

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

# The York Herald.

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

Post-ge. pre-paid by  
Publisher.

RICHMOND HILL, ONTARIO, CANADA. FRIDAY, AUGUST 27, 1870.

WHOLE NO. 892

## THE YORK HERALD

Every Friday Morning.  
And dispatched to subscribers by the earliest mails or other conveyances, when so desired.  
The York Herald will always be found to contain the latest and most important Foreign and Local News and Markets, and the greatest care will be taken to render it acceptable to the man of business, and a valuable Family Newspaper.  
TERMS: One Dollar per annum in advance, if not paid within two months, One Dollar and Fifty Cents will be charged.  
No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid; and parties refusing papers without paying up will be held accountable for the subscription.  
All letters addressed to the editors must be post-paid.

ADVERTISING RATES.  
PER LINE  
One inch, one year, \$4 00  
Two inches, one year, 3 00  
Three inches, one year, 3 50  
Advertisements for shorter periods than one year, insertion, 0 50  
Each subsequent insertion, 0 25  
22 inches to be considered one column.  
Advertisements without written direction inserted till forbid, and charged accordingly.  
All transitory advertisements from regular or irregular customers, must be paid for when handed in for insertion.

THE HERALD  
BOOK & JOB PRINTING  
ESTABLISHMENT.  
Orders for any of the undermentioned description 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 Printing.  
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.

H. SANDERSON & SON,  
PROPRIETORS OF THE  
RICHMOND HILL DRUG STORE,  
Corner of Yonge and Centre streets East have constantly on hand a good assortment of Drugs, Patents, Perfumery, Chemicals, Oils, Toilet Soap, 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 CARL,  
Dealer in Drugs, Medicines, Groceries, Wines, and Liquors, Thornhill. By Royal Letters Patent has been appointed Issuer of Marriage Licenses.

DENTISTRY.  
A. ROBINSON'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 apparatus. 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 " " "  
Mt. Albert, 15th " " "  
Thornhill, 23rd " " "  
Maple, 26th " " "  
Barwick, 28th " " "  
Kleinburg, 29th " " "  
Nobleton, 30th " " "  
Nitrous Oxide Gas always on hand at Aurora, April 28, 1870 615-1f

W. H. & R. PUGSLEY,  
(SUCCESSORS TO W. W. COX.)  
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, Lamb, &c.  
Richmond Hill, Oct. 24, '72. 745-1y

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

PETER S. GIBSON,  
PROVINCIAL LAND SURVEYOR,  
Civil Engineer and Draughtsman.  
Orders by letter should state the Concession, Lot and character of the Survey, the subscriber having the old Field Notes of the late D. Gibson and other surveys, which should be consulted, in many cases as to original monuments, &c., previous to commencing work.  
Office at WILLOWDALE, Yonge Street, in the Township of York.  
Jan'y 8, 1873. 755

ADAM H. MEYERS, JR.,  
(Late of Duggan & Meyers),  
BARRISTER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,  
SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY, CONVEYANCER, &c., &c.  
OFFICE:—No. 12 York Chambers, South-east Corner of Toronto and Court Streets, Toronto, Ont., January 15, 1873. 756-1y

J. H. SANDERSON,  
VETERINARY SURGEON, Graduate of Toronto Veterinary College, corner of Yonge and Centre Sts. East, Richmond Hill, begs to announce to the public that he is now practicing with H. Sanderson, of the same place, where they may be consulted personally or by letter, on all diseases of horses, cattle, &c.  
All orders from a distance promptly attended to, and medicine sent by 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.

**MUSTARD'S CATARRH SPECIFIC CURES ACUTE AND CHRONIC CASES OF CATARRH, NEURALGIA, HEADACHE, COLIC, COUGHS, CRAMP, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, &c.** It is also a good soothing Syrup.  
**MUSTARD'S PILLS** are the best pills you can get for Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, Bilelessness, 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 Remedy now in use. It is invaluable.  
**ALSO, the Pain Victor is Infallible for A Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Flux, Colic, Cholera Morbus, Pain and Cramp in the Stomach and Bowels, &c.**

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

Sold by Druggists generally.  
The Dominion Worn Candy is the medicine to 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. 594

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

J. SEGSWORTH,  
DEALER IN FINE GOLD AND SILVER Watches, Jewelry, &c., 113 Yonge Street, Toronto.  
September 1, 1871. 684

**Envious Tongues.**  
The moment a man achieves brilliant success there's always somebody at hand to tell how poor, how obscure, how un "account" he used to be, and to express wonder and astonishment that he should ever have amounted to anything. The fact that he has amounted to something, that he has proved himself a success, seems to make some of his acquaintances feel that they have been robbed in a manner, and that by so much as he has risen above them in position or influence, by so much they are dwarfed. Men who have groped blindly to find a fitting place for the exercise of their talents find it, and with it come naturally appreciation, money, influence, prosperity. Can their good fortune cause anything but rejoicing in a magnanimous and noble mind? There are very few men of note before the American public who have not fought their way up through poverty, obscurity, disaster and countless opposition of adverse circumstances.

Vanderbilt began as a boatman in New York harbor; Stewart was once a small retail merchant in a Broadway basement; Thomas Scott was at first fireman and coal heaver; Ezra Cornell would have gone without his supper at one time but for a shilling he picked up in the street; Cyrus Field floundered in debt and poverty to the lips during one portion of his life; Elias Howe tried semi-starvation many a long year while perfecting the sewing machine; Anna Dickinson scrubbed door-steps to pay to get her start in life. In fact, almost everybody, "that is anybody," has had to fight for his crown, and when he gets it shouldn't everybody rejoice with him? Doubtless there's many and many a diamond that is never polished and set, but lies buried in the mountain gulches covered with mud; many a "mute inglorious Milton" sleeps in quiet country churchyards, but the world is flashing with light from diamonds that are set, ringing with melody from Miltons that are not mute. One thing is certain; the man or the woman who is occupied in picking to pieces the crown lawfully won by a successful neighbor is not likely ever to wear one, for the time thus spent is worse than wasted, and the disposition that can find pleasure in employment so ignominious and degrading can never find those aspirations, labors and toils congenial which bring deserved reputation and honor and success.

**A Strange Dream.**  
An Amesbury man had a singular dream under the following circumstances; His father and mother had recently died within three or four weeks of each other, and one night in a dream he saw his mother standing by his bed, and a little distance away he saw a cot bed with a peculiar coverlet, on which lay a man with his back turned toward him. His mother called him by name, and said, "Here are seven dollars." He attached no significance to the dream until, when he went to the post-office, he received a letter stating that his brother, who was on a western railroad, had been badly crushed, and requested his presence immediately. On arriving at his brother's home he was struck with surprise when he found him lying on a cot bed, with the same kind of a coverlet as he had seen in his dream. The brother died and the gentleman was still more astonished when, on settling his affairs the first bill presented was for the amount of seven dollars.—Boston Herald.

## THE FAMILY RECORD.

"Ay, write it down in black and white—  
The date, the age, the name;  
For home has never seemed so dear  
As since our baby came.  
No child before was half so sweet,  
And never babe so wise;  
And John, the neighbors say, indeed,  
He has his father's eyes."  
"Nay, wife, I'm sure they're like your own;  
The rosy's his mother's boy."  
How strange that such a tiny form  
Can cause such boundless joy!  
And you will have him named for me?  
Come, think it o'er again;  
For 'John' is but a homely name—  
"Nay do not drop your pen,  
For 'John' shall be his name, my dear,  
It is his father's own;  
And though a hundred more were given,  
I'll call him that alone.  
His father's eyes, his father's face,  
His father's form, I'm sure;  
God grant he have his father's heart,  
Life's hardships to endure!"  
"Well, there, 'tis written down at last;  
The record is complete.  
Henceforth we'll lay our loving hearts  
To sooth our baby's feet.  
Ah, wife, our home's a bumble place—  
We're humble folks—that's true;  
But I'm a king with boundless wealth  
In that young roguish one."  
"So, baby, wink, and blink, my boy,  
Your mother's eyes—"  
"Nay, John,  
They are his father's eyes, indeed;  
That I insist upon!"  
"Well, he that as it may, his mouth  
Is waiting for a kiss.  
He'll like you there, at least, my dear,  
Say, do I judge amiss."

**ALL THE WORLD.**  
All the world is full of babies;  
Sobbing, sighing everywhere;  
Looking out, with eyes of terror,  
Seating at the empty air.  
Do they see the strife before them,  
That they sob and tremble so?  
Oh, the hopeless frightened babies!  
Still they come and still they go.  
All the world is full of children,  
Laughing over little joys,  
Sighing over little troubles,  
Fingers bruised and broken toys,  
Wishing to mother, laughing by,  
Weeping at some fancied woe;  
Oh, the happy, hapless children;  
Still they come and still they go.  
All the world is full of lovers,  
Walking slowly, whispering sweet,  
Dreaming dreams, and building castles  
That must crumble at their feet.  
Breaking vows, and burning letters,  
Smiling lest the world should know,  
Oh, the foolish, erring lovers!  
Still they come, and still they go.

All the world is full of people,  
Hurry, rushing, passing by,  
All bearing burdens, carrying crosses,  
Passing onward with a sigh,  
Some there are with smiling faces,  
But with heavy hearts below;  
Oh, the sad-eyed, burdened people!  
How they come and how they go.

All the earth is full of corpses,  
Dust and bones laid there to rest.  
Tis the end that babes and children,  
Lovers, people find at best.  
All their fears and all their crosses,  
All their sorrows wearing so;  
Oh, the silent, happy corpses,  
Sleeping, soundly, lying low.

**A SHOPPER BY PROXY.**  
They formerly lived in Madison Square, and moved in the best New York society. The father, a Wall st. man, lost his money, and his wife, two sons and two daughters lived on the east side, and the best society knew them no more. Isolina, the youngest of the family, had accepted the situation with becoming fortitude. She had three trunks laden with the spoils of Saratoga and Newport. They would keep her in clothes for two years, and so long as the spoons held out she could return. After the crash the father did nothing to her bed. The sons, never having done any thing during their prosperous days, kept steadily in that noble path. The elder daughter, in a fit of desperation, threw herself away on a bookkeeper with eight hundred a year and was buried in Jersey. Isolina Van Rensselaer, being a person of sense, sold the silver and jewelry a bit at a time, paid the family board bills, and so kept the wolf away.

Weeks passed, and the store of spoons faded slowly. How much longer could they live on silverware? The wolf had already bayed the gas lamps in Third Avenue, just around the corner, and the sound kept her awake in the night.

One day there came a letter inclosing a check for one hundred dollars. Her hand shook as she unfolded the crisp paper, and sudden tears filled her eyes. Were the family miseries and poverty so wearing upon her that the sight of a check shook every nerve? And how had Heaven raised such friends in their hour of need?

It was only a letter for Cousin Mary Pelham. Cousin Kitty was to be married, and Mary wished to furnish one room in the new home. Would Isolina be so kind as to do shopping in the city—get a nice chamber carpet, and have it sent up by express?

Glad to find something to divert her mind, Isolina went shopping among the carpet men, selected what she thought would please and fit the prescribed measure, paid the bill, and returned home tired out and minus fifteen cents paid for car fare. Two days after came a letter saying that

"the carpet was lovely, and we are all so much obliged."  
The next day Isolina counted the spoons, and figured out their position. There was just enough plate to pay their board bill for exactly six weeks. She appealed to her father. He, poor man, had trouble enough on his hands. The wife and mother was dying. For a time the smaller griefs were lost in the greater; and then the mother crept away to peace and her grave, weary with the miserable disasters of her family.

The day after the funeral Isolina asked her father for her portion, and he divided his living among them all. Isolina's share was the spoons and some diamond rings. The family was broken up and ruined, and each selfishly looked out for himself. The men went to the bad generally. The elder daughter furnished her parlor with her share of the wreck, and Isolina sold a diamond ring, and put an advertisement in the *Tribune, Evening Post, Herald and American Agriculturist*. Then she found another and cheaper boarding place, and sat down to await results and starve.

Within a week a million people read this advertisement:  
"MADEMOISELLE ISOLENA, PUR-chaser of dress goods, gloves, hosiery and millinery. Parties at a distance desiring to purchase dry-goods, etc., in New York may address Mademoiselle Isolina. Every kind of underwear and small wares bought, goods and colors matched, and the best selections made at the lowest prices. All orders must have the money inclosed. Terms five per cent. Goods sent by express or mail at the purchaser's expense. Address 492 West Twenty-fourth Street, New York. References, Arnold, Taylor & Co.; Stewart, Lord & Kinney; etc."

Three day Isolina waited in heart-sick impatience, and then there came three letters. One contained a dollar, another six, another ten, and each had a small order. Total profits eighty-five cents. She put on a pretty hood and a bright smile, and went out to do the shopping. At the door her eyes fell on the walk, and a blush, half shame, half some thing else, mounted to her face. He actually said good morning, and offered his hand. She felt grateful to him that he should recognize her. So many once friends had passed her indifferent on the street that the thought that a Van Stupen should speak to her gave her unexpected happiness.

"Awful clever idea, Mademoiselle Isolina."  
"Oh, Mr. Van Stupen! how did you know? I never can forgive myself for it."  
"Gad! we all thought it a bright idea. Why, you're a broker—in trade, you know; same as I am, and Pell, and Dennison, and all the old set. Oh, by-the-way, Sister Patty is to be married, and I want to do the presenting business in good style. Will you please step into Tiffany's, and buy something pretty and suitable."  
"Mr. Van Stupen, what do you mean?"  
"Biz, of course. Now you're offended. I beg pardon, Miss Van Rensselaer. I would not hurt your feelings for the world. You know I would not. I thought I could help you."  
"Van!"  
"That's right, Iso—Miss Rensselaer, call me Van if you like. I am your friend."  
"Let us speak of this no more. I am poor now. Our paths divide. I must earn my living, and Patty would never forgive me. I am truly glad to hear of her marriage."  
"Look you, Miss Van Rensselaer, I want some work done. I'll pay ten per cent."  
"My terms are five, sir."  
"Well, five it is. Here's the money. Spend it all and take out your commission."  
"With that he thrust a roll of bills into her hands, and disappeared into a University Place car just as they reached Broadway. That night she slept peacefully for the first time for weeks. She had earned enough in one day to support her three. The following day she laid aside one dollar from her earnings, and received seven more letters, inclosing forty dollars in all. These orders employed her nearly all day, and at night she sent a letter with each detailing the business transaction. The next day there came but one letter, and she was a trifle discouraged. Then came the Sabbath, and on the Monday there were twenty letters, including one that had evidently wandered about Madison Square in search of her for some time. It was from Patty Johnson, late Van Stupen. She was charmed with her brother's beautiful present, and so glad to hear that Isolina had made the selection. Would it be too much trouble to do a little shopping—only one dozen of gloves, or so?  
There was no money inclosed. Perhaps Mrs. Johnson did not know Miss Van Rensselaer was in business. Without the slightest hesitation she inclosed her advertisement to Mrs. Johnson, and explained her position. Mrs. Johnson might cut her dead; she probably would. She might even talk to her brother, and say bitter and disagreeable things. Then she must.

The following day brought more letters, and a loud complaint from her landlady concerning the trouble

of bringing up so large a mail. Isolina at once turned all her available assets into money, and made one more bold push for her life. After much search she found a small back-room on the third story of a store on Broadway just below Union Square, and having supplied it with second-hand furniture, set up for herself all alone in the city. The room was at once parlor, chamber, kitchen, and business office. A dollar a day gave her all this, and placed her within easy reach of the best stores both on Broadway and Sixth Avenue. The removal gave her a chance to advertise again, and she went into it with seemingly reckless energy. She believed in advertising, and she meant to play a bold hand in the game.

Slowly, day by day, her business increased. It kept her upon her feet and in the stores and streets nearly all day, but in all her wanderings about town she never met Mr. Van Stupen or any one else who recognized her. Patty Johnson never answered her letter, and her family seemed to have utterly fallen out of her life. Weeks passed, and the warm season came. Then her business declined, and she at once spent every dollar she could spare in new advertisements, and within ten days her correspondence doubled in volume.

Late one warm afternoon Isolina climbed the dismal stairs to her room, and found Mr. Van Stupen waiting at her door. She could do no less than ask him to come in. He came into her little room, and then said, slowly,  
"Is this your home, Isolina?"  
"Yes, Mr. Van Stupen; it is my home, counting room, and all. I do up my packages here, and write my letters, and live generally. Don't you think it a pleasant room?"  
"Well—yes; but hardly safe."  
"Oh, indeed it is. The janitor and his wife live up stairs, and the street door is locked at seven. I am never out after that. Besides, there are the police."  
"For all that, people might come up and annoy you. Your father and brothers have been looking for you. They told me yesterday, when I returned from Saratoga, and asked where you lived. I had seen your advertisement, but I would not tell them."  
"That was kind, I'm sure."  
"You are bitter, Miss Van Rensselaer. Had you seen them you would have thanked me for keeping them away."  
"They are my friends, sir."  
"I know it. Pardon me if I seem unkind. I am not, Isolina. I would gladly serve you, gladly take you away from such a life, gladly offer you—"  
A knock at the door interrupted him. It was the postman. He gave her a large bundle of letters, saying, pleasantly,  
"Biz is a looking up, mam'selle. Sixty-two letters is a big haul."  
She bowed the man out, and then, with the bunch of letters still in her hand, she said, slowly,  
"Thank you, Mr. Van Stupen. You are very kind. I need no help. I have created a good business, and I have more than a hundred dollars in the savings bank, and as soon as the fall trade opens I shall take more comfortable quarters. I am doing well, and I want for nothing save—"  
She paused. The door slowly opened without warning, and a shaming figure crept in unbidden. It started them both with a drunken laugh.  
"Say—Solena, gimme a ten—won't you? I've had hard lines, I have."  
"What do you mean, sir, by this insolence?" cried Mr. Van Stupen; "take yourself off."  
"Mr. Van Stupen," cried the sister, interposing between the men, "he is my brother. Edward, there is the money; now please go away. Come again another day."  
"Yes, demme fy don't. Ten dollars is here's wealth for you."  
Stumbling down the stairs, he crept away, and the two were left alone.  
"That was not wise, Miss Van Rensselaer. He will trouble you again."  
"He is my brother, sir," she said with dignity; "we will not speak of him more."  
Mr. Van Stupen was in a measure defeated. He had not accomplished his mission, and after a few common places he withdrew, without an invitation to renew his call.  
Now was her life clear before her. She must give her whole heart to her business. There was naught else to feed on, and she must take that or starve. The one friend she had retained had proved unfriendly. How had he dared to come to her since his engagement to Amy Ramsey? She had seen the engagement in a gossip's letter in a newspaper many weeks before.  
By ten the next morning she had two advertisements in the *Herald*, one for a female book-keeper, and one for a better room. At night she glanced over the paper to see if her advertisements had received attention. Her eye fell on the marriage:  
"RAMSEY—COURTLAND.—Amy Ramsey, daughter of Theodore Ramsey, of this city, to Allen Courtland, of Stamford, Connecticut."

The paper slid from her hand, and for an hour or more she dreamed of the happy might have been. How she had misjudged him. And he was gone?

Three hundred and thirty-one girls and women presented themselves at her room during the next four days. Ten per cent. of them knew their business at least fairly well; ninety per cent. were totally ignorant of the whole subject. After much discussion a girl who had a first-class talent for doing exactly as she was selected, and in a new room on West Fourteenth street the two set up a larger and more convenient establishment. The girl kept the books, and the mistress shopped for a profession. The weeks grew to months and the winter came. Mademoiselle Isolina constantly spread her advertisement before the rural public, and the fame of her bargains filled the feminine mind with admiration. She slowly and surely prospered, and tried to think herself happy, and failed.

In all this neither father nor sister nor brothers ever visited her. She worked for a living. They never could forgive that. Madison Square concluded she must have died, and nobody contradicted the rumor. Mademoiselle Isolina was often useful to Madison Square, but none knew her, none recognized her. She had changed somewhat, grown more placid quiet, and her face had put on a womanly beauty the Isolina of Madison Square had never known.

Suddenly the clerk gave notice that she must leave. Ah, yes, going to be married. That was it. Her work was only a makeshift till a man could be found to support her. After some delay Isolina found her father, and he called upon her. Would he keep her books for her? "Never. She was an ungrateful girl thus to blast the family name. Julia never did, nor Edward, nor Thomas." Could he support her? Well, no, not very conveniently. He was busy on the street, and it took all he could pick up to pay his board and the boy's board. By-the-way, he was just a little short. Could she lend him twenty dollars for a day or two? In silence she gave him ten dollars, and he went away without even thanking her.

She sat down indignant and heart-sore, and would have cried for shame and misery had not a visitor knocked. Patty Van Stupen.  
"Isolina! Can I believe myself?"  
"Yes, Patty, it is I. Can I be of service?"  
"Service! Isolina Van Rensselaer. One would think you were mademoiselle."  
"So I am."  
"Great Heavens! has it come to this?"  
"I do not know what you mean, Miss Van Stupen. Shopping is my profession. This is my office, and I am neither ashamed or afraid. I explained it to you once by letter. Oh, pardon me. You are married, Mrs.—Mrs.—"  
"Johnson, Isolina. I never got your letter, and I am truly grieved and shocked."  
"I do not know why you need be. I have a good name in my business and owe no man anything."  
"Does my brother know of this—this great misfortune?"  
"He once knew that I worked for a living, but that was a long time ago. I have not seen him for a year or more."  
"He is in Germany. Did you not hear how that spiteful Amy Ramsey served him? Poor boy! he lost his money on the street, and then she left him and married Courtland. Then poor Van broke down, and his father sent him abroad; and its cheaper living there, you know. Father allows—"  
There was a sudden knock, loud and jolly. The mistress said "Come in," and a big fellow entered, breathless and rosy with excitement—and something else. The two women were for a moment silent with astonishment. Isolina found her tongue first.  
"Van."  
"Isolina! Patty! Dear girls, how are you both?"  
He offered a hand to each.  
"How you surprised us! When did you return?"  
"One hour since. I bought a *Herald* and read the dear girl's ad., and here I came."  
"Oh, Nan!" said the two, with a different tone to the "Van," and the "oh."  
"I'm cured, Isolina. I have out the parental apron-string, and defied Madison Square. I haven't a cent in the world, but I'm going to work like—a man. Know anybody who has a spare job?"  
"Frederick Lorberry Van Stupen, I am amazed. I cannot listen to such language. Grandmother Van Stupen will never forgive you."  
"Neither grandmother!" replied Frederick. "Say, sister, couldn't you just run home, and tell them I'm returned? You can take the carriage at the door."  
"I will at once, for I am grieved beyond expression, and I must consult my parents."

"Do—do. It will be very kind in you."  
"Allow me to wish you a very good morning, Mademoiselle Isolina."  
This Mrs. Patty Johnson said in tolerable French, and the shopper replied with equal grace and better French.  
"Once more they were alone. For a moment neither spoke, and then with a smile, she drew near, and said quietly,  
"Are you familiar with book-keeper, sir?"  
"Yes, marm, and I write a very good hand."  
"I am in want of a book-keeper, and shall be pleased to employ you."  
"I am deeply grateful, mademoiselle, for your kind offer. You will pardon me if I ask concerning the prospect of an interest in the business—if I tried to be good."  
She drew near, and a diviner light filled her eyes, and her lips parted with an ill suppressed smile.  
"If you please me, sir, and you are very, very good, we will go into partnership in just six weeks from this day."  
"Under the style of—"  
"Isolina, Van Stupen & Co."  
No more honorable and successful firm can be found in New York than the dry goods and millinery purchasing firm of Isolina, Van Stupen & Co., in West Fourteenth street. More than this, it is a growing house. The company has increased materially. There are already two—twins.

**It Was a Bee.**  
[From the Detroit Free Press.]  
Any one passing along Howard street just before noon yesterday, would have seen him lying under one of the shade trees in his yard, a pillow under his head, his feet on a bench, and a magazine in his hands. He looked the picture of comfort and contentment, and the women who were going along with pull-back dresses on sighed, and wished they were men.

The great City Hall bell struck the hour of noon. The deep-toned echo floated out on the still summer air, and touched a tender chord in the Howard street man's heart. The echoes sounded to him like funeral whistles—like the whistles of the night wind sighing through the grand old wilderness.  
"Oh, solomn bell!" he said. "Oh! sad solomn bell—"  
That was all he said about the bell. A bumble bee settled down on him to look for sugar, and as he turned over he gave the bee a rub. It is a bad thing to rub any kind of a bee. He felt insulted and gets annoyed at things that a mud turtle or a dove would pass by without a thought. The echoes of the bell were just dying away when the Howard street man got up. He got up like a man in a hurry. He didn't meander—he went like a rocket. Something seemed to ail him. He made a bee line for the house, went up the steps at a bound and as his wife asked him the cause of his haste, he replied:  
"Thunder—oop! hoop!"  
"Is the house on fire?" she asked, as he tore round the parlor and upset things.  
"House be—oop! Lordy!" he answered, as he made the circle of the room, and dashed breathless into the hall.  
The dog rushed after him, the wife rushed after the dog, and the man bounded out of the house.  
"Are you crazy, Robert?" shrieked the wife, as she beheld him pounding his legs with his new silk hat.  
Two or three boys ran in from the street, a strange dog came in and got up a fight, and all things conspired to make a lively time.  
"He's got the colic!" yelled one of the boys.  
"Or the delicious tremers," shouted another.  
"Shoot that hat!" called a third.  
"Boys, go out of here!" whispered the panting man, as he stopped using his hat. They went out, and as he limped into the house his tearful wife asked:  
"Now, then will you tell me what has happened?"  
"No, I won't," he shouted, and he didn't. She fell into hysterics at the thought that he had used his brain too much, and had suddenly become crazed, and he went down to the drug store and applied arnica to the spot, and informed the clerk that eleven thousand of the largest kind of bumble bees settled right down on him in a body.

In Nevada the law imposing a tax of \$400 every three months on every gambling place, has been sustained by a Supreme Court decision. The effect, it is anticipated, will be to close the small halls and extend the business of the large ones.  
A couple of neighbors became so hostile that they would not speak to each other; but one of them, having been converted at a camp meeting, on seeing his former enemy, held out his hand, saying, "How d'ye do, Kemp? I am humble enough to shake hands with a dog."