"Gentlemen and ladies," said the showman, "here you have the magnificent painting of Daniel in de lion's den. Daniel can be easily distinguished from the lion by the green cotton umbrella under his arm."