

## THE YORK HERALD

### Every Friday Morning,

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

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

## 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.

## AUCTIONEERS.

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, Oils, Toilet Soaps, Medicines, Varieties, Fancy Articles, &c., &c., &c. Also, all the 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, 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	2d
Richmond Hill	24th	"
Mt. Albert	15th	"
Thornhill	23rd	"
Maple	26th	"
Burwick	28th	"
Kleinburg	29th	"
Nobleton	30th	"

Nitrous Oxide Gas always on hand at Aurora.  
Aurora, April 28, 1870 615-1f

W. H. & R. PUGSLEY,  
(SUCCESSORS TO W. W. COX.)  
DUTCHERS, 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, '72 745-1y

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 remunerating prices.  
Toronto, Dec. 3, 1867.

PETER S. GIBSON,  
PROVINCIAL LAND SURVEYOR,  
Civil-Engineer and Draftsman.

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 measurements, &c., previous to commencing work.

Office at WILLOWDALE, Yonge Street, in the Township of York.  
Jan'y 8, 1873. 755

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

## PATENT MEDICINES.

MUSTARD'S CATARRH SPECIFIC Cures Acute and Chronic cases of Catarrh, Neuralgia, Headache, Colic, 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 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.

ENO'S Fruit Syrup is Infallible for 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, Igersoll.

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 Young 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

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

ADAM H. MEYERS, JR.,  
(Late of Duggan & Meyers.)  
BARRISTER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY, CONVEYANCER, &c., &c., &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, 1859. 594

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. 700-1y

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 child wishes to know why the dolls are all girls.

Who will get in his crops if he leaves his farm to head the Grangers.

A Chicago clergyman preached a sermon in a billiard saloon last Sunday. He made nineteen points.

A Portland editor speaks of an alderman of that city as "the wooden-headed fool from the Fourth Ward."

The majority of the hands on Texas ranches are Mexicans, who are good and steady workers. A Mexican will not allow his wife or daughter to work.

The Liverpool (England) Daily Post has now a special wire for the exclusive transmission of its news from London, the centre of intelligence.

Eli Love, of Wayne County, Ohio, climbed a tree to shake out a coon. The hogs heard something drop and went for it, but it was not the coon. It was Eli.

"May heaven cherish and keep you from yours truly, &c." was the somewhat ambiguous closing of a love letter recently received by a certain young lady not a thousand miles away from Syracuse.

Some young men in Green Bay presented a preacher with a horse and received his heartfelt thanks. Two days after the presentation the horse was taken away by the farmer from whom it had been stolen.

A gentleman going up Sixth avenue New York, met a laborer, to whom he said: "Will you tell me if I am half way to Central Park?" "Faith, an' I will," was the reply, "if you tell me where you started from."

On the occasion of the reception of the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh at Windsor Castle the poet laureate, Tennyson, published a bridal hymn. Of course it must have contained a nice bit of sentiment.

We like the style of the maiden referred to in the following clipping: I clasped her tiny hand in mine; I vowed to shield her from the world's cold storm. She set her beautiful eyes upon me, and with her little lips she said, "An umbrella will do us well."

Dr. Douglas, who assaulted a little girl at Troy, Ala., was taken from jail in that place on Tuesday night by a party of men, carried to the woods, severely whipped, and his body mutilated. He was then turned loose. He is an Englishman by birth, a doctor, and also a singing school-teacher. He is forty-five years of age.

## A WIDOW INDEED.

I am not going to deny at any time of life, and in this age of the world, that women are changeable. It has come to be one of the fixed facts that no one wastes argument upon; nearly all women acknowledge it at once, as I do; but what we do contend for, with one voice, is, that we never change without good reasons.

When my friend Isabel Deane suddenly sank from a pinnacle of proud and happy wifehood into a desolate and heart-broken widow, it was a change quite proper, and to be expected, that she should turn her face to the wall and refuse to be comforted for many days. John Deane had been her lover, as well as her husband, as long as he lived, and all the world quoted them as a model of married happiness. His death was so sudden, and all the more overwhelming, to the wife who had lain so severely on his strength that she had never need to put out her own.

I am an old maid myself, but I can dimly imagine what it might be to lean one's heart and soul on a good man for many years, till one's bones were all bent that way, and then how long it might take, when the support was snatched away, to grope tamely about the world till one could learn to stand upright again. I offered Isabel no consolation, because I knew of none; I just sat down with her and her children day after day. When she gave long wistful looks at the portrait of her husband which hung always before her, I made her look at the baby's smile; but when I saw her needle go hard through her work for falling tears, I could only let the baby go and cry with her.

As week dragged after week, Isabel began to take up the stitches she had dropped in mother-love, and the real strength that was in her, hitherto dormant, sprang up full-armed for her children. She had been wounded well nigh unto death, but half a dozen soft little hands did much to soothe and stroke away the pain.

"Isabel will come round at last. She must have some idol, and since the big one is broken, she will set up three little ones in its place, and the worship will go on in her temple all the same," I said to a friend whom I was visiting for a week, when Mr. Deane had been dead for about three months. I had liked John Deane very well myself. If Isabel must marry at all, which seemed strangely necessary to her happiness, as it does to many other women, I rather preferred him to any one else to her husband. He was wholly devoted to her, which was no more than she deserved, and for a man he was very little in the way. Nevertheless, I returned to her with a certain inward comfort in the thought that she would be more than ever my friend, when she had fairly settled into the new groove that widowhood would make for her.

To my blank surprise and consternation I found her urging forward all possible preparations to go abroad with her children for an indefinite time.

Her eyes were hard and cold as if she had no more tears left, and the corners of her mouth were sharply drawn as if one of the fixed habit of enduring pain without mentioning it. Her manner had a brisk abruptness that I had never noticed before. The household habits, which had become a little demoralized by the presence of sorrow, had suddenly straightened into the utmost order. The servants eyed me curiously to see if I would notice the change, and made many futile attempts to talk about it. I could not have been more bewildered if a soft, pink baby had suddenly hardened under my hand into one of those grin old statues that keep guard over Egyptian tombs. She did not seem to manage it, but I could never see her alone, and she carefully ignored my hints at the change in her.

Her beauty had always been warmed and lightened by happiness; she needed sweet excitement to keep a flush in her naturally pale cheek and dewy brightness in her large gray eyes. When the sun is saying good night to the snow peaks of the Jungfrau, she colors like a blush rose; but when the sun is gone she turns pale and gray, and is nothing but a cold rock after all. This was precisely the change in Isabel Deane. Her face was like a transparent picture, softly glowing when the light of happiness was behind it, but without that light it was no picture at all.

She had let her house on a long lease, and all her affairs were as carefully settled as if she were going out of the world.

"You behave as if you had received sentence of everlasting exile," I said to her on her last day, when she could no longer escape me.

"I hope it may be so," she replied, looking straight at the wall; "I have suffered so much here that, but for the children's interest, I should be glad to see this house burnt to the ground."

I looked at the wall, too, and perceived that Mr. Deane's portrait had been removed.

"You will take it with you, of course," I said, by way of making talk.

"Oh, no; it would be a troublesome package. I have sent it to Mr. Deane's sister; she always admired and wanted it."

Had grief turned the woman to stone? I took her chin in my hands and made her look at me, while I treated her with tears to tell me what blight had fallen on her.

"Don't you remember the day when John sent home that portrait to surprise you on your birthday, and you went on your knees to it with delight, as if it had been an altar? You were distracted with joy that day."

"Since then I have known what it was to be distracted in other ways, and only for the children's sake I would have died and made no sign. You see a change in me, but I feel it; and I assure you I do not find any more comfort in it than you do, but it cannot be helped."

"That is nonsense. It can be helped if you will look at it in the right way."

"I have looked at it in all ways, and there is no right way but to take up my cross and bear it to the end. I can bear it better if I am away from all that can remind me of the old days. I shall not come home till I have outgrown even the memory of them."

"That memory was your dearest treasure when I left for that short week, Isabel."

"Yes, but you forget that the world was made in a week. It is long enough for moths to corrupt or thieves to break through and steal our dearest treasure. Do not speak lightly of a week," she said, with a wistful smile that had better been a sob.

"Isabel, you break my heart," I cried out.

"Do it! Then you will be in the fashion. Women's hearts were made to be broken. The crack comes late to some and early to others. I had a long probation, but it came at last all the same."

She went away across the sea next day with all her flock, but the drops of her bitterness staid with me. I had believed in her, and been disappointed; it is not an uncommon experience between lovers, and I am assured that the accusation is very uncomfortable. I certainly found it so in my own case. There must have been leaves on leaves folded away in her character, that I had never found or suspected, to account for the savage change in a woman who had been "all womanly."

It injured my digestion and disturbed my sleep; for it forced me to take to pieces all my pet theories about women and make them over again.

Her infrequent letters told nothing of her real life; they were full of glittering generalities about pictures and cathedrals, and now and then a bitter jest on the holiness of life.

Married happiness seemed to provoke her to special wrath. The trail of the serpent was over all her thoughts. When I pressed her about her own health she wrote, "I am always well enough to bear my own burdens such as they are. Nothing can kill a woman you know."

But one or two travelers who saw her at Heidelberg (where she had fixed herself to be near her brothers, who were in the university) brought word that she was white and wan, and only the shadow of her former self.

"I have been bored to death, lately," she wrote once, "with the devotion of cousin George and his new wife. They may be called vagabonds, having no visible means of support; but love is to be food and drink and lodging, to say nothing of clothes. The deluded woman thinks she has power to keep him always at her feet, and it would not surprise me at all if he were already, in his heart, a little weary of her. Women are so easily deceived that I wonder men have taken so much pleasure in doing it through all ages. I begin to favor the French custom of selecting wives and husbands for one's children, instead of leaving them to their own devices, in the most important matter of their lives. The only objection lies in one of old Fuller's nutshells: 'Tis to be feared that they who marry where they do not love, will love where they do not marry; but people will do that any way, and after all love is only the right side of grief."

When George Deane and his "deluded wife" came home I charged them on their honor, to give a true and unvarnished account of Mrs. Deane's condition of body and mind. They had been so wrapt up in one another that they had not seen much change in her as to manner, but they had somehow got it into their foolish heads that she had not lived happily with her husband, as she would never talk of him even to her children. I speedily disabused their minds of that notion, for, as I have said before, Isabel and her husband had never ceased to live in their honeymoon till his death.

Isabel had been abroad five years when she sent me a golden curl of her daughter's hair, braided with iron-gray, which she insisted was her own. I sat twisting it about my finger with my heart full of rebellion against the evil fate that had taken her clean out of my sphere, when I had counted on a double share of her society for the rest of my life.

"This is the conclusion of the whole matter," I said to myself for want of anybody else to say it to. "Blessed be those who expect nothing, for they will not be disappointed."

And on that instant the postman, darting up the steps in the rain, held up a letter to my window. It was a very thin letter and held only these words: Miss Dennison: If you will come around to the Russel Street Infirmary as soon as possible after receiving this note, you may do some good, and greatly oblige, yours truly,

MARIA STONE,  
Matron of Infirmary.

Doing good in hospitals had never been my forte, and I was morally certain that I had never laid eyes on a woman of the name of Maria Stone.

Besides all this, it rained as if it were the first day of another deluge, and most likely the letter was meant for another Miss Dennison; Dennison being a common name, and the prefix Miss commoner still, and growing more so.

I am ashamed to say that I hesitated some minutes with my rubber shoes in my hand; but curiosity, rather than benevolence, finally carried the day, and I went forth on a long, wet walk to Russel street.

"Are you Miss Dennison?" said a woman, who seemed to be waiting to let me into the infirmary.

"Yes."

"Miss Eleanor Dennison?"

"Yes."

"Then you are the lady wanted."

It was comfort in my soaked condition to hear even that, though I put no faith in it.

I was led through a room containing seven or eight beds, all occupied by convalescent patients, into a small one, so dark that I could not distinguish anything for a moment.

"Is she here?" I heard a woman's voice ask faintly, and guided by the sound, I saw a woman lying on a narrow bed, propped up with pillows.

"I am Miss Dennison," I said, "but I am very wet, and may give you a chill."

"It don't matter," she returned, after waiting for a prolonged coughing fit to pass. "Nothing can hurt me, and I must say quickly what I have to say."

Even then I felt a certain impatience that I had been dragged out on such a day, to hear the dying confession of a stranger, who probably intended it for some other person.

How often, but for our hard working guardian angels, we should pass by with a snuff, and miss forever the most blessed opportunities of their lives!

I sat down by the woman's bed, and she grasped the cape of my "water-proof" as if to be certain that I should not escape her. She was much emaciated (her cheek bones stood out like rocks at low water), and having been a very dark brunette in her best days, her coal-black hair and extreme sallowness, made a ghastly contrast with the white pillows at her back.

"Are we alone?" she asked, when the matron went out and closed the door, without noticing my silent entreaty for her to remain.

I glanced over the room and perceived another bed, in which the outline of a human figure was visible under the coverlet.

"Not quite; there seems to be some one asleep in the other bed."

"Yes, she's asleep fast enough, and she won't trouble us with her dreams; it's the only kind of sleep worth having. She died while the matron was down stairs."

"For mercy's sake, let me go and tell her," I said, horrified at her careless manner.

"It is for mercy's sake to the living that I have sent for you. Never mind the dead."

The woman was not in the least wild in her manner, and paused only to cough at intervals.

"I am Madeleine Dejoux, a seamstress who worked three months once for Mrs. John Deane, making up the wardrobe for one of her babies. I think it was the second boy. I used to see you, Miss Dennison, every day, and you have changed very little. But I was handsome then, with a brilliant Spanish sort of beauty; you would not suppose it to see me now!"

"I have given no thought to the matter at all," I said, a little sharply, recognizing her at last as one whom I had formerly disliked, and suspecting she was about to confess the theft of Isabel's gold thimble, or something of the sort.

"I suppose not, but you must give me both thought and understanding to the rest of what I have to say. Mr. Deane and his wife, as possibly you have noticed, were the most perfectly happy married people that I ever saw. Being so long under their roof, I had every opportunity to observe it. I always sewed in a little room adjoining their bedchamber, which Mrs. Deane used as a nursery; indeed, she usually sat there with the only child she had then."

"She treated me kindly, after a fashion; but somehow she seemed to make no difference between me and the servants. I was just a person who served her purpose, and she wanted no more to do with me. I had been taught that my good looks were to be my fortune, and she never noticed them at all."

"She was a plain looking woman, at times when she had no color; but if she had been a full-fledged angel, Mr. Deane could not have been more convinced of her beauty. He fairly worshipped the ground she walked on, and when I could hear their billing and cooing over their boy, I would grind my teeth with sheer envy of her happiness."

"I tried in every way to attract Mr. Deane's attention, even to lacing his wife's boots after she found it difficult to stoop; but he had eyes only for her foot, and never saw the scarlet flower in my hair. I held his boy till my arms ached, and tried to magnetize him with my touch; but I might as well

have been so much empty air; for him there was but one woman in the world.

"It is not a safe occupation for a young girl to try such experiments. I had not been in the house two months before I loved him with all my heart, and he scarcely knew me by sight. He had a habit of reading aloud to his wife for an hour or two every day, and one book, in which they were much interested, was James Greenwood's 'Seven Curses of London.' Mrs. Deane pretended great sympathy with the poor wretches that it described, and talked very lovingly of the fallen ones of her own sex, of course Mr. Deane loved her for it more than ever, if that were possible."

"They gave it up, however, after reading a few chapters, because she said in her mawkish way that it was too painful to be true. I hope she has found out by this time that because things are painful they are all the more likely to be true. I got the book out of the library again as soon as they returned it, and finished it by myself. If you have read it (and if you have not, I recommend it to you and all other straggled-up women, who have seen nothing but the white side of this sepulchre of a world)—I say, if you have read it, you cannot fail to remember a certain chapter which, after describing many forms of villainy in the way of anonymous letters, goes on to detail a very ingenious method of getting money out of widows and orphans, called the 'dead-lark.'"

"After a man dies somebody writes a very familiar letter purporting to come from his mistress, or an accomplice in some piece of wickedness, asking for money according to promise, as if they had not heard of his death. The odds are that the poor woman, hoping to preserve her husband's name from the stain and disgrace of an investigation, will send the money. Women are so credulous that they will believe one story as soon as another. I admired the talent and acuteness of such a trick; it was to me the cream of the book, and I did not think it was too painful to be true."

"About a month afterwards Mrs. Deane happened to hear me use a vulgar word before her little boy, who repeated it at once. It was just a slip of the tongue, not worth noticing; but she could not make fess enough about it, and sent me away directly. She was too self-righteous to give me any recommendation to her friends, and I had to go into a strange place, with very little money and no certificate of character. But never mind that now; she has had her reward!"

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"Not quite; there seems to be some one asleep in the other bed."

"Yes, she's asleep fast enough, and she won't trouble us with her dreams; it's the only kind of sleep worth having. She died while the matron was down stairs."

"For mercy's sake, let me go and tell her," I said, horrified at her careless manner.

"It is for mercy's sake to the living that I have sent for you. Never mind the dead."

The woman was not in the least wild in her manner, and paused only to cough at intervals.

"I am Madeleine Dejoux, a seamstress who worked three months once for Mrs. John Deane, making up the wardrobe for one of her babies. I think it was the second boy. I used to see you, Miss Dennison, every day, and you have changed very little. But I was handsome then, with a brilliant Spanish sort of beauty; you would not suppose it to see me now!"

"I have given no thought to the matter at all," I said, a little sharply, recognizing her at last as one whom I had formerly disliked, and suspecting she was about to confess the theft of Isabel's gold thimble, or something of the sort.

"I suppose not, but you must give me both thought and understanding to the rest of what I have to say. Mr. Deane and his wife, as possibly you have noticed, were the most perfectly happy married people that I ever saw. Being so long under their roof, I had every opportunity to observe it. I always sewed in a little room adjoining their bedchamber, which Mrs. Deane used as a nursery; indeed, she usually sat there with the only child she had then."

"She treated me kindly, after a fashion; but somehow she seemed to make no difference between me and the servants. I was just a person who served her purpose, and she wanted no more to do with me. I had been taught that my good looks were to be my fortune, and she never noticed them at all."

"She was a plain looking woman, at times when she had no color; but if she had been a full-fledged angel, Mr. Deane could not have been more convinced of her beauty. He fairly worshipped the ground she walked on, and when I could hear their billing and cooing over their boy, I would grind my teeth with sheer envy of her happiness."

"I tried in every way to attract Mr. Deane's attention, even to lacing his wife's boots after she found it difficult to stoop; but he had eyes only for her foot, and never saw the scarlet flower in my hair. I held his boy till my arms ached, and tried to magnetize him with my touch; but I might as well

have been so much empty air; for him there was but one woman in the world.

"It is not a safe occupation for a young girl to try such experiments. I had not been in the house two months before I loved him with all my heart, and he scarcely knew me by sight. He had a habit of reading aloud to his wife for an hour or two every day, and one book, in which they were much interested, was James Greenwood's 'Seven Curses of London.' Mrs. Deane pretended great sympathy with the poor wretches that it described, and talked very lovingly of the fallen ones of her own sex, of course Mr. Deane loved her for it more than ever, if that were possible."

"They gave it up, however, after reading a few chapters, because she said in her mawkish way that it was too painful to be true. I hope she has found out by this time that because things are painful they are all the more likely to be true. I got the book out of the library again as soon as they returned it, and finished it by myself. If you have read it (and if you have not, I recommend it to you and all other straggled-up women, who have seen nothing but the white side of this sepulchre of a world)—I say, if you have read it, you cannot fail to remember a certain chapter which, after describing many forms of villainy in the way of anonymous letters, goes on to detail a very ingenious method of getting money out of widows and orphans, called the 'dead-lark.'"

"After a man dies somebody writes a very familiar letter purporting to come from his mistress, or an accomplice in some piece of wickedness, asking for money according to promise, as if they had not heard of his death. The odds are that the poor woman, hoping to preserve her husband's name from the stain and disgrace of an investigation, will send the money. Women are so credulous that they will believe one story as soon as another. I admired the talent and acuteness of such a trick; it was to me the cream of the book, and I did not think it was too painful to be true