

# The Acton Free Press

THURSDAY, JUNE 30, 1892.

## The Young Folks.

### IS IT NOTHING TO YOU?

Is it nothing to you, all you that pass by? Is it nothing to you that the dead ones should die? Is it nothing to you that his struggles are vain. Thus daily the tempest adds strength to his chain. Is it nothing to you that the heart of his wife is broken? Is it nothing to you that his wife is dead? Is it nothing to you that his child is dead? Is it nothing to you that his house is pulled down? Is it nothing to you that the dead's dealing baffle? Is it nothing to him, his mind and his soul? Is it nothing to him that the world is so cold? Is it nothing to him that the world is so cold? Is it nothing to you that the young of our land are surrounded by dangers on every hand? When the drink comes tantalizing past me. Oh, say, if you will tell me, is nothing to you? It is nothing to you. For though that you know very well what is next to succumb to the foe; It is something to you that you know not the hour. When one that you love may fall 'neath the power.

Of the serpent that coils in the depths of life.

Soon, soon to be crushed in his hideous folds. Then up and be doing! let us do! That you even thought that was nothing to you. It is something to me, I must do what I may. The little it be to hasten the day. When strong Alfred's strength shall totter and fall And the sun of the universe be loosed from his thral.

It is something to you, it is something to me. And we'll press and we'll work that our land may be free.

From the depths that rot in the light of the sun.

And we will give over till the victory's won. With our face to the sun we'll conquer or die. It is something to us, and we will not base us.

—E. M.

### Literary Links.

Six hundred thousand copies of "Ben-Hur" have been sold. The author, Gen. Lew Wallace, has already received \$100,000 in royalty.

Three sons of Charles Dickens are living. Charles is editor of "All the Year Around"; Alfred Tennyson is a merchant; to Melville; and Edward Bulwer Lytton is a sheep farmer and member of Parliament in New South Wales.

Book News gives the portrait of Edgar Watson Howe, of the Atkinson Globe and author of "The Story of a Country Town," by which he has won rank as a writer of American fiction. An article in the Edinburgh Review classed him among the half-dozen favorite writers of that kind of literature. His manuscript was refused by J. R. Osgood & Co., and afterwards sold for him by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. He is now printed by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. He is 37 years old.

Never. Never be afraid to talk to strangers on the subject of religion.

Never step over duty to perform another.

Never be impatient with the children.

Never forget that God sees you.

Never say anything about others that you would not like to have said about you.

Never grow weary in well doing.

Never conclude that a man has no good in him, because he does not think just as you do.

Never worry about troubles that have not yet come in sight.

Never do anything for mere effect.

Never be disengaged about anything as long as you believe that God lives.—Paul's Horn.

### The Way to the Poor House.

"Is this the way to the poorhouse?" asked one man of another, as he pointed in a certain direction. "No, but this is," answered the other, as he pointed to a whisky flask sticking out of the inquirer's pocket. The answer was surely very correct. The whisky bottle is what drives many people to the poorhouse. It makes them neglect their business, it steals their earnings, it gives them bad habits, it clothes them and their children in rags, and robs them of their daily bread. Yes, and as last it robs them of their souls.

Franklin wrote the following letter to a man to whom he was leading some money: "I send you herewith a bill for ten dollars. Do not pretend to give such a sum. I only lend it to you. When you shall return to your country, you cannot fail of getting into some kind of trouble, and in time enable you to pay off all your debts." In that case, when you meet with another honest man, in similar distress, you must pay me by lending this sum to him, enjoining him to discharge the debt by a like operation. When he shall meet with another opportunity, I hope it may then go through many hands, because it meets with a knave to stop its progress. This is a trick of mine for doing a deal of good with little money."

What is forgiveness? It is the odor which flowers yield when trampled upon.

### Not to be Bluffed.

A young saleswoman in a drug store who had just sold a quantity of goods to a lady, asked:

"Will you have the goods sent, or take them with you?"

"Do you expect that I am going to carry a bundle like that?" said the shopkeeper indignantly.

"Oh, no, madam," answered the saleswoman, mistress of herself. "I supposed your carriage was at the door, and that you might prefer to take your purchase with you."

And she scored one on the victorious side.

If you want first-class Goshen cash and doors, at Goshen prices, T. Evans can fill your order, at his planing mill.



### NOTES HERE AND THERE.

Items of General Interest to Free Press Readers.

"We recommend this truly wonderful remedy—St. Jacobs Oil—to every one who is suffering from pain. We are personally acquainted with many marvelous cures effected by its use." While the above is from Modern Truth, it is an ancient fact for the cure of pain. St. Jacobs Oil has no equal.

"Oh dear!" exclaimed Mrs. H., "where in the world did I put that roll of silk? I am very careful when I put it away to have it fixed in my mind where I placed it."

"It is fixed in your mind just as it is," replied Foggs; "but nevertheless, you know it is nothing to you that the price of our land is surrounded by dangers on every hand?"

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