

ALEX. SCOTT, PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR OF "THE YORK HERALD."

The York Herald.

THE YORK HERALD PUBLISHED AT THE OFFICE YONGE ST., RICHMOND HILL.

VOL. XVI. NO. 28.

RICHMOND HILL, ONTARIO, CANADA, FRIDAY, JANUARY 1, 1875.

WHOLE NO. 857.

THE YORK HERALD

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

TERMS: One Dollar per annum in advance, if not paid within two months, One Dollar and Fifty Cents will be charged.

ADVERTISING RATES. PER LINE. One inch, one year, \$4 00

THE HERALD BOOK & JOB PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT.

Plain & Colored Job Work will be promptly attended to: Fancy Bills, Business Cards, Circulars, Law Forms, Bill Heads, Blank Checks, Drafts, etc.

AUCTIONEERS. FRANCIS BUTTON, JR., Licensed Auctioneer for the County of York.

DRUGGISTS. H. SANDERSON & SON, PROPRIETORS OF THE RICHMOND HILL DRUG STORE.

DENTISTRY. A. ROBESON'S, L. D. S., Method of extracting teeth without pain.

W. H. & R. PUGSLEY, BUTCHERS, RICHMOND HILL, HAVE always on hand the best of Beef, Mutton, Lamb, Veal, Pork, Sausages, &c.

FARMERS' BOOT AND SHOE STORE JOHN BARRON, manufacturer and dealer in all kinds of boots and shoes.

PETER S. GIBSON, PROVINCIAL LAND SURVEYOR, Civil Engineer and Draughtsman.

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

ADAM H. MEYERS, JR., BARRISTER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY, CONVEYANCES, &c., &c.

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.

THE KING OF OILS. Stands permanently above every other Remedy now in use. It is invaluable.

J. H. SANDERSON, VETERINARY SURGEON, Graduate of Toronto University College, corner of Yonge and Centre Sts. East, Richmond Hill.

S. JAMES, ARCHITECT, CIVIL ENGINEER, AND Surveyor, Trust and Loan Buildings, corner of Adelaide and Toronto streets, Toronto.

W. M. MALLOY, BARRISTER, Attorney, Solicitor-in-Chancery, Conveyancer, &c. Office—No. 6 Royal Insurance Buildings, Toronto street.

D. C. O'BRIEN, ACCOUNTANT, Book-keeper, Conveyancer, and Commission Agent for the sale or purchase of lands, farm stock, &c.

F. WHITLOCK, CHIMNEY SWEEP, AND DEALER IN old iron, rags, &c., &c., Richmond Hill. All orders promptly attended to.

New Stock in the Female Market at Washington. "Gleaner," the Washington correspondent of the Cincinnati Gazette, furnishes that paper with the following society gossip:

"Such a regiment of debutantes are being marched into social gayety this winter to strive in the warfare for bellehood. Thirty already out and some fledglings waiting for a little later in the season. Four comradors' daughters are already on the roster, as well as several others whose fathers rank from admiral down.

"No doubt, no doubt!" sighed Mrs. Dunn. "It seems as if a boarding-house were only a way-station to something more permanent. That's the way it used to seem to me when I was twenty-five. Do you know, I've got a kind of dread Christmas-eve as much as I used to love it; it's a sort of landmark now that shows how far we've wandered from the hopes and promises of youth.

"Yes? Let those laugh who win. We all keep a corner of our hearts where no one enters."

"And every Christmas-time the pain bites deeper, till it seems as if I could not bear it, just as an old wound is said to throb and ache at its anniversary."

"It was when I was barely twenty-five," she continued. "I ought to have outgrown it by this time, but I'm afraid I'm not strong-minded. There I shall bore you to death, Mr. Royburne—there are some folks who have no money on a listener; but somehow I felt like talking about myself to-night."

"And I feel like hearing about yourself to-night. Pray go on; a love affair's like an air of Mozart, always sweet to listen to."

"Mine wasn't sweet to live through, I promise you. You see I'd been left alone in the world, with a trifle of money, not enough to keep me without work; that is to say, there was Aunt Huldah, rich and alive, but I'd

NEW YEAR'S BELLS

Ring, bells, ring, with your mellow din, Ring the old year out and the new year in! Like the voices of birds from the wild grey spire, Let your silvery music rise higher and higher!

Ring, bells, ring, with a merry din! The old year has gone with its care and sin! Smiling and fair, at the eastern gates, Glad in tinted light, the new year waits!

MRS. DUNN'S CHRISTMAS. It was Christmas-even in Mrs. Dunn's cozy parlor, the back-log blazed and snapped with a good will, as if it remembered the days when the sunshine crept into its heart; the candles burned with a clear radiance on the mantle. Outside, the snow fell and drifted against the pane, the wind whistled loudly, as if to drown the Christmas bells, that now seemed far away, and anon rang out like clarion calls.

"Oh! where was I? You gave me such a start, I assure you."

"The young people were walking arm in arm on the Mall, and the band was playing," giving me the cue.

"Oh yes, thanks. I'd been in the business over a year when he came across my path. I dare say it's silly for me, with my gray hairs and crows feet, but sometimes of a spring morning, when I open my window and the fresh fragrance steals upon me, I find myself forgetting my years and expecting him, just as I used to; and when I came to my senses presently, all the day seems vacant and dark, and I go about with weights to my heels, and the spring sun is behind a cloud. I don't suppose you can understand such nonsense."

"You don't know me," said her listener, turning his back upon her to snuff the candles.

"No wasn't one of my boarders, you know," she continued, she continued, "but he was intimate with some of them, and as familiar in the house as need be, coming to dine and to lunch when it pleased him, till he knew the lay of the land as well as if it belonged to him. That was long before I knew that he cared or even thought of me, for though my glass told me I wasn't ill-looking—it has given over telling flattering tales now-a-days—yet I'd never thought much about love and that sort of thing, being a practical body, and too busy to meddle with things I wasn't called on to worry about. He got into the way, when his friends were out, of knocking at the door of my private parlor, and dropping in till they came home, as a matter of convenience. I naturally supposed, because public parlors are dreary places to wait in at the best, and he was one of those men, I'd noticed, who love luxury and prettiness desperately. But one night when the moon was up, and the band was playing on the Mall 'The girl I left behind me,' and I was leaning out of the window, after casting up my accounts for the day and giving orders for breakfast, watching the love-sick people strolling about by twos and stopping to kiss each other in the shadow of the elms—somebody tossed a handful of cinnamon roses up at my window. Of all the roses that June blows that little old-fashioned cinnamon rose is the most fragrant to me; and it was he, calling to me to come down and walk; and I went down, too readily perhaps, and we walked through half a dozen tunes—such tunes as seemed like the music of the spheres with variations. Sometimes when I have been passing your room, Mr. Royburne, you've drawn out a strain or two of those very airs on your violin, and it has seemed as if I smelled rose leaves, and I've had to sit down on the stairs to recover myself. However, when I reached home that night and locked up, I'd found out something I hadn't known when I went out—I had found out that I loved Jules Adderley, whether he had loved me or not. It was an embarrassing piece of news to me; it was both pain and pleasure curiously twisted together. It made me start at every step and get nervous at every knock, and I began to look in the glass with more attention, and worry about my face, and grow absent-minded about the bills and the housekeeping, till one night I met him on the stairs; he was going up and I was coming down, and we didn't do either, and—dear, dear, what an old fool I am! I can't think of that time without tears—and the band outside in the moonlight playing 'My love is like the red, red rose.' And yet he couldn't really have loved me, you know."

"I don't know anything of the kind," broke in Mr. Royburne, almost angrily; "I'm sure that he loved you."

"I'd like to think so," she said, smiling to herself and looking into the fire; "but you haven't heard all. We weren't going to be married for a year or so, because he was only

no expectations from her, and would to Heaven I had no realizations! Well, I wasn't quick enough to teach, and had no knack for millinery or mantua-making, and the hundred other employments women turn their hands to now-a-days were unknown and untried by them then; so I put the little I had into a boarding-house. I didn't live about here at that time—you see, it's an old craft with me—I lived in the Western part of the State, at Croftford."

"Croftford!" echoed Mr. Royburne, stooping to pick up the bow he had let fall.

"Yes. You have been there. It's thought a pretty place of its size. The house I kept looked out on the Mall, where young folks went walking arm in arm in the long summer evenings, and sometimes the band played—such tunes! They don't seem like the same thing now-a-days. Oh, don't you feel well to-night, Mr. Royburne?" she asked, picking up a stitch in her knitting.

"As usual, thank you, Mrs. Dunn."

"Things come on so suddenly at times," she apologized. "I thought you must be going to have an ill turn just now. You looked quite ghastly, upon my word. Are you quite sure that you feel all right?"

"It was nothing, believe me—nothing more than a twinge of rheumatism, that one may expect at my age."

"Oh! where was I? You gave me such a start, I assure you."

"The young people were walking arm in arm on the Mall, and the band was playing," giving me the cue.

"Oh yes, thanks. I'd been in the business over a year when he came across my path. I dare say it's silly for me, with my gray hairs and crows feet, but sometimes of a spring morning, when I open my window and the fresh fragrance steals upon me, I find myself forgetting my years and expecting him, just as I used to; and when I came to my senses presently, all the day seems vacant and dark, and I go about with weights to my heels, and the spring sun is behind a cloud. I don't suppose you can understand such nonsense."

"You don't know me," said her listener, turning his back upon her to snuff the candles.

"No wasn't one of my boarders, you know," she continued, she continued, "but he was intimate with some of them, and as familiar in the house as need be, coming to dine and to lunch when it pleased him, till he knew the lay of the land as well as if it belonged to him. That was long before I knew that he cared or even thought of me, for though my glass told me I wasn't ill-looking—it has given over telling flattering tales now-a-days—yet I'd never thought much about love and that sort of thing, being a practical body, and too busy to meddle with things I wasn't called on to worry about. He got into the way, when his friends were out, of knocking at the door of my private parlor, and dropping in till they came home, as a matter of convenience. I naturally supposed, because public parlors are dreary places to wait in at the best, and he was one of those men, I'd noticed, who love luxury and prettiness desperately. But one night when the moon was up, and the band was playing on the Mall 'The girl I left behind me,' and I was leaning out of the window, after casting up my accounts for the day and giving orders for breakfast, watching the love-sick people strolling about by twos and stopping to kiss each other in the shadow of the elms—somebody tossed a handful of cinnamon roses up at my window. Of all the roses that June blows that little old-fashioned cinnamon rose is the most fragrant to me; and it was he, calling to me to come down and walk; and I went down, too readily perhaps, and we walked through half a dozen tunes—such tunes as seemed like the music of the spheres with variations. Sometimes when I have been passing your room, Mr. Royburne, you've drawn out a strain or two of those very airs on your violin, and it has seemed as if I smelled rose leaves, and I've had to sit down on the stairs to recover myself. However, when I reached home that night and locked up, I'd found out something I hadn't known when I went out—I had found out that I loved Jules Adderley, whether he had loved me or not. It was an embarrassing piece of news to me; it was both pain and pleasure curiously twisted together. It made me start at every step and get nervous at every knock, and I began to look in the glass with more attention, and worry about my face, and grow absent-minded about the bills and the housekeeping, till one night I met him on the stairs; he was going up and I was coming down, and we didn't do either, and—dear, dear, what an old fool I am! I can't think of that time without tears—and the band outside in the moonlight playing 'My love is like the red, red rose.' And yet he couldn't really have loved me, you know."

"I don't know anything of the kind," broke in Mr. Royburne, almost angrily; "I'm sure that he loved you."

"I'd like to think so," she said, smiling to herself and looking into the fire; "but you haven't heard all. We weren't going to be married for a year or so, because he was only

cashier in a bank at Croftford, the Paetolus Bank—I hate the very sound of it; the words burn my tongue—and his salary wasn't big enough to please him, and then I was in no hurry. I wanted to make money myself, and life had grown so sweet, I was almost afraid of my good fortune; and perhaps I was just punished for my want of faith in God's providence. Well, one day I had a great surprise. Aunt Huldah died, and I went away to the funeral; and when the lawyer read out the will, she had left me five thousand dollars—in a stocking! The night I reached home Jules came to welcome me, and I showed him the stocking and asked him to guess; and then I threw the whole, part of which was shining gold and silver, on the table, and it rang with a pleasant sound. But it seemed to me that Jules had something on his mind that night, and I rallied him about it; and that made him put out. And then I put the money back into the stocking and locked it into my desk, while he held the lamp; and I remember that when I opened the desk he caught sight of the daguerreotype I'd had taken to give him on Christmas, and begged it; and I wouldn't let him have it because it wasn't good, and I meant to sit again, and after he had gone I put it into the fire and said nothing. But when he said good-night there was something odd about him; he looked at me odd and searchingly; as if he'd like to see my thoughts themselves; and once or twice he began to speak, and broke off with a kiss, and finally he told me that I shouldn't see him for a few days, as he was going out of town on bank business." Mrs. Dunn paused, and sighed profoundly; Mr. Royburne walked to the window, and shivered as he looked out on the wild night.

"It was only a few days later when Langton, the assistant cashier, who boarded with me, came into my private parlor and said I wanted to speak with me confidentially about Jules. You can't tell what a chill it gave me. I thought nothing but he had dropped dead—and I'd rather it had been so! It seems Jules had been using the bank's money to speculate. He had lost, of course, and Langton had been the first to discover it, and he came to me, he said, in order that I might warn Jules that it couldn't be kept long from the board of directors, as they'd already got wind of something wrong, unless he could replace the money immediately by begging or borrowing. You may guess my feelings! I made no question but Jules had gone out of town with a view to raising the money somehow, too much ashamed to ask me for it and tell me his fault; but he had left no address, and all I could do was to wait his return in a fever of impatience; and it was Christmas week, too, when every body's expected to be cheerful, and there's no end of work to be done. Some of my boarders had gone to keep the season among their friends, and there were a few left, who, like you and me, Mr. Royburne, had nowhere to go; and while we were sitting at tea on Christmas-eve it suddenly seemed to me as if I heard somebody going over the front stairs, and the thought passed through my mind, 'Who can it be?' and then I reflected, 'Oh, it's probably Nancy carrying up the clean clothes from the wash,' and I rang the bell for Tildy, the table girl, to bring up the toast, and asked her, aside, where Nancy was.

"In the kitchen, marm," said she, 'a-folding off the clean clothes from the bars.'

"And Bridget, is she there too?" I said.

"Yes, marm, a-stoning the raisings."

"And isn't Mary? (the chambermaid) 'helping her?' I asked.

"Not she," said Tildy; 'she's a-blithering out at the pump, sure, a-blithering along of Barney.'

"I don't know what possessed me, but I just asked Miss Gruder to take my place at the urn, and I went up stairs alone. I'd left a light burning in my parlor, but the hair of my flesh stood up when I saw it was burning in my bedroom instead, which opened out of the parlor. However, after a little reflection, I considered that I might have been mistaken in my absence of mind, and I stepped into the parlor, which was just light enough to show me my desk with the lid up and the papers scattered about. I thought of my stockings in a minute, and you could have knocked me down with a feather, though I'd taken the precaution to sew it into my mattress that very day, till I should get ready to use it. I felt certain that whoever it was must be well acquainted with my ways, and had observed where I put my keys. And who but one of the servants could that be? And just as I was wondering if Tildy could be in conspiracy with the thief, I saw the door of the closet, that was ajar, tremble. Without a second thought I flew to it and wrenched it open, and—it was Jules Adderley who stepped out! We looked at each other a full minute in the half-light, but we never exchanged a word. He had been too faint-hearted to confess his sin and ask my help, and craven enough to steal into my house for my money. Do you think I could forgive him? I just motioned toward the door, and his head fell upon his breast, and he walked slowly down stairs. I follow-

ing, and out into the wide lonely night. The Christmas bells were just beginning to vibrate on the air as I closed the door upon him; and they found me at the foot of the stairs in a dead faint.

"I had meant all along to give him the five thousand. With this and what I could have raised on my house we could have made good the bank's loss, and he would only have forfeited his situation."

"By the next week the affair was town talk, and every body knew that he had decamped. He'd dropped a letter in the mail for me, to be sure, but I never opened it. I didn't care to read his lame excuse; he couldn't say anything I didn't know already. I didn't want to keep alive any spark of regret or affection for him. I wanted to tread on it, as I would on a serpent that had stung me. But nature is sometimes stronger than resolve; I couldn't bring myself to burn the letter. I've kept it with the seal unbroken, and I've written it in my will that it shall be buried with me."

"Well, it was ten years later before I married Mr. Dunn—not for love, of course; that was all over with me. But he was going to the bad, and needed a helping hand, and vowed that it would be the same thing as giving him over to damnation if I refused. But I was rightly served. He led me a hard life and spent my money, and here I am a widow, not so well off as I was at twenty-five, with the world before me where to choose, and a belief in happiness this side of heaven. Ah, we've let the fire get low. I'm all of a shiver. How garrulous I've been! 'Save us, it's twelve o'clock!'"

"It is Christmas day," said Mr. Royburne. "You leave your story unfinished unless you read the letter of Jules. Why not celebrate the day thus, if I may be so bold?"

"Do you know, I've been tempted to do that very thing. I've been fighting against it all yesterday," she answered.

"It never occurred to you, perhaps, that it may not have been the money—the stocking—that he meant to rob you of?"

"What else could it have been, pray? He knew the money was there, and he had urgent need of it. He did not know that I loved him well enough to overlook his offense, and give him all I had for the asking. I would have followed him to the ends of the earth but for that, for better or worse. Not that I cared a fig for the money—I could wish it had all been sunk in the Red Sea before it fell to me. If it was not that that why should he have blushed and hung his head, and left me without a word in extenuation?"

"Was not the other fault grave enough to make a man blush and hang his head before his sweetheart?—enough to render him speechless? Ye gods! But the letter! Shall we hear it? Remember this is the dawning of peace and good will towards men!"

"I almost dread it," she said, taking the yellow letter from his hiding place. "It is like a resurrection of the past; it will all seem as if it happened yesterday. There, do you read it for me; my eyes are full of tears; the lines run together." And Mr. Royburne read:

"I can not hope dear Jennie, that you could forgive me; I saw that there was no mercy for me in your face last night when I had crept into your house, hoping to carry off your picture as a remembrance of all I had lost by my folly and sin, not daring to meet you face to face and bear your upbraids and see the contempt in your eyes, and beg you for that last favor. But I ask that you will utterly despise me, that you will think as kindly of me as you may, believing that my temptation was great, and my punishment almost more than I can bear; that like many a poor sinner, my intentions were better than my deed. Should you have one tender word for me, one consoling thought to cheer my exile, write it to London, not to Jules Adderley, but!"—and here John Royburne paused and bent towards Mrs. Dunn, and took her hand in his, caressingly. "Do you follow me, Jennie? 'Not to Jules Adderley, but to John Royburne!' Christ's blessing on the newly born!"

And the Christmas stars shone in brightly, for the candles had burned out, and the two long-parted lovers knelt together in the first hour of the Christmas-day!

His name was Charley and he lived in the peaceful town of Thompson. The dows of only five summers have moistened his curly locks, but his pluck was as great as though the winds of a hundred winters had whistled through his branches. He was a kleptomaniac withal, and appropriated a single-barrel shot gun, shot pouch, and powder flask, the one containing two pounds of shot, the other about one pound of powder. He loaded his weapon with the entire contents of the flask and pouch, and then, in a fit of emotional insanity, attempted to murder a pensive sparrow as it sat on a bush. At the first fire the gun disappeared, and Charley was found minus a hand, with twenty severe wounds on his head and neck. But his pluck was intact. He is getting well rapidly, and says he'll have "that sparrow yet."

Miscellaneous Items.

His name was Wrath, and when he asked his girl to marry him she gave him a soft answer, and the soft answer turned away Wrath.

The woman who hit her lord and master over the head with the family Bible, justified the act to the judge by saying she was overcoming evil with good.

If there is anything that will reconcile a man to married life, it is the knowledge that steals over him like a dream, as he bursts a button off, that there is one at home who can repair the damage.

The New York Evening Post thinks that horseback riding is all very well for those hardened to its use, but as for people who have to eat their dinner off the mantelpiece after the exercise, they will find it "an unnatural motion" and "exhausting to stamina and vitality."

Elisha Parker, of Parker, Pennsylvania, meant to have his own way of having his own way. Before passing away he made a will leaving \$100,000 to be divided between members of his household in a certain manner, accompanied with a proviso that if any one of the children should "grumble" thereat, the portion of that one should be distributed in equal shares among the others. Not a grief was heard.

At a recent love-feast in the Methodist Church at Biddeford, Maine, two old mugs which were used by John Wesley in service in his church in England were upon the table. When Wesley's old church was torn down a sister of Mr. J. Goldsborough, of Biddeford, being in England at the time, procured these mugs from among the ruins. They are white, with blue landscape ornamentation, and will hold about three half pints each.

Daniel Mossart, a most ingenious mechanic, has just been sent to an insane asylum in Michigan. He had for some years been at work on a watch which, without being larger than usual, was to show quarter seconds, minutes, hours, days of the week, days of the month, and months of the year, and every fifth time it was opened was to wind itself. He had completed it, and had received a large offer from persons in Cincinnati for the right to manufacture it. Recently he took it apart to fix, and being unable to put it together again, some part having, probably been lost, the intense mental application upon the difficulty deranged his mind.

ARAB INGENUITY.—"Mr. Klein, who rode his own mare, asked Daoud if he was quite sure she always got her allowance. 'Oh yes!' he replied, 'the muleteers often steal from one another, and rob their friends' horses, but I can always find out if your mare has been cheated.' 'How?' 'I always put some pebbles in with the barley, seven or eight, and count exactly how many I put in. The mare never eats the pebbles, and if any one steals the barley he is sure to take two or three pebbles with it. If I find the pebbles short in the morning I make hard words, and they cannot tell how I know, and so they let alone cheating her.'"

Those who have known anything of "jour printers" will recognize this picture, delineated by a Kansas City newspaper: "He was just in from Indianapolis this time. Things are in a bad way there—half rats and half union men. When he struck Indianapolis he had wealth—a cool hundred; but he set 'em up for the boys and got broke. Chicago was a good town, but there was a fearful mob there; he could not stand it. St. Louis 'bout played out, and there's going to be a strike, so he hopped out. Bought a half-fare ticket to Atchison, but the rooster that did the punchin' wouldn't have it. Believed he'd skip to Kansas City and stir up the boys, and then go over to the Pacific slope. 'Say, ain't there a freight West? Give us a chew tobacco. Well, so long, boys.' And he was gone."

Among the men who make no noise in the world, yet handle many millions, and enjoy the confidence of the opulent of New York, is Mr. Dykeman, stock and bond clerk in the Comptroller's office of the city of New York. Originally he was a Methodist clergyman. He was appointed to his present position thirty years ago, and has continued in his responsible position through the various administrations during that period. The other day "Barleigh" saw John Jacob Astor in the Comptroller's office—a modest, quiet, unassuming man careful of his words as he is of his dollars; a huge fellow over six feet in height; massive in size; red hair, heavy, phlegmatic, German in look; with a ponderous tread that made the chandeliers jingle as he walked along; and withal a decided stoop. He nodded "How do you do?" The clerk gave him a look of subdued recognition, darted off to a big book, opened it, pointed his finger to the place of signature. The millionaire took the pen, placed his name where it ought to be, took the check, bowed, and passed out—"The only word he uttered in the room was in reply to a statement by a visitor, 'Very pleasant weather, Mr. Astor.'" "Very." He was in the City Hall about three minutes. The transaction involved millions.