

## The Action Free Press

THURSDAY, APRIL 10, 1866.

### The Young Folks.

#### AN INDIGENT SCHOLAR.

"Such a horrid journey home. Clouds and rain, and lakes, and hills, crooked rivers, just wriggling about like snakes. I tell you I wish Columbus was still here. Home is not a ball, and I started to find new countries. That folks didn't need at all. Now wouldn't it be too lovely? If all you had to find out is. Was just about Spain in England, and a thousand things about. And the rest of the map were printed with pink and yellow to say. All this is unknown to me. Who would have thought fairies stay?" But what is the use of wishing. Since Columbus sailed over here, and used keep hunting and exploring. And finding more things every year. Now he's dead, and there's no one left. And tell me where does it now? And how do you bound Montana? And Utah and Mexico?" —RICHARD H. MILLER.

#### A SNAKE IN HIS BED.

Thomas McCannon, who represents New York firm, and lives in New City, met with his experience there, past week. Blighted business. Minnesota, that nearly whitened his raven locks. McCannon, whose business lies among the country merchants and rural districts, engaged a vehicle and drove to a hamlet near New Milford. He reached his destination, but his way was unexpectedly protracted, and dusk had fallen when he again found himself on the homeward road. Thicker and thicker grew the blackness; the sky was overcast, not a star visible and the prospect of a heavy rain storm imminent.

Under these conditions he missed the road, and, after a drive of several miles through a forest highway, ended abruptly in a dense undergrowth. In the distance he saw the twinkle of a light, and driving his horse to a tree, he made his way in that direction. It proved to come from a cabin of roughly hewn boards and logs. A summons brought the occupant to the door. He was an old man with the peculiar viscount of the mountaineer of northern Pennsylvania, and when McCannon explained his predicament he warmly welcomed him to his home. The old man had offered the horses was a shaggy leon at the rear of his dwelling, but there the animal was stabled on a bed of leaves. There was but one couch in the shanty. This stood behind a rough partition, and, after serving his guest with a lunch of cold partridge and corn bread, signified his intention of releasing his bed to him and sleeping in the larger room beside the log fire. McCannon gratefully accepted the offer, and was soon oblivious of his surroundings.

How long he slept he cannot tell. He thinks it was about midnight, but it was probably in daylight when he was wakened by a cold, clammy sensation at his feet. The blanket had slipped partially off, and as a ray of moonlight shone through a rift in the clouds his blood froze with horror as he observed a large snake coiled upon his ankles. His first impulse was to spring from the bed and shout for aid. Then the thought crossed his mind that the place was infested with rattlers, and a movement on his part might mean certain death. There was only one thing to do, wait perfectly quiet until the man should awake and come to his aid. The report of a gun was heard, and he was wakened to drag his horse, and it seemed as though the unhappy drummer must spring from his couch and shake the slimy scales off or go frantic. He watched the sky, faded into the gray which precedes dawn, and as a crimson streak shot across the sky there was a movement in the next room and a grisly head appeared at the aperture which served as a doorway.

"Hush," whispered McCannon; "don't speak, or I am a dead man." "Wal, what's de matter?" "Look at my feet," whispered McCannon. The old man looked and then burst into a laugh. "I see of Tommy ain't made yer acquaintance. Hi, Tommy, come a-hoy." The reptile slowly wriggled from the bed toward the old man, and McCannon slowly arose as if daised.

"He's a pet snake of mine," explained the old man, "and he's makes a friend with strangers as he does with us." Without a word McCannon arose, dressed himself, and, laying a silver dollar on the table, harnesses his horse and started for Binghampton—Minneapolis Tribune.

#### GOD FATHER MATHEW.

Justin McCarthy tells an anecdote of Father Mathew which well illustrates the kindly character of that good man:

"I can remember well how in the far-off days of Father Mathew's temperance movement every temperance association prided itself upon its band. Father Mathew encouraged his bands to make a very poor party with the defects of eccentricity which occasionally followed even the most musical intentions."

"He was entertained once at a tea meeting in a small country town. There was a band, and the band struck up for his gratification an air from one of Moore's melodies. Father Mathew made every effort with the defects of eccentricity which occasionally followed even the most musical intentions."

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"There was a pause, and then the band began again—the same air. Another pause, and still the same familiar tune. One of the members of the band, Robert Fischer, says that his day is not long enough for the practice. Gustavus, this frank speaker. "Numbers of mothers put their daughters through a whole course of beautification when they are in the marriage market. That's the time when the most elaborate preparations of the human form are ordered and undertaken. I had a great deal more to do in the spring and fall than for the most fashionable balls of the year."

"In each case, he says, after the patient had laid bare a long tale of woes, she prescribed briefly a simple hair cut. It is not necessary that the hair should be dropped off short, after the fashions of course."

"The curative property of the treatment is based on the fact that the tube which is contained in each single hair is severed in the process, and the brain "bleeds" to the scalp, and so required oxygen to live. For the cure of liver and kidney Complaints, Diarrhoea, Constipation, Headache, Eyes etc. will regulate the excretions and remove all intestinal matter."

"It is right to call a mail steamer "she"? Whatever is pure is also simple.—Will you?"

"Good taste is the flower of good sense. Poise, History is biography on a large scale. Larmarthe. Nothing is so atrocious a fancy without taste. —Gothic."

"When all else is lost the future still remains. —Boves."

"A woman's lot is made for her by the love she accepts."

#### A Bright Mistake.

"I didn't know you were so accomplished a linguist," he remarked as he glanced at the paper she was reading.

"I don't make any pretensions in that direction," she answered.

"But that is a Russian newspaper you have picked up."

"Why, so it is," she answered in surprise.

"I thought it was a dialect story."

Washington Star.

#### THE PARSON WAS PUZZLED.

"The clergyman was nervous. There could be no question about that. His dulles were at an end, but he hung around the receiving party and his actions showed that he was in trouble. He appeared to be endeavoring to convince himself that he was in trouble. He seemed to be trying to convince himself that everything was all right, but without success."

"Finally he tapped the young man in the shoulder and said to him: 'Young man, I have a secret to tell you. It is a secret of some delicacy that I wish to speak to you about.'

"'Yes,' returned the young man ingloriously.

"'What?' replied the clergyman. 'I trust you will take my confidence. It is a trifle unusual.'

"'Yes,' returned the young man again.

"'What is the secret?' asked the clergyman.

"'We are going to get married,' said the young man, as the clergyman hesitated.

"'Married!' the parson said.

"'Yes,' returned the young man again.

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