

The York Herald

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JAMES BOWMAN, Issuer of Marriage Licenses, ALMIRA MILLS, Markham, Nov. 1, 1865.

Ringwood Marble Works. P. WIDEMAN, MANUFACTURER OF ALL KINDS OF MONUMENTS, HEADSTONES! &c. &c. &c.

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Poetry. THE MISTLETOE KISS. A WINTER SONG.

Winter is weary! and winter's drear! Cousin Annette, do you think it's true? There isn't a month in the long, long year...

Winter is bringing the travellers home! My fluttering heart, you must cease to beat! Sleep soft while over the floor I tread—

Winter is long! ay, winter's long! Cousin Annette, is it time to go? Perchance the lover and love-sick now?

What is fame? A six line puff in a newspaper. Jerusalem has twenty-two thousand inhabitants.

The Kent County Council have pronounced the system of boarding the prisoners in goal very satisfactory as compared with the former system.

Forty workmen, masons, bricklayers, etc., left in the R.M.S. Alpha for Bermuda, on the 4th inst., to work upon the Government buildings there.

The bark Sunnyside has been raised and is now moored alongside of the dock at Malden; being kept afloat by a steam-pump.

But a few weeks since I heard a lady gravely affirm that any one who contemplated marriage now-a-days with an income of less than two thousand, must be either a madman or fool.

PARIS, Dec. 16.—The following official news from Spain is published here this morning—the country is entirely tranquil.

Literature. JESSIE AUBER'S FOLLY. BY AMY RANDOLPH.

'Oh, but John, I do need it so much! 'Need it! Need what?' 'My goodness gracious, John, said Mrs. Auber, holding up both her hands in despair, 'have I been talking to a deaf auditor this last fifteen minutes! I declare, you're perfectly incorrigible!'

Mr. Auber turned round from the desk at which he had been sitting, and drew his little wife to his side, looking down into her blue eyes, the while, very much as a good-natured gigantic Newfoundland dog might have done.

'Now then,' said Mr. Auber, composedly, 'what's all this chattering and chirping about?' 'My winter hat, to be sure. I must have it this week.'

'Winter hat!' repeated Mr. Auber, vaguely, 'why, it seems to me, it isn't ten days since you had a new one!'

'Oh! said John, comprehending about as much of the difference as if his wife had been talking illudostance. 'That was your fall hat, eh?'

'To be sure! And now how much more do I want to get something pretty and stylish for winter?'

'Five dollars,' said he, feeling very generous. 'John!'

'What's the matter? Isn't that enough?' 'I couldn't get anything decent short of twenty,' said Mrs. Auber, decidedly.

'Not in itself, pet; but you must consider that there are many other expenses to be met; and, after all, my salary is rather limited and—'

inside, shadowed with expensive white lace. It was a pretty bonnet—one of those piquant indescribable affairs that take woman's nature by storm, and Jessie uttered a little exclamation of admiration.

'Isn't it lovely,' Mrs. Gore? she said, turning to the lady who was with her. 'Lovely!' echoed the milliner. 'It's perfect! The very minute I set my eyes upon it, I thought of you, and laid it aside for you.'

'What is the price of it?' asked Jessie, hesitatingly, taking one of the broad blue strings between her fingers. 'Thirty-five dollars to you—to any one else I should say forty.'

'I could not possibly afford it, Madame.' 'Thirty-five dollars isn't much for such a hat as that,' said Mrs. Gore.

'Nothing at all,' chimed in Madame Ferriere. 'Only think,' said Mrs. Gore, 'a bonnet like this gives a stylish air to one's whole outfit.'

Jessie glanced at the little silver gray with its scarlet flowers—how common-place it looked by the side of its expensive rival! She wondered that she had ever thought it pretty—and then she took another longing survey of the white velvet and blue plumes.

'I wish I could afford it,' she said, half aloud, 'but then—'

'I have only allowed one person to see it,' interrupted the wily milliner, and that was Mrs. Dupont! The moment she saw it, she said: 'The very colours for Mrs. Auber.'

'Did she?' asked Jessie, blushing and flattered at having been deemed worthy of comment by the august queen of fashion, Mrs. Dupont. 'I told her I was keeping it for you, and she said she only wished she could wear it herself.'

'It is lovely,' said Mrs. Auber, vacillating too evidently, 'but thirty-five dollars.'

'Aren't they beautiful?' said cool Mrs. Gore, whose income never necessitated any doubt on the subject of buying anything and everything that pleased her.

'Yes—but I had intended to make my old one do this winter. John says—'

'O, nonsense! Never mind what John says. Husbands always try to make their wives believe money is scarce! What do you suppose Mrs. Dupont would think of your old scarlet shawl?'

'But I haven't the money!'

'What then? Lespinasse will wait—I'll speak to him, and the bill shall be sent in to you.'

'How much did you say it was?' asked Mrs. Auber turning to the clerk who had displayed the coveted garment on its lay figure.

'Forty dollars.'

'Forty!' echoed Jessie, recoiling. 'I thought you said twenty-five.'

'Oh, those were the smaller ones,' said Mrs. Gore. 'But really, Jessie, this is much the cheapest. A long shawl is always so much wider than a square one. It's the greatest bargain I have seen, and after all, a nice thing is most economical in the long run.'

'But, Mrs. Gore, I ought not—'

mer, but the latter contained a few words intimating that Lespinasse & Co. were sorry to appear in haste, but that necessary payments were to be met, etc., etc.

Jessie grew pale as she stood there—but it was no time for action now. She hurriedly thrust the notes into her bureau drawer, and went on with the all engrossing business of dressing, with fingers that would tremble, in spite of all her efforts at self-command.

Were the apples of Sodom turning to ashes already within her lips?

Yet she did look very lovely, with the soft blue plumes overshadowing her golden hair, and the pure white folds of the shawl drawn round her sloping shoulders, and the consciousness of this fact imparted a vivid glow to the cheek that had hitherto been too pale.

The matinee was a success. Mrs. Evelyn's rooms were crowded, and the first person Jessie encountered near the door, was Mrs. Dupont. Contrary to all her expectations, the great lady did not notice her, and Jessie ventured on a little nod.

To her surprise and mortification, Mrs. Dupont slowly raised her eyeglasses to her eyes took a lengthened stare of haughty surprise, and then dropped them. Jessie Auber felt that she was 'cut' as only a fashionable woman can 'cut' an acquaintance, and walked quietly on to take possession of the first vacant corner.

After this the music might have been all discord, the flowers and people and quivering gaslight (for, after the fashion of such things, day's sunshine was entirely excluded,) all a fevered dream, for the impression they made on Jessie Auber. She was thinking—thinking—fighting the desperate battle of self-control with herself! Was it for this she had rushed into blind extravagance, forfeited her own self esteem, and deceived her husband!

Oh, poor Jessie! you are not the only one who has found at life's game that "the sport is not worth the candle!"

Nevertheless, her trials were not yet at an end. As they issued from the crowded rooms into the dull, cold glare of daylight, it was raining fast and hard!

What was Jessie to do! It was all very well for Mrs. Dupont to step out into her carriage and drive away, but Mrs. Auber owned no such appendage. Hacks were not to be had; neither omnibuses nor cabs would take her in the right direction, so Jessie walked in the rain, and had the satisfaction of arriving at her own door with a ruined bonnet, and hopeless, streaked shawl!

As she came into her own room, sick at heart, and weary, John came to meet her with a pale, grave face.

'Jessie,' he said, in the most severe tone he had ever used towards her, 'in looking for my watch key, this morning, I came across these bills! Oh, Jessie, if you knew how it hurts me to think that I have been deceived by you, I had rather some one had felled me to the earth.'

She threw herself into his arms with a hysterical burst of tears.

'Oh, John, I am so miserable! so guilty! And then he forgot everything but that she was his wife, and unhappy!

'Well, my dear,' quoth he, some hour or so subsequently with beaming face. 'I'll go right down and pay these bills, and hereafter we'll let Mrs. Dupont and her set go their own way, and we'll go ours!'

'I am so sorry, John!'

'Come, my darling! I am not sorry, for I think my little wife will be all the wiser for what has happened to her!'

And Jessie knew that there was entire forgiveness in the kiss he left upon her brow.

How TO BE MISERABLE.—Think about yourself; about what you want, what you like, what respect people ought to pay to you, what people think of you, and then to you nothing will be pure. You will spoil everything you touch; you will make misery for yourself out of everything; you will be as wretched as you choose on earth, or in heaven either. In heaven either, I say. For that proud, greedy selfish self-seeking spirit would turn heaven into hell. It did turn heaven into hell, for the great devil himself. It was by pride, by seeking his own glory—that he fell from heaven to hell. It was not content to give up his own will and to God's will, like the other angels. He would be a master himself, and set up for himself, and rejoice in his own glory; and so when he wanted to make a private heaven of his own, he found he had made a hell. And why? Because his heart was not pure, clean, honest, simple, unselfish.