

# THE ACTON FREE PRESS.

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## BUSINESS CARDS.

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Close to the G. T. Railway Station. Excellent accommodation for travellers. Public, Hotel, Restaurant, Billiard Room, and all the latest improvements. Proprietor, HENRY L. DRAKE.

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Proprietor, HENRY L. DRAKE. This Hotel is fitted up in first-class style with all the latest improvements. Travellers will find good accommodation and comfortable surroundings. Special attention paid to the wants of the travelling public. Bar supplied with the best liquors and cigars. Good stabling and carriage houses.

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where he is prepared to turn out work second to none in the Dominion, being a practical workman of considerable experience. All work done promptly and as cheap as the cheapest. On hand a large and well selected stock of Harness, Horse Blankets, Trunks, Whips, Brushes, Combs, &c. Repairing promptly attended to. Acton, Sept. 26, 1876. E. K. COOK.

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My present stock of BUGGIES AND WAGONS will be sold off very cheap. Now is a good time to secure bargains. Strict attention given to Horse-Shoeing & General Blacksmithing. JAMES RYDER. Acton, Sept. 27, 1876.

## UNDERTAKING.

The undersigned begs leave to inform the people of Acton and vicinity that he will furnish all Requisites in Undertaking on short notice and reasonable terms as can be had. House Supplied when Desired. Also that he will Fit up Stores & Offices in the best style. Show Cases, Book Cases and Desks made to order. FURNITURE REPAIRED. Shop on Willow street, near Main st. P. M. McCANN. Acton, March 20, 1876. 39-6m

## STEAM Carriage & Wagon WORKS.

**MICHAEL SPEIGHT,** General Blacksmith, Carriage and Wagon-maker. Best Horse-Shoers in the County. Perfect satisfaction guaranteed or no price charged. First-Class Flows and Collard's Patent Iron Harrows always on hand. A good stock of Carriages and Wagons. Repairing promptly and properly at tended to. Acton, July 18, 1876.

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And we intend to keep so with our Superior Bread, Buns, and Cakes. Delivered fresh around the village and vicinity every day. A good stock of BREAD, BUNS AND CAKES Always on hand at our bakery, good, fresh and cheap for cash. NO CREDIT GIVEN. Except to prompt-paying monthly customers. All kinds of Produce taken in exchange for goods. Weight for weight given in bread in exchange for flour. WEDDING & FANCY CAKES Made to order in the shortest possible notice, and satisfaction guaranteed. N.B.—All goods are warranted pure as nothing but the best material is used. The patronage of the public is respectfully solicited. GALLOWAY BROS. Acton, Aug. 9, 1876.

## CHEAP BREAD FOR THE MILLION.

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Beg to announce that they have secured the services of a First-Class Baker, and that their Baking business is now in full operation, in the premises owned by Mrs. Hanna. Bread will be delivered daily at the houses in the village and vicinity. Wedding Cakes, Tea Cakes, Pastry, Buns, &c., made in the very best manner, and kept always on hand, fresh and fine. Also all kinds of Confectionery, Biscuits, Cheese, &c. The patronage of the public is respectfully solicited. B. & E. NICKLIN. Acton, Feb. 29, 1876.

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## A STORY OF EARLY TEXAN DAYS.

A gentleman who has lately returned from a visit to Dallas, Texas, tells a story which is rather dramatic, and may be true. The story was told to him by an old hunter, who had become domesticated and was lounging about one of the Dallas hotels.

"I could tell you a good many queer stories, stranger," said the old fellow, in a conversation with the St. Louis man, "but I don't know of any that 'd be more likely to kind o' strike you than an experience of Sam Long's, in Harrison county, some years ago. Texas was a tough place then; you kin bet on that."

And then the old fellow told his story, which can scarcely be as graphic in print as in terse idiom. Years ago Harrison county, in Texas, was the haunt of about as desperate a gang of ruffians as ever infested any district west of the Mississippi. Their number was so great and their organization so complete that they set the law at defiance, carrying on a career of daring crime with impunity, and making the region an undesirable place of abode for all honest citizens. Ostensibly hunters and trappers, the desperadoes made stock stealing their chief occupation, never hesitating to commit a murder when necessary for their safety or for the execution of any of their rascally plans. The controlling spirit in this desperate organization was a giant named Dick Reddett, who, from his exceptional ferocity and daring, exercised almost despotic control over his followers. A special pride of this man was in his extraordinary skill in the use of the rifle; no one of the band being able to compete with him in what was at that time considered the chief accomplishment of a Western man. It was a favorite practice with some of the few small stores scattered through the country and there engaged in shooting matches, and it was on one of these occasions that Sam Long, the hunter already mentioned, chanced to be present.

Long was a quiet, modest fellow, who lived with his wife and child in a small cabin in the neighborhood, and who made hunting his constant occupation. Upon the occasion just referred to, when Sam Long chanced to come where the desperadoes were engaged in their shooting matches, it was deemed that he should take part in the sport. The hunter hesitated at first, but finally, not wishing to incur the ill-will of the ruffians, consented. His skill with the rifle was known to be somewhat remarkable, and the desperadoes were not greatly surprised when he defeated them all in a single attempt.

This man had not engaged in the sport but when Long had vanquished all the others, came forward with the assurance of an easy victory. The shots were made, and to the surprise of everybody, Long gained the day. The rage of the leader knew no bounds at being thus defeated in the presence of his followers, and although refraining from any violence on the spot, he intimated darkly to the hunter that he would "get even with him." Long paid little attention to the threat, and soon afterward returned to his cabin.

At just dusk, some days later, Sam Long, having come in from a long hunt, was lying on the floor of his cabin and playing with the child, while his wife was getting supper. The wife, busy with her cooking, asked him to go to an adjacent spring and bring some water, a request which he promptly complied with, leaving the gun in the house, a somewhat unusual course with him. He had reached the spring and was just stooping down to fill the pail he carried, when he was borne down from an attack from behind bound securely, and dragged some yards into the woods. When he recognised his assailants he knew what to expect. He had fallen into the Reddett gang, and the leader was about to "get even."

Long was stripped by order of the Captain and bound to a tree. A supply of hickory switches was obtained, when the took one of them up and began the whipping, announcing with an oath that no man could beat him or his men at shooting and stay in the country. The sufferings of the victim were terrible. The flesh was cut off his back in strips by the blows, and when the leader of the ruffians had gratified his savage, others of the band continued the punishment. But one man among the number showed any mercy, and his assertion that Long had been punished enough were received with derision. Finally the hunter faintly under the pain and the ruffians, having satisfied their grudge departed leaving the object of their spite, still bound to the tree. In this position he was found by his wife, who had become alarmed for his

safety, and who, searching for him, had been attracted to the spot by a faint moaning. She aided him to reach the cabin, which he did with difficulty, and then nursed him faithfully to recovery. It was weeks before he was well enough to move about.

Scarcely had Long recovered from his wounds when his cabin was found deserted, and members of the band became separated from the rest in the chase. He was found lying dead, shot in the left eye. A few days later, one of the ruffians, riding alone, was killed. Again the bullet was found to have entered the left eye, but no trace of the slayer could be discovered. A week or two passed, and another of the desperadoes was shot, the same terrible accuracy being exhibited in a shot in the left eye, proving all the shots to be from the same source. The robbers became alarmed, and kept always together in their raids; but there was no escaping the death which seemed always to be lurking near them. One after another fell, until ten had died, each one pierced in the eye. The woods were scoured by the terrified men in vain. On one occasion when a member of the band was killed, the shot had been heard and once a gaunt figure was seen running through the woods, but pursuit failed to overtake him. Accustomed to face danger as the desperadoes were, and possessed as they were of a brutal courage, they trembled before this mysterious danger. It could not be ficed, and it could not be averted. The result was that some of the band deserted and fled the region. There remained only the Captain and four more of the more resolute of his followers. These five hunted and made their camp, ways together, and some time elapsed. It chanced that among them was the man who had endeavored to save Long at the time of the whipping from so severe a torture. This man one morning ventured out in the woods without his comrades. He was walking along, looking for game, when the ruffians were on the watch, and from a bush beside him checked his course. A tall lank man rose from the bush, and the startled man recognised Sam Long the hunter. Long raised the rifle then lowered it.

"You're the man who said a good word for me, an' you may go, as you are. I won't take your miserable life. Go!"

The man needed no second invitation to go. He hurried to the camp and told his story. The captain and the other three men started out in pursuit of Long, and but two men accompanied Dick Reddett when he returned. The third man had fallen, shot in the eye, and no search of the underbrush revealed the hunter. The next another man was killed in camp, and again the hunter escaped. On the next day the two remaining men fled the country, leaving the fierce Reddett alone. The leader of the desperadoes dared not to remain where he was. He knew he was the man above all others that Long sought to kill. Concealing himself until night, he mounted his horse and fled for shelter to a point on the Arkansas river where it would be possible to take passage on a steambot. Two days later he reached a small landing in the woods on the banks of the river, where the steamer stopped for passengers when there were any to take. He learned from the occupant of the only cabin in the neighborhood that the boat would be down in the afternoon, and so, having put up the signal to secure a landing of the boat, he established himself on the bank and waited. He deemed himself safe enough from pursuit, and took no precautions. Throwing himself on the ground, he slept until, late in the day, he was awakened by the sound of the boat in the distance. She would round a point in a moment or two, and he waited expectantly. As suddenly as a thought risen from the ground, a lank figure stood before him, and the muzzle of a rifle peered in his face. The terrified desperado had no difficulty in recognizing the man as the one he had injured. With the rifle still held steadily upon the face of the startled Reddett, Long hissed: "I've got you! You whipped me like a nigger, like a dog, I swore I'd kill you before I'd call myself a man again, and I'm goin' to do it! I've cleaned out your camp, and now it's your turn! Oh, I've got you! Thank God I've got you!"

The ruffian in aspect fear pleaded for his life, grovelling at the feet of the hunter. He clung to his words

as a drowning man clings to straws. The boat was very near. Should she round the point in time he would be saved. Already her smoke stacks showed through the bush, when the hunter pressed the trigger, the sharp report rang out, and Reddett fell dead, shot to the brain through the left eye. Long slipped away in the woods, and when the boat stopped in response to the signal, they found a dead man, but no one else. Harrison county was rid forever of the worst gang of ruffians in the South-west.

"An' that, stranger," said the old man in the Dallas hotel, "is a true story of the way Sam Long settled accounts with the blackguards."

## Professor Protoplasm Huxley.

The eminent English scientist, Professor Huxley, made but a short stay in New York, but his journal was the cause of a conversation between two of our amateur scientists and a matter of fact friend, that seems to be worth reporting. The amateur is an enthusiastic admirer of Huxley, and he spoke so extravagantly about him that the friend finally became curious, and stated: "Who in thunder is Huxley, anyway?"

"You don't mean to say you have not heard of Professor Huxley, the great scientist?"

"Yes, I do though. Never heard his name before. What has he done?"

"Why, man, Huxley made the important discovery about protoplasm."

"About what?"

"Protoplasm."

"And what in the dickens is protoplasm?"

"Now look here, you don't mean to sit there and tell me you don't know what protoplasm is."

"That's just it. Nary protoplasm."

"Well, protoplasm is what we may call the life principle."

"Anything to do with insurance?"

"Oh, nonsense; the life principle is nature—the starting point of vital action so to speak."

"He discovered that, did he?"

"Yes, a few years ago, in England."

"And what good is it going to do?"

"Good. A good deal of good. It expands the circle of human knowledge, and is valuable in bearing out the theory of evolution. It is a noble contribution to science, and it has made Huxley one of the few immortal names that were not born to die."

"So Huxley knows all about the principle does he?"

"Yes all about it."

"Well, see here now, can he take some of that protoplasm and go to work and make a man or a horse or an elephant with it?"

"Oh, no, he couldn't do that."

"Can he take it and make anything at all of it, even a goat, a fly, or a bee?"

"I guess not."

"Well, then, he may go to thunder with his protoplasm, I don't believe his worth ten cents a pound, anyhow. 'Fears to me these scientific fellows put on a big lot of airs about very little. Protoplasm, eh? Shouldn't wonder if Huxley came over here to get up a company to work it. Did you say the mine was in England?"

The scientist gave up in despair.

## The "Cash Down" System.

At a meeting of newspaper men in Sherbrook last week the question of payment of subscriptions in advance came up as one of primary importance, as well to readers as publishers. Country weeklies in this Province have suffered long, and we might say patiently, from the pernicious system of extending long credit to their subscribers—in many instances to be eventually cheated out of their just dues. One publisher of twenty years, said at that meeting that he had only received seventy-five cents per year for his paper, while the subscription price was one dollar and fifty cents, showing that he had lost over fifty per cent of his earnings through the dishonesty—we can use no softer term—of his subscribers. That there are men who will take a paper and not pay for it by any means they can avoid it, is but too plainly shown by this instance, and we think the same experience has extended to all publishers in Quebec who have not insisted upon advance payments. As newspaper men, like everybody else, must live, it is easy enough to see that the "good pay" subscribers do not get so good a paper under such a system as they would under circumstances which would circumvent this large loss to publishers through the meanness of a considerable portion of their subscribers who only take a paper at all because they can see a possibility of not being obliged to pay for it. The opinion was unanimously expressed at the meeting in Sherbrook that the "cash down" payment of subscriptions should be adopted by all publishers in this Province at an early day. We can see much good in such a course. From its mutual benefits, would flow, and the weekly press of to-day would scarcely be recognized, so far as ability and "make-up" are concerned, in the same papers five years hence, should the pernicious practice of which we, in common with every other journal complain, be abolished.—Waterloo (Quebec) Advertiser.

As was generally anticipated the elections in the newly admitted State of Colorado on Tuesday resulted in large Republican gains over the returns of 1874.

Near Ferris there is a dense swamp a mile wide and four or five miles long, in which nearly all the small boys of the town have at one time or another been lost.

The death is announced of M. Sampson, late financial editor of the London Times, whose connection with Baron Grant's projects and subsequent dismissal from the Times staff created considerable stir in England some time ago.

The Monck Reform Press tells like white men and spoke English fluently, having gone around buying liquor in order to prosecute a number of tavern keepers and get half the fines.

Brigham Young is breaking down under his troubles, looks old, and walks feeble. He has had to pay \$3,000 alimony to Ann Eliza, and a note of \$100,000 to the States. To meet these payments he has sold a lot of gas, canister, and Springfield rifles for old iron.

In a town in Massachusetts there are three churches, the minister of each of which rejoices in the name of Wright. One lives in the upper part of the town, one in the lower, and the third at the mills; so the people have doubled them as "Upright," "Downright," and "Millwright."

The members of the "old" Wesleyan Methodist Church, of Guelph, with a spirit of enterprise worthy of imitation, have given the Elora carpet factory an order for between four and five hundred yards of first-class carpeting; with a view to carpeting every inch of flooring in the church. They also intend cushioning the seats, and making other changes towards the beautifying of the church.

As an evidence of the benefit which Philadelphia is receiving from the Centennial, the Press of that city says:—"The sales of one of our great dry-goods houses last week amounted to very nearly seven hundred thousand dollars. Among the buyers were forty old merchants who had never hitherto purchased a penny's worth of any Philadelphia establishment."

Tuesday evening, 3rd, about five o'clock while Mr. Dorman Mans, a farmer living three miles north of Paris, was proceeding on his way two miles north of Dymbo to pay an installment on a farm he had purchased in that section, he was attacked by two men who came out of the woods. One seized the horse's head and the other pulled Mr. Mans over and took a sum of \$400 from his pocket. The perpetrators were strangers, and no clue has yet been found.

## Gems of Thought.

Real happiness is cheap enough, yet how dearly are we in the habit of paying for its counterfeit.

Appearances are often deceitful; hence we should not determine hastily on the unfavorable side.

They who possess the most knowledge of human nature are the least violent in blaming its frailties.

Love is faith, is charity, is gentleness; all truth, all peace, all virtue, dwell in this one short word.

He who wants good sense is unhappy in having learning, for he has thereby more ways of exposing himself.

Above all other features which adorn the female character, delicacy stands foremost in the province of good taste.

Blessed is the hand that prepares a pleasure for a child, for there is no saying when and where it may bloom forth.

Nobility and riches are reputed to make men happy, yet deserve not to be commended, being derived from others.

If you would be pungent, be brief; for it is with words, as with submissives—the more they are condensed, the deeper they burn.

We should give as we receive, cheerfully, quickly, and without hesitation, for there is no grace in a benefit that sticks to the fingers.

Some people love others so much better than themselves, that they are vastly more concerned about their neighbor's affairs than their own.

One of the best guardians of a woman's happiness is her husband's love; and for her honor, her own affection is one of the surest safeguards.

The greatest pleasure of life is love; the greatest treasure is contentment; the greatest luxury is health; the greatest comfort is sleep; and the best medicine is a true friend.

The chief secret of comfort lies in not suffering trifles to vex one, and in prudently cultivating an undergrowth of small pleasures, since very few great ones are let out on long leases.

The heart softened by the fire of affliction is like the iron when heated in the furnace, capable of receiving impressions and being fashioned at will.

Consumption of spirits in England. The inland Revenue returns for the first half of the year 1876 show that in that period duty was paid on 14,163,572 gallons of home-made spirits for consumption as beverage in the United Kingdom. This quantity is more by 159,670 gallons than that of the corresponding half of the preceding year. England has taken 7,877,713 gallons, Scotland 3,157,730 gallons, Ireland 3,180,369 gallons. There is a decrease in the quantity in England and in Scotland, but an increase of more than a quarter of a million gallons in Ireland; the return for the first half of 1875 showed an increase in England and some decrease in Ireland. The Custom-House returns of foreign and colonial spirits imported and entered for consumption here in the first half of 1876, show the quantity as 5,576,516 proof gallons, or 80,278 gallons more than in the corresponding half of last year, which had shown an increase of above half a million gallons over the first half of 1874. The increase in the supply of foreign, colonial, and home-made spirits, together, was 700,000 in the first half of the last year but only 240,000 gallons in the first half of the present year.

Fashion Items. Waists are still very long. This makes men long for them. Calico grows more and more fashionable—for bed-quits in country fairs. Very little false hair is worn. Tow and jute are cheaper and more convenient. Cream color as a fashion is now going out. That is to say, billious girls are out of style. Fashionable shirt bosoms remain plain—ruffled tuck the female cheek too much. The latest trimming is fly fringe, an old style renewed. The fly fringe every thing else a year. The chemist is revived. It is pleasant to learn that people are not so shiftless as they were. Silver pearl gray is the latest fashionable color. This is the beautiful shade seen on socks after three days' wear. Polonaises are provided with long side pockets—that is to say, pockets are still perched on the radder of the dress. Gentlemen's cuffs have the corner cut off or rounded. A still more common way is to have them frayed or raveled.