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The York Herald.

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

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ALEX. SCOTT, PROPRIETOR.

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THE YORK HERALD
IS PUBLISHED
Every Friday Morning,

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Richmond Hill, Jan 25, '72 705

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Newmarket	2d	"	"
Richmond Hill, 9th and 24th		"	"
Mt. Albert	15th	"	"
Thornhill	23rd	"	"
Maple	26th	"	"
Burwick	28th	"	"
Kleinburg	29th	"	"
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Aurora, April 28, 1870 615-tf

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(SUCCESSORS TO W. W. COX,)

BUTCHERS, 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. 745-1y

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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.

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Office at WILLOWDALE, Yonge Street, in the Township of York.
Jan'y 8, 1873. 755

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(*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

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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

PATENT MEDICINES.

PROCLAMATION.

MUSTARD'S Catarrh Specific Cures Acute and Chronic cases of Catarrh, Neuralgia, Headache, Colds, Coughs, 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, Billiousness, Liver, Kidney Complaints, &c.

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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, Flux, Colic, Cholera Morbus, Pain and Cramp in the Stomach and Bowels, &c.

Directions with each bottle and box.

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Sold by Druggists generally.

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

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OFFICE—No. 6 Royal Insurance Buildings, Toronto street.
Toronto, Dec. 2, 1859. 594

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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

J. SEGSWORTH,

DEALER IN FINE GOLD AND SILver Watches, Jewelry, &c., 113 Yonge Street, Toronto.
September 1, 1871. 634

Insults.

It is always better to pass a dozen intended insults without recognition, than to take offence at a single unintentional neglect or reflection. Misunderstandings are fruitful of more unkindly feeling in society than ever result from deliberate ill-nature. Hundreds of friendships have been sundered by that egotistical sensitiveness which is ever looking for offence. We all point to certain persons who are thus morbidly sensitive to a painful degree. They are disagreeable companions. We need not spend our precious time in pointing to them, however. We have each something to guard in our own character. We are each inclined to take offence too easily. If we could remove this ever-jealous watchfulness, society would gain a new charm or rather it would be relieved of a very disagreeable feature. Pass neglect, then, and personal reflections, as gracefully as possible, instead of taking the risk of being offended when no offence is intended.

The Baths of Pomeii.

Considering how negligent the present Italians are in regard to cleanliness—in many respects, what are called the idle, not the working classes, remind one of the filthiness of the Indians, who gather around the cars on the Rocky Mountains—the baths of Pompeii read like a rebuke to the foul multitude. Our guide took us into the space which 2,000 years ago was devoted to hot and cold baths; it occupied four streets, with a breadth of 162 feet, and a depth of 170 feet. There was a chamber for undressing, one for the cold bath, with a large marble basin, surrounded with marble ledges, 14½ feet in diameter; another for hot-air bath, 53 feet long, heated by hot-air pipes, and the whole four chambers beautifully frescoed and adorned with marble figures. These people not only bathed themselves repeatedly during the day, but they were perfumed afterward, and then oiled all over. They were anointed by slaves from large vials of gold, alabaster and crystal. The unguents thus used were collected from all parts of the world. Considering again that the Pompeiians and Romans were bathed and anointed as many as seven times a day, we do not think their general posterity purify themselves as often in a whole year.

It was twelve o'clock at night when Mr. Berger, of Macon, Ga., discovered a colored preacher in his stable untying a horse, and the preacher only observed—"Jess what I said all de time, Mistah Berger, your horse is bay sure enuff, and dat 'spute between me an' Brudder Jackson is settled."

Here is an extract from a letter written to her lover by a Montgomery, Ala., girl: "For your sake, darling, I have quit using chewing gum; would you have quit gum for me? I would not have quit gum for any other person in the whole world."

And now an aged Georgian comes to the fore and throws altogether in the shade all Dr. Dio Lewis' economic theories of life at 50 cents per week, and by contrast shows it to be the most reckless extravagance. The Georgian's sum total of expenditure for food is but $10 a year, and his health and strength are all that can be wished. There is not much variety about his diet—in fact it is plain corn bread and water, and nothing more—but he thrives upon it.

SIXES.

I'll try and make a little song
Of unrequited passion,
And though in writing I am wrong,
I'm surely in the fashion.
My love was quite the pink of loves,
And one of her sweet tricks is
To wear such captivating gloves—
Indisputable sixes.

I recollect a month ago,
A week, and then I knew her:
Yes, thirty days have passed, I know,
Yet somehow they seem fewer.
But I digress; I recollect
Last Friday three weeks clearly;
'Neath wine and beauty's joint effect
I said I loved her dearly.

And, oh, that glove, that right-hand glove,
Lay in my hand so nicely,
Thought I—of course, aside—"My love,
Your hand is six precisely.
And then I said the usual things
About the heart's devotion,
And added, as the poet sings,
A reference to the ocean.

Her pretty hand remained in mine,
She said, "Now really, Mr.—"
Tho "Smith" remained unsaid—in fine,
I grieve to say I kissed her.
I can't say what I really thought,
But somehow she looked frightened;
Alas, by sad experience taught,
My mind is now enlightened.

* * * * *

I'm writing at a country place,
Fit only to write rhymes in,
A hundred miles from her sweet face—
Here, waiter, bring the *Times* in.
What's this? Oh, can it be? yes—no!
How have my hopes miscarried!
It only was three weeks ago,
And now—and now she's married.

A PALACE OF COBWEB.

CONTINUED.

"I had no idea of her beauty; these brunettes are so variable. She knows how to pose well, too. I suppose Mrs. Ashby—good little soul—has invited me here to meet her, but I don't think I am quite prepared to fall into the toils of the goddess just yet."

Huntly Sprague lowered his glass with a curious smile, and lighted a cigar. Knew his own value? Perfectly well, and it was through no fault of the *beau monde* if he did not. In early youth Huntly Sprague had served an apprenticeship curiously like that of Elizabeth Wayne. The grandmother, shrewd, parsimonious, and worldly-wise, from whom he had inherited his millions, had early inculcated the principle of old John Wayne, only reversing the sex. Huntly Sprague's lesson read, "Beware of artful girls and intriguing mammas, who would make you the tool of your extravagance." Having escaped the whirlpools of school-girl sweethearts in college days, the young man had very readily assimilated the lesson by reason of a mocking, satirical vein, and now in his maturity he was less than ever disposed to barter away freedom.

"I can't do nothing with the Portagoe, sir. I think he ain't quite right in his head," said the steward.

"Dismiss him if you like," replied the master.

Pedro came cringing to his side—a short, broad-shouldered lad, sallow and sinister of expression.

"Stay for the cruise," he implored. "Me be good; no understand."

"No more of your tricks, then, and you shall be put on shore when we return to New York."

A small white form waited on the lawn; the radiant opalescent figure was not there. To the subtle thrill of vanity which lured Elizabeth to pose on the balcony succeeded swift disgust. She was at her old pranks again. That gray hair! When the *Lurline* had dropped anchor, Mab sought her guest. Elizabeth lay on her couch in a wrapper, reading a novel, the raven tresses hanging down on her shoulders.

"Not precisely ill, dear," she said, airily, turning a page of her book; "only dull and uninteresting; a drag on the spirits of any dinner-table."

"I could shake you," said Mab, passionately.

Elizabeth laughed provokingly.

Queen Mab's tiny hand, ivory-white and tipped with rose, lay on Huntly's broad palm; he raised it to his lips gallantly.

"I hope the Sybarite is prepared for rustic simplicity," said the hostess as serenely as if exasperating Elizabeth were not in *negligee*.

"I am prepared for fairyland wherever you preside." Queen Mab studied the grass for a moment, and then raised her eyes ingenuously to his face.

"I have half a mind to take you into my confidence," she whispered, with the prettiest air of mystery. "I have invited a young lady to assist me in entertaining you."

"Only one?" queried Huntly, elevating his eyebrows.

"Of course you think I have designs on you, monsieur. Aha! you look guilty at the suggestion. I make my confession: I invited here the only girl I ever knew who was worthy of you, but I am convinced you will both play at odds. I expect nothing better. She has opened the ball already by indisposition.

Huntly Sprague was as nearly surprised as it was possible for feminine vagaries to move him. Elizabeth Wayne had been on the balcony fifteen minutes ago.

"Is it a sudden indisposition?" he inquired, gravely. "You have not told me who she is. A sister just like yourself, I trust."

"My dear soul you do not suppose that I am to be caught with that sort of chaff at my age, do you? Edward drove down to the pier in case you landed there."

Some art may be veiled under apparent frankness. Huntly Sprague studied the little woman in gauzy draperies at his side as they walked slowly up to the house.

Cords could not have bound Elizabeth to her couch; she was peeping through the shutter at the new arrival with pitiless scrutiny. He was growing stout; Heavens! his black hair was profusely threaded with gray; and she was sure his nose was longer than it used to be, imparting a Hebrew character to his physiognomy. Perhaps his gold came from Hebrew ancestors, who knows?

Dinner was only saved from complete failure by the good-humored zeal of Huntly Sprague, who assumed his *role* with such easy tact that he seemed always to have occupied it.

Edward chafed at Elizabeth's absence and persisted in sending various delicacies up stairs to tempt her appetite. Her whims did not concern Huntly Sprague in the least, but he could not help wondering how she would look seated opposite, between the soft light of wax tapers, as if she had risen from the desert mirage, the tropical glow lingering about her raiment. After dinner, the balmy evening on the lawn, with the moon silvering the calm waters of the harbor, where the *Lurline* dipped and swayed, and Huntly Sprague, lounging beside his hostess talked such sentiment as the evening evoked. A little boat, curved like a shell, darted swiftly from the beach below, and entered the silver track which formed a pathway from the *Lurline* to the shore. There were laughter and merry voices in the boat, chiefly a woman's musical tones. Mab's brow contracted. It was Elizabeth, rowed by Edward, and the two were enjoying the exploit.

"Oh, how I wish that I was dead!" was the despairing cry of a soul, while rosy lips prattled with Huntly Sprague.

Presently Elizabeth came gliding over the lawn. "We have been admiring your yacht, Mr. Sprague." She held out her hand to him indifferently.

"I hope you will try the little craft to-morrow. Yachting suits my mood; it is the nearest approach to human happiness we poor mortals can enjoy; a desultory drifting into harbor, and seeking other shores when weary. The power of personal volition can be enjoyed independent of all circumstances.

He peered at the girl in the moonlight. She was pald, languid, inert, with some indistinguishable gray drapery clinging about her. Elizabeth's soul was doing penance in mortifying the flesh.

"A nice temper, I will lay two to one," he reflected.

"Have you had a nice trip, dear?" asked Mab, in the meekest of voices, as Edward joined them.

"Capital. I lured Elizabeth out," replied Edward, triumphantly, his glance wandering to the figure on the rustic seat.

"Edward is so good as to understand me," said Elizabeth, in a low tone.

Four commonplace persons gathered on a moonlit lawn, belonging entirely to our day, and seen without the softening halo of years, yet each a separate sphere of individuality zealously guarding secret thought. Huntly Sprague lit a cigar and formed a resolution.

"Will you dance, Miss Elizabeth?"

"No; I am too old to dance in warm weather."

"Delightful. So am I, and I have not met such a sensible young lady for an age. Let us select a place out here, and forget all the rest of the world."

"Mab will lose us."

"And if she does? Would you not trust to my protection for the walk home under the trees."

"Provided a more charming woman did not interfere and divert you," she flashed back, with her most dazzling smile.

They were seated in a sheltered corner of the wide hotel piazza, look-at the dancers, who moved like the changing colors of a kaleidoscope, seen through the windows, and Huntly Sprague was leaning over Elizabeth's chair, toying with her fan. A week had elapsed, and still the *Lurline* rocked idly in the harbor. He had acted on his resolution with a vengeance by following Elizabeth like a shadow, tempting smiles, insisting on sharing the ladies' amusements in all things. The sight might have brought old John Wayne from his grave, only that Huntly was rich. What did it mean? Queen Mab was radiant, while Edward was moody.

"Miss Elizabeth, we are friends?" coaxingly.

"I hope so," she answered, demurely.

"When will you sing for me?"

"Possibly never."

None so blind as those who will not see; Mab sailed home, unable to discover her guests. "I would not do it often; the ruse is very transparent, but it will serve for once," she reflected.

Time flew. The revelry broke up. The couple in the corner were amazed to find it twelve o'clock. A drop of rain fell on Elizabeth's bare neck, as she entered the path under the trees. She refused his proffered arm coolly she must gather up her dress. A flash of lightning blinded them, followed by a sharp peal of thunder, and the rending crash of falling branches. Huntly sprang aside, drawing his companion with him.

"It's only a bit of broken wood," he said calmly.

Elizabeth's hand touched his face in the darkness; her breath fanned his cheek. "Are you hurt?" she whispersd, clinging to him.

He kissed her soft palm, impulsively.

"We must run to the house, the storm is coming," she said.

He overtook her in the path. "Do not elude me in that fashion. Elizabeth, what brought me to this place?" he demanded, abruptly.

"The tide, I suppose."

"You ridicule everything I say. Never mind, I rather like your badinage. I must call it the tide of destiny, since I found you."

"Say rather the urgent invitation of one of the silliest little women of your acquaintance. I presume that even you enjoy adulation—*n'est ce pas?*"

"Has romance died out of the world?"

"I think so—and here's my muslin as limp as a rag."

"In the dining room he made her drink a glass of wine, although her cheeks already glowed, and her eyes were wonderfully bright. The rain dashed against the pane.

"Romance has died out of the world, but I would have braved the storm gladly with you under those trees," he whispered.

"Measure a thousand times, and cut once," responded Elizabeth, archly.

"Heavens! that was my grandmother's favorite maxim."

"And my uncle's."

"I was reared upon it."

"*Moi aussi.* Elizabeth gave him hand frankly at last. "If that was your training I am sorry for you," she said gravely.

"I see clearly now why I came," holding the hand firmly, and looking at her.

"On the contrary you are a long way from the solution," withdrawing her fingers coldly.

Queen Mab was playing "Village Swallows" by way of discreet invitation to the parlor when the *tete-a-tete* should have ended. Edward was trying to discern outward objects through the darkness. Mab beamed a bright greeting; it was so stupid in her to have missed them. Huntly Sprague felt a thrill of doubt and alarm. Had he gone too far in the tilt of arms with Elizabeth Slumber did not visit the four occupants of the cottage that night.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Conversation in the Home.

Among home amusements, the best is the good old habit of conversation, the talking over the events of the day, in bright and quick play of wit and fancy, the story which brings the laugh and the speaking the good and kind and true things which all have in their hearts. It is not so much by dwelling upon what members of the family have in common, as bringing each to the other something interesting and amusing, that home-life is to be made cheerful and joyous. Each one must do his part to make conversation genial and happy. We are too ready to converse with newspapers and books, to seek some companion at the store, hotel or club-room, and to forget that home is anything more than a place to sleep and eat in. The revival of conversation, the entertainment of one another, as a roomful of people will entertain themselves, is one secret of a happy home. Wherever it is wanting, disease has struck into the root of the tree; there is a want which is felt with increasing force as time goes on. Conversation in many cases is just what prevents many people from relapsing into utter selfishness at their firesides. This conversation should not simply occupy husband and wife, and other older members of the family, but extend itself to the children. Parents should be careful to talk with them, to enter into their life, to share their trifles, to assist in their studies, to meet them in the thoughts and feelings of their childhood. It is a great step in education when around the evening lamp are gathered the different members of a large family, sharing their occupations with one another, the older assisting the younger, each one contributing to the entertainment of the other, and all feeling that the evening has passed only too rapidly away. This is the truest and best amusement. It is the health education of great and noble characters. There is the freedom, the breadth, the joyousness of natural life. The time spent thus by parents in the higher entertainment of their children, bears a harvest of eternal blessings, and these winter-evenings furnish just the time. —*The Churchman.*

The Fatal Collision in the China Seas.

The *North China Daily News* gives the following account of the fatal collision which occurred between the steamers *Fusing* and *Ocean* between Shanghai and Tientsin:—"The weather was calm at the time, but a very dense fog prevailed, and the sea was rising in a heavy though unbroken swell. The *Fusing* was going almost dead slow, when suddenly the sound of a steam whistle was heard, and almost as suddenly was seen the form of a large vessel bearing dead on her. The order was given to back astern full speed, but before the effect of the engines could be well felt the strange vessel struck the *Fusing* just about the forerigging, and such was the force of the blow that her whole fore compartment was cut asunder. The scene that then ensued was dreadful. The *Fusing* had about 125 people, including passengers, on board, and almost before a boat could be launched she went down head foremost. Many of the people were in the forecastle, some asleep, and as she dived down some of the poor people were seen running along her decks to avoid the waters that were rushing after them. Fortunately, at least in this instance, she had some deck cargo, consisting of spars of wood, and these floating as she sank were the means of salvation to a goodly number of people on board. Capt. Andrews managed to get one boat afloat, and into this were soon crammed about twenty-six of the passengers and crew; and to the honor of those on board the *Ocean* be it said, that vessel stopped her engines and stood by, lowering her boats and saved about thirty more of the passengers, who by this time were either floating in the water or on the spars washed from the deck of the *Fusing*. Still, there were many whom it was impossible to save. Some were killed in the forecastle by being crushed by the bows of the *Ocean*, or were so dreadfully injured as to be incapable of doing anything to save themselves, and in this manner some seventy or more found a watery grave. The *Ocean* herself recived such severe injury, that, had the weather been in any degree rough, it is more than probable she would not have lived to reach port. As it was a large hole was knocked in her bows, and her fore compartment was filled with water; but luckily the bulkhead stood firm, and so another catastrophe was prevented. The sad affair happened 120 miles north of Shaweishan Island. Favored with continued calm weather, the *Ocean* reached Woosung before the gale on Monday night came on, or, it is believed by those on board, she must have sunk, and therefore the tale of disaster would never have been told.

Curious Wills.

A story is told of a rich and irascible uncle, whose nephew and heir had set his heart upon a young lady, of whom the old gentleman emphatically disapproved. He called his nephew to him, and, without mincing his words, declared that, if he did not marry some other woman within a year, he would cut him off with less than a shilling. The young rascal cast about for a way to secure at once his fortune and his sweetheart, and at last discovered one. He married an old lady of ninety-three, whom he found in the workhouse. In no long time he became a widower and a millionaire, and lost no time in leading his lady-love to the altar.

A case, the converse of this, occurred about a year ago. A young man of twenty-three, a surgeon, happened to be the favorite nephew of a wealthy and widowed aunt. It was his first care to in no wise compromise his "great expectations." But he happened to be travelling from the Cape of Good Hope to England, and on shipboard saw and loved a comely widow with three children. On arriving on his native soil, he informed his aunt of the state of affairs, and introduced her to the lady in the weeds. The aunt, unhappily, at once conceived a great aversion to the widow. She cajoled and threatened the surgeon, and at last declared that, if he married her, he should not have a penny of her fortune. The nephew was not so deeply in love as to be reconciled to such a loss, and at last made a contract with the adamantine aunt, to the effect that he would not marry the widow, on the condition that his aunt would allow him three hundred pounds a year during her life. The widow, on hearing this, brought a suit of breach of promise, and got a verdict for six hundred pounds. Thus, two years of the surgeon's pension went by the board. No sooner had the two year's elapsed than the aunt became obstreperous, and refused to pay the three hundred pounds any longer. The mercenary youth thus lost both his income and his widow. Fired with indignation and despair, he sued his aunt for the pension, and produced the written contract; and the court decided that, as long as he kept his part of it, the aunt must fulfil hers. She is probably paying the pension to this day; and it may be guessed that the surgeon is tolerably consoled for the loss of his widow.—*Appleton's Journal.*

Nothing adds so much to the safety of hen-roosts and corncribs as to hang some one about twice per week, says a Georgia paper.

That Hired Girl.

When she came to work for the family on Congress street, the lady of house sat down and told her that all agents, booksellers, hat-rack men, picture sellers, ash buyers, rag-men, and all that class of people must be met at the front door and coldly repulsed, and Sarah said she'd repulse them if she broke every broomstick in Detroit.

And she did. She threw the door open wide, bluffed right up to them, and when she got through talking the cheekiest agent was only too glad to leave. It got so after a while that peddlers marked that house and the door-bell never rang except for company.

The other day as the lady of the house was enjoying a nap, and Sarah was wiping off the spoons, the bell rang. She hastened to the door, expecting to see a lady, but her eyes encountered a slim man, dressed in black and wearing a white neck-tie. He was their new minister, and he was going around for the purpose of getting acquainted with the members of his flock, but Sarah didn't know this.

"Ah—um—is Mrs.—ah—"

"Git!" exclaimed Sarah, pointing to the gate.

"Beg pardon, but I'd like to see—see—"

"Meander," she shouted, looking around for a weapon; "we don't want any flour-sifters here."

"You are mistaken," he replied, smiling blandly; "I called to—"

"Don't want anything to keep the moths away—fly," she exclaimed, getting red in the face.

"Is the lady in?" he inquired, trying to look over Sarah's head.

"Yes the lady's in, and I'm in, and you're out," she snapped; "and now I don't want to stand here talking to a fly-trap agent any longer. Come, lift your boots."

"I am not an agent," he said, trying to smile; "I am the new—"

"Yes, I know you—you are the new man with a patent flat iron, but we don't want any, and you'd better go before I call the dog."

"Will you give the lady my card and say that I called."

"No, I won't. We're bored to death with cards and handbills and circulars. Come, I can't stand here all day."

"Didn't you know that I was the new minister," he said as he backed off.

"No, nor I don't know it now; you look like the man who sold the woman next door a dollar chromo for eighteen shillings."

"But here is my card."

"I don't care for cards, I tell you! If you leave that gate open I'll heave a flower-pot at you."

"I will call again," he said, as he went through the gate.

"It won't do you any good," she shouted after him: "we don't want any prepared food for infants—no piano music—no stuffed birds! I know the policeman on this beat, and if you come around here again he will soon find out whether you're a confidence man or a vagrant."

And she took unusual care to lock the door.

The Californian Climate.

San Franciscans make a hobby of their climate. They roll it as a sweet morsel under their tongue. It is their *piece de resistance* in the catalogue of blessings. "The place seems shaky on her pins," said a citizen just after the earthquake of 1868; "but there's one consolation, anyhow, we've got the best climate in the world." It is a climate of strong contrasts. It is eccentric; it is tantalizing; it is seductive. We are piqued at its capriciousness, yet it unfits us for living anywhere else. Summer hardens into winter; winter is glorified into summer. Roses and sunny skies in January; verdureless waste, cold winds, and chilling fogs in July.

"Did you ever see such a summer as this?" said one Irishman to another.

"No, be jabers, not since the middle of last winter."

We cry for thick blankets while you are sweltering in the dog-day heats; we throw open our doors and windows while you are cowering beneath the sharp stings of winter. Not that all days in summer are cold, and all days in winter warm; but the general rule is that June, July, and August are detestable, and the rest of the year unequalled for loveliness of weather. There are not only days, but weeks, when the skies are indescribably glorious. The Nile Valley is not so sweetly balmy, Southern Italy not so rich in mellow splendor. The golden sunshine permeates every pore, quickens every pulse of life. The air has an indefinable softness and sweetness—a tonic quality that braces the nerves to a joyous tension, making the very sense of existence a delight. That contrast of temperature between summer and winter is less apparent than real. The remarkable equability of the climate will appear from the following:—In June, 1874, the highest thermometer was 67°, the lowest, 58°; in January of the same year, the highest was 59°, the lowest, 54°. In December, the range was between 60° and 52°; in August it was between 68° and 60°.