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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.

FARMERS' BOOT AND SHOE STORE JOHN BARRON, manufacturer and dealer in all kinds of boots and shoes, 38 West Market Square, Toronto.

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

THE DOG and the Baker.

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

BARRISTER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, SOLICITOR IN CHIEF, CONVEYANCER, &c.

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.

PATENT MEDICINES. PROCLAMATION.

MUSTARD'S Catarrh Specific Cures Acute and Chronic cases of Catarrh, Neuralgia, Headache, Colds, Croup, Asthma, Bronchitis, &c., it is also a good Soothing Syrup.

MUSTARD'S Pills are the best pills you can get for Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, Bile, Liver, Cholera, Complaints, &c.

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

W. M. MALLOY, BARRISTER, ATTORNEY, SOLICITOR-IN-CHIEF, OFFICE—No. 6 Royal Insurance Buildings, Toronto, Dec. 2, 1859.

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

PEARLS OF TRUTH.

BLESS'D be the hand that prepares a pleasure for shield, live there no saying when and where it may bloom forth.

OUT of the heart, not out of the brain, are the best issues of life.

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THE TOUCH OF THE UNSEEN.

As feel the flowers the sun in heaven. But sky and sunlit never see. So feel I Thee, O God, my God. Thy countless number hid from me.

LA BELLE SORRENTINA. CHAPTER III.—CONTINUED.

THE letter was dispatched to Annunziata and received by her at Paris, Jan. 18—

"SORENTO, Jan. 18—

"MOST ESTERMED SIGNORINA,

"If the pleasures and gaieties of the fashionable world in which you move preminent, like the moon among the stars, afford you time to cast a momentary glance toward the rural scenes where your early years were passed, you may, I venture to hope, call to mind the name of the humblest and most devoted of your slaves. But I do not for one moment suppose that you can have forgotten me so soon.

"Fain would I strive to rouse in your bosom some interest in the concerns of the village which has the envied privilege of being your birthplace by recounting to you some matters of local importance. But, alas! Signorina, there is but little to tell. Unlike that of the great cities of which you are the distinguished ornament, life in our sequestered valley (that valley of the Chagny) is speaking—we do not, as you are aware, live in a valley glides on tranquilly and smoothly, and each day is but the counterpart of that which has preceded it. Rather will I risk the accusation of egotism, than detain your attention for a few moments while I speak to you of myself.

"Following your wise and excellent counsel, Signorina, I have of late devoted myself to the study of science, and I trust you will not accuse me of vanity when I add that I have not labored altogether in vain. What success I have achieved I must ascribe entirely to the invaluable aid of Signor Antonio Bottega, a gentleman in reduced circumstances, but of noble birth. So, at last, he says; but your Aunt Marta decares she remembers his father, who kept a small wine shop at Naples.

"Assisted by his most valuable instruction, I have become acquainted with the most ancient and modern literature; and I cannot but think that the present letter—all unpretending as it is—will serve to rouse in you a more lively interest in the study of letters than I am no longer the ignorant fisherman from whom you parted nearly three years ago. I wonder whether you remember that day as well as I do! It is not three years, but only two, that I have seen you; but I did not say so for fear of spoiling the sentence.

"And now, Signorina, that I may not weary you with too many words, let me at once approach the subject that is nearest to my heart. You know how passionate, how deep, how unalterable has been the affection that I have borne you ever since the time when in our happy childhood, we sported together on the sandy shores of the azure Mediterranean. Say, oh say, that the hopes which have buoyed me up for so long are not to be ruthlessly dashed to the ground! Break not the faithful heart that beats for you! And believe that among all the aspiring lovers that doubtless surround you, there breathe none more true—one more impassioned than

"Of your ladyship

"The most obedient,

"Most humble servant,

"LUIGI RATA.

"Post Scriptum.—In truth, ANNUNZIATA, if you have forgotten your promise to me, my life will be over. The first letter I wrote contained a good deal of nonsense about love and the ceremony is to take place very shortly. My future husband is the Comte de Chagny, a French gentleman. I know you will wish me all good fortune in this new state of life, and I shall be so pleased if you will send me a letter—written all by yourself this time—to say so.

"I am, dear Luigi, I must say adieu.

"I am, and always shall be,

"Your most affectionate friend,

ANNUNZIATA VANNINI.

Luigi received this letter at the post office, and read it in the street. When he had come to the last words he stretched his hat down over his eyes, and set off with rather an unsteady step, to walk home. At his own door he met old Antonio, who accosted him with a pleasant inquiry as to whether he had heard from his dear Signorina. The next moment Bottega found himself lying on his back in the street, and, on picking himself up, with much incoherence of language, caught a glimpse of Luigi entering his own house, the door of which he shut and locked behind him.

And that was the last Sorrento ever saw of Luigi Rata.

CHAPTER IV.

As may be supposed, Annunziata got no answer to the rather ill-worded and confused note she had sent to Luigi. Perhaps she had hardly expected to receive any; and yet she was disappointed when he came. She was conscious of having—however innocently and with whatever good intentions—behaved ill to her old playmate. She ought, as she had looked so unhappy—and so handsome; and it had been so much easier and pleasanter to make a compromise than a quarrel. And then she tried to stifle her qualms of conscience by the reflection that she had been so kind and emphatically stated that she

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would give no promise. Still she could not feel quite happy about Luigi; and there were moments when she almost regretted the last few years of her life, and half doubted whether it might not have been better for her and for Luigi, had she never met him. He had secured, married the honest fisherman, and never seen more of the world than that lovely portion of it, the Bay of Naples.

But it was now far too late in the day to go to the Comte de Chagny, a middle-aged young man of sporting proclivities and diminished fortune, who had lived every year of the twenty that had elapsed since his first introduction to Parisian society. She was going to marry this easy-going, rather broken-down gentleman, who had fallen in love with her money bags, and with whom she, for her part, was assuredly not in love at all.

There were, however, circumstances which made it almost necessary that Annunziata should marry somebody—and why not this one, who seemed polite and kind hearted, and who had of late been possessed by an intense longing to revisit her native place, had little difficulty in persuading her husband to take her, for those few weeks, to Italy. M. de Chagny, always ready to be agreeable to her wishes, and so he went away to his Aunt Marta, and almost her first inquiry was about Luigi Rata. Old Marta shook her head and said, "Luigi is gone!"

"Gone! What—away from Sorrento?"

"Gone! He has gone away from Sorrento. I fear he has been turned out of his little shop, and he has never returned."

"Toward evening Annunziata left her room, locking the door behind her, and hoping the Count would imagine it to be fastened on the outside, and slip out of the house unobserved."

Ravallo stands on the heights above Amalfi, and the footpath that leads to it lies through a rocky, wooded ravine, lonely enough but not as dreary as the one which leads to the ruins of her diamonds in broad daylight. Annunziata climbed the hill with her light, elastic step, determined to reach the rendezvous before sunset. She was already within a short distance of the village when she became aware of a man wrapped in a long cloak, who was sitting on a rock by the wayside with his back turned toward her. She was tripping quickly past him; but he rose, placed himself in her path, and removed his hat.

"Luigi!" she exclaimed, starting to her feet.

"Here are your diamonds!" said he; and he held out the morocco case which contained those jewels as he spoke. Annunziata gasped at it involuntarily, but almost immediately fell into the arms of her lover.

"Oh, Luigi!" she exclaimed, "what has made you do this?"

"It is scarcely you, Signora Contessa, who should put that question to me," he replied quietly.

"Oh, what a miserable woman I am!" she burst out, throwing herself down on the bank and beginning to cry bitterly. "I meant to do what was best—I did indeed! How could I know you would start things so to heart? I told you I could promise nothing—you must remember that. Oh, why should you have cared for me so much! There are so many others who might have loved me, and who might have made me happier than I could. I meant to do what was kindest—and this is how it has ended!"

And the tears poured down her cheeks.

"Luigi looked at her sadly and calmly, and with just a faint touch of contempt, she thought.

"I have thought over that, and over many things lately," he said; "and I do not blame you. You intended to be kind—only you did not understand. I suppose you could not understand. I was in hell of despair for a long time; but that is all over now, and I see that you are right, and that we never could have been happy together. Our meeting was an accident. I had no notion that you were in these parts, and I might have prevented it. As it is, I have been able to restore you your diamonds under pretence of going down to Naples to dispose of them; but the rest of your property I am afraid you will have to let me have."

"And now, Signora, I must bid you good-by."

"Oh, no, Luigi—no like this! Can I do nothing for you? Can I not save you from this dreadful life? See—here are my diamonds—take them. They are worth a great deal of money—enough to enable you to go off again in some other part of the country, and live honestly and happily."

"Luigi shook his head with a smile. 'I am greatly obliged to you, Signora,' he said, 'but I am in need of money; and as for this dreadful life, I mean to abandon it tomorrow. Do you love your husband?'"

"Of course," replied she, a little confused by this abrupt change of topic.

"I thought he looked a little odd for you to be out alone. Good-by, Annunziata—God bless you! Don't think of me any more."

"But Luigi," she pleaded through her tears, "you will let me hear from you?"

"No, Signora; it will be better not. You understand that I must conceal myself for some time to come."

"He turned to go, but suddenly faced about again, took her in his arms, and kissed her gently on the forehead. Thus without an effort he walked quickly away up the hill."

Annunziata watched his tall figure striding away in the twilight till he was out of sight; and then she picked up her diamonds, and ran back to Amalfi. Luigi had not told her that he was a criminal, but she had known a criminal as he had become as well as an impossibility, nor had he mentioned his comrades, on his return to them without diamonds or money, would most assuredly put him to death as a traitor. But he was himself well aware of both facts, and was glad that it should be so—the world having now no attraction left it strong enough to make him wish for life. His body was found, stabbed to the heart, in a wood near Ravello, a few days later; by which time the Comte and Contesse de Chagny had, fortunately, left that part of the country.

The discovery of a murdered man more or less is not, or was not at any rate in those

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days, so unusual an incident in the neighborhood of Amalfi as to create much beyond the immediate vicinity; and it was long before Annunziata became aware that when she had parted from her former lover on the hillside, he had left her only to go to his death. M. de Chagny still relates the story of his adventure with the brigands of Amalfi, and the romantic generosity with which one of these rascals, dazzled by the beauty of the celebrated Vannini, made an appointment with her for the purpose of ransoming her diamonds. "It was a veritable Claude Duval affair," says the Count, "and is one of the most amusing reminiscences of our delightful Italian journey; but we have not been back there since, and as for my wife, she seems to have taken the country in horror."

THE ENIGMA.

ALL SORTS.

LYING IN WAIT—False scales.

A RUSH-LIGHT—a head-light on an express train.

To manage men one ought to have a sharp mind in a velvet sheath.

WHAT keeps Lent longest and best. An umbrella.

SOFT hearts often harden, but soft heads never change.

THE man who had a project on foot went to a corn doctor.

IF men would set good examples they might catch better than they do.

NEVER break off a match while there is a chance of getting fire.

WHAT does a young fellow look like when gallanting his sweetheart through a shower? A raincoat.

WHEN a man to whom you lend money says he will be indebted to you forever, you may believe him, my boy.

THE levellest faces are to be seen by moonlight, when one sees half with the eyes and half with the fancy.

THE trustees of the Pealody Donation Fund of London, in their annual report, say that when the buildings now in course of erection are completed, they will have provided dwellings for 1846 families.

A LEXAON county officer is said to have constructed a printing machine which "will set type, feed papers, and fold them ready for the carriers." It is further averred he is now contriving an attachment to write editorial, collect subscriptions, and pay all bills presented.

"WHAT do you call this?" said Jones, tapping his breakfast lightly with his fork. "Call it?" snarled the landlady; "what do you call it?" "Well, really," said Jones, "I don't know; it hasn't quite enough in it for plaster, but there's a little too much in it for lath."

TWO workmen passing a nicely-cushioned carriage, which was waiting for one of the great Manchester cotton lords at the counting-house door, one said to the other: "Bill, I'm darned if I should let the air of the aristocrats, collect subscriptions, and pay all bills presented."

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A PUZZLE to the curious: Some fifty years ago "Elder Anderson," a well-known Baptist preacher in Connecticut, married a widow named Pongh, who had two children, a boy and a girl. When she died he married the daughter, by whom he had a son, whose father was his grandfather, and whose mother was his sister. What relation was he to himself.

Mary had a little lamb— We heard it o'er and o'er. Until that little lamb becomes A perfect little bear.

So I propose to make a grave. And dig it deep and wide: That Mary's lamb and all its bands Be buried side by side.

A POSTERION meeting one of his own fraternity the other day, whose pony might be considered as a sort of equine living skeleton, remonstrated with the owner for not allowing the pony to be put to rest in a more elegantly terminated it, and asked him if he never fed him. "Never fed him!" my eyes, but that's a good 'un," was the reply; "why he's got a bushel and a half of oats at home now, only he ain't got to see to eat 'em."

A SAN FRANCISCO correspondent writes that the ladies of that city are great speculators. So are Brooklyn ladies. Ardent young suitors: "Do you love me, Pauline?" Clinton avenue belle: "You know I do, Armand." Young suitor: "Will you promise to be mine?" Brooklyn belle: "I can't say now; give me a week to answer." He gives her a week to answer, and she immediately hires a detective to find out what his prospects are.

HERE is a fifty-year old *jeu d'esprit* that is quite as good as new. It is a rich old gentleman of the name of Gould, married a girl not yet out of her teens. After the wedding was over, he wrote the following couplet, to inform a friend of the "happy event":

"You see, my dear doctor,

"I've got a girl of nineteen

"A girl in love with old Gould"

"To which the doctor replied:

"A girl of sixteen

"May love Gould it is true:

"But believe me, dear sir,

"I'll give you a week to answer."

That was a very pleasant act of Christian courtesy, when the bands in the St. Patrick's procession ceased their playing while passing the Moody and Sankey meeting at the Hippodrome, New York. They were ordered to play no longer, and the great offence never had been taken had the music continued. Such things as this do more to promote true Christianity than whole columns of sectarian theological controversy. The old song says that "Saint Patrick was a gentleman, and it ought to afford satisfaction to every good Christian, whether Catholic or Protestant, to know of such a gentlemanly proceeding as this on the part of those who honored his memory."

A Lucrative Occupation.

French rag-pickers may still amass fortunes it would seem. One of the fraternity recently dying at Cannes, the relatives of the dead man, all very poor working people in the lowest class of life, and in the absence of a will the presumptive heirs to all his property made their appearance at Cannes, when, at their request and in their presence, the authorities proceeded with the execution of an inventory of all the effects held by the late rag merchant. The first thing he had in his property in the shape of rent lists, mortgage debts, coupons payable to bearer, shares of all sorts, bank notes, and gold and silver coin, to the amount of three hundred thousand francs. The second day the relatives, who could hardly realize or believe in their good fortune, had some more surprises. Inside a very insignificant piece of furniture they found an earthen pot filled to the brim with gold Louis d'ors to the amount of five thousand francs. In a cupboard they also found a large quantity of cloth and packages of folded sheeting. On one of the inheritors calling on the notary to have some papers, he proceeded to unfold the packet in question, when out of one of them dropped some counted, representing in rent titles and shares another sum of ninety thousand francs. One hundred thousand dollars—not so bad for a rag-picker!

PERSONAL.

QUEEN VICTORIA has so seldom been seen in public of late years that her recent appearance with the Princess Beatrice at the London Hospital was the occasion of a general holiday in London.

PRINCE LEOPOLD, who is said to be as musical as his brother Alfred, has accepted the presidency of the Albert Hall Amateur Orchestral Society during the Duke of Edinburgh's absence from England.

PROBABLY the tallest living specimen of man is a youth of Alcock, in Spain, who is twenty-six years of age, and nine feet ten and a half inches high. His name is Capell, and he is looked upon as "a rising young man."

The Zoological Society of London, the Linnean Society of London, and the Imperial Society of Natural History, have each chosen Mr. Alexander Agassiz to fill the chair of foreign honorary member left vacant by the death of his honored father.

WHEN Tamblinck, the famous tiler, was in the vicinity of Vera Cruz, he was captured by Mexican brigands, together with \$40,000 which he had upon his person. Learning who he was, they persuaded him to sing for them, and were so much pleased with his performance that they restored his money and his liberty, and also gave him \$2000 for the pleasure he had conferred.

PROFESSOR LOVING, of Cambridge, has been able to demonstrate by a series of experiments that an electric signal from Cambridge to San Francisco, thence by other lines to other parts of the world, could be made over a loop of wire measuring 7200 miles, and be made in about two-thirds of a second. It has also been demonstrated that, by the ocean cable, from Brest in France, to Duxbury, Massachusetts, a signal could be made at the rate of 4000 nautical miles a second.

The King of the Belgians is erecting at Laeken a grand winter garden close to the palace, which adds considerably to the effect of the whole building. This new garden, about eighty acres in extent, is surrounded by a wall, and covered by a roof about one hundred and twenty feet in height, so skillfully constructed as to need no support in the centre. The tallest trees will thus be allowed to grow to their full height. The cost of the building is estimated at 2,000,000 francs.

MR. CHARLES MATTHEWS, the actor, now in London, thought he would bring back to London about eighty of the most interesting and rare airings in the parks. But he found that the keep of an elephant is costly even in India. At the present price of wheat flour, on which they are chiefly fed, the keep amounts to £200 a year. The cost of the elephants is roughly first-rate one for hunting purposes ranges from £200 to £400. Of late years, since the government has ceased to capture them in the forests of Northern India, the supply has considerably fallen, and the best plan is to buy one in at the great annual fair at Soogpoor, on the Ganges.

THE other day Olive Logan went behind the scenes for a chat with Miss Kellogg, and found her, erect among the flowers which were blowing in the air of the theatre, engaged in the process of being "undone" by the hands of her own dear loving mother. She has grown pretty since she first began singing in Cincinnati. Such beauty as she had then was of the girl-in-her-teens order—very scrawny and undeveloped. She was admitted to have fine eyes, but a very ugly mouth. But she has got a new mouth now, for nothing could be prettier than the rose and pearl-mouth which she wears in her latest costumes. Her erst scrawny shoulders have developed into the plump ripeness of rich young womanhood, and her round arm is fit for a sculptor's modeling. Those opera-goes who remember Miss Kellogg's early career, and who are prominent singers have flocked the streets for years past find it difficult to understand how Miss Kellogg could have been thus fortunate; but she has three treasures—a fine voice, a determined spirit, and a loving, protecting, and watchful mother. Of this same mother a chapter might be written. She is the power behind the throne. A helpful, sensible American woman—an artist with the pen which is always at her daughter's side to help and cheer, and to sustain and encourage. The "mother-love" never had a more eminent exponent, and Clara Louise Kellogg is as much a "mother girl" as was that angelic girl in Little Women.

At the recent opening of Parliament by Queen Victoria, a very timely notice of the years that she has assisted at that ceremonial, brings out by a writer in the Liverpool *Advertiser* these facts in relation to the Queen's crown: "One gem at least in the crown which has borne before her Majesty on Tuesday is of great antiquity and of high historical interest. The large sapphire, the partial drilling of which suggests that it may have formerly figured in the turban of some Eastern sultan, was purchased by the Queen in 1815, served at the coronation of Wm. IV.; but as it weighed more than seven pounds troy, it was decided that the ponderous gem should be broken up, and that a new and permanent crown imperial should be fashioned. The new crown is constructed out of half a dozen very insignificant pieces of regality which were broken up in 1838, and which included the diadem worn by Mary of Modena by Queen Caroline and Queen Charlotte as Queens Consort, and that assumed by Mary II. and Anne as Queens Regnant. Thus the British crown may, as a comparatively new thing made out of very ancient materials, be said to present an artificially striking likeness to the British Constitution, which has itself been broken into very small pieces, which has been patched together, enlarged and renovated, over and over again in the course of the centuries since 1871—the last time the Queen opened Parliament—until the past month she had appeared only twice in public: on the occasion of the thanksgiving for the recovery of the Prince of Wales, and when the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh entered London after their marriage.

THE Wrong Man.

It was a very embarrassing circumstance, and it happened at a hotel in Ripon. A man and his wife were stopping there. The man was subjected to severe attacks of colic, and was taken sick at the night. He told his wife that he must have immediate relief or he could not live, thought a mustard draft would relieve him. She hastily rubbed herself, went down stairs and found the watchman who admitted her to the serving room, and she spread the mustard from a cask on her handkerchief, and hastened up stairs. Finding the door ajar she rushed in, turned down the bed clothes, and slapped the mustard draft on the unconscious man's chest. He instantly sprang up in bed and in a strange voice said: "My goodness, madam, what are you doing?" She had got it on the wrong man.

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