

THE MOON SIGN. New moon, true moon. Tell to me, Who my true love is to be.

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Acton Free Press. THE ISSUES MONDAY MAR. 27, 1884. POETRY. MIRANDA. We need no local paper in our quiet little town.

Nothing's done nor thought of but she's the first to know. From marriage of a potentate To a two-wad-widow show.

At all the sewing circles Miranda leads the van. She sews a very little. Talking fast as e'er she can.

At such times poor outsiders stand and tremble in their shoes. They know of their dissection. In this market-place of news.

Mrs. Almoud sits and listens. To Miranda's brilliant (?) gabble. And thinks herself a nobody.

By her window, when at home. Without the aid of glasses. She sits a piping sweet time. Quizzing every one that passes.

OUR STORY. JUSTLY PUNISHED. I had promised to take Lois Brasbank to the opera, and was putting the last touches to my toilet preparatory to calling for her.

Vinnie Irvin was my sweetheart, and the nicest, best, and prettiest girl in all the world; but at that particular moment her message gave rise to more perplexity than pleasure.

"What was to be done? The Father of Lies—at least I would gladly lay the blame on him—inspired me to write: "DEAREST VINNIE: I'm quite ill this evening. I don't think it's diphtheria; but the doctor forbids my going out at present. I have no doubt I shall be all right to-morrow, when you may expect me."

"P.S.—Don't worry, dearest. I'm quite sure I'll not die here. My heart cannot die when the messenger had gone. Poor Vinnie! she would have staked her life upon my word, and to deceive her thus!

Lois Brasbank looked her best when I called. Her beauty was of the stately type, and was well set off by her stylish cloak and queenly head-gear.

Miss Brasbank was an accomplished musical critic. At times, indeed, she rose quite above my comprehension. I ventured but little beyond assenting monosyllables; and it may have been through pity of my ignorance that she finally shifted the conversation to topics more within my range.

"You are from Daisyville, I believe, Mr. Warner," she remarked. "I was brought up there," I answered. "You must know Vinnie Irvin, then?" "I know Miss Irvin very well," I returned, blushing consciously—"Very well indeed."

"We were at boarding-school together," said Miss Brasbank; then turning her disconcerting eyes full upon me, "What do you think of her?" she demanded. "—I think Vinnie—Miss Irvin, that is— a rather nice girl," I stammered, turning quite red. "I've no doubt—at any rate, I felt so."

"Why, Vinnie Irvin." "Some think her rather pretty," I answered, in a non-committal tone. "Pshaw! a regular doll-face!" sneered the haughty beauty.

Then she set to work to pick Vinnie to pieces; and didn't she do it, too! I had nothing to oppose to her onslaught. Its violence quite overcame me.

Happening to turn my head, whom do you think I saw? Right there in the rear behind us sat Vinnie Irvin, with a party of friends! She would not even look towards me; and there was an expression of scorn and anger on her face I had never seen there before.

I turned away to hide my confusion, and felt relieved that Miss Brasbank's attention was too much taken up to notice it. The tedious performance came to an end at last. I blushed myself, assisting Miss Brasbank to adjust her cloak, and did not turn to go till there was no further excuse for tarrying.

I turned away and walked on aimlessly—whether, I neither knew nor cared. Bitter thoughts kept me too busy to heed aught else. What must Vinnie think? That I had preferred another's society to hers, and sought to deceive her by a silly falsehood, were conclusions she could not fail to draw.

A storm came up, and the big drops fell thick and fast, but I felt them not, and still walked on. It was nightfall when I bent my steps homeward. Then, was and shivering, I sat down and wrote to Vinnie. I told her all without pretense. But why should she believe me now? Had I not already proved myself a liar?

My letter dispatched, I threw myself on a lounge without thinking to change my soaked garments, and fell into a troubled sleep.

I knew not when I awoke, for the scorching fever which robbed me of rational consciousness lasted, as I afterwards learned, for many days. There were times when I fancied I saw Vinnie's face turned upon me with the angry, scornful look I had seen upon it last. I strove to tell her all—to tell her of my love that had never faltered, and how true my heart had been in spite of false appearances.

At last the fire that raged in my blood and scorched my brain began to smoulder and die out. I fell into a deep, untroubled slumber which brought the blessed boon of complete insensibility.

When next my eyes opened Vinnie's face was bent over me. It was wan and worn with watching, but full of loving tenderness. I tried to reach out my hand, but had not the strength. She took it in hers, and pressed it gently.

"Do you forgive me?" I asked, feebly. "Truly and freely," she answered, in her old kindly way. "I was foolish to get so angry. Dudley, for I really never questioned your affection, and could not do so now after hearing the words let fall while the fever was upon you."

I wanted to tell her of the deep gratitude that overflowed my heart, but she placed her hand on my mouth, and said the doctor had ordered quiet.

I am now nearly well again, and have come out of my recent trial with a fixed resolve never to let another lie to anybody.

Where They Were. "Is your father at home?" asked an Englishman of a Welsh boy, whom he met at Llanfyllin. "No, sir; he's gone to work at Llanfyllin-fraiddan-Conway."

Can a man marry his deceased wife's sister in any part of America? Not unless the sister is willing, and, as a general rule, she isn't. She knows him too well.



Dr. Edward B. Foote.

Dr. Edward B. Foote, as a representative of Electric Medicine, as a writer of popular medical literature, and as a physician stands prominent, and is, perhaps, throughout the world, better known by his writings than any other medical writer who has directed his teachings to the people rather than the profession.

Born and raised among Connecticut settlers, on the "Western reserve" in Ohio, he early began the work of many self-made men.

Starting at the age of sixteen as "printer's devil," in a newspaper office, he worked his way to the editorial chair, and was severally connected with the most prosperous weekly (of its time) in Connecticut, and the first successful morning paper of Brooklyn, N. Y.

His business enterprises were sacrificed until an apprenticeship with a noted botanical specialist, and a course of study finishing with graduation, found him prepared to follow out the bent of his life to its completion.

He was among the earliest of those who advocated the publication of an anatomical, physiological and hygienic books for the masses, and his success in writing interesting and popular books has been conspicuous.

His first and best known book, entitled "Medical Common Sense," reached a circulation of 250,000 copies, probably because of its originality and novelty in a new field; and his subsequent writings have been mainly in the same line.

"Science in Story" having been written for the purpose of affording a readable book for children, and one which should make plain to their comprehension the facts which he considered it necessary for them to know concerning their own bodies.

In speaking of the late Prof. J. S. Smith, of Oxford, London, Nature remarks: "It has been said that in scientific thought, the best and most original ideas have always been conceived before the age of thirty."

This is probably true, also, of the original of this portrait. His most radical thoughts were published in his first work, written before he was twenty-nine years of age, and though his pen is never long idle, his first success has not yet been equalled by subsequent work, though his "Plain Home Talk," a revision and enlargement of "Medical Common Sense," seems likely in time to obtain a circulation rivalling that of its predecessor.

Dr. Foote has always been independent, progressive and original, always a foe of old-fogyism and trade-unionism in medicine; once a disciple of the old Thompsonian botanical school, as opposed to mineral and blood-letting practice, and now a staunch supporter of Eclecticism in all that the name implies.

He has been actively engaged in the practice of his profession for thirty years, and as the portrait given herewith is from a recent photograph, hard work appears to agree with him, and he looks equal to twenty years more of it.

Plantation Philosophy. Dar's as much relief as dar is sorrow in a sigh. De quickest pesson an' de strutt ain't always de bes' business man. De colt is livelier den de boss, but he can't pull nigh so much.

Sorrow, as is often de result ob bodily punishment as it is ob true repentence. De man what is put in goal don't griev so much because he tuck what-didn't long ter him as he does dat he's in prison.

A Penny and a Prayer Too. "Was that your penny on the table, Susie?" asked grandma as the children came in from Sunday-School. "I saw it after you went and I was afraid you had forgotten it."

"Oh, no, grandma, mine went into the box all safely." "Did you drop anything in with it?" asked grandma.

"Why, no, ma'am," said Susie, looking surprised. "I hadn't anything to put in. You know I earn my penny every week by getting up early and going for the milk."

"Yes, I remember, dear. Do you know just what becomes of your penny?" "No, ma'am." "Do you care?" "Oh, indeed I do, a great deal. I want it to do good somewhere."

"Well, then, every Sunday when you drop your penny in, why don't you drop a prayer in too, that your penny may be blessed in its work and do good service for God? Don't you think if every penny carried a prayer with it, the money the school sends away would do wonderful work? Just think of the prayers that would go out, some across the ocean, some away off among the Indians."

"I never thought of that, grandma. The prayer would do as much good as the penny, if it was a real true prayer, wouldn't it? I'm going to remember and not let my penny go alone again."

Josh Billings on Infidelity. Impudence, ingratitude, ignorance, and cowardice, make up the creed of infidelity. Did you ever hear of a man's renouncing christianity on his death-bed, and turning infidel?

Gamblers nor free-thinkers haven't faith enuff in their possession to teach it to their children. No thief, with all his boasted bravado, has ever yet dared to advertise his unbelief on his tomb-stone.

I notice one thing; when a man gets into a tight spot he don't never send for his friend the devil to get him out. I had rather be an infidel than an infidel; if I am an infidel I have made myself one; if I am a sinner I was made so.

I never had met a free-thinker yet who didn't believe a hundred times more conscience than he can find in the Bible anywhere. It is always safe to follow the religious belief that our mothers taught us—there never was a mother yet who taught her child to be an infidel.

A man may learn infidelity from books, and from his associates, but he can't learn from his mother nor the works of God that surround him. A Wedding Stopped at the Altar.

There was a strange scene at Cincinnati one day last week. A respectable and intelligent young lady was engaged to be married, and made the discovery that her affianced was in the habit of drinking, and told him what she had learned. He professed never to drink again, and she forgave him. The wedding day was subsequently set, and all went well until the morning appointed for the performance of the ceremony.

During the interval he made his usual visits, and though he drank as usual, his betrothed never learned of his faithlessness until it was nearly too late to punish him for it. They were standing side by side and a moment more would have found them man and wife, when he turned toward her and his tall-tale breath spoke of whisky. When the minister propounded the usual question to her, the response came faintly "No." In surprise the question was again asked, and this time the response was clear and decisive, "No."

She then turned to her lover, accused him of drinking, reminding him of his promise to her, and said that a man who would break a promise so solemnly made could not be relied upon, and she feared to trust her future to such a man. Expatriation and emigration were all in vain, and that little "Yes" still remains valid.

Be Social at Home. An exchange says:—Let parents talk much and talk well at home. A father who is habitually silent in his own house may be in many respects a wise man, but he is not wise in his silence. We sometimes see parents who are the life of every company they enter, and drill, vilify and uninteresting at home among their children. If they have no mental activity and mental stores sufficient for both, let them strive to provide for their own households. It is better to instruct children, and make them happy at home, than it is to charm them or amuse them, and then let them go to school with their minds empty.