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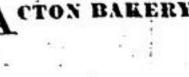
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miles from Atherton manor. his favorite "Madcap" and rode at once to Deepdale farm. Hilda saw

The rash young lover had not trothed for several weeks. He had a daughter's portion of love.

duct Funerals on the shortest notice barsh word his father had said, even to calling Hilda a milk-faced his better judgoment. Hat Bands and Gloves supplied when

come to his senses then, I'll warrant. He'll think it all right when he can't help himself."

ed to the eager boy, and the happy of the letter. light which had made her dark eyes

Nothing to show for the trouble and not come between you and your him. It was the crisis.

, who worship the very ground him."

no one else had a prior claim to possible out of sight, shrinking into daughter as though you were you. I would work myself to a the shadow of the heavy damask Cyril's wife. But as long as Cyril cause I love you better than myself | she gradually forgot her caution. that I will not let you do wrong. and alone, so far as human love is and intractable. Then Hilda would concerned, to my grave, if it so be take a book and read to him in her My poor little girls, with their soft that we cannot marry. Dearest low, musical voice, and thus soothe Cyril, go home to your father and him to sleep.

After a few moments of bewildering hesitation be mounted and ed her from her reverie : think forgivingly of Hilda, as he going away. Is it necessary I Can felt, her kisses burning upon his much as I do?

ed for active service, and, as it was his former self he had become. the time of the Crimean war, he

had no difficulty in carrying out softly : his purpose. His regiment was one of the first sent out. I'll put hand to the plough again, And I know that we will pull

Squire Atherton owned a fine

and of all the indoor servants at ing who was far away on the battle marriage of the heir of the manor

clares if she leaves the master in painful moan escaped her lips; the heped that Cyril would be fully rehis sore need, it'll only be feet first. next moment she lay apparently stored to health and strength, so Hilds went to the matron, telling fall loosened her cap, and her hair happy by his presence, her she was needed at home, and rolled in all its rich luxuriance procured her discharge. Then, around her-a kindly mantle bid

homeward-bound train: . looked to the surprised old; woman waited for his father's consent to like an apparition. Hilda smiled and held out her hand as she whis

"Don't you know me-Hilda, of be welcomed to his home, and given | Deepdale farm? I am here to help It was hard to tell her the bitter be afraid to trust me. I'll watch truth, and in his anger and disap- the master faithfully if you'll go

doll, whose pearly teeth and bright faithful old servant that she was eyes had captivated him in spite of making no idle boast, or she would looked at him, first in a dazed, benot have yielded up her post. As wildered way, then she put out "But we'll be married in spite it was, weary human nature assert- both hands and motioned him of him, won't we, darling? He'll ed its claims, and she went gladly. away. She soon came back with a bowl

of warm soup. It tusted gratefully to the young nurse, as she had not Hilda's roses paled as she listen- broken her fast since the reception After this, Hilda was left alone so brilliant, had died away in som- with the sick man. The night wore

It was a weary fight with death, | never will be wiser! You have | The Printer and His Types. conscience. Your father is an old but a strong constitution, aided by gone forever, and thinking, too, man, and it might shorten his life, careful nursing, carried the squire that Hilda was cruel and heartless. if you-his only son-should prove through. The delerium passed Oh, cruel Hilda! and more crue disobedient and ungrateful. I can- away, and a deep sleep came upon father f".

Cyril listened to her with flush- comfortable, he is saved," said the the bereaved girl. He felt himself doctor. "If, on the contrary, he almost a murderer, as the low "Then you will throw me over ? falls into a coma, nothing can help | plaintive tones made an accusation

your feet have touched. Oh, Hilda, Hours passed on. Every tick of I did not think it of you. My the silver-tongued repeater on the said father was right," he continued, mantle seeined to find an echo in "My poor girl, forgive me and gloomily. "Ho said all women the hearts of the anxious watchers, help me to bear this bitter, bitter "Don't, Cyril; I know you can- The squire awoke free from fever, be Cyril alive or dead, I will make not believe it of me! Hear me! though weak as a child. He was amends to you for my unthinking stands upon its head; or of some annoy you—in revenge for some

shadow for you, and consider my- curtains when he was awake But was not reported dead, there may During his long and tedious con-But I will promise to go solitary | valusconce he was often querulous of hope.

do as he wishes, fully and entirely. | She was only waiting until her God's blessing will surely rest upon presence was not absolutely needed to go back to her self-imposed duty Her voice broke. With a wild at the hospital. One morning she impulse she threw Her arms around had been reading the Times until, his neck and kissed him again and the squire was, as she thought, in the haste and confusion of a bather farewell. The next moment listlessly in her lap. Her thoughts, while the hattle was raging." Cyril was standing alone in the unmindful of time and space, were porch, and the heavy door was shut with him she loved so faithfully while every one else was thinking and self sacrificingly.

A trembling voice suddenly rous-

recalled her anguished sobs, and any other sick person need you as forehead-she who had ever been | Hilds looked at the old man in surprise. A cadence, born of lone- for his fault.

Strive as he might; he did not liness and sorrow, in his voice, again see Hilda. It seemed as touched her unspeakably; and as though some unseen messenger was she recalled the hale, hearty squire, ever on the alert to warn her of who often rode by the farm in the be his son's betrothed wife, and inhis approach. At last he grow des- pleasant old days, calling out a vited Lady Hargrave, his widowed perate, and determined to leave cheerful good morning to her uncle, sister, to come and lend the sanchome. His father procured him a in his stentorian tone, tears came tion of her presence to the young commission in the army. He wish- to her eyes to see what a wreck of After a brief hesitation she said

"If you need me I will not go away for the present." Hilda heard of his departure ,,I do need you very much," was

if necessary, and nurse some poor | Hilda felt the blood dyeing her victim of the war back to life, or (face, even to the border of her cap. to soothe his dying moments if he | She turned away, ostensibly to adjust the folds of a curtain, in re-

A letter from home brought | Just then Hannah came in with

Without a moment's hesitation, lifeless on the floor. The heavy that the tenantry could be made

A dash of cold water soon re-Old Hannah was seated at the vived her, and as soon as the fright

A BLOODY ENGAGEMENT. Great loss of officers and men-Cyril Atherton, of the Grays, mortally wounded, while endeavoring to silence

a buttery. The letters swarm before his eyes. He rose feebly and dragged his shaking limbs to Hilda's side. " My poor girl," he said, broken-

But he did not finish his sentence; for, at the sound of his sulky. voice Hilda onened her eyes and "We have killed him between

us! Do you hear? You and I Oh, my darling ! my darling !" The Squire turned to Hannah : "Who is this young woman ?" "Lord bless us, sir. Didn't you know it was Hilda? Master Cyril's

The following beautiful extract

It made the old man's frame "If he awakes rational and quiver like an aspen leaf to bear

He took her hand at last, and

cruelty both to you and to him.

back to us vet." Hilda caught eagerly at the ray "Oh, tell me truly," she said clasping her hands in her intense

eagerness, until the nails almost cut into the tender skin, "could it be possible that there was a mis take? Do they ever put the wrong name down ?"

"I have known of instances one officer being taken for another

So they tried to hope - ever sorrowfully that the kind bright faced young master was lying with fragments there are in the boxes; bastling world find no time for his face to the stars, no longer ig- how many atoms of poetry and nonsense, and their industry elsrode away. He could not but "Hannah tells me that you are norant of their voiceless mysteries, in his solemn sleep.

Hilda remained at the manor It was a comfort to the old man to make, as he thought, this expiation

In order that Hilda's position the household might be fully understood, he announced her girl's residence in his home.

The next telegram brought choering news. Cyril had lost an arm, but was doing well, and as soon as he would be able to bear the journey, to be sent home, wearing on his breast a decoration earned y his own bravery.

After this there was a happy household at Atherton manor. Lady Hargrave was versed in all the womanly accomplishments, and she found Hilds an apt pupil.

The squire could hardly show enough fondness for the gentle girl who had been so patient and tender in care of him through his tedious illness. The sight of her, pretty

not to be left a lonely old man. contagion. The concluding item passed on her way out. In her pale young soldier came home. way she was as much interested as Then there was quite a wedding-Squire Atherton is down with it, the squire. Was it not her nurstl- the festivities consequent upon the being reserved until the return of

Don't insult a poor man. His muscles may be well developed. Don't fret. The world will move n as usual when you are gone.

inches. Don't turn your nose at slight fortune in a small grocery on K things. Think of bread and tax- street.

Don't boast of your pedigree. Many a fool has had a wise an-Don't throw dust in your teacher's eyes. It will injure the pupil.

Don't buy a couch to please your Don't say, "I told you so.'

I'wo to one you never said a word about it. Don's publish your acts account straight.

those living. Don't mourn over funcied griev-

Don't put on airs in your nev

is from the pen of Benjamin F. Taylor, the printer poet :-of enterprise whose details are less and let their backbitings die a understood, by intelligent people, natural death from neglect. If

schievement of the types. are accustomed to read the news slanders that run through your paper, and to find fault with its brain like forked lightnings, you statements, its arrangements, its are only pleasing those malicious waste letter or two in it; but of petty spite or jeslousy, or envy the process by which the news than to do you serious injury. mills and the thousands of pieces into a worry about it? If a bee

wonderful still. When we look at | which might be here quoted to the hundred and fifty-two little advantage, but which you will boxes, somewhat shaded with the doubtless recall to mind without touch of inky fingers, that compose | further mention. the printer's "case," noiseless, The meddlesome busybody is again, between her sobs. It was asleep. Then the paper dropped tle, and this telegram was sent except the click of the types, as generally a person with little or no one by one they take their place in character of his own, and with the growing line-we think we nothing in life to do, and is there-

have found the marvel of art. We think how many fancies in The worthy workers in this busy, beloquence the printer can make vates them far above such littlehere and there, if he had only a ness. If what the gossips say of little chart to work by; how many you perchance be true, see to it facts in a small "handful;" how that you set yourself right at once.

bride in "small caps" and a sonnet | the poisoned shafts of malice will in nonpareil; he announces the full far below the mark to wound. languishing "live" in one sentence If we pause to bicker with back-

A poor jest ticks its way slowly heart full, and inevitably come outinto the printer's hand, like the losers in the end. To be sure, unclock just running down, and a just criticisms and accusations of strain of eloquence marches into which we are innocent are exceedline letter by letter. We fancy | ingly annoying, but they are never we can tell the difference by hear- dangerous unless by scolding and ing by the ear, but perhaps not.

vesterday announce a burial to- sudden requisitions, nor do they morrow-perhaps the same letters. blossom like the cerens, in a night, world of. Those types are a world like religion, they are of slow and with something in it as beautiful gradual growth, proceeding from as spring, as rich as summer, and the heart outward, and permeating frost cannot wilt-fruit that shall formed and sustained by our own

ripen for all time.

There are over forcy men in San Francisco, whose fortunes exceed \$4,000,000 each. There are as many more whose wealth is from \$1,000,000 to \$3,000,000 each. None of these fortunes were inbusiness and speculative operations, and all within a period of theaty five years. None of the million. aires have passed the prime of life, and they are all just as eager in their pursuit for riches as those who enjoy no reputation for opulence. The passion for great wealth in California is unprecedented. Sharon, whose fabulous wealth reads like the story of Don't color medeschaums for a Monte Cristo, arrived in Sacraliving. It is simply dying by mento in 1849, when it was a tent town, and laid the basis for his

Useful Knowledge.

A man walks three miles and hour; a horse trots seven; storms movo thirty-six; pounds; a barrel of pork, two twenty-five; a firkin of butter, eighty-four; a tub of butter, bis knee in sudden gladness, as if bushel; corn, rye and flax seed, there will be a hunner,!" eighty-five, sixty drops make a ounce; four thousand eight hun-

700 languages; one person dies ut each pulsation of the heart; average of life thirty-one years.

Owe no man anything,

How to Serve Slanderers.

The best way to destroy the 'yarns" spun by industrious gossip-mongers is to keep straight Perhaps there is no department on in the even tenor of your way than the "art preservative," the you pay attention to the unkind remarks of false friends, or if you Every day, their life long, people lie awake nights brooding over looks; to plume themselves on the persons the more, and assisting discovery of some rognish acrobatic | them in their object; for, after all, type that gets into a frolio and their purpose generally is more to paper is made, or the myriads of Besides, what is the use of getting necessary to its composition, they should sting you, would you rush stroy the one who attacked you? They imagine they discourse of a | Would not a thousand venomed wonder indeed, when they speak tongues then come swarming upon of the fair white carpet, woven for you who would otherwise have thought to walk on out of the rags | never molested you? Depend upon that fluttered on the back of the it, that "discretion is the better part of valor" in these cases; and But there is something more there is also a passage of Scripture

fore of very small consequence, and be grateful for the correction, Now he picks up the scattered however unkindly given, and thus transposes the word and deplores | biters, and to refute all the slanders shall soon have both hands and combating we give them character The types that told of a wedding and standing. Characters are not They are the elements to make a for either good or ill; but rather purposes and actions from year to year, not by the hasty and supericial comments of others. Calunniators are oftner actuated by envy than any other motive. Remember that slander, like death, "loves a shining mark," and that, f innocent, you have no need to fret, but marching straight ahead may safely trust your cause to the low but sure justice of public opinion and to time, who " makes

all things even." - Fanny B.

Arithmetic Extraordinary. The Scottish Highlanders, have long been famed for their roughs and-ready, but shrewd, mother wit. The following, for instance, is merely a common specimen of the

natural logic of the Gael ; Donald, brown as a berry, and newly from his native hills, was a passenger on board a certain steamboat plying between Aberdeen and Glasgow. Two smart young citybred gents on deck thought they would have a side-splitting laugh-

at the simple mountaineer's ex-"Donald, can you count any?" "Och, ay," replied the Highandman, "she'll may be can count

one or two.' "Then how many are here," asked the second swell: I mean my friend, myself and you?" The Gael seemed to consider deeply for some time, then stapping he had just solved some problem,

he cried aloud, " well, shentlemens, "A hundred," cried the laughterconvulsed fops; "explain your-

And a number of the giggling hassengers gathered around the trio to hear the explanation. "Well," said Donald, thumping nimself on the breast, " her nansel is one (1), and you two nothings

to their cabin amidst the unboun led laughter of the passengers, As we sow in temporal affaire

we shall reap,

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BEATTY'S

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THE HONEST BANKRUPT.

Yes, I'm a ruined man, Kate !

Everything is gone at last!

Of the weary years that are past ; Houses and lands and money and all, Have taken wings and fled,

This very morning I signed away
The roof from over our head. shouldn't care for myself, Kate; I'm used to the world's rough ways I've dug and delved, and plodded Through all my manhood days;

But I think of you and the children,
And it almost breaks my heart, For I thought so surely to give my And girls a splendid start. I was gotting so near the top-

Only a few years longer, and then,
I foundly expected to stop,
And put the boys in good places, Kato,
With an easier life ahead, But now I must give the prospect up; That comforting thought is dead. I'm worth more than my gold," ch

You're good to look at it so,

But a man isn't worth very much, Kate When his hair is turning to snow : white hands And innocent eyes of blue, Furned adrift in the cold and heartless What can and what will we do!

'An honest failure ?" Indeed it was,

Dollar for dollar paid And never a creditor suffered, whate'er Hard, unfeeling people have said. Better are rags and conscience clear Than a palace and tlushes of shame One thing I shall leave to my children, And that is an honest name.

What's that? "The boys are no troubled a bit!" They are ready now to begin And gain us another fortune, and work And toil through thick and thiu, The noble fellows ! already I feel I haven't so much to bear, Their courage has lightened my heavy

Of misery and despair.

They'd rather not dress so fine, Than think they did it with money That wasn't honestly mine. They're ready to show what they'ro Quick to earn as well as to save, y blessed, good little daughters, So generous and so brave !"

And the girls are so glad it was

And you think we needn't iret, Kate, While we have each other left, No matter of what possessious our Have been by this stroke bereft : You are right, Kate; with a quiet con-

And a wife so good and true,

through.

R. CREECH. THE OLD SQUIRE'S MISTAKE. "True hearts are more than coronets, And simple faith than Norman blood.

> place, and had a plethoric ront roll, so that money need not have been an object in the selection of a wife or his only son, Gril. Not being of a romantic temperament, he had given but little thought to the matter, merely looking upon it as essential, that at some distant time Cyril should form some suit-

able ulliance, so that the name need not die out; but there need be no haste, and a fortune must be among the lady's advantages. What, then, was his surprise and dismay, when Cyril came to him one morning and asked his consent to a marriage with a poor young girl, the orphan niece of a

small farmer, who lived some three A stormy scene ensued. They him coming and met him at the

woo her, and they had been beled Hilds to believe that she would pered pointment he did not soften one and take a rest."

are alike-selfish and mercenary." At last the critical moment came, punishment. From this moment to many years on the ladder, I thought If you were to be crippled in mind saved. and body, and miserably poor, and At first Hilda kept as much as You shall be to me as much my self happy in doing so. It is be he did not seem to notice her, and be room for hope. He may come know little and generally think to the hive and stir it up to de-

and bolted between them.

so chary of her caresses.

with tearful eyes. Still she did the reply. "So that matter not regret the course she had taken. settled. Now, nurse, I want to Following the noble example of ask you a question. Have I ever Florence Nightingale, she went to seen you before? Somehow your one of the hospital training schools face seems familiar, but 1 cannot to fit berself to follow her soldier, place it."

But other work was in store for ality to avoid a reply. news of an epedemic of the most the mail. Important news from face bending over her embroidery, as imperishable as autumn flowers one's whole existence. They are fatal type of typhoid fever in her the army was expected, there hav- or engaged in weaving some deliown village. The inhabitants were ling been rumors of an engagement. cate crochet pattern, seemed to him so alarmed that they were leaving | Get the paper, nurse, and run | like a tangible promite that he was the place, and nurses could not be over the war items." obtained, so great was the fear of . Hannah caught the words and . So the days wore on until the

the manor, old Hannah, who took field striving to win his spurs? care of the mistress in her last sick. Hilda took the paper and ran the bridal pair from a lengthened ness, is the only one left. She de her eves over the columns. One tour in Italy, when it was fondly

laden with her precious nowly- her deathly face from even old gained knowledge, she took the first | Hanna's pitying eyes. muster's bedside, looking worn and occasioned by her sudden illness weary. As Hilda came softly in; had subsided, the squire took the dressed in her clinging grey flunnel paper and saw facing him in staring dress, with her glossy hair hidden letters : by a close fitting muslin cap, she

you. I know what to do, so don't Something in the girl's quiet, resolute manner impressed the

ber shadows, but she answered with wearily away, the silence only bro- Hilda, who has been risking her sorrow will come. ken by the restless moans of the own life to save yours?" "No, Cyril, two wrongs never sufferer, when Hilda would straight

Hilda's voice interrupted them ! "Tie grave is the lonesome

much truth in chaos. elements, until he holds in his in due course of time you may hands a stanza of 'Gray's Elegy, retrieve yourself and "live it or a monody upon Grimes' "All down;" but if it be false (and Buttoned up Before." Now he ninety-nine times in a hundred it sets "Puppy Missing," and now is), let it go for what it is worth, Paradise Lost;" he arrays a and hold yourself so high that all

the days that are few and "evil" | we encounter by the wayside, we

Wealthy Men of San Franherited, but were acquired

steamboat runs eighteen; sailing vessels make ten; slow rivers flow wife. Better make her a little hurricanes eighty; & barrel of flour weighs one hundred and hinety-six eighty-four; wheat, beans, and charity. The Lord will keep the clover, seed, sixty pounds to the Don't write long obituaries. fifty-six's buckwheat, fifty-two; Save some of your kind words for oats, thirty-four; coarso salt, teaspoonful; three teaspoonful, or ance. Bide your, time, and real a tablespoonful, one third of an dred and forty square yards make clothes. Remember your tailor is an acre; a square mile, six hundred and forty acres; to measure an acre; two hundred and nine (00's); is not t'ut a hunner?" (100). The crest-fallen coxcombs retired feet on each side, making a square acre within one inch; there are 2,-