

The trial - carried up John Palmer Jr. witness said to be drunk

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.

The York Herald

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THE YORK HERALD

Every Friday Morning.

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Knocked Over and Blown Up.

He was blacker than the ace of spades, and old Bob had discharged him off the *Doze*, because they never could see him at night without the aid of a lantern. He was sitting on the curbstone, holding the *Commercial* up before him sideways, and trying to read some advertisements. He didn't know anything about the goat coming toward him, until he saw its head pop through the paper, and felt it land just about amidships. He was the sickest looking darkey for about half an hour we ever saw, and when they got him warm and limber enough to breathe, he looked up and said: "Gen'men, dat's de third boat dat's bust her boilers, 'an' sent me ashore. "Is I goin' to git over dis? The goat still lives—*Louisville Courier Journal*.

War.

War, like intemperance, is a giant evil in its ramifications, reaching and contaminating all of the interests of society. Like the river with its poisoned fountain, its corrupting influences reach every nook and retreat, sending a wide spread desolation wherever man is found. Under its withering influences, more deadly than pestiferous miasma, it blasts every rising hope, cripples industry, exhausts natural resources, fans the fires of jealousy and hate, widens local chasms, excites malicious animosities, practically closes the doors of the churches and the halls of learning, and thus fearfully degrades our fallen humanity. In its absolute sway, its tyrannical assumptions, it seizes not only the public treasures, but lays a ruthless hand on the national conscience, transferring the individual moral sense to the censorship of a superior in military position, making might the synonym of right. The inferior is thus compelled to yield his moral convictions to a superior in command, ever subject to the caprices of men by no means models of purity, or to the supposed emergencies of the accidents of war. In such circumstances and under such influences private virtue must become dwarfed, and vice assume gigantic proportions. The Sabbath, a necessity, not only of man's moral, but of his physical, nature, is violated, desecrated, becoming a day of hilarity and carnage. Familiarity with crime makes it less odious, while scenes of cruelty and bloodshed can not fail to callous the heart, brutalize and destroy, in some degree, the more ennobling and the finer sensibilities of our higher nature.—*J. H. Hanaford*.

One Hundred Years Ago.

In 1762, when there were only six stage-coaches throughout the kingdom of Great Britain, a person named John Crosset, of the Charthouse, London, took alarm, and wrote a pamphlet demanding the suppression of these conveyances, on the ground that they would inflict a serious injury on society. Some of his reasons were both amusing and curious.

"These coaches," says he, "make gentlemen come to London, upon very small occasions, which otherwise they would not do but upon urgent necessity—nay, the convenience of the passage makes their wives often come up, who, rather than come such journeys on horseback, would stay at home. Here, when they come to town, they must be in the mode, get fine clothes, go to plays and treats, and by these means get such a habit of idleness and love of pleasure that they are uneasy ever after."

SUNRISE IN VENICE.

Night seems troubled and scarce asleep; Mer brows are gathered in broken rest; Sullen old lion of dark Saint Mark; And a star in the east starts up from the deep. White as my lilies that grow in the west. Hist! men are passing hurriedly. I see the yellow wide wings of a bark Sail silently over my morning-star. I see men move in the moving dark; Tall and silent as columns are— Great stately men that are good to see, With hair pushed back and with open breasts; Barefooted fishermen seeking their boats, Brown as walnuts and hairy as goats— Brave old water-dogs, wide to the sea, First to their labors and last to their rests.

Ships are moving! I hear a horn: A silver trumpet it sounds to me, Deep-voiced and musical, far as a sea— Answers back, and again it calls. 'Tis the sentinel boats that watch the town All night as mounting her water walls, And watching for pirate or smuggler. Down Over the sea, and reaching away, And against the east, a soft light falls— Silvery soft as the mist of morn, And I catch a breath like the breath of day.

The east is blossoming! Yes, a rose, Vast as the heavens, soft as a kiss, Sweet as the presence of women is, It rises and reaches and widens and grows Right out of the sea, as a blossoming tree; Richer and richer, so higher and higher, Deeper and deeper it takes its hue; Brighter and brighter it reaches through The space of heaven and the place of stars, Till all is as rich as a rose can be, And my rose leaves fall into billows of fire. Then beams reach upward as arms from a sea: Their lances and arrows are aimed at me. Then lances and spears and spurs and bars Are broken and shivered and strown on the sea; And around and about me tower and spire Start from the billows like tongues of fire.

LONGING.

Near in the forest I know a glade; Under the tree-tops A secret shade.

Vines are the curtains, Blossoms the floor; Voices of waters Sing evermore.

There, when the sunset's Lances of gold Pierce, or the moonlight Is silvery gold,

Would that an angel Led thee to me— So out of loneliness Love should be.

Never the breeze Should slip what we say, Never the waters Our secret betray.

Silence and shadow After night reigns, But the old life be ours Never again.

AN APPLE OF SODOM.

A little wild rose, as blushing, as trembling, as dew, as shy, was Emily Rivers, and just as sweet as one, though her cousin Lawrence.

Indeed, Lawrence idealized her a trifle; for when he came back from his long stay in the East, where he had seen few but the swarthy women of the meridian, Emily dawned upon him, as fair and pure and delicate as any spirit of the sky. Her very shyness lent her an air of reserve that made one feel as though she were something the least in the world remote. She carried her pretty head like a young fawn, alert, listening, ready to fly; and there was a fascination, a piquancy, in this reserve that tempted the young man to break its barrier, and make the maidenly thoughts and fancies his own. Still, he was not sure that he had a right to the indulgence of such a temptation. Not sure? He was very sure that he had no right at all. It had been understood ever since they were any understanding about him whatever, and he had acquiesced in the understanding, that he was one of the particular members of the family who were not to indulge themselves in that way. There had been too much indulgence in that race—it had brought them to poverty—and Lawrence had been set apart for a rich wife from the day when the elders began to sort the portions; so decidedly set apart that it was generally determined Valeria Gueltan should fall to his lot, probably because she was, in a distant manner, within the family circle, and because at her majority she became a sufficient heiress to satisfy even the family desire for money. As for love—"Love goes where it's sent," said Aunt Paget. "It's all nonsense to think of letting such a trifle interfere with serious matters. Mr. Paget and I never pronounced any especial love for each other, but we got along very well, and when he died he left me comfortable, which I shouldn't have been if I had married poor Mark Eldon, as I wanted to do. Though, to be sure Mark—But there!" continued Aunt Paget, "when two people find other things to their mind, it's perfectly easy to accommodate their emotions to their circumstances. Nothing's wanting but the will. Lawrence can interest Valeria easily, has done so already by his letters and his pictures. Yes, she half in love with him now; and he'd be a very singular person if he didn't feel tenderly toward the one by whose means all his comforts come.

"I don't know about that," said Uncle Martin. "It is not the way with men—to love those to whom they are under obligations. "And so you'll advise—" began Aunt Paget sharply.

"Oh, no, by no means. I was about to say that, still, with his extravagant habits and luxurious tastes, Lawrence must marry money."

"I'm glad you're so sensible; it's no use to mince matters, and plain talk is the only thing to be understood," said Aunt Paget.

And Lawrence understood plain talk.

Nevertheless, that was in the future; the future was far off and the present moment was all the while passing; and Emily was very lovely, and Lawrence was not the man to be balked of a pleasure for fear of the consequences; perhaps he had not vanity enough to think of any consequences as affecting her. So when he saw Emily sitting with her book down in the meadow, he was very apt to go striding down the hillside to join her, and be greeted by the smile in the wide open eyes, half measuring, half confiding, that he had not yet learned to interpret; to wit: her yet with him on his fishing ramble down the brook side; to listen unseen when she sang in sweet lark-like notes her simple ballads; to look over her shoulder when she read and see what it was that so absorbed her; to talk to her, as she sewed, of all his roaming life since early boyhood, and the marvels of the East, till her needle hung suspended, and her breath came and went, with the flushes on her cheeks, over the interest of the story and the hero. One day, as they were lingering on the lawn, some young raganutins came up with baskets of fresh violets on their arms; he bought them all, and as they sat there he took his fine Manilla fan, and wove the fragrant purple tinge into a thick crown, and threw it lightly on her bright soft hair.

She laughed a little, readjusted it and looked up; a broad ray of sunshine fell just athwart her face, light, all the apple-blossom fairness, made an aureole of the loose bright locks of hair, deepened the purple of the violets, showed him him the large eyes bluer than the heavens, and illumined the smile—the kindling radiant smile—which while it seemed to hold the very secret of joy, yet nevertheless had always a trait of pathos in it that touched the heart. And looking at her in that long bright moment, it was all over with Lawrence. The light of that smile, the whiteness of the soul that looked through it, the purity of the heart behind it, eclipsed all else there was; firewreath gleaming, sumptuous luxury, Valeria Gueltan. Life would not be worth a rush to Lawrence unless he shared it with Emily.

What a month it was that followed that day of the violets—the month of roses and June. How unconscious was Emily in her happiness! How eager was Lawrence in his pursuit. How happily blind were the uncles and aunts of the household! Was she walking, he must walk beside her; was she reading, he must hold the book; was she dreaming, he must dream with her. It was all the same as on the month before, but with such a mighty difference. Then he had gazed upon the temple and admired it from the outside; now he was in the sanctuary and exploring its most beautiful recesses, all his way lighted by as pure and holy a flame, it seemed to him, as ever burned in the torch of love.

For not a syllable had he yet spoken to Emily in confession of his regard, her innocent smile was untouched by any solicitude, any knowledge of what it was that constituted her bliss; they were together; he met her every glance, her every thought; she breathed in an atmosphere that was rapture while it was peace. It all came to her as naturally as life itself; it was as simple and absolute content as that of the summer bird swinging in the nest, not dreaming of the approaching autumn, and unless some angel of the announcement called this new joy by name, she would hardly know what she had till she should have lost it. It came to her so naturally, indeed, that she thought as little as if she had entirely forgotten it, of the life before Lawrence returned from the East; it was as if they have always been singing together the same songs, driving together along the leafy lanes, facing each other in the boat slowly dropping down stream, wandering side by side along the moonlighted avenue of this old Castle Rackrent in the shadow of his trees, reading together the great book, new to both of them, and fresh and delightful to them as to the first man and woman who ever turned its enchanted pages. As for him he felt that she made the earth beautiful by living on it; as for her, Lawrence's shadow shut out the sun itself.

But such an affair could go on no great while before Aunt Paget's lynx eyes began to follow its manifestations. She, with Uncle Martin and the rest of them, had been so fully persuaded of Lawrence's complete comprehension of the necessities of the case that they had thought it needless to take trouble with any espionage, and would, in fact, have as soon mistrusted one of themselves. But all at once a suspicion started up in the sunny field before Aunt Paget's vision. "It's very well," said she, "for Lawrence and Emily to pass the time pleasantly. But although Emily is still such a child, so

much of this strolling and philandering isn't to my mind. It's just as necessary for Emily to make a good marriage as it is for Lawrence."

"As she hasn't a piece of silver to cross her palm with, unless you leave it to her," said Uncle Martin.

"And I'm not in the way of leaving," said Aunt Paget, sweetly. "No," she added, "if there's one established axiom, it is that young folks think old folks fools, but old folks know young folks are. And if you leave fools to to themselves they will certainly hatch mischief."

"We must take measures accordingly," said the other old conspirator.

"I will lose no time. I will telegraph to Valeria this very morning," said Aunt Paget.

And while these wary guardians were laying their wires the young victims were in the balcony, in the sunshine, leaning over the little parapet and feeding the swans in the miniature lake below, admiring the splendid plumage of the peacock perched on the stone vase beneath old blasted white pine, laughing gaily, and reckless of everything but the happy present; especially reckless that it was Valeria Gueltan's swans and peacock with which they amused themselves—her gift, at least, to Aunt Paget.

"Come and sing to me, Emily," said Lawrence that evening after dinner, throwing himself lazily on the lounge, where the last bright ray fell on his head before the soft twilight gloom stole up; and Emily, sitting at her harp, sang to him the songs he loved the best, and others that he had not heard before. As the twilight deepened around her, and Lawrence, lifted on one arm, gazed upon her, her fair hair loosened, and falling around her face, her white hands gleaming across the strings, to him she seemed too ethereally lovely for earth, and the voice, too, had such a delicate sweetness in it as that with which a spirit might sing—all the more when by-and-by it took an exquisite pathos, and she sang with drooping head, as if with a bodding of melancholy.

"When passion's trance is overpast, If tenderness and truth could last Or live whilst all wild feelings keep Some mortal slumber, dark and deep, I should not weep, I should not weep."

"Why do you sing such heart-breaking things as that?" he demanded Lawrence, suddenly starting to his feet. "Do you want to drive a man beside himself with possibilities?" he cried, rudely, and in a strange hoarse voice. For all at once remembering some words of his aunt Paget's that day, those possibilities and that strain in which he was struck him and overpowered him. "Do you want to madden a man with your sweet voice, and your face and the chances of despair?" And he stalked through the long casement and out upon the balcony. He was leaning over the parapet, breathing hard, when she followed him and lingered, leaning beside him.

"I don't know what you mean, Lawrence," she said.

He turned and looked at her. The moon had not yet risen above the wood, but its light already filled the upper heavens, while the distant fields and the garden beneath them, the flower-beds and the old half-choked fountain, were in shadow, and a reflection of that light lay upon her face, and lent her again that almost unearthly loveliness.

"You don't know what I mean?" he said—"you don't know that I love you! Yes, that I love you, that I see you love for me, that you are mine—mine before Heaven—and that all the fates stand between us; that never in this life can I claim my own; that we are forbidden to each other."

"Oh, Lawrence!" she said, shrinking back and pulling down the branch of honeysuckle with its shadow about her.

"By the Lord, I will," he cried. And in another moment he had taken the step between them, and had clasped her in his arms, clasped her to his heart and sealed her lips, her sweet, warm, loving lips, with tender kisses. "What do I care for all their forbidding!" he cried. "I've a strong right hand that can earn our bread. Luxuries—let them go. We shall have the luxury of love."

And just then a gay voice was heard within, and an imperious step, and Lawrence released Emily only in time to turn and meet Valeria Gueltan, as, obedient to Aunt Paget's telegram, she appeared upon the scene and lifted the curtain behind them.

"What, mooning on the balcony with little Emily?" she cried; and she came out into the first broad dash of moonlight that fell across the crest of the wood, and lighted up her dark cheek with its carnation flush, the blaze of her black eyes and all her sumptuous curve and color. "I should have known you in a million," she exclaimed.

"And I suppose you are my correspondent of ten years," he answered. Introduce us in due form, Emily," she said. "It is ten years since we spent long weeks together."

TO BE CONTINUED.

How It Feels to be Hanged.

A Paris newspaper gives this extract from the notes of a young fellow who attempted to commit suicide and was cut down before suffocation was complete. He was delighted to return to life, and it is noted that he would be suicides who are rescued from their self-sought fate rarely renew their attempts to stuff off the mortal coil: "When I stood on the chair, the mirror on the mantelpiece involuntarily attracted me, and I looked at myself as I fastened the slip-knot around my neck. Blood flowed to my head, for my face was very red; something took place at the same time in my optic nerves, for it seemed to me that my face suddenly began to make grimaces. My eyes and nose changed places incessantly, like the pieces of a kaleidoscope. I kicked the chair from me and fell with the sensation that I had been struck on the top of the head with a hammer. I did not at first feel the rope about my neck. The only very clear impression which followed the blow with the hammer on my skull was that of great heaviness of the head. It seemed to me that my head was larger and heavier than the great bell of Notre Dame. At the same time I felt an immense night falling in and around me. I felt extremely cold at my lower extremities, and at the same time an acute terrible pain in my neck, produced by the rope, which cut my skin and sawed my veins. Then I felt nothing. Evidently this was the moment when my good aunt Cecil entered my bedroom and cut me down."

The War Principle Illustrated.

"A Mr. Beane, a school teacher in Tennessee, attempted to punish a boy named Hutchinson, who resisted and left school. A day or two after, young Hutchinson, accompanied by his brother and a man named Smith, visited Beane's house for the avowed purpose of chastising him. Beane saw them coming, and anticipating their errand, armed himself, as also did Mr. Moore, who happened to be at the house. On their arrival, Hutchinson said they intended giving Beane a thrashing. Moore remonstrated, when Smith drew a pistol, and shot him dead. This was a signal for all to produce pistols, Beane shot and instantly killed Cyrus Hutchinson, brother of the school-boy. He had scarcely fired when Smith, who had instantly killed Moore, fired another barrel of his repeater at Beane; the ball struck, but failed immediately to disable him. Beane then turned on Smith, and lodged three balls in his body, inflicting wounds which resulted mortally in a few minutes. In twenty minutes four out of the five engaged in the affray, lay dead within a few feet of each other."

Here is a fair specimen of the war principle. The parties, having got mad at each other, resolved, without any form of law, or any security for a right decision, to avenge their alleged wrong. They pretended to no rule of right except their own will roused into rage; and without law, or judge, or jury, they took what they called justice into their own hands. The result, as in most wars, was suicidal to both parties. Is it not a burning shame, that the so-called Christian civilization of this nineteenth century has no better system of international justice than such indiscriminate, tiger-like butchery!

A Contented Editor.

The following story will serve to illustrate at once the character of Mr. Black, who died in 1855, and the position of the *London Chronicle* in its palmy days.—Mr. Black was a great favorite with Lord Melbourne when the latter was Prime Minister. His lordship esteemed him, not only for his great learning, his wonderful memory, his apt illustration of every topic of discourse by an apparently inexhaustible fund of anecdote derived from the most recondite sources, but for his simplicity and *bonhomie*. John Black was a modern Diogenes in everything but his ill-nature. On one occasion Lord Melbourne said to him:—"Mr. Black, you are the only person who comes to see me who forgets who I am." The editor opened his eyes with astonishment. "You entirely forget that I am Prime Minister." Mr. Black was about to apologize, but the Premier continued:—"Everybody else takes especial care to remember it, but I wish they would forget it. They only remember it to ask me for place and favors. Now, Mr. Black," added his lordship, "you never have asked me for anything, and I wish you would, for, seriously, I should be most happy to do anything to serve you." "I am truly obliged," said Mr. Black, "but I don't want anything. I am editor of the *Morning Chronicle*. I like my business, and I live happily on my income." "Then, by Heavens!" exclaimed the peer, "I envy you, and you're the only man I ever did."

—Customer—I want a mourning suit. Shopman—What is the be- eaveiment, may I ask? Customer—My mother-in-law. Shopman—Mr. Brown, show the gentlemen to the light affinion department.

"Grandpa."

He came along from the East with his son and his son's wife and three children, and they were waiting at the Michigan Southern depot for a train. One of the children, a boy of thirteen, seemed chucked full of igitness. His father was up town and his mother's word had no effect upon him. He would pound on the windows, run out doors, make faces at people and use impudent language when spoken to. Grandpa, a man of eighty or thereabouts, with snowy hair and a cracked voice, watched the boy's antics for some time, and finally said:

"See here, Helen, do you see how that boy is acting up?"

"Yes, but I can't do anything with him," she replied.

The old man hobbled across the room, took the boy by the ear, drew him to a seat and said:

"Sit down there, Milton. Do you want to disgrace us all? Don't you see the folks alookin' at ye? If you don't quit outtin' up I'll have to dust yer jacket!"

The boy sulked away until the old man left his seat to get a drink of water, and then Milton slipped out doors. Grandpa hobbled out into the freight house, caught him by the hair, and as he led him back he remarked:

"I know what ails ye. Ye are aching for a good thrashing. Everybody out West here is alookin' at ye, and yer father's family is to be disgraced through yer conduct!"

"I guess I want to see things," growled the boy.

"Oh! if I was only thirty years younger!" exclaimed grandpa, as the lad tried to bite his hand.

He hung to the boy, sat him down, and the mother said:

"I guess Milton doesn't feel well."

"I guess he wants a regular old Vermont thrashing—that's what I guess!" retorted grandpa. "You know I don't believe in maulin' youngsters, but if he don't behave hisself he'll catch it."

The boy edged around, dug at the plastering, and finally crawled away again and kicked his brother for chucking over his situation.

"There goes that young man again!" exclaimed the old man, jumping up. "Come here, sir."

"I shan't!" bluntly replied the boy.

"Now then, Helen, tell me that that boy isn't aching for a thrashing, will you?" continued grandpa, turning to the mother.

"Oh, well, I guess he'll be good," she replied.

"Helen," said the old man as he buttoned his coat, "Solomon was right, and it is my duty to dust that boy's jacket! We are in a land of strangers, and strangers will judge us by the way our children act. We ain't on a farm now, Helen; we're right where folks can see us. Come here, sir!"

The boy refused to move, and grandpa cornered him, secured a firm hold on his collar and pulled him to a seat.

"Now then," he continued as he sat down, "lay over my knee, and if ye bite or kick it'll be the worse for ye, and the louder ye holler the harder I'll strike!"

He bent Milton over his left knee, threw his right leg over to hold the boy's feet down, and then and there proceeded to administer an old fashioned spanking—one that made every woman's mouth water. The boy howled until a score of passengers gathered, but grandpa went right along with his work as if entirely alone. When his elbow ached he let up, twisted the boy into a seat and remarked:

"Thar, I'll bet a thousand dollars you feel better!"

And it struck all the other passengers just that way.—*Detroit Free Press*.

Commercial Value of Courtesy.

[New York Correspondence of Boston Journal.]

In one of our large hotels a young man has a very large salary as room clerk. He has the faculty of stowing people away in all sorts of unmentionable places in his hotel, and making the guests feel happy about it. His politeness and good humor never run empty. Stout, of the Shoe and Leather Bank, is celebrated for his financial success and for his inexhaustible good nature. He is never so busy but he has a kind word for the humblest. When they are rushing things at the bank, Mr. Stout always finds time to say, "Take a seat, I'll be at leisure in a moment." A man came into the bank the other day and opened an account. "I came here," said he, "not simply because I knew my money would be safe with you, but because you are always civil. I have been a depositor in ——— bank for many years. I knew him when he had no society to boast of, and hardly money enough to pay for a dinner at a cheap restaurant. I laid my hat on the desk, which I suppose I had no business to do. He waved his hand with an imperious air, and said, 'Take this hat off.' I removed my hat, when he said, 'Now I will hear what you have to say.' 'I've nothing to say to you,' I replied. I went to the book-keeper, ordered my account to be made up, took the bank's check for \$42,000, and this I wish to deposit." Sauciness does not bear a