

The Acton Free Press
THURSDAY, APRIL 6, 1896.

The Young Folks.

MOTHER'S ERRAND GIRL.
A pound of tea, one-and-three.
A pot of strawberry jam.
Boules new laid eggs, dozen.
A dozen & four saucers, of ham.
Fifteen eggs all the day.
One I should forget.
For if I chance to bring things wrong,
Mother gets into a peep.
A pound of tea, at one-and-three,
A pot of jam, a dozen.
Boules new laid eggs, dozen.
And a pound of rashers of ham.
There is the boy the children play.
They're having such jolly fun;
I'll go there, too, that's what I'll do.
As soon as my errands are done.
A pot of tea, at one-and-three,
A pot of jam, a dozen.
Some strawberries, a dozen pegs.
And a pound of rashers of ham.
There's Teddy White flying his kite,
He thinks himself grand, I declare,
I'll go and try to make it fly, up, up,
Eve so much higher than the old church spire.
And there, but there —

A pound of three, at one-and-three.
A pot of jam, a dozen.
Boules new laid eggs, dozen.
And a pound of rashers of ham.
Now here's the shop outside I'll stop
And say my errands again.
I haven't forgot, no, never a jot,
It shows me sharp, that's plain.
A pot of tea, at one-and-three,
A pot of jam, a dozen.
A dozen of strawberries, ham.
A pot of eggs, a dozen pegs.
And a reamer of new laid jams.

DR. PARKHURST ON CHILD TRAINING.

Child training is, in the first instance, ethical rather than intellectual, writes the Rev. Charles H. Parkhurst, D.D., in the *Ladies' Home Journal*. No one will ask to have this point argued who considers that the child is to be educated for the purpose of becoming a good citizen, and not for the purpose of making him an expert or a sharper. It is a great idea to make people bright than it is to make them sound. Mentality is an easy art as compared with morality. There is a good deal to be said about intellectual discipline while we get to that point, but it is still true that the issue of life are out of the heart and not out of the brain. The brain can be taught from books, but morality is not a thing that can be printed. There are, it is true, books that are published on ethics, but few read them and probably fewer understand them. The old Hebrews were pre-occupied with moral concepts, some of them written by God's own hand; but even the first generation that had the Ten Commandments had to be killed off before the Promised Land could be entered.

I am not going to underrate the value and importance of mental schooling for the children, and it needs to be said that unless a man has a pure and honest heart, he less knows the better it will be for him to be well educated. And it needs to be said that even the most worthless of intellectual training, such as the sometimes bound brain and sound life, are incomparable. Even if our objects were only to secure the finest and fullest intellectual development, we should still aim, first of all, to secure a foundation of personal integrity for the actions of wisdom to rest and vegetate in. It is something as it is with the planting of an astronomical observatory, however fine its equipment and whatever the power of the lenses, we depend first of all upon the solidity with which the observatory is planted.

A BRAVE STAND.

A successful evangelist who had been sold into slavery for Christ. A commercial traveller took him to a good sale, and the merchant said: "It's a treat!" He knew what that meant. There was a saloon across the street, and he was expected to go across and "set up" the drinks for the whole establishment.

"What is the use?" he said to himself. "This is one of the expediences of the trade. I needn't drink anything. I can order the cigar, or a supper, or —"

"Yes," something said to him, "you can just sit right out here and make a wreck of it."

"Boys," said he in the new inspiration sent from above, "if I should do that I would be disgracing myself in the world, and if you'll let me out of it I'll tell you why. I have just come up from the very gates of death and hell through strong drink, and if I did what you ask I'd dig the deepest thing in all the world both for you and me."

Instantly the cashier leaped down from the desk.

"Have you got a pledge? I'll sign it off!"

And the merchant afterward took off the commercial traveller's said to say:

"I promise you I'll never drink another drop as long as I live."

It pays to be outspoken for Christ. Selected.

AT HIS HOME.

"Bill" Nye's life, however, was in his domestic circle. His wife, a young woman, was just the helpmate for such a man, and with his four children he was much a child as any of them. He was a liberal entertainer of those who were so fortunate as to be his guests, but always refrained as much as possible from "grin and grins" in the presence of his guests. He was much devoted to a worn-out pipe, and stretched himself on an easy, old-fashioned lounge and puffed to his heart's content after his meal. "Work and play and comfort," he was wont to say, "comes with me." His room, wherein he ruled his household, he called a place where he could sit and his work was done to the morning hours. For three years he told a secret chest, that he did all his work standing up at a tall desk and that gave him a stoop which imparted a scholarly air of which he was proud.

THE DOCTOR'S REPLY.

Chalmers, the eminent divine, was fond of telling the following story:

Lady Betty Cunningham, having had some difference of opinion with the parson minister, instead of putting her usual contribution in the collection plate, merely gave a smile. This having occurred several times, the elder in charge of the plates at last had patience and blurted out: "We are desirous of your manners, and music & far nill, m'dddy."

During one occasion at the house of a nobleman he happened to repeat the same date, whereupon the host, in a not over well pleased tone, said:

"Are you aware, Dr. Chalmers, that Lady Betty is a relative of mine?" replied the doctor, "but, with your permission, I shall mention the fact the next time I tell the story."

LAZY OR MODEST.

An army officer related to a reporter of the Washington Star this story:

"When I was a lieutenant serving in Virginia, we had in the company a stubby, illiterate, lazy fellow named Jack Headless. He was terribly slovenly, but I noticed that whenever there was a skirmish Jack always wanted to be in it."

"One day about twenty of us were caught on a rocky knoll by a battalion of cavalry from the other side. There was a great deal of shooting, but the odds were too great for us, who presently sold out of their hiding-place and made their escape.

"Jack had come down — the hero of the hour. He was for making a corporal of him, and called him in for a little talk before taking active measures in his behalf.

"'Are you aware, Jack?' said I, 'that you did a very brave thing in that fight this afternoon?'

"'What fight? Lieutenant?' he responded.

"'Do you mean to modest?' said I, 'you know what fight.'

"'You mean the half fight, don't you, Lieutenant? That robe didn't fight. Only the bluecoat fit.'

"'Well, none of them did but you.'

"'Did that? — F'lemon's notion!'

"' Didn't you know they all ran away, and left you there alone?'

"'Well, I noticed I felt kinder lousome.'

"'That's all right, Jack,' said I, getting to the point. "You do as brave act as a soldier could do, and I want you to be rewarded for it."

"'What do I do, Lieutenant?'

"'You didn't run away, as the others did, Jack, I noticed in though something funny had occurred to him.'

"Why, Lieutenant," he said, "that wasn't bravery. There was a lot of buckhounds up there just in reach of where I was lain among the rocks in the sunshine, and I just lay too lazy to run."

WHICH WILL YOU TAKE?

A writer relates a touching episode in everyday life as follows:

"Entering the office of a well known merchant, I lifted my eyes and found myself confronted with the brightest and most thrilling temperament I ever observed myself against in the whole course of my life. It was no inscription marked with a pen on the back of a postal card, nailed to the desk. The inscription read as follows:

"WHICH WILL YOU TAKE?
Wife or Whiskey?
The Hollow or the Bottles?
The Glass or the Cellar?"

"Where did you get that, and what do you call it there for?" I asked the other chink.

"I wrote that myself and nailed it up there," was the reply, "and I will tell you the story of that card. Sometimes I habitually run out once in awhile with a customer, or at the invitation of a travel man, or on any light excuse. I soon found that my business facilities were continually out of sorts, my appetite failing, and a constant craving for alcohol stimulate becoming more and more tame in the eyes of my wife, who deplored it, and I took a long look ahead. One day I sat down at this desk and half unconscious wrote the inscription on that card. On looking at it upon its completion, a sudden revelation burst upon me like a flash. I nailed it up there, and read it over many, many times that afternoon. "That night I went home sober, and I have not touched a drop of intoxicating liquor since. You see, I was starting it as litigation. Now I have literary prodigies, and I regard that card as a masterpiece. It speaks out three solemn warnings every time I look at it. The first is a son from the cradle, the second from the cradle, and the third and last from —."

Here my friend's earnestness deepened into a solemn shaking of the head, and with that he resumed his work.

A FORESHADOWING.

It is interesting and encouraging to note that, upon economic grounds, the employes of labor, in increasing numbers, are finding it desirable to require absences in part from their work on the part of those whom they employ, at least while on duty. A civil engineer, who is much interested in the temperance reform, calls our attention to the following extract from specifications for an iron bridge carriage system in Province, U. T.: "The contractor shall not furnish, nor allow to be furnished, any spirituous liquors to the workmen in his employ, or to any person or persons on or about the line of the work. This provision is understood as prohibiting entirely the use of ardent spirits as above." We shall every such practical protest against the use of intoxicants as foreshadowing the better time coming when injurious social drinking usage will be abolished altogeter.

He called a place, however, in which his work was done to the morning hours. For three years he told a secret chest, that he did all his work standing up at a tall desk and that gave him a stoop which imparted a scholarly air of which he was proud.

THE DOCTOR'S REPLY.

Chalmers, the eminent divine, was fond of telling the following story:

Lady Betty Cunningham, having had some difference of opinion with the parson minister, instead of putting her usual contribution in the collection plate, merely gave a smile. This having occurred several times, the elder in charge of the plates at last had patience and blurted out: "We are desirous of your manners, and music & far nill, m'dddy."

During one occasion at the house of a nobleman he happened to repeat the same date, whereupon the host, in a not over well pleased tone, said:

"Are you aware, Dr. Chalmers, that Lady Betty is a relative of mine?" replied the doctor, "but, with your permission, I shall mention the fact the next time I tell the story."

A FIRST EFFORT.

At a little country school one of the army officers related to a reporter of the Washington Star this story:

"When I was a lieutenant serving in Virginia, we had in the company a stubby, illiterate, lazy fellow named Jack Headless. He was terribly slovenly, but I noticed that whenever there was a skirmish Jack always wanted to be in it."

"One day about twenty of us were caught on a rocky knoll by a battalion of cavalry from the other side. There was a great deal of shooting, but the odds were too great for us, who presently sold out of their hiding-place and made their escape.

"Jack had come down — the hero of the hour. He was for making a corporal of him, and called him in for a little talk before taking active measures in his behalf.

"'Are you aware, Jack?' said I, 'that you did a very brave thing in that fight this afternoon?'

"'What fight? Lieutenant?' he responded.

"'Do you mean to modest?' said I, 'you know what fight.'

"'You mean the half fight, don't you, Lieutenant? That robe didn't fight. Only the bluecoat fit.'

"'Well, none of them did but you.'

"'Did that? — F'lemon's notion!'

"' Didn't you know they all ran away, and left you there alone?'

"'Well, I noticed I felt kinder lousome.'

"'That's all right, Jack,' said I, getting to the point. "You do as brave act as a soldier could do, and I want you to be rewarded for it."

"'What do I do, Lieutenant?'

"'You didn't run away, as the others did, Jack, I noticed in though something funny had occurred to him.'

"Why, Lieutenant," he said, "that wasn't bravery. There was a lot of buckhounds up there just in reach of where I was lain among the rocks in the sunshine, and I just lay too lazy to run."

Jack had come down — the hero of the hour. He was for making a corporal of him, and called him in for a little talk before taking active measures in his behalf.

"'Are you aware, Jack?' said I, 'that you did a very brave thing in that fight this afternoon?'

"'What fight? Lieutenant?' he responded.

"'Do you mean to modest?' said I, 'you know what fight.'

"'You mean the half fight, don't you, Lieutenant? That robe didn't fight. Only the bluecoat fit.'

"'Well, none of them did but you.'

"'Did that? — F'lemon's notion!'

"' Didn't you know they all ran away, and left you there alone?'

"'Well, I noticed I felt kinder lousome.'

"'That's all right, Jack,' said I, getting to the point. "You do as brave act as a soldier could do, and I want you to be rewarded for it."

"'What do I do, Lieutenant?'

"'You didn't run away, as the others did, Jack, I noticed in though something funny had occurred to him.'

"Why, Lieutenant," he said, "that wasn't bravery. There was a lot of buckhounds up there just in reach of where I was lain among the rocks in the sunshine, and I just lay too lazy to run."

Jack had come down — the hero of the hour. He was for making a corporal of him, and called him in for a little talk before taking active measures in his behalf.

"'Are you aware, Jack?' said I, 'that you did a very brave thing in that fight this afternoon?'

"'What fight? Lieutenant?' he responded.

"'Do you mean to modest?' said I, 'you know what fight.'

"'You mean the half fight, don't you, Lieutenant? That robe didn't fight. Only the bluecoat fit.'

"'Well, none of them did but you.'

"'Did that? — F'lemon's notion!'

"' Didn't you know they all ran away, and left you there alone?'

"'Well, I noticed I felt kinder lousome.'

"'That's all right, Jack,' said I, getting to the point. "You do as brave act as a soldier could do, and I want you to be rewarded for it."

"'What do I do, Lieutenant?'

"'You didn't run away, as the others did, Jack, I noticed in though something funny had occurred to him.'

"Why, Lieutenant," he said, "that wasn't bravery. There was a lot of buckhounds up there just in reach of where I was lain among the rocks in the sunshine, and I just lay too lazy to run."

Jack had come down — the hero of the hour. He was for making a corporal of him, and called him in for a little talk before taking active measures in his behalf.

"'Are you aware, Jack?' said I, 'that you did a very brave thing in that fight this afternoon?'

"'What fight? Lieutenant?' he responded.

"'Do you mean to modest?' said I, 'you know what fight.'

"'You mean the half fight, don't you, Lieutenant? That robe didn't fight. Only the bluecoat fit.'

"'Well, none of them did but you.'

"'Did that? — F'lemon's notion!'

"' Didn't you know they all ran away, and left you there alone?'

"'Well, I noticed I felt kinder lousome.'

"'That's all right, Jack,' said I, getting to the point. "You do as brave act as a soldier could do, and I want you to be rewarded for it."

"'What do I do, Lieutenant?'

"'You didn't run away, as the others did, Jack, I noticed in though something funny had occurred to him.'

"Why, Lieutenant," he said, "that wasn't bravery. There was a lot of buckhounds up there just in reach of where I was lain among the rocks in the sunshine, and I just