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All advertisements published for a less period than one month, must be paid for in advance.

All transitory advertisements, from strangers or irregular customers, must be paid for when handed in for insertion.

Business Directory.

DR. HOSFETTER'S numerous friends will please accept his sincere thanks for their liberal patronage and prompt payment, and would announce that he will continue to devote the whole of his attention to the practice of Medicine, Surgery and Midwifery.

DR. JAS. LANGSTAFF, W.H.L. generally to be found at home before half past six, and from 1 to 2 p.m.

All parties owing Dr. J. Langstaff are expected to call and pay promptly, as he has payments now that must be met.

Mr. Wm Jenkins is authorised to collect, and give receipts for him.

JOHN M. REID, M. P., COR. OF YONGE AND 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, June 9, 1865

LAW CARDS.

J. N. BLAKE, BARRISTER AT LAW, CONVEYANCER & CO.

OFFICE—Over the Gas Company office Toronto Street, Toronto. Toronto, August 1, 1867.

FRANCIS BUTTIN, JR. LICENSED AUCTIONEER, FOR THE County of York.

Sales attended on the shortest notice at moderate rates. P.O. Address, Buttonville Markham, July 24, 1868.

READ & BOYD, Barristers, Attorneys at Law, Solicitors in Chancery, &c., &c.

77, King Street East, over Thompson's East India House Toronto.

D.B. READ, Q.C.—J.A. BOYD B.A. May 7, 1866.

M. TEEFY, Esq., NOTARY PUBLIC, 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. Terms moderate. Richmond Hill, June 9, 1865.

GEO. B. NICOL, BARRISTER, Attorney-at-Law, Solicitor in Chancery, CONVEYANCER, &c., &c., &c.

OFFICE—In the "York Herald" Buildings, Richmond Hill. Money to Loan. July, 5th, 1866.

M'NAB, MURRAY & JACKES, Barristers & Attorneys-at-Law, Solicitors in Chancery, CONVEYANCERS, &c.

OFFICE—In the Court House, TORONTO August 1, 1866.

EAVE TROUBS, WATER SPOUTS, CISTRINS AND PUMPS, Manufactured and for Sale.

Flooring and other lumber dressed, Fellows sawn and shingles for sale by John Langstaff STEAM MILLS, THORNHILL.

THOMAS SEDMAN, Carriage and Wagon MAKER, &c. &c. &c.

Residence—Nearly opposite the Post Office Richmond Hill.

JOHN CARTER, LICENSED AUCTIONEER FOR the Counties of York, Peel and Ontario. Residence, Lot 8, 6th concession on Markham. Post Office—Unionville.

Sales attended on the shortest notice and on reasonable terms.

Old vs left at the "Herald" office for M Carter's services will be promptly attended to June, 27, 1867.

JOHN CARTER, LICENSED AUCTIONEER FOR the Counties of York, Peel and Ontario. Residence, Lot 8, 6th concession on Markham. Post Office—Unionville.

Sales attended on the shortest notice and on reasonable terms.

Old vs left at the "Herald" office for M Carter's services will be promptly attended to June, 27, 1867.

The York Herald,

RICHMOND HILL AND YONGE ST. GENERAL ADVERTISER.

NEW SERIES.

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

TERMS \$1.00 in Advance.

Vol. VIII. No. 49.

RICHMOND HILL, FRIDAY, MAY 8, 1868.

Whole No. 512.

S. M. SANDERSON & Co. ARE OFFERING

GREAT BARGAINS In Men's and Boy's

Calf, Kip and Cowhide Boots, At No. 90 Yonge Street, Toronto.

EDGAR & GRAHAME, Barristers and Attorneys-at-Law, SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY, CONVEYANCERS, &c.

NOTARIES PUBLIC, &c. Parliamentary Legal Business attended to. OFFICES—Court Street, Corner of Church Street, Toronto.

J. D. EDGAR. RICHARD GRAHAME. Toronto, February 5, 1868.

NOTICE TO FARMERS. RICHMOND HILL MILLS.

GEO. H. APPELBY BEGS to inform the Farmers in the neighborhood of Richmond Hill, that he has leased the above Mills, and has put them in thorough repair, and will be glad to receive a share of the patronage of the public.

GRISTING AND CHOPPING, Done on the shortest notice. The highest market price paid for Wheat. Richmond Hill, Nov. 14, 1867.

MALLOY'S AXES FOR SALE BY DANIEL HORNER, Jun., Lot 20, 2nd concession Markham

BUILDING LOTS FOR SALE. BEING the front part of Lot No. 46, in the 1st concession of Vaughan, immediately opposite the residence of Dr. Dauncumb, in the Village of Richmond Hill, as had off in a Plan prepared by Mr. George McPhillips. This is a desirable opportunity to secure an eligible business stand at a moderate price. A credit of five years will be given. For Plan and other particulars enquire of the subscriber J. R. ARNOLD, 1v Richmond Hill, July 3, 1867.

GEO. McPHILLIPS & SON Provincial Land Surveyors, SEAFORTH, C. W. June 7, 1865.

DAVID EYER, Jun., Slave & Shingle Manufacturer RESIDENCE—Lot 26, 2nd Con. Markham on the Elgin 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 purchasing elsewhere. Post Office Address—Richmond Hill. use 1865

PHYSIOLOGY. Ladies and Gentlemen, who require a true chart of the foot, can procure one in either French Kid or Calf, by calling and ordering it at T. DOLMAGE'S, Richmond Hill, April 4, 1867.

THE OLD HOTEL, THORNHILL, HENRY HERON, Proprietor. The best of Wines, Liquors and Cigars will be found at the bar. Comfortable accommodation for Travellers. A careful Hostler always in attendance. Thornhill, July 4, 1857.

DOLMAGE'S HOTEL, LATE VAN NOSTRAND'S, 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 Travellers can desire, those who wish to stay where they can find every comfort are respectfully invited to give him a call. GIDEON DOLMAGE, Proprietor, Richmond Hill, Dec. 1865.

LUMBERING ABRAHAM EYER BEGS respectfully to inform his customers and the public that he is prepared to do

PLANING TO ORDER, In any quantity, and on short notice.

Planned Lumber, Flooring, &c. Kept on hand, SAWING done promptly; also Lumber Tongued & Grooved At the lowest possible rates. Saw Mill on lot 25, 2nd Con. Markham, 2 1/2 miles east of Richmond Hill by the Plank Road Richmond Hill, June 26, 1865.

JOHN CARTER, LICENSED AUCTIONEER FOR the Counties of York, Peel and Ontario. Residence, Lot 8, 6th concession on Markham. Post Office—Unionville.

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Poetry.

JACK HORNBACK, THE BUTCHER.

Jack Hornback is the boldest butcher That ever nag did straddle— He had the hardest mare to ride That ever wore a saddle.

When Jack was bound his mare to mount, To ride away at night, His wife, his brother and two more, It took his mare to hold.

Then Jack would take his old plug hat, And strap it to his chin, With butcher's bag tied to his back, His journey to begin.

When thus equipped, he mounts his mare, The four feet set her slide, The neighbors all will run to see The way that Jack does ride.

A cloud of dust far in the rear, Was always a sure sign, That bold Jack Hornback and his mare Were flying down the line.

The wind for speed could not compare, Nor scarce the telegraph, And as for slough railroad speed, Jack's mare would at it laugh.

Now Jack, no doubt, has got a job, Some hogs he has to bleed, So now the butcher's near at hand, Poor hogs you'll die with speed.

When once your laid upon your back, And Jack has got his knife, Your grunting, roving, squealing ends For Jack will end your life.

His nag so swift, was wayward too, He never could her guide, I often heard the butcher swear, When he on her did ride.

A circle sometimes she would run, And bring him home again; This trick on him she often play'd In spite of curb and rein.

A short reprieve she then would give, By taking her own way, Some fat hogs lives she would prolong, At least, for one whole day.

One day when he was in full rig, Some ballast needed he, Ten splendid hick'ry axe handles, Made from a bass-wood tree.

The axe handles on his right side, His tool bag on his left, Two cats were in his butcher's bag, From home his wife had sent.

So now the cats began to mew, The mare began to go, 'Twas sore against the butcher's will He'd rather t'avel slow.

His mare and him did not agree, Nor did she like the cats, She'd rather they had staid at home, To watch the mice and rats.

But Jack was not the man to yield, Nor give way to despair, While in his hands he held the reins, To guide his headstrong mare.

He threw his feet up to her nose, His head back to her tail, And on his back did pull away, But all to no avail.

His head and hat at last did part, For well indeed they might; The hat did scarcely reach the ground, Till he was out of sight.

His hair and beard now in the breeze, Was frightful to behold, And all that seen him dash along Thought that he would catch a cold.

The cats and handles now did make A din, I do declare, Besides not less than twenty dogs, Were scampering in the rear.

And every one that saw Jack fly, Would bawl to him hold fast, But ere the sound could reach his ears, Jack and his mare were past.

But every beast upon the road, Did see the butcher dread, A warning look they gave their friends, And then together fled.

At length the cats their prison burst— The dog at them did run, But these two cunning monsters smart, Did the encounter shun.

So now the stubborn brute did halt, Where Jack would rather not, At the same merchant's door, where he Some goods on credit bought.

Nor could he make her move one foot, Although he tried his best— For she, no doubt, began to think, That it was time to rest.

The merchant to his door he runs, Says he:—you've come at last— That took account you know's been due, More than a twelve month past.

Your handles here I do not want, Says he:—I will you tell, The last that I did get from you, Scarce one of them would sell.

In such a scrape Jack was the boy, That knew how to get free— I brought them here to give to you— You have such splendid tea.

The timber in these axe handles I swear could not be beat, And then for workmanship, you know, None can with me compete.

Now your tobacco, says my wife, For smoking is the best,

And then your liquor's splendid stuff, I'd like its strength to test.

The trifle that I'm in your debt, Will soon by me be paid; The season now has just begun, For working at my trade.

The hogs this season are so fat, The farmers pay me well— Because they know they can afford, The way that pork does sell.

The merchant heard this long harraugue, He thought the butcher just, Again he fill'd his butcher's bag, As formerly on trust.

Bold Jack is on the road again, With a broken bone— But in a passion he did swear, This mare he'd not ride home.

So now's his chance—he meets a man, A preacher so he said; The butcher eyed the preacher's horse, And then proposed to trade.

The preacher was a curious man, He thought that Jack did lie— Although Jack swore it was not so— His mare had lost an eye.

Just try her speed—jump on her back— I'll give enough to boot— The preacher mounts, sticks in his spurs, Away from Jack did shoot.

Nor was he ever heard of more, I oft heard Jack declare, To glory he for sure did ride, All on his fiery mare.

Nor did he care where he did go, Since he had got his horse, And homeward he began to gallop, Without the least remorse.

But he did not come off unscathed, For when he shouted whoa— His lazy horse did stop so quick, He o'er his head did go.

Now Jack's alive and at his trade, Three children he has got; His first-born is a daughter fair, The best of the whole lot.

Literature.

A DUEL IN THE DARK.

I call it, said my friend, Monsieur Hippolyte Gerfaut, commissary of police of the city of Paris, in his perfectly accented English, I call it my duel in the dark.

The affaire Chardon was bizarre enough to create some little sensation at the time, even amongst our blases Parisians; though, doubtless, it is long since forgotten. I have two satisfactory reasons for remembering it—first, because my adversary was an homme fort—a gaillard whom it was no small credit to defeat; secondly, because I was fortunate enough to be able to prove to my superiors, who were till then inclined to treat them more lightly than they deserved, that certain little theories of mine avaient du bon. We have our armour-propre, nous autres, you see. If you think the story will serve to lighten an hour of this long journey here it is.

And while the Marseille express rushed Pariswards through the howling darkness of that wild November night, Monsieur Gerfaut pulled his fur casquette over the sharp black eyes, that gleamed and twinkled behind his official lunettes arranged his travelling wraps, refreshed himself with a pinch of snuff, and told me his story, as nearly as I can remember, in the following fashion.

The facts of the case, said the commissarie, as it was brought before me, in the first instance, were these. Just six years ago, a young provincial notary, Leopold Chardon by name, arrived in Paris with his wife, a bride of some three weeks, to spend the remainder of their honeymoon. Chardon had but lately succeeded his old patron, the notary Lamorce, at Morville; and it was the latter who, knowing to a centime the amount of Made-moiselle Blanche Segouvy's dot, and having a prudent eye to the early payment of the purchase-money of his etude, had arranged the match between the two young people. It promised to be a very happy one. Every one at Morville knew that Leopold Chardon and his future simply adored each other.

Well, they were married. It had been settled long previously that they were to start for Paris immediately after the ceremony; and Mademoiselle Blanche had raised no objection to this plan. Strange, you will say, if she had objected to a months sojourn in the women's Paradise. Nevertheless, at the last moment, Madame Chardon

evinced a most decided repugnance to undertake the journey. She either could not or would not assign any reason or this caprice—as it seemed to her husband—but that it was in Paris her father had died; and that it would naturally be painful to her to revisit scenes associated with his memory.

Chardon made one or two attempts to combat this morbid feeling, but unsuccessfully. He was fain to yield to it at last, and trust that it would soon wear off, as indeed it appeared to do. The young people travelled about from place to place, each day's journey brought them nearer and nearer to the capital, till, by and by, only three or four leagues lay between it and them. When, one morning, Chardon ventured to renew his proposition, his wife accepted it with little or no hesitation. The caprice had passed, or Madame had got the better of her distressing souvenirs. On the evening of that day, Leopold Chardon and his bride were in Paris.

In the midst of a thousand-and-one pleasures and attractions, Madame Chardon appeared to have forgotten her former objections to the visit. But her husband remembered afterward, once upon the crowded boulevard, and again as they sat together in the theatre, she had suddenly, and as it seemed in a sort of involuntary tremor, seized his arm, as though something or some one had startled or frightened her. She could give no explanation of this strange emotion, when he questioned her. It was the morbid feeling reasserting itself, no doubt.

Chardon had installed his wife in the same Hotel garni, in Pays Latin, that he had inhabited himself as a bachelor law student. They occupied a large room on the first floor, overlooking the gardens of the Luxembourg.

There, one wild night in November—a night like this—when the wind was roaring among the leafless trees, and dashing the storm-drops heavily against the windows of Numero Ten, the two were sitting at the Ambigu, talking over what they had seen before retiring to rest. The room was lighted only by the feeble gleam of veilleuse and the occasional flicker of a dying fire. The clocks had chimed the three-quarters past midnight. It was the ghastly drama of the Vampire which had been played at the Ambigu that night, and its fantastic horrors seemed to have made so strong an impression on his wife; that Chardon rallied her laughing-ly on her nervousness. To no purpose. She had, she admitted, no belief in the existence of a supernatural monster. But, she asked shudderingly, were there not really assassins who murdered people in their sleep? A notion which Chardon treated with all the tranquil insouciance of an ex-student, and hastily turned the conversation.

It fell at last on somnambulism and somnambulists—a set of farceurs, the young notary observed, who played all sorts of queer pranks with the most innocent unconsciousness the story of the monk and his superior. The latter reading a holy book one night upon his bed, was horror struck at beholding one of the brethren armed with a large knife enter his cell, the door of which stood open, and make straight for him with a stealthily threatening gesture. The superior slipped quietly from his couch, and lying perdu, had the satisfaction of seeing Frere Anselme bury his knife three times to the hilt in what he doubtless imagined was the reverend priors body, and then retire with a countenance expressive of rapture. The poor devil was a somnambulist, and professed the greatest astonishment and grief when told next day of what he had done in his trance. The superior pardoned poor Frere Anselme, Chardon said, as he finished his tale; but, like a wise man, fastened the door of his cubiculum for the future.

Madame Chardon had so far recovered herself as to be able to smile faintly again by this time. All at once, as though struck with a thought, she asked her husband if he had secured the door of their apartment, and if not, to do so.

Anxious to calm and reassure her, Chardon crossed the room at once

towards the door, with the intention of removing the key from the outside (where according to our system, it acts as a door-handle), and so render the entrance of an evil disposed person, so-nambulist or otherwise, impossible. In doing so, something lying on the table at the foot of the bed, which gleamed in the expiring light of the veilleuse caught his eye. Strange it was the elaborately chased silvered hilt of a large Algerian poniard which had been given him only that very day by an old comrade, an officer of Spahis, spending his leave in Paris. The sight of this weapon impressed him disagreeably. Somehow, his thoughts reverted to the monks dagger in the story he had just told his wife; and this bizarre association of ideas caused him a vague, undefinable uneasiness. He felt half tempted to put away the poniard in a drawer, to be out of sight; but he feared if he did so, Blanche might question him—that he might only make her more nervous than she was already, if he let her suppose he had experienced a similarly absurd disquiet.

Just then, a sudden draught caused the veilleuse to go out altogether. This decided him. In a very short time both the occupants of Numero Ten were fast asleep.

How long that sleep had lasted, Leopold Chardon never knew. It was still utterly dark in the room when he awoke—awoke with a faint sickly odour in his nostrils, that carelessly courageous as he was, brought a sweat of terror upon his forehead. He knew it instinctively—instinctively, too, he stretched forth his hand to where his wife lay beside him. A low cry burst from his pale lips. His hand was wet with something heavy, and viscid, and lukewarm, which could only be one horrible thing: his hand was wet with blood. He sprang from the bed to his feet. The blackness and the silence of the grave was all around him. Gasping for air, like one half suffocated he groped his way to the window, and flung it open. In a little while, he felt so far recovered as to be able to persuade himself that he must be the victim of some atrocious nightmare—suggested, no doubt, by the drama he had witnessed at the Ambigu, and his conversation with his wife afterwards. Yes, that was all. To convince himself, he kindled a taper, and shielding it from the current of air that blew in through the window, advanced resolutely to bedside, prepared to smile at his own folly when he should see his Blanche slumbering peacefully. With a steady hand he drew back the curtains, and this is what he saw: he saw his wife lying still enough upon her pillows, her eyes wide open, and fixed in a ghastly stare—her fair hair all dishevelled and dabbled in blood—in blood re-planted in her heart was the Algerian poniard he had left upon the table. A sudden gust extinguished the taper, and the room was in darkness once more. Alone with corpse of his murdered wife, Chardon felt for a while nothing but a dull sense of numbing oppression, that paralysed every mental faculty. But when the grey light of the dreary November dawn stole upon him, the horrible reality of what had happened seemed suddenly to strike him. There, before his eyes, lay his wife, murdered in her sleep—murdered with the very weapon the sight of which had so strangely affected him a few hours ago. Who was the assassin? Was it possible that any one could have entered the room and dealt that death-blow, and yet never have disturbed him? Impossible. Even supposing it were so, could he believe that his innocent Blanche had so deadly a foe? Impossible again. And it was no robber's doing; for there, on the table, where the poniard had lain, lay untouched still a considerable sum in gold. Who then, had done it? Presently, an appalling idea occurred to him. What if it were himself? What if, will under the influence of the involuntary thoughts which had so strangely disquieted him when he retired to rest, he had risen in his sleep, taken the dagger from his place, and in his unconscious sleep still, become the unwitting assassin of his wife.

It was a terrible hypothesis; but it seemed to him the only reasonable one. He must have played

the part of Frere Anselme in the story he had told the night before. Yes, but the monk might have really hated his superior, while he passionately loved his victim. Would not that love have availed to keep him, even in an access of somnambulism, from doing harm to her? Surely. But then, who could have done this but himself? The more he thought of it, the more certain it seemed to him that he was the innocent perpetrator of this crime. What was he to do! Hide the body, and make his escape while there was yet time? In other words, act as though he were really an assassin? The thought was revolting. Besides, it might be—he knew not how, indeed—but it might be, he was innocent in deed as he was in thought; that there was a real criminal. In this case he must be found—justice must find him; and in the hands of justice Chardon decided to place himself.

He dressed hastily and went out at the end of the first street he saw the red light which marks our police stations yet burning before a house. He made for it without hesitation, rang the bell, and asked to see the commissaire on a pressing matter. That official's servant noticing something strange on the face of the unseasonable visitor, showed him into a waiting-room at once, and turning the key noiselessly upon him, hurried off to wake his master. In another 5 minutes, said Monsieur Gerfaut, refreshing himself at this point of his story with a liberal allowance of his favorite stimulant—in another five minutes, Leopold Chardon and I stood face to face, and my part in the drama may be said to have commenced.

He told me what I have told you, with a clearness and minuteness of detail that at first might seem suspicious. It is the business of nous autres to suspect everything, you know; and his looked not a little like a preconcerted account—a role got by heart. I listened to my man without a word of interruption, watching his face narrowly all the time he was speaking from under my invaluable lunettes. When he had finished, I put to him one or two of those questions in which an unwary criminal finds loopholes for retraction or specious explanation. Chardon made no attempt at either. Notably, when I suggested to him that he might perhaps have left the key of his apartment in the door, in which case any one might have entered the room, his answer was it might have been so, but that he could not be sure whether he had withdrawn the key or not. He had certainly removed it, but pre-occupied with the strange thoughts which the sight of the poniard had so unaccountably awakened in him, it was quite possible that, after all, he had merely replaced it in the keyhole, where he had indeed discovered it in the morning; yet his impression was that it was not there when he went to bed.

To be continued.

A SUBSTITUTE FOR HOUSE PAPER. A gentleman in Cambridge has invented a process by which wood may take the place of paper in the adornment of house walls.

A very delicate, simple and beautiful machine has been constructed, which will take a portion of a tree after it has been cut the right length and width, and shave it up into thin ribbons as wide as a roll of house paper, making 100 or 150 to the inch. These rolls of wood are placed on the walls by paper hangers, with paste and brush precisely in the same manner as paper. The wood is wet when used, and really works easier than paper, because it is much more tough and pliable. In these days, when variety is sought for, one can finish the walls of his house in different woods, to suit his taste. One room can be finished in bird's-eye maple, another in chestnut, another in cherry, another in whitewood and so on. Thus he has no imitation, but the real, genuine article upon his walls. The eye tires of set figures, such as we have in ordinary paper-hangings, but never of nature itself. The longer the wood hanging remains on the wall, the more distinct will be the grain and color of the wood. The expense of wood is less than paper. Of course if one wants to make a very handsome room, he can use expensive wood like rosewood; but the ordinary kinds, some of which are very handsome, are very cheap. The walls of kitchens and common rooms can be covered in this way so as to make the expense very small. The wood can be oiled, varnished, or shellacked, and then washed at pleasure, and thus kept perfectly clean. It will not crack or split when using, and when on the walls stands like solid work. Rooms have been lined with wood hangings, and exp-posed to the strongest heat from common stoves, without the slightest sign of peeling off or warping. The article when ready for use is very thin, and a log measuring twenty-four inches in diameter, would make 125 rolls containing thirty six square feet each. One machine will shave two rolls per minute. By panelling with different kinds of wood, a room may be finished in elegant style and made to correspond with the furniture. For example, if the furniture is chestnut, with black walnut trimmings, the walls could be hung with the same kind of wood. Thus all tastes could be gratified and parties who may use this kind of hanging will find that it will stand very much longer than paper, and will improve by age.