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THE ACTON

FREE PRESS

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Publisher & Proprietor.

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The undersigned begs leave to announce to Farmers, and others engaged in butter making who purpose getting a new Churn that they would consult their own interests by ordering one of A. Holmes' Improved Tubular Dash Churns. I am now taking orders for them, having purchased the patent right to manufacture and sell. They are without doubt the best in the market. Your patronage is respectfully solicited. Circulars and testimonials free on application. Territory for sale. Manufactured and sold by D. L. McDONALD,
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Buy your Harness at the Ontario Saddlery, where you get the worth of your money.
A splendid lot of NEW COLLARS on hand.
☞ All parties intending to purchase Harness should do so at once before the rush commences in order to secure a good set.
R. CREECH.
Acton, Jan. 7, 1878.

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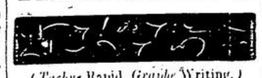

(*Tachus* Rapid, *Graphe* Writing.)
Those wishing to learn
SHORT-HAND
would do well to address
S. W. GALBRAITH,
Free Press, Acto

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The undersigned begs leave to inform the people of Acton and surrounding neighborhood that he has procured a magnificent HEARSE And is prepared to attend and conduct Funerals on the shortest notice and most moderate terms.
Caskets, Coffins, Burial Robes,
And all kinds of Funeral Furnishings kept in stock, and supplied on the shortest notice.
Hat Bands and Gloves supplied when required.
JOHN SPEIGHT.
Acton, Feb. 10, 1877.

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GO AND LEARN A TRADE.

The following is a song, which young ladies should learn for the benefit of such gallants who propose marriage without visible means of support, and expatiate on the delights of "love and rose-leaves."

I'll sing a little song to-night,
And every word is true.
You'll find that every line is meant,
Young gentleman, for you.
I've no intention to offend,
In what is sung or said—
The sum and substance of it is,
To go and learn a trade.

CHORUS.

The "coming man" is he who lives
To see his fortune made,
Whom everybody will respect,
Because he learned a trade.

Your education may be good,
But time is flitting by,
Instead of working don't be fooled;
The old man may not die;
And if he should, the chances are
His will may be mislaid,
Or you cut off without a cent;
So go and "learn a trade."

The country's full of "nice young men,"
Who from their duty shirk;
Who think 'twould crush their family pride,
If they should go to work:
Take off your coat (your father did)
And find some honest maid,
Who'll help you make your fortune then
You've learned an honest trade.

Be temperate in all you do,
Be faithful to your "boss;"
You'll find the more you do for him
Will never prove a loss;
When fame and fortune's made,
The best step that you ever took
Was when you learned a trade.

THE GOLDEN DEATH!

A TALE OF EL DORADO.

(Continued.)

The weary night was not destined to end without an occurrence upon which they had not calculated. Just as the dawn began to peep above the eastern hills, their wakeful ears were saluted by the sound of trampling hoofs, slowly and wearily coming up the canon. The lawless state of society made men as wat they had on journeys, as thoughtful, when been on the war-path, and the first impulse of our heroes was to spring to their feet, grasp their rifles, and command the intruder to halt.

"Hallo!" answered a voice out of the darkness—a voice which, strange to say, did not seem unfamiliar to its hearers. "Hallo! I didn't know anybody was so near me last night, or I should have come on two miles further than where I camped. Anyway, I am a friend to all honest men, and I suppose you are that, neighbors?" And the speaker, continuing to advance, soon came into the full light of the fire. The utter astonishment, when the three beheld each other clearly, may be more easily imagined than described, when the chronicler records that the newcomer was no other than Alfred Carston!

The coolest man of the trio was the unexpected intruder. He saw the anger blazing in the eyes of the others—for their mutual explanations had long since convinced both of his treachery—but his self-possession did not desert him.

The main point of his lying explanation was that Lucy Ellerslie had jilted him also, and, therefore, he was in the same boat with themselves. His frank-hearted dupes, never distrusting a new treachery, *did* forgive him, and, though they declined to travel in his company, as he proposed, they allowed him to go free, unharmed by any punishment it was fully in their power to inflict.

Carston, after having partaken of the morning meal with his late foes, departed in the direction of Petaluma, his ostensible destination. Nevertheless, at the northern outlet of the canon, hidden from their sight by the trees and rocks, he deliberately dismounted and tied his mule to a sapling.

"I've had to eat humble pie, have I?" he muttered to himself, as he began to climb the rear of the cliff, from the brow of which he hoped to be able to watch the men he had just left. "I've had to cringe and beg of the very men I so neatly tricked at home! Very well, very well, indeed! But if I don't make them eat as tough a meal, I'm not the man I think I am! A leaden bullet," he added, as he attained the eminence, and crawled to the brink, from whence Benson and Stanton were in full view. "Humph! It may come to that! It's a morsel not easily digested, and has the advantage of settling the whole score forever!"

Meanwhile, unconscious that the murderous eye of Revenge was following their motions, our heroes began the task which had brought them thither. Carefully following the directions furnished them by their Indian informant, they approached the oak-tree, passed it, and crossed the brook, passed the centre redwood in its turn, and at length stood beneath the singular rocks which projected from the cliff. Here they had been told to search for a huge boulder, marked with strange hieroglyphics. Ere long they discovered it, moss-grown, and dark with the stains of time, leaning against the base of the wall-like rock. Behind this, they had been told, the entrance to the gold cave lay hidden, and, with joyful steps, they hastened toward it.

It was a ponderous fragment, this door of Aladdin's palace, looking at first as though it would require machinery to displace it. But a brief examination proved that it was balanced with great skill on a smaller rock, so that an ordinary lever would move it backward. The lever was soon found in the branch of a tree, and the stone pressed out, disclosing the mouth of a dark tunnel about five feet high and not quite so wide, penetrating directly into the substance of the cliff.

"Here *is* the cave at last!" cried Benson, joyously, "but, deuce take the stone! it won't stay open."

"Prop it back with a piece of the branch, John," said Ralph, quietly, "and mind that you do it carefully. It would be no joke to have the stone slip back and imprison us in that place!"

With every care that anxiety could suggest, Benson obeyed the injunction, and then both, crouching low, entered the grim tunnel, having first lighted some candles which, with provident forethought, they had brought with them. Had they known that a deadly enemy had followed them, from the moment they began to trace the landmarks, and that he had secretly drawn near enough to hear Stanton's direction about the prop, their feelings, as they disappeared in the tunnel, would scarcely have been so exultant.

Hardly had the last gleam of the light they carried vanished, when Carston emerged from his concealment behind some trees close at hand, and silently drew near the great stone. A smile of devilish malignity wreathed his thin lip, and the fire of gratified hate blazed in his eye.

"Ho, ho, ho!" he laughed, laying his hand on the stout stick which kept the rock back from the opening. "Caught like rats in a trap! I couldn't have wished anything better if I had planned it myself. Stay there and starve, fond lovers! Hunger is harder food than even humble pie!"

With the last words, he forcibly wrenched out the prop, and the immense rock sank swiftly, but silently, back to its place! Then the wretch coolly seated himself upon the boulder, and waited patiently until he should hear them return along the tunnel.

"I wonder what they went in for?" he muttered, as he squatted like a great toad over the tomb of his victims. "I heard them say something about its being a gold cave. Ha, ha!" he added, after a moment's reflection. "It's their *cache!* They've got their own gold hid there! So much the better, for I'll make profit as well as revenge! As soon as I let them understand who fastened them in, I'll start for Petaluma. Two weeks from to-day I'll come back again. *By that time they'll be dead, and*—"

He was interrupted by a violent shaking of the stone on which he sat. His victims had come back along the tunnel, and were striving to push the stone from the entrance. The villain sprang from his seat with the agility of an ape, and placed his mouth close to a small opening above the rock.

"You'll never get out, my darlings!" he shouted in a tone of fiendish triumph. "It's my turn now, and I'll keep it! Shall I take any message to Miss Lucy from you?"

A violent oscillation of the stone was the only answer. The desperate men within had nearly thrown it from its base.

"Ho, ho! my darlings, that won't do!" chuckled the villain, in grim jocularity. "Another such push would upset that nicely balanced rock. I must stop that, I assure you!"

While he thus spoke, he began hastily to pile smaller boulders, of which a great number lay scattered about, against the large one. As soon as a sufficient quantity had been arranged to destroy any hope that the prisoners might have entertained of overbalancing the great rock, Carston cut down a small tree with his hatchet, and trimmed the branches from it. One end of this he buried in the ground, and the other he braced firmly against the upper part of the boulder. The strength of a hundred men, exerted from within the narrow tunnel, would not have sufficed to dislodge the barrier. The unfortunate victims were hopelessly imprisoned!

"There!" shouted the wretch, when he had completed his horrible task. "I think that will keep you in till I let you out—*and that will be when you are dead!* Good-bye, my boys! If I ever see her, I'll give your love to Miss Lucy!"

And, unheeding the cries of despair which issued from the tomb, the malignant wretch shouldered his rifle, and stalked off up the canon, to the spot where he had left his mule. In another quarter of an hour the sound of its hoofs died away, and the glen was deserted, save by the captives in the bowels of the rock!

* * * * *

On entering the tunnel, our heroes were forced to grope their way for some twenty feet, when they suddenly emerged into a large, vault-like chamber, the floor of which was nearly one hundred feet in circumference.

The sight that burst upon them, when they stood upright upon its threshold, was so brilliant as to dazzle their eyes, and, for a time bewilder their senses! The lofty walls of the cavern were composed of white, and sparkling quartz, through which veins of virgin gold meandered in every direction. In several places, masses of the pure metal, weighing many pounds, cropped out from the rock, and on the floor lay scattered innumerable fragments, so rich with the pure ore as to be almost solid gold. One piece which lay in the very centre of the vault, particularly attracted their attention. It was composed of nearly equal parts of crystalized quartz and pure gold, and was quite six feet in circumference; being hewn into the shape of an almost perfect sphere.

The fact was plain that the cavern was the work of human labor, and doubtless the ancient Indians had cut that golden ball for some purpose connected with their religion.

Here was wealth beyond their wildest dreams, and the explorers soon discovered that they did not need artificial light to examine the treasure. In the centre of the lofty roof, a large opening communicated with the outer air, and afforded sufficient ventilation and illumination for the whole chamber. It was so situated, however, that it could not possibly be reached by climbing.

Having thoroughly inspected the cave from end to end, they re-entered the tunnel to make their way out.

It would be impossible to describe their feelings when they realized that all hope was gone. Rage and bitter mortification were their first feelings, for they had recognized the voice of their treacherous foe, whom they had so lately spared, and, if they then could have laid hands on him, his fate would have been a warning to all traitors.

Every exertion was in vain! They could not move the boulder at the mouth of the tunnel, and they had no tools to undermine it, or to break through the walls of their dungeon. They could not climb the vaulted sides, or crawl along its arching roof to reach the opening above, and they had not a morsel of food to sustain them in any protracted labor!

The morning of the third day arrived. They knew it was morning, for the mocking sunlight streamed into their prison through the outlet in the roof, which mocked them also. But now they were so weak and spent that they cared not for the sunlight, and wished for nothing, save death. That was coming, too!

The rattle of dry bones! God of mercy! It is the crash of falling stones and earth!—the sound of axes and levers tearing down the barrier of their dungeon! A loud shout of joy and triumph, a confused, scrambling rush of men along the narrow tunnel, and they are borne forth into the open air, surrounded by a frantic throng, who are wild with exultation at their deliverance!

Yes, they are saved; and, strange to relate, their rescuer was Lucy Ellerslie!

* * * * *

Lucy was a girl of spirit, and, when she found that she had been cheated out of her fortune, she resolved that the villain who had robbed her should not finally triumph. With the money she obtained from the sale of her house, she went to New York, and sought out an old friend of her father, who was an experienced lawyer. This gentleman had retired from the practice of his profession, but was still young enough to labor in such a cause, and without hesitation he espoused it. Together they set out on the search, and after many disappointments, tracked the scoundrel to San Francisco.

Here, for a time, they were at fault, but finally discovered that a man answering his description had been residing in a low tavern near Pacific Wharf, and had left the city a few days before to go to Petaluma, where he had a partnership in a gambling-house. This clue was quite sufficient for the shrewd lawyer, and on the third day after they reached that town, he found that the individual he was seeking had arrived. By a little management, he brought Lucy and the suspected man face to face on the street, and, in spite of great alteration in his appearance, she instantly identified him.

Fortunately for his victims in the cave Carston also recognized her, and his first impulse, instantly, acted upon, was flight. The lawyer was prepared for that, and knowing that the regular authorities were worse than useless, at that time, in California, had informed the leading members of the Vigilance Committee. Every considerable town in the State had such a Committee in those days, and he had taken the precaution of obtaining letters of introduction to the leaders in Petaluma. The consequence was that a dozen resolute men were on Carston's trail half an hour after he had left the town, Lucy remaining behind.

Merciful Providence had decreed that the ruling evil passion of Carston's nature should be the means of rescue for his intended victims. His avarice led him to seek the cave in his flight, with the design of completing the murder of his prisoners, if any life remained in them, and then securing the property he supposed they had hidden there. Just as he had commenced to remove the tree he had braced against the stone, the Vigilance Committee pounced upon him. From the frantic exclamations wrung from him by the fear of instant death, they gathered the truth—that two men were starving to death in the cave—and their willing hands soon tore down the barrier, as we have seen.

Ralph Stanton lived to devote his life to Lucy Ellerslie, and to bless his preservers; but poor Benson died as they were in the act of removing him from his awful prison.

The justice of the citizen judges of El Dorado was, in those days, sharp and decisive. Carston, from his numerous crimes, was already condemned, and the discovery of this last atrocity sealed his fate.

The great golden ball in the cave had attracted their attention, and with an awful poetry of retribution, they determined to make it an instrument of his punishment. With the help of levers they heaved it forth, and poised it on the brow of a steep declivity, which sloped away from behind the cliff. Then they bound the wretch upon it with stout cords, *and at a given signal, sent it rolling down the slope!* When it reached the bottom, naught remained of the murderer but a mangled mass.

A Short Temperance Sermon.

Some years ago we had in our employ a man, who, several times in the day, ran out of the office to buy a drink of whiskey. Every time he went out, the cashier was instructed to drop ten cents into a drawer to our credit. At the end of seventeen months, the man who had gone out so often had drank himself out of a good situation; and the drawer, when opened, was found to contain four hundred and nine dollars, which we loaned to a young mechanic at nine per cent. He used it to purchase a set of tinners' tools. On the 15th of Feb., 1876, he returned it to us with interest, saying in his letter that he has now a wife, two children, and property worth five thousand dollars. The other fellow is a bummer hunting for food.—*Pomeroy's Democrat.*

Respect Due to Wives.

Do not jest with your wife upon a subject in which there may be danger of wounding her feelings. Remember that she treasures every word you utter. Do not speak of great virtues in another man's wife to remind your own of a fault. Do not reproach your wife with personal defects, for if she has sensibility you inflict a wound difficult to heal. Do not treat your wife with inattention in company; it touches her pride and she will not respect you more or love you better for it. Do not upbraid your wife in the presence of a third party; the sense of your disregard for her feelings will prevent her from acknowledging her fault. Do not entertain your wife by praising the beauty and accomplishments of other women. Do not be stern and silent in your house, and remarkable for sociability elsewhere.

An Irishman who stood near the third base watching a game of base ball the other day, was sent to grass by a foul which struck him under the fifth rib. "A fowl, wuz it? Begorra, I thought it waz a mule."

Filthy Habit.

Of all the filthy habits in the world tobacco chewing is one of the filthiest. Yet how promptly and cheerfully the chewers bring forth their little tin-foil packages, and minister to each other's cravings. And how the quid-chewers benevolently overlook their squirting practices, especially in places of amusement, railroad cars, etc.

On the New York Central travels a pleasant-mannered conductor—a neat, tidy man, in everything excepting the weed.

One morning, shortly after his train had started, he entered a car which was "bran-new" and gorgeous in all its adornements. His attention was at once drawn to the zinc around the stove, the brightness of which had been dimmed by the filthy expectorating of some tobacco-chewer.

Looking around with a frown, he spoke loud enough to be heard by all in the car, demanding to know who had been guilty of so dirty a trick.

No one replied.

He repeated the question in more angry tones, when a meek and scared looking young man tremblingly said:

"I did it, but I——"

"All right!" said the conductor, quietly, his face relaxing into a smile,—"Give us a chew!"

And that deceitful conductor paid no more attention to the nasty performance, but went on "chewing" and calling out "Tick-ets!"

Language of the Hair.

All of our features have their language—eyes, nose and mouth. And now some one discovers that even the hair has its own indications.

Straight, lank, string-looking hair indicates weakness and cowardice.

Curly hair denotes a quick temper.

Frizzy hair, set on one's head as if each individual hair was ready to fight its neighbor, denotes coarseness.

Black hair denotes persistent resolution in accomplishing an object—also a strong predisposition to revenge wrongs and insults, real or fancied.

Brown hair denotes fondness for life, a friendly disposition, ambition, earnestness of purpose, reliability in friendship, in proportion as the hair is fine.

Very fine hair indicates an even disposition, readiness to forgive, with a desire to add to the happiness of others.

Persons with fine light brown or auburn hair, inclined to curl or friz, are quick tempered, and are given to resentment and revenge.

Light brown hair, inclined to redness, with a freckled skin, is said to be a certain indication of deceit, treachery and disposition to do something mean by a friend who can no longer be used to advantage.

All of which may be news to fortune tellers.

How to Please Your Boy.

"If you want to keep your boy at home make it pleasanter than the street."

Certainly. Chalk a hopscotch for him in the hall, put a hogshead of molasses on tap in the kitchen, have a dog-fight in the back-yard, make a "bully slide" on the cellar door, have a hand-organ and monkey in the reception room, and a German band on the stairs. Let the boy chalk callers' backs on the first of April, throw his baseball through the windows, ring the bells and run away, and "plug" the cook with fish balls on Sunday morning; but even then you will have to engage a circus or "great moral show" to drive through the premises two or three times in the season to "make it pleasanter than the street."

A reformed strawberry is wanted—is necessary. Why don't our fruit culturists grow a variety of berry that will act fair and honest?—not have all the big ones crawl on the top of the basket and the little ones nestle in the bottom. For the strong to rule over the weak is quite natural, however.

FROM TWO POINTS OF VIEW.—Mr. and Mrs. Squibbles and the visitor were sitting in the parlor and the olive branch was sleeping sweetly in the inner room, from which a door opened into the parlor. "Yes, ma'am," said Squibbles, "there is something about babies that appeals to the finer feelings of our nature; an indefinable presence which softens us and makes our hearts go out towards them, a subtle influence which recalls—for God's sake, Maria, go in there and strangle that brat, or do something to make it shut up, so that a man can hear himself talk in his own house."

A Thief's Little Joke.

A London pickpocket played a neat trick on a policman the other day. Detected in stealing a watch he ran away, and at the moment the policeman came up with him he appeared to pass the watch to a bystander, saying "Here, take it." The policeman arrested both and took them before a magistrate, where both loudly declared their innocence. They were immediately searched, but nothing found to criminate them. The pickpocket then accused the policeman of committing the theft himself, and on searching his own pockets the astonished officer discovered the watch in his pocket. The pickpocket, having enjoyed his little joke, immediately acknowledged his guilt, to the intense relief of the policeman.

Items of Interest.

400 Chicago coopers have struck for an advance of wages.

1,000 cotton operatives have struck at Bury, England.

Nova Scotia crops generally, very promising; hay unusually heavy.

A school of art, costing $125,000, is to be erected at Manchester, England.

Gazette and *Herald* compositors at Montreal have struck against a ten per cent. reduction.

Mrs. A. T. Stewart owns the largest solitaire diamond in the United States; value $35,000.

It is probable that the Gregorian calender will shortly supersede the Old Style in the reckoning of dates in Russia.

In 1814 Great Britain, with a population of 18,000,000, had 147,000 seamen and marines and 114 line-of-battle ships.

Roy, the Brahmin priest, has been sentenced to three months imprisonment by the Toronto Police magistrate for bigamy.

The anniversary of the St. John fire was celebrated on Tuesday last by services in the churches, and a general suspension of business.

Earl Dufferin has forwarded two prize medals to Lieut.-Governor Cauchon, of Manitoba, for the encouragement of farming in the Icelandic settlement.

Of the 5,000,000 Jews estimated to be on the face of the globe, 120,000 are assigned to America, 46,000 to France, 300 to Ireland, 25 to Norway. One out of every seven inhabitants of Poland, and one out of every twenty-five of Hamburg, Roumania, and Austria, are Hebrews.

Eramosa Township Council.

This Council met at the Centre Inn on the 17th inst. All the members present; the Reeve in the chair. The minutes of last meeting were read and confirmed.

$6 was ordered to be paid to William Mutrie and $3 to Robert Dredge, for gravel taken from their pits; $10 to John Edwards for a culvert on lot 18, 4th con.; $12 to Samuel Ridgeway, Road Overseer, to be expended on his road division, and $3 to John Mutrie for a tape line provided by him for township uses.

Moved by Mr. Duffield, seconded by Mr. Hortop, that the council take no action in opening out the new road lying on the 3rd con., referred to in a petition by Mr. McCarthy and others this year. Carried.

$5 was ordered to be paid to Terence O'Boyle for conveying W. Duncan to Guelph General Hospital and for medicine to him from Dr. McCullogh.

The Clerk was directed to notify Wm Scarrow to give up possession of the side road lying between the west halves of lots 15 and 16, 3rd con., on or before the first day of October next.

The Clerk was likewise directed to notify Hugh Nisbet to remove forthwith his cordwood off the road allowance lying between lots 26, 3rd line; and John and David Barclay to remove their rails off the same road allowance between lots 27.

The Council was then constituted a Court of Revision. The Assessment Rolls were examined and the North Division Roll amended by charging to James McCullough and Stewart McCullough 25 acres each, in place of 17 acres, on the South half of the east half of lot 15, 3rd con., and James McCullough's assessment fixed at $2340, and Stewart McCullough's assessment $2100. The Rolls were confirmed and the Court adjourned.

The Council resumed, and then adjourned to meet again at the Centre Inn on Monday, the 12th day of August next, at ten o'clock a.m.

J. A. DAVIDSON,
Tp Clerk.