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FREE PRESS

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THE ACTON FREE PRESS

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Acton Free Press

T. ALBERT MOORE, EDITOR.

THURSDAY MORNING, Dec. 5, 1878

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R. T. GALLOWAY.

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Acton, Dec. 4th, 1877. 22-3m

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Acton, Nov. 7, 1878.

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DR. E. MORROW, Physician, Surgeon, &c., of Bellevue College, New York, and Graduate of Victoria College, Canada. Consultation days—Tuesdays and Fridays, from 9 a. m. till 1 p. m. Residence—West Bower street, Acton.

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7-6m. WM. GIBBONS

PLOW FACTORY OPENED

The subscriber, having purchased the Acton Plow Works, is prepared to furnish Single and Double Frame Iron Plows, as well as the Boss Gang Plow, which has gained the reputation of being the best Gang Plow made, at the usual rates. All repairs done on the shortest notice and at the cheapest prices.

47-6 SYDNEY SMITH.

The Milton *News* has taken up the cudgel against us, for advocating Mr. Warren, as a worthy man to be returned as a representative to the Esquesing Council, by the ratepayers of the township. It says that our reasons why Mr. Warren should be supported should alone create suspicion in other parts of the township. Now, why our contemporary should say that, we are at a loss to know as we distinctly stated that Mr. Warren would do all in his power to see that the moneys were equally divided. Now, the *News* man must either not have read the whole of our article, or he has a very inconsistent mind as he says that we say, "that the roads are in a bad condition, and point to the absence "of Mr. Warren in the council as "the cause." We deny that our article would lead anyone to suppose that such was the state of affairs, but we did convey the idea that had there been a representative in council from this section of the Township our roads would not have been in the condition they were during the entire summer. Again, the *News* says: "would it "be wise for the people to choose a "man who would use his efforts "for the promotion of the interests "of the people in a little corner of "the township and ignore the "rights of others?" We say that Mr. Warren would not do this, and repeat what was said before, viz: "When Mr. Jno. Warren declined "acting in the council last year, it "was a severe blow to that body, "as in him they lost a good man "and one who would do all in his "power to see that the moneys "were equally divided." The *News* then concludes its article as follows:—"Couldn't our contempor- "ary find some other man who "would reflect greater credit upon "the people he would represent? "There are many to choose from, "and many far more "universally "liked by the people" than "Mr. Warren." To this we would say that a large number of the ratepayers are aware of how Mr. Warren and the editor of the *News* (then editor of the Georgetown *Hearld*) had some words about some trifling matters a few years ago, and they also remember how Mr. Warren beat the "retired school teacher," and then how the latter backed ignominiously down and out, and now, whenever opportunity offers, he delights to thrust a dart at Mr. Warren, when his back is turned.

"The Government of the World," said Lord Beaconsfield after the Lord Mayor's feast, "is carried on by sovereigns and statesmen, and not by anonymous paragraphs or by hair-brained clatter of irresponsible frivolity." This is a snub for newspapers.

Early Marriages.

To the Editor of the Free Press.

DEAR SIR,—I notice this question has attracted the attention of people all around us and why should we not give it some consideration. As for my part, I can say that for the past six years I have devoted a great deal of my time in carefully considering the weighty responsibilities resting upon husbands, and I have no hesitation in saying that in my opinion the early marriages are the best, and when I ask myself why I did not fifteen years ago I pause—but cannot reply, but think of the time that has passed never to return. Now, Mr. Editor, we will take "Bank Clerk" and "Barrister," of the *Mail*, each would like to get married, but they can't think of starting to keep house on less than $800 a year. That is their principal objection, and in my opinion many of them will never be able to remove these objections, and consequently, they are doomed to be little old bachelors—a name I do not much admire. I am determined to give my hand and heart to the first suitable young lady that will accept them, providing she will agree to the following:—1st, that she will not make more than twelve visits during the year; 2nd, should the fashions change—which no doubt they will—she is able to take down, take up, and reconstruct any article of her wearing apparel without the assistance of a milliner or dressmaker; 3rd, that she will keep a strict and correct account of all money paid out by her, for the use of the house; 4th, that she is a good plain cook; 5th, that she is a good laundress; 6th, that she has not a bad temper, and 7th, that in all cases of domestic squabbles she will give way, and bow in obedience to her much better half husband, less she should breathe trouble in the matrimonial wigwam. Any lady of mature age, say under forty, who will agree to the above in conjunction with the marriage vow, that is, when she promises to take me for better or worse, will find me to be a warm-hearted, affectionate husband. Unto death I remain hers,

MICHAEL MACKNAMARROW.

P. S.—No objections to widows.

Acton, Dec. 4th, 1878.

County Council.

Milton Dec. 3rd, 1878.

The Council met at 12.30 p.m., pursuant to adjournment.

The Warden in the chair.

Members present—Messrs. Buck, Clay, Foster, Lindsay, Menzies, McEnery, McGarvin, McKenzie, McKerlie, Ramsey, Robinson, Waldie and Young.

The minutes of the last meeting were read and confirmed.

Mr. Waldie, chairman of the standing committee on finance, presented its fifth report, which was read.

Mr. Waldie moved, seconded by Mr. Clay, that the fifth report of the standing Committee on Finance be adopted.—Carried.

Mr. Lindsay moved, seconded by Mr. McKerlie, that R. Little, Esq., and others, be paid the sum of thirty-two dollars and fifty cents for equalizing assessment rolls in union school sections. Carried.

Mr. McKenzie moved, seconded by Mr. McEnery, that the Warden is hereby authorized to pay the messenger the sum of three dollars for three meetings for this half year, by issuing his cheque for the same.

Mr. Young, chairman of the Standing Committee on Printing, presented its first report which was read.

Mr. Young moved, seconded by Dr. McGarvin, that the first report of Printing Committee for 1878 be adopted. Carried.

Mr. Young, chairman of the Standing Committee on Printing, presented its second report which was read.

Mr. Young moved, seconded by Mr. Lindsay, that the second report of the Committee on Printing for 1878 be adopted. Carried.

Mr. McKenzie moved, seconded by Mr. Clay, that the sum of fifty dollars be granted to the Village of Georgetown towards the building of a lockup, and that the same be used as a county lockup. Carried.

The yeas and nays being called for stood as follows:—

Yea.—Messrs. Clay, Lindsay, McEnery, McKenzie, McGarvin, Waldie and Young. Nay—Messrs. Buck, Foster, McKerlie, Menzies, Ramsay, Robinson.

Mr. Young moved, seconded by Mr. Lindsay, that the Warden do issue his cheque for one hundred and thirty-six dollars and ten cents in payment of the expenses incurred by the Special Committee on Jail and Court House. Carried.

Mr. Foster, chairman of the standing Committee on Education, presented its second report, which was read.

Mr. Foster moved, seconded by Mr. Lindsay, that the second report of the Standing Committee on Education be adopted. Carried.

Dr. Buck moved, seconded by Mr. McEnery, that the warden leave the chair, and that Mr. Waldie take the same. Carried.

Mr. Waldie took the chair.

Mr. Clay moved, seconded by Mr. Young, that the thanks of this council are due and are hereby tendered to Matthew Clements, Esq., Warden, for the able and impartial manner in which he has presided over the deliberations of this county council during the past year. Carried.

Mr. Waldie tendered the Warden the thanks of the council, expressing his appreciation of the compliment paid him by the resolution.

The Warden resumed the chair.

On motion the council adjourned.

WM. PANTON, Co. Clerk.

Appearances cannot always be relied on. A young man may seem to wear a fine gold watch chain, gilt, but after all it may be plated, and pinned into his vest pocket.

EDWIN RAWDON.

CHAPTER I. *Continued.*

Violet returned from the garden gate to see her mother lying upon the ground, white and motionless as a corpse. The girl's terror stricken shriek brought a couple of women servants running from the house. Mrs. Westford was no puling sentimentalist; and deeply as she had always felt the pain of parting from the husband she so fondly loved, she had never before been known to lose consciousness. She had, indeed, been distinguished for the heroic calmness with which she had always endured her sorrow, setting a noble example to her son and daughter.

The servants, assisted by Violet, carried the unconscious wife into the house, and laid her on a sofa in the cool drawing-room, carefully darkened by the Venetian shutters.

One of the women then ran to fetch the village doctor, while Violet knelt by her mother's side, bathing the pale forehead with toilet vinegar.

Presently the dark-blue eyes were slowly opened and turned towards Violet with a fixed and almost awful stare.

"Edwin Rawdon! Edwin Rawdon!" cried Clara Westford in tones of anguish. "O, not to him, Harley! O, no, no, no! Not to him! Edwin Rawdon! I knew that there was peril, deadly peril, in store for you; but I never dreamt of that danger."

Again the eyes closed; the head fell back upon the sofa-pillows.

The doctor came; but neither he nor any other doctor upon this earth could have ministered to her, whose disease was of the mind rather than of the body.

Mrs. Westford fell from one fainting fit into another. She was conveyed to her own room, where she was tenderly watched by her daughter, and by her son Lionel, who returned from Winchester after having seen his father start by the London train.

The young man adored his mother, and was both grieved and alarmed by her sudden illness. He insisted upon taking up his post in a pretty little boudoir adjoining Mrs. Westford's bedroom, and he sat there hour after hour, listening to every sound in the sick chamber.

The old Grange, so gay with happy voices only a few days before, was now silent as the house of death. The doctor ordered his patient to be kept in unbroken quiet, and his orders were implicitly obeyed.

But though Mr. Sanderson, the village surgeon, was a man of considerable experience, he found his patient's illness of a nature to baffle his best care, his highest skill.

"The mind is ailing, Miss Westford," he said, in answer to Violet's anxious questions; "the parting of to-day has affected your mother very keenly, and hers is an illness that time alone can heal. In the meanwhile I can only recommend perfect repose. The mind has been over-excited by painful emotions, and we must allow time for recovery. A night's rest may restore the brain to its normal state. To-morrow all may be well."

CHAPTER II.

EDWIN RAWDON THE BANKER.

The express train from Winchester bore Harley Westford quickly across the fair expanse of country between the old cathedral city and the smoky roof-tops of the metropolis. Past swelling hillside and sunlit meadow, past winding river and secluded village, rushed the mighty monster. London, black, grimy, but with a certain rugged grandeur of its own, like some dusky Cyclops, mighty in his gigantic stature, — London, the commercial centre of the world, — loomed in sight of the merchant Captain, whose heart was divided between the dear ones he had left in the rustic Grange at Eastburgh, and the scenes of adventure, and perhaps peril, that lay before him on the high seas.

Harley Westford was in heart and soul a sailor. He had the spirit of a Columbus, and would gladly have gone forth in search of new worlds wherewith to enrich his Queen and country, if fate had permitted him so noble an adventure. His heart warmed at the thought of his Chinese expedition—an expedition which promised to make a noble addition to his fortune. For himself, no man could have been more indifferent about money. He had the true sailor's recklessness of spirit, and would have flung his gold right and left, had he been alone in the world, as carelessly as the untutored salt, who, from sheer bravado, puts a bank note between his bread and butter and eats it, in order to demonstrate his contempt for the sordid pelf. But for his children he was eager to earn the means of comfort and independence, so that no hard battle of life might await those pampered children, that idolized wife, who as yet had known only the sunshine of existence.

He reached London at about half past one o'clock, and drove straight to Lombard street, in which noble commercial thoroughfare the banking house of Messrs. Rawdon and Selby was situated.

The name of Selby had long ceased to be anything more than a name. The last Selby had expired placidly in a comfortable mansion at Tulse Hill, some little time after the battle of Waterloo. The firm was now solely represented by Edwin Rawdon, the only son of the late head of the firm, Anthony Rawdon, and of a noble Spanish lady, who had given supreme offence to her family by marrying a wealthy British trader, rather than one of the penniless hidalgos who were eager to unite their unimpeachable pedigrees, and quarter their knightly arms with hers.

The lady was proud, passionate, and self-willed. She preferred the British trader to the descendants of the Cid, and left the shadowy glories of her native land for the comfort and splendor of her husband's noble old mansion, where she ruled him with despotic power till the day of her death.

Two sons and three daughters were born to the proud Castilian beauty; but those children of the South languished under the cold English sky. The youngest son, Edwin, was the only one of the family who lived to attain manhood. He inherited his mother's Spanish beauty, together with her wilful and passionate nature.

This Edwin Rawdon was a man of five and forty years of age, who had inherited a noble fortune from his father, and who had obtained another fortune with the hand of his wife, the only daughter of a city millionaire, an amiable but not over-wise damsel, who had worshipped her husband as a kind of demigod, and who had faded quietly out of existence soon after the birth of her second child, not by any means passionately lamented by Edwin Rawdon.

He was a man who had begun the world very early, and had exhausted the common round of life's pleasures and dissipations at an age when other men are still enjoying the freshness of youth's morning. He had been his own master from the age of sixteen, for the simple reason that neither his father nor his tutors had ever been able to conquer his indomitable spirit, or restrain his determined will.

His father had been much shaken by the early deaths of his children and the loss of his wife, who died when Edwin was fifteen. He allowed this last surviving son to do as he pleased, and dawdled through his lonely existence at his country house, in the company of his ancient attendant and a valet who had grown gray in his service.

While the father's placid days glided by at the country seat in Hertfordshire, the son travelled from one place to another, sometimes at home, spending money heedlessly, and seeing a great deal of life, more or less to his own satisfaction, but not very much to his moral improvement.

At three and twenty he married; but those who knew him best augured little happiness from his marriage. He accepted his wife's devotion as a matter of course, allowed her to live her own life at the noble old house in Hertfordshire, while he followed the bent of his inclinations elsewhere, honoring his household by his presence during all seasons of gaiety and festivity, but studiously avoiding the delights of domestic retirement. The business of the bank always afforded Mr. Rawdon an excellent excuse for absence. There were branch-houses in Spain and in Spanish America, and these branch-houses were under the personal supervision of the banker.

For many years the name of Edwin Rawdon had been in the minds of city men a tower of strength. But within the last few weeks there had come a crisis in the fortunes of great commercial firms, and all at once there were strange whispers passing from lip to lip amongst the wise men of the Stock Exchange. It was well known that for some years Edwin Rawdon had been a great speculator. It was now whispered abroad that he had not been always a fortunate speculator. He had been bitten with the mania of speculation, men said, and had plunged wildly into all manner of schemes, many of which had ended in ruin.

Such whispers as these are fatal in their influence upon the credit of a commercial man. But as yet these dark rumors had not gone beyond the narrow circle of wiseacres; as yet no hint of Edwin Rawdon's losses had reached those whose money was lodged in his keeping; as yet, therefore, there had been no run upon the bank.

The banker sat in his private room, with his books spread open before him, while his white face and restless, hunting light he examined the state of the affairs. Daily, almost hourly, he expected a desperate crisis, and he tried in vain to devise some means of meeting it.

There was only one human being who was admitted to Edwin Rawdon's confidence, and that was his head clerk, Jacob Danielson.

Ever since Edwin's earliest manhood this Danielson had been in his employment, and little by little there had grown up a strange bond of union between the two men.

It could not be called friendship, for the banker was of too reserved a nature to form a close friendship with any one—least of all with an inferior; and whatever the confidences between him and his clerk, he was always haughty and commanding in his tone and manner towards his dependent.

But Jacob Danielson was the depositary of many of his employer's secrets, and seemed to possess an almost superhuman power of reading every thought that entered the brain of Edwin Rawdon.

It may be that the banker knew this, and there were times when he felt a kind of terror of his shabby, quiet-looking dependent.

Nothing could be wider than the contrast between the outward appearance of the two men.

Edwin Rawdon had one of those darkly splendid faces which we rarely see out of an old Italian picture—such a face as Leonardo or Guido might have chosen for a Herod or a Saul.

He was tall and broad chested, his head nobly poised upon his shoulders. His dark flashing eyes had something of the falcon in their proud and eager glance; but beneath the calm, steady gaze of more honest eyes those falcon glances grew shifting and restless.

Jacob Danielson was strangely deficient in those physical perfections which had so furthered his master's fortunes.

The clerk was a wiry little man, with high shoulders, and a quiet, limping walk. His small light-piercing gray eyes looked out from under the shelter of a protruding forehead, fringed by two shaggy eyebrows. His thin lips were apt to be disturbed by a twitching motion, which at times was almost painful to witness.

Jacob Danielson was one of those walking mysteries whose thoughts, deeds, and words are alike beyond the comprehension of other men. No one understood him; no one was able to fathom the secrets hidden in his breast.

He lived in a dingy little lodging on the Surrey side of the Thames, a lodging which he had occupied for years, and where he had never been known to receive the visit of any human being.

It was known that he drank deeply, but he had never been seen in a state of intoxication. There were those amongst his fellow-clerks who had tried to make him drunk, and who declared that there was no spirit potent enough to master the senses of Jacob Danielson.

To his employer he was a most intangible servant. He seemed a faithful servant, yet there were times in which the banker trembled when he remembered the dangerous secrets lodged in the keeping of this unsympathetic, inscrutable being.

While Edwin Rawdon sat in his private apartment meditating over the books of the house, and dreading the bursting of that storm-cloud which had so long brooded above his head, Harley Westford was hurrying towards him, eager to deposit in his hands the savings of twenty years of peril and hardship.

A Hansom cab carried the Captain to the door of the banking-house. He alighted, and made his way into the outer office of the firm, where he addressed himself to the first person whom he found disengaged. That person happened to be no other than Jacob Danielson, the chief clerk.

"I want to see Mr. Rawdon," said the Captain.

To be continued.

A NUPTIAL TIE.—When husband and wife have both married for money, and neither has got any.

A newly married couple out west had so many friends that their wedding cake wouldn't go round, so they sent each one a photograph of it.

What traits are the most perilous? asked the Sunday School Superintendent. A little boy spoke up promptly: "whiskey straits!" and the boy was right.