

The Action Free Press

THURSDAY, JULY 18, 1895.

The Young Folks.

TIGER-LILIES.
Beside the way side wall they blow
In all the wealth of tiger gold,
The flowers are so bright,
When in the forest they unfold.
Like sentinels they stand beside
The field in all their lissome grace,
While happy bees about them glide,
And through their ranks little shadow
Shine.

"I have a what you know this
In morning's glow and twilight's gloom,
Through days of storm and days that shine,
To only have to dream and bloom!"
H. K. MUNROE.

FEMINE SHOULDERS.

A "Balgas" at the recent National Council of Women contained the following:

"Shouldn't the reading of a paper, and when she 'shouldn't' be doing anything of the kind?

You shouldn't be extreme.

You shouldn't sacrifice your individuality at the shrine of fashion.

You shouldn't allow your dressmaker to sell you animal power, except with the very lightest and most pliable material.

You shouldn't wear tan shoes with a silk or dressy gown.

You shouldn't wear tight stock collar with broad white lace, nor look as though your head was tied on—they are pose.

You shouldn't wear a floral collar if your complexion is faded or inclined to yellowness.

You shouldn't have your gown measure more than seven yards around the hem; five and a half if you are small, four and a half if you are sensible and small.

You shouldn't carry a bowler, lace or chiffon-trimmed parasol in town, except for carriage use.

You shouldn't wear a silk or satin bodice with lace and a shirt.

You shouldn't wear silk or velvet for travelling; washable materials or brilliantines are the best.

You shouldn't wear bloomers without a skirt, unless you wish to look vulgar.

You shouldn't wear a cloth cap in the summer, either for cycling, golf or tennis. It collects the dust, and is very warm. Straw or duck is more up-to-date and comfortable.

You shouldn't ignore fashion altogether. You needn't be in the fashion if you do not want to, and happen to be an exceptionally pretty woman.

NOTHING NEW.

Last year some enterprising person got up what he thought was a new and clever joke about Congress. He issued a little book, bound in a green paper cover, bearing the title, "What Congress Has Done." Inside were some twenty blank pages, the idea being that Congress had wasted its time and done nothing. The fact is historical, and is as follows. In the year 1679 the Danes advanced with a large force upon Hamburg, but after a siege of considerable duration, seeing but little hope of success, they finally withdrew, and marched back. The Hamburgers caused a medal to be struck in commemoration of the event. On one side of this numismatic curiosity was the inscription, "The King of Denmark came before Hamburg. What he gained by it will be seen on the other side." On the other side was a total blank." This would seem to be additional proof of the truth of the assertion that there is nothing new under the sun, particularly in the line of jokes.

A BEAR'S NOSE.

A sportsman's life was once saved by his knowledge of the physical peculiarities of the bear. General Hamilton, who tells the story in his "Sport in Southern India," was out on a bear shooting expedition with a brother officer. The bears drove the bear from his hiding place, and a shot from the officer threw him on the ground, but he got up with a grunt and made off.

As the bear passed an open gun General Hamilton again fired, but missed, and the bear turned upon him. When he was within a few yards the general gave him the other bullet. As this did not stop him Hamilton started running, but tripped over a rock and fell flat on his face.

The bear was upon him instantly, and the sportsman, looking over his shoulder, saw into the bear's mouth as the brute made a grab at him. The animal caught him by the thigh and pinned him. Knowing that a bear's nose is very sensitive, Hamilton hit him several hard blows on the nose. The bear, unable to endure the pain, let go and before he could get hold again, Hamilton was up the hill.

He sprang up and attacked the bear by a pull through the heart. But the bear's claws had laid open Hamilton's thigh to the bone, and he was to bed for a month. *Compassion.*

INDIGNANT.

There used to be an old porter at a certain Irish railway station who was more remarkable for independence of character than attention to his duties.

On one occasion two of the directors were travelling over the line and noticed that the name of this station was not saluted, the neglect being the more serious as it was a junction. This was made the subject of complaint, and old Charley, who was the disengaged, was promptly brought to book and reprimanded.

He was very wrath that anyone should find fault with him, and thirsted for revenge. So keeping a lookout until he saw the directors on their return, he stood opposite their carriage and shouted a stentorian voice:

"Cookstown Junction! Change here for Handsworth, Castledawson, Magherafelt, Monymore and all stations on the Cookstown line, and don't say, ye blaggards, ye weren't told!" London Answer.

FIVE SWEET WORDS.

Five of the sweetest words in the English language begin with H, which is only a breath. Heart, Hope, Home, Happiness and Heaven. Heart is a home place, and home is a heart place, and that makes a mistake who would exchange the happiness of home for anything less than Heaven.

Please write few poems to their wives.

If you want first class Gasephaphine and home at thrif price, T. R. Lazarus, can fill your order at his planing mill.

NOTES HERE AND THERE.

Items of General Interest to Free Press' Readers:

Weak and Soreness.

Describes the condition of thousands of people at this season. They have no appetite, cannot sleep, and complain of the painful effects of walking, whether this condition may be remedied by H. J. Scott's Enterprise, which creates an appetite and tones up all the organs. It gives good health by making the blood pure.

H. J. Scott's are the best after dinner pills, assist digestion, cure rheumatism,

and remove the effects of walking.

Take the tablets in all their forms of grace,

With happy here about them glide,

And through their ranks little shadow

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