

## The Acton Free Press

THURSDAY, AUGUST 29, 1895.

### The Young Folks.

**AN OLD-FASHIONED GIRL.**  
"I feel bad," Yes, I must confess  
The antique feels and furbelows,  
The faded ribbons and the bows.  
How many a girl has had such charming  
That whitened neck, those tawny arms,  
I expect now, her ruddy glow,  
Her rosy cheeks and her blue eyes,  
And smile have lost their luster.  
By those fatal feelings that dogging us,  
By each other's looks, we're all  
Miserably in love, at least, at first.  
An old old-fashioned girl.  
"The long time since she had a beau,  
And now with it one who sits a row  
Among the girls, and all the girls,  
Wants to be the object of our grace.  
She yearns to join the may-wait,  
And always sits in smiling seats  
At the meetings, and all the eyes  
Wherever the fairer sex sit.  
"She dreams of poverty,  
And longs to dash and beggar-street,  
And goes with swift and pitying feet,  
This same old-fashioned girl."

—PARKER D. KENNEDY.

**A RUN ON AN IRISH BANK.**  
Most of the depositors drew their money in gold, but some were quite satisfied to take out notes. Many did not know what to do, so they resorted to demand to be paid their money in the same form as they had lodged it. One old woman who made this demand was drawing a large sum which had been deposited for four or five years. Notwithstanding, she professed to be able to tell me the items of which her deposit was originally composed. "So many sovereigns, the rest in notes," "bill not a Bank of Ireland note in the whole of it." "What would you do when and how money would affect you? After counting it carefully over hand it back to me again, apparently quite satisfied with this proof of our safety. The crushing in front of the counter was often severe, and excitement would at such times run high; each man struggling with his neighbor to reach the cash office before the last sovereign was paid. I found it an excellent plan to spill a bag of 1,000 sovereigns or so on the table immediately behind me, so in full view of the public. When the money was collected we had plenty left, they calmed down and came forward in their proper turns. The shopkeepers did its good service during these times, making it a point to stand in their lodgements in the presence of the excited depositors. —Chamberlain's Journal.

**AND THE MEN SAT STILL.**  
An accident occurred on an afternoon train on the Consolidated Road that ought to have found its way into print before this. It had numerous lessons. Among the passengers were three sweet and quiet Hibernians, of their chaste and modest ways. A strong and stout conductor, an unassuming, entered the car and sat down beside one of them. He talked persistently, drank from a bottle that he carried, and finally stuck his disagreeable face repeatedly into the long tassel of a Sister in a most insulting way. She was evidently much frightened. The conductor had already been told of the man's conduct, but did nothing. The other passengers, in true passenger fashion, sat silent. No more. No more.

Finally a young white as a sheet and full of suppressed indignation, got up from her seat and went to the rescue. She grabbed the fellow's bottle, wrestled it from his hands and flung it out of the window, and then took hold of him, and after a lively and unassisted struggle got him out of the seat. "I'm no Roman Catholic," she said, excitedly to the spectators, "but I will not sit still and see a Sister of Charity insulted." —Chicago Times.

### HE WAS ASHAMED.

A clerk and his country father entered a restaurant Saturday evening, and took seats at a table. The waiter, a young and spruce operator, put on his best, and bowed his head, and was about to say grace, when a waiter flew up, saying, "I have beefsteak, codfish balls, and bullheads." Father and son gave their orders and the former again bowed his head. The young man turned the color of a blood red beet, and touching his father's arm, exclaimed in a low, nervous tone:

"Father, it isn't customary to do that to restaurants!"

"It's customary with me to return thanks to God whenever I eat," said the old man.

For the third time he bowed his head, and his son bowed his head, and the telegraph operator passed in the act of carrying his beefsteak and bowed his head, and the journalist pushed back his fish ball and bowed his head, and there wasn't a man who heard the short and simple prayer that didn't feel a profound respect for the old father, if he had been born.

### HE WAS POSTED.

In North Carolina the judge, a man of considerable wealth, and a son of one of the state's most popular politicians. When Judge Shipp of one of the mountain circuits in regular rotation came to ride a circuit on the seacoast, he was much pleased with claims, which were new to him. He had a claim supper, with the result that he had a most violent attack and could not hold court for two or three days. When able to sit on the bench, the first case tried was an affray, in which one man used a pistol and the other knocked him down with a chair, the shell. Many witnesses said that one gun used was a deadly weapon. "Stop there, Manly," said the judge sternly. "The court will hear evidence whether or not a pistol is a deadly weapon, but the court knows without further evidence that a pistol is."

### THE POST'S REWARD.

It is amazing to know how small were the pecuniary rewards of Bryant's literary labor. Two dollars a poem was the price that he earned, and he seemed to be abundantly satisfied with it. A good many men in New York might have been paid and said to him, "I have just bought the earliest edition of your poems and gave \$20 for it." "Mine, a long shot," replied the poet, "than I received for writing the whole work." —Chicago Tribune.

### MEET NIGHTS.

This new woman is still clamoring for her "vested rights," in spite of the fact that she is only vested, but is used, standing collected, single bedded, since blouses have come in other things as well. The rest will come if she is only patient. It is never too late to be overly.

### AS GOOD AS WHEAT.

**NOTES HERE AND THERE.**  
Items of General Interest to Free  
Prize Readers.

"I see," remarked the wife, "you are  
not wheat here, but I have a good supply  
in Chicago, and I don't expect wheat  
will keep you till it gets to one dollar.  
Now, I'd like to contract to sell you my  
crop for seventy cents. Twenty cents will  
do me. I'd rather have a sure thing than  
it's gone, but I like my chances on doing  
better by waiting."

"But," replied the commission merchant,  
"I can't agree to contract for your wheat  
at seventy cents."

"Why not? It's gone up a dollar  
if you must pay a bushel. And  
I don't think it's worth it."

"Oh, yes, but you are that seventy cents  
now, a speculative price. It isn't  
worth paying for real wheat."

"Don't pay that for real wheat? What  
is in thunder does it pay it for, then?"

"Why, for options."

"Well, what the blues are options?"

"Why, they're promises to wheat and  
sell it for such and such a price."

"Well, I'll take you to get the wheat  
shortly."

"Now, why sell the promises again  
as the market rises or falls."

"An' don't they buy and sell any  
wheat at all?"

"Not much."

"Just buy and sell wheat at seventy cents  
a bushel?"

"That's about it."

"Thunder am I, Mars, wish I'd known  
that last fall. I wouldn't have sold any  
wheat. I'd have kept the best part, now  
I'll winter, till I'd filled all the bags I  
could get off. But it isn't too late yet,  
if you want to buy wheat instead of  
wheat, I can supply the market for the  
whole country right from my farm."

### LET US QUARREL TO-MORROW.

My wife is one of the sweetest little  
women in the whole world, and I am not  
particularly cranky, but sometimes differ-  
ences would arise, beginning with the most  
trivial things, which, however, being duly  
nursed, became of immaterial proportions  
and often threatened the peace of the  
family. I would then say, "I'm not  
going to sleep unless I've got a good  
night's sleep." And, if she wanted to go to  
bed, I would say, "I'm not going to sleep  
unless I've got a good night's sleep."

But my little wife had an inspiration  
and would have a little chance talk with  
her mother, and the next morning  
our argument was drifting near the danger  
line, she turned aside the collision by this  
woman's suggestion: "Howard, dear, let's  
quarrel to-morrow." This was a proposal  
which, indeed, I could not refuse. And, instead  
of that, I feared I should sacrifice my  
dignity, (?) as head of the family, by not  
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