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The Acton Free Press

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Editor and Proprietor

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A LITTLE ENTOMOLOGY.

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Poetry.

HANNAH'S WAY. she has a kind of a sort of a way A sort of a kind of a manner, A kind of a sort of an every day, Yot a pooty way has Hannah.

The way she tangles and tosses her head An' shakes her bangles out. While her mouth puts on a compermize Betwixt a smile an' a pout! No other girl I'd druther have, No other girl I'd druther,

On account an' because or things

An' oue thing an' another. She has a sort of a kind of a way, A sort of a kind of a manner. A sart of a way that you can't say, Buta way you can fool, has Hannah.

An' hor laugh is so sweet an' hor oyes isbright,-A' hor ways an' hor talk so cute, An' sho has such a way you can't say, But a kind of a way to suit. I hain't got no flower language to tell, But she beats every girl-eviry other-On account an' because or things or this sort,

Select Family Reading.

An' one thing an' another.

Love under the Lindens.

BY AMY BANDOLPH. "Father," said Hetty Plumer, "I wish ou would let me go into the factory." dropping his pen into the middle page of his account book, and staring up with eyes | my trunk upstairs. of round surprise. "Nonsense, child, non-

sense! What do 'you' want to go into a The rosy suuset was gilding the ancient roof-tree of Laurel Farm ; the merry babble of the brook in the ravine sounded preternaturally loud in the stillness, and the grand blackbird, who always came to the milkroom window to receive his vesper meal from Hetty's own plump fingers, was swinging idly to and fro on the branch of the apple-tree, uttering a flute-like note now and then; Mr. Plumer sat by the kitchen table, grim, bald-headed, worn to a skeleton by hard work ; Hetty stood at the opposite casement, picking over jet-black cherries for the toa-table, a dimpled, fairfaced girl, with solemn blue eyes and brown bair curled in a knot at the back of

"I should like a little money of my own," said Hetty, timidly "Don't I give you a dollar a week, as long as the city boarders stay?" demanded

Mr. Plumer. "Yes, but you put it all into the savings bank," complained poor Hetty, "and I never have a ponny of my own to spend." "All you need, all you need !" said the farmer, authoritatively, and he went on with those endless accounts, until poor Hetty felt as if all the world must be represented by numbers.

Mr. Plumer owned the farm, Aunt Jemima managed the household and Hetty was at every one's beck and cell. The city boarders, to be sure, made a pleasant change in her monotonous life, but then she was afraid of them -of all, except Hugh Allaire, who helped her with the sick chickens, picked blackberries with her, on the dewy August mornings, and told her write for the papers any more. She save how to manage her camellius, pinks and she hasn't time. drooping begonia plante.

He bad come down to Laurel Farm in charge of an invalid cousin, and Hetty soon began to miss him during his occa sional absences, and to rejoice at his neans accounted for by the chickens and the pinks. And, truly, Hugh Allaire was fully justify any girl's partiality. ...

Poor Hetty! Sho felt that she was shabbily dressed, and many a time she had stepped behind the lilac hedges to conceal the contrast, as the gayly attired city damsels fluttered by, in search of ferns, or upon botanical expeditions into the cool

bould be as good-looking as any of them if only I had their silks and ribbons and And when Farmer Plumer absolutely

mind turned in other directions. "Miss Edgett teaches in a Fifth avenue school," she pondered, as, mentally, the summer boarders passed in review before her. "They pay her liberally, people say, but I couldn't teach. I am not wise enough for that. Mrs. Arblay is an artist, and paints miniatures on ivory for fifty dollars each. I can't paint. Miss Folliott writes for the Boston magazines. I wonder if

But Aunt Jemima threw cold water of his scheme. "Stuff and nonsense!" said Aunt Jem ima, who was cutting up pigeone for a pie "Folks has to be born with a talent for

with it?" queried Hetty, persistently. "I guess you'd have found it out before this," eaid Aunt Jemima, packing her piecrust-lined pan with the tender legs and wings of pigeons and raining a liberal shower of salt and pepper over the layer thereby formed. And thus repulsed, Hetty carried her query to Miss Folliott herself Mary Folliott, who made laborious translations for very little remuneration, smiled sadly on the young aspirant. "You might try," said she. "The field

ence has been trying." So Hetty sat down and wrote a little story-a story of country fields and sweet-

smelling woods, with such simple element her; and she read it to Hugh Allaire. "Do you think the Weekly Leader wil publish it?" said she.

she sent it in. And, encouraged by Mr. Allaire's cordial interest, she told him all her hopes and fears with innocent openness. "Hetty," said he, "it's all nonsense, your

painted city girls. You are a rose in garden of poppies; a diamond in a heap of glass stones. You are prettier, at this moment, than any girl in the lot of 'em, But Hetty laughed and shook her head "I know better than that," said she split straw, and 'roal' French roses in it And 'then' you shall see!"

In a week or so, a check for a liberal sum arrived, drawn to "Heater Plumer." "There!" cried triumphant Hetty. "It

must be a good story or it would not be

"Of course," said Hugh, nodding his head. "Didu't I tell you so?"

So Hetty wrote a second-story and san it, and thie, also, was liberally paid for. on which he was sitting so that his back Miss Folliott was a little surprised at the might rest against the fish-house. His brilliant success of this entirely inexperionced debutante. Mr. Plumer stared. Aunt Jemims wished 'she' had thought of writing for the papers before her knuckles had grown too stiff to hold a pon...

But the venerable couple were still more astonished, one day, when Hugh Allaire asked pretty Hetty to marry him. "Mo!" cried Hetty, turning pink and white. "Are you quite sure you don't mean one of the city girls?" "Yes, quite," said Hugh .- And he seem

ed so certain about it that Hetty questioned the matter no further, and confessed that she 'did' like him "just a' little, you know !" The next day Miss Folliott's sister arrived from New York to spend a few days in the country. Hetty herself con-

delicious view across the mountain crests

eaid Miss Georgina Folliott.

Miss Georgina.

"What editor ?" said Hetty.

thump nervously at the mere idea.

"So you've got the young editor here,"

"Of the Weekly Leader, you know," said

"No." said Hetty, her heart beginning to

"But you have though "-nodded-the

"That was Mr. Allaire," said Hetty,

"Well," said Miss Georgina, adjusting

Hetty stood still in blank amazement.

"Is it really true?" said Hetty.

"Of course it is," said Miss Folliott.

And Hetty ran away to hide her burn-

"Crying, Hetty?" he said. "My little

"You didn't tell me that you were elitor

"You never asked me," retorted Hugh.

"And it was you who sent me the checks

"Of course it was," said he. "Why

"I never would have had the courage to

Hetty looked up, laughing through her

"I don't know," said she : "but I think

She was married when October painted

all the leaves with scarlet, and "Love

Underneath the Lindens" became a reality

in her own bright life. But she doesn't

TIRESOME WORK.

There are few men who do anything of

mportance in the world but have their

"I know that,' said Mr. Allaire.

terrible thing to be an editor's wife?"

"You have deceived me," said Hetty.

of-of" faltered Hetty

for those stories?"

shall try it."

"Didn't you know it ?" said Miss Fol-

new-comer. "I saw him smoking a pipe

-BAM WALTER FORS.

"Into the factory?" said Mr. Plumer,

blushing very red indeed. ber carle, "and that is the editor of the Weekly Leader. ing blushes in the cool little dell behind the house, where the spring bubbled up among the tall green ferns. There, a little later Hugh Allaire found her. love, what is the matter ?" "Never !" said Hugh. her head.

shouldn't I ?" an editor ?" cried Hetty. kept the dreadful truth to myself. Do you think, Hetty darling, it would be such a

returning, in a degree which was by no a frank, honest, young fellow, who would

"And yet," said Hotty to herself "I

velocd the factory question. Hetty's active

could write for the papers?"

that sort of thing." "But how do I know that I wasn't born

is open to all. I would not willingly discourage any one, although my own experiof love as her girlish experience had taught

"Of course it will," said Hugh. And so

not looking as well as those puffed and 'But if once 'Love Under the Lindens' is accepted, "I'll have a new bonnet of white

share of what may be called drudgery. Even the President of the United States has to shake bands with strangers by the hour, and what is perhaps still more irk-

his name by the hour. A certain share of | with his rifle crosswise under him. this latter work, however, can be done by There is one clerk who earns his salary by doing nothing else but sign the Presi- looked at the cartridge, took the best aim dent's name to land warrants. Drudgery | he could, and fired. The bullet took effect | ing for the boon of freedom. Before the -routine work-of that kind may be easy, in the loin of the lioness, and with a snarl times grow monotonous.

nothing but write their own names. The her. Registrar of the Treasury, for example, may be busy signing documents from nineo'clock in the morning till four o'clock in the afternoon. And the Assistant Treasurer of the United States, in the same way sits at his deak and eigns warrants for money. These are honorable occupations, to be sure; but so is farming, and the day laborer on the farm has at least the advantages of the open air and a measure of

Every man is sometimes tempted to think that other men have an easier lot than he and it is well, therefore, to look sometimes at the seamy side of what are called desirable situations.

COMPANIONSHIP IN MARRIED

"If you wish to be a good companion t your husband study to make each 'Good morning' that you say to him an incentive to a better life," is Ruth Ashmore's advice to young women, whom she addresses upon "The Profession of Marriage." "Learn to make each 'Good-night' a benediction o love for the day's work, the day's loving and the day's sympathy. Look for his good qualities. He is like you in having. faults; with very little trouble you can find these faults, and by talking about them and by reminding him of them you can make your married life unendurable. You can bring about heartburnings, you can cause strife, and before you know it hatred may take the place of love. Look for his virtues, and, seeking always for goodness, you will grow better every day just as certainly as you would grow bad if you looked only for that which was wisked. Remember there is much that will have to be forgiven in you, and whenever you feel inclined to remind Tom of a weakness read the book in which is set down your folbles and your follies. A woman who, even after her marriage, carefully studi s her profession, can make her husband what she wishes him to be. Ever; thin; that is good is contagious, and the right kind of a wife makes the right kind of a husband. "Respect the rights of your husband; ho

s a map, not a child, and how can the world honor him when you, who are his closest companion, do not? Do not, even in jest, deride or underrate him. People are slow about deciding when one is jesting or when one is in earnest. And what you meant to be fanny rasy cause some stupid person to say, 'How horrid Tom must be!

HIS EXPERIENCE.

"It ain't no sign of bravery ter abuse folks over a high fence or from 'tother side the river," said the captain, tilting the ker companion sat by monding the nets. "Now when I was quite a lad," he went on "I had an experience that showed me what uncommon poor policy it is to be too funny -even at a distance."

"How was that ?" "Well, I was put in alternate cap'n or one of them steamers that runs in Frenchot of them over there, and -and they mun's Bay, an' being young an' tolerable successful, I got to .thinkin' I knowed pretty much the whole of it.

"One day we was layin' at the wharf

loadin' the freight on, an' I see a little man walkin' up an' down, waitin' ter go aboard. He was a pompous looking individual, an' follerin' an' hangin' on his words were two or three men- that seemed ter consider what he said as golden speech. "I kept thinkin' that I wished it would come time to start when he was 'way up duoted her to her room and showed her the

> jest as he got much as a rod away it was time ter pull out. "I pulled the whistle an' waited full time but he turned round mighty moderate an' come toward the plank. The men com menced ter haul it on, an' we fell back from the wharf. Then he broke into run

an' waved his hat an' shouted.

"When we was clear of everything under the big chestnut tree, as they carried hollered back, "Hurry up, little chap, or you'll hev ter walk?' an' a lot of sech talk. when I got a signal from the cap'n that was 'longside ter put back, an' findin' somethin' unusual was up. I had to. "The men lowered the plank, an' the little man walked on board and come right

> up ter the pilot-house an' passed me his "He was the owner of the whole line of steamers, an' he says, very slow an' kind "Speakin' of walkin', p'r'apa you'd better go ashore now 'fore they draw the plank

in. We sha'n't need you on this trip."" "What did you do?" "Do? Why, I went of course, an' my assistant run the trip. The matter was but says that there are certain personal fixed up, but when I make a joke now take keer it's one that ain't comin' home

ter roost." A BOY'S COURAGE.

A correspondent of the London Globe vouches for the truth of a good story of tenyear-old courage. An old Dutchman had once into intimate fellowship. sold his possessions in the Cape Colony, and accompanied by his grandson, had the boys, came into the new boarder's receipt. gone to the country of the Mashonas prospecting. He had encamped not far from read them to you if I had known you were Fort Sallebury, when his herdsman brought as to enter into particulars about microbes word that a lion had killed and partly caten one of the oxen. The old man poolpoohed the ides. No lion would venture so

near the camp, he felt sure. "Lot's go and see," said the boy. He had heard wonderful things about the killing of lions. The grandfather picked up his rifle, handed his cartridge-belt to the | daughters, while trying to extract some of boy, and the two set out.

True enough, the carcass of the ox had it upon her clothes. been partly eaten. The Dutchman and the boy beat through several patches of dried friendliness, and when the teacher took up your baggage?' It seemed jest as grass, but saw no lion. Not for off was a his leave, the mother was wearing a pair of though he knew all I hed was my paper

Hardly had the man faced that way some, because affording less variety, to sign her teeth in his shoulder. He lay flat, | quesful. The boy neither ran away nor blubbered. He went down on his stomach, crawled near enough to reach the rifle, drew it out,

three sides, but saw nothing.

grass," said the boy.

but one would think that it must some she half-rose, somewhat unnerving the lad. hotel in Canada, near the frontier, one day settled him." That was only for a moment, however. a bright-looking negro, Other government officials do practically | He inserted another, fired again, and killed Some natives now came running up.

TEN DOLLARS A LESSON.

Farmer T-, a careless, easy-going man, bought a handsome new barness for a few weeks it looked new; but he took no care of it, never once wiped or cleaned it and the result was that in the course of year or so, under the action of sun, rain and! dust, it became to look decidedly shabby and worn.

townsman, and with a clean, black harness on his horse. "How'll you swap harness?" said Farpor T---Farmer M - looked at the grimy. shabby harness on his neighbor's horse and replied, "Five dollars to boot."

"It's a trade!" Farmer T- said So the barness changed hands. But Farmer T- treated the second harness no better than the first, and as it was an old one, it soon looked disreputable. After some months be again met Farmer M-, with a new harness on his horse. "I say, how'll yo trade ?" he asked.

"Same's before-five dollars to boot,

Farmer M- answered.

The bargain was made, and the harness again changed hand. "By the way," said Farmer M-, as he was driving off 'you've got the same harness now that you had in the first place." "You don't say so!" Farmer T--- explaimed, with chagrin. "Then it looks as if I'd paid ten dollars to have it cleaned.'

T- ton dollars worth of good, EXTREME MODESTY.

Let us hope that the lesson did Farmer

"Just so," said the other, laughing.

I think, said the minister's wife, that von ought to cultivate more vehemence in your elocution. You mean that I ought to make more

I believe that might help to make your

I doubt it very much. In fact, I am

afraid that method would have the opposite

effect and send some members of the congregation away with an unfavorable im-I don't see why. You know, my dear, that most people

are liable to be ill-natured when they have

just been awakened from a sound sleep.

sermons more popular.

A LITTLE TRAVELLER. A pale little lad in a west-bound train

glanced wistfully toward a seat where a mother and her morry children were eating lanch. The tears gathered in his eyes, though he tried to keep them back. A passenger came and stood beside him. "What's the trouble?" he asked. Have

you no lunch?" "Yes, I have a little left, and I'm not awful hungry.

"What is it then ? Tell mo; perhaps can help you." "It's-it's so lonely, sud there's such

they've got their mother." The young man glanced at the black band on the boy's hat, "Ah," he suid gently, "and you have lost yours." "Yes, and I'm going to my uncle; but I've never seen him: A kind lady, the doctor's wife, who put up my lunch, hung.

it to the ladies on the car and they would be so kind to me; but I didn't show it to anyone yet. You may read it if you like." The young man raised the card and read tother end of the wharf, an' sure enough the name and address of the boy. Below were the words:

this card to my neck. She told me to show

"And whosoever shall give drink untoone of these little ones a cop of water only, in the name of a disciple, verily, I say unto you, he shall in no wise lose his reward." The reader brushed his hand across his eye and was silent for a moment. Then, "I'll come back very roon," he said, and

made his way to the mother and her And presently little George felt a pair of loving arms about him and a woman's voice, half sobbing, calling him a poor, dear little fellow, begged him to come with her to her children. And for the rest of that journey, at least, motherless Georgie

had no lack of mothering. HE FELL AMONG BORROWERS.

According to the Sheridan (Oregon) Sun there is a schoolmaster in that state who bas had enough of boarding with people who treat him as "one of the family." He wishes to maintain a brotherly spirit effects, properly so called, which he prefers neither to borrow nor lend. Let us hope that the Sun exaggerates the story of his

He was boarding around, and in the course of his peregrinations arrived at a | haven't paid it." house where there were several grown-up sons and daughters. He was taken at

room and borrowed his toothbrush. The schoolmaster demurred, and went so far and microbic infection : but William took "I ain't afraid to use it after you if you ain't after me," he said. The next evening Samuel, another son,

borrowed the master's best white shirt to

his perfumery, spilled the greater part of tives. When I set my foot in one of them his socks, the girls had begged his tooth collar rolled up in the top of my hat. His "He might be behind that ant-hill," sug- powder and the remainder of his per- manner was kind of twittin' like, seems gested the boy. The man inspected it on fumery, the old man had worn out his of." plater hunting door, and the boys had on

ried him to the ground, and she fastened to understand that her suit was unsuc-WELCOME TO IT. Occasionally there comes a reminiscence of the runaway darky which shows not only his humor, but his irrepressible long-

socks, a vest and a bat.

"I s'pose you're a runaway slave," said one of the men in the room, looking sharply at the new-comer. Feeling that he was An ambulance was made, the wounded pretty well away from bondage, the darky man was removed to camp, and a doctor responded in the affirmative. "Wall, we're glad enough you've got

> way; but you don't seem to look very oor. Have good clothes down South?" "Suttingly, sah; same clothes as my "But you got a good many thrash-

"Nebber had a whipping in my life, "Nover thrashed ! Well, but I suppose you don't always get enough to eat, do One day he met Farmer M-, a fellow-"Always had enough, gemmen; nebber | the judge replied: "Lord, mon, ye've little

went hungry.'

ave to starve."

plenty to est? Now just think of it," he said, addressing a group of loungers "This fellow has left a position where he onjoys all these privileges, for an uncertainty." "Gemen." replied the darky, "all I'ee

"What I" said the persistent interroga-

tor. "Good clothes, no punishment,

got to say respectin' dem privileges is, dat if any one ob you wants to avail hisself ob em de situation am still open !"

A GLORIOUS OPPORTUNITY. A middle aged man with what appear d to be a load on his mind, visited an artic steamer and seemed interest in what

I say, he said to the officer on deck, I'd like to go on the next expedition. "It's awfully cold up there, romarked the fficer discouragingly.' "I don't care about that."

"You'd have very little to eat and might

"That wouldn't be pleasant," said the "I should say not," returned the officer, and you might be eaten by your comrades."

"Is that so? That would be distinctly

"And then," continued the officer. "you wouldn't see your wife for three years and possibly longer. You know you can't take take her with you." "Well," returned the gentleman, "after a long pause, I think you can put me down

captured.me." Boils, pimples and oruptions, scrofula,

on your books. Your last argument

FOOTPRINTS ON TIME. But yostorday, it seems to him. He waited underseath the dim Light of the parlor chandelier

For her to come, And then her dear, Sweet voice called to him from the stair. And said : 'Sweetheart, I'll soon be there But yesterday-years after, yes-He stumbled home in vague distres And wearled to the very soul. Again her voice a greeting sent

But yesterday-how fast time flies-It seems, he looked into her eyes." And, dumb with love, reached for her hand To try to make her understand, They lingured by the large front door, As they had often done before. - . But yesterday-can be forget? He climbed the stops, fatigued and wet, And glad to leave the muddy street."

And screamed, in account sharp and shrill "Why don't you wipe your dirty feet?" A BIT OF IRISH WIT.

village store one of the clerks came to the unfor partner, who was waiting on me and

wants to settle-his account and wants a The merchant was evidently annoyed.

"So I told him," answered the clerk, but he is not satisfied. You had better

"You want to settle your bill, do you?" Pat replied in the affirmative. "Well," said the merchant, "there is no need of my giving you a receipt. See!

"That is a good receipt." "And do you mean that that sottles it? xclaimed Pat.

"That settles it," said the merchant.

"And yo're sure yo'll never be askin' m

for it again ?" "We'll never ask you for it again," said the merchant decidedly. kapin' me money in me pocket, for

"Oh, well, I can rub that out !"

said Pat. On the second morning, William, one of It is needless to add that Pat got hi TOO ATTENTIVE.

> with kindness, as they do at these big hotels." "What are you objecting about now?" asked Mrs. Brows. "Well, I was only thinkin' how them porters foller you up like a parcel of detechotels up to New York a feller looked at

"Well, I said you oughter carried a "Look into that bunch of tambookie two of his white shirts, two pairs of his change," began Mrs. Brown in her most

> a little chap in brass buttons come up and asked me if my baggage was aboard. said very digniged that it was right in front

A CANNY SCOTCHMAN. Lord Justice Clark Braxfield, of Scotwife, his proceedure was entirely illustrative of the peculiarities of his character.

thought you just the person that would suit me. Let me have your answer, 'Yes, or 'No.' the more and pae mair about it." The lady, the next day, replied in the affirmative. Perhaps he repented his pitiancy : for when a butler gave warning, on account

"Lizzie, I am looking out for a wife, and

A VAIN ATTEMPT.

to complain o'; ye may be thankful ye're

no married to her."

MANY WOMEN DECEIVED At the present time many manufacturers of orude and adultorated package dyes are

ing dealers then take care to sell these adulterated dyes to the inexperienced and careless at the same price as the popular and reliable Diamond Dyes are sold for. This iniquitous and deceptive work has caused a vast amount of loss and trouble to many in Canada, and will continue as

long as women are foolish enough to take anything that is offered them. If home dying work is to be a successful and money-saving work, every woman should see that she gets the Diamond

courage and love

Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which, if taken in time, and according to directions, may im, "Prevention"is better than cure."

PRICE THREE CENTS

That filled him with ourbarassment It said: "Bring up a pail of coal!"

And she stood on the front-door sill,

Some time ago while I was trading in a

"Please step to the desk. Pat Flynn

"Why, what does he want of a receipt ?" he said : "we never give ouc. Simply cross his account out of the book; that is receipt

So the proprietor stepped to the desk, and after greeting Pat with a Good-morn-

will cross your account off the book-;" and suiting the action to the word he drew his pencil diagonally across the accoun-

"Faith, thin," said Pat, "I'll be after

"Faith, now, and I thought the same,"

"Politeness is a good thing, but some times it's wearin'-ralely,!' said Mr. Brown. "Beems so it almost borders on sarse to foller any one up so, an' pester 'em

wear to a dance; and Maria, one of the So matters went on with increasing me, jest as pryin,' an' says, 'Can't I carry

One of the girls had made love to the "Now that ain't the point," said her when a splendid lioness sprang out. She boarder's four dollar silk umbrella, but husband. "I'm jest sayin' I don't like to landed upon his shoulder; her weight car- though the fact is not stated, we are given | be spied on an' follered up. I got the best of 'em once, though, "When I got on one of them ferry-boats

> "Well, I'm standin' right in the middle war there came into the public room of a of it, namely my clo's," says I; and that

"Whereaboute ?!" he up and asks.

land, was a man of few words and strong business habits. In courting his second Calling on the lady, he said to her, without preliminary remark :

of Mrs. Brayfield's soolding propensities,

Father. "That cat made an awful noise n the back fence last night." Arnold. "Yes, sir. I guess that since e ate the canary he thinks he can sing."

making lively efforts to induce the wholesale and retail druggists and grocers to buy their dyes. These common dyes are quoted at such low prices that some profit-loving dealers are tempted to buy them. The profit-lov-

Dyes, as they are the only guaranteed

A projecting under lip shows malignity and avarice.

For one dollar, you may buy a bottle of

salt rhoum and all other manifestations of save a great many doctor's bille, and thus impore blood are cured by Hood's Sarsa- exemplify the truth of the old max

package dyes in the world. Every step towards heaven is a test of