

## THE YORK HERALD

### Every Friday Morning.

And dispatched to subscribers by the earliest mails or other conveyances, when so desired.  
THE YORK HERALD will always be found to contain the latest and most important Foreign and Local News and Markets, and the greatest care will be taken to render it acceptable to the man of business, and a valuable Family Newspaper.  
TERMS: One Dollar per annum in advance, if not paid within two months, One Dollar and Fifty Cents will be charged.  
No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid; and parties refusing papers without paying up will be held accountable for the subscription.  
All letters addressed to the editors must be post-paid.

ADVERTISING RATES.  
PER ANNUM  
One inch, one year, ..... \$4 00  
Two inches, one year, ..... 5 00  
Three inches, one year, ..... 6 00  
Advertisements for a shorter period than one year, insertion, ..... 0 50  
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Orders for any of the undermentioned description of Plain & Colored Job Work will be promptly attended to:

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## 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, 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 quality.  
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 Licences.

## DENTISTRY.

A. ROBIESON, 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. Robieson 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, 9th and 24th .....  
Mt. Albert, ..... 15th  
Thornhill, ..... 22d  
Maple, ..... 26th  
Barwick, ..... 28th  
Kleinburg, ..... 29th  
Nobleton, ..... 30th  
Nitrous Oxide Gas always on hand at Aurora.  
Aurora, April 28, 1870 615-14

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. 745-15

FARMERS' BOOT AND SHOE STORE  
JOHN BARRON, manufacturer and dealer in all kinds of boots and shoes, 36 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 Draughtsman.  
Orders by letter should state the Concession, Lot and character of Survey, the subscribers 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. 756

J. SEGSWORTH,  
DEALER IN FINE GOLD AND SILVER Watches, Jewelry, &c., 113 Yonge Street, Toronto.  
September 1, 1871. 654

## PATENT MEDICINE.

### PROCLAMATION.

MUSTARD'S Catarrh Specific Cures Acute and Chronic cases of Catarrh, Neuralgia, Headache, Cough, Croup, Asthma, Bronchitis, &c. It is also a good Sore-throat Syrup.  
MUSTARD'S Pills are the best pills you can get for Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, Biliousness, Liver, Kidney Complaints, &c. H AVE you Rheumatism, Wounds, Bruises, Old Sores, Gums, 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.  
The Pain Victor is Infalible for Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Flux, Cholera, 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 generally 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. 707

### S. JAMES,

(LATE JAMES & FOWLER.)  
ARCHITECT, CIVIL ENGINEER, AND Surveyor, Trust and Loan Buildings, corner of Adelaide and Toronto streets, Toronto. 719-11

### 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. 756-15

### WM. MALLOY,

BARRISTER, Attorney, Solicitor-in-Chancery, Conveyancer, &c., &c.  
OFFICE—No. 6 Royal Insurance Buildings, Toronto street.  
Toronto, Dec. 2, 1859. 694

### D. C. O'BRIEN,

ACCOUNTANT, Book-keeper, Conveyancer, &c., &c.  
OFFICE—Richmond street, Richmond Hill.  
700-15

### F. WHITLOCK,

(HIMNEY SWEEP, AND DEALER IN Old iron, rags, &c., &c., Richmond Hill. All orders promptly attended to.  
November 12, 1872. 747-14

### Don't Spoil a Sneeze.

The Springfield (Mass.) Republican says: "One may be pardoned for sneezing under any circumstances, in view of the experience of a woman from this city in Westfield, recently. Being in company, and attempting to suppress a sneeze, she felt a queer sensation in the left side of her face, which soon began swelling and drawing out of shape. A physician was called, but by the time he arrived her mouth and the left side of her face had become drawn up, disfiguring her so that her most intimate friends could scarcely recognize her features, while she found it impossible to close her left eye. The physicians say it is a kind of paralysis, caused by the great effort she made in suppressing the sneeze, and give but faint hopes that her features will ever resume their natural appearance. She is now in this city seeking medical advice."

Iowa jurists hold that in case a marriage engagement is broken the parties must return all presents or their worth in money.  
A young lady in Vermont is six feet seven inches high, and she isn't stuck up either.  
A change of fortune hurts a wise man no more than a change of the moon.  
"He has left a void that cannot be easily filled," as the bank director touchingly remarked of the absconding cashier.  
Michigan ought to be happy. A resolution has been offered in the Senate that, in view of the large balance in the State, treasury no tax be levied for 1874.  
A fashion writer announces that coffin will be more profusely decorated than ever this season.  
A Texan farmer charges his fence rails with powder, and dances for joy when bad men steal them for fuel.  
Why was the whale that swallowed Jonah like a retired milkman? Because he got a profit (prophet) out of the water.  
An elderly gentleman being greatly smitten with a young lady in church, passed her an open prayer book with the passage marked at the marriage service, "Will thou take this man to be thy wedded husband?" The girl quickly returned the book with this sentence strongly underlined, "No woman may marry her grandfather."

## AFTER THE STORM.

### PROCLAMATION.

Good morning, sweet sunlight,  
A world full of gladness  
Rejoices to see thee in heaven once more!  
For many long days have  
The gray mists of cloudland  
Shut out thy bright smile from this far  
Inland shore.  
The birds, and the fields, and  
The murmuring brooklets,  
Are shorn of their beauty when thou art  
away.  
And the children of earth  
Are cheerless and gloomy  
When dark clouds obscure thee, thou bright  
king of day.  
I had I think as glad gaze on  
Thy fair light and glad smile,  
When thy changing scenes and its storms  
are all over,  
There's land where the mists  
And storm-clouds never enter—  
A land where the sunlight shall beam ever-  
more.

## GENTLE WOMAN ROUSED.

### A Story of the Temperance Movement in the West.

BY REV. E. P. ROE,  
Author of "What Can She Do?"  
"Barriers Burned Away," &c.

"I think such action is unlady-like, unwomanly, and altogether wrong," said Mrs. Elliott warmly. "The idea of women marching in bands through the streets, followed by a rabble of ruffians and boys—the idea of refined ladies forcing their way into some filthy bar-room, full of obscene, guzzling, ill-omened looking loafers, and kneeling on the tobacco-stained floor in audible prayer. These temperance movements always tend to fanaticism, but this is a little worse than anything I have heard of yet. Must women unsex herself and brave the most disgusting phase of publicity? Must the perils of religious feeling, even in the most sacred form of prayer, be cast before the wind that infest these low dens?"

The speaker was a young and very pretty lady, who had lived in our town about a year. Indeed, she had not been married much longer than that, having come to us as a bride. She was a fine type of the New England girl, quite brilliant and well educated, a little opinionated, but intense in her disgust at the pronounced phase of "woman's rights." "Home is a woman's highest sphere," she was wont to say, "and there she can be the power behind and above the throne." As we came to know her well, we found that she possessed a warm heart and Christian principle, though not very obtrusive in manifesting either. Something of the boldness and repression of New England society tinged her manner, and made her seem a little formal at first in contrast with our free, hearty Western style. Like too many of her sisters, instead of gaining hardness from the bleak hills and chill winds of her early home, she appeared a frail blossom that would ever need the shelter of the tenderest love and care.

Her husband was a Western man, one who had grown up in our young city. He was well connected, of recognized ability as a lawyer, and with a future before him of the fairest promise. It had occasionally been whispered that he drank rather freely, but no one had ever seen him the worse of it. His lovely young wife seemed to possess boundless influence over him, and for the greater part of his first year of married life he had been very domestic. But of late he spent his evenings out more frequently, excusing his absence by saying that there were parties that could be seen in the way of business better at night than during the day.

I had my fears, but the wife suspected nothing.  
The other two of us were sitting socially in our work in her pretty parlor one afternoon, when some remark on the strange temperance movement that had lately been developed led to Mrs. Elliott's decided expression of opinion with which I have commenced this brief record of an experience so different from my usual quiet life.  
I will merely say to the reader that I am a middle-aged widow lady, quite alone in the world. My home is next door to that of Mrs. Elliott's, and from some secret affinity we had become very intimate. Years before my natural heart treasures had slipped from me, and I, in my loneliness, found it very easy to love my young neighbor as a daughter. Through a side entrance we ran in and out of each other's homes with perfect freedom, and often sat with our work together.  
This afternoon Mrs. Judge Ashman, another intimate friend, was also with us. Her only immediate response to Mrs. Elliott's words was a deep sigh. At last she said:  
"The evil grows so desperate I can scarcely wonder at an effort to counteract it, though I must say with you that I can scarcely understand this one. I do not see how a lady can go to such places as you describe, I suppose, only too truly. But the trouble is, the worst mischief is not done at

these 'dens.' Many of our drinking saloons are elegant in all their appointments, and are frequented by gentlemen."  
"No matter," answered Mrs. Elliott, almost hotly; "womanly delicacy forbids that she should go to such a place. They are frequented by rouses and gamblers also, who differ from the ragged loafers only in being better dressed. In each case she is liable to insult, and to see and hear things which, to a pure, refined woman, are worse than blows. I'd rather meet the coarse brutality of the 'dens' than the contemptuous leers and mocking smiles of the gilded saloons."

"What you say, my dear, seems perfectly true, and I have always felt so myself. But, oh! what can we do? It's dreadful to sit still with folded hands and see the havoc these places are making."  
"I agree with you it is a very great evil, perhaps the greatest in our age, but it is man's work to cope with it publicly. Women can help by making home so attractive that husbands, fathers, and brothers will find nothing that can tempt them abroad. Thank God, I have never had much personal experience in this matter. My husband takes a glass of wine when he feels like it, and so did my father. There's no more harm in that than in the use of tea and coffee."

"No," said Mrs. Ashman with another deep sigh, "I suppose not, if it would only end there."  
Again Mrs. Elliott looked at her a little curiously, and changed the subject. The early shadows of the coming winter evening soon after warned Mrs. Ashman that she must be on her way homeward. At Mrs. Elliott's request I remained to tea.

Her husband came in at the usual hour. I do not wonder she half idolized the handsome dark-eyed man, with his free and easy Western bearing refined by Eastern culture (for he had completed his studies in the East). He certainly petted her to the content. But to-night he was a little more distant and reserved than usual.  
"Must you go out again this evening, Vinton?" asked his wife pleadingly.  
"Indeed I must, Nellie. It's court week, you know. There are many lawyers in town, and I have much on hand."

I heard her kiss him affectionately at the door as he departed, and thought it must be a stress of business, indeed, that would take a man from such a wife; but surely that kiss would be protection against every evil spell.  
I sat with her till ten o'clock. We only spoke at intervals, for we had attained that true companionship that does not require constant talking. I saw a dreamy, far-away look come into the young wife's eyes. She was building bright castles in the future, when her prospects of maternity would be realized, and her home be complete.

I did not offer to stay later than ten, for by so doing I might betray somewhat of the anxiety and boding of ill that oppressed me. I do not often have such feelings, but am always in terror when I do, for trouble has soon followed. My sitting room was opposite her parlor, where I knew she would watch and wait. After lighting the gas I did not draw the curtains, but sat down with my knitting where she could see me, and so practically watched and waited with her.

When from a city steeple eleven was tolled out, my neighbor grew restless. When with solemn, measured stroke midnight was announced, I heard her side door open and her quick steps on the gravel. I met her at the door.  
"Dear Mrs. M—," she exclaimed breathlessly, "how good of you to be up! I half believe you have been watching with me. Vinton has not come home yet. What does it mean? He never stayed out so late before."

She was shivering as with cold, but it was the chill of fear. I put my arms around her and said:  
"Let us hope for the best my dear. If you wish, I will come and stay with you."  
"Please, do," she half sobbed, and then hastened back, as if unwilling to be absent from her post a moment. I was soon at her side, and with her hand which trembled and fluttered like a frightened bird in mine, we sat silently through another long hour.

Like a knell, one sounded from the steeple. Her hand closed convulsively upon mine, and with an ashen face she turned and gasped.  
"Oh, if anything should happen—if I shouldn't see him again!"  
"Don't fear that," I said hastily. "I'm sure you need not. If he had been injured or sick, you would have been sent for long before this."  
"What, then, can keep him?" she asked with a wild, questioning look.

"Well," I answered evasively, looking away from her, "when lawyers get together they have a good deal to say, and time passes more quickly than they think. They may have had a little supper or something of the kind."  
She shook her head decisively.  
"Nothing of that kind would keep Vinton from me, especially now," she said with emphasis.  
Another hour passed, and she sprang up with such a frightened, hunted look as I hope never to see in her sweet blue eyes again.  
"Come," she said hoarsely, "we must find him. I shall go mad if I wait here in uncertainty."  
"But where shall we go?" I asked in dismay.  
"Anywhere!" she cried desperately. "Action must take the place of this awful suspense."  
"I saw that she would go, and prepared to follow; but before we could assume some hasty wraps, the door-bell rang. She flew to open it.

Her husband stumbled in, and would have fallen had she not caught him. It was a pitiable sight to see her frail and trembling form, as if she were a lamp-post. As the light streamed through the door, I caught a glimpse of the glitter of a policeman's star, and then heard his gruff voice:  
"Glad you're up, madam. He needs looking after sure enough. If it hadn't been for me, he might have met a foul death, for I found him in the gutter this raw night."  
True enough, he was reeking with the filth of the street, and besmeared the delicate fabric of his wife's dress as he clung to her; but that wife would soon be in agony over deeper, more loathsome stains.

"It's a d—n lie!" hiccupped her husband, in tones so different from his usual clear, manly voice. "I was in a feather bed."  
"O God! what's the matter with him?" gasped the wife.  
"Well, ma'am, you are innocent," said the policeman, in a not unkindly tone. "I'm sorry for you; but do you really mean to say that you don't know he's drunk? I'll stay a bit and help you with him if you wish."  
At the word "drunk" she started, and with a suddenness that surprised herself, she took care of him. Stay; let me thank you for bringing him home, but in the name of mercy don't tell any one what you have seen."  
The man made no promise as he departed, and I shut the door.

"Mrs. M—, I am even sorry you are here. I would hide this from all the world. Would that I could hide it from heaven. But I know I can trust you. What shall I do with him?"  
This horrid, unexpected scene at the door had found us both too bewildered to act, and for a moment longer we looked helplessly at each other.  
Then her husband muttered, "What is the use of standing here?" and he staggered into the parlor.

Near the door stood a dainty little table with Mrs. Elliott's bridal wreath and bouquet upon it, encased in a glass cover. He stumbled against this and fell with it crashing to the floor. The warmth of the room with the excess of liquor that he had drunk now produced nausea, and, sickening to behold, the flowers that had crowned his bride's brow were now fouled literally, even as his action had stained her fair, pure name.

It was awful—it was horrible, even to see that proud, refined gentleman groveling helplessly, like a vile beast in his own filth, in that sweet little parlor, that dainty casket of his priceless jewel. But what must it have been to his wife?  
She did not faint, as I feared, or become hysterical, but the anguish of her look would melt a flinty heart. With clasped hands she stood above her husband till he became somewhat quiet, as a pitying angel might. Oh, the contrast she made to him! Oh, the mighty triumph of love, that she did not turn away in disgust!  
As soon as she could, she took his head in her lap, and said in a low, firm voice:  
"Vinton, how did it happen? Tell me all."  
"Nothing much happened," he hiccupped. "Met some friends at Harry Hill's—took little too much—that's all."  
"Harry Hill's, Harry Hill's," she muttered, as if some new light was dawning upon her.

I have dwelt too long upon these painful scenes, but they seem burnt in upon my memory, and my mind will revert to them, even though to think of them is torture. He was not violent, though somewhat obstinate and profane. At last she got him to bed, and he fell into a heavy stupor. As she returned to me in the dining-room, where there was a fire, I said:  
"I will not leave you to-night."  
She thanked me by a silent pressure of my hand, and we sat down to watch together as before, but with the awful certainty of evil instead of its expectation. In the depths of my soul I trembled for her. She might

stand one or two such shocks, but the moment she lost faith in her husband's will or power to refrain from the cause of his present condition, she would die. Her hold upon life was too fragile as it was.

She stepped to her husband's side from time to time, and then came and sat down. Her brows were contracted, as if in deep thought or the formation of a purpose. Her eyes had a fixed solemn look that contrasted strangely with her fair young face. At last she asked suddenly:  
"Where is this Harry Hill's?"  
I told her.

Morning came, after a seeming age. We had cleansed and righted the parlor as well as we could. The cook got breakfast as usual, and was told that her master was sick. I tried to anticipate Mrs. Elliott in obtaining the morning paper from the newsboy, but she was too quick for me. With dilating eyes she scanned the columns, then, with a cry of anguish, dropped the paper.  
"It's all here," she groaned, and she writhed and wrung her hands as if in intense bodily anguish.

It was, true enough, and with an editorial paragraph of comment upon it. A reporter of the paper was in the habit of foisting some of the night guardians of the city for any item of interest that came to their knowledge. The policeman knew that this scandal of Vinton Elliott would be well paid for, and he was not the man to lose several dollars on any sentimental grounds. Even the night editor's sensibilities seemed shocked over the affair, for he had written:  
"Things have come to a sad pass when such men as Elliott get down in the streets. If the praying and singing women can do us any good, they had better come at once. Harry Hill's establishment, with all its style, is one of the most mischievous places in town," etc.

After a few moments she again seized the paper.  
"Oh, leave it alone!" I cried. "You have had more than you can endure now."  
"I am not a child!" she answered almost fiercely. "I intend to know and face the worst of this matter," and with a white, stern face she read every word, and then sat for a few moments with the old thoughtful countenance. Suddenly she started, and said:  
"How long do you think he will sleep?"  
"Several hours."  
"Then come with me."  
"Where?"  
"To Mrs. Judge Ashman's."

The judge's family was just sitting down to breakfast when we arrived.  
"Why, Mrs. Elliott, and Mrs. M—, too!" exclaimed that good lady, in unfeigned surprise. "What is the matter? Surely this is not a social call."  
"No," said Mrs. Elliott, impetuously, "it is not. Mrs. Ashman, I take back all I said about ladies going to liquor saloons, in order to break them up if they can. I am going to Harry Hill's to-day, if I go alone. He about the same as murdered my husband last night," and she briefly told her story. "I am going there this very morning," she continued. "He must resist a wife's prayer's and a wife's curses if he sells my husband one drop more. Will you go with me?"

"Mrs. Ashman's features were working with deep emotion, but the stately judge now joined us from the dining room and remonstrated:  
"Really, Mrs. Elliott, I greatly sympathize with you, for I have read the painful account in the morning paper, but I hope you will do nothing rash. You will only expose yourself to insult and accomplish nothing. Perhaps you may obtain some legal redress."  
With a dignity and impressiveness which even he had never possessed upon the bench, the aroused wife silenced him with a gesture.

"You are not equal to this matter, Judge Ashman," she said, "nor are your legal forms. During the past night I have seen my own grave open, and in it buried life, youth, happiness. What is far worse I have seen the yawning grave of my husband, and I know it to be the mouth of hell. And do you ask me to go to law about such matters? Harry Hill and his kind are digging these graves. I never realized it before. Surely, he does not. Unless he is a fiend, he will cease his vile traffic when I tell him the truth. I tell you I will go, if I go alone! You may as well ask the lightning not to strike when the storm is at its height!"  
"George," cried Mrs. Ashman, in a voice of anguish, "how often has your own son been drunk at the same Harry Hill's?"  
The judge turned pale and abruptly left the room.

"You shall not go alone," continued Mrs. Ashman, sobbing on Mrs. Elliott's shoulder; "a score of women that I know of, smitten by this terrible curse, will go with you if, if you will lead the way. Some are rich and some are poor, but we all have common ground in this matter. I will send them word."  
After a little consultation it was ar-

range!" that we should start from Mrs. Judge Ashman's at 11 o'clock. Much as I shrank from the undertaking, I determined to remain by the side of my beloved Mrs. Elliott. We called on a few personal friends and stated our purpose, but so far from joining us they seemed dismayed at the very idea.  
Mrs. Elliott then returned to her unconscious husband. One look at him seemed to turn her delicate frame into steel, and at a little before eleven she walked to Mrs. Ashman's with as firm a tread as ever soldier marched into battle.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## Going to Spelling School.

That fair young creature who went with us! It doesn't make any difference that she went back on her word and grew up to be a hatchet-faced old maid, her voice like a file and her temper like catsup—she was lovely then.  
"Would the fair and gentle Augusta accept of our company to a spelling school out at Duck Lake next Thursday night?" The fair Augusta would, she said; and she did. Such a moon! Such an easy motion of the sleigh! Every girl had a front door key in her pocket, and every young man felt as if he could climb a shed 4000 feet high to get into his own chamber window. That fair young creature—how she pretended to shiver with cold until an arm was gently and affectionately placed around her delicate waist! Then the weather became suddenly warmer, and she didn't shiver any more. It was a beautiful night, we observed. She said she had noticed the same thing, and she seemed to lean over a little more, like some of the telegraph poles on Michigan avenue. Emphatically, we observed that Bill Jones and Sarah Smith seemed very affectionate. She said it seemed so to her, but having stuck the end of a horse blanket in her eye, was not prepared to make an affidavit. Somehow, after that the conversation seemed to grow more and more interesting, and with that fair young lady's head on our shoulder we would have set out to ride to Vermont and back without stopping. She was so artless and innocent; so child-like and confiding. She told us all about how her stepmother pounded her with a rolling pin, and when we thought of a hard rolling pin whacking against her fragile form and bounding over her alabaster shoulders, our own heads and sometimes thought she'd get married to escape further persecution, and we were about to lay our hand on our heart and offer it to be hers for evermore, when the sleigh stopped at the school-house. Then came the spelling down. It was Brighton against Bangtown, with the schoolmaster in favor of Bangtown. Such words as "catarrh," "turkey," "parallel," etc., etc., soon reduced the "sides" to half a dozen, and at length we were left alone to sustain the honor of Brighton. The schoolmaster was determined that Bangtown should win, and it did when we spelled omnibus with a double "s." He said it wasn't right, and when Brighton insisted, he offered to uphold Bangtown with an iron poker. However, it was an offset to be consoled and sympathized with by "our girl." She positively shed tears of sympathy and anger, and she said of course there was two "s's" on an omnibus, one on each side, and she wasn't positive but that there was one on the door behind. By and by the conversation went back to step-mothers, rolling pins, alabaster shoulders and getting married, and she said she'd be ours. We figured up how we could keep house on \$3 50 per week and have a dollar left; just how the woodbine would trail over the door; how we'd make her step-mother die of a broken heart; and—but you all remember. It was a boy's dream. She discouraged me when she thought she could catch a dashing clerk, and her father set the dog on me, and her brothers threatened to shoot; but as I said before, it doesn't make any difference now. When I think over the past, I fail to exclaim, with Walt Whitman, "Oh, gimme back them other days!"

## How a Newsboy Rose in the World.

William Henry Smith, just appointed parliamentary secretary of the treasury, by Mr. Disraeli, the prime minister of England, was a newsboy, less than twenty-five years ago, on the streets from 5 in the morning till 8 at night. Presently he had a booth near the Strand, then he had to employ assistants, finally he hit upon the idea of buying the exclusive right to sell newspapers and other literature at the principal railroad stations in the British isles, and that made his fortune. He has been in Parliament for five years, and made the reputation of a good speaker and thinker, and Mr. Disraeli puts him now in a place that is regarded as the stepping-stone to promotion.

The bridge over the Kentucky river on the Southern Railroad will be the highest on the continent. It is 275 feet above low water, and has a span of 1,286 feet. The towers, erected by John A. Roebling years ago, cost \$100,000 and raise 365 feet above low water.