

The York Herald

EVERY FRIDAY MORNING.  
And despatched to Subscribers by the earliest mails, or other conveyance, when so desired.  
The YORK HERALD will always be found to contain the latest and most important Foreign and Provincial News and Markets, 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, \$10.50  
Each subsequent insertion, 00.125  
Ten lines and under, first insertion, 00.75  
Above ten lines, first insertion, per line, 00.62  
Each subsequent insertion, per line, 00.50

All insertions, advertisements, from strangers, or irregular customers, must be paid for when made in no insertion.  
A liberal discount will be made to parties advertising by the year.

All advertisements published for a less period than one month, must be paid for in advance.  
All letters addressed to the Editor must be post-paid.

THE YORK HERALD  
Book and Job Printing  
ESTABLISHMENT.

ORDERS for any of the above mentioned descriptions of PRINTING, AND FANCY JOB WORK will be promptly attended to.  
PRINTING, BOOKS, BILLS, BUSINESS CARDS, LABELS, AND ALL THE TRADES OF THE PRESS, IN THE MOST PERFECT MANNER, AND AT THE LOWEST PRICES.  
And every other kind of LETTER-PRESS PRINTING.  
Orders for the best quality, at moderate rates.  
The establishment of JOB TYPE is which now and of the latest patterns. A large variety of new Fancy Type and Leaders, for Carriage Letters, &c. have always on hand.

Business Directory.  
MEDICAL CARDS.

DR. HOBSTETTER,  
Member of the Royal College of Surgeons  
England,  
Opposite the City Mills,  
RICHMOND HILL,  
May 1, 1861. 157-158

JOHN N. REED, M.D.,  
COR. OF YONGE & COLBORNE STS.,  
THE HORN HILL.

ISAAC BOWMAN, M.D.,  
Graduate of the University of Vic  
Genoa, & Licentiate,  
Thornhill, Me. 1862. 159-160

LAW CARDS.  
W. TEEFFY,  
COMMISSIONER IN THE QUEEN'S BENCH  
CANADA, QUEEN AND  
DIVISION COURT AGENT,  
RICHMOND HILL POST OFFICE.  
A. GREGG, M.S. Bond, Deeds, Mortgages,  
&c. &c. &c. Taken with attention and  
dispatch.  
Richmond Hill, Aug. 29. 154-5

A CARD.  
W. C. KELLY, Esq., of the City of Toronto,  
has removed from his office in the Village  
of York, to the office of the Corporation  
Law and City Clerk, in the new building,  
situated at the corner of the old City Hall,  
and opposite the old City Hall.  
Witness my hand and seal, this 24th day of  
November, 1862. 104-115

CHARLES C. KELLER,  
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, SOLICITOR  
IN CHIEF, and Commissioner, &c. Office,  
at the corner of the old City Hall,  
opposite the old City Hall.  
Also, Deputy Sheriff of the Village of  
Toronto, and Deputy Sheriff of the County  
of Ontario.  
The Division Courts in Ontario, Richmond  
Hill, and Markham, Village respectively, are held  
at his office.  
Whitby, Dec. 22, 1860. 104-115

JAMES BULLOCK, Esq.,  
Barrister,  
Law Office, Corner of Church and King Sts.,  
Toronto, March 8, 1861. 119-120

MASON'S Arms Hotel!  
WEST MARKET ST. W. TORONTO.

JOSEPH COX begs to inform his friends,  
that he has removed from his office in the  
Village of York, to the office of the Corporation  
Law and City Clerk, in the new building,  
situated at the corner of the old City Hall,  
and opposite the old City Hall.  
Witness my hand and seal, this 24th day of  
November, 1862. 104-115

Maple Hotel!  
THE Subscriber begs to inform his friends,  
and the public generally, that he has  
removed to the Village of Maple, in the  
County of York, where he has taken  
possession of the building, and is prepared  
to receive a liberal patronage, and to  
supply the best of beer, wine, and  
spirits. Good Stabling, &c.  
JAMES WATSON,  
Maple, July 17, 1862. 190

George Wilson,  
(LATE FROM ENGLAND)  
Metropole Arms Hotel,  
RICHMOND HILL.

GOOD Accommodations and every attention  
shown to Travellers. Good Halls for  
Dance, Billiards, and other Amusements.  
The best of Liquors and Cigars kept  
constantly on hand.  
The Monthly Fair held on the Premises first  
Wednesday in each month.  
Richmond Hill, April 9, 1862. 1

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. 2. RICHMOND HILL, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1862. Whole No. 216.

HOTEL CARDS.  
RICHMOND HILL HOTEL  
RICHARD NICHOLS, Proprietor.  
A LARGE HALL is connected with this  
Hotel for Assemblies, Balls, Concerts,  
Shows, &c.  
A STAGE leaves this Hotel every morning  
for Toronto, at 7 a.m.; returning, leaves  
Toronto at half past 2.  
Good Stabling and a careful Hostler in  
waiting.  
Richmond Hill, Nov. 7, 1861. 141-142

White Hart Inn,  
RICHMOND HILL.  
THE Subscriber begs to inform the Public  
that he has removed from his office in the  
Village of York, to the office of the Corporation  
Law and City Clerk, in the new building,  
situated at the corner of the old City Hall,  
and opposite the old City Hall.  
Witness my hand and seal, this 24th day of  
November, 1862. 104-115

YONGE STREET HOTEL,  
AURORA.  
A GOOD supply of Wines and Liquors  
always on hand. Excellent Accommoda-  
tions for Travellers, Farmers, and others.  
Corner of all roads.  
D. McLEOD, Proprietor.  
Aurora, June 6, 1859. 25 1/2

CLYDE HOTEL,  
RICHMOND HILL.  
JOHN MILLS, Proprietor.  
Good Stabling attached and attentive Hostlers  
always in attendance.  
Toronto, November 1861. 157-158

James Massey,  
(Late of the King's Head, 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. 167

Hunter's Hotel.  
Deutsches Caschau,  
THE Subscriber begs to inform the Public  
that he has removed from his office in the  
Village of York, to the office of the Corporation  
Law and City Clerk, in the new building,  
situated at the corner of the old City Hall,  
and opposite the old City Hall.  
Witness my hand and seal, this 24th day of  
November, 1862. 104-115

THE WELL-KNOWN  
BLACK HORSE HOTEL,  
Formerly kept by William Ralph,  
Cor. of Palace & George Sts.  
(LATE OF THE MARBLE) TORONTO.  
WILLIAM COX, Proprietor,  
(Successor to Thomas Palmer).  
Good Stabling attached. Trusty Hostlers  
always in attendance.  
Toronto, April 19, 1861. 125-126

JOS. GREGOR'S  
Fountain Restaurant!  
69 KING STREET, EAST, TORONTO  
Lunch every day from 11 till 2.  
R. Noyce, Games, Oysters, Lobsters, &c.  
always on hand.  
Dinner and Supper for Private Parties got  
up in the best style.  
Toronto, April 19, 1861. 125-126

NEWBICGING HOUSE,  
147 CHURCH STREET, No. 28, 30 and 32  
Front Street, Toronto. Board \$1 per  
day. Dinner always in attendance at the Car  
and Halls.  
W. NEWBICGING,  
Proprietor.  
Toronto, April 8, 1861. 124-125

YORK MILLS HOTEL,  
YONGE STREET.  
THE Subscriber begs to inform that he  
has removed from his office in the Village  
of York, to the office of the Corporation  
Law and City Clerk, in the new building,  
situated at the corner of the old City Hall,  
and opposite the old City Hall.  
Witness my hand and seal, this 24th day of  
November, 1862. 104-115

WILLIAM LENNON, Proprietor,  
York Mills, June 7, 1861. 124-125

Wellington Hotel, Aurora!  
APPROXIMATE THE THIRSTY TRAVELLER.  
GEO. J. GRAHAM, PROPRIETOR.  
A LARGE and Commodious Hotel and other  
improvements have, at great expense,  
been made so as to make this House the largest  
and best hotel in Ontario. Travellers at this  
House find every convenience both for them-  
selves and horses.  
N.B.—A careful hostler always in attendance  
Aurora Station, April 1861. 126-127

THOMAS SEDMAN,  
Carriage and Waggon  
MAKER.  
UNDERTAKER  
&c. &c. &c.  
Residence—Nearly opposite the Post Office,  
Richmond Hill  
March 14, 1862. 127-128

Poetry.  
OUR HOME AND TREE,  
BY ASSIE L. J. P.  
The golden link, the mystic chain,  
Formed by the one word, throne,  
Has bound me by a fairy's spell,  
And linked my fate to mine,  
Till life, when thou art far away,  
Is but a dreary sunless day.

Then chide me not, if now my cheek,  
Should pale with grief and fear,  
When'er I think of lonely hours,  
When thou, my love, art not near,  
And know thou canst not ever be,  
In form and presence, near to me.

But still when in our quiet home,  
When thou art absent far,  
I see thy form, I hear thy voice,  
In look, and flower, and air,  
And stay, for thee to breathe a prayer,  
Guard, guard, my loved from every snare.

Our home, though dear unto my heart,  
Thy presence can but cheer,  
Thy voice alone can give me joy,  
Thy hand can dry a tear,  
And ever first and last to me,  
Till death shall be our home and tree.

Literature.  
ABIJAH BEANPOLE:  
OR  
THE STOREKEEPER.  
BY THE AUTHOR OF "MISS SIMMONS."  
(From Godey's Magazine.)

(Continued from our last.)  
'Good-morning,' says I, with my  
Sunday-go-to-meeting bow.  
'What do you want?' says he.  
'Nothing in particular, thank you,'  
says I.  
'What did you give the beef for?'  
says he.  
'I didn't ring no bell,' says I.  
'Yes you did; half a dozen times,'  
says he.  
'You can see for yourself I hadn't  
got any beef. There ain't such a  
thing in the room. Howsoever,  
since you've come up, you may show  
me down to breakfast if it's ready.  
I'd rather set out to find the cows  
down to the big woods than to try  
to find my way out of this.'

'Jerusalem! thinks I as I went into  
the dimm'-room, 'wouldn't we like  
this for a place to dance, on Fourth  
of July, and New Year's, down to  
Beauville? In imagination I had  
my arm around Kitty's waist whirl-  
ing her round several thousand  
times without stopping; but I was so  
near starved out—not a hot meal  
for twenty-four hours—that the  
smell of victuals brought me back to  
where I was, and I got a seat at  
one of the tables, and looked around  
to see what they had in the cam-  
line. As I've said, I wasn't natu-  
rally bashful, and felt as much to  
home with a hundred or two of  
strangers as if I'd been in mama's  
kitchen, with the sun shining in on  
the floor, and the chickens running  
round the yard outside.

'No you don't! hadn't used it  
yet?' I said, as a fellow went to grab  
my plate and carry it off.  
'I thought you'd like a beefsteak,  
sir,' said the fellow, half in fun.  
'Oh,' said I. 'Live and learn!  
I've no objection to a beefsteak.—  
You can take my plate if you bring  
it back all right. Say, waiter,' said  
I, when he came back with it, 'give  
me all the chicken fixin's, and tell  
me the names, so's I can run 'em off  
when I get home. We've heard a  
good deal about your big taverns  
down our way, and I can't abide to  
pay three dollars a day without get-  
ting somethin' like my money's worth.'

He seemed to be a good-natured  
chap; he bow around, and brought  
me some *omelet shuffle*, a tip top  
article, whose principal ingredient  
was eggs; some *panne de tarte*, which  
tasted more like fried potato than  
anything else; some *friesced chicken*,  
*with ruffles*, (as I didn't see any  
ruffles, I concluded it was made out  
of that kind of chicken that has pan-  
salettes on; any way it was first  
rate); some *coiffish a la Nantucket*,  
and more things I could not remem-  
ber, though I writ the names down  
of some, as you see.

I made a good breakfast, and took  
a bee line for the front door, curious  
to get my first peep at Broadway.  
I wasn't in a particular hurry to be-  
gin buying goods, as father told me  
to stay and enjoy myself a spell.—  
So when I got out on the front steps,  
I put my hands in my pockets and  
stood a looking on.

There was a great many people  
going by; it was about nine o'clock  
when I began to watch 'em, and by  
ten the crowd was greater'n ever.  
I kept wondering when they would  
all get by, and pretty soon I made  
up my mind to speak to a very nice,  
gentle-looking feller standing on  
the steps in front of me, picking his  
teeth.

'What's going on?' said I. 'Is it  
training-day or conference, or any-  
thin' uncommon?'  
He looked round at me mighty  
sharp and didn't answer at first. I  
thought maybe I'd made too free in  
speaking to him; he was fixed up  
to fit, had a purple glove on one  
hand, which he'd drawn off 'other  
to show a diamond ring that made  
my eyes water.

'Beg your pardon,' says I; 'prob-  
ably you didn't know my name?'  
'Bijah Beanpole, of Beauville; every-  
body there knows it—settlement  
named after father. I've come down  
to York to buy goods. Father's  
settling me up a store at the Four  
Corners.'

'Ah!' said he, bowing and smil-  
ing as soon as he heard my name.  
'Is it possible? Yes, I've heard  
of your family when I was on a  
pleasure-tour through the country  
a year or two ago. Your first visit  
to the city I take it?'  
'You're right there, Mr.'

'Brown. Brown at your service,  
Mr. Beanpole. I should be pleased  
to exert myself in showing you some  
of the lions or being of use to you  
in any way. You must beware of  
sharpers, Mr. Beanpole. You'll  
meet them every where—even among  
the merchants of whom you buy.—  
You can't be too careful. The city  
is not like the country, sir.'

'So I've been told,' I answered,  
feeling a little scared, and thinking  
of my money that I'd left in my bed  
room, with the door locked. 'I am  
much obliged to you for putting me  
on my guard, Mr. Brown. It's very  
kind in a stranger; for, really, I  
didn't expect such an extra gen-  
tle chop would take so much trou-  
ble about a stranger.'

'I can't bear to see young men  
made fools of by those who take ad-  
vantage of their trusting natures.—  
Really, I'd like to have you go to  
the Opera with me to-night, if you've  
no other engagement. Do you buy  
on credit or for cash?'  
'Two-thirds cash. I've got two  
thousand dollars in gold with me to  
make a beginning—good solid gold.'

'Ah, is it possible? Very good  
start for a young man. I trust you  
deposited your money in the safe.—  
It's too large a sum to be carrying  
about with you.'

'I didn't know I could deposit,'  
said I. 'However, I ain't such a  
fool as to be a toting it round. I've  
left it safe between the tick and the  
bolster of my bed.'

'That's right. Better give it to  
the clerk, though, before you go out;  
lock might be picked. Did you say  
you'd go to the Opera with me this  
evening? If you'd excuse me, now,  
I've an engagement with a friend;  
but I'll call for you at seven. What's  
the number of your room?'  
'No. 2010. I'll be on hand, Mr.  
Brown.'

'And so will I. Good day; I'm  
happy to have made your acquaint-  
ance. Ha! I believe there's a run-  
away, or something. Wonder if  
anybody's hurt. Better go and see  
what's the fuss, Mr. Beanpole.'

I looked up and down, but didn't  
see any particular fuss; fact was the  
town looked as if everybody was  
rushing to a fire or a funeral; a heap  
worse than Beauville does when the  
circus comes in. By this the women  
went out, like punks after a shower.  
You never saw such a lot of fan-  
nines in your born days, sailing along  
with their souls set to catch the wind,  
full rigged; je-whilduns! wouldn't  
Kitty have opened her eyes to see  
'em! They was so thick they trod  
upon each other's gowns, which  
went sweeping along.

'Rather expensive to sweep side-  
walks with,' says I, seeing them  
mostly the best kind of silk. Wonder  
what they've got their Sunday  
rig on to-day for. Wall, I stood  
there full two hours. Then I thought  
I'd fine the crowd and see where it  
would take me to. But first I con-  
cluded to hand my cash over to the  
clerk, as my kind friend had advised.  
So I went up stairs. I didn't need  
to unlock my door; it was already  
done and standing a little open. I  
went in. I rushed up to the bed.—  
I pulled off the pillow and bolster—  
my money was gone!

I run down stairs like a distracted  
person and into the office.

'It's gone! it's took! it's stole!'  
'What's gone?' asked the clerk,  
and the crowd gathering around.  
'My money—my two thousand  
dollars! all in gold, every cent.—  
What'll father say? Oh, I wish I'd  
never come to York! I wish I'd  
never tried to set up for a store-  
keeper! He told me how it would  
be. That feller, there, on the steps  
this morning asked me where it was,  
and told me to take care of it.'

'What fellow?' asked the crowd.  
'Mr. Brown. The chap with the  
purple gloves and the diamond ring.  
He inquired if I hadn't gave it to  
the clerk yet. He warned me. Oh,  
Lord! oh, Kitty! what'll you say  
now?'  
'Twas your friend, Mr. Brown,  
that took your money,' said the  
clerk.

'Him, with the diamond ring?  
Oh no! he warned me—'  
'He took it,' cried the crowd;  
'we'll set the police on his track  
right away, and maybe you'll get  
your money oack, stranger.'

'And if you do, you'll look out for  
Mr. Brown next time.'

'But I shan't get it back. He's  
been gone these two hours. Two  
thousand dollars, all in gold. Money  
that's been earned by hard work,  
that father and mother have worked  
for and done without. To think of  
the butter mother's churned, the  
eggs and chickens she's raised; the  
corn father's planted and hoed, the  
—the—and to think what a cursed  
fool I've went and been. Its too  
bad! it is—too bad!' I could not  
help it, if it was all a looking on;  
I just broke down and cried out  
loud.

I was sitting in my room the next  
forenoon, feeling considerably wuss  
than I ever did in my life before,  
holding my pocket-book in my hand,  
and wondering if I'd better write to  
father to send me money enough to  
come home, for I'd put all my spend-  
in-money in with the gold except  
about five dollars, when a boy came  
to the door and said the clerk want-  
ed me to step down. I proceeded  
to obey the summons about as lively  
as if I'd been going to the gallows,  
for I expected he was going to dun  
me for my bill, though goodness  
knows, I hadn't eat enough to keep  
a chicken alive since breakfast yester-  
day.

When I got down to the bar room  
it was jammed full; everybody was  
on the broad grin.  
'He's fell away ten pounds in  
twenty-four hours,' I heard one say.  
Standing by the clerk was a man in  
uniform that I took to be a soldier,  
till the clerk began—  
'Your good friend here, the po-  
lice-officer has come—'

'He ain't going to take me up be-  
cause another man stole my money,  
is he?' hollered I, in a minute;  
I'd suffered so much I was getting  
desperate; I could have fought the  
whole crowd.  
'O no; he has come to restore  
you your stolen money, every dollar  
of it, safe and sound.'

'Hail Columby!' shouted I jumpin',  
up about three feet and coming down  
on the toes of the feller who had pre-  
viously remarked on my great loss  
of flesh.

Here it is, said the officer, step-  
ping forward and handing me a parcel,  
count it, and see if it ain't all  
right.  
I set down and counted it, the  
crowd looking on.  
'All right to a cent, mister.'

'Well, you may thank this effi-  
cient officer for it. He's been clear  
to Philadelphia after your friend Mr.  
Brown. He found him before he  
had time to conceal the little check  
he had drawn on you at sight. If he  
had been an hour later you'd never  
have set eyes on your liven bags again.'

'Wall, you see, I went to shake  
hands with the officer; but the sud-  
den change was more than I could  
bear; I threw my arms about his  
neck and gave him a hug that as-  
tonished him, and burst out crying  
again; then the crowd cheered till  
I thought the roof would rise up, but  
I didn't care, I took out two twenty  
and a ten dollar gold piece and  
chucked into his hand, and told him  
I was everlastingly obliged to him,  
and if ever he came within forty  
miles of Beauville to let us know,  
and mother and father and Kitty  
would take lots of pins to make his  
visit pleasant. After the noise sub-  
sided a little the officer said he had  
the gentleman with the diamond ring  
in the Tombs, that he had had his  
eye on him before, and that he meant

to have him tended to this time;  
that he should hold me as a witness,  
though if I'd promise to be on hand  
he wouldn't confine me; that court  
set in about two weeks, and he'd  
try to have the case up early, so I  
could leave for home if I wanted to.

Then the clerk recommended me  
to leave my cash in his care; he'd  
give me a check for it; or else to  
go and deposit it in a city bank right  
away; but I was afraid the banks  
might break so I gave it up to him.

'And now,' said a young fellow  
in the crowd, after everything was  
settled, 'as a friend, Mr. Beanpole,  
I'd give you a piece of advice—don't  
go out in that hat?'

He said this so solemnly, that I  
took off my hat and looked at it.  
'What's the matter with it?' I  
asked.  
'Nothing in particular; only it  
reveals too plainly that you are a  
stranger; and when the people of  
this city see a stranger they usually  
take him in. You must have a  
new hat.'

'Yes, one of the Genin's latest,'  
cried the crowd.  
'Where shall I get it? I meekly  
enquired.  
'It's only a step; right here next  
door. Come along; I'll select one  
for you, and followed by some dozen  
or twenty, all smiling as if they was  
going to a wedding, we went and  
bought a hat. Then I begun to realize  
that my appetite was coming  
back; I went into the place where  
they eat their noon dinner (they  
have two dinners, it seems, in York  
taverns) and went through the trial  
of getting rid of six dozen oysters,  
steamed, raw, and fried, and promised  
the waiter to be sure and be back at  
five o'clock to the great spread.

'And now,' Bijah Beanpole, it's  
high time you begun to have a little  
fun, and with this reflection I set  
out towards the Museum. With  
plenty of peanuts and oranges, I was  
going along, looking at the sights  
and having a good time; but when  
I went to wipe my mouth after I'd  
made way with an orange, I dis-  
covered that my new red bandanna,  
the one I'd proudly waved to Kitty  
at the parting hour, was missing from  
my pocket. I'd left a leetle end  
hanging out to show it, and I s'pose  
some rascal had admired the pattern  
and helped himself.

I didn't have time to waste much  
sorrow on it, for just then I begun to  
hear the brass band playing in front  
of the Museum, and to feel for the  
first time, as if I was really in New  
York. I looked up and saw the flags  
flying and the pictures of the show  
on the outside, and listened to the  
thrilling music proceeding from the  
trailing overhead, till my toes tingled,  
and I did begin to wish that Kitty  
was along. Wall, I paid my quar-  
ter, and went in. The advertise-  
ment said it was a great place for  
a good instruction, and you may bet  
your life I got my quarter's worth  
by the time I got up to the happy  
family. One of the keepers got  
spunky, and told me he guessed if  
Barum was round he'd want to en-  
gage me as the Great Yankee Ques-  
tion Asker. I got pretty well post-  
ed in natural history, especially the  
wax figures, and bought the book  
about the giant and the dwarf for  
me to read when I got home.

(To be Continued.)

THE SCOTCH BAKER IN  
LONDON.

A rotund and full priced baker, who  
was in the habit of bringing his miserable  
debtors into Westminster Court of Re-  
quest, one day stepped into plaintiff's  
box with papers and ledger in hand, to  
good his claim for twenty-five shillings  
bread supplied to a Mr. John Howard.

A tall, young woman, wearing a hand-  
some fur mantle, and evidently careful  
to exhibit the extraneous of gentility, pre-  
sented herself to answer the demand. Her  
age might be either eighteen or twenty-eight;  
the hollow cheeks and spare form, or, both,  
presented a clearer approximation of the  
truth.

A Commissioner—Is the amount dis-  
puted?  
Young Lady.—Certainly not. I have  
only to say, on the part of my father, that  
he sincerely regrets his inability to settle  
the amount at once.

Chairman.—How will you pay it?  
Young Lady.—I have five shillings to  
offer now, and my father wishes to have  
the indulgence to pay the rest at half a  
crown a week.

Commissioner.—The bill is for bread  
and it has been standing for some time.—  
Judging from your appearance, I should  
think your father cannot be in such cir-  
cumstances as to make it difficult to pro-  
cure the few shillings left unpaid on this  
bill.

Young Lady.—Appearances are de-  
ceitful. It is equally distressing to my  
father and to myself to ask even for one  
day; but unexpected sickness in our  
family has totally exhausted our little means.

Baker.—(pocketing the money).—Two  
and sixpence a week is not enough. To  
gang about town with a grand bon, an  
fine silk dress while my wife man wears  
a plain shawl and a cotton gown, because  
the likes of ye will eat an honest man's  
bread without paying for it. That fine  
tripp ye have gotten on man have cost,  
maybe, six golden guineas.

Young Lady.—(blushing).—It is true  
my dress may appear rather extravagant,  
and if I could with preference dress with  
less cost, I would do so; but upon a re-  
spectful interior in my part as a teacher  
of music, depends the subsistence of a sick  
father and two young sisters. (The baker  
shut his book abruptly, and thrust his  
papers in his pockets.) As for the bon ye  
allude to, that was pledged, this morning  
to raise a few shillings to pay you the five  
you have received, and to provide for those  
who have tasted little else beyond thy  
bread for the last week. The trippet was  
lent me by my landlady, as the day is wet  
and cold.

Chairman.—Well, perhaps you will  
agree to the young lady's terms?  
Baker.—Oh, ay, ay, ay, and sixpence a  
month. 'Tis it down if you will.

Chairman.—Two and sixpence a week  
was offered.

Baker.—Make it just what ye like.  
The order was made and handed to the  
young lady. As she was leaving the court,  
the baker stepped her.

Baker.—Give me head o' that bit paper,  
said the baker. The request was com-  
plied with. Now, said the baker, thrust-  
ing some silver into her hat, 'take back  
your crown piece, and dinna fish yourself  
w' the weelcy papment. Ye shall see a  
four pound loaf like a day at my shop, and  
ye may pay me just when ye're able, and  
if I never get the silver, maybe I'll never  
miss it; but mind your lady, said he  
angrily, gin ye deal w' any other baker,  
I will put this order in force against ye're  
father.

The young lady looked her gratitude.  
The baker had vanished.

Miscellaneous.

THE BEST CURE FOR THE HEART-  
BURN.—Bartigue.  
Two lovers like two armies generally  
get along quietly enough till they are  
engaged.

Love should be disinterested and uncal-  
culating. That love which hath ends will  
have an end.

Nature preaches cheerfulness in the  
saddest models; she covers even forgotten  
graves with flowers.

'Say, Jack, can you tell us what's the  
best thing to hold two pieces of rope  
together?'—'A good knot.'

It is something singularly fitting that  
to the query, 'Is pity love?' the  
anagrammatic answer is, 'Positively.'

'The only way,' says an old Irish peer,  
a true gentleman will ever attempt to look  
at a pretty woman is—to shut his eyes.'

A candidate for a registrarship in Texas  
offered, if appointed, to register marriages  
for nothing. His opponent, undismayed,  
promised to do the same, and throw a cradle  
in. Of course the latter was successful.

Plunker perpetrated a good joke about  
'kite-bling'—i.e., dealing in accommodation  
bills.—He used to say there was the  
difference between boy's kites and men's  
kites—that with boys the wind raised the  
kites, but with men the kites raised the  
wind.

Delence of Crimoline.—Men should re-  
ceive it joyfully and gratefully as a striking  
proof that it is physically impossible for a  
lovely woman to contract a bad habit.

The gentleman who did not trust to his  
memory, wrote in his pocket book, 'I  
must be married when I get to town.'  
The probability is that he recollected  
whether he was married or not.

Whenever you see a lady and gentle-  
man alone in a cab, each looking out of a  
different window, be convinced that they  
are perfectly lawless; they have been mar-  
ried some months at least.

A