

THE YORK HERALD

Every Friday Morning, And dispatched to subscribers by the earliest mails or other conveyances, when so desired.

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The West don't seem to be a better place for workmen than the East. A Deaver editor says that a wagonful of coal stood for twenty minutes in front of his office, and he had not less than twenty applications to unload it.

NOBLE LIVES.

There are hearts which never falter In the battle for the right; There are ranks which never alter Watching through the darkest night.

There are those who never weary, Bearing suffering and wrong; Though the way is long and dreary, It is vocal with their song.

There are those whose loving mission, 'Tis to bind the bleeding heart; And to teach the calm submission Where pain and sorrow smart.

There are those who battle slander, Envy, jealousy and hate; Who would rather die than pander To the passions of earth's great.

Once upon a time, Frederick King of Prussia, surnamed "Old Fritz," took a ride, and espied an old farmer plowing his acre by the way side, and cheerily singing his melody.

"You are well off, bid man," said the king. "Does this acre belong to you, on which you so industriously labor?"

"No, sir," replied the farmer, who knew not that it was the king; "I am not so rich as that; I plow for wages."

"How much do you get a day?" asked the king.

"Eight groschen" (about twenty cents), said the farmer.

"That is not much," replied the king; "can you get along with this?"

"Get along, and have something left," said the king.

"How is that?" The farmer smiled, and said,—"Well, if I must tell you, two groschen are for myself and wife; two I pay my old debts; two I lend away; and two I give away for the Lord's sake."

"This is a mystery which I cannot solve," replied the king.

"Then I will solve it for you," said the farmer. "I have two old parents at home who kept me when I was weak and needed help; and now that they are weak and need help I keep them. This is my debt toward which I pay two groschen a day. The third pair of groschen, which I lend away, I spend for my children, that they may receive Christian instruction. This will come handy to me and my wife when we get old. With the last two groschen I maintain two sick sisters, whom I would not be compelled to keep; this I give for the Lord's sake."

The king, well pleased with his answer, said,—"Bravely spoken, old man. Now I will also give you something to guess. Have you ever seen me before?"

"Never," said the farmer.

"In less than five minutes you shall see fifty times and carry in your pocket fifty of my kinglyness."

"This is a riddle which I cannot unravel," said the farmer.

"Then I will do it for you," replied the king.

Thrusting his hand into his pocket, and counting him fifty brand-new gold pieces into his hand, stamped with his royal likeness, he said to the astonished farmer, who knew not what was coming,—"The coin is genuine, for it also comes from our Lord God, and I am his paymaster. I bid you adieu."

A Fatal Free Ride. (From the Kansas City Times.)

A horrible and somewhat singular death occurred in this city yesterday morning. A young man named John Dana, who reported himself as recently from Lower Canada, was discovered at Atchison by the brakeman on the St. Joseph and Kansas City passenger train concealed beneath a sleeping car. He had been riding beneath the car from St. Joseph, having held himself upon the trucks and rested his feet down upon the brake beam. The brakeman advised him to get out of his dangerous position, but it appeared that he failed to take his advice. He held on to his uncomfortable position, and reached Harlem, opposite Kansas City, in the middle of the night. He was warned that he would not be permitted to ride longer in the truck of the sleeping car, which was to be switched off of the Kansas City train and attached to the outgoing St. Louis train. He attempted to disengage himself from the truck, but, owing to his cold and benumbed condition, was unable to do so quick enough to escape danger. Just as he was crawling across the track the train backed suddenly, and

A Life of Bad Luck.

To begin with, he was born of poor parents—which first misfortune was enough to make him wish he had never been born—and his troubles commenced very soon after that and event. At six weeks of age the whooping cough seized him, and, after days of pain and sorrow, he apparently died. His mother "laid him out," and told her neighbors he was dead. They all wept over the pretty little corpse, when one of them, of a meddlesome disposition, thought from his looks that there might be life in him, and commenced blowing breath into his lungs and tossing him in her arms. He came back to life again. When he was six months old his sister rocked him out of the cradle into an old-fashioned fire-place, and left him lying under the "forestok" in a hot bed of coals, while she went out to call her mother, who was picking up chips in the doorway. He was so badly burned that the flesh came off his arms, leaving the bones bare. One side of his head was full of live coals when he was picked up, and his eyebrows were so burned that when they healed they grew together, closing the eyes. A year later the doctor covered the lids and found the eyes all right, and the eyesight was good. Life with this subject was not unusually rough again until he was six years old, when he was seized with rheumatic fever, and it ended in a fever sore on his right leg. The bone decayed and passed away from the knee to the ankle, and a consultation of physicians was held on the subject of amputation. It was decided that he was too weak to stand it, and so the limb remained upon the trunk. Months afterward it began to heal, and after three years of crutch gymnastics he was well again. Hardly had he thrown aside the crutches when he fell from a tree, breaking his right arm. It began to heal promptly, but one night, he stretched it over the head of his bed, made a new break, inflammation got into it, ulceration followed, and after six months lying in bed he had it amputated at the shoulder. After that he had the measles and typhoid fever, which caused an eighteen months' illness—but after all, with only one arm, with one leg three inches shorter than the other, and one ankle jointless and stiff, this man follows chopping as a business and can cut up a cord and a half of wood a day.—Berkshire (Mass.) County Eagle.

Stowaways.

The London Telegraph says:—In the melancholy catalogue of the poor people engulfed in the Ville du Havre, we read that there were twenty-seven third-class passengers and six "stowaways." The last named term is sufficiently curious to call for explanation, and in tendering it we touch upon one of the most wretched features of emigrant life. A "stowaway" is an individual who, at the last moment, just before the vessel leaves the dock for her destination, slinks on board, creeps below, and conceals himself as securely as he is able in remote nooks and corners of the lower deck or the forepeak. Sometimes he gets into the hold; but there, if the hatches are battened down, he runs the imminent risk of being smothered. At all events, he crawls into his coil of rags and crouches there like a rat behind the wainscot, quaking for fear of discovery. And detection must sooner or later be the doom of the stowaway.

So well is the practice of smuggling human baggage known to seagoing folks, that prior to a large emigrant ship sailing, there is generally organized a picket of sailors headed by one of the mates, and furnished with lanterns and rattans, who make a tour of exploration among the packing cases and the provision casks. "Hunting for stowaways" is a most exciting sport; the wretched defaulter are "started" from their holes, roundly abused, hustled on deck, "slanged" by the captain—happy they, in an American clipper, who escape being "Shanghaied" by the boatswain, or "booted" by the first mate—and are then contemptuously kicked over the side. Some stowaways, however, generally contrive to pass unnoticed in the search; and six—the number found on board the Ville du Havre—may be considered as a fair average among 150 passengers. The ship, in any case, cannot be many days at sea before they are discovered. Every fresh hoghead of beef or biscuit that is unloaded diminishes their chances of immunity; still there have been known instances of the unfortunate creatures being inadvertently jammed up between and behind heavy piles of merchandise, and so suffering a living tombment rivaling that of Constance de Beverley in horror.

Stowaways dragged from their hiding places when the ship is in blue water have to take their chances; and a very calamitous chance it is. If the culprit be a woman she has not much to fear. Jack is proverbially gallant, and an active woman may make herself very useful in the cabin and the cook-house. But when the offender happens to be a raw lad—which he generally is, and Irish to boot—he has emphatically a bad time of it. He may consider himself fortunate if he is allowed to earn the worth of his bed and board by performing the most menial drudgery, and at the end of the voyage the captain can, if he chooses, take the stowaway before a magistrate and have him punished for fraud. It usually happens, however, that the skipper, when the run is over, is as glad to get rid of his unprofitable passenger as that passenger is to be well rid of the ship. The former says nothing about the pecuniary loss his owners have suffered, and the latter is quite content to be silent with regard to the numerous attentions conveyed through the instrumentality of marlinepikes and ropes ends with which he has been favored by the boatswain and his assistants. What the French authorities would have said to these waifs and strays on their arrival at Havre is uncertain; but the poor fellows need fear no frowns of human justice now. They are drowned.

The smallest women look hopefully to Hymen. Barbers are great travellers; they go from poll to poll. Romantic Death—A young lady drowned in tears.

The man who was "above his business" has just gone up stairs for a few minutes. Timkins aroused his wife from a sound sleep the other night, saying he had seen a ghost in the shape of an ass. "Oh, let me sleep," was the reply of the irate dame, "and don't be frightened at your own shadow."

Witty and Humorous.

What key unlocks the door of misery?—Whisk-key. Laziness travels so slowly that poverty soon overtakes her. Matchless Misery—Having a cigar and nothing to light it with.

What business ought Tom Thumb to go into?—Grocer (grow, Sir). Are people who attend hops naturally fond of ale?

When is a skein of thread like the foot of an oak?—When it is full of knots. How would you express in two letters that you were twice the size of your companions?—I W (I double you.)

A young fellow, fond of talking, remarked, "I am no prophet." "True," replied a lady present, "no prophet to yourself or any one else."

A young man who was crossed in love attempted suicide recently by taking a dose of yeast powder. He immediately rose above his troubles.

The question of where all the Smiths come from is answered. A factory in a neighboring city bears the sign, "Smith Manufacturing Company."

A lady who was not a Shakespearean scholar, hearing the "Merry Wives of Windsor" highly praised, inquired how many wives Mr. Windsor had.

A man out West who offered bail for a friend was asked by a judge if he had an incumbrance on his farm. "Oh yes," said he; "my old woman."

A little boy in an easy thing to love, but a big baby in a very hard thing to love, says a veteran observer, especially if you have married her.

Cincinnati wants to change her big policemen for men who can chase a thief three blocks without having to sit down four times to rest.

An Irishman in Bridgeport, who was told that his employer's store had burned down, exclaimed—"Well, I can't see how that can be, when I have the key in my pocket."

One of a party of friends, referring to an exquisite musical composition said, "That song always carries me away when I hear it." "Can anybody sing it?" asked a wit in the company.

The late Mr. Thomas Barrington left one year's salary to all clerks and servants in the employment of Barrington Brothers, the gross sum to be paid amounting to upwards of £30,000.

"My dear," said the sentimental Mrs. Waddles, "home, you know, is always the dearest spot on earth to me." "Well, yes," said the practical Mr. Waddles, "it does cost me about twice as much as any other spot."

"What is the matter with you, Uncle Toby? What makes you walk so lame?" "Well, I jined a temperance society 'bout a month ago, and have drank nothing but water since, and I s'pect 'tis got into my joints and kinder rusted 'em."

An inquiring man thrust his fingers into a horse's mouth to see how many teeth he had. The horse closed his mouth to see how many fingers the man had. The curiosity of each was fully satisfied.

An ingenious Yankee seamstress makes a squirrel, in his revolving cage, turn her sewing-machine, and her Hibernian competitors can't understand how she manages to do long seams with "such a little baste."

A bright-eyed Italian boy stopped with his organ before a dairy widow, and, after playing for a while, examined the rotary churn which was there in operation. "My churn is the best," he said, at last. "It makes bread and butter; yours only makes butter."

In one of the suburban schools of Dover, the committee man put out the word "psalter" to a class in spelling. It was a poser till it reached the foot of the class, when a curly-headed little fellow spelled it correctly, and being asked to define it, shouted out, "More salt."

A new item in the fashion of ladies' dress was accidentally introduced in one of the churches Sunday. A lady wearing an elaborate Elizabeth ruff—black silk, lined with sky-blue satin—wore directly under the chin a small paper on which was marked the price—\$1 25.

When you see an old gentleman of sixty, on a clear bright day, carrying a blue cotton umbrella, tied tightly about the waist with a shoe-string—the umbrella tied, not the old gentleman—you may look out for rain before night, but the probabilities are you will not see it.

How pleasant a surprise it is to see the miracle of novel motion in objects that are usually inanimate! We have seen a rope walk, a note run, a watch spring, a horse fly, and a Saratoga hop; and next summer we shall go over the hills to see the big trees leave, and the mountain slope.

Three years ago a Gloucester lady made her husband promise that he would give her each day the five cent pieces he had in his pocket, and on his birthday, a few days since, she surprised him by making him a present of a handsome gold watch, costing upwards of \$100, which she had purchased with the money thus obtained. It shows how few little savings will accumulate.

Mr. Leslie, of Newcastle, England, the builder of the Ville du Havre, has contributed \$2,500 for the relief of the sufferers by the loss of that vessel.

Sign of Death.

Some time ago the Academy of Sciences in Paris offered a prize of four thousand dollars for some simple and positive sign of death, which any non-professional person could understand and apply. Such a test, suggested in Var-chow's Archives, is considered very satisfactory by the British medical press. It consists in trying a string firmly round the finger of the supposed corpse; if the blood circulates in the least—in which event death has not taken place—the whole finger will swell and turn a bluish red. It is conceivable that such a test would be very useful in cases of drowning and asphyxia. It may be legitimate to cite a case which occurred not long ago at Brussels. A drunken man fell into a canal, and remained so long immersed that very little hope was entertained of his recovery. He was to all appearance a corpse. Dr. Joux, physician to the police, to whom application is made in such cases, did not share the conviction of the bystanders, and having used the most energetic means for three hours, ended by applying a hot iron to the patient, who instantly moved slightly. The former measures were reverted to, and the supposed corpse stood up in less than half an hour, branded, indeed, but none the worse for his accident.

A Persian Joke.

The innate love of Practical joking, found in every clime, be it in the barack of a garrison town or in the dignified atmosphere of Eastern palace life, is amusingly illustrated by Mr. Mounsey, in his book, "A Journey through the Caucasus and the Interior of Persia." He says:—

"His Majesty, the Shah, having taken a fancy to a portable India-rubber boat that one of our officers had got out of England with the view of exploring some of the rivers, its owner begged, and of course obtained, permission to present it to him. It was at once transported to the palace, and when inflated, by friend had the honor of paddling royalty about on one of the tanks. The amusement pleased his Majesty, and he took to paddling himself; the courtiers followed suit, and eventually the king came to a throne to be erected near the tank, in order that he might at ease watch their progress in this new accomplishment. It was probably too slow to afford him satisfaction; for one day he announced that he should like to see how many persons his boat was capable of carrying. Three could sit comfortably in it, but there was room for a dozen, and accordingly a dozen A.D.C.'s and chamberlains, in their handsome shawl dresses and gold brocade, stepped in. Meanwhile some one in the royal confidence had secretly opened the valves; the boat was shoved off toward the middle of the tank, and, as the air escaped, gradually sank lower and lower, and finally disappeared with its gorgons and unsuspecting freight in the water. For a moment there was nothing visible on the surface of the tank but lambwool hats and linen skull-caps; for a moment, too, there was silence. Then a dozen shaven heads were seen wagging their tufts and side locks, and a dozen mouths and noses were heard puffing, blowing and snorting as the owners struggled slowly to the side. The Shah laughed long and loudly, and was so much pleased with the success of his stratagem, that when his victims emerged, all dripping and dragged, from their bath, he deigned to enquire,—"What news of the fish?"

"Persians can take a joke, and though the courtiers no doubt wished the boat and its donors a speedy descent to a warmer climate, I dare say they all enjoyed their sovereign's laughter."

Occupation.

What a glorious thing it is for the human heart! Those who work hard seldom yield to fancied or real sorrow. When grief sits down, folds its hands, and mournfully feeds on its own tears, wearing the dim shadows that a little exertion might sweep away into a funeral pall, the strong spirit is shorn of its might, and sorrow becomes our master. When troubles flow upon you dark and heavy, toil not with the waves, and wrestle not with the torrent; rather seek by occupation to divert the dark waters that threaten to overwhelm you, with a thousand channels which the duties of life always present. Before you dream of it, those waters will fertilize the present and give birth to fresh flowers, that will become pure and holy in the sunshine which penetrates to the path of duty in spite of every obstacle. Grief, after all, is but a selfish feeling, and most selfish is the man who yields himself to the indulgence of any passion which brings no joy to his fellow-men.

He said it was too cold to get up, and she said it wasn't her place to kindle fires, and she wouldn't, and they both lay abed for thirty odd hours in Portland, Me. She, pretty hungry by that time, thought better of it.

The Colorado papers are bragging over the wonderful restorative effects of their climate upon one Ohio lady who could not sweep her room at home, but shortly after her arrival in Colorado, was able to chase her husband half a mile with a pitchfork.