

ALEX. SCOTT,  
PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR OF  
"THE YORK HERALD."  
TERMS: \$1 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.  
Cheap Book and Job Printing Establishment.  
OFFICE—YONGE ST., RICHMOND HILL.

# The York Herald.

THE YORK HERALD  
PUBLISHED AT THE OFFICE  
YONGE ST., RICHMOND HILL.  
Issued Weekly on Friday Morning.  
Terms—One Dollar per Annum in Advance  
ALEX. SCOTT, PROPRIETOR.

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**THE YORK HERALD**  
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.  
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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

**DRUGGISTS.**  
H. SANDERSON & SON,  
PROPRIETORS OF THE  
**RICHMOND HILL DRUG STORE,**  
Corner of Yonge and Centre streets East, have constantly on hand a good assortment of Drugs, Poisons, Perfumery, Chemicals, Oils, Toilet Soaps, Medicines, Varieties, 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, '72 765

**DENTISTRY.**  
A. ROBIESSON, L. D. S.  
New method of extracting teeth without pain, by the use of Ether Spray, which affects the tooth 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. Robiesson 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, lat. 3rd, 16th and 22d of each month  
Newmarket..... 2d  
Richmond Hill, 9th and 24th  
Mt. Albert..... 15th  
Thornton..... 23rd  
Maple..... 26th  
Burwick..... 28th  
Kleinburg..... 29th  
Nobleton..... 30th  
Nitrous Oxide Gas always on hand at Aurora, April 28, 1870. 615-1f

**W. H. & R. PUGSLEY,**  
(SUCCESSORS TO W. W. COX.)  
**DUTCHERS, RICHMOND HILL, HAVE**  
Lamb, Veal, Pork, Sausages, &c., and sell at the lowest prices for Cash.  
Also, Corned and Spiced Beef, Smoked and Dried Hams.  
The highest market price given for Cattle, Sheep, Lambs, &c.  
Richmond Hill, Oct. 24, '72. 745-1y

**FARMERS' BOOT AND SHOE STORE**  
JOHN BARRON, manufacturer and dealer in all kinds of boots and shoes, 38 West Market Square, Toronto.  
Boots and shoes made to measure, of the best material and workmanship, at the lowest remunerating prices.  
Toronto, Dec. 3, 1867.

**PETER S. GIBSON,**  
**PROVINCIAL LAND SURVEYOR,**  
Civil Engineer and 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 7, 1873. 755

**J. SEGSWORTH,**  
DEALER IN FINE GOLD AND SILVER Watches, Jewelry, &c., 118 Yonge Street, Toronto  
September 1, 1871. 664

**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

**PATENT MEDICINE.**  
**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. I HAVE you Rheumatism, Wounds, Bruises, Old Sores, Cuts, Burns, Frost Bites, Piles, Painful Swellings, White Swellings, and every conceivable wound upon man or beast?

**THE KING OF OILS.**  
Stands permanently above every other remedy now in use. It is invaluable.  
ALSO, the Pain Victor is Infallible for Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Flox, Colic, Cholera Morbus, Pain and Cramp in the Stomach and Bowels, &c.  
Directions with each bottle and box.  
Manufactured by H. MUSTARD, Proprietor, 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 Veterinary 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, 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**  
A Surveyor, Trust and Loan Buildings, corner of Adelaide and Toronto streets, Toronto. 719-1f

**WM. MALLOY,**  
BARRISTER, Attorney, Solicitor-in-Chancery, Conveyancer, &c.  
Office—No. 6 Royal Insurance Buildings, Toronto street.  
Toronto, Dec. 2, 1859. 594

**D. C. O'BRIEN,**  
ACCOUNTANT, Book-keeper, Conveyancer, and Commission Agent for the sale or purchase of lands, farm stock, &c., also for the collection of rents, notes and accounts. Charges Moderate.  
Office—Richmond street, Richmond Hill. 700-1y

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

**Pleasant Paragraphs.**  
Never boast of having dined well till the next day.  
Fee simple—giving a waiter ten cents and expecting to have a good dinner.  
The fool seeketh to pick a fly from a mule's hind leg. The wise man letteth out the job to the lowest bidder.  
Temperate translation for the warm weather: "Ne sunt ultra crepidam."—Don't take more than that last cobler.  
The Freoprot Era says that "titmerant cow-bells are wafted on the night air." Pretty atmosphere they must have there!  
"A young man, recently married," states, that he is willing to sell his sulky. Two at once is more than he can manage.  
The Boston Transcript says: It takes considerable stretch of imagination to convert an old family mansion, erected before the revolutionary war, into a "summer cottage."  
First Senior—"When was the war of 1812?" Second Senior (after meditation)—"By Jove, I've forgotten that again! I'll put it down and ask my tutor."  
Summit Station, Cal., was at last accessible still surrounded by five or six feet of snow on an average, and in places the drafts can be sounded to a depth of thirty feet without reaching terra firma.  
Gushing party—"There's a view now! Magnificent! Surely you'll admit that deserves praise!" Practical Self-made Man—"Well, I don't know. It has made an effort to deserve it. Didn't make itself!"  
Authorities differ as to whether the best time to pick out a wife is during house-cleaning or on washing day. Ordinarily, however, a man can pretty much tell what he's coming to by the way she makes the suds fly.  
Casta Diva—"Dick (to a friend about to marry)—"Poety, is she? Well, wot's er cast o' features!" Her Harry—"She ain't got no cast in her features—that's in her eye. Her features is straight enough."  
A Wisconsin minister has been dismissed from an orthodox pulpit because he built a fire under a banky horse. His case is almost as bad as that of the Btu Clare preacher, in the same State, who was dismissed by the congregation for counting a nine-spot "ten for game."  
"Who's there?" said Jenkins, one cold winter night, disturbed in his repose by some one knocking at the street door. "A friend," was the answer. "What do you want?" "Want to stay here all night." "Queer taste, ain't it? But stay there, by all means," was the benevolent reply.

**THE PROPOSAL.**  
Can I forget the hour, the moment,  
When first I met thee, dear?  
Can I expect fulfillment  
Of castles built in air?  
Since first I met thee, 'neath the bower,  
Thou hast had my heart in keeping,  
And I often bless that happy hour  
When first I found thee weeping.  
I dream of thee, oftentimes, my love,  
And thy presence hovers near me;  
Above thy brow a golden crown,  
And shining robes about thee.  
I seek to clasp thee in my arms.  
But, alas! 'thou'rt gone;  
I wake to find it all a dream,  
And I am yet alone.  
Alone! alone! yet not alone,  
I see thee everywhere;  
I picture to myself a home,  
And thou art reigning there.  
A home that's fraught with joy and peace,  
Almost a heaven on earth.  
To which I haste when cares release,  
And gather round the hearth.  
Oh, tell me, can I hope for this?  
Is what I ask in vain?  
Can you answer that sweet word, "Yes?"  
And the affix, "I will be thine?"  
I'll meet thee, 'neath the bower divine,  
When evening shades do gather;  
If my answer's yes, oh! show some sign,  
And send my joy forever.

**THE SEA OF LIFE.**  
The bright sea kissed the glistening strand,  
And, sparkling o'er with joy,  
Saw, by its swift receding tide,  
A maiden and a boy.  
Thus childhood's innocence and glee  
Imprint the shores of life  
With careless pictures,—footsteps, though,  
That lead to years of strife.  
The calm sea smiles upon the sand,  
Though years are gone, and now  
The moonlit waves with rippling song  
Join with the lover's vow.  
Oh mighty deep! Oh sea of love!  
How warm hearts bathe in the!  
And, yet, how chill,—how cold the storms  
Of life oft prove to be!  
Long years! How brief! The raging sea  
Now wildly beats the shore,  
The sea of life, tumultuously,  
Mad surges more and more.  
Man, toiling restless, passionate,  
Hard struggling 'gainst the tide,  
Grows weary faint—so careworn!  
No strength, no hope, no pride!  
The cold, sad sea breaks on the shore;  
But now, its icy breath,  
Is eager, bitter, blowing life  
To the embrace of death!  
And grim Old Age with frosty beard,  
Sits by the same dark sea,  
Cold, and alone, while Time and Tide  
Drift toward Eternity.

**BLANCHE DE LOUVOIS.**  
A TALE OF THE FRENCH WAR.  
BY SIDNEY BERNAL.  
[CONCLUDED.]  
CHAPTER III.

The morning passes slowly to the impatient colonel. Manly though he is, he attires himself with care as the sun begins to descend toward the horizon, and presents himself in the apartments of madame. Awaiting her arrival, he paces the long saloon, his heart beating with high hope—his eyes bright with happiness. He hears the sound of an opening window, and a light figure glides past into the garden. He dare not follow, but watches her leaning against the balustrade, looking out over the valley at the setting sun. Charming she looks in her favorite snowy robe, so cool and radiant, with the faint flush of the sunset upon her cheek, her lovely dark eyes raised upward, her golden hair rippling in the evening breeze. The fountain tinkled like a little bell, as it plashed into its marble basin; the air was redolent with the breath of a thousand flowers; the sprays of rose and jasmine clasped her in their trailing arms as she leaned, absorbed, over the railing.  
A closing door breaks the young man's reverie: he turns and bows low to the countess.  
"The honor you have done me, madame, is so unexpected, that I scarcely know how to thank you!"  
"I have heard from my servants, Colonel Von Rupert, that you are about to leave us, and I could not suffer you to go without expressing to my gratitude for the protection you have afforded us, and the kindness you have shown us. If you will walk with me into the garden, my daughter will add her thanks to mine."  
And so he follows the lady out on the stone terrace. Blanche turns at the sound of her mother's voice. Von Rupert bows—their eyes meet. Under his passionate gaze what can she do but blush! How lovely she is in her confusion! She is determined to hate him as her country's foe; yet how handsome he is!—how tender his voice! And around is thrown that charm of manner that has won him the favor of many a court lady. What wonder, then, that the innocent young chaperone of Les Hirondelles, reared in the shade of her native forests, can resist no longer?—that the earth blossoms, for her, into an Eden

that she hangs upon his words—that she trembles under his glance?  
And so the evening glides away. His rich voice floats out over the valley in many a song; he entertains madame with anecdotes of the capital: one theme alone he studiously avoids—the terrible struggle that desolates the land.  
And so the evening wears away, and they go into their coffee, and he lingers still, loth to break the spell of enchantment that binds him. Then, as he turns to take his leave at last, madame, glad of his charming society, repeats her invitation, and the young man departs entranced.  
Now, day after day finds them together, singing at the grand piano in the boudoir, making the old chateau gay with their happy laughter. As yet he has never told his love; but in the blushing cheek that burns beneath his gaze, in the sparkling eloquence of the beautiful face upturned to his, in the soft tremor that thrills her in his presence, he knows that he is beloved. In that happy consciousness he rests.  
In a few days he is to leave, and he stands with her in the garden one sultry evening alone. Her voice half trembles as she says:  
"A few short weeks, Colonel Von Rupert, and you will be far away in your 'Fatherland,' and will have forgotten our little valley, and the lonely tower of Les Hirondelles!"  
"Will you not give me, then, something to remind me of it? A book, a flower, a ribbon from your hair, perhaps?" he says, as he holds her hand at parting.  
She detaches the ribbon, lays it on his hand, and with a light laugh, runs up the stone steps and, disappears through a window.

And when morning came, she learned that Von Rupert, too, had left the castle, without a word, without a line, to explain the cause of his departure.  
CHAPTER IV.  
Days passed—weeks, months. The yellow chestnut blossoms have turned to brown, then dropped away, and now the boughs are full of prickly burrs, hiding the sweet nuts within. Soon the frost will open them, and they will fall, like rain at each breath of the autumn wind. From her chamber window in the turret Blanche gazes down the road, watching for him who never comes. The war is over—peace is declared; he has gone to his home in "the Fatherland," she will never see him again! Her dark eyes look larger still, because the roundness of her cheek is gone—its color flown; only the delicate fairness remaining still beautiful. Her figure, too, is even more slight than it was. Her voice is never heard in its gay carolling among the long saloons and corridors as of old. Into the garden she never goes; she cannot bear the memories of that happy time that it awakens. Tall weeds grow among her roses. Poor roses! fading, too like herself, under the blast of an adverse fate. The fountain still plays into its marble basin, but there is a melancholy now, in its constant drip, drip, which it never had in those happy days of yore.  
The brother strives to make her happy—to be her all in all. Very tender is the love between them; but it is of no avail. She never murmurs—never complains. Her watchful eyes forestall her mother's every want; her willing feet are swift to every charity; but the mother's eyes fill with tears as she sees the slow breaking of the heart that her daughter tries in vain to hide. When she can, she steals from the saloon, and seeks her turret chamber, where she weeps alone, or gazes down the white, dusty road where she first began to watch for the horseman dashing so wildly down its length.  
Fifine had heard in the village of a stranger who had lately arrived, and whom, indeed, she saw one evening, as she passed up the little street. She is a prudent little woman, is Fifine, so she says nothing; but it seems to her that she bears a strong resemblance to the young Prussian colonel that she calls "beautiful as an angel." Fifine still hopes that all will be well. "Still, the brother—he is so bitter against the Prussians! But, la! the war is now over, and 'what is the use of crying over spilt milk?' And then the philosophical peasant goes on to arrange a little plan, which, to toll the truth, she has had in her head ever since she first saw "those two beautiful children" together.  
The stream had risen very high this evening, since the heavy rain yesterday, and Fifine can scarcely cross the plank where it is narrowest. But she does get across safely. She turns to look at the rapid torrent after she has got over, and sees a horseman trying to ford it several hundred yards above. The water is above the saddle-girths, and the horse seems jaded and weary. Now the current is so strong that it has swept him from his footing, and he struggles in vain to regain it. The rider urges him on; they are borne out where the water is deepest, and (horror of horrors!) it is the young Comte Victor that is washed down the now raging torrent!  
All this Fifine sees at a glance. She sees, too, a man's figure plunge into the stream and strike out to save the doomed man. He gains the bridge, frees the young Comte's foot from the stirrup, and makes for the bank with his burden. Now Victor has struggled to his feet and is safe. He turns to look at his rescuer, but he is gone. He is struck by a heavy branch, and is thrown back into the current again, and his body is already far down the stream. Now, perfectly helpless, at the mercy of the swollen torrent, he is dashed hither and thither; now disappearing, now rushing onward. By this time many spectators had collected on the bank, and were making efforts to catch hiselting with long poles and hooks. At last he is brought to the shore, but he has fainted, and lies white and dripping on the grass.  
He is borne to the castle, and laid in one of the great chambers. They pour brandy down his throat, and the young Comte sends for his mother, little dreaming to whom he owes his debt of gratitude! The countess cries aloud as she recognizes the fair hair and calm, fixed features of her kind young grandson.

Blanche steals into the room to lend her aid to the sufferer. He has fainted they say, and she is all unconscious of the face she is to see, so still and cold. They unfasten his collar; there, on his breast, is the blue ribbon she gave him on the evening of their last farewell. "He has been true, then! and some strange chance has parted them! But oh! if he should never wake up to know her love—if he should never speak to her again!—if his strong young life should be cut off even as happiness seemed to dawn again!" And she watched to see them lay aside the ribbon, not knowing that it was her own—watched at the first, faint breath between the parted lips, the returning color, and then shrank back among the draperies to hide her newborn happiness.  
A generous heart has young Victor

de Louvois. He cannot refuse his sister's hand to the savior of his life. So he buries the memories of that bitter strife, and give's a brother's grasp to the gallant foe that has so nearly given life for life in his conflict with the waters. And his reward is great for the sacrifice, (if sacrifice it is,) for he dearly loves his sister, and now the rose comes back to her cheek, and light to her eyes, and her very voice overflows in ripples of laughter and sweet song! Not even yet have these words been spoken that plight them to each other; but Victor has the confidence of the young colonel, and they are like brothers in their new-found friendship.  
The bugle sounds loud and clear up the valley, as the two young men return from the hunt, calling to their dogs on this cool, October evening. The sun sets all the castle windows aflame with gold, and over the parapet leans the fair face that has watched so often for her lover's return. He glances up as he passes, and throws a bright smile toward her, then throws his rein to Jacques and springs up to her side.  
The garden is not melancholy now, though the roses are faded and the trees bare. He folds her wrappings round her tenderly, to shield her from the evening air. Then he looks eagerly into her eyes and pleads.  
"Give me the right to shield you always?—give me the right to claim this little hand?"  
Then, with faltering voice, she owns that he is master of her heart—that she has loved him long and silently. And when Victor joins them, he leads her to him as his promised wife.  
Then they seek that dear mother whose sympathy has been with them always, and seated by the shifting firelight, are silently happy by her side.  
"Ah, mademoiselle, I knew how it would be all along, and, Monsieur le Colonel, if it had not been for me, she would never have been your wife!" says Fifine, as she threw the shoe after them on their wedding day.

**The Possibilities of Future Discovery.**  
A striking illustration of the popular lack of scientific reasoning is to be found in an editorial which recently appeared in the New York Herald as follows:  
"The wildest imagination is unable to predict the discoveries of the future. For all we know, families in the next century may pump fuel from the river and illuminate their houses with ice and electricity. Iron vessels, properly magnetized, may sail through the air like balloons, and a trip to the Rocky Mountains may be made in an hour. Perhaps within fifty years American grain will be shot into Liverpool and Calcutta through iron pipes laid under the sea. By means of condensed air and cold vapor engines, excursion parties may travel along the floor of the ocean, sailing past ancient wrecks and mountains of coral. On land the intelligent farmer may turn the soil of a thousand acres in a day, while his son cuts wood with a platinum wire and shells corn by electricity. The matter now contained in a New York daily may be produced ten thousand times a minute, on little scraps of pasteboard, by improved photography, and boys may sell the news of the world printed on visiting cards, which their customers will read through artificial eyes. Five hundred years hence a musician may play a piano in New York connected with instruments in San Francisco, Chicago, Cincinnati, New Orleans and other cities, which will be listened to by half a million of people. A speech delivered in New York will be heard instantly in the halls of those cities; and when fashionable audiences in San Francisco go to hear some renowned singer, she will be performing in New York or Philadelphia.  
In the year 1900 a man may put on his inflated overcoat, with a pair of light steering wings fastened to his arms, and go to Newark and back in an hour. All the great battles will be fought in the air. Patent thunderbolts will be used instead of cannon. A boy in Hoboken will go to Canada in the family air carriage to see his sweet heart, and the next day his father will chasten him with a magnetic rebuker because he did not return before midnight. The time is coming when the Herald will send a reporter to see a man reduce one of the Rocky Mountains to powder in half a day. Skillful miners will extract gold from quartz as easily as cider is squeezed from apples. A compound telescope will be invented on entirely new principles, so that one may see the planets as distinctly as we now see Staten Island. Microscopes will be made so powerful that a particle of dust on a gnat's back will appear larger than Pike's Peak. And marvelous progress will be made in psychological and mental sciences. Two men will set in baths filled with chemical liquids. One of them may be in Denver and the other in Montreal. A pipe filled with the same liquid will connect the two vessels, and the fluid will be so sensitive that each may know the other's thoughts. In these coming days, our present mode of telegraphing will be classed with the wooden ploughs of Egypt, and people will look back to steamships and locomotives as we look back to sailboats and stage coaches.

**What will be Done with Leisure?**  
Rest, you say—the cry is for rest; rest from occupation, from care, from anxiety, from questioning, from doubt, from the hunger of the mind, from the endless pursuit of what cannot be reached, from turmoil and battle, and ambition, from the greediness of passion, and the gnawing unrest of sin. Yes, the word rest is delicious, the thought of rest is sweet; the vision of rest is enchanting; the hope of rest alleviates and consoles. But what is rest? It is not sleep for sleep is unconscious, in order to enjoy it. It is not idleness, for idleness is ignoble. It is not vacancy, for vacancy is nothing. It is not alteration of work, for alteration of work is only variety of unrest.  
Rest is perfect reaction from energy; it is a state of complete, happy reception; it is conscious oblivion; it is the sense of having no sensations; it is ecstasy without emotion; a dreamy delight; a fullness without pain. Such a blissful condition is felt rarely and is of brief duration. To the most it is so unknown and so hopeless, that they associate it with heaven, and dream of it only when life is done. They who can rest are the happiest; for rest is the perfect recreator. It is inaction, and it is joy—a complete experience of both.  
But rest cannot be commanded, and, in default of it, what is there but amusement, that diverts without misleading, dissipates without corrupting, entertains without exhausting; that is pleasurable without nervous waste; and delight without delirium; a cup that cheers, but does not inebriate? Its office is to recreate by indirection, to fill leisure with innocent gaiety. That is the best amusement that most thoroughly amuses; not that instructs, elevates, purifies, but entertains, making, while it does so, the least possible draught on the mind, feelings or will. It has no philosophy; it has no ethics; it has no intention, except to spread a genial happiness over the system.  
It is not in its nature to hurt any living creature; it is against its being to be savage, cruel, or harsh towards a living thing—man, beast, or insect. It bears no malice; it has no bitterness in its heart; it carries no venom beneath its tongue; it aims no shafts at goodness or worth; its laughter is harmless, its wit sunny, its humor generous. It is a child of light and laughter. Impurity, indecency, indelicacy, it holds in aversion. It promotes good will, dispels evil temper, dispels rancor, exercises fear, and puts the mind in sweet relation with the world of fortune and mankind.

**Bold Impostures.**  
Arthur Orton does not share his reputation alone; long before his day men of equal boldness have arrogated to themselves rights which rest not on a grain of foundation. Of the many pretenders who each claimed the throne of France, as being the son of Louis XVI., said to have died in the Temple, but who, according to them, had been taken away while another child was substituted in his place, there were the son of a tailor; a watchmaker; two adventurers; and the son of a sabot maker. It is astonishing to consider the number and respectability of those who sided with one or the other of the various impostors—nobles, bishops, priests, soldiers, the staid and sober minded few, the frivolous and unthinking many—all were carried away by the specious tales and unblushing frontonry of those who avowed that the child prisoner of the infamous Simon—the patient of Dr. Desault—the unfortunate Dauphin of France—had escaped the fate to which his brutal jailers had condemned him. The tailor's son became a suitor for the hand of a princess—Benedictine of Portugal. The son of a sabot-maker sent by the hands of a gallant soldier a letter to "Mme. Royale." The watchmaker was the pet of noble ladies and brave men, and lived on Prince in Paris. There was not one of them all but was enabled to trade with marvellous success upon the credulity of all classes of society. Such is the strange power of unblushing audacity upon the majority of people, that honesty is too often distanced by vice in this unthinking world. Apropos of this subject, a Vienna paper announces the death of a malefactor, who for some time preyed on the trade of Paris under the false name and title of Prince Gyorgy. Accompanied by an adventuress, whom he gave out to be his wife, he succeeded in running up enormous debts in the first houses in the capital. From Paris he went to Pesth, where he immediately commenced similar operations, and succeeded in obtaining goods from one firm to the value of twelve thousand francs. He was shortly after taken into custody in Vienna. It appears that he was implicated in the Commune. His swindling transactions were to an amount almost unprecedented.  
California pea pods are far superior to orange peel for throwing the unwary pedestrian off his equilibrium. Here is what happened to a lady in San Francisco, as described by a paper of that city: "She kicked with both feet as high as a ballet star, gave the peculiar, shrill, feminine scream, sat down, said 'Oh my,' smoothed down her disordered attire, looked around wildly, rose quickly, shook herself to see if anything was loose, gave a withering glance at the place where she had fallen, and, with all the spare blood she had in her face, went on with her shopping."

**Masonic Lodge - List of Officers**  
"Ganyameis" Letter

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