

The Acton Free Press

THURSDAY, APRIL 10, 1895

MA CAN'T VOTE.

Ma's a graduate of college, and she's read 'most everything! She can talk in French and German, and can sing like a bird. But if she's like a picture! When she talks she makes you think Of the sweetest kind of music; and she doesn't smoke or drink. Oh, no, she's a good girl, all the poems she can quote; she knows more than half the lawyers do—but ma can't vote.

When my pa is writing letters now he always signs them "To his wife in her spelling and to make his meaning clear."

If he needs advice, her judgment he admits is always best.

Even when he's in a bind, he asks him to act at his own request.

She keeps track of legislation, and law books of her own.

But she gets a book at the sacred ballot-box.

Ma is wiser than our congressman, for he's not a graduate.

And I doubt if he could tell you who's governing the state.

He's a graduate of grammar, and I'll bet he doesn't know it.

Whether Caesar lived a thousand or two thousand years ago;

He's not a man, and we ought to keep the ship of State afloat.

For he doesn't know there's a tidal—
but ma can't vote!

Once when Mr. Jones was calling, they got up a short question:

"Suppose he had it straight?"

But before they'd finished talking, he took up his hands and said,

"There he goes again!" and sat it, nor remembered what he'd read;

He's too badly rashed to study how to better human lives.

Still, she's a giant whom election time arrives.

Mr. Jenkins does our washing, for she has to help along.

Taking care of her six children, though her husband's big and strong?

With a smile, she only holds it till he draws his pay.

Then he spends his cash for whiskey or else gambles it away.

I suppose she's not bigger than the brain of any goat,

And he'd sell his vote for drink—but ma can't vote!

WISE AND OTHERWISE.

Dr. Young H. Glomer—Did I understand you to say you were never sick, and therefore didn't have any regular physician?

Kreutz—Not at all. I said we did not have any regular physician, and are therefore never sick.

"Louise was furious about her wed-

"What was the matter?"

"The organist was a rejected lover, and he played the bridal couple out of the church with the tune, 'He's got an Elephant on his Hands'."

"Good morning, Janet. I am sorry to hear that you didn't like my preaching on Sunday. What was the reason?"

"I had three very good reasons, sir. First, yo read yo're sermon; secondly, yo didn't read it well, and lastly, it wasn't worth reading at all."

Said an Irishman to a telegraph operator:

"Do you ever change anybody for the address of a messenger?"

"No," replied the operator.

"And do you charge for signing his name, sir?" said the customer.

"No, sir."

"Well, then, will you please send this? I just want my brother to know that I am here," handing all the follow-

"To John McFlynn, — St. New York—(signed) Patrick McFlynn."

It was sent as a tribute to Patrick's whereabouts.

The prodigal made a great discovery. It was this: If a young man will drink he must expect to come to the level of the swine.

The next person who interrupts the proceedings," said the judge, sternly, "will be expelled from the court-room."

"Hooray!" cried the prisoner.

A smart young fellow called out to a farmer, who was sowing seed in his field:

"Well done, old fellow. You sow, I reap the fruit."

"Maybe you will," said the farmer, "for I'm sowing hemp."

GIVEN AN INSIDE VIEW.

"That's a woman who would adorn any home." "Charming and educated, eh?" "Not particularly. She's a house-decorator."

QUICK WORK.

"I am a lover of truth."

"You surprise me. How long have the two of you been acquainted?" New York Tribune.

THE APOLOGY.

He kissed her, and she made him go, But straightway called him back And said he might apologize. So he took another look.

—Chicago News.

Do not let a cold settle on your lungs. Resort to Bickley's Anti-Consumption Syrup at the first intimation of irritation in the throat and prevent disease from lodging in the body by early convalescence. Neglected cases are the enemies of untold millions throughout the country, all of which could have been prevented by the application of this simple but powerful medicine. The price, 25 cents, brings it within reach of all.

SPRING FEVER.

The catalogues are coming in. With loads of flowers and seeds And pictured squashes, beans and peas, But not one word about the woods.

These woods are the haunts of many disappointed men That scores of disappointed men Make up their minds, when spring arrives,

To go gardening again.

How strange it is, when fall has come And winter turned out wrong.

The gardener feels so much inclined To sell his garden for a song.

But when spring comes again all the more uplifted, why then?

The man who always failed decides To go to garden again.

—Sunny-side Journal.

NOT ON SUNDAY, JOHN.

The janitor of a small church on the south side of New York raises a few chickens in a small enclosure in his back yard. The wages of these are given to some members of the church. On Saturday one of his customers asked him if he could spare a dozen eggs within the next two or three days.

"Yes, yes, ma'am," replied the janitor. "I'll bring you a dozen fresh ones tomorrow morning."

"Oh, no," protested the housewife. "I should not want you to bring them on Sunday—not on Sunday, John."

"Well," replied John, "all right, ma'am, if you say so, but it makes no difference to the hen."

THE HABIT OF PROMPT DECISION.

The habit of deciding promptly, and then acting on your decision is an important part of a young man's capital, irresolution and post-pone-ment being the reverse. The one who is uncertain about making up his mind is almost sure to be uncertain in his actions. Our world has no time to wait for the irresolute and vacillating. If you are to win the prize, learn to think quickly, to decide promptly, and to act on your decision without delay.

Sleeplessness.—When the nerves are unstrung and the whole body given up to wakefulness, when the mind is filled with gloom and dismal forebodings, the result of derangement of the digestive organs, sleeplessness comes to add to the distress. If only the subject could sleep, there would be oblivion for a while and temporary relief. Parmentier's Vegetable Pills will not only induce sleep, but will act so beneficially that the subject will wake refreshed and restored to happiness.

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And pictured squashes, beans and peas,

But not one word about the woods.

These woods are the haunts of many disappointed men

That scores of disappointed men

Make up their minds, when spring arrives,

To go to garden again.

How strange it is, when fall has come

And winter turned out wrong.

The gardener feels so much inclined

To sell his garden for a song.

But when spring comes again all the more uplifted, why then?

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