

# The York Herald.

VOL. XII, No. 6.

RICHMOND HILL, ONTARIO, CANADA, FRIDAY, JULY 8, 1870.

WHOLE No. 625.

## The York Herald

IS PUBLISHED  
EVERY FRIDAY MORNING,  
BY  
**ALEXANDER SCOTT,**  
RICHMOND HILL,  
And dispatched to subscribers by the earliest  
mail, or otherwise, as 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 valu-  
able Family Newspaper.  
**TERMS.**—One Dollar per annum, in ad-  
vance; if not paid within Two Months, One  
Dollar and Fifty cents will be charged.  
All letters addressed to the Editor must be  
post-paid.  
No paper discontinued until all arrearages  
are paid; and parties refusing papers without  
paying up, will be held accountable for the  
subscription.

### RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Six lines and under, first insertion... \$00 50  
Each subsequent insertion... 00 13  
Ten lines and under, first insertion... 00 75  
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Each subsequent insertion, per line... 01 02  
One Column per twelve months... 50 00  
Half a column do do do... 30 00  
Quarter of a column per twelve months... 20 00  
One column per six months... 40 00  
Half a column do do do... 25 00  
Quarter of a column per six months... 18 00  
A card of ten lines, for one year... 4 00  
A card of fifteen lines, do do do... 5 25  
A card of twenty lines, do do do... 6 50  
Advertisements without written directions  
inserted till forbid, and charged accordingly.  
All advertisements published for a less period  
than one month, must be paid for in advance.  
All transient advertisements, from strangers  
or irregular customers, must be paid for when  
handed in for insertion.

### Business Directory.

**JNO. D. McCONNELL, M.D.,**  
GRADUATE OF TORONTO UNIVER-  
SITY.  
RESIDENCE—Adjoining Thornhill Hotel.  
July 22, 1869. 575-ly

**DR. HOSTETTER,**  
MEMBER OF THE ROYAL COLLEGE  
OF SURGEONS, ENGLAND. Residence, North  
of Richmond Hill, opposite the Elgin House.  
All calls (night or day) promptly attended to.  
Elgin Mills, January 1, 1870. 598

**DR. JAS. LANGSTAFF**  
WILL GENERALLY BE FOUND AT  
HOME FROM 8 TO 9 A.M.  
Mr. A. F. Armstrong is authorised to collect  
fees.  
Richmond Hill, Oct. 14, 1869. 568\*

**JOHN N. REID, M.D.,**  
COR. OF YONGE AND COLBORNE  
streets, Thornhill. Consultations in the  
office on the mornings of Tuesdays, Thursdays  
and Saturdays, from 8 to 10 A.M.  
\* All consultations in the office, Cash.  
Thornhill, June 9, 1865 1

**R. E. LAW,**  
CHEMIST AND DRUGGIST, RICH-  
MOND HILL.  
Physicians' prescriptions carefully prepared  
Richmond Hill, Dec. 1, 1869. 594-4f

**GEO. H. LESLIE & Co.,**  
CHEMISTS AND DRUGGISTS, COR-  
ner of Bloor and Yonge Streets, Yorkville,  
Dealers in Drugs, Chemicals, Dye Stuffs, Pa-  
tent Medicines, Perfumery &c.  
Yorkville, April 1, 1869. 558-ly

**THOMAS CARR,**  
DEALER IN DRUGS, MEDICINES,  
Groceries, Wines and Liqueurs, Thornhill.  
By Royal Letters patently has been appointed  
Issuer of Marriage Licenses.  
Thornhill, Feb. 26, 1868.

**DRUG STORE IN KLINEBURG.**  
JACOB YELINSKIE BEGS TO INFORM  
the Inhabitants of Klineburg and surround-  
ing country that he has opened a Drug Store in  
the above named place.  
All kinds of Herbs and Herb Medicines supplied.  
Klineburg, March 1, 1869. 560-4f

**MARGACH, ANDERSON & Co.,**  
[Formerly J. L. Margach]  
Wholesale and Retail Druggists,  
44 King Street East, Toronto.

**OFFERS FOR SALE A LARGE AND  
VARIED Assortment of  
DRUGS, CHEMICALS,  
Paints, Oils, Varnishes!  
BRUSHES,  
ARTISTS' MATERIAL, &c., &c.,  
At Low Rates for Cash.Call when you visit the city, inspect the  
stock and learn the prices; we shall feel plea-  
sure in showing goods whether you purchase  
or not. Satisfaction Guaranteed.  
Toronto, July 15, 1869. 550-ly**

**TIME! TIME!! TIME!!!**  
A. L. SKEBLE IS PREPARED TO  
repair Clocks, Watches and Jewelry,  
at his shop opposite the Grammar School, Rich-  
mond Hill.  
A trial is respectfully solicited.  
Richmond Hill, March 24, 1870. 610

**PETER S. GIBSON,**  
PROVINCIAL LAND SURVEYOR,  
Civil Engineer and Draughtsman,  
Office at Willowdale, on Yonge St., in the  
County of York.  
Orders by letter promptly attended to.  
Willowdale, Dec. 15, 1869. 596-ly

### Law Cards.

**J. N. BLAKE,**  
BARRISTER, CONVEYANCER, &c.  
Office.—Church Street, 2 doors north of  
King Street, Toronto.  
December 20, 1869. 598

**WILLIAM MALLOY,**  
BARRISTER, ATTORNEY, SOLICIT-  
OR IN CHANCERY, CONVEYANCER, &c.  
Office:—No. 78 King Street East, Toronto;  
over the Wesleyan Book Room,  
Toronto, December 2, 1869. 594

**DUGGAN & MEYERS,**  
BARRISTERS, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW  
Solicitors in Chancery, Conveyancers, &c.  
Office:—Provincial Insurance Buildings,  
Street, Toronto.  
JOHN DUGGAN, G.C. ADAM H. MEYERS, JR.  
Toronto Dec. 24, 1868. 544-ly

**READ AND BOYD,**  
BARRISTERS, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW  
Solicitors in Chancery, &c.  
Office:—77, King St. East, (over Thomp-  
son's East India House) Toronto.  
D. B. READ, G.C. J. A. BOYD, S.A.  
May 6, 1867. 52-4f

**McNABB, MURRAY & JACKES,**  
BARRISTERS, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW  
Solicitors in Chancery, Conveyancers, &c.  
Office:—In the Court House, Toronto  
August 1, 1865. 95

**Licensed Auctioneers.**  
**M. FISHER,**  
LICENSED AUCTIONEER FOR THE  
County of York, Lot 4, 3rd concession,  
Vaughan. P. O. Address, Concord. Orders  
promptly attended to.  
Concord, March 16, 1870. 606

**HENRY SMELSOR,**  
LICENSED AUCTIONEER FOR THE  
Counties of York and Peel, Collector of  
Notes, Accounts, &c. Small charges and  
promptly to do.  
Lasket, March 2nd 1865 39-ly

**FRANIS BUTTON, JR.,**  
LICENSED AUCTIONEER FOR THE  
County of York.  
Sales attended to on the shortest notice and  
at moderate rates. P. O. Address, Buttonville,  
Markham, July 24, 1868. 497

**H. D. BENNETT,**  
County of York. Residence lot No. 14,  
2nd Con. Vaughan. P. O. Address, Carville.  
All orders left at the "York Herald" office,  
Richmond Hill, or at the P. O. Maple, will be  
attended to.  
Vaughan, Oct. 10, 1867. 1-y

**JOHN ARTER,**  
LICENSED AUCTIONEER FOR THE  
Counties of York, Peel and Ontario.  
Residence: Lot 8, 6th concession Markham,  
Post Office—Unionville.  
Sales attended on the shortest notice, and  
on reasonable terms.  
Orders left at the "Herald" office for Mr  
Arter's services will be promptly attended to  
June 27, 1867.

**EDW. SANDERSON,**  
LICENSED AUCTIONEER FOR THE  
Counties of York and Peel.  
Residence—Lot 20, rear of 3rd Concession  
of Markham. P. O. Address—Buttonville.  
Parties requiring Mr. Sanderson's services  
can inquire at the HERALD office.  
January 4, 1865. 31

**P. A. SCOTT,**  
LUMBER MERCHANT & BUILDER,  
618 Yonge Street, Toronto.  
Doors, Sash, Flooring, Blinds, Sheeting,  
Mouldings, &c.  
All kinds of Building Materials supplied.  
Post Office Address—Yorkville.  
Toronto, May 18, 1868. 3-m.

**J. SEGSWORTH,**  
IMPORTER OF WATCHES, CLOCKS,  
and Fine Jewelry, 113 Yonge St., Toronto.  
\* Masonic and other emblems made to order.  
Toronto April 27, 1866.

**GEO. McPHILLIPS & SON,**  
PROVINCIAL LAND SURVEYORS,  
Seaford, Ontario.  
June 7, 1862. 1

**FARMERS' BOOT & SHOE STORE**  
JOHN BARRON, MANUFACTURER  
& Dealer in all kinds of Boots and  
Shoes, 38 West Market Square, Toronto.  
Boots and Shoes made to Measure, of the  
Best Materials and Workmanship, at the  
Lowest Remunerating Prices  
Toronto, Dec. 3, 1867.

**RINGWOOD MARBLE WORKS.**  
WIDEMAN, MANUFACTURER OF  
all kinds of Monuments, Headstones, &c.  
Call and examine my Stock and Prices be-  
fore purchasing elsewhere, as you will find it to  
your interest.  
\* Issuer of Marriage Licenses.  
Ringwood, Sept. 13, 1867. 497

**CARD.**  
N.B.—THE PUBLIC WILL PLEASE  
take notice that Mr. John Taylor has  
ceased to collect for John N. Reid, M.D., and  
that Mr. John Garton, of Thornhill, is author-  
ised to collect for the subscriber until further  
notice.  
JOHN N. REID, M.D.  
Thornhill, December 22, 1869. 597

### P. O. SAVINGS BANK.

RICHMOND HILL POST OFFICE.  
DEPOSITS OF ONE DOLLAR, (OR  
any number not exceeding three hundred  
dollars by any one depositor,) will be received  
at the Richmond Hill Post Office, for which  
Government will allow Interest.  
For particulars apply to  
M. TEEFY, Postmaster for  
the sale of  
MARRIAGE LICENSES.  
ALSO AGENT FOR THE  
MONTREAL TELEGRAPH COMPANY.  
Office hours: from 6:30 A.M. to 9:30 P.M.  
May 4, 1869. 563-4f

**NEW FIRM.**  
H. SANDERSON & SONS,  
CHEMISTS AND DRUGGISTS,  
RICHMOND HILL,  
Having purchased the Stock and Interest of R.  
H. Hall, (late Chemist and Druggist of the  
same place) have greatly enlarged the old  
stock and have now on hand a good assort-  
ment of  
Drugs, Paints, Perfumery,  
Chemicals, Oils, Toilet Soaps,  
Medicines, Varnishes, Fancy articles  
Dye Stuffs, Patent Medicines, and all other  
articles kept by Druggists generally.  
\* \* \* Physicians' Prescriptions carefully com-  
pounded, and all orders attended to with care  
and despatch.  
Farmers and Physicians from the country will  
find our stock of Medicines complete—warranted  
genuine—and of the best quality.  
Richmond Hill, Nov. 25, 1869. 593.

**GREEN BUSH HOTEL,**  
215 and 217 Yonge Street, Toronto.

**THE FARMERS AND TRAVELLING  
public will find first class accommodation  
at the above house, at low rates. There is an  
extensive Stable attached, and large covered  
sheds. An attentive and obliging hostler.  
597  
J. L. PARKER, Proprietor.**

**GOLDEN LION HOTEL,**  
YONGE STREET,  
NELSON DAVIS, PROPRIETOR.  
\* \* \* Good Stabling attached. Trusty Host-  
ler always in attendance.  
Yonge St., April 7, 1869. 559-ly

**MARRIAGE LICENSES,**  
RICHMOND HILL.  
M. TEEFY, NOTARY PUBLIC AND  
Commissioner in B.R., is Government  
Agent for issuing Marriage Licenses at the  
Post Office, Richmond Hill, October 23, 1869.

**JAMES BOWMAN,**  
ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES,  
Almira, Nov. 1, 1865. 32

**WILLIAM COX,**  
SUCCESSOR TO JAMES HOLLIDAY,  
Butcher, 2nd door north of G. A. Barnard's  
store, Richmond Hill, keeps always on hand  
the best of Beef, Mutton, Lamb, Veal, Pork,  
Sausages, &c. and sells at the lowest prices.  
The highest market prices given for Cattle,  
Sheep, Lambs, &c.  
Also, Corned and Spiced Beef, Smoked and  
Dried Hams.  
WILLIAM COX,  
Richmond Hill, October 15, 1867. 1-y

**DENTISTRY.**  
W. C. ADAMS, D.D.S., 95  
King Street East, Toronto,  
near Church Street, is prepared to wait upon  
any who need his professional services in  
order to preserve their teeth, or relieve suffering  
and supply new teeth in the most approved  
style. Also to regulate the teeth of those who  
need it. Consultations free, and e' work war-  
ranted.  
June, 1865.

**G. H. HUSBAND, L.D.S.**  
DENTIST, BEGS MOST RE-  
spectfully to announce that he will be  
at  
Unionville, ... 1st Monday of each month,  
Weston ... 9th day  
Klineburg ... 16th  
Scarboro' ... 22nd  
Toronto ... 29th

Where he will be prepared and most happy to  
wait on those who may require his services.  
G. H. H., having had over ELEVEN YEARS'  
PRACTICE, feels confident of giving entire satis-  
faction.  
To those who have favored him with their  
patronage in the past he returns his sincere  
thanks, and to those who may do so in the fu-  
ture, he would say that no endeavor on his  
part will be wanting to meet their approval.  
REFERENCES.—The following gentlemen, with  
confidence, recommend G. H. Husband, to all  
requiring Dental aid; Dr. Reid, Thornhill;  
Dr. Bull, Weston; Dr. D'Evelyn, Barwick;  
Dr. Corson, Brampton.  
RESIDENCE.—Thornhill,  
Thornhill September 17, 1868. 1y

**MONEY TO LEND.**  
MONEY TO LEND ON GOOD FARM  
Security, in Sums to suit applicants.  
Apply to  
DUGGAN & MEYERS,  
Attorneys, Court St.  
Toronto, April 1, 1869. 555-3m

**LIBRARY ASSOCIATION,**  
RICHMOND HILL  
THIS ASSOCIATION HAS TRANS-  
ferred their Library to the HERALD Book  
Store, where Stockholders and others may  
procure Books every Friday afternoon,  
A. SCOTT, Librarian.

**SCHOOL REQUISITES**  
OF ALL KINDS, AT THE  
HERALD BOOK STORE.

### Poetry.

**Are You a Mason?**  
I am of a band  
Who will faithfully stand,  
In the bonds of affection and love;  
I have knocked at the door,  
Once wretched and poor,  
And there for admission I stood.  
By the help of a friend,  
Who assistance did lend,  
I succeeded an entrance to gain;  
I was received in the West,  
By command from the East,  
But not without feeling some pain.  
Here my conscience was taught  
With a moral quite fraught  
With sentiments holy and true;  
Then onward I travelled,  
To have it unravelled,  
What Hiram intended to do.  
Very soon to the East  
I made known my request,  
And "light" by command did attempt;  
When lo! I perceived,  
In due form revealed,  
A Master, and Brother, and Friend.  
Thus far I have stated,  
And simply related,  
What happened when I was made free,  
But I've "passed" since then,  
And was "raised" up again  
To a sublime and ancient degree.  
Then onward I marched,  
That I might be "Arched,"  
And find out the treasures long lost;  
When, behold! a bright flame,  
From the midst of which came  
A voice which my ears did accost.  
Through the "veils" I then went,  
And succeeded at length  
The "Sanctum Sanctorum" to find;  
By the "Signet" I gained,  
And quickly obtained  
Employment which suited my mind.  
In the depths I then wrought,  
And most cheerfully sought  
For treasures long hidden there;  
And by labour and by toil,  
I discovered rich spoil,  
Which are kept by the craft with due care.  
Having thus far arrived,  
I further contrived  
Among valiant knights to appear;  
And as Pilgrim and Knight,  
I stood ready to fight,  
Nor Saracen foe did I fear.  
For the widow distressed  
There is a chord in my breast;  
For the orphan and helpless I feel;  
And my sword I could draw  
To maintain the pure law  
Which the duty of Masons reveal.  
Thus have I revealed  
Yet wisely concealed  
What the "freed" and "accepted" well know,  
As a brother wherever.

**Literature.**  
The Romance of a Counting-house.

It came about in this way. I had  
married and was going to make my  
fortune, and therefore (having that laud-  
able end in view) left a good situation in  
Yorkshire to settle down in Liverpool as  
a merchant 'on my own account,' and  
commence to make it without delay. I  
had not much capital, and so resolved to  
economise at first. In course of time I  
imagined the tidy brougham and the  
country house across the Mersey would  
certainly come; and one serene Septem-  
ber evening, many years ago, I was  
walking up and down St. George's land-  
ing-stage, building castles in the air, won-  
dering whether rents were high at New  
Brighton, and whether Kate would pre-  
fer a pony phaeton to a brougham. I  
am not sorry to add that I still reside in  
a modest house up Edge Hill way, and  
that I come to business as Caesar went  
to Rome, according to Joe Miller, 'suma  
diligentia' on the top on an omnibus.  
I was waiting for Mr. Moss to return  
to his office in a street hard by—  
call it Mersey Street, and for the reason  
that Mr. Moss had furnished a furnished  
place to let which his advertisement called  
'two spacious counting-rooms—goodness  
knows I never counted much there in the  
shape of coin; and I did not like the  
situation; nor the narrow, dark stair-  
case; nor the look of the boy of Hebrew  
extraction who bawled 'Cud id,' when I  
knocked, and told me 'Mr. Bosses would  
be at eight o'clock;' but twenty-five  
pounds a-year was very cheap, so I told  
my young friend I would call at that  
time, and look at the 'counting rooms.'  
How well I remember that night!  
The ferry-boats from the Cheshire shore  
gliding along with their lights twinkling  
like glowworms, the vast hull of the Great  
Eastern just visible in the Sloyne, the  
squared yards, and all a-tat look of the  
square-four of the old school, showing  
black and distinct against the daffodil  
sky, and the lap of the swell against the  
under timbers of the stage—I was inclin-  
ed to be sentimental; but Mr. Moss  
'Moses claimed my attention, and once  
more I entered his office and found him  
awaiting me. He was a little, fat, good-  
tempered Jew who spoke decent English;  
and who, I afterwards found out, was  
constantly affirming in season, and out  
of season, that he has no descendant of  
Abraham.  
'Hillo, Brunton!' he cried, jumping  
from his chair. 'My lad told me you'd  
been; where have you been these two  
months and more? Look here old fel-  
low, I've advertised your place; but you  
can have it on the old terms.'  
'Some mistake, sir, I believe,' and I  
handed him a card bearing the inscrip-  
tion: 'Charles Harker.'

He took it and held it to the gas-light,  
looked at the back, considered it end-  
ways, and pondered over it upside down.  
Then taking the candle his clerk had  
brought, held it close to my face.  
'If you are not disposed to proceed to  
business, I will bid you good night,' said  
I, greatly annoyed at his manner.  
'It's him, and it ain't him,' he said  
aloud; Carl never could look a man in  
the face as this one does. And yet I  
don't see my way through the features.'  
'There is no necessity for you to trou-  
ble yourself about my features!' I ex-  
claimed, opening the door—'good night.'  
'Stop, stop, my good sir! and don't  
be offended. It was a mistake. All  
Isaac's mistake upon my honor.'  
'All a mistake,' echoed young Isaac.  
'My curiosity was excited, and besides,  
I really wanted the offices; and I there-  
fore allowed myself to be persuaded into  
mounting the narrow staircase, until we  
faced a door bearing the name of Brun-  
ton on it in white letters, and having the  
two upper panes glazed, more, I should  
imagine to supply light to the staircase,  
than for the admission of light into the  
office.'  
Mr. Moss produced a key, and turning  
to me with a goodnatured smile, said, 'I  
would have sworn you were Brunton five  
minutes ago, but I am sure now that  
I was wrong. Carl always swore as he  
came upstairs, and you haven't. It's  
Brunton's face all but the eyes, and I'd  
sworn to the eyes anywhere. That is to  
the twinkle of 'em, you know.'  
And he unlocked the door and invited  
me within.  
Walking to a table on which he had  
placed the light, I took a chair and pro-  
duced my pocket book.  
'Before we go further, Mr. Moss, let  
us quite understand each other, I have  
no wish to derive any benefit from any  
virtues Mr. Brunton may possess, and I  
am going to convince you that I am what  
I represent myself to be. Be good  
enough to read that letter.'  
It was one from a merchant in the  
north, only received that morning, and  
mentioned circumstances which were suf-  
ficient to settle any doubts as to my  
identity.  
Mr. Moss read it, folded it up briskly,  
and presented it to me with a bow.  
'Sir, I apologise. I confess that up  
to this moment I fancied it was Carl;  
but what puzzled me was, that such a  
surly fellow should take to larking and  
play the fool. You are very much like  
my last tenant sir that is all.'  
'Very well; now that matter is settled  
let us look at the rooms.'  
The lighted gas showed me a large one  
and very barely furnished. There was a  
table, four chairs, an inkstand, and a par-  
tially filled waste-paper basket, and that  
was all.  
'Rather meagre, Mr. Moss.'  
'Now, my dear sir, what more could  
you want? Would you like a safe? I  
have got one to spare down stairs and  
you shall have it, and a new mat for  
your feet—there now—I hate haggling.'  
'Let me see the other room, please.'  
It was one which a person sitting at  
the table would have right opposite to  
him, and it had no door. 'It was a  
clerk's office,' Mr. Moss said, 'and you  
wanted your eye on such chaps.' I sug-  
gested that the principal might sometimes  
want privacy, whereupon he said 'he had  
the door down stairs and should be hung  
at once if I wished it.' But having no  
intention of engaging a clerk at present  
I told him it was of no consequence.  
The room was about half the size of  
the other one, and contained a desk and  
stool. There was a large closet for coats  
and such like matters, and a good allow-  
ance of dust and cobwebs all over.  
'I'll have it cleaned up to-morrow,'  
said Mr. Moss. 'It looks beautiful  
when clean, and you'll find the desk to  
be real Spanish mahogany.'  
They would suit me well enough and  
I told Mr. Moss so; paid him a quarter's  
rent in advance, and rose to depart.  
'Oh! by-the-way, Mr. Moss,' I ex-  
claimed, a sudden thought striking me;  
'I will send a man to paint my name on  
the door, and on the wall downstairs.'  
'Very good, sir; I would do it at  
once if I were you. Carl was a loose  
fellow, and if you delay it until you get  
here you might be annoyed.'  
'How so? what was he?'  
'Take a cigar first, Mr. Harker, you'll  
find no better in Liverpool.' Dear! how  
like him you do look when I don't see  
your eyes.'  
'And yet I have not been thought to  
resemble a loose fellow before, Mr. Moss.'  
'I didn't mean that. Have you never  
seen an ugly person resemble a very  
handsome one? I have many a time.  
Well, about Carl; he was here about  
two years, and call me a Jew if I could  
recon him up. He used to come here  
about noon, and work up to eight or nine  
o'clock at night; but what business he  
worked at I never could find out. I  
know he had a big ledger and two or  
three such books; but a big ledger won't  
make a business any more than a big  
carpet bag will, and he always carried one.  
He would come and smoke a cigar with  
me now and then; but I never came up  
here during all that time; and he kept  
this door locked. He always seemed to  
be expecting a blow did your Carl, more  
like a rat in a corner than anything else,  
poor beggar! Well, sir, one morning I  
found the key on the mat, and found the  
place just as you see it, and have never  
seen Carl since. One or two queer-  
looking men have enquired about him,  
and asked if he was coming back, and I  
said most likely he would, and likely  
enough he will.'  
'Not at all an interesting story,' I  
thought, and felt inclined to yawn in Mr.

Moss's face; but I thanked him for his  
information, and promised to take posses-  
sion in three days, which I spent in pre-  
senting my letters of introduction, and  
making other arrangements for the pro-  
secution of my plans.  
At length the eventful day arrived,  
and I stood in my own office, with my  
name emblazoned on the door and passag-  
way wall. I was waiting for a friend to call  
on me (who, by-the-way, had promised  
to put me in the way of going some  
business that very day), and felt impa-  
tient for his arrival in consequence.  
The office was clean and tidy, and the  
floors had been well scrubbed.  
Why hadn't they emptied the waste-  
paper basket of all that lumber?  
The office-keeper had lighted a fire,  
and I took up the basket to perform the  
operation myself; but from some cause  
or other I placed it on the table and  
began idly to burn the scraps one by  
one. I had nearly disposed of them all  
when a scrap attracted my attention and  
I read it. It was torn so as to leave a  
few words intact, and it ran thus:  
'Louise has given your description,  
and you may rely on our finding you.  
Forward the plates or—'  
Then another piece of mysterious  
paper, apparently a plan of some place  
or other.  
What did this mean?  
But I had no time to consider for my  
friend entered, and putting the two  
pieces of paper in my drawer, I emptied  
the basket in the fire, and went out with  
him to do a good day's work.  
Returning late in the evening, I relit  
the fire, and addressed myself to the  
writing of two important letters to be  
posted by 11:20 that night, in order to  
be in time for the canal liner, which  
sailed early in the morning; and then it  
was that the black darkness of the door-  
less room opposite me began to trouble  
me most.  
It had troubled me before, but on this  
night it troubled me tenfold. From  
childhood I have been imaginative, and  
knowing this, I stirred the fire, called  
myself an ass, and went on with my  
letter. But not for long. My eyes wan-  
dered to the black darkness of the door-  
way, and I began to ransack my memory  
for statistics of men who could tell by  
some occult power if any one were hidden  
in the room they entered; and I laughed  
aloud when I remembered that I had  
read of one sensitive gentleman, who by  
this same occult sense had found that a  
surgeon's skeleton was in a closet behind  
him.  
I own I dislike being in the dark, but  
I will do myself the justice to say that  
I have resolution enough to overcome the  
dark.

Therefore I proposed to myself to very  
quietly walk into the dark room which  
troubled me (and without a light), look  
out of the windows, and slowly return.  
I went—the very first step beyond the  
threshold dispelled my fears. I could  
see the glimmer of the stars through the  
glass, hear the rattle of the cabs outside.  
Why, it was quite a cheerful place, after  
all!  
Ha! there was a shuffling noise there  
by the closet, and then my fears returned  
and overpowered me. I strove to walk  
out like a tragedy hero; but my pace  
quickened as I neared the door, and  
heard the shuffling noise close to me, and  
the next moment a powerful hand was  
at my throat, and helpless on the floor  
with the cold muzzle of a pistol pressed  
to my head, I was bound and dragged  
into the outer office, thrust into my chair  
and confronted by two quiet-looking men,  
one of whom laid his revolver on the  
table, saying at the same time with an  
ugly sneer: 'So, Brunton, we have caught  
you at last.'  
The speaker was a mild intelligent  
looking man of about thirty-five. His  
companion was evidently a foreigner, and  
I imagine a German. He was about  
fifty years of age and wore spectacles,  
and a profusion of beard and whiskers  
covered more than half his face. But  
he had a winning smile and good teeth,  
which he often took an opportunity of  
showing.  
'We have found you at last,'  
I am thankful to say I am not nervous  
when I see a danger, and I boldly replied:  
'My name is Harker and not Brunton;  
Mr. Moss, the landlord of these premises;  
has noticed my resemblance to his late  
tenant, and is satisfied that I am not the  
same. Depend upon it that I shall make  
you repent this outrage.'  
I tried to rise to call for help from  
the street, but the pistol was cocked and  
pointed at me, and there was that in the  
man's face which cautioned me against  
rashness in my helpless position.  
'I will sit down,' I replied, 'and hear  
what you have to say; but if I choose  
to do it I shall do my best to raise an  
alarm in spite of your revolver.'  
'Now then, Brunton,' whispered the  
other, 'let us have no nonsense. We  
have not met before, it is true, but Louise  
has so well described you, that putting  
another name on your door was simply  
idiotic. Besides one of ours has watched  
for your return, and we communicated  
with him directly we landed. Go free  
if you like, but we will have the plates.'  
'I know nothing of any plates,' I cried,  
'nor of Louise, nor of you. All I know  
is, that you will see the inside of a pris-  
on very shortly.'  
Here my two friends held a whispered  
conference. Then he of the revolver  
turned sharply towards me.  
'Will you marry Louise? Will you  
give up the plates and marry my sister?'  
'She looks like old Mrs. bost,' added  
the German.  
'I am sorrow I cannot oblige you,' I  
replied. 'I am flattered by the lady's

preference; but having one wife already,  
I fear I must decline taking a second;  
and as for the plates please explain what  
you mean.  
The answer to this flippant speech was  
a blow on the face, which sent the blood  
streaming on the floor.  
'You'll remember insulting the sister  
of Louis Orloff! Here baron let us gag  
him, and search; he will be raising an  
alarm presently.'  
They thrust a piece of rope between  
my teeth, compressing the windpipe to  
make me open my mouth; and there I  
sat helpless whilst they turned out the  
contents of my desk and drawers, not  
forgetting my cash-box, which was opened  
with a key from my waistcoat pocket,  
and the contents appropriated. Knowing  
that the two scraps of paper I had found  
in the waste-paper basket, and placed in  
my drawer, must have reference to their  
visit, I watched very anxiously when  
they opened it. But they escaped notice,  
and I felt that I had some clue to the  
mystery, even if these men escaped; and  
I had quite determined that they should  
not escape, for I was insecurely bound,  
and had been working hard to get my  
right hand free, and, thanks to having a  
very narrow one, I now found myself  
able to slip it through the loop which en-  
circled the wrist; but I 'bided my time,'  
for I saw that a false move might bring  
a bullet through my head.  
'De plates is in ze oder room, Carl  
Brunton, mon ami,' said the baron, smil-  
ing, and patting my shoulder.  
I said yes with my eyes.  
'See now my Louise, you were too  
rough. So see him amiable.' Then to me  
'And you will marry Louise, who looks  
you like old boots?'  
My other hand was free now. I tried  
to speak, and implored with my eyes for  
the gag to be removed.  
The baron removed it, and while doing  
so I resolved on a plan of operations.  
'You will marry Louise and give us  
the plates?'  
'I will give every satisfaction.'  
'That is business,' said Louis Orloff,  
coming forward. 'First the plates. Then  
you return with us to New York, and  
keep your promise to Louise. Why give  
us this trouble? I tell you frankly that  
the expense will be deducted from your  
share, and that you will be strictly  
watched in future. I should have cut  
your throat but for my promise to Louise.  
Now, where are the plates?'  
'Look in the closet in the next room;  
rake out the coals, and take what you find.'  
'Good. Come, Baron.  
And they left me to operate on the  
coals. Springing up, I seized the revolver,  
darted to the door and in a moment  
had locked them in. But my triumph  
was of short duration: for Orloff was on  
the other side like lightning, the rotten  
woodwork torn out under his vigorous  
wrench, and his hand was on my throat  
before I could grope my way to the stairs.  
Then I knew that life depended on  
the struggle, and I fought like one pos-  
sessed for the revolver. The baron  
came to his friend's help; but I found  
time and opportunity to send him reeling  
to the ground. Orloff was the weaker  
man, but he outdid me in skill; and a  
dextrous feint threw me off my guard,  
leaving the revolver in his hands.  
Purple with passion he fired instantly,  
and I felt a sharp sting in my left shoul-  
der; and then all earthly things seemed  
to be fading away, and a world beyond  
opening to view.  
When I recovered, I found myself laid  
on a mattress on the office table, and my  
wife tearfully bending over me. There  
was a calm-faced surgeon, too, who  
showed me the ball he had extracted,  
and told me to cheer up, for I should be  
better in a few days, for no damage was  
done. Mr. Moss was there too, and  
came to my bed—I mean my table-side,  
and whispered how he had been called  
up by the police, who, hearing a pistol-  
shot had come upstairs and arrested Or-  
loff and the baron, and finding me on  
the ground bleeding, had sent for  
a surgeon and my wife, having found my  
private address from a letter in my  
pocket.  
I was only faint from loss of blood;  
the bullet did little damage, and I pre-  
ferred getting up, and then gave an ac-  
count of the evening's adventure, not  
noticing at the time that a lat inspector  
of police was in the room.  
'Will you kindly show me those pieces  
of paper?' he said advancing. 'I have  
the men in Mr. Moss's office; but beyond  
the assault on you I have no evidence  
against them; but I know them well.'  
I produced them, and the inspector  
fastened on the one which seemed to be  
a plan, then looking around, said:  
'This is a plan of your office.'  
'Call me a Jew if it ain't!' exclaimed  
Mr. Moss, taking it.  
'Yes, it is certainly a plan of your  
office. See, here is the doorway, and  
there comes the other room. Then there  
is a cross against the fire-place in this  
room, on what I judge from the lines to  
mean the fourth board from the hearth-  
stone, and another cross against the  
sixth from the hearthstone in the other  
room. Get a crowbar, Mr. Moss.'  
'There's one downstairs.'  
'I do believe that if you'd asked for a  
crowbar he would have got one 'down-  
stairs.'  
Crowbar and policeman to wield it  
were soon produced, and the mystery was  
unravelling.  
Close to where I sat were unearthed  
several copper plates for the forging of