

The Acton Free Press

THURSDAY, MAY 10, 1894.

The Young Folks.

OUR ANSWER.

I started my tables over, and back, ward and forward, too. But I couldn't remember all times since, and I didn't know what to do. Therefore I was walking with my doll and not letting my legs. If you call her "Pity-lope" for a while you'll learn it by heart," she said. So I told my favorite, Mary Ann (though I was a very good child), to give me a little advice. And I called her dear little "Pity" for a hundred times. She said, "It's all the answer of two things: two. Next day Elizabeth Whigsworth, who always actives, said, "Hurry up, hurry up! But I waited! Hurry when teacher said, "Now Hurry, tell off if you can." You thought of the doll-and-oil, dear me! I answered, Mary Ann!" — *Pity and Science.*

THE MORNING DOWN.

From time immemorial women have brought their meals at their breakfast tables in bags, and neatly-covered hair. They have been, how the impression a man carries away from home with him makes or mars his day. And they have turned upon their advisers with cold scorn and implied that giving good counsel was an easier thing than to dress well when six children and one man had to be sent off for the day and our breakfast prepared.

The breakfast gown for the ordinary woman who has to get breakfast should not be of a yellowish tint. Wool manages to absorb the colour of everything cooked, to collect all the dainties. It is going to be in a very short time when a light-colored print or garment is not an attractive object when the snow is falling and the winds are blowing.

One woman has solved the problem of morning dress to her own satisfaction. She has several gray blue, plain gray and plain brown gingham of the quality that costs about thirty cents a yard. These colors are all dark enough to be appropriate for winter. They are all made in exactly the same way. A pointed yoke with a piping of red and brown and gray, and of white on the blouses, a wide collar, a gathered waist, full skirt trimmed with bias folds, piped, full sleeves and piping cuffs, form a very neat costume. The furthermore adorns herself with a soft wash silk tie of white or red, and looks absolutely dainty and fresh every morning in the week although she has to cook the breakfast. — *World.*

HOW HE HIT THE BULL'S EYE. A waggon broker, who is widely and popularly known in Wall street, is sojourning at Lakewood this spring, and he made considerable fun for himself and his associates last week. He is no means noted as a marksman, and when he took half a dozen of his New York associates back of the hotel-cum-morgue and showed them a bullet imbedded in the bull's eye of a target neatly painted on a door board, the usual inquiry was: "Who fired the shot?"

"I fired the shot at a distance of 200 yards," said the waggon broker, earnestly. "Oh, phew!" "Non sense!" "Pooh-poo!" "You couldn't have hit the barn at that distance," were the comments of his friends. But the waggon broker was persistent, and he suggested that perhaps some of his associates would like to bet. Yet, three of them were willing to wager almost anything, from a dinner to \$1,000, that the waggon broker did not fire that shot. He took his men, one for a dinner for ten men and another for a case of champagne. Then he brought out two witnesses—two distinguished guests at a hotel—who very soberly declared that he had painted the target on the barn door after he had fired the shot. — *New York Times.*

THE MARINER'S COMPASS. A Scotchman one day was bragging in Thebes' port that he was a countryman of his that had the honor of inventing the compass. Thebes' son, his part against the rest, who differed from him, and he said he could neither tell nor tell the occasion of it. The Scotchman seemed much pleased at having agreed an advocate when Thebes' proceeded as follows:

When the captain of a ship was coasting with all that caution necessary before the invention of the compass, a storm suddenly sprang up and drove him out to sea. Not knowing where he was, and expressing his concern for the safety of the ship, a Scotchman told the crew he had bid him to be under no circumstances, for he could at least tell him in what direction they were. "Well, that will do something," says the captain. "Then here it is now," says the Scotchman, pulling a house out of his pocket and placing it on a sheet of white paper, "watch that fellow's motions well, for I'll be hanged if ever saw a Scotch house that did not always travel south."

HIS FUTURE.

The boy studied the question a moment. "Really," he replied at last, "I don't know. I suppose I ought to be a man, but from the way mamma is handling it, I'm afraid I'm going to be a lady."

Only a Step

from Weak Lungs to Consumption, from Depleted Blood to Anæmia, from Disease Blood to Scrofula, from Loss of Flesh to Illness.

Scott's Emulsion

the Cream of Cod-liver Oil, prevents this step from being taken and restores Health. Physicians, the world over, endorse it.

Don't be deceived by Substitutes!

THROW IT AWAY.



There is no longer any use in cluttering up the room with sticks, twigs, and other debris.

which gives never fails, but often infests great numbers of people and all those disappeared after using the bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters. I cannot praise its healing qualities highly enough.

— Georgia Holmes.

West Point, N.Y.

— *Young Folks.*

— *Our Answer.*

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She has several gray blue, plain gray and plain brown gingham of the quality that costs about thirty cents a yard.

These colors are all dark enough to be appropriate for winter.

They are all made in exactly the same way.

A pointed yoke with a piping of red and brown and gray, and of white on the blouses, a wide collar, a gathered waist, full skirt trimmed with bias folds, piped, full sleeves and piping cuffs, form a very neat costume.

The furthermore adorns herself with a soft wash silk tie of white or red, and looks absolutely dainty and fresh every morning in the week although she has to cook the breakfast. — *World.*

— *How He Hit the Bull's Eye.*

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He took his men, one for a dinner for ten men and another for a case of champagne.

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— *The Mariner's Compass.*

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