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## The Acton Free Press

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THURSDAY MORNING, JULY 28, 1885.

### POETRY.

#### FRIENDSHIP.

BY NELSON POMERAY.

"'Tis hard indeed to find a friend,  
On whom we always may depend.  
Yet soon as serving self is o'er,  
Behold! they are our friends no more."

Many to serve some selfish end,  
Declare and vow they are our friend,  
Yet soon as serving self is o'er,  
Behold! they are our friends no more.

Apparent friendship often shows,  
To find out all that we may know,  
Our secrets soon are all found out,  
Then they are removed all about.

Others will not part mere base,  
Always quite friendly to our face,  
We turn our back then they turn theirs,  
Expose to ridicule and shame.

A faithful friend we highly prize,  
A treacherous one we do despise,  
All in suspense we ask ourselves,  
Where can a faithful friend be found?

#### OUR STORY.

THEIR QUARREL.

BY AN OLD CONTRIBUTOR.

"Seems to me," said Aunt Effie, "you don't look chipper, Selina."

"I don't feel so," said Selina.

"And you just married, so to speak," said Aunt Effie.

"Rather soon for Tom to snub me!" said Selina.

"Rather soon for you to snub at him," said Aunt Effie.

"Don't get to quarrelling, dear. You can't quarrel with your husband. It makes life wretched."

"Much you know of that, married to Uncle Jordan," said Selina.

"Shows how much you know," said Aunt Effie.

"Just sit down there and get cool, and I'll tell you a story. It's all about me and your Uncle Jordan, and I'll begin like the story-books do."

"Some forty years ago, when I was a young gal, three or four years younger than you are, I was dreadful pretty. Oh! you kin had! Didn't you? Well, I thought you did—but I was pretty; and my beau, Jordan Hill, he just adored me; and it set me up. That sort of thing does set a gal up. I will allow that by the time we was married I kinder thought I was quite as good as Queen Victoria—and she was an elegant young queen!—if not a little better. That's the way it was on my wedding-day."

"But after a while Jordan began to feel sort of husbandy—didn't pay so many compliments and ordered about. That made me mad, because it was just what mar had always said happened; and I'd said I wouldn't put up with it; and I made up my mind that I'd resent it, and I'd be right over to eat dinner, and things all went wrong."

"I'd tried my best, but he didn't seem to think so. I was mortified; much he cared. And when the wagon drove off with the whole 'billion,' never was anybody so glad to see company's back before. Jordan turned round to me, and says he:

"Well, I was ashamed of you to-day, Effie, and that I'll say and swear to."

"I suppose you're proud of yourself?" says I.

"No," says he. "I've chosen too poor a housekeeper to put on airs. Mar said to me: 'Now, of you married Maria Hanks things would have been as you're used to at home.' So they would."

"There was a pail of water standing handy and a dipper in it; and I was just as furious as a wildcat! Before he knowed what I was going to do, I'd seized hold of that dipper and 'dressed it' up full, and soused him from head to foot. 'He was a professor of religion,' but he said a swear word. For a minute I thought he'd hit me, but he didn't. What he did was to walk out of the house, all soaked as he was, into the cold air; and his lungs degote, too. He walked straight down into the village, and in a little while Widdler Peat's son—she kept the candy store—brought me a note. It was like this:

"'Ezrie!—I write this in Widdler Peat's shop. I'm going away. I shall take the five o'clock train. Good-bye. You've got the farm and the bank-book. I've got nothing more to say to you. Just as I have done anyway. Good-bye. How you used to pretend to love me! I know women now. You've taken six ever since I married you. Good-bye forever.'"

"When I read that I went off into hysterics; and the little help brought me to—a child I'd taken from the poor-house."

"Oh, Mrs. Hill," says she, when I set up, "I've read the letter. What a horrid thing! What a bad man he is, to be sure, to go off and leave you."

"He ain't," says I, boxing her ears.

"Then I rushed to my room; and came down in a cloak and hood, the earliest thing that put on."

"I'll catch the six o'clock express," says I, "and beg his pardon and bring him back." And off I ran.

"I caught the train, but when I put my hand in my pocket I found my purse wasn't there."

"I couldn't get a ticket. No other trains stopped until morning, and I just went up the road to block any one's cabin and set down and cried. I told her I was sick. So I was; almost dead."

"I waited until dark and then I walked back. As I passed the station I saw a woman there."

"'What's the matter?' I asked of a man with a lantern."

he answered. "Hope you haven't any folks aboard."

"I have," said I.

"I've groaned."

"God help you," said he.

"I was mute with horror. I ratic down the road along with the crowd. I saw the lights shining on the bridge. I heard screams. I heard that that it was the worst accident that had been known in that road."

"They carried something past me. The engineer dead, they said."

"Other bodies were brought up. Wounded men were helped along. People staggered up, thanking Heaven they were only slightly hurt. A woman kept crying:

"'My baby! Oh, my baby!'"

"And a man rushed past me, was ordered back, and sank down on the bank at my side."

"'My wife!' he moaned. 'My pretty little wife! I've killed her! I've killed her!'"

"It called a cry from me: 'And I've killed my husband, I said.'

"'It was my fault, my fault,' moaned the man."

"I did it with my temper. I waited right out."

"'She is dead—dead—dead, and they won't even let me die with her!' sobbed he. 'Oh, my darling Effie, just to beg your pardon for being such a beast. I'll jump over and end it all!'"

"Then I did scream again and again, and again, but this time holding tight to his arm."

"Get your senses back. This is me. Oh, glory halloo! I Jordan, Jordan!"

"Men folk do cry sometimes. He'd do then. We were sorry for the poor suffering folks, but we couldn't help rejoicing for ourselves, and all we promised on our wedding day wasn't half what we promised then."

"We kept those promises better, too. When I felt hateful I'd just stop short of it, so would he. And there isn't a happier couple anywhere, now we're old folks. And I'd like to tell that story to all young married people that fall out in time."

"'Tan' always railrodd trains," said Aunt Effie. "Sometimes it's things more crushing than wood or iron could be; more scalding than steam. But, whatever it is, quarrelling leads to nothing good between them God has joined together."

"She looked up. Selina was crying."

"I didn't kiss Tom before he went off," she said.

"Very well. Kiss him when he comes home," said Aunt Effie. "And just make up your mind this shall be the last time you fall out. Life is uncertain and pain's frequent, and when you have folks love 'em and be kind to them."

"I think I did right to tell that story to Selina," she said, as she saw her run to meet her husband that evening. "Nothing like a word in season."

#### Never Go Empty-Handed.

I learnt this capital bit of advice long ago. A dear old aunt said it to some one else, when I was near, and I remembered it. You cannot think how useful the hint has been, nor how much trouble and time it saves me.

"Just notice what it is we all do from morning to night. Why, we take things out of their places and put them in again, —if we are tidy people, that is! We cannot help doing this. The pots and pans, the cups and saucers, and plates and dishes must be taken out and used many times daily. Then comes the washing up and getting to rights. It is so with our books and clothes, and all we have. Well, then, there must be always something for ready hands to carry up or down. It is a great help in a house if we make it a rule to keep round the room, and never go empty-handed."

This may be a new thought to some of you. Try to act on it for one day, and see if it is not as useful as oil on a rusty wheel. The work gets done like magic in houses where all help father and mother, and try to save them fatigue. Won't mother's dear eyes brighten when she sees you trying to think; and won't father be pleased when you save him journeys up and down by recollecting our own way maxims!

And when you go to see a sick friend or a poor neighbor, take something. A sweet flower, or a comforting text neatly written by yourself, will make sunshine. If you are really wanting to do good, look up and say often, "Lord help me," and soon your heart will be as useful and busy as your hands. Only try.—A. M. V., in *Friendly Greetings*.

#### Grandpapa's Precepts and Practice.

"Oh, indeed," said great-grandpapa, "you can lick your sisters at lawn tennis, can you? Well, done, my boy! But beware of self-conceit, and never brag. Why, I could lick everybody at lawn tennis when I was your age. Or could have done if there'd been any lawn tennis to play. I was the best cricketer, the best fencer, the best boxer, runner, jumper, swimmer, and diver. I ever came across, either at school or college or after. And at classes and mathematics I beat 'em all clean out of the field! As for riding, no one ever touched me. Or dancing either. Let alone that I was the handsomest man in the country, and the best dressed for that matter. Besides being the whitest and the most popular. Aye! and such a song as I could sing, too! And yet, a nice modest and unassuming demeanor than mine it's never been my good fortune to see any one, man or boy, whose four score years and ten. For I'm all there, my boy, and mine; though you'd never believe it, to look at me. Beware of self-conceit, my boy, and never never brag!"

#### SUNLIT ROOMS.

No article of furniture should be put in a room that will not stand sunlight, for every room in the dwelling should be so arranged that some time during the day a flood of sunlight will force itself into the apartment.

The importance of admitting the light of the sun freely to all parts of our dwellings cannot be too highly estimated. Indeed, perfect health is nearly as much dependent on pure sunlight as it is on pure air. Sunlight should never be excluded, except when so bright as to be uncomfortable to the eyes.

And walls should be in bright sunlight, so that the eyes are protected by a veil or screen when the light is too intense.

A sun-bath is of more importance in preserving a healthful condition of body than is generally understood. A sun-bath costs nothing, and that is a misfortune, for people are deluded with the idea that those things can only be good or useful which cost money.

But remember that pure water, fresh air, and sunlight homes, kept free from dampness, will secure you from heavy bills of the doctors and give you health and vigor, which no money can procure. It is now a well established fact that the people who live much in the sun are usually stronger and more healthy than those whose occupation deprives them of sunlight. And certainly there is nothing strange in the result, since the law applies with equal force to every animate thing in nature. It is quite easy to arrange an isolated dwelling so that every room may be flooded with sunlight some time in the day, and it is possible that many town houses can be so built as to admit more light than they now receive.

#### Things Worth Remembering.

That a bag of hot sand relieves neuralgia.

That warm borax water will remove dandruff.

That salt should be eaten with nuts to aid digestion.

That milk which stands too long makes a bitter butter.

That it rests you, in sewing, to change your position frequently.

That rusty iron should be rubbed over with beeswax and lard.

That a little soda water will relieve sick headache caused by indigestion.

That a hot, strong lemonade taken at bedtime will break up a bad cold.

That a cup of strong coffee will remove the odor of onions from the breath.

That a cup of hot water drunk before meals relieves nausea and dyspepsia.

That well-ventilated bedrooms will prevent morning headaches and lassitude.

That consumptive night sweats may be arrested by sponging the body nightly in salt water.

That one in a faint should be laid flat on his back, then loosen his clothes, and let him breathe.

That cold tea should be served for your vinegar barrel. It soars easily and gives color and flavor.

That a fever patient can be made cool and comfortable by frequent sponging off with soda water.

That to beat the whites of eggs quickly, add a pinch of salt. Salt, cools, and cold eggs froth rapidly.

#### Worked the Wrong Racket.

"Ma and I," she said shyly, "are more like sisters than mother and daughter."

"Yes," he said, with a lingering inflection on the afterglow of his "yes," which rose clear to the ceiling.

"Yes, indeed," said the girl, with a rosy flush on her cheeks making her infinitely more beautiful than ever.

"Ma and I are inseparable. We have never been separated a single day since I was a little baby."

"Is not?" he said, with an inflection on the second portion of "no" that went only half way to the ceiling and back again.

"Oh, dear, no," the girl went on in her artless way, "and ma always said that when I was married she was going to love my husband like her own son and come and keep house for us."

"Oh-h!" said William, with a circumflex. They rose up slowly and firmly, and said that he had a note in bank to take up at 3 o'clock; as it was now 2.30 he would go. And he did go. And he didn't come back again. Not never. And ma said to the girl:

"That's where you missed it in not trusting your mother. Why didn't you tell me that ma had been married before? Had I known he was a widower, I would have played the 'home for old women' racket on him!"—*San Francisco Alta*.

#### The Ventilation of Churches.

The *Christian Weekly* publishes a very effective, though not strictly grammatical or scientific, appeal to the sexton for a better ventilation of churches. We quote some of the lines:—

"O Sexton! You shut 600 men, women and children, Specially the latter, up in a tight place, Sun has had breath, none of em sat too sweet, Sun is feverish, sun is scrofulous, sun has had teeth, And sun hasn't none, and sun ain't over clear!"

#### I'VE NO HOME.

Oft I think of the happy days of childhood, Oh, how sweet the thought is to me, Of our tramps after flowers in the wildwood Loved ones, oft I think of these.

Chorus.  
I've no home! I'm alone! Gone, gone my parents are, But in heaven they are waiting for my coming, Father, guide me safely there.

Oft I think of my mother's gentle warning, As she knelt in fervent prayer, And a voice from the spirit world is calling, Father, guide me safely there.

Through the dark, dreary ways, forever guide me,  
That I ne'er may go astray;  
Then I'm sure no evil will befall me,  
God will keep me in the way.

#### ONLY A PANSY BLOSSOM.

"The only a pansy blossom, only a withered flower,  
Yet to me far dearer, than all in earth's fair bowers;  
Bring me back the June-time, of a summer long ago,  
The fairest, sunniest summer, that I shall ever know."

Oft from this pale, dead blossom, I see a fair face start,  
A face like a sweet wild flower, out of its faded heart;  
Ah! 'tis only a pansy blossom, only a faded flower,  
Yet to me far dearer, than all in earth's fair bowers.

Bring me back the June-time, of a summer long ago,  
The fairest, sunniest summer, that I shall ever know.

Only a pansy! gathered at her feet,  
Faded, unlike the love that made that summer sweet;  
Still in this pansy blossom, her tender face I see;  
From under the churchyard grasses, bringing her back to me.

Ah! 'tis only a pansy blossom, only a faded flower,  
Yet to me far dearer, than all in earth's fair bowers;  
Bring me back the June-time, of a summer long ago,  
The fairest, sunniest summer, that I shall ever know.

#### The Burr.

"I beg your pardon," said a slouchingly dressed individual, reaching for a burr which adhered to the coat sleeve of a gentleman just ahead of him, "there was a burr