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Acton Free Press

While we think that there is little or no direct evidence of Mr. Beecher's guilt, and can but assume him to be innocent, the circumstances that are connected with the case are so full of interest, and so full of moral lessons, that we cannot but feel that it is our duty to give them a full and candid exposure.

A young woman named Elizabeth Davis, of Hamilton, was sentenced to six months in jail for larceny. She had a respectable mode of living, by soliciting sewing and retaining the cloth which was entrusted to her charge.

The advertising account of A. T. Stewart & Co., of New York, last year footed up about \$85,000, or nearly one million of dollars. It would, of course, be needless to ask Mr. Stewart whether he believes that advertising pays.

There are 1,600 convicts and inmates in the State Prison at Sing Sing. The income of the religious orders in that Kingdom is one hundred millions of dollars. Germany is poor and German financiers would like to get hold of the money on the ground that Belgium and true Germans had dishonestly swindled such a pile of money.

A Walland brigadier went to a clergyman lately to get married. The youth did not have enough of funds to pay his reverence; the clergyman, good kind soul, gave him credit, and nothing in his pocket, but a wife on his arm, no doubt believing in the old adage, "marry for love and work for money."

The Ferguson Chronicle can't see what the hard-time people are talking about. Men wear as fine clothes as before, and women's bonnets are as high in price as ever were. Farmers drive very comfortable rigs, and the exhibitions and Forepaugh's exhibitions are more numerous than ever. Money seems to be scarce when printers' bills are sent out, but let a circus come along, and the string of vanishes. Thus moralizes our contemporary of the South Oxford capital city.

ANOTHER MISTODON FOUND.—A few days ago, while some laborers were working on some excavations near Big Prairie, in Monroe County, Mich., they came upon a quantity of bones, forming a skeleton of a mastodon, which were examined and brought to Monroe. One of the tusks was eleven feet in length and seven inches in diameter at its smallest extremity, where a portion seems to have been broken off. Several teeth were found in a greater or less degree of preservation, which measured six inches in diameter, the largest weighing five pounds. One of the ribs was nearly eight feet long, and the entire skeleton must have been twenty or thirty feet in length. The men were compelled to abandon the excavation on account of the water, but pumps had been procured and an attempt will be made to recover those of the remains.

A Ready Witted Lawyer. The Malborough Argus tells the following rather good story: "A gentleman of the legal profession at one of the great mining centres, having spent a gaudy evening at a leading hotel, found the fresh air too much for him. Instead of reaching the bosom of his family, he gravitated to the lock-up, with the much needed assistance of the Queen's uniform. The lock-up keeper didn't know him, and consequently couldn't send for his friends to bail him out, as is frequently done by those tender-hearted officers of justice. So he was allowed to sleep until 7 o'clock in the morning, when he was awakened and asked his name, which he promptly said was 'Johnson.' He obtained soap, water, and a clothes brush, and was refreshed by a cup of tea. He then proposed to the lock-up keeper that the official should walk beside him to the Police Court. When times came this was done, and by keeping the officer in earnest converse, it appeared as though the lawyer was engaged upon some business before the court, and when the name of Johnson was called, the calmly roared said, 'I appear for prisoner, your Worship.' What said the Police Magistrate, 'do you deny that he was drunk?' 'Oh, no,' he replied, 'he was very drunk, but it is to be feared that it is too early for me to say anything more. The grasshoppers are naturalized and have acquired the national vice of irreverence.'

At an ice cream social in Watford the other day, some scoundrel dosed the crowd with croton oil.

CLIPS. Bird's eye views of Canadian towns are just now in fashion with photographers. At the chess fair held in London, Ont., June 26, some 1,800 boxes were offered, and the average price was 10¢. The Kent County Council have repealed the by-law to grant a bonus of \$150,000 to the Erie and Huron Railway. Specimens of various kinds of Canadian fish will be shown at the Philadelphia Exposition under the superintendence of Mr. Wilmont. A Georgia scientist suggests that Keely's magnetic carbonic acid gas. He says that \$5 worth of it could be enough to run a steamer from any Atlantic port in the United States to New York. The Sania Town Council has resolved to spend \$70,000 on constructing a system of water works, and the debentures for the same having 30 years to run will be endorsed by the authorities of the County of Lanark.

A brakeman on the Grand Trunk Railway, named Wm. Allison, was instantly killed on Saturday at Whitby, by his head coming in contact with a bridge. At the meeting of the Stratford Freeholders on Tuesday, Rev. Daniel Allan, of North-Esthope, tendered his resignation of the charge which he has so long and worthily filled. A young woman named Elizabeth Davis, of Hamilton, was sentenced to six months in jail for larceny. She had a respectable mode of living, by soliciting sewing and retaining the cloth which was entrusted to her charge.

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AN AGRICULTURAL ODE. Give food their gold, and allow their sweat. Let fortune's bubbles rise and fall, Who sows a field or trains a flower, Or plants a tree, is more than all. For he who bleases most must bleed most, And God and man shall have his wealth. Who fails to leave as a bequest An added beauty to the earth. And soon or late, to all who sow, The time of harvest shall be given. The flowers shall bloom, the fruits shall grow, If not on earth, at last in heaven.

COLONEL DELMAR'S WIFE. A STORY OF HAMPTON MARSHES. It was raining down in Hampton. It had been raining there for a very long time. It seemed to Mrs. Delmar that the sun had not shown its face for at least three weeks, but possibly Mrs. Delmar may have been mistaken. The gray fog hung low over all the wet fields, and over the interminable stretches of dreary marshland, which extended for miles before the lady's window. It drifted in chilly clouds into the rooms of the great house and lay in cold, gray masses along the banks of the rivers.

Rain, rain, rain! Pouring down into the flower parterres before the house, into the vegetable gardens behind the kitchen, and into the broad fields, where the cattle stand unsheltered beneath the eaves, eyeing the sticky water with longing eyes. Descending noiselessly into the silent woods and rotting the dead carpet of the summer leaves. Pattering steadily upon the roof of the Delmar mansion and filling with a heavy drip, drip, drip from the leads down upon the glistening pavement of the courtyard.

Mrs. Delmar looks up from her book—it is at least half an hour since she has turned a leaf—for the hundredth time to glance from the window out into the gray fog, and sigh. "Happy! Well, no. To see her young, no one would say that. She is young, not more than twenty-three, or four perhaps, and handsome, very handsome. Mrs. Delmar's beauty is famous throughout a circuit of twenty miles, and she is proud of it. She is proud of it, he is of his fine horses and his blooded stock, all of which, equally, with his wife's beauty belong to the Delmar family. And the Delmar family is a very great family, sir; a most aristocratic family, which can trace its lineage in a direct line to a proud position in the British peerage prior to the voyage of the Mayflower."

It is to be supposed that Mrs. Delmar, in marrying into so powerful and genteel a connection, knew perfectly well what she was about. There is no reason to believe that she did not take into account the discrepancy in the ages of herself and her future lord—for the colonel was nearly fifty—ponder well upon the step before she made it. Doubtless the bargain and sale was well understood upon both sides. He gave to her wealth, position, influence. In return she gave to him her hand, her marvellous beauty, and her heart, if indeed she had one, which might perhaps be considered doubtful.

The colonel fulfilled his part of the letter, even more, for without the sacrifice of his laughtiness he is as tender as he knows how to be. What more, then, can Mrs. Delmar, rich, beautiful, supplied with the means for the gratification of every wish, desire? It is hard to believe that any longing, in this splendid house in Hampton, can long remain ungratified. Yet there is something in this woman's face that has eaten out its girlish freshness. There is a worn look in the blue eyes and a hard line deepening the corners of the mouth. Mrs. Delmar looks tired. Well she should be, who would not become enured with Hampton in November? Nothing that the colonel has ever said, nothing that the colonel's wife has ever done, leads us to suppose that her weariness springs from any deeper or more hidden cause than this. It is the fog, doubtless, and nothing more.

It is just now as "the Reeds" for that is the name which the Delmar estate has borne from time immemorial—dull indoors as well as without. All the summer's gaieties are done; the great halls are empty; the guests are all gone home. It is hardly time as yet for Mrs. Delmar to disturb her listlessness with plans for the Christmas holidays. There is no hurry about that. No doubt she will be tired enough of them before the holidays are done. In the meantime the servants have all below stairs to themselves, the colonel's horses stand idle in their stables, and Mrs. Delmar spends the life-long day in looking wearily out across the marshes, and over the leaden, wavy sea.

The colonel is at home to-day, but has passed very little time with his wife. He has been immersed since breakfast in his study, with the door fastened to exclude intruders. As far as Mrs. Delmar was concerned he need hardly have taken the trouble for she had scarcely stirred from her own room since morning. The colonel had taken his dinner alone, his wife not?

He looked at her with a little unwell and would like a cup of tea brought to her. To Mrs. Delmar's inquiry if anything unusual was the matter, the servant replied no, that his lady was wearily slightly indisposed. There for the colonel had again sought his study, only to emerge therefrom and seek the chamber of his wife at twilight, when the gathering shadows made necessary a cessation of his work, whatever it was.

"Not well, my love," he asked, not unkindly, as he entered the dusky room where his wife was sitting alone looking over the wet fields.

"Yes," he said, "It is somewhat singular." "What is singular?" she said, holding her face before her face again. "Oh, do," he said. The colonel resumed his reading, but had not progressed a dozen words before he dropped the letter to the floor and started quickly to his feet.

"Good Heaven!" he cried, "what is the matter? Are you ill?" "I feel as if I had fallen forward and the fire fall from my grasp. In the dim lamplight her face seemed to wear the paleness of death.

"Only faint," she murmured. "The room is very warm. Lay me on the bed and get me a glass of water." He raised her in his arms and did so for his wife had fainted, ringing the bell, he sent for her maid, in a voice that seemed to him more than usually cold and hard. "Perhaps you had better go away just now. I shall be better presently."

"Poor child!" she said, bending over her to touch her forehead with his hand. "The weather has been too much for you. It is depressing—very depressing indeed." And then, when the bell was answered, he gathered up his papers and went down stairs, leaving her with her maid, and muttering as he went:

"Strange! I never knew her to faint before. But it is the weather, doubtless, the weather." It was long after breakfast hour next morning when Mrs. Delmar came down from her room. The colonel had retired again to the library, leaving word for Mr. Swayne to be shown into him at once on his arrival. When the colonel's wife descended the stairs she had on her bonnet and waterproof cloak and held in her hand an umbrella.

"Mercy!" cried Babette, her maid, who was a French importation, "ize madame going out in this rain?" "Yes," said Mrs. Delmar, "I am going for a walk. Possibly it will be better before I get back. If my husband inquires for me I am a dozen paces off. You understand it?" "Yes, madame. But you should not go out in this marvellous weather, when his night you was so indisposed, and for you alone."

"Don't speak to me in that way!" she cried, quickly. "I cannot bear it. You ought not to have followed me here. Why have you done so?" "Eleanor," he said, reproachfully, "advancing to her side, 'is this all the welcome you have for one who has risen from the dead?' She covered her face with her hands and leaned against the tree beneath which they were standing.

"I don't know," she moaned, "I never knew, I never knew, I never knew that you were living until last night. I saw your writing on something. I don't remember what it was. Don't ask me about it." He saw that she was excited and frightened. He took both her hands down from her face, and held them in his while he looked into her eyes with his own large, some one for they were handsome—and spoke to her soothingly.

"Eleanor," he said, "I have searched for you high and low since my return, and all in vain. I have been shipwrecked, and through all these years of starvation and misery in a foreign land I have never once lost sight of your dear face. It has never forgotten constantly. I have never forgotten it. It was all that made the thought of rescue worth the hoping. We were lovers when I left you, Eleanor. Am I not as dear to you still?" Her face contracted with a piteous expression of anguish, as she answered him:

"You have no right to address such words to me now, Edward. I have given you married away."

Her husband looked at her more closely. "Yes," he said, "It is somewhat singular." "What is singular?" she said, holding her face before her face again. "Oh, do," he said. The colonel resumed his reading, but had not progressed a dozen words before he dropped the letter to the floor and started quickly to his feet.

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cursor glanced at the pile of papers around him—answers, and replies, and replications, and rejoinders, and the device knows what else besides, in which he was at the moment almost hopelessly buried, in sweet oblivion of all sights and sounds around him. It would have conveyed the idea that this was Messrs. Swayne and Cartwright's clerk. Perhaps it was the very clerk who had addressed the envelop which so excited the attention of Mrs. Delmar, at Hampton, last evening. Could it be of whom the lady was even now in search?

It would seem that she had been actuated by more curiosity to see the contents of Swayne and Cartwright's office, for after standing for a little while on the opposite side of the street she began slowly to move away. If she had not moved to be discovered, she had not moved to a moment too soon, for the clerk is at the window now, looking down into the street. If she had not done so, he has at least seen her. He starts violently, as though something in her close-wrapped figure was familiar to him. He seizes his hat and descends quickly to the sidewalk. She is gone.

But no, he sees her now, walking rapidly back towards Tremont Row. It is nearly as much as he can do to keep her slight figure in sight, so quickly does she walk away. Yet her follows upon the opposite side, never losing sight of her for an instant—follows her back toward the Haymarket again, across the square and into the Eastern depot. He waits near the door of the ladies' room and listens for the sound of her voice as she purchases her ticket.

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She turned and walked away, leaving Eleanor towards the Reeds, leaning the young man standing in the middle of the road, looking after them.

It is unfair to hazard the conjecture, based upon the colonel's features a moment afterwards, that he had had a brief acquaintance with Mrs. Delmar's new-found friend, and had already concluded that if Chester were not to be regarded as an enemy, he was at least a man to be closely watched?

Let what might have been his buried in the past. To you I am evermore Mrs. Colonel Delmar." "Eleanor," he said, "I have not deserved this of you."

"Not I of you," she answered, Then bursting into sudden agitation, she cried, "Go, Edward, leave me what Heaven's sake, go, and toasting me, 'Go, and don't come near me again.'"

"No, no," he said pleadingly, "don't drive me away. Let me stay near you for a little while for a few days. I am bewildered, stunned by what you have told me. I will do nothing, say nothing, I will never recur to this subject again, Eleanor. Only let me remain near you, and where I can see you now and then, and I will be satisfied. You will not be so cruel as to banish me entirely, Eleanor?"

It seemed so little to ask and so hard to refuse! Remembering what she had once been to him, and what he had been to her, how could she deny his request? Yet in granting it, did not Mrs. Delmar know that she was treading on the brink of a terrible precipice—a hideous chasm which threatened to engulf not only herself, but the whole pride and boast of the Delmar family?

"I will not do that," she said. "I would do nothing to give you pain. It lies with yourself to merit my respect, and I know that any friend of mine will find a friend in my husband also."

He would have kissed her hand, but she drew it quickly away, and bowed her adieu with dignity but with no unkindness. "Farewell, Eleanor, for the present," he said, "I will be in your room."

"I came out for a walk," she said. "The house was stifling. I will go back now. Allow me to present my friend, Mr. Edward Chester." "My husband, Colonel Delmar."

She seemed a little confused, and stammered over the introduction. The colonel bowed with an air of haughty politeness, as was his wont. "I am delighted," he said, "to meet any friend of Mrs. Delmar's. I presume you are a stranger in Hampton, sir."

"I came to-day," returned Chester, "and met your lady as she was walking towards the station. I had not seen her for many years."

The colonel smiled blandly. "I hope we shall see you at the Reeds, sir. Please take yourself quite at home at my house during your stay. Any friend of my wife is entirely welcome there."

MARY'S GAMM. Mary had a slender, lithe form. Her eyes were blue and sparkling. She had a sweet smile, and her hair was of a golden brown. She was a very beautiful girl, and her beauty was not without intelligence. She was a very kind and generous girl, and her heart was full of love for her friends. She was a very brave girl, and she was not afraid to stand up for her rights. She was a very good girl, and she was a very true friend.

Hot, Hotter, Hottest. This is how the New York Tribune talks about the heat. The mercury rises to the tube. Fulfills its duty, and descends. All Nature smokes. Beer and ale separation flow in torrents. Horses for Bays and icebergs, and the cat conductor's punch does nothing to quench his thirst. The best parched the face of the earth, and dried up all the newspapers but the Tribune. Dust flies in clouds and refuses to be stayed by the steamy watering cart that wanders up and down in an aimless way, as if it were not recovered from its last stroke. Ice cream is a necessity of life, and bread and butter becomes a burden. The breeze is like a blast from a hotel-kitchen. The sun is a phallic and as hot as molten brass. Even the flags are too weak to flap, and every roof becomes a pavement of fire. No one has any opinions. We would all consent to be inflationists if that would only create a breeze. Thinking has ceased to be a thought of. No one has the strength to pass the minor premise of syllogism, and the reading of platforms is a no longer a possibility. The commoner asks, "Who wants a third heated term?"

The Brighton "Eugene" recommends that ducks be turned into the potato fields as exterminators of weeds. It says that Mr. Perry, resident near Brighton, found the following plan successful.—He got a lot of young ducks, and by means of bread and molasses, he got them to work in the potato fields, placing a large trough of water over the trough, and began to work for whom they are active, and the result is that not a single bug ever comes near the potatoes. The "Eugene" has promised to publish a list of the most useful potato bug exterminators.

ADVICE FOR DEER TRAZZ.—Advertising is a great bother. It only brings a lot of folks to your place of business. If they want you, let them hunt you up. Then if you get your name in the paper you will be bored with drummers, and people from the country will call on you and you will have to show every good and every bad thing you have to do up bundles for the vast wealth will exhaust your stock to such that you will be obliged to buy more goods, which is a great trouble. If you advertise too, it gives you a reputation abroad; folks will go there and crowd you, and make it too lively. If you don't want to do anything, keep as still as you can.

Stuff for a Sentimental Story. A sad story comes from Harmony, Me. A young lady, one Miss Marble, was lately found drowned in a mill stream, and suspicion of foul play were at first entertained only to give way to a knowledge almost as melancholy. A letter found written by her, which explained everything. She loved her cousin, and it was a hopeless case, as the young man had never apparently thought of such a thing. The letter was addressed to the cousin, and in it she said "that she loved him with all her heart and that she could not live in this world without him."

Previous to Miss Marble's death, she made two weeks' visit to the mother of the man she loved to live among the scenes endeared by association with him, and then one Sunday evening she went out to take a walk, she said, and drowned herself. It was a romance with a termination tragic enough for the most sentimental of novelists.

Ain't it funny to see some catnip tea? Does a steam boiler get "high" when it goes off on a "burr"? "Home-tees" the best policy? "would make a good sign for a grocer."

If it is true, as alleged, that "a stitch in time saves nine," it is equally true that one stitch in time saves time. There is a woman in North Carolina so large that her stocking is said to hold a bushel of corn. There are people in this town whose stockings hold a good deal of corn, but we don't take much stock in the North Carolina story.

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