

## THE YORK HERALD

Every Friday Morning,  
And dispatched to subscribers by the earliest mails or other conveyances, when so desired.  
The YORK HERALD will always be found to contain the latest and most important Foreign and Local 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.  
No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid; and parties refusing papers without paying up will be held accountable for the subscription.  
All letters addressed to the editors must be post-paid.

ADVERTISING RATES.  
PER INCH  
One inch, one year, \$4 00  
Two inches, one year, 3 50  
Three inches, one year, 3 00  
Advertisements for a shorter period than one year, insertion, 0 50  
Each subsequent insertion, 0 25  
22 inches to be considered one column.  
Advertisements without written direction inserted till forbid, and charged accordingly.  
All transitory advertisements from regular or irregular customers, must be paid for when handed in for insertion.

THE HERALD  
BOOK & JOB PRINTING  
ESTABLISHMENT.  
Orders for any of the undermentioned description of

Plain & Colored Job Work  
will be promptly attended to:  
Fancy Bills, Business Cards, Circulars, Law Forms, Bill Heads, Blank Checks, Drafts, Blank Orders, Receipts, Letter Heads, Fancy Cards, Pamphlets, Large and Small Posters, and every other kind of Letter-Press Printing.  
Having made large additions to the printing material, we are better prepared than ever to do the neatest and most beautiful printing of every description.

AUCTIONEERS.  
HENRY SMELSON,  
Licensed Auctioneer for the Counties of York and Peel, Collector of Notes, Accounts, &c. Small charges and plenty of do. Lasky, March 2, 1865 539-ly

FRANCIS BUTTON, JR.,  
Licensed Auctioneer for the County of York. Sales attended to on the shortest notice and at reasonable rates. P. O. address, Buttonville, Markham, July 24, 1868 497

JOHN CARTER,  
Licensed Auctioneer for the Counties of York, Peel and Ontario. Residence—Lot 7, 6th Con., Markham: P. O. address, Unionville. Sales attended to on the shortest notice and on reasonable terms. Orders left at the Herald office for Mr. Carter's service will be promptly attended to. June 27, 1867

DRUGGISTS.  
H. SANDERSON & SON,  
PROPRIETORS OF THE

RICHMOND HILL DRUG STORE,  
Corner of Young and Centre streets East, have constantly on hand a good assortment of Drugs, Paints, Perfumery, Chemicals, Toilet Soaps, Medicines, Varnishes, Fancy Articles, Dye Stuffs, Patent Medicines and all other articles kept by druggists generally. Our stock of medicines warranted genuine, and of the best qualities. Richmond Hill, Jan 25, '72 703

THOMAS CARR,  
Dealer in Drugs, Medicines, Groceries, Wine, and Liquors, Thornhill. By Royal Letters Patent has been appointed Issuer of Marriage Licenses.

DENTISTRY.  
A. ROBESON'S, L. D. S.  
New method of extracting teeth without pain, by the use of Ether Spray, which affects the teeth only. The tooth and gum surrounding becomes insensible with the external agency, when the tooth can be extracted with no pain and without endangering the life, as in the use of Chloroform. Dr. Robinson will be at the following places prepared to extract teeth with his new apparatus. All office operations in Dentistry performed in a workmanlike manner:  
Aurora, 1st, 3rd, 16th and 22d of each month Newmarket, " " " " 24  
Richmond Hill, 9th and 24th " " " " 15th  
St. Albert, " " " " " " " " 23rd  
Brimley, " " " " " " " " 28th  
Leinburg, " " " " " " " " 29th  
Nobleton, " " " " " " " " 30th  
Nitrous Oxide Gas always on hand at Aurora. Aurora, April 28, 1870 615-4f

W. H. & R. PUGSLEY,  
(SUCCESSORS TO W. W. COX.)  
BUTCHERS, RICHMOND HILL, HAVE always on hand the best of Beef, Mutton, Lamb, Veal, Pork, Sausages, &c., and sell at the lowest prices for Cash.  
The highest market price given for Cattle, Sheep, Lambs, &c. Richmond Hill, Oct. 24, '72. 745-1ly

FARMERS' BOOT AND SHOE STORE.  
JOHN BARRON, manufacturer and dealer in all kinds of boots and shoes, 38 West Market Square, Toronto.  
Boots and shoes made to measure, of the best material and workmanship, at the lowest, remunerative prices. Toronto, Dec. 3, 1867.

PETER S. GIBSON,  
PROVINCIAL LAND SURVEYOR,  
Civil Engineer and Draughtsman.  
Orders by letter should state the Concession, Lot and character of Survey, the subscriber having the old Field Notes of the late D. Gibson and other surveys, which should be consulted, in many cases as to original monuments, &c., previous to commencing work.  
Office at WILLOWDALE, Yonge Street, in the Township of York. July 8, 1873. 755

## PATENT MEDICINES.

**PROCLAMATION.**  
MUSTARD'S Catarrh Specific Cures Acute and Chronic cases of Catarrh, Neuralgia, Headache, Colds, Coughs, Croup, Asthma, Bronchitis, &c., it is also a good Soothing Syrup.  
MUSTARD'S Pills are the best pills you can get for Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, Biliousness, Liver, Kidney Complaints, &c.  
HAVE your Rheumatism, Wounds, Bruises, Old Sores, Cuts, Burns, Frost Bites, Piles, Painful Swellings, White Swellings, and every conceivable wound upon man or beast?

**THE KING OF OILS**  
Stands permanently above every other Remedy now in use. It is invaluable.  
LSDO, the Pain Victor, is Infallible for Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Flux, Colic, Cholera Morbus, Pain and Cramp in the Stomach and Bowels, &c.  
Directions with each bottle and box.  
Manufactured by H. MUSTARD, Proprietor, Iugersall  
Sold by Druggists generally.  
The Dominion Worm Candy is the medicine to expel worms. Try it. 700-y

J. H. SANDERSON,  
VETERINARY SURGEON, Graduate of Toronto University College, corner of Yonge and Centre Sts. East, Richmond Hill, begs to announce to the public that he is now practising with H. Sanderson, of the same place, where they may be consulted personally or by letter, on all diseases of horses, cattle, &c.  
All orders from a distance promptly attended to, and medicine sent to any part of the Province.  
Horses examined as to soundness, and also bought and sold on commission.  
Richmond Hill, Jan. 25, 1872 507

**EXCELSIOR PUMP.**  
Change of Business.  
THE EXCELSIOR PUMP IS NOW manufactured by Mr. Peter Phillips, who has recommissioned his business in Richmond Hill, in the old place, and who is now prepared to fill all orders promptly.  
This Pump is Easiest Worked, Most Durable, and Neatest Made in the Dominion.  
It is so constructed with the castings of the handle as to make it all tight, therefore preventing children from putting anything into it.  
The Subscriber would respectfully announce that he is prepared to put in this Pump.  
ON TRIAL FOR ONE MONTH  
And if accepted,  
WARRANTED TWO YEARS,  
Or if they are not preferred to any other pump they may be returned, and the money will be refunded.  
These pumps are suitable for all depths, from a cistern to a well of 150 feet. They are not liable to get out of repair, being double-valved, and the joints are all turned in a lathe; consequently there is no leakage at the joints, which is invariably the case with the common pump made by hand.  
Price: \$5 above platform, and 40 cents per foot below.  
Also manufactures a pump for cisterns and shallow wells. Price, \$6, complete for cistern not exceeding 8 feet. Churn pumps for cisterns, \$3 each.  
Well digging done on the shortest notice. Address, stating depth of well, PETER PHILLIPS, Richmond Hill Oct. 14, '72. 742-1y

MORGAN & THORNE,  
BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY, NOTARIES, &c.  
OFFICE—Court Street, Toronto. Branch Office—Division Court Clerk's Office, Richmond Hill.  
THOS. K. MORGAN. HORACE THORNE. Toronto, April 25, 1872. 71

S. JAMES,  
(LATE JAMES & FOWLER.)  
ARCHITECT, CIVIL ENGINEER, AND Surveyor, Trust and Loan Buildings, corner of Adelaide and Toronto streets, Toronto. 719-4f

J. SEGSWORTH,  
DEALER IN FINE GOLD AND SILVER Watches, Jewelry, &c., 112 Yonge Street, Toronto.  
September 1, 1871. 684

ADAM H. MEYERS, JR.,  
(Late of Dugan & Meyers.)  
BARRISTER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY, CONVEYANCER, &c.  
OFFICE—No. 12 York Chambers, South-east Corner of Toronto and Court Streets, Toronto, Ont.  
January 15, 1873. 756-1y

WM. MALLOY,  
BARRISTER, Attorney, Solicitor-in-Chancery, Conveyancer, &c.  
OFFICE—No. 6 Royal Insurance Buildings, Toronto street.  
Toronto, Dec. 2, 1869. 594

EDWARD PLAYTER, M.D.,  
(Medist, Toronto University.)  
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c.  
Coroner for the County of York.  
Residence—Opposite D. Hopkin's Store, Cor. Yonge and Parliament Sts. Richmond Hill.  
March 12, 1873. 764-4f

D. C. O'BRIEN,  
ACCOUNTANT, Book-keeper, Conveyancer, and Commissioner Agent for the sale or purchase of land, farm stock, &c., also for the collection of rents, notes, and accounts. Charges Moderate.  
OFFICE—Richmond street, Richmond Hill. 700-1y

F. WHITLOCK,  
JIMNEY SWEEP AND DEALER IN Old iron, rags, &c., &c., Richmond Hill. All orders promptly attended to.  
November 12, 1872. 747-4f

An Orsini bomb was exploded at the door of the Spanish Cortes during a recent debate, causing great excitement and alarm. The perpetrator and his object are unknown.

## IS YOUR LAMP BURNING?

Say, is your lamp burning, my brother? I pray you look quickly and see; For if it were burning, then surely Some beams would be falling upon me. Syrup.  
Straight, straight is the road, but I falter, And oft fall out of the way; Then lift your lamp higher, my brother, Lest I should make a fatal delay.

There are many and many around you Who follow wherever you go; If you thought that they walked in a shadow Your lamp would burn higher, I know.  
Upon the dark mountains they stumble; They are bruised on the rocks, and they lie With their white, pleading faces turned upward To the cloud of the pitiful sky.  
There is many a lamp that is lighted, We behold them near and afar; But not many of them, my brother, Shines steadily on like a star.

I think were they trimmed night and morning, They would never burn down or go out, Though from the four quarters of heaven The winds were all blowing about.  
If once all the lamps that are lighted Should steadily blaze in a line, Wide over the land and ocean, What a girdle of glory would shine.

How all the dark places would brighten? How the mist would roll up and away? How the earth would laugh out in her gladness To hail the millennial day.

Say, is your lamp burning, my brother? I pray you look quickly and see, For if it were burning, then surely Some beams would fall brightly upon me.

## THE MISTRESS OF ABBEYLANDS.

AN ENGLISH STORY.  
CHAPTER III.  
"Is this Charlton Mere, my brother?" "Yes, marm," said the small youth in corduroys, to the lady who addressed him—a very neat, plainly-dressed lady, wearing a Quakerish gray gown and a long dark water-proof cloak, a prim bonnet and gossamer veil.

"And who lives in that house to the right, you say?" "The minister," responded the boy, staring at the lady's gossamer. "Ah," said the lady, with an affable smile. "And it is he who owns the carriage with the two beautiful little ponies?" The boy stared vacantly. "A lady drives them—a lady with a scarlet cloak and white feathers in her hat," continued his interlocutor.

No answer, but the small boy's hands dived deeper into his trousers pockets in the effort to extract some mental assistance from their manifold contents. "Stupid little wretch," muttered the lady, "who lives in that house down the lane?" "Mrs. Chivers," said the boy, backing away from further catechising, and leaving the lady alone at the turn of the long tree hedged lane.

"What does she do with the ponies?" she asked herself. "She comes here to some place or house, I know; but what does she do with the ponies and her remarkable dress?" The inquirer had been walking through the miserable village of Charlton Mere; she had plodded up and down through slushy lanes and by-ways, all to no purpose; she had discovered no traces of the woman's presence whom she was tracking, and Caroline Penn was unwillingly obliged to confess that Lady Katherine Lindsey had baffled her in this respect also. She was tired, cold, and disappointed, and had almost come to the wise conclusion that she had better go home to Abbeylands and leave Lady Lindsey's affairs alone, when she suddenly caught sight of a tall, well-dressed boy running down the lane toward her, and carrying something in his hands. He gave a startled glance at her, and springing over a stile, ran across a piece of furzy common, whence he reached the country road, but not before Miss Penn had recognized Tom, her ladyship's groom, or "tiger," and in his hand a purple morocco hand-bag, which which she had seen in Lady Katherine's dressing-room only that morning.

"Now, my lady, I have you!" said Miss Penn, deliberately, though her voice shook with excitement. She walked straight up to the farmhouse gate, but she could go no farther; it was locked, and a huge mastiff lying in a kennel only two yards' distance inside, sprang out with a thundering volley of barks. At the noise, the farm-house door was hastily opened, and a young man came out. "What do you want marm?" he asked, civilly, but distinctly.

Miss Penn scanned him from head to foot, and her inspection strengthened her malicious assurance. He was an intelligent, good-looking young fellow, of about five-and-twenty, almost gentlemanly in his dress and demeanor, although evidently belonging to what are called "the lower walks of life."  
"I want to see Lady Lindsey," said Miss Penn, pushing against the gate as she spoke.

"I don't know any such person," replied the young man, quietly.  
"Isn't your name Chivers?" inquired Miss Penn, sharply.

"No, marm said the gentlemanly young man—and there was a gleam of humor in his eyes, which Miss Penn was too confused to notice.  
"Nor you don't know anything about Lady Lindsey's groom, who left this house five minutes ago?" retorted Miss Penn. She would have made a bad detective, with all her adroitness. There was want of tact and temper in this question, and its tone was sufficient to place watchful people on their guard.

"I have just said I do not know who Lady Lindsey is," said the young man, looking straight into Caroline's face with quiet determination; "do you wish anything else, marm?"  
"No, thank you," said Miss Penn, flushed with vexation; "I wanted to see you or Mrs. Chivers, on a matter of Lady Lindsey's—at least the lady who drives the gray ponies—and—"

"I do not know anything about gray ponies, marm," interposed the gentlemanly young man; and this time Miss Penn perceived traces of amusement in his face.  
"Ah, well," said Caroline, with a frigid, threatening smile, "I must only tell Sir Robert so, and perhaps he may come next time."

The young man bowed, as if such an occurrence would afford him much satisfaction; and, leaning on the gate, he and his mastiff watched Caroline out of sight.  
She was baffled, irritated and mortified—fearful of Lady Katherine's anger, which she might have fruitlessly incurred—wary and exhausted from her long useless journey; and, reaching Abbeylands about dusk, she had only barely time to hurry to her own room to commence her evening toilette—for it was the day of the dinner party—when Bessie Martyn tapped at her door.

"Miss Penn, could you come down to mother's room?"—she wants to see you about the dessert," she said inquisitively eyeing Caroline's finery on the bed—"about some ices or jellies," I think, Miss Penn.  
"In a minute," answered Miss Penn, sharply, almost shutting the door in Bessie's face.

"I was just going to offer to do her hair up in splendid frizzled rolls, mother," said Bessie indignantly, relating the affront, "and make her as nice as I could."  
Miss Penn evidently thought she could do without Bessie's assistance, for when she sailed into the housekeeper's room, a quarter of an hour afterward, that good lady was overwhelmed with the grandeur of her appearance. She had not been saving up her annuity, and sitting up at nights, and paying visits to a dress-maker and various others for nothing. Caroline's sleek black hair rose in perpendicular waves above her forehead, and fell in catenacts of suspiciously luxurious braids and curls down on her neck and shoulders, which were whitened by a cloud-like web of snowy spangled tulle. There were billows of lavender like silk rolling through the doorway in the wake of Caroline's figure; there was silk material glistening in Brodieganian festoons and "pufts" around Caroline's waist; there were damask roses in Caroline's hair, and tinkling ornaments all over Caroline's person.

"Why, Miss Penn, you're grander than her ladyship!" cried Mrs. Martyn.  
"You don't say so said Miss Penn, scornfully.  
"Yes, indeed," replied the housekeeper. "My! there's a splendid dress! Must have cost a sight of money, Miss Penn. A great deal grander you'll be—she's in black velvet, Bessie tells me—very rich to be sure, but so sober. That's a splendid lavender Miss Penn."

"My lady" was in black velvet, as the housekeeper had said—very pale, very quiet, with the sombre richness of her long sable robe clinging to her like a pall, her very diamonds shining with a cold frosty brilliancy, her small beautiful hands wearily folded in her lap, and the light of her yearning eyes dimmed with sadness.  
Sir Robert Lindsey wondered that he had never before noticed what a lady-like, good-looking girl Caroline Penn was, but Caroline Penn did not know what he thought of his grave, silent young wife.

"She looked miserable," concluded the lady in the lavender silk, as she pinned up her dress in paper when laying it aside that night.  
"Did you not notice, dear," said one of the county ladies to her husband, as they drove home from the dinner-party, "that Lady Lindsey is actually quite fading? Those olive-colored women lose their beauty very early."  
Losing her beauty! fading early!—Katherine Lindsey, though she was only twenty-four! Day by day Sir Robert Lindsey watched the cloud of spiritless sadness deepening on her bright face, and listened to melancholy tones making discord in the harmony of her clear, musical-ringing voice; a change almost indefinable, but keenly painful to him, was observable in her frank, gay manner and her self-possessed bearing—a mate timidity, a nervous fear of displeasing him, a feverish anxiety to understand his wishes and commands, and above all, a restraint,

guarded care and secrecy above her words and deeds.  
Let men, such as Robert Lindsey was—honorable, kind and true, with an armor of sensitive pride, which rejected the slightest touch on its spotless surface as a foul stain—think what his feelings were, as he thus watched his young wife day by day. He thought he knew the cause of her secret sorrow. He thought the gold circlet on her finger was to her a badge of slavery, and that Abbeylands, and the heirlooms, and traditions, and splendors, were wearisome death to her, when she had to share them with him. The mirror showed him a plain grave face, and dark hair threaded with gray, and the lines and wrinkles that had come with his forty five years, and he thought that they were hateful in Katherine Lindsey's eyes. He thought also—ah! what did he think in lonely hours, when he reviewed his short married life, what he owned to himself that which he had never told to mortal ear, and when the knowledge only brought him deeper sorrow and more bitter regret? That he loved her!

And Caroline Penn? She had never been so amiable, so powerful, so prosperous in her way, as in those days, when an intangible woe and grief, like an unresisting spirit presaging coming trouble, walking through the tenantless rooms of the stately house, with the husband and wife apart, silent and secluded. Caroline dressed in silk and velvet quite commonly now; her spare frame, clothed in shining garments, fitted and rustled about the old mansion from garret to basement, like an omnipresent domestic goddess.

She was not wise, even in her generation, this managing, acute, sharp-witted young person. She was apt to be rash, and blind, and wrong-headed, when her passion for revenge or for gain was concerned. She kept close to Sir Robert as her sure friend and most powerful protector, and she disregarded all the rest of the household, by whom by this time she was beginning to be cordially detested. She hated Lady Lindsey too much to be able to preserve a cordial manner toward her—and of Caroline's envious flattery and hypocritical deference Lady Lindsey would have none. She would not have Caroline in any shape or form—she ignored her, she shut her out of her presence, and she otherwise discarded that ladies' strenuous endeavors to become her conscience keeper.

With Mrs. Martyn, Caroline Penn certainly tried to form an alliance offensive and defensive; but she loosened the strongest bond of union there could have been between them, when she omitted to gain Bessie Martyn's confidence and goodwill.  
"I'll never like her, mother, say what you please. She's a prying, deceitful mean thing, even if she were pearl-gray satin and ruby velvet, like my lady's court costume. What business has she to be giving orders and sailing about, with 'Sir Robert' here, and 'Sir Robert' there, and my lady sitting up there lonely in her dressing-room, and never giving an order or raising her voice, no more than if she were a visitor?" Thus uttered Bessie, indignantly fastening a lace tie with a natty carved ivory brooch over the blue crape, and otherwise making herself unnecessarily pretty.

"Well, my lassie, I'll tell you one thing," said her mother, gravely patting down the folds of her daughter's dress, "Miss Penn is like to rule Sir Robert and my lady too."  
"She never will!" cried Bessie, turning round sharply, her eyes sparkling with indignation.  
"Bessie, I know what I know, and speaking in an undertone of significance; and I've a good reason for saying it. There, child, don't you mind; it's none of your business, Bessie."

"This having of course a powerfully stirring effect on Bessie's curiosity, she made it her business to discover what Miss Penn had told her mother, and under the seal of secrecy her mother betrayed to her the secret that Miss Penn had intrusted to her keeping.  
"It is the wickedest, blackest, cruellest lie that she ever told in her bad life!" cried Bessie, with tears in her blue eyes.  
"Well, Bessie, I'm not going for to say that it's true," rejoined her mother, "but Caroline Penn hasn't been watching her day and night for nothing."

"Well, then," muttered Bessie to herself, as she sat down before a heaped-up work-table in my lady's room, to unpick ribbons and edgings from a soiled white morning-robe. "I'll watch Caroline Penn—two can play at that game, I know."  
So it was, alas! that while the spring sunlight and the tender green that decked the smooth lawns and meads of Abbeylands changed into summer's darker tints and deeper color, the golden beams of hope and happiness which may have trembled for a brief space above and around the gray ancestral pile had long since died out in cold blackness of silent sorrow and disappointment, and in their stead there lowered a cloud lurid with omens of coming desolation and woe.

Sir Robert Lindsey and his wife

had lived apart in mute, dignified estrangement almost from the first month of their marriage. Each believed they had good and sufficient reason for imitating the other's behavior; but the breach had widened slowly, and then less slowly, and then rapidly, until the great gulf of separation between Sir Robert Lindsey and the woman he had sworn to love and cherish could hardly have been greater if he had laid her in her dead youth and beauty beneath the cold white marble where slept the generations of highborn dames and demoiselles of the house of Lindsey; and alas! again, there were times when Robert Lindsey trembled to think that she never might be permitted to rest there.

The gulf had widened, until the happy, buoyant girl he had married had changed into an imperious, proud, cold, resolute woman, with schemes and plots ever agitating her restless, unhappy heart, craving for her past life, craving for what he might never hope to give her, recklessly prying her fair name in her wilful defiance of him, weary of trying to please or obey him, weary of her gilded prison—this was his wife, the mistress of Abbeylands, the miserable husband owned to himself.

Owned to himself; but what of the evil angel ever at his ear! What of the ceaseless hints, and gentle reminders, and artfully disguised admissions, and pretended regrets, and delicate assiduous sympathy, and meekness, and patience, and admirable ministrations to likings and fancies and requirements, which were ever palpable to his senses in a thousand forms, daily and hourly, through the medium of a crafty, cruel, calculating woman's brain? Caroline Penn never flinched in her remorseless course; she never thought of pity or regret for a beautiful woman's ruined hopes, or compassion for an erring soul. She had no pity to spare for Katherine Lindsey. She laid her cruel plans and wily snares, and she cared not for the smothering and the bruising of the beautiful creature struggling in her toils.

[UNCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]  
A Conductor to be Trusted.

One day, before Cornelius Vanderbilt obtained possession of the Hudson River Railway, he was traveling, it is said, from here to Albany; and considering himself a privileged character, went into the baggage car to smoke. He had been enjoying his cigar but two or three minutes when the conductor came along and informed him politely that he must not smoke there. Vanderbilt said it wouldn't make any difference—that it was all right, etc.; that the conductor was of a different opinion—declaring that it was contrary to the rules of the road. "You don't know me," said the smoker. "My name is Vanderbilt; I am sometimes called Commodore. I generally do about as I please." "I don't know, nor do I care who you are, Mr. Vanderbilt. I intend to obey the rules. If you were ten times a Commodore I could not permit you to smoke here; and you must go elsewhere to finish your cigar." The royalty to duty displayed by the conductor pleased the ancient Cornelius, and he went out, though not before he said to the conductor: "You are the right kind of man for your place. You don't respect persons. I think of buying this road, and if I do, you can stay on it as long as you like. Vanderbilt did buy the road, and retained the conductor. He frequently remarked that that man could be trusted; that he was never mistaken in judgment of character; and that he knew from the first that the conductor was sound. The conductor stayed on the road for five years, and in that time, as the story goes, stole himself into a pecuniary independence. So much for Vanderbilt's knowledge of character. Evidently the conductor knew Vanderbilt better than Vanderbilt knew the conductor. —New York Letter.

Starting a Henery.

A story is told about a Yankee who lately settled down in the west. He went to a neighbor and accosted him thus, "Wal! I reckon you ain't got no old hen or nothing you would lend me for a couple of weeks, have you, neighbor?" "I will lend you one with pleasure," replied the gentleman, picking out the very finest in the coop. The Yankee took the hen home and then went to another neighbor and borrowed a dozen of eggs. He then set the hen, and in due time she hatched a dozen of chickens. The Yankee was again puzzled; he could return the hen, but how was he to return the eggs? Another bright idea. He would keep the hen till she laid a dozen eggs. This he did, and then returned the hen and eggs to their respective owners, remarking as he did so, "Wal! I reckon I've got as fine a dozen chickens as you ever laid eyes on, and they didn't cost me a cent nuther."

Our friend, Plum, says, (and Plum knows, because he is a nice man) that if there is any one thing in the world that will try a man's bitter nature, it is to take shelter under an awning during a rain, and see two or three of your umbrellas go by in the hands of bow-rows.

## Plank Floors Ruinous to Horses.

Can't some genius invent a kind of stable floor that can be kept clean without too much labor, and will not ruin the feet of horses standing upon them? If not, every horse-owner whose horse, or horses are obliged to stand still much of the time, had better have a yard convenient to the stable into which the horses can run when neither at work, nor eating, nor sleeping.

We have had some experience in this line. Our horses have not much to do in the winter season, and we have noticed a tendency in them to become lame, but as they get over it upon driving, we paid but little attention to the matter. The past winter we have kept but one horse, and as a public conveyance ran between our place and office, we have preferred to patronize that, and let our horse stand in the stable. After the alothing disappeared and the roads became bad he had but little exercise, and we noticed that he was becoming lame. Supposing that he would improve as soon as spring work commenced, we paid but little attention to it, until he became so lame that he could not strike a trot, and his limbs seemed weak and tender, although we could find no sore or tender spot, nor were his limbs swollen. We consulted a veterinary surgeon, who could neither find cause for lameness, nor prescribe a remedy.

We determined to try an experiment. We made a fence enclosing a small plot of grass, and turned him out, cutting grass for him. Now for the results. For three or four weeks before turning him out he had been getting lamer and lamer, until he became unable to trot. In one week from the time we turned him out he could trot off quite lively, and now he has nearly recovered. He seemed to be lame in every foot, and especially in his hind feet, and we have no doubt that standing idle on a plank floor caused his hoofs to become dry, hard and contracted, so that they pressed upon the tender frog. We have here suggested one remedy for hard floors, namely, a yard, if any of our readers know of a substitute for plank floors, that will obviate the difficulties we have presented, we should be glad to hear from them. —The American Rural Home.

A Secret for Ladies.

Oatmeal is good for something besides food. Young ladies who desire white hands will please harken. It is only necessary to sleep in a pair of boxing gloves, and for a bath oatmeal is excellent. If economically inclined, and country bred, it can be fed to the horses and cattle as an oatmeal mash, after being used. That will be, hereafter, one of the "advantages of the country." Oatmeal contains a small amount of oil that is good for the skin. To make the hands soft and white one of the best things is to wear at night large mittens of cloth filled with oat bran or oatmeal, and tied closely at the wrist. A lady who had the whitest, softest hands in the country, confessed that she had a great deal of house-work to do, and kept them white as any idler's by wearing bran mittens every night. The pastes and polishes for the face owe most of their efficiency to their moisture, which dissolve the old coarse skin, and to their protection from the air, which allows the new skin to become tender and delicate. Oatmeal paste is as efficacious as anything, though less agreeable than the pastes made with the white of egg, alum and rose water. The alum astringes the flesh and makes it firm, while the egg keeps it sufficiently soft, and the rose water perfumes the mixture and makes the curd not so hard.

Moths.

At this season of the year, furniture is particularly liable to become infested by moths, and there is no protection from their ravages except by continual care. New furniture should be removed from the wall at least twice a week, and should be well wiped all round, and particularly under the seats, to prevent the fly from lodging. This is an effectual preventative, and the only one known. Cayenne pepper, Scotch snuff, turpentine, and other remedies for protection from the large moth are little or no avail against the furniture moth. Saturation with alcohol will not deter them when in a piece of furniture. If the furniture is infested, they may be removed by taking off the muslin from under the seats, and off the outside covers and backs, where they congregate most, and exposing it to the air as much as possible. Beat well with a whisk or tawp on hand, and kill all the flies and worms which show themselves. This done often will disturb them, and may make them leave the furniture, as their nature is to be left quiet. When the furniture is free from moths, and is to be left during the summer months without attention, it may be protected by camphor in small bags, or highly concentrated pauterine. The safest way is to have the furniture well washed twice a week, however. In case of the moth attacking the carpet, spread a wet sheet on the floor, and pass a hot iron over it quickly; the steam will effectually destroy both worm and egg. The eradication of the troublesome pest rests entirely with housekeepers.