OFFICE-YONGE ST., RICHMOND HILL.

YONGE ST., RICHMOND HILL.

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ALEX. SCOTT, PROPRIETOR.

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#### WHOLE NO. 830.

# THE YORK HERALD

One inch, one year ... .

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I icensed Auctioneer for the Counties of York, Peel and Ontario, Residence—Lot 7, 6th Cos., Markhavi: P. O. address, Unionville. Sales attended to on the April 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

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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 enerally. Our stock of medicines warranted genuine, and of the best qualities.

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Mt. Albert ... 15th
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Nitrous Oxide Gas always on hand at Aurora, April 28, 1870

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 FARMERS' BOOT AND SHOE STORE TOHN 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.

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Orders by letter should state the Concession Lot and character of Survey, the subscriber having the old *Field Notes* of the late D. Gibson and other surveyors, which should be consulted, in many cases as to original monuments, &c., previous to commencing

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

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

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PROCLAMATION.

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and and post important and most important and

H. MUSTARD, Manufactured by Proprietor, Ingersoll Sold by Druggists generally.

The Dominion Worm Candy is the medicine o expel worms. Try it. 700-y

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VIETERINARY SURGEON, Graduate of V Toronto University College, corner of Yonge 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,

All orders from a distance promptly atthe Province.

Horses examined as to soundness, and also bought and sold on commission. Richmond Hill, Jan. 25, 1872. 597

S. JAMES,

(LATE JAMES & FOWLER.) A RCHITECT, CIVIL ENGINELR, AND Surveyor, Trust and Loan Buildings, corner of Adelaide and Toronto streets, Toronto 719-tf

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

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also for the collection of Active, accounts. Charges Moderate.

OFFICE—Richmond street, Richmond Hill.

700-ly F. WHITLOCK,

THIMNEY SWEEP, AND DEALER IN old iron, rags, &c., &c., Richmond Hill. All orders promptly attended to. November 12, 1872.

#### Benefit of Light.

Don't shut the sun out--let plenty of light enter your rooms even if the carpets suffer a little; better faded carpets than enfeebled constitutions. The light exercises a far greater influence upon our well being than we think. Plenty BLANCHE DE LOUVOIS. of it is as necessary for people as for plants. The diseased fat livers of geese, which are considered such a delicacy by some epicures, are only produced by keeping the animals in a dark cellar during the necessary cramming process, animals waste in muscular strength, as do plants, when kept in the dark. Sunlight is a tonic. Miners and workmen employed in ill-lighted shops, are found to be especially liable to catarrh in the soft parts of the body, swellings and disdue preponderance of the lymphatic systen. The eye, which is the most sensitive part of the body to the action of light, becomes enfeebled and diseased by long seclusion in the dark, and sudden change from a dark place to a by the harm thus caused.

#### Singular Dispute.

Two women in Chili fought under strange circumstances: One of them, who had lately given birth to an infant, having to make a journey to Rancagua, left the child under the care of a neighbor, who had a child about the same A few days afterward the mother who had gone on the journey returned home, and was told that her child had died in her absence. She insisted that the surviving infant was hers. She said she knew the child to be hers, and was not going to be deceived by the stratagems of her neighbor. The other called all the saints in heaven to witness that her child was the living one. The dispute finally ended in blows and the intervention of the police. The case has gone to the tribunals, and another question like that decided by King Solomon is now before the judges of Rancagua.

Thomas A. Pike, who has been on murder of his wife, last winter, by throwing her violently upon a sofa round moulding of throat and chin; convicted of manslaughter.

#### BEAUTIFUL ONE.

Beautiful one ! beautiful one Beautifut one! beautifut one!
Of modest grace yet queenly air,
And dark blue eyes and golden hair.
With sylph-like form and beaming smile,
And sonl all truth where dwells no guile.
Beautiful one! beautiful one! In homage deep I worship thee

Beautiful one! my peerless one! With ruby lips and check of down, And voice that breathe's e'en music's tone, Yet bosom pure as unstained snow.

Beautiful one! my peerless one!
Oh, say, hast thou no smile for me!

Beantiful me! my noble one! Where genius burns with loving glow,
And beams the light of cultured mind,
By virtue crowned, by truth refined.
Beautiful one! my noble one!
To thee on bended knee I bow.

Beautiful one! my gentle one! So sweetly pure in hallowed thought, And soul so kind with feeling fraught. E'en sorrow flies thy soothing care, And hope beams bright where loom'd despair Beautiful one! my gentle one! Thy heart, thy love, on me bestow.

Beautiful one! earth's fairest one In youth's first bloom like blushing flower.
All gemmed with dew at morning hour, Here low I kneel at thy fair shrine, '!
And breathe the prayer, "Wilt thou

Beautiful one ! carth's fairest one ! Wilt thou be mine—for ay be mine

Beautiful one! my plighted one! With fond caress and murmur low, With fond caress and murmur fow, Thy lips on mine have scaled the vow, And spoke the words of bliss divine, That blends my soul for my with thine. Beautiful one! my plighted one! With thine for my—for my with thine.

### TRUST AND FAITH.

BY TAMAR ANNE KERMODE

If we trust as we ought,
In the Heavenly Father's care,
Looked to him in tranquil thought For an answer to each prayer,
Then sweet peace would come and dwellIn our hearts and every duty Would seem light beneath its spell, Touched with calm and simple 1

If we trusted we would know Words of promise often spoken, Like a river's onward flow,
Gifts of God—may not be broken. We would see through mist and gloon,
Would forget our doubt and blindness;
Faith's sweet flowers for us would bloom,

We would rest in loving kindness. If we trusted we would feel All the joy content can give;
In humility would kneel,
Grateful for each day we live.

We would meekly bear our cross,
Though, perchance, 'twould bring us pain,
Thinking little of our loss,
Wa would full started we in We would find eternal gain.

## TO A DRUNKARD.

BY THE LATE SIR JOHN BOWRING

Drink! drink! What are you drinking! But for a moment hold your breath; But for a moment just be thinking That you are drinking, drinking DEATH

Drink ! drink ! your wife is sighing ; See her in rags and tatters go! Drink! but hear your children cryin What are you drinking? Woe! woe! wor

Take the pledge-it may save you wholly, Save you from wretchedness and sin, And, from the dep hs of pain and folly Bring you PLEASURE AND PEAC : within

A TALE OF THE FRENCH WAR.

BY SIDNEY BERNAL.

The pointed towers of the Chateau des Hirondelles rise among the woodnucous membranes, flaccidity of the lands that crown the sunny hills of soft parts of the body, swellings and distortions of the bony eystem, and an unlie at its feet, through which a little stream ripples noisily over the pebbles, or deepens into placid pools under the willows that skirt its course. Knee deep in the water stand the cattle, lazily brushing the flies from their flanks with their tails, and at strong light is dangerous. The glare of the end of the valley the mill whirrs the snow is very trying to the eyes, and busily, half-embowered in tall chestthe reflection from white walls in a nut trees. The trees are in full bloom sun-lighted room is also to be avoided. with their plumes of yellow tassels. There is nothing in this world which and the stream foams and roars as it which may not become injurious in ex- rushes from its pent-up prison at the cess, but the goodness is not disproved mill, and escapes in a leaping waterfall that plunges forthwith into a roots below, then winds on through wood and meadow to join the river miles away. The floating clouds cast soft, undulating shadows over the valley, and the summer winds sigh through the tree-tops, and sways the tall grass like the ground-swell on the ocean. Altogether it is a very pretty landscape that one sees from the cha-

teau this warm June day. Within, Finfine, the maid, is busy preparing dinner, and Jaques, the gardener's boy, is having his little bit of gossip in the kitchen, befere donning his apron to wait upon Madame. For Madame must have her show of state, even though the coffers of Louvois are well nigh empty and pretty Mademoiselle almost without a "dot."

Pretty she certainly is, as any one may see who takes the trouble to look out at the window that "gives" upon the garden. She is trying to reach the branch of a Noisette rose that shades the stone bench where she and Madame La Comtesse have been passrial at Portland, several days, for the ing this warm day. Her graceful grand saloon." head is thrown back: one can see the

strain of Italian blood that intermingles with the Norman, and gives her beauty a peculiar charm, in their contrast with her golden hair and the peach-like bloom of her complexion. Those sunny tresses, too, ripple in such pretty waves over her small head, and dance upon the alabaster whiteness of her throat, and curl around her delicate finger as she leans upon them. Her soft, white muslin dress suits her beauty, too, so well!so pure, so delicate, so refined! The lace at her throat is fastened by a silver brooch-her only ornament.

Indeed so fair is she, that simplicity suits her best. Her beauty is as jewels rich and rare. But having gained her roses, she lays them on her face, inhaling their rich fragrance, then fastens them at her throat, saying, "See, dear maman! I have paid you the compliment, to-day, of dining with you en costume de bals do you like

kisses the white brow of her daughter, her heart too full to speak, as she looks upon her loveliness; for was not the twin-brother far away in batthe with the foe? and no news, save disastrous, reached them from the field. True it was that Victor had as yet escaped unharmed; but oh! the terribly long lists of slain that each bultetin brings, and the daily agony of their perusal, trembling lest the next name should be Louvois!

Widowed, and now past middle age, Madaine is now a perfect type of her class. Her little figure, erect as in the days of her first youth; her dress always black, of some soft, noiseless material; the rich lace she wears, over and over again mended by the deft hands of her daughter. The sil- mother must she be who owns him for very hair, too, is in contrast with the her son, whatever be her land." large, dark eyes, so like her daughwearing of many a tear track, and the speeches are easy gifts! Fair man-memory of sorrows long since sub- ners, and rude deeds! But, mother, dued. If Blanche is beautiful, so too do you trust the German?" is the stately little mother; stately in spite of her want of stature, and impressing one by her every movement, with a sense of wonderful dignity and

grace. . companion, and they enter the house. and galloped down the declivity. While they are dining we will walk around the garden.

There is a high wall running around two sides of it, against which are trained apricots, plums and peaches; mounts a perpendicular parapet that hangs over the valley. The road, dusty and white, runs by the side of the stream, crossing it once by an unoccupied wing was allotted to their the chateau forms the third, and on erward. Now the old gardener sees general.

them, and calls Fifine to look. "Bah! les Prussiens! betes! he hisses between his teeth. "What shall we do? Shall we bar the gates? Shall we scald them with hot water? teeth, and shaking his fist at the un-

onscious horsemen. "How shall we tell madame? We

cannot interrupt her!" says Fifine.

Five or six horsemen are outside ously wounded. Can I communicate with madame?"

shuts the gate.

retires.

"Helas! my dear child, what can only wonderful that they have shown ened curiosity.

the falling sleeve; the slight, "soelte" leading from the hall was thrown that he passed days and nights of The Troubles of Christopher Column figure: the arched foot. A fair chatelaine, in sooth, is Mademoiselle His sword rang on the marble pave-Blanche de St. Hilary de Louvis. ment, and as the sound struck upon The dark, soft melting eyes show the her ear, the girl's cheek flushed scarlet, and she turned her head away in ed forever. He must gain her love contemptuous disdain. The countess before then, or his opportunity was

He was a young officer aged about wenty-five, tall, and very graceful. A heavy blonde moustache shaded ning expression. The uniform of a colonel of cavalry sat well upon his women before him.

"I crave the pardon of Madame La Comtesse de Louvois, for breaking upon her privacy, but my general is lying dangerously wounded at S., where he cannot have the repose necessary to him, and his physician or-

"It is unusual for conquerors to Madame La Comtesse, for reply, be obeyed. Such a guest cannot be liteness and attention, while made that my daughter and myself may be undisturbed while you remain. I I not right, Madame La Comtesse?" both gave way. Then he got the cent out one day and Mrs. Norton's baby therefore place myself under the protleman, and respects the defenceless."

colonel; "while Hermann Von Rupert is within these walls, none shall lare molest your peace."

Then, bowing low to both ladies, the face of the younger, the soldier departed from the room. "A generous foeman, at least," said the countess; "and a proud a happy

"Generous!" cried Blanche. "Yes, ter's, but unlike hers, shaded by the generosity is easy in words. Fair

She was leaning on the sill of the window as she cried out the words in her indignation, and involuntarily never touch another of his gifts. And looked down as she cried out the even as she makes this resolve, she The gong sounds. Mademoiselle untarily looked down as she heard the Blanche life the book that has fallen clattering hoofs on the pavement. to the ground, gives her arm to her Von Rupert'eyes were raised to hers mother, bends her quick step to a in reproachful yet respectful admiraslower measure, to suit that of her tion, as he lifted his plumed helmet

"He is a good horseman, that one must allow," she said, inwardly, then turned quickly and left the window.

## CHAPTER II.

arched bridge of stone. Over this use, looking, unavoidably, upon the bridge comes the clattering sound of horses' hoofs, and a party of cavalry. that no foot should disturb the primen dash up the road, leaving a cloud vacy of the two ladies in that levely of dust behind them. They slacken spot, the only place where they could their speed where the path leads to enjoy the air without the risk of meetthe castle, and turn their horses thithing the soldiers left to guard their There, day after day, behind his

Venetian window, he watched the beautiful girl who had so captivated his fancy at his first interview with the countess, tending her flowers. Shall we fire the arquebus? Sacre!" feeding the swallows that gave their and he vents his rage in grinding his name to the chateau—busy in a thousand charming tasks, that showed to he would dare all, and compel her, by poor woman who sadly needed a new figure. that in a few weeks he was passion- were present. But those garden walls ing his father's second pair of boots, ately in love? The object of that are as gates of adamant to him; when his own Sunday shoes, and so on. He "Ah, les brigands! they will tell passion was all unconscious of his she passes from that enchanted ground adoration. Indeed, from the conherence of the passion was all unconscious of his she passes from that enchanted ground went around feeling very big-hearted he cannot follow her, even with his until the old gent wanted to go to the thou think they will respect the repose of Madame La Comtesse? They from her lips that sunny morning, as he thinks she must look kindly upon out. will billet themselves here; they will she stood by the window of the great his pain! So tender and loving a saloon, what hope could there be for heart could not repulse his offered mademoiselle! Ah! the renegades!" him?—"But, mother, do you trust Even as he spok, a loud knocking the German?" The words rang in sounded at the barred gateway, and, his ears, but her indifference to him in spite of his hatred, Francois is com- only made his passion stronger. He pelled by fear to open to the intruders. saw, in the many little scenes enacted in the garden, the sweet yet spirited nature: her tender devotion to her the gate, and one, advancing, says:
A have orders to wait upon Madame de Lonvois to entreat her hospitality little village in the vale, willing at mossy chasm of rocks and gnarled for our general, who lies at S., danger-all times to lay aside her book or her embroidery, to fashion with her delicate, fair fingers, some coarse garment "I will see," said Francois, and for a peasant-child. He watched her sweet efforts to cheer her mother by "Marvellously polite he is, I will her gay laughter and merry words, say, for a Prussian! Usually they say, and in his heart he longed to have her 'Look here, now! we want something for his own, to walk by his side in to eat, and be quick about it, too!" her beauty and innocence till death But, polite or not polite, he will be a should separate them. "Fitted to sorry guest to madame, and that I grace a court by her beauty, how like know very well.' So, grumbling as a little modest flower she blooms in he goes, he bends his steps to the sa-| this retired spot, shedding her sweetloon where the two ladies are dining. ness in so narrow a sphere," he would He delivers his message with folded murmur to himself, then, springing arms, and head deeply bowed as he from his seat, he would call for his horse, and dash at full speed down "Maman!" cried Blanche, "they the valley to find relief in action, for cannot come! They must not!" this burning thoughts.

And far up on the hillside those we do? Recollect how defenceless soft, dark eyes followed his headlong we are: they have the power, and it course, gazing after him with awak-

open, and a young officer entered. restless torture. The general became convalescent, rose from his bed, and began to be impatient for removal. A few weeks, and they must be partstood to receive her unwelcome guest. lost. By every delicate attention he strove to make the situation of the ladies as agreeable as possible. Books, flowers, fruits, all found their way to the well-cut lips, and his bright blue eyes had a remarkably frank and winwere received. To madame, of course, these offerings were sent, but if one manly figure, and his handsome head word of praise from the daughter's ost none of its lofty bearing as he lips floated up to his window through bowed low before the two beautiful the rose-laden air, the young man's face flushed with eager happiness. Fifine was never weary of praising

the young colonel: "Ah, mademoiselle!" she said, "I est si beau! He rides like an angel He must be asked into the garden! "Never, Fifine! Do you no know ders him to be brought here, with that I am a child of France! Shall I receive her invaders?":

. "Ah, bah,! This is all very well; ask favors of the conquered," replied but here is a gallant young gentle-the lady; for them to command is to man beautiful as the day, and all powelcome to Les Hirondelles; but at moiselle has not a soul to speak to in to see it grow to two cents. He had least, by your courtesy, I may hope this lonely old chateau. What have confidence and patience, but at length

Thus appealed to, madame allows tection of one who by his bearing that the young colonel is "bien comproves that, though a fee, he is a gen me il faut," and is very considerate to the ladies under his care, and it can "Thanks, madame," replied the be very plainly seen that she has a tender spot in her heart for the handsome officer, thinking of her absent darling of some anxious mother. Her and with his glance still riveted on gentle nature abhors the thought of war. To her he is not a foe; he is the kindliest, most considerate of day he got his father's best razor out guardians, and she will send him a and hacked it on a stone, and when billet" to-morrow evening.

Blanche is speechless with indigna-

watched the young soldier so much, that she knows to meet him will be her country's foc-her brother's encmy. "No!" she cries, and stamps her little foot; she hates him, and will words in her indignation, and involleans from her casement to see the tall, well-made figure of Van Rupert pacing, with folded arms and troubled brow, the courtyard below. Troubled, yes! for in one short week the golden dream is to be ended. In one short week his chief has determined to leave the lonely tower where time lags so wearily to the elder soldier, and files so swiftly to watch the varying, unconscious face speaks of her even when she is not is working like a slave, and you are there—whose every nook and corner is pervaded by her presence; whose vines have clasped her with their Come over my right knee." whose wave she dips her slender world if he could. hand. He sees it all, as he paces the When Christopher was half a year paved courtyard, struggling with his older he came across the injunction passion—wrestling, so vainly, with his "Be kind to the poor." He did not pain! In his thoughts, he dreams that know whether it would pay or not, if he could but see her—speak to her but he set about it. He knew of a the very strength of his love, to love bounet, and he took over his mother's, Was it wonderful, then, that him in return, if but the opportunity along with a few other things, includ hungry eyes. Could she but know, lodge one night, and then it came

> chateau, flushed with the ardent hopes of youth. As he passes toward his own apart ments, Jacques accosts him, bearing a folded note upon a silver salver. Breaking the seal, with its crest of a flying swallow, how his heart bounds within his breast! "Can it be from her?" Impossible! The very idea is folly, and only shows the current of his thoughts. But delight inexpressible glows in his face as he reads, and knows that to-morrow (blest tomorrow!) he will see her face, hear her speak his name, perhaps, indeed, touch her hand! All gloom is vanished; the air is rosy; the birds sing for him a new song; and with a light step he bounds up the stair, and gains his chamber to dream, and dream, and still repeat the dream, of Love!

TTO BE CONTINUED.

Hairs of the White Elephant.

"It was my good fartune, says Sir John Browning, "to present, in 1855, to the First King of Siam (the Siamese have two kings exercising supreme authority) presents with which I had been us this courtesy. Yes, we must sub-mit. Jacques, I will receive the mes-Rupert had never exchanged a word ceived many presents in return; but senger. Bid him come to me in the with the fair Frenchwoman. They the monarch placed in my hand a had never met. At last the longing golden box, locked with a golden key, The lady rose, and the daughter to speak to her became so intense as and he informed the box contained a followed her into the adjoining apart- to be well-nigh insupportable. Yet gift more valuable than all the rest, and and breaking a blood-vessel, has been the small white teeth between the convicted of manslaughter.

the small white teeth between the parted lips; the fair arm disclosed by As they entered by one door, the one indifference by intruding upon her, phant."

bus McPherson.

This boy was a good boy. He would have been an angel to-day but for the decoit of this false-hearted world. He wasn't one of a set of triplets, and therefore didn't have honors showered down upon him in his early days, but old women said that there was foundation there for an orator, a great general or a philosopher, and old men examined his head and said it was level: Nothing particular happened to Christopher Columbus until the eighth year of his reign. His childbood days were full of mud pies, the butt end of shingles, paregoric, castor oil and old straw hats with the front brim worn off. He was a deep think

er and a close observer for a small

boy, and he was just innocent enough

to believe things which other boys

pitch out of the window without a second thought. When Christopher was going on nine years old he heard some one say that "a penny saved was two pence earned." He therefore laid a big Bungtown away in a crack under the mop-board, and every day he looked confidence and patience, but at length that Bungtown. The youthful Christopher didn't believe in maxims quite

as much as before, but he hadn't cut all his eye-teeth yet. When this boy was a year elder he heard it said that "truth was mighty son, while this one too, is perhaps the and must prevail," and that a boy who always spoke the truth would surely make a great and good man. He commenced to tell the truth. One the old gent came home and asked who in blazes had done that, Christo-

tion. She hurries to her chamber, pher Columbus spoke up and said: "It was I, father-I notehed your

and throws herself on her bed in a passion of tears. Can she, too, have old razor.' "You did, eh?" sneered the old man as he looked up into a peach dangerous to her peace? No; he is tree; "well, I'll fix you so you won't

never noteh another razor for me!" And he cut a budding limb and dressed that boy down until the youth stars. That night Christopher Columbus determined never to tell the truth again unless by accident, and all through life he stuck to the reso-

When the lad was twelve years old he read in a little book that "honesty was the best policy." He didn't more than half believe it, but he thought he'd try. He went to being honest. One day his mother sent him to the elder soldier, and hios so swiftly to the younger. Never again will he grocery to buy eggs, and Bill Jones watch the varying unconscious feed induced him to squander the change in the purchase of soda water. When he got home his mother asked him for the little balance, and Christopher ex-

"Spent it for soda, eh?" she re-

clinging tendrils-whose roses have And she agitated him in the livelibrushed against her cheek. Never est manner. That night as he turned will he listen to the music of the on his downy straw bed, the boy made plashing fountain, in whose basin her up his mind that honesty didn't pay, fair face is so often mirrored—in and he resolved to cheat the whole

his pain! So tender and loving a heart could not repulse his offered love with cruelty; and he lifts his best bonnet off, eh? Well, I don't brow again, and strides back into the think you'll remember the poor very much after to-night!"

And he pounded Christopher Columbus with a pump-handleuntil the boy fainted away, and even then didn't feel as if he had made a thorough job

They fooled this boy once more. He heard a rich man say that everybody should "make hay while the sun shone." So when there came a sunny day he went out, took his father's scythe down from the plum tree and went to making hay. He broke the scythe, cut down the tulips and hacked his sister in the heel, and his mother came out and led him around by the hair and bounced him until he almost went into a decline. They couldn't bamboozle this boy after that He grew wicked every day of his life, and before his eighteenth birthday arrived he was hung for murder. He said he didn't care a huckleberry about it. and died without making the usual Fourth of July oration.

M. QUAD.

A lady having accidentally broken her smelling bottle, the husband, who is very petulant, said to her, "I declare, my dear, everything that be longs to you is more or less broken.' 'True," replied the lady, "for even you are a little cracked.'

The Golden Age says that you may