

The Action Free Press

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The Young Folks.

THE SONG THE KETTLE SINGS.

Here are the songs I hear—
As the old, old story tell,
And a sweet thought through the room—
The kettle sings, the kettle sing,
And glad the now the skylarks trill
At down upon their pleasant wing,
But drear, sadder, better still,
The kettle sings, the kettle sing,
How strangely strange it is.
The pleasant scenes of other days,
The happy golden morn when
We went off simple trusting ways,
And gayly to summer's day,
And gayly home again with smiles;
We had left our father's door
To go the many weary miles.

The kettle, deep—place it
The aged, the bent, the lame,
And faded here that faded late;
And strangely mingle miles and tea;
As the old, old days of yore,
The old, old days of the white, the bear,
The low, low, wistful kettle sings.

The morn there triple ruddy gleam,
On ruddy figures bathed and fair,
That in the changing glow, and hue,
The future morn of life is born,
Of golden balm, hope swarming;
And thence their music strangely swells
The new, new song the kettle sings.

On the morn up hills and down,
And all the hopes of those who
Within the kettle's gentle tone,
On graduation days borne to me,
And gladness which carelessness,
Came hither from the far-off scenes,
And whisper from the peaceful lane,
Are in the song the kettle sings.

Would you become a youth again?
Back in that dear old home once more?
Then you will find it every day,
May have for office a morning rose;
Or, would you feel the morning dew
Of rest upon like a street wings?
Then dream with due and listen to
The low, low, wistful kettle sing.

REALITIES.

The ticklish question is rarely a laugh matter.

Old Jack is dead—died from drink? Poor old man; spirited away.

Bally! Always set my face against a muck-tache.

Mum Elderly What would you do if I should tell you my age? He—Multiply it by two.

It is the fall now for girls to present each other with pin cushions filled with their own combings.

It's a question now which girl is nearest up to date, the horse racing girl or the yachting girl.

Van Witter Miss Gladys is a lovely girl but she has no heart. You Miner—Yes, she has mine.

Thrusts—sooths—pluck the fly from the sunburnt leg, but the wise man lets the poor fly lowest bidder.

Why do you prefer the wanton girl who can't speak English? Because you don't have to take her impudence then.

First Summer Girl Do you like the bun posture? Second Summer Girl—Oh, yes; I think it just takes the cake.

Lacrosse dialogue in a Yankee village—Bill's got home, B'gosh! Has he, b'gosh? Yes, b'gosh! Well, o' gosh.

Mamma Where are you going to do that fancy work? Daughter I don't know, I don't much fancy work in such hot weather.

It is interesting and somewhat disquieting to note how much more identification it takes to cash a check than it does to get lynched.

It is with disease of the mind as with those of the body, we half-asleep before we understand our disorder, and half-asleep when we do.

John, said his wife, I thought you told me that your friend J. E. Neill was an anti-whiskey man. He is all summer. He drinks beer.

Another I saw you advertise special inducements to invalids. Landlord, Yes, sir, we have a doctor, druggist and under-taker in the house.

Kindly old man in the park. Your horses interfere a little doesn't he? Crusty driver—Yes, but he isn't interfering with anybody but himself.

Did I understand you to say that your husband was slight commandant? Yes ma'am, He's the man what works the calcium light behind the scenes.

IRAM'S HORN BLASTS.

The devil often wears a white cravat. The world is full of religion that did not come from Christ.

Joy that isn't shared with somebody else soon becomes mouldy.

If God puts mountains before us, it is that we may obtain nearer views of heaven from them.

No woman can be a good housekeeper who does not hate dirt.

When a young man takes his first drink he gives the devil an unlosed mortgage on himself.

The man who lives only for himself is engaged in very small business.

If grunting could be exchanged for gold, how many of us would be rich.

It is very foolish to give your children good advice while you are setting them a bad example.

This is a proud of the man who treats his mate better than he does his wife.

Great victories are only for those who are willing to fight great battles.

Nothing looks uglier than to see a person whose hands are covered over with warts. Why have these disfigurements on your person when a sure remover of all warts, corns, etc., can be found in Hollis' way to Cure.

Pay as you go, and have no dead dogs to pay for.

Every place has its advantages or disadvantages.

At the Bank.

This is to notify you that the bank of health is over drawn, at this rate you will soon be bankrupt unless you take

SCOTT'S EMULSION

Of Pure Norwegian Cod Liver Oil, and Hypophosphites to build you up.

It is the best Remedy for Consumption, Coughs, and Consumption.

It is the best Remedy for Consumption.