

The Acton Free Press.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 26, 1888.

The Young Folks.

SHORTHENING THE BABY.
Our baby now is four months old. A bonnie boy, with hair like gold; And his clothes are put away. For mother shortened him to day. He has the loveliest of looks, All trimmed with lace, and two pink socks That father bought, the best boy far. And prettiest of the whole bairn. And now the roamer can kick about: His little feet go in and out. As though they could not rest. Is just as happy as can be. But here is a small, thin, wavy bairn With all his long clothes put away. And dressed so fine! And then, you know, We praise the bairns for him to day!

His grandmother must see him soon: We'll all go this afternoon. And take the vet sir's sky for the And what a riot there will be!

At first, perhaps, she doesn't know The baby, he has shrunk so fast. But let her guess, and do not say That mother shortened him to day!

WASTED EMOTION.

Once upon a time I heard a brisk young woman say: "Now, don't pity me, I'd rather be kicked any day than pitied."

The person to whom she spoke was an elderly man and he said: "I don't believe you've ever been kicked, so how can you know which you prefer?"

The brisk young woman answered: "No, I've never been kicked, and I never expect to be; neither have I ever been, nor do I ever wish to be pitied; that is openly."

She settled her spangles so as to show the buttons to advantage, patted the knot of the ribbon in her hair, compressed her red lips and shot such a bright, determined glance from her blue-gray eyes, that the elderly man sat silently smiling at her. I'm sure he thought her anything else than a pitiable object. As I looked at the neatly dressed blithe little figure, and noted the cheerfully defiant expression of the childishly fair face, neither did I pity her. I had known her all her life. Once, she was a bright, wayward school girl, next as a rather wild young lady, and in due time as a dashing young matron, delighting in dressing, dancing, defining her motherless curves, and giving fine dinners. I had known her always prosperous, but as I saw her now I concluded I had never known the real woman.

Adversity had overtaken her and given her grim-visaged Poverty for a travelling companion, who promised to keep step with her for some time to come. But she defied misfortune by standing firmly on her individuality as the accessories of wealth were swept from her hold.

Don't pity the woman who enjoys lace-making, and who decks herself with the labor of her hands. Let her be comfortable in her own way. We don't know what happy fancies she stiches into her work. If her ruling passion is to wear purple and fine linen and home-made lace, don't feel sorry that her mind has no greater compass. These colors are pretty, and if she repeats to me the "resumé" over her stitches, her pattern is a good one, her needle is her bow of promise.

Don't pity the woman who goes without collar and cuffs. Though she might look much better with them, still, the trifling habit might destroy her individuality. You might miss something out of her character that millions of dollars wouldn't pay for. There are a great many tremendously mean animals of the ape kind, both male and female, who wear immaculate collars and cuffs.

Her manner said to her friends: "Look! it is who remains; my house is gone, my horses and carriage are gone, my dresses and jewels will go after them for what I know, but, I am unburdened—don't pity me—sympathize, if you will, above your sympathy by remaining my friends, regardless of the fact that I shall live in a little house and answer the bell myself when you come to call; maybe bringing the odor of the kitchen with me. But, for all that, don't pity me."

I, for one, never did pity her.

When I went to the little house and found her sitting it in order, because, as she said, "I shall surely live and not die," saw her arranging everything with deft, firm hands that created beauty and order as they went, saw two little children in their gay glistens, dressed, like the world, out of nothing. I felt there was nothing in her situation calling for pity.

The tide was out, with all the dancing, leaping, foam-crested, sunlit waves. Here was the bed-rock, the foundation; strong points of whose existence we were ignorant in time of high water.

Her one trait that over-topped all others was self respect. The quality that in prosperous times had been covetousness, growth, even to the dignified demeanor that said, "I am what I am. I can not be despised."

Since then I have noticed many others who have met with reverses, and many who seem to plot along in a sort of lead-colored existence always. I hear it said: "If I am sorry for him or her," or "do so pity this one or that one."

Then I have wanted to answer: "Don't pity men, women, they don't need it. Show pity to some strong man in blue overalls, whom you used to know in the nobility of business suits, and see how quickly he will freeze over. Show sympathy and friendship, ignoring his clanged fortune and his poor: soot will look from his eyes to return your greeting. You see at once he is not hopeless; that the brightest things of life still remain for him."

Don't pity a woman who does her own work and often looks tired and disengaged.

Don't pity the farmer's wife, nor her equally hard-working sister in the village or city. They certainly have their dark hours—when, who has not? but there is always something for which one works and hopes. Always something for which in its worse trial, elastic humanity whispers "resurgent."

No, don't pity men and women. pity babies who meet no welcome on their arrival into this world. They have a pitiful start in life.

Pity dumb animals whose right to existence is not recognized.

But don't stand up in the temple and thank God you are not like other people. Go close to your brother or sister who is so humble in attitude and you will find they too are waiting for their inheritance. We all stand together on Mount Pisgah and look for our promised land, but each one sees his own purple mountains and vine-covered valleys. It is no more true that every heart knoweth its own bitterness than that:

"For us all some sweet lida lies Deeply hidden from human eye."

When we look at our neighbors and see them only thistles and duck-ponds, we may be sure, somewhere, they have their clear, still waters and gardens of roses.

Read Kelly Bros' advertisement. Something to interest everyone.

In Brief, And to the Point.
Dyspepsia is dreadful. Disordered liver is misery. Indigestion is a foe to good nature.

The human digestive apparatus is one of the most complicated and wonderful things in existence. It is easily out of order.

Greasy food, tough food, sloppy food, bad cookey, mental worry, late hours, irregular habits, and many other things, which ought not to have made the American people a nation of dyspeptics.

But Green's August Flower has done a wonderful work in reforming this bad business and making the American people so healthy that they can enjoy their meals and be happy.

Remember:—No happiness without health. But Green's August Flower brings health and happiness to the dyspeptic. Ask your druggist for a bottle. Seventy-five cents.

JINGLES AND JOKERLETS.
Half an Hour with the Wise Men, the Wits and the Paragraphs of the Day.

Gop the year round.—National Pills are a good blood purifier, liver regulator and mild purgative for all seasons.

For the complexion.—For Pimplles, Tan, Blotches, and all itching tumors of the skin, use Prof. Low's Magic Sulphur Soap.

Look out for H.
If you are troubled with a cold or cough, however light the attack, look out for it, do not allow it to settle on the lungs; break up the cough by loosening the tough phlegm with Haygar's Pectoral Balsam.

Wheezing, gasping sufferers from asthma receive quick and permanent relief by using Southern Asthma Cure. Sold by all druggists or girls by mail on receipt of price.

Do You Believe in Signs?

We do: for instance the signs of typical liver are yellow eyes, sallow complexion, pain under right shoulder, irregular stools, headache, low spirits and weariness. All these signs may be removed by Burdock Blood Bitters which is a sure cure for all pitiable objects. As I looked at the neatly dressed blithe little figure, and noted the cheerfully defiant expression of the childishly fair face, neither did I pity her. I had known her all her life. Once, she was a bright, wayward school girl, next as a rather wild young lady, and in due time as a dashing young matron, delighting in dressing, dancing, defining her motherless curves, and giving fine dinners. I had known her always prosperous, but as I saw her now I concluded I had never known the real woman.

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O. Botte, of Manchester, Ontario Co., N. Y., writes:—I obtained immediate relief from the use of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. I had had Asthma for eleven years. I have been obliged to sit up all night for ten or twelve nights in succession. I can now sleep soundly all night on a feather bed, which I had not been able to do previously.

Rent and Furniture to the suffering.

"Brown's Household Panacea has no qual for relieving pain, both external and internal. It cures Pain in the Head, Back, or Bowels, Sore Throat, Rheumatism, Toothache, Lumbago and any kind of a Pain or Ach. It will purge and quieten the Blood and Heal its acting power is wonderful." Brown's Household Panacea, being acknowledged as the great Pain Reliever, and double the strength of any other Elixir or Liniment in the world, should be in every family handy to use when wanted. "As it is really the best remedy in the world for Cramps in the stomach and Palpitations of all kinds, and is for sale by all Druggists at 25 cents."

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BREATHING THERAPY.

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