

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
beforehand to 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:
Singles under, first insertion, \$0.50
Each subsequent insertion, \$0.12
Ten lines and under, first insertion, \$0.75
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tions inserted till forbid, and charged accord-
ingly.
All transitory advertisements, from strangers
or irregular customers, must be paid for when
inserted 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 arrearages are
paid; and parties refusing papers without pay-
ing 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, LABELS,
AND SMALL POSTERS, CIRCULARS, LAW FORMS,
BILL HEADS, BANK CHECKS, ORDERS, 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.
D. R. OSTERT, M.D.
Member of the Royal College of Surgeons
England,
Opposite the Elgin Mills,
RICHMOND HILL.
May 1, 1861. 127-13
JOHN N. REID, M.D.,
COR. OF YONGE & COLBURN STS.,
THORNHILL.
Consultations in the office on the mornings
of Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, 8
to 10 a.m. All consultations in the office,
Cash.
Thornhill, April 9, '62. 176

B. BOWMAN, M.D.
Physician, Surgeon & Accoucheur
HAS again returned to ALMIRA MILLS,
where he can be consulted on the various
branches of his profession.
N.B. All calls punctually attended to except
when absent on professional business.
Almira, Mackinac,
November 20, 1862. 267-68
LAW CARDS.
ROBERT MARSH, J.P.
Commissioner in the Queen's Bench
CONVEYANCER, &c.
CLERK OF THE 3rd DIVISION COURT
Office opposite RAYMOND'S HOTEL,
Richmond Hill.
Deeds, Mortgages, &c., drawn up with neat-
ness and dispatch.
Business attended to at the Clerk's residence
when not in the office.
Richmond Hill, Jan. 29, 1863. 217-18
M. TEEFY, ESQ.,
Notary Public,
(By Royal Authority.)
COMMISSIONER IN THE QUEEN'S BENCH
CONVEYANCER, AND
DIVISION COURT AGENT,
RICHMOND HILL POST OFFICE.
GREENE'S, Bonds, Deeds, Mortgages,
Wills, &c., &c., drawn up with attention and
dispatch. For contracts.
Richmond Hill, Aug. 29. 141-42
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, negotiating with respect to and Con-
veyancing business attended.

Charles C. Ketter,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, SOLICITOR
in Chancery, Conveyancer, &c. Office,
in Victoria Buildings, over the Chronicle office
Brock Street, Whitby.
Also a Branch Office in the village of Beau-
vallon, Township of Thorton, and County of
Ontario.
The Division Courts in Ontario, Richmond
Hill, and Markham Village regularly attended
Whitby, Nov. 22, 1860. 104-15
JAMES BOULTON, Esq.,
Barrister,
Law Office—Corner of Church and King Sts.
Toronto, March 8, 1861. 119-17
Maple Hotel.
THE Subscriber begs to inform his friends
that he has the public generally, that he has
opened an HOTEL in the Village of Maple,
4th Con. Vaughan, where he hopes, by atten-
tion to the comfort of the travelling commu-
nity, to merit a share of their patronage and
support. Good Stabling, &c.
JAMES WATSON,
Maple, July 17, 1862. 190
DAVID EYER, Junr.,
Slave & Shingle Manufacturer
RESIDENCE—Lot 26, 2nd Con. Mark-
ham, on the Elgin Mills Road.
A large Stock of Slaves and Shingles kept
constantly on hand, and sold at the lowest prices.
Call and examine Stock before purchas-
ing elsewhere.
Post Office Address—Richmond Hill.
February 27, 1863. 221-15

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. V. No. 36. RICHMOND HILL, FRIDAY, AUGUST 7, 1863. Whole No. 214.

HOTEL CARDS.
RICHMOND HILL HOTEL
RICHARD NICHOLLS, 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 four, and a careful Hostler in
waiting.
Richmond Hill, Nov. 7, 1861. 145-115
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 ever comfort are respectfully in-
vited to give him a call.
CONNELLY VAN NOSTRAND,
Richmond Hill, Dec. 28, 1860. 108-13
YONGE STREET HOTEL,
AURORA.
A GOOD supply of Wines and Liquors
always on hand. Excellent Accommo-
dation for Travellers, Farmers, and others.
Cure of all brands.
D. McLEOD, Proprietor.
Aurora, June 6, 1859. 25-13
CLYDE HOTEL,
KING ST. EAST, NEAR THE MARKET SQUARE,
TORONTO, C.W.
JOHN MILLS, Proprietor.
Good Stabling attached and attentive Hostlers
always in attendance.
Toronto, Nov. 18, 1861. 107-11
James Massey,
(Late of the King's Hotel, London, Eng.)
No. 26 West Market Place,
TORONTO.
Every accommodation for Farmers and others
attending Market. Good Stabling.
Dinner from 12 to 2 o'clock.
17-18
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. WESTPALL,
Corner of Church and Stanley Sts.,
Toronto, Sept. 6, 1861. 145-15

Poetry.
A SUMMER EVENING REVERIE.
I sat in the silent churchyard; the sunbeams
were fading fast,
And giving a golden hue to the clouds as they
onward passed.
'Twas the last bright evening of June, and the
fields their fragrance lent,
To enhance the last moments of daylight; and
the breeze bore to me the scent
Of the sweet-blossomed bean, as I lay there, the
village dune under my feet,
With its rude rustic houses, and its long and
straggling street.
There flowed the river beside it, as tortuous in
its course,
With its cold dark sullen waters, and the weir
with its murmuring hoarse,
And far above in the distance the dark hills
faded away,
And the glad voices resounded of children
merry in play.
I thought, ere another summer, or another
thirtieth of June,
Cause round in the course of the seasons my
own grave might be hewn
In the hard rock on which I was sitting, and an
other might read the stone,
Reared above me to tell the inquirer that I
my friends had gone,
And I shuddered to think how I'd suffered in
days to pass idly by,
Nor heeded the fleeting moments, nor culled
from their history
The warnings I should have taken, the lessons
I should have learned:
And the words of many a friend departed, so
strongly spoken.
And I said—'Tis no time to trifle, there is work
hard work to be done,
I have many a sin to atone, and my days may
soon have gone.

Literature.
PERILOUS ADVENTURE
IN THE
ROCKY MOUNTAINS.
In the month of November, 1851,
Mr. Mollhausen was returning
across the Snowy Mountains to the
Missouri, with a wagon-load of
goods drawn by three horses, and
a mule for riding on. He had with
him only one man, as a companion
of his trials and dangers.
The first misfortune of the trav-
ellers arose from the loss of their
animals, their last horse being killed
by cold in a spot called Sandy Hill
Creek. With the death of this animal
they lost their only hope of
leaving that terrible waste of snow.
They had nothing now but to re-
main, on the chance of passing aid,
exposed to the terrors of death by
starvation, or from increasing cold,
or more terrible still, from treach-
erous Indians. Unloading their
wagon, which was left in the snow,
they put up a little Indian tent,
which they had with them, and ex-
amined their resources. A small
supply of bad buffalo meat, some
rice and Indian corn, was all they
had, and on this they lived for a few
days. Then came a hope of relief.
The Post, a small carriage drawn by
six mules, passed that way going
to the Flat River, but the persons
who travelled with it could do little
to relieve them. They had only
food enough to last for their own
journey, and it was with difficulty
they could make room for one man
beside themselves; but it was pos-
sible to rescue one, and they agreed
to draw lots as to who should go.
The lot to remain fell to Mr. Mol-
hausen. He was to stay in charge
of the goods, and the Post was to
send him horses on reaching the
Roman Catholic Mission, about a
hundred miles from that spot.
On went the Post, leaving the
poor traveller alone in that dreary
waste, the one living being in a de-
sert of snow. His sole apparent
chance for life was in the sending
of horses, before cold, or Indians,
starvation, or wolves, had put an
end to his life. He calculated that
fourteen days must elapse before
aid could reach him, and he there-
fore divided his food into fourteen
rations, to eke out his provisions for
that time. He also built up a wall
of snow round his little tent, and
dragged up wood from the river,
and piled it before his door. He
had plenty of blankets and buffalo
skins on his bed close to the fire,
which was made in a hollow of the

ground, and was also well supplied
with arms and ammunition. And
now came night—the first night
alone in that waste of snow—and
the silence and solitude pressed heav-
ily on the traveller's soul. He
tried to talk to himself, but the
sound, to which no response came,
made him shudder. In the valley
where the bones of the last horse
were lying, the wolves, who had
devoured the flesh, came to wrangle
over the last remnants of their
feast. All night he heard them
howling, and he tried to wile away
the horrors of darkness by listening
to their roar, and divining their
numbers by it, as it increased or
died upon the blast. At last he
slept, and did not wake till morn on
the following day. How bitter the
awakening to that melancholy strug-
gle for life and food!

He first cut a notch in the pole of
his tent to mark the day, then went
out for more wood and fresh water.
He was lame and weak from excess
of cold and bad food, and his mind
was bitterly depressed by his hope-
less position. He was sitting beside
his fire smoking dried willow leaves
in his pipe, the only substitute he
had for tobacco, when he saw some
horsemen approaching his tent.—
He awaited them with his gun in
his hand, but as they drew nearer,
perceived they were Indians of a
friendly tribe, and invited them to
enter. They had been hunting beav-
ers, and their horses were laden
with spoil. They spoke to him in
English, and invited him to go with
them as the only chance of saving
his life.

'The wolves will give you no
rest,' they said, 'day or night, and
it the men of the Pawnee tribe find
you out, you will be robbed, mur-
dered, and scalped. You have no
hope of rescue.' Bad horses would
not live to get to you; and the
whites of the Mission would not risk
good horses and their own lives, to
save one whom they will give up for
lost. Come with us.'

But Mr. Mollhausen was anxious
to save the goods entrusted to his
care, and considered himself bound
in honour to do so, for they were
not his own. He trusted, too, in
the promise of aid made by the Post,
and therefore he would not listen to
the kind suggestions of his savage
friends. They rose to leave him.
'The world is a white man,' said
the Indian, 'is more to you than the
will and deed of a Red-skin. You
have had your choice—may you not
deceive yourself?'

And again the traveller was left
solitary at the door of his tent,
watching his rejected friends as they
disappeared swiftly over the ridges
of snow; but they had left him
some food, and he was able at least
to allay the pangs of hunger. For
eight days the snow fell incessantly,
and he feared he should be over-
whelmed by savages. What an
awful moment of suspense must
that have been as he watched them
draw near his tent!

The smoke had attracted their
attention; they threw back their
buffalo skins, and prepared their
bows and arrows. Now they de-
scribed his footsteps, and while one
tracked them on the hill, the other
examined those between the water
and the tent. As if satisfied by this
investigation that their victim was
safe in his shade, they returned
together, and each day silent gestures
communicated his opinion to the
other. Their plan for slaying him
was as cowardly as it was simple;
or, not daring to face their foe, they
slept on opposite sides into the tent,
talking to destroy him in his sleep,
but the supposed victim was watch-
ing and waiting, convinced that
everything depended on his firing at
the right moment, and with a sure
aim. Presently the savages ap-
proached the tent listening; then
one knelt to creep in under the door,
while the other stood bending over
him, with an arrow fixed in his bow
ready to shoot, if any living being
should appear. The skull of the
traveller's line of sight; he cocked
his rifle, but the quick ear of his
fearful enemies caught the sound,
and they both started and looked
round. As they did so, the naked
breast of the standing Indian offered
the best aim. Mr. Mollhausen fired,
and with a scream that went through
every nerve in his body, the savage
fell. The other Indian sprang to his
feet, but a second discharge laid
him dead by the side of his groaning
companion.

Far from rejoicing in his victory,
Mr. Mollhausen's first feeling was
one of horror, that even under the
pressure of so dire a necessity, he
should have taken the life of two
fellow-creatures. Nor was this
horror lessened by the considera-
tion that their bodies must be put

truly when he said the people be-
longing to the Mission would not
send him aid. He must now feed
on the wolves, who had so long been
wishing to feed on him. The flesh
of these savage animals is not good
for food, being dry and sinewy, but
he took the best part of them, and
their comrades devoured the rest,
no trace of the remaining parts of
the carcass being ever visible by
morning.

The hardest trial of all, however,
to the lonely man, was the solitude
of his position. Every day he felt
this more and more—sometimes he
feared he was going mad, so in-
tensely did it weigh upon him.—
The unchanging whiteness of the
scene around must have added to
the effect of loneliness, coupled as
it was with the utter stillness of
those snowy tracts, unbroken by the
natural features that would have di-
verted his mind in a more temperate
climate. But still the undaunted
man strove on—he walked, he sang,
he whistled, and so the days passed
by, and yet no relief came.

On the sixteenth day he was
watching the sun go down from a
little hill-top, when he descried two
human figures coming from the
north—from the very district in-
habited by the treacherous Pawnee
Indians. Thinking that it would be
safer to lie in wait for them outside
his tent, he returned, and armed
himself with as many weapons as
he could carry, hiding the rest un-
der the bed. He piled wood on his
fire, that the smoke might deceive
them into a belief that he was within,
and fastened the door on the inner
side that they might suppose he
had retired for the night. Then
he walked backwards to the river,
that his steps in the snow might
seem as if they led to the tent, not
away from it; and having crossed
the ice without shoes, left any
scratches might betray him to his
wary foes, he climbed the opposite
bank, and hid himself among some
withered bushes, within bullet range
of the tent-door.

For a long time he watched.—
The frost was so intense that his
breath froze on his beard; but he
did not feel the cold, for never had
the fever of life, the longing to pre-
serve it, burned so intensely as at
this moment. At last—it seemed
an endless time to him—the heads
of the two men appeared over the
hill, then their whole bodies came
in sight, and he had no longer a
doubt that they were Pawnees—
He or they must die! He killed
but one, the other would return to
his tribe, and he would be over-
whelmed by savages. What an
awful moment of suspense must
that have been as he watched them
draw near his tent!

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attention; they threw back their
buffalo skins, and prepared their
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fell. The other Indian sprang to his
feet, but a second discharge laid
him dead by the side of his groaning
companion.

Far from rejoicing in his victory,
Mr. Mollhausen's first feeling was
one of horror, that even under the
pressure of so dire a necessity, he
should have taken the life of two
fellow-creatures. Nor was this
horror lessened by the considera-
tion that their bodies must be put

out of sight. But drawing near, he
found one of the Indians was still
alive, groaning with pain, his eyes
glaring through his long, black
hair, and his wounds bleeding cop-
iously. A blessed thought of mercy
glanced through the victor's breast;
he would nurse and heal this poor
savage, and keep him as a compa-
nion of his dreary solitude. As he
resolved on this, he tried to commu-
nicate by signs to his fallen foe, how
benevolent were his intentions, and,
pointing to his tent and buffalo
skins, strove to make him under-
stand that he should be sheltered
in both. At first his efforts were
vain; but at last the savage
seemed to understand, and signed
him to come nearer, pointing at
the same time to his right hand and
arm, which were doubled under
him. Mr. Mollhausen knelt by his
side, never thinking of treachery,
with the intention of placing his
arm in an easier position. But at
the same moment the savage drew
it out for himself, armed with a
gleaming knife, which he thrust
twice at the generous breast that
had offered him kindness. With
sudden revulsion of feeling, Mr.
Mollhausen drew out his own knife,
and while he received in his right
arm the blade aimed at his heart,
he plunged that held by his left
hand into his unfeeling foe. An-
other moment and he was dead, and
the traveller again alone in the
frozen waste, with the prostrate
bodies of the savages, lying at his
feet. That night and his horrors
cannot be described; with the
darkness came the wolves, and
circled, howling, round the corpse;
but the lonely man resolved that
they should not devour them, and
kept them off by firing his pistol
with his left hand, while applying
snow to the wound on his right
arm. As soon as the wolves were
dispersed by dawn of day he rose
to put the bodies out of sight, lest
they should betray him to any
wandering Indians. Mimed as
he was, it was with difficulty that
he dragged them, wrapped in their
buffalo skins, to the river side, and
thrust them through the hole in the
ice, by which he procured his own
supply of water. He also lit a
large fire on the spot where the
savages had fallen, to efface all
traces of their death, and to de-
stroy the scent of blood which at-
tracted the wolves. As it died out,
a snow storm came on, probably
the first that had been met with
while he was in the wilderness, for
it buried all signs of the recent con-
flict beneath its white surface.

Christmas-day arrived, a day he
had hoped to spend at the Mission,
but no one had yet come to his aid,
and he was condemned to spend it
alone in his dreary solitude. Sad
were his thoughts as he recalled
past Christmas days, when he was
a happy child, rejoicing in all the
pleasant gifts and glad greetings of
that blessed time. Christmas trees
and Christmas holidays came back
to him, and he pictured how the
holy tide was being kept in his na-
tive land. But it was a quiet,
gentle sadness; he had suffered too
long and too deeply, to indulge in
bitter grief.

Then came the New Year, and
still no help and no hope, for how
could he live on thus through months
of snow? Ammunition must fail
at last, and all would be over.—
How many have despaired of aid in
this world since first it began, to
whom help has come in the moment
of their despair, because there is an
eye of mercy watching alike over
the crowded alley and the solitary
desert.

He was lying on his bed one
morning early in January, when he
heard approaching footsteps, and
presently the Indian tongue. He
sprang up and seized his rifle, but
English words fell on his ear with
a kindly greeting. 'You are badly
off here, friend,' said the voice, and
the tent covering was raised, and
six Indians entered, not foes this
time, but friends, and of a friendly
tribe. They had seen the smoke of
his fire two miles off, while on a
hunting expedition, and had come to
his relief. 'You are hungry,' they
said to him, producing their own
food—'eat. You are ready to per-
ish: come with us. You are
sick: we will take care of you, and
clothe you.' Nor were these empty
words, for on the following day
the whole party, aided by the
squaws, as the Indian wives are
called, and the boys, set to work to
remove the traveller and his goods

to their own camp. The disabled
wagon was dug out of the snow,
and, in default of horses, the wo-
men and boys were harnessed to
it. Mr. Mollhausen and the war-
riors followed. As he turned away,
he gave a last look at the spot
where his dying fire was the only
remaining token, that a human be-
ing had there lived and suffered.—
With what a thankful heart was
that last look taken, and all the
horrors of his solitude recalled!—
How cheerfully did he turn from
it, and follow the Indian friends
who had recalled him to life and
hope!—Mollhausen's Travels.—
Abridged.

A VERY 'PECULIAR INSTITU-
TION.'—There are boarding-house
keepers in New York who do their
marketing—in some cases personally
and in others by proxy—in the
'areas' of the charitable. Many
of the mendicants who daily visit our
basement doors are the principals or
purveyors of establishments, kept by
ostensible paupers, of an enterpris-
ing turn of mind, who board and
lodge, at a cheap rate, persons who
are in reality much poorer than
themselves. The police, every now
and then, discover institutions of
this kind; and it is a great pity that
they do not, in such cases, warn the
benevolent at their homes against
the impostors, as they warn tradus-
men and merchants at their places
of business against new counterfeit-
ers. It is better, no doubt, to give food
to a dozen undeserving hypocrites,
than to turn one who really needs
it away unfed; but it would be well
if we could be placed on our guard
against those who trade on our giv-
ings, in order that the really neces-
sitous might receive what is thus
bestowed on the unworthy. Not a
few of the beggars who receive
alms in the shape of 'cold victuals,'
hasten at the conclusion of their
'rounds to these pauper boarding-
houses, sell the contents of their bar-
kets for a few cents, and get drunk
on the proceeds. In this way food
given in charity is turned into an
instrument of positive evil. Much
of the second hand clothing given to
itinerant mendicants is disposed of
in the same way, and there are fam-
ilies to be found on the back streets
and blind alleys of the metropolis,
who could afford, it is said, to live
in ease and comfort on the interest
of the money they have accumulated
by keeping such caravansaries as we
have described.

LIFE IN BED.—We all know that
sleep is as necessary to the support
of animal life as food. Our vital
machinery would soon wear out
without it, and if it were not for the
intervals of healthful insensibility
that sleep affords to the brain, we
should all go mad with too much
thinking. Even plants sleep, and
the cold lymph that flows through
their venous systems would cease
to circulate if the active principle
of their existence were not recruited
by repose. Children are believed
to grow faster during their slumber
than when awake, and although
some very smart modern philoso-
phers have advanced the theory
that it is possible for man to live
and enjoy life without sleep, the
doctrine, like the equally absurd
dogma that it is possible to live with-
out sustenance, is so manifestly ab-
surd that common sense laughs it
to scorn. But bed is not for sleep
solely. We lie down to slumber,
but we pass many an hour in bed
calculating, planning, hoping, ima-
gining. The course of our lives is
shaped, to some extent, as we lie
between the sheets and blankets.—
Of the still night and the early
morning are born mighty schemes
that are carried out in the mighty
day. The mind awakes from a pro-
found and dreamless slumber with
all its faculties invigorated and em-
boldened. Difficulties that appal-
ed us when fatigued and overworn,
lose half their terrors in the presence
of an intellect strengthened by per-
fect rest. Sleep is to the brain
what prostration on the bosom of
their Mother Earth was to the
Titans; we arise from it 'giants
refreshed.' Perhaps the myth which
represents the 'flooding' of those
rebellious demi-gods as having had
such a genial effect on their mus-
cular powers, was intended to typify
the uses of 'tired nature's sweet
restorer.' There are both strength
and wisdom in the pillow, else why
should the propriety of consulting it
have grown into a proverb.

'Those Boys'—'Our little Bobby' of
four years, has been lectured by his aunt on
the evils of disobedience to parents, and
the example was shown him of a boy who
disobeyed his mother and went to the river
and got drowned.
'Did he die?' said Bobby, who had given
the story due attention.
'Yes,' was the serious reply.
'What did they do with him?' asked
Bobby with a moment's reflection.
'Carried him home,' replied the monitor,
with due solemnity.
After turning the matter over in his
mind, as it was hoped profably he looked
up and closed the conversation by ask-
ing—
'Why didn't they chuck him to again?'