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ALEX. SCOTT,
PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR OF
"THE YORK HERALD."

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OFFICE—YONGE ST., RICHMOND HILL.

The York Herald.

THE YORK HERALD
PUBLISHED AT THE OFFICE
YONGE ST., RICHMOND HILL.

Issued Weekly on Friday Morning.

Terms:—One Dollar per Annum in Advance

ALEX. SCOTT, PROPRIETOR.

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THE YORK HERALD
IS PUBLISHED

Every Friday Morning,

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Markham, July 24, 1868 497

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Richmond Hill, Jan 25, '72 705

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Aurora, April 28, 1870 615-tf

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The highest market price given for Cattle, Sheep, Lambs, &c.
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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 surveyors, which should be consulted, in many cases as to *original monuments*, &c., previous to commencing work.

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Jan'y 8, 1873. 755

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September 1, 1871. 584

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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

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(LATE JAMES & FOWLER,)

ARCHITECT, CIVIL ENGINELR, AND Surveyor, Trust and Loan Buildings, corner of Adelaide and Toronto streets, Toronto. 719-tf

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OFFICE;—No. 12 York Chambers, South-east Corner of Toronto and Court Streets, Toronto, Ont.
January 15, 1873. 756-1y

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

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November 12, 1872. 747-tf

Said So.

Here is a domestic drama from Paris. A young girl was about to be married to a journeyman carpenter, whose suit was by no means agreeable to her. She had refused and protested against the match, but her father was inexorable on the subject, and insisted on the marriage, though the mother would willingly have yielded. At length the bride-elect appeared resigned to her fate, and the father, pointing out the happy result of his firmness to his wife, triumphantly exclaimed, "I told you so." Next day, however, the poor girl, having left a letter at home explaining the cause of her action, jumped of the Bridge of Austerlitz into the Seine. She was, however, saved, and carried home by two sailors. The father returned home, just as the dripping girl was placed in safety beside the paternal hearth, when the mother, with perhaps more point than discretion, simply observed, "I told you so."

Mistaken Identity.

Not long since, an old man died suddenly in the streets of a large city. Some one recognized him as being employed at the gas-works in the neighborhood promptly identified him. Two of the number were deputed to convey the sad intelligence to his wife, who took the tidings very coolly, and replied that her husband was at that moment up stairs in bed, and he shortly made his appearance, much to their astonishment. The body was then removed to the work-house mortuary, where some fourteen of the officials identified it as that of a pauper who had been an inmate of of the workhouse over a year, and intelligence of his death was at once sent to his daughters; one of the sons-in-law immediately recognized his father-in-law; the daughters followed, both swearing at the inquest that the body was that of their father. They gave him a decent burial, paid the undertaker and returned home, finding there a letter from their father, written the day before, informing them he was staying with some friends in Devonshire, and in good health. I do not think there is on record another case so remarkable. The funny part of it is, that the sons-in-law are now trying to get their money back from the undertaker, who, however, declines to refund.

If a saloon-keeper gets rich it is because he makes many good bar-gains.

A LOSS TO THE PROFESSION.

"If you'll only wait till we get to the end of the journey, Emma," said Mr. Sherwood to his young wife, as they were steaming along eastward, "you may kiss all the little beggars that come along. We're more than half way home now. In twenty-four hours I shall have the unspeakable delight of putting you safely in your mother's arms. The rest of the journey is a mere bagatelle."

"The poor little baby looked so wretchedly ill!" murmured Mrs. Sherwood.

"That's the very reason it was safer to keep away from it," said her husband. "How do you know what ailed it?"

"Oh, suppose it was something infectious!" said Mrs. Sherwood, turning very pale.

"Now don't, I beg of you, suppose any more horrors; you've been supposing them all the way. Heavens and earth!" he added, "How glad I shall be to get to your mother's! It was madness to attempt such a journey in your state of health. Thank heaven, we've passed the dangerous portion of the route. We shall have no trouble now till—"

Mr. Sherwood was interrupted by his wife grasping his arm suddenly, and pointing to the car ahead of them. It looked, through the glass window of the door, as if it had been suddenly seized with a drunken fit, and was tilting to and fro in the most extraordinary manner. There was a grating noise, a lurch forward, and the train stopped.

The accident was a very slight one, resulting in only one death—that of a cow that had strayed upon the track. The train was detained a few hours, and a doctor sent for from a neighboring village to remedy a sprain in the engineer's wrist.

When the physician came he was called immediately into one of the cars to seee a lady that had fainted from terror when the accident occurred, and was still insensible. He succeeded with difficulty in restoring her to consciousness, and then, taking the husband aside, advised a halt by the way.

"If it is possible for you to get your baggage from the train," said the doctor, "do so at once. I will return shortly with a carriage. We'll take your wife to the village, and get her to bed as soon as possible. Her system has received a nervous shock that will require attention in her present state of health."

"Gracious Heavens!" doctor," cried Mr. Sherwood, "in twenty-four hours she'll be safe in her mother's house."

"I won't answer for her life if she is not under the complete influence of an anodyne to-night," A delay of a few hours may enable her to continue her journey."

An hour later and Mr. and Mrs. Sherwood were installed in the best room of the country hotel at Rivington. It was a great, grim, repelling room at the best, full of draughts, and suggestive of mould. Emma looked very little and wan in the middle of the immense featherbed on the four-poster, and her husband sighed dismally when he thought of the cozy little bed-chamber awaiting her in the East. But he carried out to the letter the orders of the doctor, who seemed just then the only friend that he could rely upon in the world.

"A night of uninterrupted rest," said the doctor, "will do wonders for her." And Mr. Sherwood never closed his eyes till morning. Threatening to murder any one who banged a door or shuffled in the passage, and liberally distributing considerations for perfect quiet, the house that night was still as the grave. This was the more easily to accomplish, as they were the only guests at the hotel, When the doctor called in the morning he pronounced Mrs. Sherwood much better, and even advised her to get up to breakfast, upon which her husband asked, rather faintly, whether he knew anything about the connection of the trains. The doctor replied gravely, that perhaps they would talk of that matter the next day.

Mr. Sherwood hazarded an observation to the effect that it was singular how a train could whistle around the corner of a perpendicular mountain, leap over dilapidated bridges, and fly through dismal gorges, under crumbling bowlders, to come to grief at last absolutely crawling through a commonplace valley.

"We don't consider it commonplace," said the doctor. "It's a pretty place when you come to know it."

"I don't want to know it," said Mr. Sherwood; "It's too pastoral. I have an objection to cows, particularly when the stray on railway tracks."

When the doctor went away he recommended another night of perfect rest.

"I think then," he added, "we may safely talk about the trains."

But although Mr. Sherwood redoubled his threat and considerations, that night there was no rest at all, and toward morning the feeble pipe of an infant was heard in the great grim room at Rivington. The hair of the young father almost stood upright.

"My God!" he cried, "it's alive!"

"So it is!" said the doctor, himself somewhat astonished.

"What's to be done now?" said Mr. Sherwood, looking about him distractedly," said the landlady, Mrs. Ketchum, who had kindly aided them in this extremity, and was now mistress of the situation, "and a nurse is to be got. It don't stand to reason because it's a premature it's agoing to die. We put my Mary Jane into a tea-pot, and look at her now! If the doctor'll step round to Mrs. Barrett's on his way home, she'll be here in a jiffy!"

When Mrs. Barrett came, Mr. Sherwood was surprised to find her a young and pretty widow. All his ideas of nurses had been formed upon the immortal Mrs. Gamp. It was a relief to him to find Mrs. Barrett only resembling that inimitable character in a certain selfish garrulity.

A few days elapsed, and Mr. Sherwood was beginning to feel a cheerful resignation to the situation. The tiny mite of mortality seemed to thrive under the patronage of the landlady and the care of the pretty widow. All seemed to be progressing as favorably as could be expected, when one morning the doctor looked grave. Mrs. Sherwood complained of unusual symptoms. "I know," she said, "just what ails me, but I'm afraid to tell." And she looked at her husband piteously.

"Speak out, my dear," cried Mr. Sherwood with admirable philosophy; "I'm prepared for anything."

"Nevertheless he sank into a chair and groaned when she declared that she had caught the infection from the child in the car.

"What child! what infection!" cried the doctor.

Then Mr. Sherwood told the doctor how his wife would kiss the sick baby in the train.

"Nonsense!" said the doctor; "it isn't at all likely it was small-pox."

At this direful word the pretty widow started and turned pale. Getting out of her rocking chair, she placed the little bundle of flannel containing a baby in the bed and went out of the room.

When Dr. Anderson reached home that night he found, as usual, a cheerful blaze of hickory on his hearth; a cup of deliciously hot and strong tea and a plate of golden-brown toast lay waiting for him He was a great stalwart six-footer, but he doated on dainties like a child. and his eyes shone benignly on a dish of lemon jelly quivering in the lamp light. Dr. Anderson owed all this luxury and comfort to his housekeeper, Hester Wright.

And after all this perambulation we come to the heroine of our story. She was neither young nor beautiful—simply a plain old maid.

When the doctor's mother was alive, and Hester was her trusty and efficient handmaiden, that good lady was wont of a Saturday afternoon to declare that she was an excellent good girl, and to be good was far better than to be beautiful. "Handsome is as handsome does, my dear, quoth the old lady. Nevertheless, upon looking in the glass and contrasting the face she saw there with the faces of some of the rustic beauties about her, Hester felt that, however good and excellent she might hope to be, it would be useless for her to aspire to be handsome.

This was a great grief to Hester, as she was romantic. Nobody would have dreamed of such a thing to look at her placid features, her somewhat stolid expression, and the monotonous regularity with which she performed her household duties. A complete absence of glow and color gave a washed-out appearance to her gray eyes and yellow hair; and although she had what Shakespeare thought was an excellent thing in women—"a soft, low voice"—it was so seldom heard that it was only a negative charm.

In those days "help" of Hester's kind was allowed a seat at the table and a comparative position of equality in the household. This was the more agreeable in Hester's case as she was an orphan, and quite friendless. Mrs. Anderson taught her to read and write and sew, and made her an adept at preserves and pastry. She also made her a companion, as Hester was an excellent listener. It would be safe to say that all the affection Mrs. Anderson could spare from her son was given to Hester; but that was very little. The old lady adored her son, and did her best to make everybody else adore him. She succeeded pretty well with a great many people, but excellently well with Hester.

When Norman came home from college, Hester expected to find him an Apollo, and she was not disappointed. The rough curls of his somewhat abund- and black hair seemed wonderful to the girls; Grecian and godlike was his straight but shabby nose, and altogether imperial was the frank and open countenance of the lad. And when she found that he was neither puggish nor conceited, but rather inclined to fellowship with her, she immediately set up a shrine and worshiped him. Not that she ever hoped for a requital—although she had read and delighted in the story of King Cophetua and the beggar-maid. The maid was beautiful, as befitted the story; and Hester said to herself, with a somewhat bitter decision, that beauty was as sweet and desirable as rank and riches. But she had none of these; so that was an end of the matter. This did not hinder Hester from enjoying her idolatry. Even when Mrs. Anderson, discoursing eloquently on the attributes of her son, predicted for him a brilliant marriage, Hester's affection for him was too exalted to be tainted with envy. But the young doctor did not seem to improve his opportunities; and although many a young heiress fell in his way, and many a young beauty came under his notice, he was appreciative and courteous to all, but devoted to none. The cares of his profession seemed to fill his mind, and the love of his mother appeared to satisfy his heart.

As the years rolled on, Hester allowed a faint hope to dawn within her that this happy state of affairs would last forever. Waxing old in years, Mrs. Anderson died; but not before she had told Hester just how to darn her son's socks, the amount of strength required for his tea, and the peculiarity of his preferences for certain vegetables.

"And be sure, Hester," she added solemnly, "to make his shirt loose about the neck. I've known a tight collar to give him a headache for a day. And now send my son to me, for I am not long to be with him.

Hester went weeping out of the room, her heart bursting with grief and gratitude. What more could the dying woman have done for her than to give her darling into Hester's care to be her sacred charge henceforth and forever?

The tall, whited tombstone over Mrs Anderson's head had been tarnished a little with mildew; the abundant locks of her son were sprinkled with gray; Hester had quite lost even what the French call the beauty of youth, and was a plain old maid on that night when the doctor came home and found his splendid blaze of hickory, his tea and toast, and a new copy of the *Lancet* all nicely cut and ready for him. He took off his greatcoat and his gloves, and sat himself down to enjoy his dainties and his chat with his friend Hester. Who would have thought her capable of a romance? so prim and so smooth was her light brown hair, so stiff and white was her collar, so lacking in speculation her mild gray eyes, so measured and monosyllabic her words!

"The fact is," commenced the doctor, "I'll never recommend that young woman Barrett as a nurse again!"

"No!" said Hester, interrogatively.

"Of course not. You remember the young womon that had the trouble there at the hotel?"

"Had the baby, you mean, don't you?"

"Of course—trouble enough, I should say. Well, she thinks she's caught the small-pox off a child on the cars—and although I don't put any faith in it, her symptoms run that way. Well, the moment the widow hears of it, down she puts the baby on the bed and runs out of the room; met me at the door with her bonnet on; declared she couldn't stay—was too nervous. Pah!"

"What will they do?" said Hester.

"God knows!" replied the doctor. "I don't know any one that will go there under the circumstances. I suppose Mrs. Ketchum and Mary Jane will see to the mother; but the baby needs great care. It'll die, of course."

Hester put down her tea-cup. "Die!" she said; "oh no, surely!"

"Of course it will die!" said the doctor; "nine-tenths of all the babies die. What's to save this poor little weakling?" Then he put the last crust of his toast in his mouth, gulped down his tea and devoured his lemon jelly.

This was his way of enjoying his dainties.

With the heel of his boot he kicked the hickory logs into a flame and took up his London *Lancet*. Then he put it down again with a sigh. A boisterous March wind howled down the chimney and rattled the window-shutters.

"The fact is," said the doctor, getting up and putting on again his greatcoat and gloves, "I must go down to the hotel and see how they are getting on."

"What now?" said the doctor. "I'm perpetually waylaid at the door by bonnetted women!"

"I don't suppose I shall be handy with—a baby," said Hester, quietly; "but if you'll take me to the hotel I'll do my best."

The doctor hesitated. "Suppose there should be danger of some infection?" he said.

"I have no beauty to spoil," she answered; "and you'll take care that I don't die, won't you?"

"Ay, that I will," he replied heartily; "and as to beauty, 'handsome is as handsome does,' Hetty."

This reminded her of his mother, and she declared he must have somebody to take care of him while she was away.

"You must stop at the widow Barrett's," she said. "She'll keep house for you nicely."

"I'll be hanged if she will," said the doctor. "I'll have no sawdust of a woman about me." But to pacify Hester he consented to endure the woman for a while.

They were met at the door of the hotel by the daughter of the landlady. She said she was very glad to see the doctor, as her mother'd been took with the rheumatiz, and couldn't get out o' bed.

"Why, who's with the sick lady, then?" said the doctor.

"Her husband," replied Mary Jane; "and he do take on most awful."

Then they mounted the stairs to the sick room, and entered without ceremony.

"Gracious heavens!" cried a voice from behind the four-poster, "have you brought us a nurse, doctor?"

"She's a good deal better than a nurse," said the doctor; "she's a friend in need:"

Hester looked over at the young man compassionately. He was seated in a wooden chair wedged in between the bedstead and the wall, and the remains of the fallen dandyism about him were pitiable to see. His hair, that had lately been carefully parted in the middle and brushed gracefully back from his forehead, now hung in disheveled locks. Two days' beard rested on his chin, and his unwaxed mustache drooped mournfully. His necktie fell in a loose knot, and his traveling suit, of that delicate French gray, so dear to an artistic eye, was sadly rumpled and soiled. One of his small white hands was tenaciously held by a smaller one from the bed—the weak, feverish hand of his wife—the other held a firm grip of a limp bundle that hung helplessly over his shoulder. Of which bundle he seemed in abject terror. When the bundle moved, the great drops of perspiration stood on the young man's forehead, and his knees trembled beneath the bedstead. But when a sort of gurgle was heard from over his shoulder, he turned absolutely pale.

"It's choking again, doctor," cried the young patient. "What the deuce can be the meaning of that sort of thing? it's had nothing to choke on, not a drop yet of any kind. It's the most singular, the most terrifying thing."

"Let me take the baby," said Hester, who had divested herself of her bonnet and cloak, and had already said a few words of cheer to the poor little mother. Mr. Sherwood looked at her admiringly.

"I'm immensely obliged," he said, handing over the baby and taking a long breath of relief. "It's impossible for me to express my obligations. Waylaid in his pestiferous old rookery by these confounded difficulties, it's a positive charity to do anything for us. I never was in a place before where money failed to procure the common necessities of life."

"We shall get along very nicely now," said Hester.

"It's very kind of you to say so," said Mr. Sherwood "Your face is the first say of sunshine we've had yet. You must allow me to say that I never saw a face I liked so well at first sight."

"Why, Fred!" cried his poor little wife, with a faint attempt at a smile. "But it is a very nice face, and I don't mind if you do praise it. I know you'll be fond of my dear little baby, won't you?" turning to Hester.

"Yes, dear, and of you too!" said Hester, warmly.

"Upon my soul," said Mr. Sherwood, "I think I could trust myself with a razor now. I've been afraid to have so tempting a weapon in my hand. I think I'll try to get shaved. Of course it's useless to speak of a barber?" he added.

The doctor shook his head.

"Of course not," said Fred, resignedly. "I didn't even look for such an evidence of civilization. But I have shaved myself once before, and under these cheering circumstances, I'll try it again."

It did seem as if Hester's presence in the house brought good fortune. The landlady grew better, and the doctor said that he thought that Mrs. Sherwood's fears were unfounded. In the meantime Hester's imaginative nature exalted her new duty to a positive joy. A flood of tender and sweet delights surged through her very being when she felt this little live atom of flesh and blood nestling in her arms, pressing its soft little cheek to hers, looking into her eyes with its vague wondering innocence. She never tired of admiring it, of whispering to it a host of baby words that thronged into her brain. Even when it slept she hung over it breathlessly, wondering with what angels of paradise it was holding converse, and fancying the great dingy room filled with a mysterious radiance.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Fashion.

A correspondent asks us to utter a blast against the fashion of ladies wearing long, trailing dresses in the streets. We might as well whistle jigs to a mile stone, with the expectation of its starting into a dance, as to hope to change a fashion, however absurd, by any force of argument or ridicule, when the utter futility of both has been so often shown. Men have talked of the awful extravagance of fretting and fraying costly silks, by dragging them over sidewalks, crossings and pavements; and the wise and witty Dr. Holmes has insisted that women who parade the streets with elongated skirts, gathering dust, dirt and slush. It is not a comely or cleanly sight to see a dress of any fabric sweeping the streets, grimmed by the dirt, and collecting in its progress various vegetable debris. But it is the fashion.

A little four-year old, in Richmond, very fond of a certain dish, when asked by his mother if he would like to be an angel with wings, and fly about heaven, like his little brother, replied after a pause: "No, ma; I'd a heap rather be a hawk, and live on chicken."

A Nutmeg Plantation.

Nutmeg trees are planted in rows, at intervals of about twenty feet. The leaf is dark green and glossy, resembling that of the laurel, and the fruit, at a little distance, might be taken for a small russet-colored apple. When ripe the thick husk splits in the centre, showing a scarlet network of mace enveloping an inner nut, black as ebony, the kernel of which is the nutmeg of commerce. The clove tree has some resemblance to the nutmeg, but the leaf is smaller and the foliage more loose and spreading. "As we drove through the orchard the warm air of noon was heavy with spice. The rich odor exhaled from the trees penetrated the frame with a sense of languid and voluptuous repose. Perfume became an appetite, and the senses were drugged with an overpowering feeling of luxury. Had I continued to indulge in it, I should ere long have realized the Sybarite's complaint of his crumpled roseleaf."

Frozen Kindness.

The world is full of kindness that never was spoken, and that is not much better than no kindness at all. The fuel in the stove makes the room warm, but there are great piles of fallen trees lying among rocks and on the tops of the hills where nobody can get them; these do not make anybody warm. You might freeze to death for the want of wood in plain sight of all these fallen trees if you had no means of getting the wood home and making a fire with it. Just so in a family; love is what makes the parents and children and brothers and sisters happy; but if they take care never to say a word about it—if they keep it a profound secret, as if it were a crime, they will not be much happier than if there was no love among them; the house will seem cold even in the summer, and if you live there, you envy the dog when anyone calls him "poor fellow."

Imperial Toys.

The youthful members of the Russian imperial family have toys which few other children in the world would dream of. On the ornamental waters of the garden attached to the Winter Palace at St. Petersburg floats a model of the English steam frigate, the Warrior. It is a perfect steamboat in every respect. Within the Palace is a miniature railroad, the operation of which is thus described by an English writer: "The little 'Express' engine steamed away in grand style over the sixty feet of circular rails laid down as a track at the rate of something like ten miles an hour, and the carriages attached were as perfect as could be, the interior of each being replete with cushions trimmed with crimson satin, the outsides bearing the imperial arms; and, taken altogether, we may fairly say that a more charming model train could not possibly be constructed to amuse the young princes of Russia." The official who ordered this princely plaything, in doing so, said to the constructor: "You will afford great pleasure to Her Imperial Majesty by sending, in addition to the complete railway train, a locomotive in pieces. The ready-made steam railway train will serve for the amusement of the little princes, but it is also necessary to have, for instruction, another locomotive sent here. This last must be prepared in separate pieces, so that those pieces can be put together and the whole of the machinery fitted here in St. Petersburg by our young princes." It is a satisfaction to know that such expensive toys have in reality a practical use.

When is a young lady like a whale? When she's pouting.

A Dutch Congressman remarked: "Ven I vas elected I thought I vould find dem all Solomons down here; but I found dere vas some pick fools here as mineself."

From the opening of the New Hampshire State prison, about sixty years years ago, there has not been among the inmates one clergyman, lawyer, physician, printer or editor, nor deacon, steward, church-warden, class leader, nor son of a clergyman.

A Cuba letter says the sugar crop this year will fall short about twenty-five per cent. It attributes the falling off to a lack of rain, which it says is a very exceptional circumstances. If the real truth were sought for it would probably be found that the decline in the crop was caused largely by the devastating affects of her civil war.

The mineral resources of Virginia and West Virginia are now evidently in a fair way of development. There are seventeen coal mines open or nearly ready for working in these States, while seven iron mines are in operation or about to be. Twelve iron furnaces also have been built or projected within the last two months, which will probably produce 120,000 tons of pig-iron annually and consume 100,000 tons of coal. This rapid progress indicates that the Virginians will ere long be great iron producing States, and enjoy all the consequent prosperity.