The Huron Signal.

"The Greatest Possible Good to the Greatest Possible Number."

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The Huron Signal,

(ESTABLISHED 1848,)

One of the Largest Papers published in Canada, and published at Goderich, Ontario, every

WEDNESDAY MORNING,

at the Office, Montreal Street, adjoining the Market Square, by

THE SIGNAL PRINTING CO.,

Terms $1 00 per annum, strictly in advance; if not paid within three months, $1 50; if not paid within nine months, $2 00. No paper discontinued until arrears are paid, except at the option of the publisher.

RATES OF ADVERTISING: Eight cents per line for the first insertion, and two cents per line for each subsequent insertion. Local notices, 10 cents per line for each insertion. Business cards not exceeding 6 lines, $4 per annum, from 6 to 10 lines $6. The number of lines to be reckoned by the space occupied measured by a scale of solid Nonpareil. Advertisements without specific directions, will be inserted until forbid, and charged accordingly. Special contracts for definite terms are made at low rates.

The above rates will in all cases be strictly adhered to. Advertisements intended for insertion in any of the issues should reach the office on the previous Saturday.

The large circulation of the SIGNAL makes it an unsurpassed advertising medium.

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J. C. Shannon M.D., PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c.&c., Goderich, Ont. 1314c-1y

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G. ELLIOTT, BARRISTER-AT-LAW, SOLICITOR, in Chancery, Conveyancer, &c. Crabb's Block, Goderich. MONEY TO LEND. 1372

Senger, Wade & Morton BARRISTERS, &c., &c., Goderich & Wingham. J. A. Morton, Wingham. C. Seager Jr. E. E. Wade, Goderich.

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S. Malcomson, BARRISTER, ATTORNEY, SOLICITOR, &c. &c., Clinton, Ont. w35

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PATENTS For inventors expeditiously and properly secured in Canada, the United States and Europe. PATENT guaranteed or no charge. Send for print, and instructions. Agency in operation ten years. HENRY GRIST, Ottawa, Canada, Mechanical Engineer, Solicitor of Patents and Draughtsman. Feb 11th 1871. w4-1

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Tremendous Fall in Harness, CHEAPER THAN EVER. NO COMBINATION PRICE. C. F. Straubel WOULD invite his customers and others to come and examine his stock and be convinced that all is made up by men capable of turning out work second to none in style and durability of single and double Harness. Made to Order on Short Notice, and repairing done neatly and promptly. Constantly on hand and sold at prices to suit the times, A variety of carriages of every description at Cost Price. Parties wishing to be supplied with work in a short time, or giving short notice, can have their orders filled. Remember the CHEAPEST HARNESS SHOP, on Hamilton Street. C. F. STRAUBEL. Goderich, July 12, 1876. 1534tf

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MONEY TO LEND.

PRIVATE FUNDS on REAL ESTATE loaned at low and reasonable charges, interest from eight to ten per cent according to security. J. T. GARROW, Solicitor &c. January 27th, 1876. 1441-tf

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ON FARM property at 8 per cent. Private funds. No Loan Society's, to visit borrowers. No delay if title satisfactory. BEAGEN, WADE & MORTON. Goderich & Wingham. 1361-1 yr.

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THE undersigned has any amount of money to loan from two to fifteen years, at a low rate of interest and favourable terms of repayment, payable by yearly instalments; rate of expense will defy competition.

GRACE HORTON Appraiser for the Canada Permanent Building & Savings Society, of Toronto.

INSURANCE CARD The Subscriber is agent for the following first-class Insurance Companies: PHOENIX of London, England. HARTFORD of Hartford. PROVINCIAL of Toronto. BRITISH AMERICA, of Toronto. Fire & Marine business done at the lowest possible rates. HORACE HORTON Office Market Square, Goderich. Oct. 20th 1876. 928-1y.

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THE CANADA LANDED CREDIT COMPANY, TORONTO.

JOHN LAING BLAKIE, ESQ., President. MONEY is lent by this Company to individuals upon the security of real estate, on easy terms of repayment. Send for Circulars. HUGH HAMILTON, C. L. Agent, Goderich. 1495 1y

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THE LIVERPOOL & LONDON And Globe Insurance Company.

Available Assets, $27,000,000. Losses paid in the course of Thirty-five years exceed FORTY MILLIONS OF DOLLARS!

Claims by CHICAGO FIRE estimated at nearly $3,000,000, are being liquidated as fast as adjusted WITHOUT REDUCTION. Security, Prompt Payment, and Liberality in adjustment of its losses are the prominent features of this wealthy company.

FIRE and LIFE POLICIES issued with very liberal conditions. Head Office, Canada Branch, Montreal. G. F. C. SMITH, Resident Secretary, MONTREAL. A. M. ROSS, Agent for Goderich

GODERICH AGENCY OF THE Trust & Loan Company of Canada. *Incorporated by Royal Charter* CAPITAL—ONE MILLION POUNDS STERLING.

Funds for Investment. LOANS made on the Security of approved Farm or City or Town Property for periods of Five years or to suit the convenience of Borrowers, and either repayable at expiry of time or by annual instalments. Payments in reduction of Loans will be accepted at any time on favorable terms. Approved Mortgages purchased. G. M. TRUEMAN, Agent Market Square, Goderich. 1517

Insurance! Insurance! Insurance!

THE STADACONA *FIRE AND LIFE* INSURANCE COMPANY is one of the strongest home institutions, having a Capital of $5,000,000 and a deposit with the Dominion Government of $150,000. The terms on which this First Class Company does business are of the most liberal nature and the prompt and equitable manner in which it settles all its claims are sufficient reasons to win for it a foremost position with the public in its line of business. The undersigned has also been appointed Agent for the OTTAWA AGRICULTURAL FIRE Insurance Company, for the County of Huron. This Company has a CAPITAL OF $1,000,000, and a deposit with the Dominion Government of $50,000. The class of risk taken by this Company is all non-hazardous, only taking that of farm property and private dwellings, thereby offering the public the very best security at the very lowest rates possible to take this class of risk at. The undersigned gives a cordial invitation to all who need insurance of whatever nature, either to call at his residence, on Nelson street, or by letter, as all applications by letter will receive his most prompt attention. N. B.—Money to loan on the most liberal terms. HUGH MacMATH, 1568 6m Insurance Agent.

SOMETHING NEW. ROTARY SUCTION PUMP. A Purifier of Water. THE BEST WATER DRAWER EVER PUT IN A WELL OR CISTERN. Thousands in Daily Use. THIS INVENTION is an atmospheric or Suction Pump with three Elastic Rubber Buckets or valves working air-tight and round from the bottom of the well to the top in a wooden tube, and so connected by a chain as to keep one always in the tube, and throwing an uninterrupted stream of water. It uses a crank or Reel for power. ADVANTAGES OF THIS PUMP. 1st. Their ease of work. 2nd. Throws a constant stream. 3rd. Purifies the water. 4th. No expense for repairs. 5th. Warranted not to freeze. 6th. No stationary valve in the well to get out of order. 7th. A larger quantity of water drawn in proportion to the size of Cylinder than any other pump, and with less power. WM. DICKSON, Agent Box 47 Goderich, Ont.

Poetry.

The Rats that Jack Built.

The following is probably the first attempt at a literal translation of the celebrated jingle, in existence. Observe how the author avoids tautology—always rattering the same idea but never repeating the same language.—Even the simple name of John is expressed in English, French, German and Russian, while the poor cow, dog, cat and rat are rolled over and over through the most complicated verbosity. The whole picture is the work of scholarship and patient genius. It was written by Anon—that modest but immortal author who has written some of the best things in every language:

Behold the mansion reared by dedal Jack.
See the malt stored in many a plethoric sack,
In the proud crypt of Ivan's birthplace.
Mark how the rat's felonious fangs invade
The golden stores in John's pavilion laid.
Anon, with velvet foot and Tarquin stride,
Subtle Grimalkin to his quarry glides—
Grimalkin grim, that slew the fierce resident
Whose tooth insidious Johann's sacrificed tent.
Lo! now the deep-mouthed canine foe's assault
That vexed the avenger of the stolen malt,
Stored in the hallowed precints of the hall
That rose complete at Jack's creative call.
Here stalks th' impetuous Cow with crumpled horn,
Whereon the exacerbating hound was torn,
Who bayed the feline slaughter beast that slew
The rat predatious whose keen fangs ran through
The textile fibres that involved the grain
That lay in Han's inviolate domain.
Here walks forlorn the Damsel crowned with rue,
Lactiferous spoils from vaccine dugs who drew
Of that coriniculate beast whose tortuous horn
Tossed to the clouds, in fierce vindictive scorn,
The harrowing hound of whose braggart bark and stir
Arched the lithe spine and reared the indignant fur
Of Pan, that with verminicidal claw
Struck the weird rat in whose mastiate maw
Lay reeking malt that erst in Ivan's courts we saw.
Robed in senescent garb that seemed in sooth
Too long a prey to Chronos' iron tooth,
Behold the man whose amorous lips inclined,
Full of young Eros' osculative sign,
To the lorn maiden whose lact albic hands
Drew albo-lactic wealth from lactea' glands
Of the immortal bovine, by his horn
Distort, to realms ethereal was borne
The beast catslean, vexer of that sly
Ulysses quadrupedal who made die
The old mordacious rat that dared devour
Antecedanous ale in John's domestic bower.
Lo, here with hirsute honors doffed, succinct
Of saponaceous locks, the priest who linked
In Hymen's golden bands the torn unthrift
Whose means exignous state I from many a rift
Even as he kissed the virgin all forlorn
Who milked the cow with implicated horn,
Who in fine wrath the canine torturer skied
That dared to vex the insidious muricide
Who let auroral effluence through the pelt
Of that sly rat that robbed the palace Jack had built.
The loud cantankerous shaghai comes at last
Whose shouts arouse the shorn ecclesiast
Who sealed the vows of Hymen's sacrament
To him who robed in garments indigent,
Exsoculates the damsel lachrymose,
The emulator of that horned brute morose
That tossed the dog that worried the cat that killed
The rat that ate the malt that lay in the house that Jack built.

Peeresses in full Dress

Mr. Jennings, in a letter to the New York World, from London, relative to the opening of Parliament, says: "On this occasion the ladies overflowed the House. Early as it still was, the floor was covered with them—large blocks of the benches were occupied, and the galleries were crowded. All the Peeresses wore coronets of diamonds—most of them being fairly alonze with diamonds on head and neck. If the daylight was not very favorable to the shoulders and complexion of some of these noble dames the gorgeousness of their costumes and the glitter of their precious stones served to divert attention from the defects of nature or the ravages of time. The dresses were, in many instances, superb, covered with lace, brocaded, and cut with that eye to liberal display which is deemed indispensable to any woman of fashion. It is, perhaps, not quite fair to mention names, but when Lady Dudley entered, a friend of mine whispered "She has absolutely nothing on but diamonds." And it did look very like it, until her husband went away and presently returned with an ermine cloak, which she put over her shoulders. There were many others, however, of whom it might almost be said that they had more clothes off than on. This is a delicate subject, but it is not my fault; I did not make the fashions. An assemblage of ladies such as that gathered in the House of Lords was a startling sight to look upon. I wonder what the ladies would say if actresses in a theatre or singers at the opera were to dress, or undress, in the same style? How they can consent to send their daughters out into society almost destitute of raiment is even more mysterious than the readiness with which they permit an astonished world to gaze on their own abundant charms. If the fashionable milliner goes much further in the present direction, we may expect to see the stock in the rooms and windows limited to an elegant assortment of fig leaves."

The best known remedy for all affections of the chest, lungs and throat, is Gray's Syrup of Red Spruce Gum. It has been tried by thousands of persons suffering from the above diseases, and in every instance it has given immediate relief. In cases of Throat Sore, tickling cough, where the patient passes sleepless nights, one dose of the Syrup has such an effect that rest ensues, and the cough soon disappears. See advertisement.

Warming a Serpent;

OR,

GAVIE DACKAM'S TREACHERY.

BY LEON LEWIS.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

UNDER FIRE AGAIN.

The black chief, as he hailed upon the threshold of his hut, yawned and rubbed his eyes, which were swollen after the long night's debauch. So absorbed was he in the presence of something his stupefied senses fed their mind actively that Jock saw him before being seen. As quick as thought, the mischief-maker watched the shadow with bated anxiety.

The chief, all unconscious of his presence, continued to yawn and stretch himself, and come into spot his little shaded porch made by his over-hanging thatch, and took a drink from a calabash which he replaced upon a shelf against the dwelling. Then, still yawning, he stood awhile, gazing apparently at empty space, finally turning about and re-entering the hut.

Jock did not wait for him to resume. To the contrary, he arose and departed with his plunder at his best rate of speed. He made for the shelter of the orange grove, which would screen his further retreat, and just as he was entering it he looked back over his shoulder and beheld the chief again standing under the thatch of his hut and staring after him in apparent stupefaction.

'He sees me,' said Jock, to himself. 'Better now can hefo.' 'Tou'se too late to save yer fish, my fren.' An' yer'll have to search some to fin'.

He did not wait to ascertain if the chief raised an alarm and pursuit, but continued his retreat as rapidly as possible.

Once in the shelter of the thick outlying forest that covered the steep mountain sides with tropical growth he slackened his pace, however, and paused now and then to listen.

Upon arriving at the little secluded glade in which he had left his young master, he found Heath in the act of awakening from his slumbers.

Setting down his basket, Jock hurried forward with a real solicitude in his looks and manner. Revengeful and full of hatred as he was towards Daskam, the black had a warm heart and impulsive nature, and already this handsome young fellow, he took and dependent upon him, so gentle and cautious, had won his affections. And if he had not grown to regard Heath with tender interest, he would have cared for him with none the less scrupulous attention, in order to bring destruction upon Daskam whom he so hated.

'Do you feel worse Mass' Saul?' he inquired, anxiously. 'Is you feverish, or in pain, or berry bad any way?'

'No,' answered Heath, 'I am not feverish, nor ill. I have a little pain in these wounds, and want of food during the past few days, and from lack of exercise. What have you there, Jock?'

'Breakfus'. Jes' wait a minute, Mass' Saul, till I 'tend to dese yer fish. We can't cook 'em till dark, and they might spile before dat time. See 'em flop! Mighty nice fish, 'live, too; jes' took 'em out de tank whar dem lazy nigger keep 'em—he, he. Didn't know who dey's workin' for when dey caught dem.'

He hurried to the cool spring near at hand. In a little pool of running water just below the fountain head, under the shade of the overhanging trees, he deposited his basket of fish, and then hurried back to the glade.

He set before Saul a breakfast of bread-fruit, figs, and oranges, and after satisfying his own appetite, sat down beside his patient and talked to him of the elder Heath, carefully avoiding all unpleasant subjects of conversation lest he should bring on the fever he dreaded.

The chief of cooling fruits seemed admirably suited to his patient. No one came near them, and the remainder of the day passed without incident. When night came on Jock dressed anew the wounds of his young master, and found that they already showed signs of improvement.

Heath went to sleep again at nightfall and awakened towards midnight, opening his eyes upon a scene such as must often have transpired in Jamaica in the old days of slavery, and which seemed to him delightfully novel and strange.

Jock had reconnoitered and discovered that the islanders were gone to bed. He had then built a fire in one corner of the glade, and he was moving about in the red and fitful glare, a weird and spectral-looking figure.

As Heath raised his head upon his hand, Jock was in the act of laying one of his fish, nicely dressed, and wrapped in leaves, in a bed of hot ashes, upon which he heaped some coals. Several yams were deposited in another heap of ashes. Bread-fruit wrapped in leaves were similarly placed to roast. An appetizing odor of cooking food mingled with the fragrance of flowers, forming a curious conglomeration of scents.

'What incantation is this?' asked Heath. 'What are you about, Jock?'

'Dis cauteration is for somethin' to eat, explained Jock, as he hurried to and fro in the glare of the flames, 'Jes' you wait, Mass' Saul, and eats de supper I gets yer. Dis worl' am oli a fleetin' show, Massa but I'm a gwine ter git my share while she fleets!'

The supper was finally prepared. Palm leaves served for dishes. Heath sat up and was waited upon by Jock, who carved for him with chop-sticks, giving him the choicest morsels. Heath had doubts as to the wisdom of this repast for one in his physical condition, but he had been half-starved of late and did not pause to reason upon the matter. A dish of lemon juice upon his fish, a hot, roasted yam and other delicacies, were consumed by him ravenously. And when he had finished, he lay down again and fell asleep almost upon the instant.

Jock looked at him doubtfully, anxiously.

'Shouldn't wonder if he was done killed by dis yer op'ration,' he muttered. 'Pretty work, dis is. Should thought I'd know'd better. Um! Likely he'll die of fever!'

He felt of Heath's pulse. It beat stronger than at any time since Jock had tested it, but it was not feverish. A healthful dew was upon the skin, which was cool to the touch. Jock breathed freer and moved away, devoting himself to his own repast, which he lengthened as much as possible.

The next morning Heath found himself in good condition, his wounds healing and his strength returning to him.

He insisted upon taking a walk in spite of Jock's protestations, and was the better for the exercise. He drank freely of lemon-juice, and when night came declared that he felt almost well again.

Upon that night also Jock repeated his depredations upon the plateau. He procured fresh fish, fruits and vegetables, and [illegible] the chief's boat with a new mast and sail. The very boat in which I escaped from Lagoon Island. We must seize that.'

'No use go jes yet,' said the black. 'Dey're a blim down dar [illegible] watchin'. Better be patin' [illegible] dey go back to dem hats. I'll go de fish an' make de [illegible].'

His counsel seemed wise. Heath [illegible] his pacing and [illegible] Jock kindled a fire and roasted some fish and certain of the fruits. They ate their supper and packed the remainder of the food in the baskets. And then slowly and cautiously, they began their descent to the plateau.

Long before they reached the beach they heard the sound of voices and orgies. The islanders had taken their fill of rum, and were busied with preparations for their safety.

'Gregory will be farther than ever to Garnet now,' he thought. 'I am sure he will try to stupefy her with that drug of which she overheard him speaking to Crimp on Lagoon Island. He will not wait a day in administering it, but the sooner he has her guard, my poor Garnet, a lamb among wolves!' and he groaned heavily. 'I must go to her. I must not rest more longer in inactivity.'

His thoughts of his father were scarcely less gloomy.

'Father would, no doubt, return to Jamaica,' he said to himself, and resume his assumed honors as son and heir of Mr. Heath. He, Daskam, had not succeeded to attempt two horrible and treacherous murders. That was there to prevent him attempting a third—the murder of Mr. Heath—to bring about his ownership of the wealth he coveted, and obtain which he had already sinned so terribly. Mr. Heath had begun to regard him with aversion. If suspicion became mingled with that aversion, Saul well knew that his father's life would not be worth one minute's purchase.

He thought of these things as he walked to and fro in the little glade upon the fourth night of his secret stay upon the Island, and resolved that he would not remain inactive longer! He was getting well, he was regaining his strength, and he determined to find his way back to Lagoon Island and rescue Garnet, if she were there, and carry her to Jamaica.

While he thus resolved, Jock was at the plateau securing his plunder.

As he drew near the tank of water behind the chief's hut, he noticed that the doors of all the huts were open, and the truth flashed upon him that the islanders were watching him.

The chief had seen him upon the occasion of his first visit to the hamlet, and since the fish and vegetables he had taken had been missed. The islanders being stupid and ignorant, and having dwelt so long upon their lonely mountain in a perfect security, did not entertain the idea that their mysterious visitor was a human being, and a man of their own race. They remembered the legends and superstitions of their early days, and believed Jock to be the spirit of some of their dead ancestors. With the desire to propitiate him if had come bent upon unpleasing purposes, and seeing nothing incongruous in the idea of spirits requiring material food like themselves, they had set out their choicest stores of fruit and vegetables on the ground close beside the tank in a most inviting manner for his consideration.

At first Jock suspected a trap.

But after a little investigation and consideration, he comprehended the real meaning of the display before him.

He had hard work to suppress his laughter at having been taken for a spirit, but he did not relax his caution, the belief of the islanders in his supernatural character might be but frail at best, and an unguarded movement on his part might bring down their wrath upon him.

He dipped his basket into the tank and withdrew it filled with fish. He made a collection of the choicest of the products awaiting his disposition, and gathered them into a second basket, keeping his eye upon the huts.

He detected movements within the cabins, and knew that the islanders were whispering and commenting among themselves.

Having completed his arrangements, he took up both baskets and started rapidly for the orange grove.

Now, whether it was that his proceedings were most unmistakably human or whether the islanders had expected a further revelation of his ghostly character, or whether their cloud of superstition was blown aside by an accidental puff of common sense, can never be known, but certain it was that he had no sooner begun his retreat than they came swarming out of their dwellings and hurried after him in full pursuit, yelling like madmen.

Jock had a good start and fled like a deer. He went crashing through the orange grove, over the fields and gained the woods, where he paused to take breath.

The islanders were coming after him, howling and shouting, but they were far in the rear. He hurried onward with his spoils, now and then laughing and chuckling to himself, sometimes pausing to listen, but pushing rapidly for Heath's retreat, which he reached in safety.

Saul was pacing to and fro when he burst into the glade, dropping his baskets and flinging himself on the ground.

'Hush, Mass' Saul!' he whispered shrilly. 'Keep still, sah. Drap, please. Dey're arter me, Oh, Lor', Lor'!'

Heath asked no questions, comprehending that Jock had been pursued, and sat down on the ground in the shelter of the bushes.

They waited for some time in a dead silence, but no one approached the glade. Evidently the Islanders had proceeded in some other direction or given over the pursuit.

'I reckon I've beat 'em,' whispered Jock. 'Dey had eberything waitin' for me, he, he, thinkin' I was a spirit. Den dey change dar min's and biled out of dem dar huts arter me, jes astonishin'. Yer ought ter seen 'em, Mass' Saul. But I got de best oh dat bargain. See dem tings? Dem'll las' us a week.'

'But to morrow they will scour the island for us,' said Heath. 'They can't be such idiots as to think a spirit steals fish and fruit. By to-morrow morning they will be savage over their stupidity, and if they come upon us they will make short work of us, Jock.'

'Dat so, Massa.'

'We cannot hide from them anywhere upon the island, Jock. If we remain they will capture us.'

'Dat so too, Massa,' said Jock, blankly.

'Then it follows that we must get away to-night. I am nearly well again, quite well enough to sail a boat, and my wounds will heal as rapidly upon the sea as here. Let's be off, Jock. I can stand this inaction no longer, not even if the islanders do not find us.'

'But how are you to escape?' asked Jock wonderfully. 'Yer don seem to reflec', Massa, dat dis ain't a ship building community. What is de boat?'

'Down in the harbor, I presume. There is but one harbor to the island, and of course the boat is there.'

'But what boat! Dar ain't no boat.'

'Oh, yes, there is. Gregory was compelled to give the chief a boat with a new mast and sail—The very boat in which I escaped from Lagoon Island. We must seize that.'

'No use go jes yet,' said the black. 'Dey're a blim down dar [illegible] watchin'. Better be patin' [illegible] dey go back to dem hats. I'll go de fish an' make de [illegible].'

His counsel seemed wise. Heath [illegible] his pacing and [illegible]

'Glad to see you back, sir!' he exclaimed. 'Glad to see Miss Palm also. Her room is ready, and Maria is waiting to attend upon her.'

Garnet was conducted to the house, across the veranda, and up to her own room. Gregory and Crimp escorting her to the very threshold.

The cool, airy chamber, with its wide jalousies and dim, pleasant light looked very inviting after the close quarters on board the yacht. Garnet sank wearily upon a bamboo settle, scarcely noticing Maria, who, black and scowling, regarded the young lady with all the dislike with which Gregory had taken good care to inspire her.

The slave woman went out presently, and old Phebe locked the door. Then she came to her young mistress and removed her palmetto hat, and drew Garnet's head upon her bosom.

'Don't give up so, Miss Netta,' she whispered, 'Trust in God.'

'There is no one to help me now,' said Garnet. 'No one, Phebe. And I would rather die than live. Saul is dead. Did you hear those shots that rang out upon the plateau after Gregory hurried away? That Daskam—that impostor—shot Saul as if he had been a target for his pistol. He shot him as he leaned, bound and helpless, against the tree. Had Heaven no pity, no mercy? Must the wicked triumph always, and the innocent be destroyed?'

She wrung her hands in her anguish.

'Hush! oh, hush, Miss Netta! The Bible says that the wicked shall not always triumph. Gregory's day of punishment will come—'

'But his suffering will not restore Saul to life. Oh, Phebe! I loved him! Dead! He so young, so brave, so noble, so handsome! Dead? Then let him die too!'

'The young lady, pinched in by grief, sat down with you. Old Phebe's heart ached in sympathy for her young mistress.

'Why, poor Miss Netta?' she said, deprecatingly. 'I would die for you if I could. But we must take our death when it comes, and when we will. It ain't hard to die, Miss Netta! Oh, don't talk so, my poor child, don't! Perhaps he isn't dead! Gregory would not have let him die. Hope still. Hope, Miss, to the last!'

'To the last! Perhaps that is not far off.'

'There is something worse than death to fear. I mean that Gregory has in store for you a fate to which death would be a happy lot in comparison. Miss Netta, don't give way like this. If you have no one to live for, if love is gone, why should you not live to spoil this man's triumph?'

'If I die Gregory cannot touch my fortune. He wants me living.'

'Have you forgotten the conversation we overheard upon the night of our escape, Miss Netta? Gregory told that Maria knew a drug that would stupefy the intellect and fetter the will, making of a strong-minded person an easily led imbecile. You remember that? They will try that on you. Your death is not to die, but if you are not on your watch, warily alert and resolute, they will stupefy you and make you Gregory's wife in spite of yourself and in spite of me!'

The girl shuddered. She knew that old Phebe spoke the truth and that she had need of her best strength and resolution.

'Yes, I have something to live for still,' she said, decidedly. 'I will live to defeat the schemes of Gregory; that shall be my sole end object; but I shall be glad when it's all over, the warfare and the pain, the sorrow and the mourning—when I shall see Saul again!'

She buried her face in her pillow and was for a long time silent.

A knock at the door aroused old Phebe. She obeyed the summons. Maria was standing outside with a dainty little silver tray, on which was a single plate, cup and saucer, and a luncheon for one.

Phebe took the tray from her hands and carried it to Garnet. The girl refused to eat, but as her attendant begged her to take something she yielded.

'They will hardly begin to drug me so soon,' she said. 'I am safe for to-day.'

She was mistaken. Gregory was determined to lose no time in reducing her to a state of imbecility, and this first luncheon was drugged in nearly every article. The villain, crouching on side upon the topmost stair, heard her words and smiled malevolently, as he returned to his own rooms.

Garnet ate a cracker and an orange, and pushed the tray from her. She had not noticed, in spite of her care, that the orange had sustained a tiny puncture at one end, where the stem had been. If she had noticed it, she would have deemed so minute a pin-prick of no importance. Yet in at that small puncture had passed the drug that was expected to make her a will-less, mindless creature, obedient to her enemy's slightest word. Before old Phebe could appropriate any of the food that remained, Maria reappeared, bearing a second tray for the woman's use, and carried out the one the girl had used. When she noted the disappearance of one of the oranges, her eyes gleamed with delight, and she hurried to her master to inform him of the beginning of success.

'If all goes on well, Maria, and we succeed,' said Gregory, in a tone of supreme satisfaction, 'I will not only give you and your husband your freedom as I promised you, but I'll free every slave I own on this island. More than that, I'll give to you and your husband the island and all the improvements upon it, houses, huts, live stock, everything. If I marry Miss Palm, I shall go to England and live in splendor, and I shall never want to see Lagoon Island again.'

Maria expressed her gratitude in the liveliest terms. This promise won her heart and soul to her master's cause. For the sake of a reward so magnificent, the poor slave-woman would have sold her soul.

Gregory had previously offered to Crimp the island and its improvements as a portion of his reward, but Crimp, like his master, was fond of the vices of civilization, and looked forward to his return to England and to the possession of plenty of money as the great good of his entire life.

The effects of the first installment of the stupefying drug were not immediately apparent. Garnet slept a great deal during the afternoon, but Phebe ascribed her slumbers to utter weariness. She awakened languid and tired, and Phebe mentioned that the heat had really been excessive. Neither dreamed of the true cause of the sleep and languor.

At night Maria brought up Miss Palm's dinner. The girl turned away from the green-turtle soup, the boiled fish, the turtle-steaks and roasted birds, and, feeling thirsty, ate eagerly of fruits and of crackers.

'They can't drug these,' she said, in a tired sort of way. 'I've eaten all the fruit, Phebe. You may have the rest.'

Phebe did full justice to the delicately-cooked dinner, and when she had finished, exclaimed:

'They haven't drugged that, Miss Netta. I never felt better in my life than I do now. I think that Gregory means to let you get settled into the old ways before he attempts any harm.'

Garnet leaned wearily against the jalousie. She felt an indescribable sense of fatigue, and she believed that she was threatened with some tropical fever. It was she who had taken the drug in her fruit, while the viands which old Phebe had eaten had not been tampered with. Maria had seen at noon what sort of food the young lady preferred and had applied her drug with great discrimination.

The next day Garnet's sense of weariness increased. She assented to whatever Phebe proposed, going out with her to walk, resting at midday, and spending hours upon the upper veranda. It did not occur to the old nurse that the silence of her young charge was due to the presence of the drug until late in the afternoon, when Gregory came up to the upper veranda and offered his prisoner a bouquet.

Garnet took it without any apparent ance of disgust and laid it on her lap.

It was then, when the villain's face lit up with a sudden glow of devilish triumph, that the faithful old nurse took the alarm. It was then she knew that Garnet had been drugged.

Gregory was too absorbed in watching the girl's pale, wan face to notice the old woman's look of agony and dismay.

'You accept my flower, Garnet,' said her enemy, softly, smiling. 'You do not hate me now as you did, do you?'

Garnet's frame quivered with a long, fierce shudder, and she looked up, and, through the languor and stupor that were creeping over her, envelopping her faculties as in a suit of tightly fitting chain-armor, her natural spirit flashed up, and all her loathing of him gleamed in her wild eyes and pallid countenance. She started back from him as she

seizing the bouquet on her lap, she seized it and dashed it full in his face.

He uttered a fierce, quick malediction, and regarded her with a keen malignity.

'We will settle for all these little things hereafter, my lady,' he said, with a hoarse laugh. 'I've an excellent memory.'

'Leave me,' said Garnet, making a move towards her chamber. 'You have no business here. Go.'

She put her hand to her head in a dazed sort of way, and Gregory took a step towards her chamber. Then he saw her staggered and swayed, and he was startled.

'Oh, if you had but had patience, sister. If you had only waited till the morrow. Now you have put them on their guard, and I shall have harder work to deal with them.'

'She will have to wait, and all her fond hopes must pass through your hands,' replied Gregory. 'You will have no difficulty with her. She hasn't the strength of will once to resist. The drug works. Did you see how she accepted my bouquet? Why, in three days' time she'll accept my kisses and forget all her hatred of me. If necessary, we'll separate her maid from her. In three days' time, Maria, she'll be ready to do as I tell her. In three days' time we'll be in the yacht on our way to the nearest inhabited island, where she will become my lawful bride. I tell you I am on the brink of success at last.'

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Mormon Massacre.

THE BLOODY DEED OF 20 YEARS AGO FOR WHICH BISHOP LEE WAS SHOT ON THE 23RD ULT.

Brigham Young made war upon a large band of emigrants, who had encamped at Mountain Meadow, Utah, in considerable distress for lack of food. For four days the emigrants were intrenched behind their wagons, suffering great privations, and were finally decoyed from their rude fort by a flag of truce and promise of an escort out of the Mormon country and beyond the hostile Indian tribes. The plot worked well, the emigrants prepared to start on their way, and their column began to move through the Mormon ambuscade. The Indians and disguised Mormons were concealed in a thicket. John D. Lee gave the signal, 'halt,' and the bloody work began. This terrible scene has been well described by a graphic writer in the *Sacramento Record-Union*.

He says: "Suddenly Lee brought his gun to his shoulder and fired at a woman in the forward waggon, killing her instantly. It was the signal for the massacre. Indians rose from behind bushes, painted Mormons stepped from behind concealments, and all along the line the men and women were shot down like cattle in the stalls, while Lee and his aids dragged women and youths from the wagons and cut their throats from ear to ear. It is the most heartless, cold-blooded deed that ever disgraced the pages of history. The cowardly assassins could not have performed one single act that would have added to the blackness of their perfidy. They feigned friendship and sympathy, they induced these brave men to lay aside every weapon, and then shot them down like dogs. The venerable gray-headed clergymen, the sturdy farmers, the stalwart young men, and the beardless youths—all were cut down one by one, and above their dead bodies waved the Stars and Stripes.

"Sick women too ill to leave the corral were driven up to the scene of slaughter, butchered and stripped. Some of the younger men refused to join in the dreadful work. Jim Pierce was shot by his own father for protecting a girl that was crouched at his feet! The bullet cut a deep gash in his face, and the furrowed scar is there to day. Lee is said to have shot a girl who was clinging to his son. A score of heartrending rumors are afloat about the deeds of that hour. One rumor comes from a girl who lived in Lee's own family for years. She told Mr. Beadle, the author of several works, that one young woman drew a dagger to defend herself against John D. Lee, and he killed her on the spot. A young mother saw her husband fall dead. He lay with his face upward, and the purple life-blood crimsoned his pallid cheeks. She sprang to his side just as a great brutal ruffian attempted to seize her. Laying her tiny babe on her husband's breast, she drew a small dirk-knife, and, like a tigress at bay, confronted the vile wretch. He recoiled in terror, but the next instant a man stepped up behind the brave woman and drove a kn