

Acton Free Press.

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Acton Free Press. THE DUSTY MILLER'S LOVE.

"Love me little, love me long; To his wheat ear, and his song; Not a taste and then be gone."

OUR STORY.

THE HEAVY CROSS. Robert Hope and Samuel Hillins had lived neighbors for more than twenty years.

"What a fury!" muttered he, as he went away. "If she had been more gentle, I would have told her of my good fortune; but she does not devalue to know it."

"Oh! oh!" Robert exclaimed old Fox, at the moment when Hope turned the corner of his house.

"The little girl, allowed, hastened to re-enter her mother's shop. At this moment Hope arrived at the house of the butcher, who was conversing on the threshold with his neighbor, the blacksmith."

"Mercy! Mr. Hope," exclaimed she, taking up her blue apron, "what is that on your back?"

"I suppose," said the butcher, "that his wife has marked him thus for fear of losing him."

"Look, look," exclaimed one; "there is a sheep marked for the butcher."

By a close observer. He had for a long time noticed the curious disposition of Robert, and resolved to convince him that the lightest cross might become heavy to the discontented mind.

"I see," said he to Hope, "that you are disposed to do nothing. Well, I will except you from this obligation to labor of which you complain so bitterly."

Hope thought at first that his landlord was jesting; but being assured that he spoke seriously, he exclaimed: "By St. George! you may say that you have seen my last money, for I am willing to wear this cross all my lifetime."

Robert immediately went out, congratulating himself on his fortune, and laughing all along the road at the folly of Mr. Taylor, who had let him off so cheaply from paying his rent.

"Why Robert, where have you been? You have on your back a cross a foot long. You have been to a tavern, and some drunkard among your friends has played you a trick to make you ridiculous."

"What a fury!" muttered he, as he went away. "If she had been more gentle, I would have told her of my good fortune; but she does not devalue to know it."

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"Mercy! Mr. Hope," exclaimed she, taking up her blue apron, "what is that on your back?"

Johnson, the school-master, suddenly appeared at the door. Robert advanced toward him, complaining of his pupils as being insolent.

"What is this cross to you?" replied Robert, calmly. "Is not my back my own property?"

The school-master smilingly assented, and Hope went on his way. But the cross was proving heavier and heavier.

He began to think that it would not be so easy to pay his rent in this manner. So much money had already been heaped upon him, what would it be if the cause were known?

As Robert reflected thus, he arrived at the tavern. He was passing by, when he perceived Mr. Taylor himself at a few paces distant, and on the other side his neighbor, Hillins, dragging his wooden leg, and conversing with Harry Stokes, the carpenter.

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To the Editor of the Brooklyn Eagle. An Ex-Consul's Story.

A late United States Consul at one of the English inland ports, who is now a private resident of New York, relates the following interesting story.

"Excuse me, my young friend," I said, touching him gently on the shoulder, "you appear to be an invalid and hardly able to stand on your feet."

"You are very kind," he replied, in a weak voice, "but I require no present aid beyond my crutches, which enable me to pass from my stateroom up here to get the benefit of the sunshine and the sea breeze."

"You have been a great sufferer, no doubt," I said, "and I judge that you have been afflicted with that most troublesome disease—rheumatism; whose prevalence and intensity seem to be on an alarming increase both in England and America."

"There was a pathos in this speech which affected me profoundly and awakened in me a deeper sympathy than I had felt before."

Everybody blamed Robert, who, when he became calm, understanding that there was no hope of rest or peace for him otherwise, effaced the cross of his own accord.

"The Monday following he carried his rent to the house of his landlord."

"The next morning when I went up on deck for a breezy promenade, according to my custom, I found my patient waiting for me with a smiling face, and without his crutches, although he limped in his movements, but without pain."