ALEX. SCOTT. DUBLISHER AND PROPBIETOR OF

'THE YORK HERALD.'

TERMS: \$1 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.

heap Book and Job Printing Establishment.

FFICE-YONGE ST., RICHMOND HILL.

Merald.

THE YORK HERALD

DUBLISHED AT THE OFFICE

YONGE ST., RICHMOND HILL Issued Weekly on Friday Morning.

Terms: One Dollar per Annum in Advance

ALEX. SCOTT, PROPRIETOR.

VOL. XVI. NO 35.

RICHMOND HILL, ONTARIO, CANADA, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1875.

Every Friday Morning,

THE YORK HERALD

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

The York Heralo 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

valuable Family Newspaper.

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

acceptable to the man of business, and a

No paper discontinued until all arrearage are paid; and parties refusing papers without paying up will be held accountable for the subscription.

All letters addressed to the editors must

ADVERTISING RATES.

 One inch, one year
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THE HERALD

BOOK & JOB PRINTING ESTARLISHMENT.

Orders for lany of the undermentioned des cription of

Plain & Colored Job Work will be promptly attended to :

Fancy Bills, Business Cards, Circulars, Law Forms, Bill Heads, Blank Checks, Drafts, Blank Orders, Receipts, Letter Heads, Fancy Cards, Pamphlets, Large and Small Posters, and every other kind of Letter-Press Print-

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 short est notice and at reasonable rates. P. O.

address, Buttonville. Markham, July 24, 1868

DRUGGISTS. H. SANDERSON & SON,

PROPRIETORS OF THE

RICHMOND HILL DRUG STORE, Corner of Young and Centre streets East, 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 1ssuer of Marriage Licenses

DENTISTRY.

A. ROBIESON'S, L. D. S. New method of extracting teeth without pain, by the use of Ether Spray, which affects the teeth only. The tooth and gum surrounding becomes insensible with the external agency, when the tooth can be extracted with no pain and without endangering the life, as in the use of Chloroform. Dr. Robinson will be at the following places prepared to extract teeth with his new ap paratus. 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 Thornhill ... Kleinburg. Nitrous Oxide Gas always on hand

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 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 Wes

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, DROVINCIAL 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. 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 SILver Watches, Jewelry, &c., 113 Yonge Street, Toronto. September 1, 1871.

ADAM H. MEYERS, JR., (Late of Duggan & Meyers.)

BARRISTER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW Solicitor in Chancery, Conveyancer &c., &c.
Office:—No. 12 York Chambers, Southeast Corner of Toronto and Court Streets, Toronto, Ont. January 15, 1878.

PATENT MEDICES ... PROCLAMATION.

TUSTARD'S Catarrh Specific Cures Acuts
and Chronic cases of Catarrh, Neuralgia, Healache, Colds, Coughs, Croup, Asthma,
Bronchitis, &c., it is also a good Soothing

USTARD'S Pills are the best pills you M CSTARD'S Pills are the best pills you can get for Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, Billiousness, 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 Rem dy now in use. It is invaluable A LSO, the Pain Victor is Infallible for A Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Flox, Colie, Cholera Morbus, Pain and Cramp in the Stomach and Bowels, &c.

Directions with each bottle and box. H. MUSTARD, Manufactured by

Proprietor, Ingerso 3 00 Sold by Druggists generally. The Dominion Worm Candy is the medicine o expel worms. Try it. 700-y

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

> > D. C. O'BRIEN,

A CCOUNTANT, Book-Keeper, Convey-ancer, and Commissiou Agent for the sale or purchase of lands, farm stock, &c., also for the collection of rents, notes and ac counts. Charges Moderate.

Office-Richmond street, Richmond Hill

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

J. H. SANDERSON,

TETERINARY 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 practising with H. Sanderson, of the same place, where they may be consulted personally or by letter, on all diseases of horses,

orders from a distance promptly atsended to, and medicine sent to any part of the Province.

Horses examined as to soundness, and also

ought and sold on commission Riehmond Hill, Jan. 25, 1872.

S. JAMES,

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

A Great Goose.

A correspondent of the Hartford Times, who wants to equal the stories of intelligent animals he has read, sends the following: "A lady in East Granby obtained of a friend six goose eggs and set them under a favorite hen. After four weeks' incubation, under recklessness in getting his feet wet. Still there was great affection manifested by both parent and child. But the hen gradually grew ashamed, either of herself or of her strange chicken, (which had outgrown her,) and she sought another nest, in a retired place, and commenced sitting for another brood. The gosling wandered 'lonely as a cloud ' until she, at last, made her appearance with a fine brood of chicks. The gander, at this time, had obtained considerable size, and labored hard to help support the family of his half brothers and sisters. He would spread his wings and brood the chicks and protect them from the rain, and drive off all the other fowls who interfered with his adopted family. He would go out to the field and bring in an ear of corn and shell it off for the chicks; and woe to any other biped who attempted to share the meal. At last the industrious hen again went to work for another nest, and then the whole charge of the family devolved upon the gander. And he was faithful to his trust. And, today, if you will go to East Granby, to the farm-house of Mr. Scales, you can see one of the finest of his species you ever saw, still attached to his mother hen and her family, who, apparently, fully reciprocate the feeling.

A Heroine by Mistake.

One dark night not long ago, a burglar entered a private residence on Broadway. On ascending one flight of stairs he observed a light in a chamber, and, while deliberating what was best to do, a large woman suddenly descended upon him, seized him by the throat, pushed him down through the hall, and forced him into the street before he had time to think. "Heroic Repulse of a Burglar by a Woman" was the way the story was told next day. But when friends called and congratulated her upon her courage, she exclaimed, Good gracious, I didn't know it was a burglar. If I had I should have been frightened to death. I thought it was my husband come home drunk and I was determined he shouldn'

It cost a man in Binghamton and Val Agnew were never half an twenty dollars to sneeze the other hour together that there was not some teeth out on the sidewalk breaking words that threatened danger. And crowd. 756-1y them to pieces.

stay in the house in that condition.'

-Lexington (Ky.) Gazette.

THE BATTLE OF LIFE.

And the troops march steadily on, my boy, To the army gone before;
You may hear the sound of their falling feet,
Going down to the river where the two worlds

meet,— They go to return no more. There is room for you in the ranks, my boy, And duty too assigned; Step into the front with a cheerful grace, Be quick, or another may take your place. And you may be left behind.

There is work to be done by the way, my boy,

That you never can tread again; Work for the loftiest, lowliest men, Work for the plough, adze, spindle and pen, Work for the hands and brain. The Scrpent will follow your steps, my boy,
To lay for your feet a snare;
And Pleasure sits in her fairy bowers,
With garlands of poppies and lotus flowers,
Enwreathing her golden hair.

Comptation will wait by the way, my boy, Temptation without and within; And spirits of evil in robes so fair As the holiest angels in heaven wear, Will lure you to deadly sin.

Then put on the armor of God, my boy, In the beautiful days of youth; Put on the helmer, breast-plate and shield, And the sword that the feeblest arm may wield In the cause of Right and Truth.

And go to the Battle of Life, my boy,
With the peace of the Gospel shod,
And before high Heaven do the best you ca
For the great reward, for the good of man,
For the Kingdom and Crown of God.

----THE WINTER BROOK.

Tassels of ice hang over the foam And gloss of a crystal stream; The happy brook is "going home," Beneath the sunset gleam.

It hurries through a mountain dale,
Thrice rich with slope and pine;
It comes as from "behind the veil;"
It lisps as of the divine.

The sunset deepens and dies in the west, Making the heavens so brave; In the cast the clouds seek infinite rest— Will sleep in the ocean wave.

Over the Alps' snowy shoulders
The sun trails a mantle of gold;
And flecks the brook and its boulders,
And lances fashioned by Cold. The Earth, in her spotless garb, Is a maiden that rises from prayer-

A rose without a barb-Even to angels fair. Or call her a spirit of beauty Deprived of material breath, Wanted in heaven for duty, Clothed in the robe of death:

O'er whom the stars come stealing, And the winter moon will rise, Blessing what has not feeling— The lids and the ever-closed eyes.

-----VERONICA'S VALENTINE.

After considerable debate upon the subject in boudoirs and parlors, as well as at Sewing Society and other tables, the ladies of "St. Philip's" tinally decided to hold their fair for the friendless orphans of that parish some time after the holidays.

"Christmas and New Year's follow so soon after Thanksgiving one wants the few weeks that come in betweeh to attend to one's own orphans," laughingly said Mrs. Whyte, at the last meeting concerning that event, upon which niece of good doctrine it was finally great difficulties, the hen came off with agreed that the second week in Februone healthy gosling, who caused her much trouble in consequence of his of fair.

"It don't concern me much when it comes off," said Veronica Vallery to her aunt, as she buttoned up her seal-"I haven't any orphans to attend to, poetry. and no father nor mother to attend to me. I care for nobody, and nobody cares for me. Good day, Mr. Agnew.

The gentleman thus addressed had oined the ladies at the church door, and begging permission to walk home with them, looked down at the independent little speaker, as he said laugh-

"I caught your last sentence, Miss Vallery, and doubt it.'

"Which part of it do you doubt?" isked Veronica looking up very defiant-

"It would be rude to answer 'the remarks.

"Auntie, Mr. Agnew is playing sphinx. He speaks in riddles. I don't understand him and I'm sure he don't understand me;" and she walked on a

"I beg pardon, Miss Vallery; it is no riddle—merely a knowledge I imagine I possess of your character; better perhaps than you could have of your-

"Pray confine your studies of character to the limits of your profession, Mr. Agnew. Lawyers, I believe, have every opportunity for studying human nature in the police dock and such places. Uu:il Miss Vallery occupies so public a position she objects to being studied."

"Oh, Veronica, what are you talking about ?" cried Mrs. Whyte, fearful that her proteges would quarrel in dead earnest now. Some natures when they draw near

to one another seem like summer stormclouds, to be charged one with the positive, the other with the negative electricity, and in the meeting of such opposite forces there is always a sharp report imminent; and Veronica Vallery He blew a new set of false little flash or play of lightning in their vest pocket and strolled on with the yet, somehow, like the summer storm-

charged clouds they seemed to seek one again until he got home up in his room another.

another. Taking it then out of his

The three walked on in silence now until they reached the steps of their boarding-house; then with some kind, leasant remark, Mr. Agnew left the ladies in the hall and went up the long wide stairs to his own room. The ladies stopped a few moments in the par-

"Veronica Vallery," began her aunt in a tone of reproof.

"Exactly, auntie-Veronica Vallery and if you only add spinster, and well calculated to take care of herself, you will have my name and nature complete, and no more words about it, if you please."

"I cannot understand what makes Veronica so rude to Val Agnew," said Mrs. Whyte that evening after she had repeated the passage of arms that had taken place between them that afternoon; "and to me, too, for that matter, when I take her to task about it. I never saw Val so interested in any girl before, He wants to talk about her every time he comes into my room and asks all sorts of questions; while she appears to be governed entirely by his opinions and tastes, says he is the knew, quotes Bayard's motto, 'sans peur and yet she is too hateful of him for poetry. anything. I'm sure I don't understand

"Well, I do," answered Mr. Whyte from the depth's of the long pipe he was smoking.

"You !-ridiculous!" and her tone expressed absolute incredulity.

"Yes, I do. They're in love with one another;" and the volume of smoke that followed the assertion seemed appropriate to the cannon-like effect i had on his hearer.

Jumping up from the rocking-chair as though she had been shot, she ex-

thought of that? and its the very thing too," she went on, volubly. Val will make the very sort of a husband Veronica needs-some one to control her as well as her fortune."

"But, remember, I don't say it will end in their being husband and wife. Love does not always bring about that consummation so devoutly to be wished for. They are a precious pair of contraries, and because it is a good match for both they very likely will turn just oppositely, and both make poor ones. I shan't put a straw in their way, for nor against. Let them manage it

themselves." But this little gleam of light on the subject illuminated all Mrs. Whyte's dreams brilliantly, and she saw in her mind's eye her beloved but troublesome niece the wife of a good man and eminent lawyer.

and the ladies of the committee decided tions of the evening, the old time-honored post-office.

"And, girls," said Mrs. Whyte, who was one of the prime ministers, "you must all set your wits to work, and write the brightest kind of notes. Ver- | the letters, to think that should be the onica, you used to be apt at verseskin jacket and pinned on her vail. making. We'll have you 'do' some The evening of the 14th arrived, and

the pretty little hall in which it was held was a scene of brilliant gayety. Val Agnew lounged in late, and not seeing Miss Vallery among the bevy of pretty girls at the tables, he inquired

"Oh, she's postmistress," answered a pretty little brunette at his elbow; and, by the bye, I think there's a letter for you. Go see."

Mr. Agnew obeyed the command, and presenting himself at the narrow little window of the office, gravely asked for a letter.

Veronica blushed a little as she anlast half' to one upon whom every one seems to look kindly, and it would per-you." Then turning around she perhaps be presuming, upon so short an formed a queer little pantomime. Closacquaintance, to say 'the first half,' so ing her eyes tightly she put her hand will merely repeat, in a general sort on the pile of undirected letters that of way, that I doubt the truth of your lay beside her, selecting one at random looked out of the window and asked the usual question.

> "What name?" "Valentine Agnew."

hand. "Is that your true name, Mr. Agnew? Some one told me it was Valdidimir." "No, I am Valentine. I was called

geon with that surname, but I preferred to be doctor of law, instead of doctor of medicine. I study character, not physics.' The pen dashed off the name, and the letter was handed to its owner without a word. Then, as Val Agnew

for my father's friend, a famous sur-

itating tone after him, "Mr. Agnew, if you hear good news will you let me know? "With pleasure, Miss Vallery. You surprise me with your curiosity; can any news to me be of any interest to

"Possibly. I'm a surprising creature-haven't you found that out yet? Good night."

And echoing her abrupt "good

He didn't think of the little missive result is again 1,785.

vest he examined the penmanship closely, "It's a bold firm hand, denotes is insane? No. Should a constrength of character and a passionate demned man be watched and chained nature. If she had written the con- that he may not commit suicide? tents, too, and to me, I wonder what Yes. Is a man who attempts to com-I suppose it's only some girlish nonsense," and with these words Val Ag- Courier Journal. new opened the envelope, and then unfolded the letter.

astonishment. "The same hand!" and he read—

fear.
So swift and sure creep in his breast he shall not feel the broach.
There build your little happy nest of love, pure, sans reproach.

So sing your pretty tender lay; it shall pierce thro he'll divine, And, like a faithful cavalier he'll know his Valen-Ah, why did Val Agnew's face flush

lines? Something in the ring of the words sounded so like a dear voice he Valentine indeed was meant for him. most gentlemanly gentleman she ever Mrs. Whyte was interviewed very early next morning, and in this way Val et sans reproche, when speaking of him Agnew soon learned who 'did' the to a visitor for doing housework the best, the flower and the pride, the

Accordingly a few hours later when Miss Vallery's blue morning dress swept past the little bay window room at the head of the stairs on her way up from breakfast, she was interviewed as well, for Mr. Agnew arrested her "I want to speak to you. I promis-

told me.' cosey little room, where the bright cans.

and strong, with a steadfast courage in his face. She, slight and fair and weak with a yielding tenderness in hers. "Veronica. I got a valentine," said

he, looking down into her face. "You got it !" Ah, the start, the tone, and the em-

phasized verb were all true tell-tales. you not, Veronica? Were those sweet and took the hint. words not written from your heart to dared to hope in vain."

neld themselves out for support, and vest that covered her valentine of the evening before. "And you did write it to me, dar-

ling?" he said at length. hands," thought I, when you asked me Augustin. for one, "the valentine I have written to him be the one I pick out with my eyes closed-surely fate wills it that we belong to one another. And of all

one I selected!" "And you even did not know my

name?' "No, I thought you were called Val were my Valentine."

"And you do care for somebody now. "Ah, yes; and someone cares for me." Mrs. Whyte says she supposes it vent by the rule of contraries. Every body thought they were just suited for each other, and, of course, wouldn't have one another, and so they proved the exception to the rule.

But Mr. Agnew said it was her verses that got her "Veronica's Valentine.

Early Rising Made Easy.

"My old friend, Rossiter," says a shivering."

"Rossiter found another contrivance which worked better. The alar- is despaired of. um clock struck a match, which lit Veronica started with the pea in her the lamp which boiled the water for

Rossiter's shaving. If Rossiter stayed in bed too long, the water boiled over on his razor, and clean shirt, and prayer book his autograph, and his open pocket-book, and all the other precious things he could put in a basin underneath when before that moment came.'

Singular Mathematical Fact.

Any number of figures you may wish walked away, Veronica called in a hesto multiply by 5 will give the same result if divided by 2-a much quicker

Miscellaneous Items.

Should a man be hanged when he they would have been like! As it is, mitsuicide insane? Yes. Let's see; where are we now?-Louisville

A man entered a ticket office at a railway station recently and asked "What is this i" he exclaimed, with for a ticket for "Destination." To prove that he was not mistaken, he pointed to a notice which read: Go little verse to him I love, my king, my cavalier-And like a timid, tender dove, my to his heart, sans there than Toronto are requested to

An ancient, but generous-hearted female, named Hanah Goldsmith, and thro'
His inmost heart, and e'er shall stay there, strong,
steadfast and true.

Then, when he hears it sweet and clear its import

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Then, when he had the he home for superannuated editors who charged for old papers to put under

The Oswego Times tells a good knew and loved he dared to hope the story of a fashionable lady of that village, whose parents are not possessed of wealth in proportion to her pretentions, who excused herself est and the loveliest, the bravest and thus: "Mother and I do our own housework, because it is so exceed. ingly romantie."

THE RELIGION WE WANT.-We want a religion that bears heavily, not only on the "exceeding sinfulness of sin," but on the exceeding rascality of lying and stealing-a religion that banishes small measures ed to report if I got good news. Come from the counter, small baskets from in and let me tell you what my letter the stall, pebbles from the cotton bags, clay from the pepper, sand Veronica turned a trifle paler than from sugar, chicory from coffee, alum her wont, but obediently entered the from bread, and water from milk-

warm sunshine shone down on the warm sunshine shone down on the A maiden lady, suspecting her pretty tableau vivant. He, tall, dark, female servant was regaling her beau upon the cold mutton of the larder, called Betty and inquired whether she did not hear some one speaking ma'am," replied the girl, "it was me singing a psalm!" "You may amuse yourself, Betty," replied the maiden, "with psalms, but let's have no hims. Spencer's dragon. It is a subtle spirit. It sometimes assumes the form of an an angel of light; its pleads the innocence and harmless of its nature. Under the names of cordials, tonics, bitters with her down stairs. "Oh, no, hasized verb were all true tell-tales.

Betty. I have a great objection to etc., it claims the character of health-bringer. But sooner or later, however

mine? I love you so dearly. Do not trifle with me any longer. I have not riage of Milo. Gulia Strakosch, daughter of Mr. Maurice Strakosch, and niece of Patti, Marquise De Caux, with M. Then Miss Vallery's trembling hands Earnest Bourdillon, a young and her head rested on the same spot in his rising advocate of the Cour d' Appel, a splendid match. A love match in the bargain. M. Bourdillon is a handsome young fellow of polished manners. Mlle. Strakosch is a sweet and winning young lady, who in-"I wrote it to him I loved so dear-herits the musical talents of her par-The fair was announced for the 14th department of the ladies of the committee decided to her lover's eyes as she continued, "If assembly assisted at the nuptial ficacious. Do men seek merely to re-

> The late Lord Brougham, who at than I am."

During the absence of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Daniels, of Lyme, Conn., on Thursday night, their pions of the heavenly Una of Celestial house was burned, taking fire from Truth, and cease not from our efforts explosion of a kerosene lamp. Their children, seven in number, the eld-be slain and our land delivered from est being 17 years, were obliged to his dreadful desolation. flee half dressed. One boy eight years old reached a neighbor's house and was found on the doorsteps next writer, "fixed his alarm so that at morning nearly dead. The others the fore-ordained moment the bed-took refuge in a clump of cedars street, says the Philadelphia Bulletin, clothes were all dragged from the near by, and on Friday morning, bed, and Rossiter lay there naked and when help arrived, a girl thirteen years of age was frozen dead and another so badly frozen that her life cent solitaire on his finger. In a Ger-

A strange case of deliberate child murder has come to light in West Cornwall, England. A few weeks ago Emily Richards, a young woman whose husband emigrated two years, and who has lived in service at mother gave him, and Coleridge's Penrhyn, returned to Chasewater, her native place. She carried a bag, lantern, and a living baby. She asked two girls to show her to Faithy he went to bed; so he had to get up pump. They did so, and carried her bundle for which she gave them sixpence. They left her at the pump. An hour afterwards Richards called unexpectedly on her mother. She had then a bundle and a lantern, but no child. She remained three days, then disappeared without say operation; but you must remember to ing where she was going. Meanannexa cipher to the answer, whenever while mysterious rumors spread—a there is no remainder, and when there baby's flannel had been found partly is a remainder, whatever it may be, an- hanging in Faithy pump, which is a nex a 5 to the answer. Multiply 464 deep well without covering, from by 5 and the answer will be 2,320; which a row of cottages is supplied dividing the same number by 2 and you have 232, and, as there is no remainder, had the well searched, and in it was quarters. They are staples of the art. you add a cipher. Now take 357, and found the body of a child three multiply by 5; there is 1,785. Divide months old. It had died from drownnight," Val Agnew put his letter in his the same number by 2, and you have ing. A Coroners jury, after receiv-178 and a remainder; you therefore ing evidence of these facts, returned New Hampshire, but the women place a 5 at the end of the line, and the a verdict of wilful murder agrinst went down town to do trading just Emily Richards

The Great Dragon.

WHOLE NO. 864.

BY W. D. WITHROW, D. D.

Good old Edward Spencer in his delightful allegory, "The Fairie Queen, tells us of a huge great dragon that had its lair near a certain city, whence it used to issue and carry off the fairest and most lovely maidens, the bravest and most stalwart youths of the land. His enormous size, his dreadful armor, and insatiable thirst for blood made him the terror of the entire region.

Him the terror of the entire region.

"His flaggry winges, when forth he did display, Were like two sayles;
His huge long tayle, wound up in hundred folds, of three good furlongs did but little lack;
But his most hideous head my tongue to tell Does tremble; for his deep devouring jaws
Wyde gaped, like the griesly mouth of hell.
Through which, into his dark advysse all ruin fell.
And what more wondrous was, in either jawe
Three ranckles of yron teeth curaunged were—
His blazing eyes, like two bright burning shieldes,
Did burn with wrath, and sparkled living flyred."

The dreadful monster continued to desolate the whole country till, at the solicitation of Una, the fair spirit of never published a lie, and who never | Truth, the Red-Cross Knight of Holiness, clad in the whole armor of Faith, and his heart beat at the simple little carpets. Who is first to apply for fought, vanished and slew the monster, and the whole land had rest.

Now, a huge great dragon is in our land. He lies in wait in all the cities, towns and villages of the realm. Yearly does he carry off thousands of the fairbone and the sinew of our country. This fiery dragon is the Worm of the Still, and from its horrid mouth it pours forth a fiery flood, like the lava stream of sunny Etna's side, scorching and withering the loveliest flowers, blighting and scathing the fairest hopes, desolating and destroying the brightest prospects.

And this fell monster's thirst for human blood is never satiated. Like the yawning grave it crieth evermore, "Give! Give!" It knows how to assume a thousand Protean shapes, in order to beguile its hapless victims. It coils by many a household hearth. It lurks in many a happy home. It sparkles on many a festive board. Its fascinating, ruddy gleam flashes in many a social glass. It may not always be combatted in its hideous deformity, like Spencer's dragon. It is a subtle spirit. bringer. But sooner or later, however disguised, its innate malignity is discovered; the poison of asps is under its tongue. Like the viper in the fable. it fastens its envenomed fang in the bosom that cherished it, and instills its deadly virus into the heart that trusted in it. At the last, "It biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder."

Our only safety for ourselves and children is the destruction of this monster and the extermination of its viper brood--the spawn of hell. Would that some new Saint Patrick would they would have as one of the attractions of the evening, the old time-hon-hands," thought I, when you asked me Augustin strain the action of rattlesnakes and cobras de capello? Do they not destroy them? Do they pass laws for the regone time was proverbial for his gal- ulation of disease? Do they not seek lantry to the fair sex, was pleading its banishment? Do physicians apply in a jury cause before the late Lord | emolient poultices to a gangrenous limb, , and his client happening to be a when nothing but excision can save the female, and defender in the action, patient's life? And what treatment of the name of Tickler, he com- shall we use toward a moral gangrene menced his speech in the following of the most malignant character? Shall homorous strain: "Tickle, my client, we merely attempt (how vainly) to prefor Valdimir. I did not know you the defendant my lord." The audi- vent its spreading, or shall we cut it ence, amazed with the oddity of the out? Shall we seek to modify the perspeech, were almost drawn into nicious effects of the rum-traffic, or to hysterics of laughter, by the extirpate their cause? Shall we try to judge replying, "Tickle her yourself, regulate the trade in the bodies of the Harry, you're better able to do't souls of men, or to proscribe, abolish

and exterminate it? Let us don the armor of the Red-Cross Knight, and become the cham-

How Bar-Room Liquors are Made.

There may be seen daily, on Chestnut a man dressed in faultless apparel, with a great diamond upon his breast, vainly man university he learned chemistry, and not even Liebig knows it better. His occupation is the mixing and the adulteration of liquors. Give him a dozen cases of deodorized alcohol, and the next day each of them will represent the name of a genuine wine or a popular spirit. He enters a wholesale drug store, bearing a large basket upon his arm. Five pounds of Iceland moss are first weighed out to him. To raw liquor this imparts a degree of smoothness and oleaginousness that gives to imitation brandy the glibness of that which is most matured. An astringent called catechu, that would almost close the mouth of a glass inkstand, is next in order. A couple of ounces of strychnine, next called for, are quickly conveyed to the vest pocket, and a pound of white vitriol is as silently placed in the bottom of the basket. The oil of cognac, the sulphuric acid, and other articles that give fire and body to the liquid poison are always kept in store.

One day last week the wind blew at the rate of 140 miles per hour in

the same.