The Pork Herald

IS PUBLISHED

EVERY FRIDAY MORNING, And dispatched 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

able Family Newspaper. TERMS :- One Dollar and Fifty cents per annum, IN ADVANCE; if not paid within Three Months, Two Dollars will be charged.

greatest care will be taken to render it ac-

ceptable to the man of business, and a valu-

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Published for the Proprietors by A. Scott.

Business Directory.

DR. HOSTETTER, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons

England,

June 9, 1865.

Opposite the Elgin Mills. RICHMOND HILL.

DR. JAS. LANGSTAFF, Willia generally be found at home before half-past 7 a,m and frem 1 to 2 p.m. Richmend Hall, June, 1865

JOHN M. REID, M. D., COR OF YONGE AND COLBURNE STS.,

THORNIHEL. Consultations in the office on the mornings of Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, 8 to 10, n. m. LE All consultations in the office,

Thornhill, June 9, 1865

LAW CARDS.

JAMES M. LAWRENCE, Clerk of the 3rd Division Court,

CONVEYANCER, AND COMMISSIONER IN THE QUEEN'S BENCK Office opposite R. RAYMOND'S HOTEL,

Deeds, Mortgages, &c., drawn up with neat-

ness and despatch. Richmond Hill, June 9, 1865.

M. TEEFY, ESQ., Notary Public, COMMISSIONER IN THE QUEEN'S BENCH. CONVEYANCER, AND

DIVISION COURT AGENT,

RICHMOND HILL POST OFFICE. A GREENENTS, Bonds, Deeds, Morigages, Wills, &c. No. deeds M Wills, &c , &c., drawn with attention and promptitude. Terms moderate.

Richmond Hill, June 9, 1865. CHAS. C. KELLER, A TTORNSY - AT - LAW, SOLICITOR in Chancery Comment in Chancery, Conveyancer, &c. Office

in Victoria Buildings, over the Chronicle office, Also a Branch Office in the village of Boaverton, Township of Thorah, and County of

The Division Courts in Ontario, Richmond Hill, and Markham Village regularly attended Whithy June 2, 1865.

DAVID EYER, Jun., Stave & Shingle Manufacturer

RESIDENCE—Lot 26, 2nd Con, Warkham, on the Elgiu Mills Plank Road.
A large Stock of Staves and Shingles kept constantly on hand, and sold at the lowest Prices. Call and examine Stock before purchas-Post Office Address-Richmond Hill.

MITCHEL MOUSE: AURORA.

DAVID McLEOD begs to announce that he has Leased the above Hotel and fitted it up in a manner second to none on Yonge St. 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 put up at this establishment. Aurora, June, 1865.



THOMAS SEDMAN, Carriage and Waggon MAKER, UNDERTAKER

&c. &c. &c. Residence-Nearly opposite the Post Office, Richmond Hill. Jane' 1865,

NEW SERIES.

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

TERMS \$1 50 In Advance.

till now, says I, and Goshen's ways ain't

saying about dressing for dinner? Are

than a cracker. And when they come

and called me to dinner I was thankful

We all set down to the table, Fred

a big, handsome house. But I must

Cousin Avery, says I to Fred's wife,

New York-chickens was only half-growed.

Don't put yourself out for me, Cousin

The idea of my being my own cook

and making the soup! Ha! ha! Even

Why, do you keep a girl? says I

What does she mean? says she, look-

John couldn't help laughing!

common, don's you?

they going to have company?

up a little, says she.

make it, I'm sure.

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RICHMOND HILL, FRIDAY, JUNE 23, 1865.

Whole No. 263.

Doctry.

The Raven.

BY EDGAR ALLEN POE.

Once upon a midnight dreary, While I pondered, weak and weary, Volume of forgotten lore-While I nodded, nearly napping, Suddenly there came a tapping, As of some one gently rapping, Rapping at my chamber door. 'Tis some visitor I muttered, "Tapping at my chamber door-Only this and nothing more."

Ah, distinctly I remember It was in the bleak December, And each separate dying ember Wrought its ghost upon the floor. Eagerly I wished the morrow; Vainly I had sought to borrow From my books surcease of sorrow-Sorrow for the lost Lenoreor the rare and radiant maiden Whom the angels named Lenore-Nameless here for evermore.

And the silken sad uncertain Rustling of each purple curtain Thrilled me-filled me with fantastic Terrors never feit before; So that now, to still the heating Of my heart, I stood repeating, "Tis some visit a entreating Entrance at my chamber doorome late visitor entreating Entrance at my chamber door; This it is and nothing more."

Presently my soul grew stronger; Hesitating then no longer, 'Sir," said I, "or Madam, truly Your forgiveness 1 implore; But the fact is I was napping, And so faintly you came tapping, Tapping at my chamber door,
That I scarce was sure I heard you'-Here I opened wide the door:

Darkness there and nothing more.

Deep into that darkness peering, Long I stood there wondering, fearing, oubting, dreaming dreams no mortals Ever dared to dream before: But the silence was unbroken, And the stillness gave no token,

And the only word there spoken was the whispered word, "Lenore? This I whispered, and an echo Murmured back the word, "Lenore!" Merely this and nothing more.

Back into the chamber turning, All my soul within me burning, Soon again I heard a tapping Something louder than before, "Surely," said I, "surely that is Something at my window lattice: Let me see, then, what thereat is, And this mystery explore-Let my heart be still a moment

And this mystery explore;—
'Tis the wind and nothing more.'

Open here I flung the shutter, When, with many a flirt and flutter, In there stepped a stately Raven Of the saintly days of yore. Not the best obeisance made he But with mien of lord or lady, Perched above my chamber door---Perched upon a bust of Patlas Just above my chamber door-Perched, and sat, and nothing more

Then this abony bird beguiling My sad fancy into smiling, By the grave and stern decorum Of the countenance it were, "Though thy crest be shorn and shaven Thou," I said, "art sure no craven, Ghastly grim and ancient Raven Wandering from the Nightly shore Tell me what thy lordly name is On the Night's Plutonian shore!" Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

Much I marvelled this ungainly Fowl to hear discourse so plainly, Though its answer little meaning Little relevancy bore; For we cannot help agreeing That no living human being Ever yet was blest with seeing Bird above his chamber door-Bird or beast upon the sculptured Bust above his chamber door. With such words as "Nevermore

But the Raven, sitting lonely On that placed bust, spoke only That one word, as if his soul in That one word he did outpour. Nothing farther then be uttered: Not a feather then he fluttered-Till I scarcely more than muttered, "Other friends have flown before-Then the bird said "Nevermore."

Startled at the stillness broken By reply so aptly spoken, 'Doubtless," said I, "what it utters Is its only stock and store, Caught from some unhappy master Whom unmerciful Disaster Followed fast and followed faster Till his songs one burden bore-Of 'Never-nevermore.' "

But the Raven still beguiling All my sad soul into smiling Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in . Front of bird and bust and door; Then upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to linking Fancy unto fancy, thinking What this ominous bird of yore-What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, Gaunt and ominous bird of yore

Meant in croaking "Nevermore."

Thus I sat engaged in guessing, But no syllable expressing To the fowl whose fiery eyes now Burned into my bosom's core; This and more I sat divining, With my head at case reclining On the cushion's velvet lining That the lamplight gloated o'er, But whose velvet violet lining With the lamplight gloating o'er She shall press, ah, nevermore!

Then methought the air grew denser, Perfumed from an unseen censer. Swung by Scraphim whose footfalls Tinkled on the tufted floor. "Wretch '1 cried, thy God hath lent the By these angels he hath sent thee Respite—respite and nepenthe From thy memories of Lenore! Quaff, oh quaff this kind nepenthe, And forget this lost Lenore! Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

"Prophet!" said I. "thing of evil !-Prophet still, if bird or devil !-Whether tempter sent, or whether Tempest tossed thee here ashore, Desolate, yet all undaunted, On this desert land enchanted— On this home by Horror haunted-Teil me truly, I implore—
Is there—is there balm in Gilead?—
Tell me—tell me, I implore! Quoth the Rayen, "Nevermore."

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil-Prophet still, if bird or devil! By that Heaven that bends above us-By the God we both adore-Tell this soul with sorow laden If, within the distant Aidenn, It shall clasp a sainted maiden Whom the angels name Lenore-Clasp a rare and radiant maiden Whom the angels named Lenore."
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

"Be that word our sign of parting, Bird or fiend," I shricked, upstarting-"Get thee back into the tempest
And the night's Plutonian shore! Leave no black plame as a token Of that lie thy soul hath spoken! Leave my loneliness unbroken!— Quit the bust above my do r! Take thy beak from out my heart, and Take thy form from off my door! Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

And the Raven, never flitting, Still is sitting, still is sitting On the pallid bust of Pallas Just above my chamber door; And his eyes have all the seeming. Of a demon's that is dreaming And the lamplight o'er him streaming Throws his shadow on the floor And my soul from out that shadow That lies floating on the floor Shall be lifted-nevermore

Literature.

Fred and Maria, and Me.

PART THE FIRST.

Continued from our last.

That very day I got a letter from Fred saying he had been sick with Avery. Then you could buy the this paltry sum is wanting.

trees a growing again, says I to his feet again, why it's a pity he Sam cried out: shouldn't have it. And I've had are! fish, and that isn't the way the are we? says I, I thought we was Bible tells us to feel. If I thought going right to Fred's! times, I'd give him every cent I the door. and clothe and feed me for no-they've took boarders! board even when I pay her every having you, says he.

way of what he owes you, would- up against the wall. n't it take a load of your mind?'

no way unless it is to let him have ain't had time to clear up yet. a good mind to do that,

know nothing about the world says she: and I do, and I want you to pro- You've probably mistaken the used to keep so clean and shining? not to find him, I'm free to say. Why he d sneak back where he Just then in walks Fred a look dinner after dark.

rose from in less than no time. two ways in looking at things, and he, Well Sir! maybe I hadn't reflected whether | Well, Sir! says Sam. or not my father would have liked what I had done. But I knew I'd other just like two roosters that's a must have taken more none beef-bone to little papers," when the fact is that these tried to do as 1'd ought, and so I going to fight. says to Sam:

what color Squire Jackson's carpets are, and such things. And if
she, indeed?

stared harder than ever, and says have such handsome clothes as your'n, have such handsome clothes as your'n, she, indeed?

stared harder than ever, and says I, for I see her a clouding up and would soon be abodes of owls and vampires. you've got any plan for Fied's Thinks I she feels bad at having didn't know what I'd said to vex her. good in your head, I wash you'd me see her parlor in such a clutter, There was a man a clearing off the table,

mind, and be as christian an act as put 'em askew again.
need be. And then, if after trying Fred he kept edging off while 'em you don't like their ways, and will make things agreeable for you, Amanda is a little woman anybody ing about. could live with, and if anybody could you could. If you like your tea hot-

I do, says I, bilin' hot. Well, if you like it hot, she does. But then if you change your mind and like it kind of insipid and lukewarm, she'll change her's, and like it insipid. Amanda and I never had no words together, and she's a nice little woman, that's a fact.

Sam, says I, you've hit the right nail on the head this time. I'll do after a while. what is no more'n christian, and go to Fred's. Poor man, how glad father's side, says I. he'll be, and their little children too. I wonder I never thought of

step he had driven me to take oy back the thoughts I'd had about sister married a cousin. And person from the country as more or less his own want of money. If I had him, for it was plain now he had Fred's father, hea few thousand dollars I could take Fred's good at heart; and all along Good-bye, Aunt Avery, I'm a go-children; two girls and one boy, and support of the neighborhood, and never a new mousand donars I could take | I had fancied there wasn't much ing now, says Sam coming in, re- every one of 'em dressed up in white, ket, said he, and make a specula- love lost between 'em. How plea- member what I've told you about with curls a flying and ribbons a flying, tion that would set me on my feet sed thev'll be, I declare, says I to Amanda; good-bye Miss Avery, and looking as if they'd just come out of again, and you with me, Aunt myself, I can take hold and help good-bye Fred; and so off he went. a band-box. There wasn't one of 'em as you used to live. But alas!— black silk, I can make that over for that I was beat out, what with the of going out to get their living, as their one of 'em, if they are any of 'em journey and all. So I said I should smart little things and not like the combine and not like the combine mon kind. The youngest one wasn't when the warmth and the fruitful state of myself, nor make our old house so happy since the day I set in the the way. ever look old again, at least not in gallery, but just then we drove up ever look old again, at least not in my time. But if it could put Fred on his fort again, and may unwholesome things, and he had my trunk carried up, and his fort again, why it a result of the sum o

Wake up Aunt Avery, here we to show me my room.

had, and called him mean and sel- Why, we ain't going to a tavern,

I could get to being as quiet and happy as I used to be in the old Aunt Avery, for there're opening

have left, and welcome. But then where should I live and who'd take all struck up. Oh Sam! it must be

thing? It takes all the widow Dean's | Sam kind o' laughed, and says grace and nature having me to he, Then it'll come all the handier

Avery, the coctor says if you don't solv. At first I couldn't see much go off on a journey your head'll of anything, for there was thick split in two, and I'll tell you what, curtains over the winders, and the I've got a first-rate plan in my head that'll set every thing straight in began to make out the things, and worring about Fred and a pitying chairs and tables and sofys and I Shall I help you to dress for dinner all wore cut, and undressed here and tables and sofys and I shall I help you to dress for dinner all wore cut, and undressed me, and here and tables and sofys and I shall I help you to dress for dinner all wore cut, and undressed me, and here and tables and sofys and I shall I help you to dress for dinner all wore cut, and undressed me, and here and tables and sofys and I shall I help you to dress for dinner all wore cut, and undressed me, and here and tables and sofys and I shall I help you to dress for dinner all wore cut, and undressed me, and here and tables and sofys and I shall I help you to dress for dinner all wore cut, and undressed me, and here are the shall be and tables and sofys and I shall I help you to dress for dinner all wore cut, and undressed me, and here are the shall be and tables and sofys and I shall I help you to dress for dinner all wore cut, and undressed me, and here are the shall be and tables and sofys and I shall I help you to dress for dinner all wore cut, and undressed me, and here are the shall be all the shal him 'cause he can't pay his debts; don't know what not, all in a muss ma'am? now if you could put him in the instead of setting regular and tidy

Things is in a dreadful confusion. this time for me. 'Goodness Sam,' says I, of ain't they? says I, but I suppose course it would. But there ain't Fred's wife is a getting supper, and

the room, and stood a staring first New York? says she.

'If you do. I'll bave you put in at me and then at Sam as if we the asylum,' says Sam. 'You don't was wild Indians or Hottentots, and

mise me that you won't let Fred house, says she. Sam got up and have that money without consulting says he, Isn't Fred at home? says me. Do you think your good old he. Upon that she stared worse father worked and toiled and got than ever and turned quite red, but I guess it ain't worth while if they ain't his face sun-burnt and his hands as Sam up and toid her who he was going to have nobedy, says I. And I'll hard as two horns, just for Fred and who I was, and that he was a jist lay down a little while and get res-Avery? What do you suppose h'ed going down to find Fred, and would ted, if you'll call me when dinner's ready. hold of all sorts of things, till at last I

the old place, and them trees cut bome, for I made an appointment faint, and beat with the journey and the clothes, down, and them red and yaller car- with him for just this time 'o day, need of something to eat, if twasn't more pets all over the floors your mother says he, and it's rather awkward

to go down, though 'twas so odd a eating ling as black as thunder, and he I am so bewildered hearing him takes no notice of me but just goes and his wife, and me, and there wasn't talk, and I didn't know what I was no to Sam, as if he was going to nothing on it but soup. about, and I began to think there's catch him by the throat, and says I suppose they economize in their victuals, thinks I, to pay for living in such

But after a minute Fred turned Don't talk so Sam. It makes me round shook hands with me and all dressed up like a lady, too. I can't sort of shudder to think of my father says, This is my Aunt Avery, think how you do it. Now when I'm or would have, did they live to the end of that's gone to heaven, caring any- Maria, and the lady that had been thing about the old place now, and a standing there all this time, she keep nice and tidy. Not that I ever the merchant of a village, despise him who

shown a christian spirit about him. and so I made believe not to look at any thing, but for the life of me I lain't done nothing to laughing and thinks I any thing, but for the life of me I lain't done nothing to laugh at any part of his debt in board. That will the window. The minute she see relieve his mind and his wife's me she run and pulled 'em out and look as plump and fat as if they'd been

we was a moving of the chairs, and don't feel to home, you come right at last he got Sam into the back back here, and me and my wife parlor, for he didn't seem to want

Fred's wife didn't say nothing, things was brought on to the table and so says I, Do you keep boarders, so much trouble just for me, so says I:

Keep boarders! gracious! says she. I ask you paidon if I've said any- morrow, and I'm partial to cold meat.

'll be plenty of that cold meat for tothing out of the way, says I, it By this time we'd about got through from every one who wishes the welfare of looks like such a big house, and as dinner, and the man had gone away, so the community in which he lives. Rememif it had such a sight of room in it. Mrs. Avery she spoke up quite angry Did I understand Mr. Avery to like and says she:

say you are his aunt! says she Yes ma'am I'm his aunt, by the

Most extraordinary! says she. No, dear, not extraordinary, says 1. It's as natural as can be. Jere- ing at Fred. a fever, owing to his anxiety about his business, and especially at the his business, and especially at the

Fred's wife about the work, and And I began to feel lonesome as more'n seven years old, and it come across them children; and there's my old soon as he went. And I realized me it was kind o' queer for 'em to talk one of 'em. if they are any of 'em journey and all. So I said I should pa had said they did, but thinks I they're fly emits its eggs in the autumn, and that there's my de laine! I hadn't felt n't be too much trouble to show me much more than a baby, but he set up in the soil, by repeated ploughings and harrow much more than a baby, but he set up in the soil, by repeated ploughings and harrow

sent for a nice tidy young woman whatever they could lay their hands on.

of stair that I was all out of breath when I got to my room, and had to when I got to my room, and had to set down in the first chair I see. — ston if they were left to their own ray and the sound of its natural food. The set down in the first chair I see . - stop if they were left to their own say. It was one 'o them short days in I was nt sorry to hear the old clock tained by placing cabbage leaves at night, the fall, and though it wasn't more strike nine, and to go up to bed. But and examining them in the morning. than four o'clock, it was beginning to grow dark. So the young woman let down the curtains and was such a noise in the street of wheels lighted the light, and I could see going by, that I couldn't collect my what a beautiful room it was, with what a beautiful room it was, with such a great wide bed, and a white nibuses till my poor old heart got to lision with another train from an opposite quilt all sweet and tidy, and the beating like a mill-clapper. And Satan direction. At this critical moment, on

there some little corner you could house, ain't it? and don't his poor wife instant his resolution was taken. "Lie have to work hard? Where's that old down!" he shouted to his boy, and the tuck me into?

decent bed-room enough though,— prayers and begin to rip it? So I got passengers little dreaming how much their prayers and begin to rip it? So I got passengers little dreaming how much their Why, ain't they had dinner yet?

say I, I hopel they ain't waited all Oh dinner isn't till six, says she. and 'tain't wholesome,'

I stared at her and she stared at me, and then says she:

things, such as you expect to smell when Satan is a prowling round. I felt as if I should choke, and then as if I should smother, and turn which way I would I couldn't get to sleep. My head felt worse than it did before I left home, and I began to wish I'd staid there, and not come to this new-fangled place where everything seems so strange. At last I got up and dressed me in the dark, and went out into the entry to sec if I rould get a breath of fresh air, and who should be coming up but cousin Fred's wife.

Why, ain't you to bed, yet? says I. No, says she, I ain't, but where does this horrid smell of gas come from? What have you been about? says she.

I ain't been about nothin', says I, only I couldn't get to sleep, and I didn't know what was the matter after I blowed out the light. No, I never was out of Goshen before,

Blowed out the light! Goodness! It's lucky I've got a nose, or you'd have been like New York ways, at least I expect dead before morning, for aught I know, they ain't. But what is it you was a and she ran into my room and set such a light a blazing that I was half dazzled.

Don't never blow out the gas again, No, only I though you'd want to fix says she, but turn it off so, says she, and she put out the light and went away, and there I stood in the dark, and didn't know where the bed was, and went feeling round and round, and kept getting say it he could rise from his grave leave me in her care.

So she went down, and I tried to get a found it, and was thankful to undress and see strangers rampaging over But I'm surprized he ain't to nap, but some how I couldn't, I was so and creep in and hide myself under the

To be continued.

Miscellaneous.

ONLY A VILLAGE PAPER.

Says some hair-brained, but pompous individual when asked to give his support to a And they stood a looking at each say I never cat such good soup, and it local journal. "Oh! I hate these nasty little despised sheets, have each more influence over the destinies of the world in one week, than a thousand such as he ever had,

Without a local press no country village can thrive, they are the life's blood of the body politic, and the great, "GLOBE" or I ain't done nothing to laugh at, and | "LEADER" are valuable, only in proportion Well, says Sam, you've got to go couldn't help seeing them chairs all most likely its his own thoughts are as they enunciate in the aggregate the sentia journey and so have I, for I'm go- askew, and so I got up and laid pleasing him. But just then he in with ments of their smaller, but really more iming to New York on business - my bonnet on the table, and while a great piece of roast beef and a couple portant compeers. While a city press pre-And you can go along with mc, and | 1 was a doing of it I just set a of boiled chickens, and ever so many tends to lead, in reality it does no more than see Fred and tell him you'll take a couple of 'em straight and even, by kinds of vegetables, enough for twenty. follow. It is the local press which erunci-Why, Fred, says I, them chickens ates the texts, the others only preach from it, and often badly. Is it not a fact, that raised in the country. I had an idea the majority of our M. P. P's. represent But I suppose being brought up on a local constituences, and can afford to laugh farm you know how to raise 'em more'n at the thunders of the "Globe" or the anathemas of the "LEADER," but let these Fred smiled a little, but didn't say local organs speak and they tremble, for a nobedy to hear what they was talk nothing, and it got to be kind o' silent, nod can put them in Parliament, and even and I kept thinking what a number of less can put them out. Therefore, let no one dare to despise a village press, for, unless that is pure, the body politic is corrupt. Avery, says I. If you make a stranger even as the noble river's water is poisonous

of me I shall wish I hadn't come. There | if the small fountain is polluted. Seeing then that such things are so, we claim as a local Journal, a share of support ber the streets of Jerusalem are only kept clean by every man sweeping his own doorway, the local paper is that doorway and hence we ask every one here to take the paper, and watch the local interests of which quite bewildered. And was that the it treats. The times we live in are momen girl that showed me the way up stairs? tous, every day is an epoch of wonders, to record which is the duty of the local press, and also to show whither these epochs are singular. But here comes the children! battles, and as one of the almighty local The door opened and in came three press, we demand the thoughtful, unbiassed hope to hear again a slur on a local press. -Selected.

THE TURNIP FLY .-- A method of preventing the ravages of the turnip fly has been adopted with success in England. The practice is founded upon the fact that the a chair, and his pa and ma they gave ing admit of the generating effects of the supply of food being thereby afforded, it is They wouldn't speak to me, but all they seemed to care for was the good things and thrive. If, instead of sowing immediately and thrive. Well, we went up so many pairs and the nuts and raisins Fred kept a ately, the soil is brought into as fine a state existence of the fly in a field may be ascer-

THE HEROIC SWITCH TENDER .- The following incident is related in a European paper as having lately occured in Prussia: A switch tender had just taken his place thoughts at all, but I seemed to rush to change the track, in order to turn a train Saturday night, and I suppose people wasn't made to live together.

Just then Sam Avery he came sauntering in, and says he 'Aunt Avery, the c'octor says if you don't seem and set me down on a sofy. At first I couldn't see much and set me down on a sofy. At first I couldn't see much and set me down on a sofy. black silk of your'n, that you was a go- | child, happily accustomed to obedience It looked like a nice bed afore I got in, express his joy at seeing his child alive and but as soon as I laid my head on the pil- unbarmed. The next day the King, having low, I says to myself, 'Faugh! what heard of the circumstance, sent for the man feathers! I never slept on such feathers, and presented him the Medal of Honor for and 'tain't wholesoma.'

So I rose up on end, and tossed 'em | SQUARING THE CIRCLE.-If you off on to the floor, but it didn't make no think it is an easy thing to square the what I got for the farm. And I've By this time a lady came into I guess you ain't been much in difference, and the air seemed full of circle, just go and settle your wife's bill brimstone and sulphur and all sorts of for hoops.