

The York Herald

IS PUBLISHED
EVERY FRIDAY MORNING,
And despatched to Subscribers by the earliest
mail, or other conveyance, when so desired
The YORK HERALD will always be
found to contain the latest and most impor-
tant Foreign and Provincial News and Mar-
kets, and the greatest care will be taken to
render it acceptable to the man of business,
and a valuable Family Newspaper.
TERMS.—Seven and Sixpence per Annum, in
advance; and if not paid within Three
Months two dollars will be charged.

RATES OF ADVERTISING :—
Six lines and under, first insertion, \$40 50
Each subsequent insertion, 10 12 1/2
Ten lines and under, first insertion, 00 75
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All transitory advertisements, from strangers
or irregular customers, must be paid for when
handed in for insertion.
A liberal discount will be made to parties ad-
vertising by the year.
All advertisements published for a less pe-
riod than one month, must be paid for in ad-
vance.
All letters addressed to the Editor must be
post paid.
No paper discontinued until all arrears are paid;
and parties refusing papers without pay
tag up, will be held accountable for the sub-
scription.

THE YORK HERALD
Book and Job Printing
ESTABLISHMENT.
ORDERS for any of the undermentioned
descriptions of PLAIN and FANCY JOB
WORK will be promptly attended to :—
BOOKS, FANCY BILLS, BUSINESS CARDS, LARGES
AND SMALL POSTERS, CIRCULARS, LAW FORMS,
BILL HEADS, BANK CHECKS, DRAFTS, AND
PAMPHLETS.
And every other kind of
LETTER-PRESS PRINTING!
done in the best style, at moderate rates.
Our assortment of JOB TYPE is entirely
new and of the latest pattern. A large variety
of new Fancy Type and Borders, for Cards,
Circulars, &c., kept always on hand.

Business Directory.
MEDICAL CARDS.
DR. HOSTETTER,
Member of the Royal College of Surgeons
England,
Opposite the Elgin Mills,
RICHMOND HILL.
May 1, 1861. 127-1/2p
I. BOWMAN, M.D.,
Physician, Surgeon & Accoucheur
One Door South of Lemon's Hotel
May 1, 1861. THORNHILL. 127-1/2y
LAW CARDS.
M. TEEFY,
COMMISSIONER IN THE QUEEN'S BENCH
CONVEYANCER, AND
DIVISION COURT AGENT,
RICHMOND HILL POST OFFICE.
AGREEMENTS, Bonds, Deeds, Mortgages,
Wills, &c., &c., drawn with attention and
promptitude.
Richmond Hill, Aug. 29. 144-1/2f

A CARD.
W. C. KEELE, Esq., of the City of Tor-
onto, has opened an office in the Vil-
lage of Aurora for the transaction of Common
Law and Chancery Business, also, Convey-
ancing executed with correctness and despatch
Division Courts attended.
Wellington St. Aurora, & Queen St. Toronto
November 20, 1860. 104-1y
MATHESON & FITZGERALD,
Barristers, Attorneys-at-Law,
SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY, &c.
OFFICE :—
CORNER OF KING AND TORONTO STREETS
Over Whitmore & Co's. Banking Office,
TORONTO.
Agency Particularly attended to.
THOMAS G. MATHESON. JAMES FITZGERALD.
Toronto, July 1, 1859. 31-1/2f

Mr. S. M. JARVIS,
BARRISTER-AT-LAW AND SOLICITOR
IN CHANCERY,
Office removed to Gas Company's Buildings,
Toronto Street.
Toronto, January 9, 1861. 111-6m
Charles C. Keller,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, SOLICITOR
IN CHANCERY, CONVEYANCER, &c. Office,
a Victoria Buildings, over the Chronicle office,
Brook Street, Windsor.
Also a Branch Office in the village of Beau-
vallon, Township of Thurland, and County of
Ontario.
The Division Courts in Ontario, Richmond
Hill, and Markham Villages regularly attended.
Whitby, Nov. 22, 1860. 104-1y
JAMES BOULTON, Esq.,
Barrister,
Law Office—Corner of Church and King Sts.
Toronto, March 8, 1861. 119-1/2f
EDWARD E. W. HURD,
BARRISTER, Attorney-at-Law, Solicitor
in Chancery, Conveyancer, &c. Money
advances procured on Fortgages,
No. 3, Jordan Street,
Toronto, December 13, 1860. 108-1y
A. MACNABB,
BARRISTER, Attorney, Solicitor, &c.
King Street, East, [over Leader Office,]
Toronto, C.W.
Toronto, April, 12, 1861. 123-1/2y
William Grant,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Solicitor in Chan-
cery, Conveyancer, &c. Toronto. Office
in the "Leader" Buildings, King Street.
Toronto, April 12, 1861. 123-1/2y
A. MAIRS, B. A.
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, SOLICITOR
in Chancery, Conveyancer, &c. Main
Street, Markham Village.

The York Herald

AURORA AND RICHMOND HILL ADVOCATE AND ADVERTISER.

ALEX. SCOTT, Proprietor.

"Let Sound Reason weigh more with us than Popular Opinion."

TERMS: \$1 50 In Advance.

Vol. IV. No. 10.

RICHMOND HILL, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1862.

Whole No. 167.

HOTEL CARDS.

RICHMOND HILL HOTEL,
RICHMOND HILL, PROPRIETOR.

A LARGE HALL is connected with this
Hotel for Assemblies, Balls, Concerts,
Meetings, &c.
A STAGE leaves this Hotel every morning
for Toronto, at 7 a.m.; returning, leaves
Toronto at half past 3.
Good Stabling and a careful Hostler in
attendance.
Richmond Hill, Nov. 7, 1861. 145-1/2y

Masonic Arms Hotel,
RICHMOND HILL,
GEORGE SIMSON, PROPRIETOR.

GOOD Accommodations and every attention
shown to Travellers. Good Yards for
Drive Cattle and Loose Boxes for Race Horses
and Studs.
The Monthly Fair held on the Premises first
Wednesday in each month.
The Sub-Committee in calling the attention of
the public and his Old Friends to his establishment,
feels satisfied he can administer comfortably to
their wants and with mutual satisfaction.
Richmond Hill, April 20, 1860. 73-1/2f

White Hart Inn,
RICHMOND HILL.

THE Subscriber begs to inform the Public
that he has leased the above Hotel,
where he will keep constantly on hand a good
supply of first-class Liquors, &c. As this
house possesses every accommodation Travel-
lers can desire, those who wish to stay where
they can find every comfort are respectfully in-
vited to give him a call.
CORNELIUS VAN NOSTRAND.
Richmond Hill, Dec. 28, 1860. 108-1/2y

YONGE STREET HOTEL,
AURORA.

A GOOD supply of Wines and Liquors
always on hand. Excellent Accommo-
dation for Travellers, Farmers, and others.
Cigars of all brands.
D. McLEOD, Proprietor.
Aurora, June 6, 1859. 25-1/2y

Hunter's Hotel,
Deutsches Gasthaus,

THE Subscriber begs to inform the Public
that he has leased the above Hotel,
where he will keep constantly on hand a good
supply of first-class Liquors, &c. This house
possesses every accommodation. Travellers can
desire, those who wish to stay where they can
find every comfort are respectfully invited to call.
W. WESTPHAL.
Corner of Church and Stanley Sts.,
Toronto, Sept. 6, 1861. 145-1/2y

Albion Hotel,
EAST MARKET SQUARE,
TORONTO, C.W.

J. SMITH, Proprietor.
Toronto, April 19, 1861. 125-1/2y

THE WELL-KNOWN
BLACK HORSE HOTEL,
Formerly kept by William Rolph,
Cor. of Palace & George Sts.
[EAST OF THE MARKET.] TORONTO.

WILLIAM COX, Proprietor,
[Successor to Thomas Palmer].
Good Stabling attached. Trusty Hostlers
always in attendance.
Toronto, April 19, 1861. 125-1/2y

JO. H. SMITH,
ST. LAWRENCE INN,
142 KING STREET,
OPPOSITE THE ST. LAWRENCE MARKET,
TORONTO.

Choice Liquors and Good Accommodation at
reasonable charges. Good Stabling and a
Careful Hostler in attendance.
Toronto, April 19, 1861. 123-1/2y

JOS. GREGOR'S
Fountain Restaurant,
69 KING STREET, EAST, TORONTO

Lunch every day from 11 till 2.
Soup, Games, Oysters, Lobsters, &c.
Dinner and Supper for Private Parties got
up in the best style.
Toronto, April 19, 1861. 125-1/2y

NEWBICGING HOUSE,
LATE Chancery Hotel, No. 28, 30 and 32
Front Street, Toronto. Board \$1, per
day. Porters always in attendance at the Cars
and Docks.
W. NEWBICGING, Proprietor.
Toronto, April 8, 1861. 124-1/2y

Eastern Hotel,
CORNER of King and George Streets,
Toronto, C.W. Wm. MCKINNON, Proprietor.
Good accommodation for Travellers
fine Stabling, and a Good Hostler always in
attendance.
Toronto, April 10, 1861. 123-1/2y

YORK MILLS HOTEL,
YONGE STREET,

THE Subscriber begs to intimate that he
has leased the above hotel, and having
fitted it up in the latest style travellers may
rely upon having every comfort and attention
at this first class house.
Good Stabling and an attentive Hostler al-
ways in attendance.
WILLIAM LENNOX, Proprietor,
York Mills, June 7, 1861. 132-1/2y

Wellington Hotel, Aurora!

OPPOSITE THE TORONTO HOUSE.

GEO. L. GRAHAM, PROPRIETOR.

A LARGE and Commodious Hall and other
improvements have, at great expense,
been made so as to make this House the largest
and best hotel of Toronto. Travellers at this
House find every convenience both for them-
selves and their baggage.
N.B.—A careful hostler always in attendance.
Aurora Station, April 1861. 126-1/2y

Poetry.

DELIGHT IN GOD ONLY.

BY FRANCIS QUARLES.

I love (and have some cause to love) the earth
She is my Mother's creature; therefore good;
She is my mother, for she gave me birth;
She is my tender nurse—she gives me food;
But what's a creature Lord, compared with
Thee?
Or what's my mother or my nurse to me?
I love the air, her dainty sweets refresh
My drooping soul, and to new sweets invite me;
Her shrill-mouthed choir sustains me with their
flashes,
And with their polyphonic notes delight me;
But what's the air, or all the sweets that
she
Can bless my soul withal, compared with
Thee?

I love the sea; she is my fellow creature,
My careful purveyor; she provides me stores;
She walls me round; she makes my diet greater;
She winks my treasure from a foreign shore;
But, Lord of Oceans, when compared with
Thee,
What is the ocean, or her wealth, to me?

To heaven's high city I direct my journey,
Whose swarthy suburbs entertain mine eye;
Mine eye, by contemplation's great attorney,
Transcends the crystal pavement of the sky;
But what is heaven, great God, compared
with Thee?

Without Thy presence, heaven's no heaven
to me,
Without Thy presence earth gives no refreshment;
Without Thy presence air affords no treasure;
Without Thy presence air's a rank infection;
Without Thy presence heaven itself's no plea-
sure:

If not possessed, if not enjoyed in Thee,
What's the earth, or sea, or air, or heaven to
me?

The highest honors that the world can boast,
Are subjects far too low for my desire;
The brightest beams of glory are (at most)
But dying sparks of thy living fire.
The largest flames that earth can kindle be
But nightly glow-worms, if compared
with Thee!

Without Thy presence wealth is bags of cares;
Wisdom but folly; joy disquiet—sadness;
Friendship in treachery, and delights are snares;
Pleasures but pain, and mirth but pleasing
madness;
Without Thee, Lord, things be not what
they be,
Nor have they being, when compared with
Thee.

In having all things, and not Thee, what have I?
Not having Thee, what have my labors got?
Let me enjoy but Thee, what further crave I?
And having Thee alone, what have I not?
I wish not see nor land; nor would I be
Possessed of heaven, heaven unpossessed
of Thee!

Literature.

FLEURINE JAUNE,
THE ADOPTED CHILD.

One day the Marchioness de Vigny
had sent her customary supply of
provisions to her pensioners in the
pretty town of Jarne; a single
little basket, however, she herself
carried to a sick person who had
formerly kept a fruitstand at the
street corner; but an epidemic
currying off most of his customers
had reduced him to a more precari-
ous street life, till the dreadful dis-
ease made him also its prey, and he
returned home only to infect the
others. It was then an adventure-
ous calling for the lady to enter a
dark cellar-like room, and unfor-
tunately useless, for both husband and
wife, stretched on their straw, had
expired before her arrival. The
good lady, horror-stricken, was
about to leave the place, when her
eye was caught by a little mute
figure sitting on a table to which it
had climbed. Brown and dirty,
but with much beauty in its grave
face, the little silent child touched
her heart, and she lifted it to the
floor to lead it out with her. To
her surprise the child immediately
climbed back, and resumed her for-
mer position. Again the visitor
took her, and prepared to depart.
But the child, hanging by her hand,
swung back, looking at the two
dead persons.

'They sleep!' she whispered
brokenly, putting her tiny finger on
her lips. 'Papa and mamma sleep.'
'You will not want to wake
them, then,' remonstrated the lady.
'Come with me till they wake.'
Then the child turned, and suffered
herself to be led forth.

'Till they wake!' the marchion-
ess had said, when taking the child.
To what else, she reflected, had she
pledged herself then unguardedly,

but a lifelong adoption. Very well,
it should be done. She was a wi-
dow, enjoying her own income with
her one son, with as noble a soul as
her own, now absent at college.—
No objection could be raised by
any one; and without further ado
she led the child home unobserved,
herself arranged for her a decent
toilet, summoned a notary, and had
papers of adoption made out at
once. When the servants laid the
cloth for her dinner that day, they
were informed that another cover
was required, for in future, when
alone, her baby niece would dine
with the marchioness. Shortly af-
terwards a wardrobe suitable for
her new condition was brought
home to the young lady, such mas-
ters as the town afforded, and she
was old enough to receive, were
engaged for her instruction, and
little Fleurine Jaune lost herself in
the new cognomen of Fleurine de
Blanche (the maiden name of the
marchioness) and found herself the
adopted child of her benefactress.

As she grew older the marchion-
ess removed to Paris, where the so-
date beauty of the little protegee was
noted, not by one or two alone of
the gallant cavaliers of that gay
city; and the marchioness, who
had no idea of parting with her at
an age so early as fifteen, was ac-
tually forced to retire with her into
the country, out of the reach of
these lovers' addresses, to an estate
abounding in every beauty, and si-
tuated amongst the vineyards and
chestnut woods of Charente. Here,
in the recesses of Jarne, the
young Fleurine acquired a new
beauty, and added a faint color to
the brown tint of her half-Spanish
beauty. Two years had passed
since this removal, and again at
length the marchioness, now having
seen some twenty-seven summers,
was to visit her mother, previous to
joining the army on the northern
frontier. He had been many times
at home before while Fleurine was
a child, and had amused his idle
hours in his college vacations by
entertaining himself with her, and
had acquiesced pleasantly in his
mother's decisions regarding her.
But time passing, while Etienne,
having done with college, was at
court, in the society of the most
polished people of the age, and be-
witched by the beauty of the ladies
of the court of the grand monarch,
Fleurine was an awkward girl of
thirteen or thereabout, and he for-
got his former playmates in this
unformed thing that did not of-
ten cross his path. Once in a while,
too, he undertook an embassy for
the royal pleasure, to some distant
capital, and in one of these, when
he had been gone a long time, his
mother went to Jarne, removing
the now stately and elegant Fleu-
rine, whom in this transformation
he had not seen, from the neighbor-
hood of her many suitors. An-
other year had passed, and the
young marchioness, a scholar, a courtier,
an ambassador, and a traveled man,
returned to Paris to become a sol-
dier and leader in the impending
troubles.

From thence he hastened to visit
his mother at Jarne. He found
her alone, for Fleurine was spend-
ing the day at one of the farmers'
houses. Madame de Vigny regaled
herself with her son's recitals, his
brilliance and charming manners,
stroked his hair with a tender pride,
thought no mother blessed as she,
and longed that he should see Fleu-
rine, for the good lady, with all her
virtues, had one foible, and through
its means a little crotchety of match-
making had been allowed to creep
into her brain. As the shadows
lengthened, the marchioness left his
mother for a little stroll through the
beautiful grounds. But thickets
and parterres soon wearied him;
there were enough of these every-
where, and he struck across a field,
sweet with the perfume of bean bloss-
oms, and leading towards the vil-
lage. As he neared a stile, a figure
crossing it attracted his attention;
a white hat, hanging by broad crum-
pled streamers, a white shoulder,
a fluttering lace scarf rose to sight,
followed by the remainder of a
slender and perfect figure, decked
out fancifully in all manner of wild
flowers. The marchioness had only
time to observe a brown skirt, tinged
a moment with scarlet, a black
eye that shone darker even than the
hair twined with scarlet flowers,
white teeth glancing between part-
ed, glowing lips, and a smile like
an hour's, that attracted him singu-
larly by its fascinating mixture of

passion and pathos.
'What beauty!' he inwardly
murmured, 'and here, buried in these
woods and fields—a queen—a very
queen in the wilderness! Pardon,
a moment!' he exclaimed, as she
would have flashed by. 'You have
dropped something. Shall I restore
it?'
She half turned, as if thinking it
might be some trinket, but he held
merely a poppy that had fallen
from her hair.

'Keep it and dream on it,' she
retorted with a laugh that dimpled
all her face as when a little wind
sparkles over a sunlit pool, and be-
fore he could speak again, as if
wings lent her such airy lightness,
was half across the next field.
Later that night the marchioness
sat in her mother's drawing-room, near
her, in a large chair that was hid in
the shadows of the room. No can-
dles were lit, and the moon was just
rising over the fields. A rustle was
heard at the door.

'Fleurine,' said the marchioness,
'are you there, child?'
'Yes, maman,' responded the
sweetest of voices.
'Come hither, dear, take your
harp and sing to me. Sing the ball-
ad of the White Hand, sweet; the
tones will melt well into my day-
dream.'

A slender, graceful figure moved
before the marchioness's bewildered
eyes in the dim moonlight, drew the
harp from its nook, struck the
chords with an equal hand, and
bending over it with her streaming
hair falling from its bands, sang as
sweetly, as simply as a cherubim.
While she sang, Etienne lost him-
self. He began to remember the
girl in the fields—scarlet poppies,
white shoulders, black eyes, min-
gled confusedly with his fancies—he
began to imagine himself listening
to the same voice, to fill vague
ideas of identity, fitting that person
with this, till he really feared he
was in a dream—not at home in
his mother's house; but sleeping on
a mole's back on some dreary night-
journey over the Spanish sierras.

'Tones sweet enough for this mel-
low light—the bewitching air,' said
the marchioness, as she finished. 'Al-
though, it is our little Fleurine!—
And he stepped forward to greet her—
But, Fleurine, before ignorant of his
presence, startled and abashed,
sprang back and would have flitted
from the room, had he not dexter-
ously seized her hand and detained it
an instant at his tips.

There was something charming
in all this to the marchioness, just for
a brief experience, not as having any
value, but just for the pastime of an
hour. Here singing in the moon-
light, pale and vapory as the lady of
a legend, fading and melting from
the room at the word that broke the
spell, and only caught back and re-
claimed by a human touch, he had
actually found a maiden of romance;
but here she was always to be found,
in his mother's house, whenever he
chose to come, unless some gallant
carried her away and—well, he
would take care of that; although
he did not wish her himself, maybe
none else should have her.

It was noon, and hot; all the
flowers hung withered in heat, all
the little animals that are half the
charm of country life were quiet,
the very fragrance rolling from the
fields came on such a breathless
wing, that it brought sleep with it.
Etienne sat alone in a large, dark
room, opening on the hall. He had
been thinking how tired he was of
idleness, how he longed for camps
and turmoil, how he would bid his
mother farewell, and dash to the
frontier at once, if it were not for
the strange spell he found in the
presence of this fascinating and
fairy wail of the streets of a little
country town. A light foot passed
swiftly down the hall. He thought
it some servant's, and called: 'Fran-
cois, where is Mademoiselle Fleu-
rine?'
The foot passed on heedlessly.—
He knew that it could be no ser-
vant's, and sprang after it into the
hall. Fleurine had almost reached
the open door at the other end,
'Ah, it is you!' he said familiarly
and pleasantly, blessing his luck,
and surprised at its vouchsafing him
this broad, noonday apparition of
the girl of the fields, as he called
her.

'Whither away?' he said, in his
gayest tone.
'To the woods,' was her reply.
'To leave me behind?' said he,
'You would not care to follow

there,' said she.
'Why not?' he asked.
'It is warm, it is far, there is no
game, no company, it is ennui-
some. Adieu, and she was gone.
'Very good game, and rare com-
pany—not so fast!' he exclaimed,
striding after her, cap in hand. 'It
so happens that I do care to follow.
Here, Fleurine! Where is the little
baggage?' At that he caught sight
of a white frock disappearing round
a thicket, and in a moment was be-
side her. 'You are very careful of
your haunts among the rocks and
fields, shall I eat them, think you?'
he said mischievously. 'It is enur-
lish. Here I am, not supposed to
know a nook of the land, and abso-
lutely obliged to stay at home, mow-
ed in the house like a pet bird, lest
I get lost in the woods or caverns
roundabouts, fall into a lake, or get
devoured by the wolves and the
bears. And you, who could guide
me, instruct me in the way I should
go, selfishly keep it all to yourself,
and wander off alone. Now, can-
didly, is it not a shame?'
'A great shame, monsieur,' said
she.

'A burning shame!' he exclaimed;
and, by heavens, a burning sun,
too!
'Ah, you have no hat,' said Fleu-
rine. 'A campaigner's hat for an
August sun! You know much of
the country, Cousin Etienne.'
'Cousin Etienne!' said he.—
'Come, like that. Drop the cousin
if it is as pleasant. But you, Fleu-
rine, know much about it—all;
could find me, I'll warrant, every
last year's nest. It is your home.'
'Thanks to your kindness and my
lady's, it is my home,' she replied.

This was an unexpected reply,
and disagreeable. He turned it off
quickly as possible, saying :—
'And my home is the saddle and
the sword. Here,' said he, lifting a
bough lightly as they came into the
wood, 'if I remember rightly, one
should find nightingale's nests.
When I was a boy they built in this
thicket. I am not so ignorant, after
all, am I, Fleurine? See, what do
you call these?' And the two look-
ed down on a veritable nest with its
tiny charge, and the hen just started
away.

As they looked down, the faces in
such near contiguity, the delicate
blush on her smooth, dark cheek
was too tempting for mortal man.
He glanced up, hesitated a moment,
and then, without a word, kissed
boldly the beautiful cheek that red-
dened with surprise and anger.
Anger was indeed the second emo-
tion of Fleurine at what she felt an
insult. She would leave him at
once, she thought, and before he
could utter a syllable, she had dart-
ed down one of the labyrinthine
paths, and imagined herself lost to
him, whom she did not know to be
as well acquainted with every bush
in Jarne as herself. At last, at the
foot of a great chestnut tree, she
stayed her course, and attempted to
untie her hat to fan her glowing
cheeks. The knot baffled her.

To be continued

AN ARABIAN CUSTOM.—When an
Arab woman intends to marry
again after the death of her hus-
band, she comes, in the night before
her second marriage, to the grave
of her dead husband. Here she
kneels and prays to him, and en-
treats him 'not to be offended—
not to be jealous.' As, however, she
fears he will be jealous and angry,
the widow brings with her a donkey
laden with two goat-skins of water.
Her prayers and entreaties done,
she proceeds to pour on the grave
the water, to keep the first husband
cool under the irritating circum-
stances about to take place; and
having well saturated him, she de-
parts.

A "TOUZY" WIG.—Dr. Lindsay ap-
peared in the Hall one day with his
somewhat "touzy" wig, and to one side.
A young student whispered to his neighbor,
'See, his wig is no red the day.' The
doctor heard, but took no notice of it
at the time; but when it came to the turn
of the student to deliver a discourse, he
was welcomed to the pulpit with these
words from the professor, Come away.
Mr.—, and we'll now see what his wig is
best red the day.'

A curate having been overhauled by his
bishop for attending a ball, the former re-
plied, 'My Lord, I wore a mask.' Oh,
well,' returned the bishop 'that puts a
new face on the affair.'

A CURL CUTOFF WITH AN AXE.

A TRUE INCIDENT.

'Do you see this lock of hair?'
said an old man to me.
'Yes; but what of it? It is I
suppose, the curl from the head of a
dear child long since gone to God.'

'It is not. It is a lock of my own
hair; and it is now nearly seventy
years since it was cut from this head.
'It has a story belonging to it,
and a strange one. I keep it thus
with care because it speaks to me of
God and of His special care more
than anything else I possess.

'I was a little child of four years
old, with long, curly locks, which in
sun, or rain, or wind, hung down
my cheeks uncovered. One day
my father went into the woods to
cut up a log, and I went with him,
or rather at his side, watching with
interest the strokes of the heavy axe,
as it went up and came down upon
the wood, sending off splinters with
every stroke in directions. Some of
the splinters fell at my feet, and I
eagerly stooped to pick them up. In
going so, I stumbled forward, and
in a moment my curly head lay upon
the log. I had fallen just at the mo-
ment when the axe was falling down
with all its force. It was too late
to stop the blow. Down came the
axe. I screamed, and my father fell
to the ground in terror. He could
not stay the stroke, and in the blind-
ness which the sudden horror caused,
he thought he had killed his boy.

We soon recovered; I from fright,
and he from his terror. He caught
me in his arms and looked at me
from head to foot, to find out the
deadly wound which he was sure he
had inflicted. Not a drop of blood
nor a scar was to be seen. He
knelt on the grass and gave thanks
to a gracious God. Having done so
he took up his axe and found a few
hairs upon its edge. He turned to
the log he had been splitting, and
there was a single curl of his boy's
hair, sharply cut through and laid
upon the wood. How great the
escape! It was as if an angel had
turned aside the edge at the moment
it was descending on my head. With
renewed thanks upon his lips he took
up the curl, and went home with me
in his arms.

'This lock he kept all his days, as
a memorial of God's care and love.
This he left to me on his death bed.'

TEETH.—Don't let your children's
teeth be drawn. At least let this
be the rule. Bad teeth come of bad
health and bad food, and much sugar.
I can't say I am a great advocate for
the common people going in for
tooth-brushes. No; they are not
necessary in full health. The health-
y man's teeth clean themselves,
and so does his skin. A good dose
of Gregory often puts away the
toothache. It is a great thing, how-
ever, to get them early stuffed, if
they need it; that really keeps them
and your temper whole. For ap-
pearance sake merely, I hate false
teeth, as I hate a wig. But this is
not a matter to dignitate about. I
never was, I think, deceived by either
false hair, false teeth, or false eyes,
or false cheeks, for there are in the
high—I don't call it the great—world
plumpers for making the cheeks
round, as well as a certain dust for
making them bloom. But you and
I don't enjoy such advantages.—D.
J. Brown, in 'Good Words.'

WOMAN'S CARES.—'A woman has
cares and pains which the heart of
man can never know. When a man
sins he is called a fool and he's
laughed at, and it all passes over in
a week; but the woman who has
listened to that man's lies, and who
has believed his sweet promises and
who has gone to his treacherous arms
is hissed and spat at, and shunned
by all. She must sorrow and starve
and bear their harsh words all her
life. And sometimes worse things
happen, Luke—ah! even in such
spots as these, far from towns
where they say the bad men dwell.
Sometimes there's murder done,
Luke. Sometimes the mother hates
for which most mothers would
freely die, and kills it, hark ye! kills
it out of her way.' These words
were pronounced in a hoarse whis-
per, and her eyes glared fitfully
round. They both rose shuddering.

'That's what it is ye men do; ye
coax women to sin, and then ye
drive them to sorrow; and then ye
drive them to crime, to prison, and
to death.'—The Old Roman Well: A
Romance of Dark Streets and Green
Lanes.

'I wonder what makes my eyes so
weak?' said a fop to a gentleman. 'You
needn't wonder—they are in a weak place,
replied the gentleman.

'Do you think that raw oysters are
healthy?' 'Yes; I never knew one com-
plaining of being out of health in my life.

Illustration of an Old Proverb.—Dr.
Dick used to tell that he entered Dr.
Lindsay's library, one morning, and found
him with a broken pipe in hand. 'It is
a common remark,' he said, smiling, 'that
calamities seldom come single; and I have
had a proof of that, this morning. Some-
time ago, I broke a pipe, and now, you
see, I have broken another.'