

**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 LINE	RATE
One inch, one year	\$4 00
Two inches, one year	3 00
Three inches, one year	3 50
Advertisements for a shorter period than one year, insertion	0 30
Each subsequent insertion	0 25

22 inches to be considered one column.

Advertisements without written direction inserted till forbid, and charged accordingly.  
All irregular advertisements from regular or irregular customers, must be paid for when handed in for insertion.

**THE HERALD BOOK & JOB PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT.**

Orders for any of the undermentioned description will be promptly attended to:

**Plain & Colored Job Work**

Fancy Bills, Business Cards, Circulars, Law Forms, Bill Heads, Blank Checks, Drafts, Blank Orders, Receipts, Letter Heads, Fancy Cards, Pamphlets, Large and Small Printing, and every other kind of Letter-Press Printing.  
Having made large additions to the printing material, we are better prepared than ever to do the neatest and most beautiful printing of every description.

**AUCTIONEERS.**

**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, will be promptly attended to. Address—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 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. ROBIESON'S, L. D. S.**  
New method of extracting teeth without pain, by the use of Ether Spray, which affords the teeth only, and the gum surrounding becomes insensible to 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 act 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..... 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 Ham.  
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 Draughtsman.  
Orders by letter should state the Concession, Lot and character of Survey, the subscriber having the old Field Notes of the late D. GIBSON and other surveys, which should be consulted, in many cases as to original monuments, &c., previous to commencing work.  
Office at WILLOWDALE, Yonge Street, in the Township of York.  
Jan'y 8, 1873. 766

**J. SEGSWORTH,**

**DEALER IN FINE GOLD AND SILVER** Watches, Jewelry, &c., 113 Yonge Street, Toronto.  
September 1, 1871. 664

**PATENT MEDICINES.**

**PROCLAMATION.**  
**MUSTARD'S** Catarrh Specific Cures Acute and Chronic cases of Catarrh, Neuralgia, Headache, Colds, 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 Oily now in use. It is invaluable.  
**LSO,** the Pain Victor is Infalible for A Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Flox, Colic, Cholera Morbus, Pain and Cramp in the Stomach and Bowels, &c.  
Directions with each bottle and box.  
Manufactured by **H. MUSTARD,** Proprietor, Ingersoll.

Sold by Druggists generally.  
The Dominion Worm Candy is the medicine to expel worms. Try it. 700-y

**J. H. SANDERSON,**  
**VETERINARY SURGEON,** Graduate of Toronto University College, corner of Yonge and Centre Sts. East, Richmond Hill, begs to announce to the public that he is now practicing with H. Sanderson, of the same place, where they may be consulted personally or by letter, on all diseases of horses, cattle, &c.  
All orders from a distance promptly attended to, and medicine sent to any part of the Province.  
Horses examined as to soundness, and also bought and sold on commission.  
Richmond Hill, Jan. 25, 1872. 507

**S. JAMES,**

(LATE JAMES & FOWLER.)  
**ARCHITECT, CIVIL ENGINEER, AND** Surveyor, Trustee 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.  
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, 1869. 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,**

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

**A Succession of Crimes.**

A correspondent of the *Gazette des Tribunaux*, writing from Gueret, France, says: "Our department has just been the scene of a series of crimes committed by an individual whose final act was defrauding justice by destroying himself. This man's name was Eugene Bellivier, a wealthy landowner, living upon his property at Villechadeau, a hamlet in the commune of Sordelut. It appears that in consequence of disputes upon money matters he had acquired an implacable hatred against an uncle and aunt, and his sisters, who lived with their husbands in neighboring villages. Bellivier contrived to send away his wife upon a visit to her relations, he remaining at home with their two children, aged respectively seven and four years. At night he strangled the two children whilst they were sleeping together in their bed. He then quitted the house and proceeded to a neighboring village, where he set fire to the house of a M. Clemenson.—From thence he proceeded at midnight to the village of Petit Chiroux, and there attempted to murder his mother. Believing that he had killed her, he set fire to the house, but happily a few minutes later the fire was discovered, and the poor woman was rescued, and is likely to recover. Bellivier, after committing these crimes, threw himself into a pond, where his body was found the next morning."

**The nervous gentleman who lost**

his head the other day, while addressing his constituents, is considered to be none the worse for his misfortune. Recent evidence about the last allied war against China shows that at the taking of the Summer Palace, was full of silks, the produce of a tax which requires every manufacturer to send in the first piece he makes of every sort. A part of these was used instead of ropes, which were wanting to picket the French horses. Then there was a palace full of drawings, a series of four thousand, illustrating the whole history of China. The soldiers, ignorant of their value, trod them underfoot, and used them for kindling fires. Scarcely two hundred were saved. Then there was the carriage palace, in which were found the magnificent coaches which were presented to the Emperor of China by an English embassy in 1817. Since then they have never been used. The iron work was loose, and the leather had become hard and brittle as wood. One palace was full of furs.

**In memory of**

**JOCK WILLISTON,**  
Who came to himself, and to his Father's House,  
On Christmas Day, 1840.  
"They that sat in darkness, saw a light."  
The brief epitaph, beneath whose

**THE ANSWER.**

Warm was the sun of the summer,  
Fragrant the breath of the flowers,  
Shall sweet things be but the forerunner  
Of woes in this world of ours?  
O cannot and may not the summer,  
The warmth of our pleasures last,  
Are all things and all  
Like red leaves to fall,  
In glory—and then, oh! the blast!

O mantle and fall of white snow!  
O flake and icicle pure!  
Well, well, doth the eye, seeing, know  
Your speech as you lodge at the door;  
Our hearts read the story of woe,  
And our brains sound the knowledge we  
care:

Are all things and all  
Like red leaves to fall,  
In glory—and then, oh! the blast!

The answer we read in the stars—  
God's jewels and man's keen delight—  
O'er earth's grand commotions and wars  
Still shines His ineffable light.  
We float in our hopes on frail spars,  
Till, reaching the haven at last,  
Know all things and all  
Like red leaves must fall  
But never mere, on earth, the blast.

—[The Aldine.]

**THE STORY OF JOCK WILLISTON.**

[From the Aldine for April.]

"Some of our folks go over to the Island to meeting to-day; you'd like to go along, maybe?" queried our host at breakfast, on the morning of our second Sunday at L—  
"To the Island? Delightful! Let us go, of course!"

"It's a good piece of walking from the landing to the church, you know."  
"How far?"  
"About two miles—up hill and down dale."

"Only two miles! A mere nothing!" we chorused, smiling at each other as we remembered how impassable two miles of our native pavement might have seemed on that mid-summer day. But here, with the wooing note of the sea in our ears, and the strength of the salt air tingling through our veins, what might we not do and dare?

So light was the breeze, as we stood waiting on the beach, that we scarcely felt it strike our raised hands; yet the little boat which came to take us off caught the soft breath in her sails, and wafted us across the channel gently and noiselessly as a spirit.

I need not pause to describe the walk that followed, although we remembered it long afterward with keen delight. The undulating slopes robed with spruce and fir of marvelous symmetry and color; the gray outcrop of limestone rock rending the crisp carpet of short grass, and dry, brown moss spread along the roadside; the half-score little coves of wondrous beauty, where fleet of small boats, like white-winged water-fowl, rocked lazily at anchor, and the blue water plashed softly upon tiny islets, whose quaint rock-work was veiled and garlanded by creeping vines and nodding harebells; and—far off—the line where sky and ocean met, embracing all with suggestions of the infinite harmony; all these, then almost unperceived, are grown familiar in these later years, even to most careless eyes.

The small, white church, with its odd cupola, and slowly swinging bell, came in sight at length, crowning the summit of a gentle elevation. Entering, we took our places among the worshippers.  
The greater part of the simple discourse I have long since forgotten, but the closing words, spoken in the low, musical voice of the preacher, as he bent above the pulpit rail, sound in my memory still:  
"Here, then, once more the words of the text:—'That was the true Light, which lighteth every man that cometh into the world.' Sometimes, my brethren, we look long for the brightness of that rising. Even the eyes that watch for the morning may scarce discern night from dawn. Yet there is no soul but some time—some where—stands in the shining of that Light. Every sacrifice of self, every victory of love, is but its broken reflection. God forbid that any one of you, having felt the divine radiance, should go away into the outer darkness!"

A hymn was sung, the fervent blessing asked, and, passing out with the congregation, to spend the hour of noonday intermission. Strolling about among the quiet groves, many of which, especially the resting-places of little children, were strewn tenderly with bright-hued shells and pebbles, my attention was arrested by the contrast between the low, plainly carved stones around me, and a tall, slender shaft of the purest Italian marble, rising from a solid granite pedestal at a little distance beyond. Drawing nearer, I read in beautifully embossed characters:

In memory of  
**JOCK WILLISTON,**  
Who came to himself, and to his Father's House,  
On Christmas Day, 1840.  
"They that sat in darkness, saw a light."  
The brief epitaph, beneath whose

quaint phrase some unusual significance seemed concealed, aroused in me a strong desire to know more of the quiet sleeper below. The wish must have been unconsciously betrayed in my countenance, for a wrinkled, kindly faced old lady, who sat upon a bench near by, with an open lunch basket, and two rosy grandchildren at her knee, suddenly beckoned me to a place beside her, saying, as if in answer to a spoken question,  
"The words do seem odd for a grave-stone, ma'am, but indeed the Lord's dealing's with poor Jack were past our findin' out. You never heard tell of him, judge?"

"No,—but I have never been here before."  
"Like enough—yet every child on the coast could tell you the story. It was in the Portland papers, too—but—bless me! that must 'a' been nigh twenty years ago. No wonder you wouldn't remember."  
The old dame's eyes brightened, and she paused, as if to please herself with the anticipation of an interested listener.

"You knew him, then, this Jock, as you call him?" I hinted gently.  
"Knew him?" she answered, with a musing smile. "I dressed him the night he was born,—a strong-limbed, hearty babo, with bright, black eyes, and hair as dark and curly as Jamie's here. That was Christmas Eve, and just one week afterward, on New Year's Day, the brig *Sea Gull* founded off the coast of Newfoundland, with Cap'n Williston and all his men, and so the poor baby never saw his father's face."  
"Poor little Miss Williston! I can see just how she looked, lyin' there day after day, as white and helpless as a broken day-lily, with that little brown head tucked against her cheek; 'twas only the baby that kept her alive. She'd make me hold her to the light a dozen times a day. 'You're sure his eyes won't turn any lighter, Mrs. Dawson?' she'd say. You see the cap'n had a coal-black eye. And then again, 'Ho, grows, Mrs. Dawson? You think he's very well, don't you?' in a voice that wistful that I had a master fight with myself to keep the water out of my eyes, instead of answering her up right cheerful, 'Well? I should think he did, the little cap'n! And growin'!' Look at that arm! Why! he'd be liftin' his mother off the bed before she knows it!" The old smile a little pale smile, and put her two arms around my neck, poor thing! for she was scarce more'n a baby herself.

"Well, the time passed on, and little Jock grew up, as brave and handsome a lad as you could wish to see. It was real sunshine to my eyes to see him walkin' alongside of his mother, drawin' himself up, and keepin' step with her like a grown man. So tender of her, too, he was, leavin' all his mates for her, if she was alone, and forever layin' out what he meant to do for her when he was a man. And what with bein' so fond and proud of her, she got to look, berrin' her black dress, almost the same as when the cap'n was alive. Ah, me! I thought a many times since how merciful it is in the Lord to let us see so little ways ahead. In the best of times, we're only ships in a fog, and have to steer by compass."

"The summer Jock was twelve year old, was amazin' sickly all along the coast. I was nigh beat out nursing 'Bijah Porter's wife through the typhoid, and had come home one Wednesday afternoon to get a little rest. As I was layin' in the lounge, in a half doze, the door opened, and Miss Williston come in. She never stopped nor spoke, but come straight across the floor, with a face white as a ghost. Then she put her hands on my shoulders, and says she, 'Mis. Dawson, my Jock's got the fever.' I rose up like a flash, and put my shawl over my head, and went home with her. And I never came home, ma'am, for seven weeks. Awesome weeks they were, ma'am. The nights were worst. I used to feel as if we two fightin' death hand to hand for that boy, and he a tossin' on the pillow, his red cheeks sunk away, all his curly hair shaved close to his head, and in all that time never givin' us one reasonable word or look. It was the fourth week, when I minded, one mornin', as Mis Williston sat by the bed, that her hair was turnin', but by the seventh, ma'am, when the fever left him, it was as white as mine is now."

"All but the last breath of life was burnt out of him, and when he did once begin to mend, it was so slow that it took us a great while to find out that anything was wrong. It come to me, first, when I went into the bedroom, one afternoon, of a sudden. He didn't see me for a minute, and laid there a playin' with his fingers,—then, all at once, he looked up and laughed! That laugh! O ma'am! all the rest was as nothin' to that! I just sunk down into chair and groaned, 'O Lord! I have mercy on his mother!' Not that!

"The Lord did have mercy on her, but not in my way. He took her home that next winter, and I've thought many a time that I'd like to 'a' been when he explained to her—as I'm certain he would—some things that we down here waited years and years for, and many more, belikes, that we've never found out at all.

"Poor little Jock got well again—in his body—that was all. His mind was clean gone. He used to go about gentle and harmless as a lamb. Whilst his mother lived, he'd follow her every step she took, but more like a dog than a human child. If she sat down, he'd just drop down at her feet, and rub his head on her knee, like a dumb thing. Not but that he talked yet—a good deal sometimes—but all in a cack, senseless fashion, that'd half-break your heart. He didn't seem to know the reason of any thing—he might be half-starved and yet never think of eatin' unless you put the victuals before him."

"There was a while after Mis Williston died that I had a little hopes of him. He used to wander around as if he was searchin' for something, and sometimes, all at once, an odd look'd come into his face for half a second—you'd 'a' said, to look at him, that he was just a goin' to find it, what-ever 'twas. It was then he took the habit that stuck to him ever after, of clappin' both hands to his head and sayin', 'It's comin'! 'What's comin', Jocky?' I used to say sometimes, and the poor boy'd stare up in my face with a dazed, 'wildered look for a minute, and then break out into one of his weak, senseless smiles."

"There was little or nothin' left to take care of him with; but not a man or woman on the island would ever 'a' let a child o' Cha'n Williston's come to want, let alone his bein' a poor unfortunate like Jock. So we all adopted him, as you might say, and he used to go and come from one house to another just as suited him. On the whole he seemed to stick to me the most. You'll wonder at it, maybe, but the poor boy was real company for me, after all, bein' alone so much when Zebedee—that was my man—was gone off on my whalin' voyages."

"I used to be a master hand to read my Bible in them days, though my old eyes have been too dim for it now this many a year. Thank the Lord, though, that I can see the page a'most as well as ever in my mind! I had a habit of readin' out loud a great deal, seemin' to get the sense better so—more especially in the P'salms—and queer as you might think it, there Jocky 'd lay stretched on the rug, before the fireplace, a listenin' by the hour. I used to think 'twas the sound o' my voice he liked, for he didn't know enough to understand a single word ritherly. But however that was, hearkenin' to me readin' was one of the two things he seemed to like best in the world. The other was to go out with the men in the boats. Of course he wasn't of any particular use, but they all humored him, and sometimes, in the mackerel season, they'd keep him out for days and weeks at a time."

"But I must hurry along, ma'am, or I'll be tiring you out. All this while Jock was growin' up, and at twenty he was a great, strong fellow, standin' a good six foot in his stockin's. He didn't look that tall, though, owing to his stoopin' some and walkin' with a shufflin', shamblin' sort o' gait, such as you've minded in others, maybe, when the brain didn't hold the tiller."

"It was that same summer when Mabelle Devoraux first came to the Island. Her father was a French gentleman, who had lived a great many years in this country. Bein' out of health, he thought to try the sea air for awhile. I'm an old woman, and I've seen many a fresh face in my time, but never another that was fit to set alongside Mabelle Devoraux."

There was a picture in Parson Ellet's parlor, over the mantel-piece, that came from over seas,—a Madonna he called it,—and I've heard tell that it was copied after the greatest picture of the greatest painter that ever lived. But that's neither here nor there,—only when I first set my eyes on Mabelle, sittin' one Sunday in Deacon Price's pew,—Mis. Price was aunt to Mabelle's mother,—I leaned over the forward pew before I thought what I was doin', and whispered to 'Bijah Porter's wife, 'Look there! There's Parson Ellet's picture stepped out o' the frame!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

**An Eye to Business.**

Journalistic rivalries are sharp and decisive in Chicago. A young man acting as a reporter of the Chicago Post called to see Mr. Storey, of the Times, the other day and asked him if he had shot Dr. Johnson, as was rumored. The old man immediately pulled off his spectacles, squared round to the reporter and replied: "Young man, do you think I am fool enough to do it in time for the evening papers?"

**Memory of the Dead.**

It is an exquisite and beautiful thing in our nature, that when the heart is touched and softened by some tranquil happiness or affectionate feeling, the memory of the dead comes over it most powerfully and irresistibly. It would seem almost as though our better thoughts and sympathies were charms, in virtue of which the soul is enabled to hold some vague and mysterious intercourse with the spirits of those whom we loved in life. Alas! how often and how long may these patient angels hover around us, watching for the spell which is so soon forgotten.

**Barbarians.**

Prior to the time of Peter the Great, the Russians were, in general, barbarous, ignorant, mean, and much addicted to intemperance. Not only the common people, but many of the nobles, lived in a continued state of illness and intoxication; and while the court of Moscow was the most splendid of any upon the globe, the streets of that city were filled with objects of misery and barbarity.

**Spring, Gentle Spring.**

The Danbury News man puts it thus: "Thursday evening of last week was a spring evening. Forty thousand screaming demons rode the winds that surged through our streets, crumblin' up the hard snow and freezing mud, and blinding pedestrians with the powder. All night long the demons howled, shutters rattled, signs creaked, branches groaned, and shed doors slammed. All night long the beautiful birds of spring hung their heads and hushed their carols, and all night long the sweet flowers of the gladsome spring-time shrunk within their petals, and smothered their fragrance in their palpitating bosoms, and boarders screamed for more quilts."

**Away from Fatherland.**

Foreign immigration brings to this country in its train many a romance of sentiment or sorrow, varying from the pretty pastoral of a village courtship, interrupted for years by the yeoman lover's battle for fortune in distant America, to the stern drama of the fugitive's recapture by relentless justice, after a lifetime's disguise and miserable wanderings across the seas. In the city of Cincinnati, a few days ago, a wealthy gentleman in his seventieth year was married to a widow only one year younger; and the event invited none of the quizzical humor generally occasioned by the matrimonial essays of old age, because it was the mellow climax of a romance begun in the fitness of youth. Fifty years before, the bride and groom of that marriage were lovers in a German village near the Rhine. Poverty pressed hard upon the young man, and, after many vows of eternal fidelity between himself and his sweet heart, he crossed the ocean to conquer a future of higher possibilities in the Great Republic. It is not told by what vicissitudes the hearts of the twain were estranged, but when, after several years of successful fortune in the West, the emigrant took to himself a wife, it was not the village girl; and when the latter subsequently came to this country herself, and was wedded, no tinge of the old romance was in the act. Yet, as we see, the old romance was not yet dead.—Widower and widow, the two met once more beside the American Rhine: the former a rich man, though hoary with the snows of threescore and ten, and the latter old enough to be the grandmother of her first love's maiden self. And, thus meeting, it was to part no more; for the old romance could not be wronged of its dues even at the eleventh hour, and the dream of youth became the sacrament of age.

It may be said of our German immigrants, distinctively, that their romances, even when involving a tragic element, are rarely tainted by the meretricious properties too often characterizing the foreign sentimentalisms of other nationalities. What a pure and pathetic epic is this, for instance, of two simple lives: At the Union Depot in Milwaukee, Wis., one day last month, a fine-looking young fellow named Fritz Shonman, four years from Fatherland, was one of a throng eagerly awaiting a certain Eastern train. As many sympathizing friends about him were aware, he had industriously and patiently won a rising position in a large local business house, and was now in the depot to greet the girl he had loved in his German home, whom he had summoned to come to him and be his wife in the new home he had prepared for their future. And she came. As the expected train rolled at last into the station," describes the Wisconsinian, "and the impatient passengers began disembarking, the quick eye of love revealed the yearning hearts to each other, and, with the words, 'Fritz!' 'Katrina!' the long separated lovers clasped each other in a close embrace. After the first joyous emotion was over, Fritz tried to disengage himself, to present his future bride to the many friends who had come around. But the hands were firmly clasped about his neck, and would not separate; no words came from the lips which touched his cheek, and in a moment the dread intelligence flashed through the minds of the beholders. The girl was dead, having literally broken her heart with excessive joy at being restored to him she so fondly loved. No words can describe the grief of the man who, but a moment before, had stepped as proudly as a king, conscious of having the love of a true woman. His anguish overpowered and unmanned him, and the few deep sobs which convulsed his frame soon passed, leaving him gazing at the corpse of Katrina with a dull, agonizing, wild stare. The many passengers at the depot became aware of what had happened, and when all had been told, not a dry eye was to be seen."

**Dickens-Collins.**

On several occasions, as is well known, Dickens and Wilkie Collins wrote a short story together. "On one of these occasions," said Mr. Collins recently, "we agreed to exchange styles, so as to puzzle the critics; Mr. Dickens was to adopt my style, and I was to imitate his. The plan succeeded perfectly, and it was amusing to see the reviewers point out a passage of mine as an example of Dickens' peculiar vein, and in the next sentence comment on a paragraph of Dickens' as a sample of Wilkie Collins' sensational style."

**A Beautiful Sentiment.**

Sorrow sobers us and makes the mind genial. And in sorrow we love and trust our friends more tenderly, and the dead become dearer to us. And just as the stars shine out in the night so there are blessed faces that look at us in our grief, though before their features were fading from our recollection. Suffering! Let no man dread it too much, because it is better for him, and will help to make him sure of being immortal. It is not in the bright happy days, but only in the solemn night, that other words are to be seen shining in the long, long distance. And it is in sorrow—the night of the soul—that we see the farthest, and know ourselves natives of infinity and sons and daughters of the Most High.

**Ike-Conoclastic Affair.**

Mark Twain's story, in the *Gilded Age*, of Uncle David and the "efficacy of prah," is similar to one told of old Isaac, a venerable negro slave in Missouri before the war.

Old Isaac was, or rather believed himself to be, a very devout Christian, "wrestled" much in prayer, and it was his custom at night, when his work was over, to retire to his cabin and devote himself to worship until bedtime. These exercises were carried on in so loud a tone as to be heard by all the persons on the farm, white and black, and old Isaac's earnest and frequent announcements that he was always ready to meet his "Lawd" had been so often heard that those rascally boys at length concluded to have a little fun, and at the same time test Isaac's faith. One night, therefore, while old Isaac was under full headway in his exercises—"O Lawd we know dy long suffrin fur dis ben'ted sannah; but we feel, O Lawd! dat in dy love we will be spahed dy vengins and raf. We are always reddy, Lawd, at dy biddin' to come to dee, and to meet dy angel Gab'r'el. Send him on, O Lord! wid his shinin' trumpit, his robes of glory, and his crown of life, and take dy poh salvant into dy vineyard—"

"Is-a-act! Is-a-act!" came in a deep, sepulchral tone down the cabin chimney.  
"Amen!" softly said Isaac, closing his prayer abruptly, and rising with fear and trembling.

"Is-a-act! Is-a-act!" came the still dreadful tones.  
"Who-ho-ho's dat?" stammered the awe-stricken negro.

"The—angel—of—the—Lord—has—come for Isaac!" came in slow, solemn tones, with measured emphasis, from the darkness outside.