

# The York Herald.

VOL. XII, No. 27.

RICHMOND HILL, ONTARIO, CANADA, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1870.

WHOLE NO. 646.

## The York Herald

IS PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING, BY ALEXANDER SCOTT, RICHMOND HILL, AND DISPATCHED TO SUBSCRIBERS BY THE EARLIEST MAIL, OR BY OTHER COURSE, WHEN SO DESIRED. THE YORK HERALD WILL ALWAYS BE FOUND TO CONTAIN THE LATEST AND MOST IMPORTANT FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AND MARKETS, AND THE GREATEST CARE WILL BE TAKEN TO RENDER IT ACCEPTABLE TO THE MAN OF BUSINESS, AND A VALUABLE FAMILY NEWSPAPER. TERMS:—One Dollar per annum, IN ADVANCE; 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.

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## Business Directory.

### NEW TIN SHOP.

GEORGE WILTSHIRE, TINSMITH, most respectfully calls the attention of the inhabitants of Richmond Hill and surrounding neighborhood to the fact that he has commenced business in the above line, and will keep in stock all kinds of Tinware. New Work made on the Premises. Repairs on Iron, Tin, Zinc and Copper Ware done with Punctuality and on Reasonable Terms. Shop one door south of the "York Herald" Buildings. Richmond Hill, July 9, 1870. 626

### TIME! TIME!! TIME!!!

A. L. SKEELE IS PREPARED TO repair Clocks, Watches and Jewelry, at his shop opposite the Grammar School, Richmond Hill. A trial is respectfully solicited. Richmond Hill, March 24, 1870. 610

### WILLIAM COX,

SUCCESSOR TO JAMES HOLLIDAY, BURNHAM, 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 price given for Cattle, Sheep, Lambs, &c. Also, Corned and Spiced Beef, Smoked and Dried Hams. W. COX, Richmond Hill, October 15, 1867. 1-y

### P. O. SAVINGS BANK.

RICHMOND HILL POST OFFICE. DEPOSITS OF ONE DOLLAR, (OR any sum 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. Mr. TEEFY is Government Agent 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. 563-1f

### RINGWOOD MARBLE WORKS.

P. WIDEMAN, MANUFACTURER OF all kinds of Monuments, Headstones, &c. Call and examine my Stock and Prices before purchasing elsewhere, as you will find it to your interest. Issued of Marriage Licenses. Ringwood, Sept. 13, 1867. 497

### FARMERS' BOOT & SHOE STORE

JOHN BARRON, MANUFACTURER and Dealer in all kinds of Boots and Shoes, 39 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.

### P. A. SCOTT,

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

### 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. 596-1y

### GEO McPHILLIPS & SON,

PROVINCIAL LAND SURVEYORS, St. Catharines, Ontario. 62

## Medical Cards.

### JNO. D. MCCONNELL, M.D.,

GRADUATE OF TORONTO UNIVERSITY. RESIDENCE—Adjoining Thornhill Hotel. July 22, 1869. 575-1y

### DR. HOSTETTER,

MEMBER OF THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF Surgeons, Eng and. 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 authorized to collect Accounts. Richmond Hill, Oct. 14, 1869. 566\*

### JOHN N. REID, M.D.,

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

### 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 Garion, of Thornhill, is authorized to collect for the subscriber until further notice. JOHN N. REID, M.D. Thornhill, December 22, 1869. 597

### R. E. LAW,

CHEMIST AND DRUGGIST, RICHMOND HILL. Physicians' prescriptions carefully prepared. Richmond Hill, Dec. 1, 1869. 594-1f

### DRUG STORE IN KLINEBURG.

JACOB YELINSKIE BEGS TO INFORM the Inhabitants of Klineburg and surrounding country that he has opened a Drug Store in the above named place. All kinds of Drugs and Herb Medicines supplied. Klineburg, March 1, 1869. 560-1f

### THOMAS CARR,

DEALER IN DRUGS, MEDICINES, Groceries, Wines and Liquors, Thornhill. By Royal Letters patent has been appointed Issuer of Marriage Licenses. Thornhill, Feb. 26, 1868.

### W. H. CANNON, L.D.S.,

DENTIST, (LATE ASSISTANT to Dr. Elliot, Dentist, Toronto.) respectfully announces that he will visit the following places, (Sundays excepted), where he will attend to Dentistry in all its branches: King.....1st of each month, Richmond Hill.....5th " Newmarket.....10th " Aurora.....15th " Teeth inserted in the most Improved Styles, on Gold, Silver, Vulcanized Rubber, and Aluminium Base. Teeth filed in such a manner as to preserve them from further decay. Teeth extracted with the least possible pain, and special attention paid to the regulation of children's teeth. Charges Moderate, and work warranted to give satisfaction. All letters addressed to Aurora will receive prompt attention. Aurora, May 25, 1870. 619-1y

### G. H. HUSBAND, L.D.S.,

DENTIST, BEGS MOST RESPECTFULLY to announce that he will be at Unionville.....1st Monday of each month, Weston.....5th day " Klineburg.....16th " Barwick.....23d " Scarborough.....23d " 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 satisfaction. 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 future, he would say that no debtor 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. Dr. Evlyn, Barwick; Dr. Corson, Brampton. RESIDENCE—Thornhill, Thornhill September 17, 1868. 1y

### DRS. PECK & ROBINSON'S

NEW METHOD OF EXTRACTING Teeth without Pain, by the use of Ether Spray, which affects the tooth only. The tooth and gum surrounding become insensible with this external agency, when the tooth can be extracted with no pain and WITHOUT ENDANGERING THE LIFE. As in the use of Chloroform Drs. P. and R. will be in the following places prepared to extract teeth with his new apparatus. All other operations in Dentistry performed in a workmanlike manner: Aurora, 1st, 8th, 16th and 22nd of each month Newmarket.....2nd " " Markham.....21st " " Stouffville.....18th " " Richmond Hill.....9th and 24th " " Kleinburg.....29th " Nitrous Oxide Gas always on hand at Aurora Aurora, April 23, 1870. 615-1f

### DENTISTRY.

W. C. ADAMS, D.D.S., 95 King Street East, Toronto, near Church Street, is prepared to wait upon a lady who needs his professional services in order to preserve her 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 all work warranted. June, 1865.

## Licensed Auctioneers.

### J. RAFFERTY

LICENSED AUCTIONEER FOR THE County of York. Sales punctually attended to. CHARGES MODERATE. ADDRESS: King P.O. 633-4m

### 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 plenty to do. Lakeside, March 2nd 1865 39-1y

### FRANIS BUTTON, JR.,

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

### H. D. BENNETT,

LICENSED AUCTIONEER FOR THE County of York. Residence Lot 14, 2nd Con. Vaughan. P. O. Address, Carleton Place. 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 CARTER,

LICENSED AUCTIONEER FOR THE Counties of York, Peel and Ontario. Residence: Lot 8, 5th concession Markham. Post Office—Unionville. Sales attended on the shortest notice, and on reasonable terms. Orders left at the "Herald" office for Mr. Carter's services will be promptly attended to June 27, 1867.

### EDW. ANDERSON,

LICENSED AUCTIONEER FOR THE Counties of York and Peel. Residence—Lot 20, rear of 3rd Concession of Markham. P. O. Address—Buttontville. Parties requiring Mr. Anderson's services can make arrangements at the HERALD office, January 4, 1865. 31

### J. N. BLAKE,

BARRISTER, CONVEYANCER, &c. OFFICE—Church Street, 2 doors north of King Street, Toronto. December 29, 1869. 593

### WILLIAM MALLOY,

BARRISTER, ATTORNEY, SOLICITOR 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, Q.C. ADAM H. MEYERS, JR. Toronto Dec. 24, 1868. 544-1y

### READ AND BOYD,

BARRISTERS, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW Solicitors in Chancery, &c. OFFICE:—7, KING ST. EAST, over Thompson's East India House) TORONTO. D. R. READ, Q.C. J. A. BOYD, S.A. May 6, 1866. 52-1f

### McNABB, MURRAY & JACKES,

BARRISTERS, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW Solicitors in Chancery, Conveyancers, &c. OFFICE—In the Court House, Toronto August 1, 1865 95

### MARRIAGE LICENSES,

RICHMOND HILL. M. TEEFY, NOTARY PUBLIC AND Commissioner in B.R., is Government Agent for issuing Marriage Licenses in the County of York. Office hours—7 A.M. to 9:30 P.M. Richmond Hill, October 23, 1869.

### JAMES BOWMAN,

ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES, 1 Almiria Mills. Markham, Nov 1. 1865. 22

### 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. 537 J. L. PARKER, Proprietor.

### RICHMOND HILL POULTRY EXPRESS!

Farmers and others wishing Cash for their butter and eggs can get it by calling at H. Chapman's, one door south of G. A. Barnard's Store, Richmond Hill, who also is conductor of THE POULTRY EXPRESS, and will either trade or pay cash for all he gets August 18, 1870. 632-1y

### J. SEGSWORTH,

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

## Poetry.

### The Peace of Europe.

In 1852, Whittier wrote a poem, under this title, which is just now of peculiar interest. The "Bourbon Neapolitan," the "Base Gambler for Napoleon's Crown," and the Pontifical "Fisher," are now no longer among the temporal sovereigns of Europe: "Great peace in Europe! Order reigns From Tiber's hills to Danube's plains!" So say her kings and peats; so say The lying prophets of our day.

Go lay to earth a listening ear; The tramp of measured marches hear; The rolling of the cannon's wheel, The shotted musket's murderous peal, The night alarm, the country's call, The quick-eared spy in hut and hall! From Polar Sea and tropic fen The dying groans of exiled men! The bolted cell, the galley's chains, The scaffold smoking with its stais! Order—in the dungeon vaults and graves! Peace—in the dungeon vaults and graves!

O Fisher! of the world wide net, With meshes in all waters set, Whose fabled keys of heaven and hell Bolt hard the patron's prison cell, And open wide the banquet hall! Where priests and kings hold carnival! Weak vassal tricked in royal guise, Boy Kaiser with thy lip of lies; Base gambler for Napoleon's crown, Barmecide on his dead renown! Though Bourbon Neapolitan, Crowned scoundrel, loathed of God and man; And thou, fell Spider of the North; Stretching thy giant feelers forth, Within whose web the freedom dies Of nations eaten up like flies! Speak, Primer and Kaiser, Priest and Czar! If this be Peace, pray what is War?

## Literature.

### Resisting Temptation.

On the little rocky promontory just below the harbour of Cliffville, Alison Craig stood alone.

A tall, slender, dark-haired man of thirty, or thirty-five, with deep set dark eyes, which just now had in their clear depths that expression of perfect peace and content rarely seen in the eyes of those who have passed their first youth. The lines on his face would have told you that he had suffered a good deal in life. The sensitive mouth; the skin delicate as a woman's; the soft, silky brown hair, all indicated an organization exquisite in its fineness, with a boundless capacity for joy or sorrow—an organization, which, I cannot help thinking, it is to be regretted that any living thing should possess, since in this world there are so many discordant things, and so much of bitterness mingled with every sweet.

To-night, for the first time in ten years, Alison Craig was happy. He asked for nothing more. He had just parted from Constantine Reir, and she had promised to be his wife. His heart was yet beating fast from the pressure of the sweet head which had rested there; his lips were yet warm with the first shy kiss he had taken from her mouth.

You have been in love, know full well all the varied emotions which fill the soul when first it knows its love is reciprocated. But Craig had better reason than most of us have to be particularly happy. He had been that very day lifted out of the depths. A cloud, which for ten years had covered him, had dissolved, and left sunlight and glory over his way.

And though he had loved Constance seven years, it was only to-day that he had felt free to tell her the sweet story. Alison's life-history can be told in a small space, but words cannot describe the agony he had suffered in living it. At twenty-four he had married Alsacia de Mores, a young and beautiful French girl, whom he had met during his European tour. He was bitterly deceived in her, and in himself as well. He had fancied that he loved her, and when it was too late he made the discovery that he had mistaken passion for love. He cooled toward her before the first six months of their married life had past, but if she had made herself worthy he might have yet been won to love her.

But she was, by nature, fickle and unprincipled, and in the second year of their marriage she committed a crime. A theft—and the sufferer was an English lady of high rank. The family diamonds were stolen, and it cost Alison the half of his handsome fortune to save his wife from disgrace. As it was, she was prohibited from ever leaving France under a penalty of being at once given over to justice.

You can judge how any glaring disgrace like this would affect a man of Alison's sensitive nature. Proud to be a fault, and coming from one of the oldest

and most aristocratic families in Virginia, he could not bear the thought of having his friends ever made cognizant of what had befallen him. In consequence he did a very foolish thing—he resolved to keep his unfortunate marriage a secret, and to guard Alsacia carefully lest she might again be led into disgrace. He might have saved his pains, for his wife was a woman who could not be kept from evil. In the third year of her marriage she eloped with an Italian, named Cari, and went with him no one knew whither.

Alison Craig made strenuous efforts to discover her whereabouts, but without avail—and after a time he gave it up, and returned to his own country. I suppose the law would have decreed his freedom, if he had chosen to appeal to it, but this he could never do. His pride stood in the way. So he lived on in that sort of dread uncertainty which is so much more wearing than any reality, however terrible.

When he reached home, he found Constance Reir domiciled there. Her father, who was an old friend of Colonel Craig, had died, and left his daughter to the colonel's care.

At the time Alison came home, she was just twenty, and a lovelier girl there was not in the whole country. She was a blonde, with golden hair and complexion to match. But strange combination! her eyes were black as ripe sloes. In her she was pure and fresh as the snows of her own New-England hills; and, of course, she and Alison loved each other—they could not help it. It was fate! He struggled manfully against it; but in vain! heart and soul he was hers, and there was powerless to save himself. But there was one thing honor required him to do, and he did it. He could not make her his wife, and he must never let her know that she was dear to him. So he fettered himself with the iron bands of a strong will, and maintained toward her the gentle, different air which one friend may hold toward another.

But he did not deceive Constance. Her own pathetic heart told her that he loved her, and the strangeness of his behaviour caused her many hours of wretchedness. Still, she hoped on, and declined all offers, and remained true to a love she had never confessed.

In all these years, Alison suffered torture. To be thrown with her constantly, as he was—to see her cheek reddened at his coming—to know that her voice trembled whenever she spoke to him—to note the swift flash of light that filled her dark eyes when they rested on him—and yet to feel guilty if he touched her hand—oh, it was very bitter for him!

But now it was ended. That morning he had read in a French paper, more than two months old, that Alsacia was dead. She had been murdered by her paramour, in an obscure Italian town in the vicinity of Venice.

As soon as he read the tidings, he went to Constance. No matter what was said—they understood each other, and were happy. When he parted from her, he had come out there on the cliffs to be alone with his new happiness. It was so strange and sweet that he hardly realized it. He needed time to help him understand his latitude.

Far off below the lighthouse a vessel had been anchoring since early morning. As he stood there, communing with himself, Alison's eyes were strangely drawn toward that unknown ship. Even as he gazed, a boat put off from her and rowed rapidly to shore. The men pulled with a will, and the tide favoured them. It was only a little while before he heard the hoarse grating of the boat's keel on the sand. They were landing in a little sandy cove just above the promontory.

Why Alison should be at all interested in that fact he did not understand, but something led him to take a few steps down the hill, that he might have the boat in sight. But it had accomplished its errand, evidently, for it was already pushing off again; but it had left behind a woman. A tall, graceful shape, clad in black, the face concealed in the close hood of the cloak she wore, but to the eye of the man who watched her there was something terribly familiar in her movements. Involuntarily he uttered a cry. She had seen him before, but now she advanced more hurriedly, and as she paused by his side she threw back her hood and showed her face. He recoiled, and grasped the ragged rock behind him for support. The single word, more like a groan, than anything else, escaped him:

"Alsacia!" The woman laughed. "So, mon mari," she said slightly; "you are not over-joyed at seeing me? You thought me dead, did you? But I am still in the flesh. That fiend of a Cari nearly gave me my death, but not quite. I killed him though!" she added, savagely, "and that made me happy. Alison, mon cher, why do you not bid me welcome?"

What he said to her he never knew. He was so stunned, so prostrated by despair that he realized very little of what she was saying. Dimly he managed to comprehend that Alsacia was pursued by the hounds of the law—that she hourly lived in the fear of being thrown into prison, and that in this dire extremity she had fled for protection to her husband.

If Craig had been a woman, he would have forgiven the criminal, for she was penitent, and a woman will forgive any sin if the transgressor is penitent. But a man sneers at repentance, and never truly forgives, because forgiving is forgetting, and a man always remembers.

If the earth would only have opened and swallowed him up, Alison would have been satisfied, but the days of miracles are over, and there remained only the dread alternative of facing it boldly. Two thoughts like lightning passed through his brain. Constance must never know his disgrace, and Alsacia must be got away from that vicinity as soon as possible. Once away, he must take her to the uttermost end of the earth, and bury himself and her in some desert solitude, where no whisper of the world they had left could ever reach them.

The account he was to give to Constance he did not consider. He should tell her that an obstacle which could never be surmounted had arisen—he trusted himself to think no further.

He turned then to Alsacia. The full moon, round and red, was rising in the east, and dropped its radiance on her forehead. In the pure light she was almost beautiful again. Her back was toward the bay—she was standing on the very brink of the cliff—a single backward step, and she was lost!

For an instant the devil was in Alison Craig's heart. The temptation to pull her off, and be forever rid of her, was strong upon him. Her death would have given him happiness and Constance.

No one knew of their meeting. If he did this crime it would never come to the knowledge of man. Only one terrible instant did the temptation assail him, for he cast it away, and sprang forward to draw his wretched wife to a place of safety. She must have misinterpreted his movement, for she started back, and a wild shriek of despair broke from her lips as she felt herself going over the cliff.

Seven or eight feet below the summit her clothes caught on a thorn bush, and Alison, flinging off his coat, crept down the edge of the cliff and grasped her arm. A narrow shelf of rock, not more than two inches wide, gave him a precarious foothold, and for a moment he paused to get breath. Their faces were close together. She smiled, and in that smile something of the old freshness and purity came back to her face. "It is useless," she said, gently; "you cannot climb to safety with a dead weight like me. Save yourself, and let me go!" "Never!" he said hoarsely. "If I left you to perish I should be a murderer!"

He made one frantic effort to reach another ledge four or five feet above, but his foot slipped—he staggered—and all was over! Alsacia never moved after she was hurled, a shapeless mass—on the rocks below—but Alison was taken up alive and carried to the residence of the woman he loved so well, where he slowly recovered under the careful nursing of Constance; and when the hue of health again mantled his cheek they were married, but Constance never knew that Alsacia was aught to the man whom she had wedded, and, perhaps, it was better thus.

## Is He Fat?

One of the most remarkable cases of sudden cure of disease was that of a rheumatic individual, with which is a ghost story. There were a couple of men, in some old settled part of the country, who were in the habit of stealing sheep and robbing churchyards of the burial clothes of the dead. There was a public road leading by a meetinghouse, where there was a graveyard, and not far off a tavern. Early one moonlight night, while one of the miscreants was busy robbing a grave, the other went off to steal a sheep. The first one having accomplished his business, wrapped a shroud around him; and took a seat in the meetinghouse door to wait for his companion.

A man on foot passing along the road toward the tavern took him to be a ghost, and alarmed almost to death, ran as fast as his feet could carry him to the tavern, which he reached out of breath. As soon as he could speak he declared he had seen a ghost robed in white, sitting in the church door. Nobody would believe his story, but incredulous as they were, no one could be found that had courage enough to go.

At length a man, who was afflicted with the rheumatism that he could hardly walk, declared he would go if the man would carry him there. He at once agreed, took him on his back, and off they went. When they got in sight, sure enough it was as he said. Wishing to satisfy themselves well, and get as near a view as possible of his ghostship in the dim light, they kept venturing nearer and nearer.

The man with the shroud around him took them to be his companion with a sheep on his back, and asked, in a low tone of voice— Is he fat? Meeting with no reply, he repeated the question, raising his voice higher. Is he fat? Still no reply. Then in a vehement tone, he called. Is he fat? This was enough. The man with the other on his back replied— Fat or lean, you may have him.

And dropping the invalid he travelled back to the tavern as fast as his feet would carry him. But he had scarcely arrived there, when along came the invalid, on foot too!

The sudden fright had cured him of rheumatism; and from that time forward he was a well man.

### Sleep.

Many children instead of being fresh and plump as a peach, are as withered and wrinkled as last year's apples, because they do not sleep enough. Some physicians think that their bones grow only during sleep. This I cannot say certainly, but this I do know that those little folks who sit up late at nights are usually nervous, weak, small and sickly. The reason why you, my dear children, need more sleep than your parents, is because you have to grow and they do not. They can use the food they eat in thinking, talking, and working, while you should have some of yours for growing. You ought to sleep a great deal; if you do not, you will in activity consume all you eat, and have none, or not enough, to grow with. Very few smart children excel, or even equal other people when they grow up. Why is this? Because their heads, if not their bodies, are kept too busy, so they cannot sleep, rest, and grow strong in body and brain. Now, when your mother says 'Susie, Emily, or Johnie,' or whatever your name may be, 'it is time to go to bed,' do not annoy her by begging to sit up 'just a little longer,' but hurry off to your chamber, remembering that you have a great deal of sleeping and growing to do to make you a healthy, happy, useful man or woman.

### Kissed Her for Another.

An amusing incident occurred at the depot yesterday. A near-sighted man was awaiting the arrival of his sister from the east. When the train came in he hurried out of the station house, and seeing a lady stepping off the platform of a car, he thought he recognised as his sister. Thus thinking, and thrilling with affection, he warmly embraced and kissed her, to her intense astonishment, as she happened to be a stranger. There was no swooning, however, as the lady had common sense, and gracefully accepted a frank explanation.