### PRICE THREE CENTS

### The Acton Free Press -18 PUBLISHED-

EVERY THURSDAY MORNING, -AT THE-Free Press Steam Printing Office,

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION—One dellar per year strictly in advance. All subscriptions discontinued when the time for which they have been paid has expired. The date to which every subscription is paid is denoted on the address ADVERTISING RATES—Transient advertise-ments, 10 cents per Nonpareil line for first in-sertion, 6 cents per line for each subsequent CONTRACT RATES-The following fable shows

. | 1 YH. | 6 MO. | 3.MO. | 1 MO Oinches Oinches

Advertisements, without specific directions, will be inserted till forbid and charged accordingly. Transient advertisements must be paid nadvance. Advertisements will be changed once each menth if desired. For changes oftener than once a month the composition must be paid for at regular rates. Changes for contract advertisements must be n the office by noon on Tuesdays. Accounts payable monthly. H. P. MOORE

Editor and Proprietor

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Train-the youth for Heaven. Toll them 'tis not safe to look On the wine-cup bright, For a sorpent lurketh there, And at last t'will bito. Educate within the home. Let no wine be placed On the table, where 'twill tempt

Let the children sign the pledge While of tender years, And it may in future days, Save you countless fears. Agitate for temperance Preachers of God's Word; Lot your voice in its bohalf From the desk be heard:

Little ones to taste ..

You should not despise. Agitate and educate With the printing press, Tomperance literature will help Much we must confess

From the platform agitate,

Public speakers wise.

Lot statistics and the facts Mout the public gaze. Till rum-vôters in our land Think upon their wave. Agitate unceasingly Till the votors come, And unite to cast their votes

Till they at the ballot-box Most the question quite, Then we'll know it's settled sure, When 'tis settled right. -Nettie A. Perham in N. T. Advocat

To prohibit rum ;

# Select Family Reading.

Mr. Todd's Valentine.

BY ANNIE HAMILTON DONNELL.

Hush, dear, whisper !" Mrs. Breck held up a warning fore finger. "Don't let father hear you-he isn't so well to-day." She got up, and, tiptoeing across th door, softly shut the bedroom door. He sweet face looked worried. "Are you sure it's as bad as that, Faithie?" she asked. "Badder, mother-baddest !" Faith said gloomily. "It couldn't be beaten for badnear. He's a bad man."

"Hush, hush, dear. We musn't judge "Well, I must !" the girl exclaimed hotly, Liver Complaint. These powders "I say he's a bad man ! Doesn't he know give decided relief from the first and, father's sick abed and we're working our father's sick abed and we're working our Faithie, 'cause she wouldn't answer little old man's voice rasped uppleasantly. fingers to the bones to pay him? What's boys when they asked and kept on askin'? be in such a harry for? Hasn't be got houses enough besides ours? He's rich,

rich, rich-aud we're poor, poor, poor." The shrill, indignant whispered words anddenly ended in a husky little sob. of paper and tinsel on the table, to Capid's with acute anxiety and the corners of his there now!" mouth curved down. But he only sat up

Faith laughed and ouddled him to her bosstraighter and held his brenth. till Faith's om lovingly. "Well, you little persister, go head came up again. How funny it was and be the mayor's valentine or the prosifor Faithie to cry! Of course some of her dent's or anybody's, but don't tease teers would spot the blue sheet and maybe Faithie." the gold one, too-O, my shole! but he The little fellow trotted away and sat wasn't a-going to pry; too. He and papa down outside, on the hall stairs, possessed were men folks, and men folks never cried. of a sudden splendid idea. It grew bigger Faith lifted her head with a little jerk of and splendider. It took possession of his defiance. "Well ?"

":Well, dear?" "We must pay it, mother-we must! we ers and out of sight. gentle voice wavered over the words, but ain't the president. Ho, I guess I know she went on. "The time is almost up, and who the president is!" Capid was think-

we have no money, Faith. If we had any, ing as he trudged. "Maybe he's the vice I should spend it for father, first, for medi - president, 'cause he's a bad man. Faithie cines." "But it'll kill father if we're turned out | So I guess that's what." of house and home-evicted like so many Irish peasants! He's too sick to be moved

and where could we move him to?" Faith's voice rose out of a whisper, shrilly. "Bb ! dear. We must have courage-" "Mother Breck, have you got any courage left ?" "Yes, dear, and something better still.

Cupid sat on the floor among his blocks and watched mother and Faithie hug cach | wooder he felt astonishment and admira other a great long while. He sighed a little, softly, behind his pudgy little hand, and wondered pessimistically if there would ever be any valentine, anyway. For Faith was making a valentine for Capid. At little nose somehow eniffed it in the air. Then he was even allowed to oboose his own colored paper and make suggestions. But the present prospects for valentines

"There's one way, Faithie," Mrs. Breck said after awhile, running her thin fingers through and through Faith's hair. The hositation in her voice was significant. "I've thought and thought, dear, and prayed over it, and there's just one way for us to keep the home for poor, sick father-" "(), no, no, no, mother, hot that way !"

Faith interrupted quickly. "We can't beg off again. I can't go to Mr. Todd again and ask charity. I can't ! I can't !" "Not charity, Faithie, only patience for a little longer. He must be a just man, and surely he can wait. Father was always so prompt to pay him. And there's such a little left to pay-why, it's almost

our own home now !! "I can't do it," Faith said shortly. "Then I will do it," Mrs. Brock answered with gentle decision. "No, no, no I" orled Faith.

Capid had got up and came over now and stood eyeing the forgotten valentine wistfully. It wasn't half done yet. The gold angel only had on one wing and that was on crooked. And there sat Faithie absently rolling up one corner between her thumb and forefinger! Something would have to be done. Capid decided to try a little

modest hinting. "Do you s'pose that bad man ever had valingtine, Faithie," he asked. "'Ounse. you see if he didn't ever, I shouldn't be so Faith looked down into the solemn little

only the sniping sound of the scissors and the faint creak of the crisp papers in the

room. The gold angel's other wing was of a high chair, balancing himself skillstraightened. It really looked like a good sation. valentine season, after all ! "It's so lovely!" murmured Capid,

be never-never-to have a valingtine! I don't truly believe that poor bad man over had one, now honest, Faithie, and so ho's bad," He watched the deft, finishing touches intently. His impatient little toos made little uneasy taps on 'the floor. guess I like the gold angel the most," he murmured.

-"That isn't an angel-that's a dear, little, stopped in sudden consternation, blushing round, fat Copid like you," Faith said, all over his little face with shame-"O suddenly bugging him. "You're a valen- please 'scuse me !" he murmured contrite tine, Cupid ! Mother, where are my bow and arrows I had years ago? Don't you know, there was a conning quiver, too, to and old Basil Todd's astonished eyes re bold the arrows?" "Up in the old sea-chest dear," Mrs chair's edge.

Faith found them and bung the little quiverful of arrows over Capid's shoulder. | ing one brief, black-stockinged leg carein your hands-so. Now you are a little required some time. Then he clasped his valentine your own self !"

Breck answered absently.

Faithie? Who'll have me?" of paper, and elready the little flash of said you was a goin' to do it to us, an' bardly seemed to hear the child's question | Nancy, Nancy !"- (Nancy's mamma) but or to notice again his Cupid's equipment. The old trouble faced her stubbornly, re-

fusing to be answered. There was no answer at all, unless-yes, man and asking for more time-"begging him tell mamma so. But I ain't any 'fraid off," she called it. But that was dreadful. of that wolf. I'd-I'd choke him !" What would Lance think?

Bless the girl, there was a "Lance" in it precarious little balance, and was so emthen? A tall, straight Lunce, with honest | barrassed at his tumble that, for quite a blue eyes that looked into Faith's and minute, there was silence in Basit Todd's told her beautiful things. What would | beautiful room. Lance thick if they went a-begging to his unole, just as if they hadn't any pride at fellow faltered, at last, his sweet, small all. For it was Lance's uncle who held the face reddened with chagrin. How many mortgage and who wanted the money right | dreadful things he was doing-telling folks away-O, dear, how things mix up in this they were vice, right to their faces, an' world ! A sick, dear old father ! an overdue | tumbling off folks' obairs ! What would deht, a bad old mun who threatened to Faithle say? But maybe the man hadn't disinherit his only heir because of the seen him fall off -he was looking out o' the beautiful things his blue eyes said to a window just's hard's he could .--poor little girl named Faith! Tangled enough things reemed to that little girl

just now. She drew a long quivering till then did Mr. Todd look round at him. breath over her thoughts. "I believe he's doing it just on purpose!" she said to herself, cutting off the words spitefully with the little sharp soissors of her scorn. "Just because he's bound Lanco shan't have anything to do with me-with us. So he's going to turn us out of house

and home, is he?" "Falthie, where you goin' to send me to. Copid stood there poking her gently with an' everybody." the bow's end. What was the matter with "What's Lance got to do with it?" the what.

"Oh !-why, I don't know. You must Faith buried her face in the bright sheets not bother me, Cupid. I'm busy thinking." "But you mustn't make a valingtine out dismay. His fat, round cheeks reddened o' me 'thout you send me to somewhere, so

whole small soul and sent, his short legs

I'm trying to make up my mind to send hurrying stordily down street, round corn-"She said the president's valingtine, bu "We can't pay it, dear." Mrs. Breck's be ain't the president's valingtine, but he

> said so, an' mamma said vice was like bad His quiver bumped monotonously against his shoulder blades and the arrows in it rattled and crowded each other. The oumbersome bow prodiled people's elbows and got in the way of lamp posts and trees, but Cupid, undismayed, scurried on. He had forgotten his hat and his corls were at the mercy of the breeze that came blowing briskly up from the bay. Altogether he made a queer enough little figure, and no

tion in his wake. Not so very long after this, when old Basil Todd heard his door bell ring -one, twice, three timer, unsteadily-he twitched his shoulders under his soft flew open, first it had been a scores, till Cupid's active silk gown, with vexation. Must a man be waked out of his afternoon napping by that everlasting-it was not everlasting Basil Todd . said-tink tinkling? . Conldn't body take a minute's comfort in his own

house? Confound it, where was Mario?the rascal was at it again. Tipkle-tipk tinkle-tipk ! Marie, busy with a caller in the area remained innocently oblivious to her duty and the gentle, quavering ringing went ou. Basil Todd could stand it no longer. He throat his feet further into his slippers and

drew together his dressing gown with its At the door he confronted-was it an elf, fairy, a very sprite out of No-Man's Land, or only a breathless, round-oyed little child? By all the gods, was it Copid

himself then? "They always tuck 'em in under th door, you know, but I couldn't tuck me under," apologized the elf eagerly. "So I had to be untucked. I'm a live valingtine." He laughed delightedly.

"Yours, you know-your valingtine." "The dickens you are !" "No, if you please, no, I aint. I'm So it was Cupid, after all. Basil tood staring at him through his glassos,

then over, then under them. Was it aflaw

in the glass that made his eyes, deepset

might be twinkling? "If you ain't 'apentin' to 'vite me to ome in, I guess I'll be g'in' now," Cupic said, histing politely. "The diak-won't you come in. Capid?

stantly. For a minute or two there was both glasses of his spectacles was very pro-Cupid established himself on the edge

appended properly, and the crooked one fully, and promptly re-opened the conver-"Faithie did it, you know," he said cheerfully, "she made a valingtine out warmly, "O, what a nawful thing it would me. I didn't sp'ose you'd ever had one before, so I came. That's wkat." "The dickens, it is!" muttered Bar

> "Are you the vice president ?" the chil obattered on inquiringly. "Well, not yet, Cupid."

Todd behind his beard.

"Oh! I thought maybe you was, 'cause you're so bad, so vice you know-" 1

Now the spectacles came off altogether, garded the small, swaying figure on the

"Go ahead," he said shortly.

"There !" she cried softly," take the bow fully over the other and the adjustment hands round the uppermost knee and "A live valingtine ?" echoed the little fel- gently rooking back and forth, went ahead low in delight. "Where'll you send me to, bravely. His voice was rather severe. "It's bad to turn folks out of houses Faith was gathering together the scraps | and homes-that's what. It's vice. Faithie girlish fun had faded out of her face. It father's sick. Father's dreadf'ly sick, so

"The wolf ?" "Yes, there's a wolf father keeps bein' of course, she could try going to the old 'fraid will come to our front door. I heard

> Cupid, in his fervor of courage, lost his woman. "Scuse me, if you please," the little

Cupid breathed a sigh of relief and softly re-established himself on the chair. Not

"Yes, if you'll 'souse her, she does, now honest. You see, she's 'scouraged. It makes you 'scouraged when there isn't any money, an' you're going to be turned right out of your house. It don't make me, but I'm a boy. Faithie s only just a girl. I'm goin' to tell Lance how it makes her cry, 'cause I'm a valingtine now, you know," sometimes, an' he'll tell her never to any persisted a wistful whisper at her elbow. | more, 'cause it makes me ory an' mamma

"Lance ? Why, Lance b'longs to She was asleep with her eyes open-that's Faithie, you know. When his sailboat comes in, he's going to marry her, an' "Where'll you send me to. Faithie Faithie'll marry him, too, likely as not. That's what. He says if there's a shipwreck happens to his sailboat, he'll marry Faithie just 'xactly the same, if it takes

> "Yes, an' he's goin' to give me a ride n the sailboat if it doesn't get upset." Cupid had risen and taken up Faithie's bow, edging slowly toward the door. "I must be goin' now," he explained, "guest they'll need me at home." "But Basil Todd forced bim gently back on the chair. "Hold on Capid," he said 'I never had a valentine before in my

"The dickens he will."

'Faithie' a valentine by you, when you go home. Would you be willing to carry "O, yes !" Cupid orled, with a little squeal of delight, "I'd be so willin" Falthie's the bestest girl there is, an' love her the most of anybody—even Lance, he added stoutly. He sank back in the chair and waited very patiently, drumming his toes now and then by way of a gentle hint. For the old man opposite seemed lost in revery. His shaggy brows were knit and his big, square chin worked uneasily under his beard. He drammed his toes; too, with monotonous thads against

his footstool. The clock ticked insistently After a while, he glanced over at Cupid The child had fallen asleep, with his curly lead canted to one side, and his pretty. baby features contorted oddly. Basil Todd straightened the little head with a new gentleness in his touch-three, four, five, the clock struck sharply, and Copid's eyes

"Have you made up your mind?" he asked. "Are you goin' to send Faithie's valingtine ?" Basil Todd was pacing the room slowly,

with noiseless, slippered feet. The paper packet he held in his hand he dropped now into Cupid's quiver, pressing it safely. down into it. "Yes, I've made up my mind-it takes os tough old chaps a good white. There, I've put the valentine in here. You may give

it to 'Faithie' with a bad old man's com-

pliments. And she may tell her Lance,

if she likes, that his ship is sighted in

the offing. It's making good time into port now. Can you remember all that ?" Capid repeated the words once or twice after the old man, then nudded, satisfied. "I can say 'em, I guess, but they're quite a long say, ain't them ?" he said. Faith and mother were waiting very anxiously for him-too glad to see him to

scold him for giving them such a fright. And how the gladness grew when, together, they read Faith's big, queer valentine : Whoever heard of a mortgage, cancelled receipted, playing at valentine before? Or whoever saw happier, more grateful women than mamma and Faithle were, over it? And how quickly the "bad old man," became the good old mau-the dear, kind

It takes so short a time to transfigure

world when there are human hearts in

under shaggy brows, looking as if they it, with little obildren to lead them and ships in the offing, just coming in! You can tell the progress of the fruit season by the stains on the table cloth. Bockers after gold are often dimppointed. Old Bosil Todd held the door wide open | Beekers after ligalth; take Hood's Barrapaand bowed profoundly. The "flaw" in | rills and find it meets every expectation. | knows right whar to cum.

FIGHT WITH A GORILLA. Among African travellers none have led more adventurous-life, perhaps, than the Marquis de Compiegce, a young French nobleman who had been deprived of his fortune, and whom early misconduct has practically banished. He went to the forests of Florida where he lived alone supporting himself by hunting and fishing. In the year 1870 he read; on a sorap of newspaper which he found in a descrited hut, the news that war had broken out | Came allpping down through the frosty air. between France and Germany. He resolved to find his way home, and fight for his native country. - He had not a cent of money, but walked to the nearest scaport and took service as a sort of a cabin boy

on a vessel bound for France. Arrived there, he enlisted at once, was And now-made grave, in its volvet pall. wounded in his first battle, and had just The crystaline purity covered them all. recovered sufficiently to be ou duty again when he was captured. He escaped, re-entered the service, and fought bril-

liantly through the war. After the war was over he resolved become an African explorer. He had no But Cupid, still disconcerted, was cross means and no credit, but he entered the service of a dealer in skine and valuable feathers and was sent out from Senegal across the western Soudan.

After an expedition accompanied by the most dreadful hardships, he returned to Paris with a valuable collection of objects connected with natural history. Among these was the stuffed skin of a gorilla, which is said to have borne the most striking resemblance to a human being ever known in an ape.

Compeign's story of the capture of this I goess that's when he's 'fraid of the gorilla is a most interesting one. He was one day travelling through the forest, footsore and weary. His limbahad been bitten by venomous insects until they almost refused to carry him. As he dragged himself slong, rifle in hand, he heard terrible outcries near by, apparently those of a

> Rushing toward the place from which the counds came, he soon perceived that it was indeed a woman who was ecreaming. She was in the grasp of a black monster who was apparently strangling her, Complegne supposed the intending mur-

derer was a man and resolved to prevent

the crime by shooting the assailant; but

how was he to shoot the assallant without being in danger of shooting the woman? He approached very near, in order i possible, to get a sure shot at the ruffian Then be ditcovered, to his horror, that the creature was not a man but a buye, black gorilla. Upon seeing him the animal released the woman and rue hed upon "So 'Faithie' thinks I'm a bad man?' he Compeigne. Much enfeebled and stiffened the Frenchman was not at all sure of his aim and if he missed, the gorilla would be instantly upon him, would fling away his

gun, and would put him to a terrible Taking the best aim he could, he fired at the gorilla's breast. The shot proved effective, and the animal fell. Another shot finished him,

## HUNGRY.

We cannot easily believe the following story which is told by the Atlanta Consti tution, but we may be interested in it as a work of fiction. It is intended to convey in imaginative form, no doubt, an idea of the remoteness of some of the Southern settlements from the whirl and gossip of life at the end of the nineteenth century. At a recent burbecue in Southwest

Georgia, says the Constitution, seven

hungry looking men were seen haddled

together in a corner of the woods away

from the crowd. Now and then, while the

carcasses were roasting in the pits, one of the seven would come forward, get e whilf of the meats and return to bis eager but eilent companions. No one seemed to know the race of whom were young; but they had the appearance of farmers who had been life, and I'm seventy years old. I must unable to sell any cotton for a long time keep this one a little longer. Besides, But every one at the barbeque had a chance to get acquainted with them after

the horn blew for dinner. With a mad

rush they seated themselves at the table and fell upon the beef. Shoulder after shoulder of the animale disappeared. The crowd stood amazed, forgetting their own hunger in the presence of such awful appetites. The seven lank and greedy men were the whole attraction and it was not until they could cat no more and had crawled off to rest or to die that the people remembered their own appetites.

ed the men and in a faint voice seked : "Where did you fellows come from and when did you eat last before you struck this neighbrhood ?" One of the men answered : "We came from this county, but we've been a hidin. and hungry. We just heered that the war was over, and that Shorman was givin' out

The chief of the barbecue theu approach

ations and we thought we'd come and git

OUT OF THE DITCH. On the first day of the Wilderness fight sava Major Wright, in "Glimpses of the Nation's Struggle," the adjutant of the One Hundred and Forty-Sixth New York was prostrated by a Minie bullet which shattered his left arm. He crawled into ditch, across which the Confederate lines charged, and were repulsed. The ditch was soon filled with the wounded and un-

All that afternoon the fire was so hot that not a man dared to raise his head above the ditch. A majority of its pooupants were Confederates, one of whom, an officer of the Tenth Virginia, ordered his wool goods when they have become rusty men to spread blankets for the wounded adjutant, and to make him as comfortable as possible. As darkuess drew on, the wounded

wounded of both armies.

if he could get into the Union lines he could scours better medical attendance, and that, being wounded, he was not worth much as a prisoner. "If you can get there you are at liberty to do so," replied the Confederate. The adjutant exchanged cards and shook hands with the officer, and both men

climbed out of the ditch, but on opposite

sides. The adjutant reached the Union

lines, where his arm was amputated and ho

adjutant told the Confederate officer that

was sent home. SAFTEY IN NUMBERS. No, sah, you doan' cotch die yer darky

liben in a town whar dar's no other colored Why so. Uncle Ben !

THE FIRST SNOW-FALL.

And rose from the sunset clouds above. But that was yesterday afternoon: At night the fairles in silver shoon.

And all through the bush of the purple night, Out of each tiny powder puff, They scattered the scintillant shining stuff. And lo! in the morning the world was white The firs were muffled in swan's down boods. Like a tented army stretched the woods, . . And cot and castly and hovel and hall.

at the devil. And that is the stuff most

PRIMITIVE HOUSE-LIGHTING.

saloon keepers are made of

The expedients to which he resorts to

man, into whose room the boy had brought a hodful of coal, and who had not yet got Pompey studied the clock-face anxiously ingratiating tone : "It's one o' dem times dat I can' jes

"What time is it, Pomp?" asked a young

## you know 'zackly what time dat am."

DIGNITY OF RANK Old World sitckling for rank and precedence is well satirized by an incident which recently occurred in Paris. There was a fracas ou the street, and two young men appeared to be about to fly at each other's throats, when one of them

## "What do you mean ?" "He is only a coachman, and I am

Favorites Diamond Dyes.

uccessos that are everywhere appreciated by the ladies. Diamond Dye Fast Black for Wool stands shoud of all other wool dyes for fullness, depth and richness of color. All and soiled can be restored to a deep, jet black, equal to the best French blacke, and

world for dyeing cotton and mixed fabrics. It gives a permanent and never fading Diamond Dye Fast Black for Silk and Peathers is a triumph of the chemical art,

The Dismond Blacks are the best in the world. Ask for them and refuse all imitations and poor makes.

"Bacteria do not occur in the blood or in the tissues of a healthy living body, either of man or the lower auimale." So says the celebrated Dr. Koch, Other doctors say that the best medicine Case when dar's any chickens stole dey | blood perfectly pure and healthy is Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

Last night the wind blow out of the south. Sweet and warm as a babe's sweet mouth, And the pasture lands and the stubble fields, Were grown with the herbage which Automi

Doll gold lay the lake in the westering sun, And soft and groy when the day was done. As the shimmering breast of a breeding dove.

Silver shoon and powdered hair.

# MAKING GOOD INVESTMENTS.

The following is a very suggestive inci. dent : A saloon keeper in Ohio was standin the door of his elegant saloon. Playing on the steps was a lovely little boy about six years old, handsomely drossed, with rosy cheeks, clear eyes, white forebead wavy bair-just such a little fellow as many of you have in your own homes, and love to pet and carees. After looking at the child for a moment, the saloon keeper went to his counter, mixed a tempting drink of wine, water and sugar, with a few drops of something stronger, such a drink as he knew well how to prepare, and handed it to the child. The little fellow thanked him and commenced to drink. A gentleman who stood by (the same who told the incident) said to the saloon keeper : "That child did not pay you for that drink." The saloon keeper replied : "Oh, I shall get my pay. I consider that a safe investment. The money is out at interest. That child belongs to one of the wealthiest families in the neighborhood." What was the man's intention as he stood and looked at the innocent child and mixed his drink at the counter? It was to start him on the road that leads by way of the dram shop to drunkenness, and ends only too soon

The first, and most natural, way of lighting the houses of the colonists was found in the fat pitch-pine, which was plentiful overywhere; but as soon as domestic animals increased candles were made, and the manufacture of the winter supply became the special autumnal duty of the thrifty housewife. Great kettles were hung over the kitchen fire and filled with hot water and melted tallow. At the cooler end of the kitchen two long poles were placed from chair-back to chair-back. Across these poles, like the rounds of a ladder, were placed shorter sticks, called candlerods. To each candle-rod were tied about a dozen straight candle-wicks. The wicks were dipped again and again, in regular order, in the melted tallow, the succession of dippings giving each candle time to cool Each grew slowly in size till all were finished. Deer suet was used as well as beef tallow and mutton tallow. Wax candles were made by pressing bits of halfmelted wax around a wick .- The Chantan-

THE EXACT TIME. Pompoy is a bright negro boy, employed to do light work and run errands in a boarding-house. He has learned a good many things in the course of his eight years of life, but the art of reading a clockface is not as yet completely under his

conceal his ignorance on this and other points are many and amusing.

out of bed. precisely mak' out what time it am. Mist' Wilkins, sah. But one ob de hands in

### pintin' todes you, sah, an' de udder in pintin' right todes me, sab, an' I reckon

paused, folded his arms, looked contemp uous, and said :

"But I cannot fight with him!"

"It's beneath my dignity."

"Why not ?"

### valet de chambre l' BLACKS THAT ARE BLACKS.

The Diamond Dye Blacks are scientifi.

long years of wear. Diamond Dye fast black for Cotton and Mixed Goods is the only black in the

and has surprised the world. All silk goods and feathers that are faded, spotted and soiled can be dyed a lovely jet black with this special dye, making old things look equal to new goods.