

THE YORK HERALD

IS PUBLISHED

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.

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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 SMELSOR,
Licensed Auctioneer for the Counties of York and Peel, Collector of Notes, Accounts, &c. Small changes and plenty to do. Laskay, 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 and Ontario. Residence—Lot 7, 6th Con., Markham. P. O. address, Unionville. Sales attended to on the shortest notice and at reasonable rates. 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, Poisons, Perfumery, Chemicals, Oils, 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, '72 705

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

DENTISTRY.

A. ROBINSON'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 by his improved apparatus. All office operations in Dentistry performed in a workmanlike manner:

Aurora, 1st, 3rd, 16th and 22d of each month
Newmarket..... 2d
Richmond Hill, 9th and 24th
Mt. Albert..... 15th
Thornhill..... 23rd
Maple..... 26th
Burwick..... 28th
Kleinburg..... 29th
Nobleton..... 30th

Nitrous Oxide Gas always on hand at Aurora. Aurora, April 23, 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.

Also, Corned and Spiced Beef, Smoked and Dried Hams.
The highest market price given for Cattle, Sheep, Lambs, &c., Richmond Hill, Oct. 24, '72. 745-ly

FARMERS' BOOT AND SHOE STORE.
JOHN BARRON, manufacturer and dealer in all kinds of boots and shoes, 35 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. Jan'y 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, Biliaryness, Liver, Kidney Complaints, &c.

HAVE you 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.

ALSO, the Pain Victor is Infallible for A Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Flox, Colic, Cholera Morbus, Pain and Cramp in the Stomach and Bowels, &c.

Directions with each bottle and box. Manufactured by H. MUSTARD, Proprietor, Ingersoll

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 practicing 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 recommenced 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 returned.

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. 743-ly

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. 719-1f

J. S. JAMES,
(LATE JAMES & POWELL.)
ARCHITECT, CIVIL ENGINEER, AND Surveyor, Trust and Loan Buildings, corner of Adelaide and Toronto streets, Toronto. 719-1f

J. SEGSWORTH,
DEALER IN FINE GOLD AND SILVER Watches, Jewelry, &c., 113 Yonge street, Toronto. September 1, 1871. 684

ADAM H. MEYERS, JR.,
(Late of Duggan & Meyers.)
BARRISTER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY, CONVEYANCER, &c., &c.

OFFICE—No. 12 York Chambers, South-east Corner of Toronto and Court Streets, Toronto, Ont. January 15, 1873. 756-ly

WM. MALLOY,
BARRISTER, Attorney, Solicitor-in-Chancery, Conveyancer, &c.

OFFICE—No. 6 Royal Insurance Buildings, Toronto street. Toronto, Dec. 2, 1859. 594

EDWARD PLAYTER, M.D.,
(Medalist, 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. 764-1f

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

F. WHITLOCK,
CHIMNEY SWEEP, AND DEALER IN Old iron, rags, &c., &c., Richmond Hill. All orders promptly attended to. November 12, 1872. 747-1f

A man who was wrecked on the City of Washington advertises to lecture on his experience. It's a pity he was not drowned. It would have added so much interest to the lecture.

SPARE THE HORSE.

O, teamster, spare that horse,
How hard he tries to go;
There's load enough for two,
Don't strike another blow.
Give him a helping hand,
Or ease the load, I pray,
And he your kindness will
A thousand-fold repay.

How patiently he toils,
All through the heat and cold,
A faithful servant still,
Though wearied, worn, and old.
Poor, dumb, unconscious brute,
And yet he seems to know,
Caresing off the hand
That deals the cruel blow.

What an imploring look,
And what a knowing eye,
And yet without the power
To utter e'en a cry.
See how he writhes and shakes,
While smarting with the pain.
Oh, cruel driver, pause!
Don't strike the brute again.

Humanity at last,
Brought to a sense of shame
Will punish those who give
Unnecessary pain.
Oh, driver, spare that horse,
How hard he tries to go;
There's load enough for two,
Don't strike another blow.

—British Workman.

THE OLD PINE CHURN.

BY ROSELLA RICE.

I sit here warming my feet—the ground is white with snow, and the bleak sky is covered with clouds of cold, dull gray. I take out the poker to draw out the red, red coals into full view, for I so love this cheery glow.

As I lay the little stub of a wooden poker down, I involuntarily say, "Oh, dear! oh, dear!" just as if my frame was rent with pain. Strange, that touching the little, unseemly cackle informed me that there lay a fresh egg ready for the gleaser, so I ran out to get it, for didn't my mother say, bring in all the fresh eggs you can to make custards, and hadn't I ought to obey the mother who had given me birth, and who had cared for me during my helpless infancy when I didn't know but that even pins were good to eat and good to swallow.

No, it does me good, as does your grinning, bony skull, which was once as I am now; or your rough cross, with the vine hiding the base—hold, hard symbol—two stars, yet kind reminders that I love to touch my cheek against, and lean my weary brow upon.

The little poker is one stove out of the old churn we had when I was a little girl, and every one who was ever a child, in a country-home, remembers the ban that came with the early sunshine on churning-day. The white-pine churn, large at the bottom and small at the top, was rolled out resolutely, and the sound it made seemed to say to me, "Hee! hee! hee! here I come! hee, hee, hee!" a confused babbling laugh, somewhere between a vicious, bantering giggle, and a mild kind of profane language—language too wicked for good folks to use, and too much diluted for downright swearers.

Oh, that churn! I wish I'd only known, "to such vile uses must ye come at last," when I looked upon its white staves, and wondered how Adam ever did find out how to make churns out of separate staves, and make them fit closely enough to hold our cream. I used to wish he'd not had such good, close tools; then, sometime, when a poor, little, eight-year-old girl was churning away like a lady, and the honest sweat standing on her forehead, and sneaking down her neck, and stealing down into her bosom, why the churn would just fall apart, and the cream be spilled, in a way good enough for anybody's mamma.

How ominous the sound of the cream as it was poured in—what treasuries it did seem to make, as it shouted out, in a hoarse, laughy, guttural voice: "Ah-h-h, my little lady, little lady, ah-h-h!" Then the freshly scalded dasher was put in, the drops wiped off, a few dashes taken by the maternal hand to see that it had the right tone, and it was wheeled into an out-of-the-way dark corner, away from doors and windows, and glimpses of blue sky, and dreamy hillsides, and like temptations. Then the little chair was placed beside the churn, and with clean hands and clean apron I stepped up into it as one would march to the pillory or guillotine, and was left alone in my glory.

And while I stood up there, stretched my very longest, I used to wonder how it happened that I was born the oldest—used to wonder how Eve came to invent the use of butter on such luscious fruits as Eden undoubtedly afforded—why cream wasn't better and healthier than butter, why I didn't get sick and die of gout like other children did, miraculously—why I never took scarlet fever or diphtheria and lay abed sick a long while, and not have to wash dishes or churn, but eat toast and tea and preserved plums, and be propped up in bed and feel my mother's tears drip, drip on my head, as I had often read in delightful story-books. Why was it that I was not favored, like many other little girls who had wee, slender claws of white hands, and whose thin mouths puckered romantically, and who had interesting hollows in their cheeks, and sunken blue places under their sad eyes, and fine pencillings of veinery in their pretty temples? I was sound and hard, and brown and ugly, and was always called Tom, because I liked to climb

trees, and turn summersaults, and ride the farm-horses, and walk on stilts, and fly from high places so splendidly on my jumping-pole.

One June day the churning was unusually large—two jars of cream—and I had my orders not to leave it until it was ready to gather. My little chair was placed beside the churn, and I stood in it and tugged at the dasher until my arms ached so I could hardly use them. I knew I'd ought to rest, so I sat down mercifully and improved the time by reading how elephants were caught in the jungles of Africa. That led me on to read about lions, and tigers, and leopards, and after I'd finished them I went back to the churn with renewed vigor.

Just then a robin alighted in the top of the poplar, and sang so sweetly that it would have been irrelevant to have plodded at the old dasher whose swashy sound of "choo-oo-choo," had no music in it. So I shaded my eyes and leaned on the post by the porch and listened, and admired, and answered back softly so my mother wouldn't hear.

The dear little robbie stretched his mouth from ear to ear, and hung by his toes, and tipped his head down and seemed to sing: "Why, Rosie, why, Rosie! whee-o, whee-o, Rosie, heigho, heigho, Rosie, whee-o!"

I clapped my hands and replied, he darted down head foremost and alighted on the old mossy well-curb, and we chatted, and chirped, and cheed, and laughed with each other royally. Then my mother heard us and reminded me of the churning. Oh, dear! I wished folks ate pumpkin sauce on their bread instead of butter, but I seized hold of the heavy dasher and worked away until a shrill cackle informed me that there lay a fresh egg ready for the gleaser, so I ran out to get it, for didn't my mother say, bring in all the fresh eggs you can to make custards, and hadn't I ought to obey the mother who had given me birth, and who had cared for me during my helpless infancy when I didn't know but that even pins were good to eat and good to swallow.

While I was getting the egg I saw another hen walk off slyly, just as if she had a hidden nest, she acted kind of sneaking, looking back at me over her shoulder when she thought I didn't see her.

Of course I would not be outwitted by a hen, nobody would, so I followed her at a safe distance and looked just as innocent and unsuspecting as a little girl could.

But I found, after awhile, that she was only seeking her wallowing place in the cool, loose loam, so I sat down and pretended to be braiding grass and timothy, and watched her scratch the cool earth all up among her feathers, and tussle about and lave her sides, and breast, and thighs, and stretch out her unshapely legs and lie like a great ungainly, roasted fowl, with never a joint or hinge in her long, yellow limbs and horny feet.

I was just thinking that this must be to hens what swimming and diving and plouting about in the creek is to little girls, when I heard my poor mother's "ah-hoo!" I answered "hoo!" and started to run back to the house to finish the churning, thinking I would appease my mother's just wrath with the nice fresh egg I had found, but what had I done with that egg? Alas, I had put it in my pocket in my new linen dress and had laid down on that side while I was so leisurely watching the hen rolling! I felt in cautiously, and withdrew my hand even more cautiously, as I sickened and wiped my fingers on the grass.

"See here, my lady," said my mother, "this churning will come in one half-hour if you work steadily, but if you trifle, it won't come to-day, and I'm bound that you shall do it if it keeps you busy until you are eight years of age; so you know what to depend on."

"Oh, I'll bounce into it and soon have it done, mamma; you see I had to go out," said I, putting on a brave, bright face, but keeping just as far away from the dirty muss of a pocket as circumstances would allow.

She went back to her work in the third story of our high rubbing, picturesque old house, and I made a good deal of music on the churn until the click-clack of the loom warranted me in stopping. Then I took a basin of water, turned my pocket inside out and cleaned and washed it. It was a dirty job and sickened me for a while after.

Then I turned my back resolutely and began counting the strokes of the dasher. This is the best plan I know to make one forget the tedium and insure steady work. I churned one hundred without stopping, then I sat down panting and resting awhile, and read Robinson Crusoe, a little book loaned me by a neighbor's son. For I might get hungry and feel too faint to work, I put a couple of potatoes in the hot ashes to roast. Then I began to churn again and to sing the old, familiar ditty of "Come, butter, come." I had on previous occasions found the result of this solicitation to be all that one could desire. But it did no good this time, though I sang it vigorously twenty times over, I sang it with variations and additions, and the most impudent and tasteful things, and now I expect you've been and gone and killed yourself with some vile

witched, but my mother said there were no witches now, and all such talk was folly and superstition, that the last witch on the face of the earth was the witch of Endor, the one who called Samuel up from the dead in Bible days.

Then I fell to wondering if any of Mrs. Endor's posterity yet lived, and, if they did, whether they looked like other folks, and if their little girls wore coppers and white check linen dresses, and if they ever broke eggs in their pockets, and if the Endors were fond of butter, and whether they made their own or just bought it at haphazard, not knowing who made it, or whether it had hair in it or not, clean or dirty.

Then I leaned my hand and my forehead on the dasher and pondered, and thought it might be possible that old, old, old, old, old Mrs. Endor was one of our maternal ancestors.

While dreaming away, I heard a "twit! twit!" in the chimney, and looking up, saw a "twit-bird" fitting about on the high-up rim of the chimney-top. "You little dear," I said; "how I wish I had your wings and your freedom!" And here I cried right out; for didn't mamma say she'd keep me at this until I was eighteen, if I didn't finish it? That must be a long, long while. I tried to count how many years, but I could not; so I got an ear of corn and picked off eighteen grains, and laid them down in a row, and then took eight away, and found I'd have to churn just ten years.

I thought it would be a nice thing to be eighteen years old, for all the girls in our neighborhood received a "setting out" at that age; a side-saddle and heifer, a spinning-wheel and a bed, and something else, a broom, or a windmill, or some other article I couldn't exactly remember.

That would just suit me. I had often coaxed mamma to loan me her side-saddle to fasten on a log, or on top of the fence, and she just "hooted" at me; but now I'd show mistress mamma when I was eighteen. I would sell my heifer and buy red and white candy, and keep the bed to turn summersaults on, and trade the spinning-wheel for toy-books, and keep the side-saddle to ride on among the logs at the wood-pile; and the other thing, if it was a wind-mill, I'd present it to my poor old grandpapa, who had been confined to his bed for many years with paralysis; and if it was a broom, I'd keep it to ride on when we chaps played "keep house" evenings when our parents had gone to singing school.

But, oh, dear, I'd rather die than to churn that long! So I sat down and cried most heartily. If I had to stand at that old churn ten years, who would Johnny Greene give all his sweet apples toduring the winter, if I wasn't at school? And Cal Wiggins would get all the head marks then. And to what girl would little Jim Chamber give his chew of pine gum after he was done with it, if Zelle wasn't there to get it?

Then I cried the harder, and said, now if I could only get sick, real sick, so as to lie in bed on mamma's pillow, and have her feel of my forehead, and give me nice tea and toast, that would be a good thing, and I wouldn't have to churn, and she'd pity me and be sorry, and 'fraid I was going to die, and I'd have a splendid time of it. I did wish I knew how to get sick. I stood and studied and studied, and suddenly I remembered seeing a little boy get deathly sick at school when a big fellow coaxed him to swallow a bit of tobacco. What hindered me from doing the same? Be sure there was no big boy to give me the dose, but didn't my papa's little linen tobacco-wallet hang just inside the cellar door? I could help myself. The result would be so interesting, too.

Ten years to do a churning just in the budding of my childhood! I'd show mistress mamma! I reached into the wallet and took out a long, black, sticky twist, and taking up the bread-knife cut off some bits and swallowed them, then mounted my little chair and began singing at the top of my voice:

"Broad is the road that leads to death."
I only knew that one line, but it was sufficient, and I thought rather appropriate for the momentous occasion.

In a few moments I felt so badly that I wished I'd not swallowed it. It was a few moments more I thought I'd rather churn all day than feel so sick; it didn't seem so interesting.

Then I ran to the door and called: "Oh, mamma, come down, come down!"

She thrust her head out of the window and said blandly: "Has the butter come? Oh, child, what's the matter? You're as white as a sheet!"

I opened my mouth to speak, but I trembled all over, and mumbled out: "Wa-a-agh! a-a-h!"

She ran down with the baby tucked under her arm like an umbrella, dropped it, and snatched me up so pale, and sick, and wilted, and laid me on her bed and began rubbing me.

"How do you feel? What made you sick? Where do you hurt? Are you poisoned? You're always handling and tasting strange things, and now I expect you've been and gone and killed yourself with some vile

plant or other! Oh, my child! what will I do? Such a young 'un, so queer and strange! Oh, my poor Zelle!" and she wrung her hands in a paroxysm of grief.

Just then I sickened and threw up something, and she held my head and moaned. Oh, I was very, very sick; it was death almost; and I felt so feeble that I couldn't exert myself enough to tell her. Pretty soon she smelt the tobacco, and she said: "Why, seems to me I smell tobacco!" And she sniffed to the right, and sniffed to the left, but did not mistrust me. She did not find any link between my sudden illness and the loathsome smell.

After severe sickness I grew better, and my wish was gratified. I lay in her bed, my head on her pillow, her counterpane over me, and her kind hands made the toast and tea and propped me up and fed me.

I called for the little mirror, and was perfectly satisfied with the real face so nearly approximating to the interesting ideal face of my solicitous dreams. I was propped up in bed, pale, and wan, and exhausted, when my father came to supper. My mother told him the doleful tale with a good deal of visible white in her scared eyes. He sat on the bedside, and said he was sorry, and hoped I would be well enough to ride old Jabez to water the next day.

I felt very serene and pleasant by this time, lying there, the chief point of attraction, and I had paid so dearly for the gratification that I didn't mind an occasional probe that my conscience gave me.

When my mother had supper ready, she said: "Zella, I don't see the bread-knife; do you know where it is?"

I started up scared, and hurriedly replied: "Maybe it's got into papa's tobacco-wallet; who knows?" Then I settled down, and the subsequent proceedings interested me no more.

It just occurred to me that instant that I had slipped the bread knife away side by side, with the huge black slide:

My mother looked at me strangely. I felt so drowsy just then, and closed my eyes immediately. She stepped inside the cellar door, and pretty soon she said in a soft tone, not meant for my ears: "Come here, Aleck."

Papa went, and I heard a low buzz of voices, a suppressed giggle, more whispering, some pleasant altercation, a little more laughter, then she said: "Well, that is the force of example; she thinks whatever you do is right, and manly, and she takes you for a pattern. Poor little thing, I'll never say a word about it to her, she's suffered enough. But, Aleck, you'd ought to be ashamed of your filthy habit after this."

It seems they gave me credit for wanting to learn to use tobacco because my papa did, and I was very willing they should believe it so.

That old churn was one of the clouds in my childhood's summersky for many, many long years; but at last our father replaced it with one by which I could sit and read and churn, and make a pleasant enjoyable pastime of this necessary item of housework.

Then the rolls of butter seem flavored with sweet poetry, and stories, and biography, and as I spread it on my bread I was reminded of this bit of descriptive scenery, and that thrilling narrative, and this rare poem—good things I had read while churning.

The old churn was used to keep nuts-in for years, and then onions, and I was sad and sorry both when a boy ran his sled against it and it tumbled to pieces, an old shattered thing.

So it is with a very serious and thoughtful degree of revenge that I use one of the old staves for a poker for the little stove in my room. Still, I do somewhat enjoy punching it into the coals and allowing it to burn a little, while it gratifies me.

"Which side of the street do you live on, Mrs. Kipple?" asked a counsel, cross-examining a witness. "On either side, sir. If you go one way, it's on the right side; if you go on the other way, it's on the left."

Sincerity is to speak as we think, to do as we pretend and confess, to perform and make good what we promise, and really to be what we would seem and appear to be.

The Troy Times give the following as a true dog story: A family down town having a false grate in one of the rooms of the house placed some red paper behind it to give the effect of fire. One of the coldest days last winter the dog belonging to the household came in from out of doors, and seeing the paper in the grate deliberately walked up and laid down before it, curled up in the best way to receive the glowing heat as it came from the fire. He remained motionless for a few minutes; feeling no warmth he raised his head and looked over his shoulder at the grate; still feeling no heat he arose and carefully applied his nose to the grate and snelt of it. It was as cold as ice.

With a look of most supreme disgust, his tail curled down between his legs, every hair on his body saying, "I'm sold," the dog trotted out of the room, not even deigning to cast a look at the party in the room, who had watched his actions and laughed so heartily at his misfortunes. That dog has reason as well as instinct.

Prohibition in the West.

A correspondent of the Rocky Mountain News, writing from Hall Valley, Colorado, on the 14th inst., gives the following graphic description of a whiskey disturbance there, and its result: "During the last few months the new mining camp in Hall Gulch has rapidly grown in importance, nearly 300 men