Huron Signal.

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

VOL. XXIX. NO. 35. GODERICH, ONTARIO, WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 13, 1876. WHOLE NO. 1543.

The Huron Signal,

(ESTABLISHED 1848.)

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

WEDNESDAY MORNING,

at the Office, Montreal Block, adjoining the Market Square.

ALLAN & DICKSON
PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

TERMS: $2 to our Indian subscribers in advance; $2.25 if paid within three months; $2.50 if paid within nine months, and over that time $3.00. No paper discontinued till all arrears are paid, except at the option of the publisher.

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MONEY TO LEND. 1272

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Goderich. April 26th. 1876. 1y.

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MONEY TO LEND.

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PATENT examination for no charge. Send for printed instructions. Agency in operation ten years.
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Opposite Knox Church,
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JAMES VIVIAN
HAS REMOVED HIS RESTAURANT TO Acheson's New Block, West Street, where he will be glad to see all his customers and the public generally.
FRUIT, VEGETABLES, OYSTERS, &c., &c., in their season.
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E. F. Armstrong & Bros.
Manufacturers of
Fanning Mills, Land Rollers, Horse-Rakes, Spiral Spring wagon seats, Stumpuckers, drainage or salt well piping of any required bore. Cistern, house and barn pumps always on hand and satisfaction guaranteed. Parties will do well to give us a call at the old stand, Nelson street, Goderich.
Terms Reasonable.
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THE CANADA LANDED CREDIT COMPANY, TORONTO.
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HUGH HAMILTON,
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1486 1y

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Rusting forward of Applicants
Best terms yet offered to the public.
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PRIVATE FUNDS to lend on Farm and Town property at lowest interest. Mortgages purchased, no Commission charged, conveyancing free consideration.
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1441-1y

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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 $8,000000, 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.
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Live Stock
INSURANCE Co'y.
Head Office, Toronto.
HORSES AND CATTLE
Insured against death from any cause. For rates apply to
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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 & 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,
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Artificial Stone
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The uberibers having commenced the manufacture of Artificial Stone, are prepared to receive and execute orders for
WINDOW CAPS,
KEYSTONES,
WINDOW SILLS,
DOOR SILLS and all kinds of ORNAMENTAL WORK
required for buildings. This Stone is as durable as any other, and can be furnished at half the cost of cut stone. We invite the public to inspect the same at the factory, in the Drill Shed, or at the Town Clerk's Office, where specimens will be kept on view, and orders received. As this is a new enterprise, we trust the people of Goderich will give us proper encouragement.
Orders received and shipments made to any point in Canada.
J. & G. W. THOMSON,
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ALL KINDS OF
SEWING MACHINES
repaired and put in good running order before taken from the shop or no charge. Remember the place. McIntosh's Gunshop, in rear of F. Jordan's Drugstore.
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Terms of Tuition for 1876.
THE usual English branches, pencil drawing, &c. French and fancy work of all kinds included

per quarter	$3 00
Instrumental Music	7 00
Vocal	7 00
Painting and Crayon each	7 00

For further particulars, apply at the Convent, North Street, Goderich.
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Published as a warning; and for the benefit of Young Men and others who suffer from NERVOUS DEBILITY, LOSS OF MANHOOD, VITAL POWER etc. giving his rule of SELF-CURE, after undergoing much suffering and expense, and mailed free on receiving a post-paid directed envelope. Address NATHANIEL MAYFAIR, P. O. Box 153, Brooklyn, N. Y. 1451-6m oo

A NEW ENTERPRISE
Turning Shop and Boilerset Factory,
On the corner of Waterloo and Lighthouse Streets,
In the above factory need or can be found all kinds of TURNING, PLANING, SAWING and general JOB WORK.
All very cheap for Cash and on the Shortest Notice.
Give me a call, and support home manufactures.
SAM'L CURRAN.
Goderich Sept. 22, 1875. 1402—1yr

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Merchant Tailor,
WEST STREET,
HAS RECEIVED A LARGE STOCK OF
Spring & Summer Cloths, Tweeds, &c.
Which he is selling very cheap.
READY-MADE CLOTHING
always on hand.
Gents' Furnishings
A large and well selected stock to select from, and as cheap as any house in the Dominion.
CLOTHING MADE TO ORDER.
On the shortest notice, and a good fit guaranteed.
Hugh Dunlop.
Goderich, May 3, 1876. 1524

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MERCHANT TAILOR,

HAMILTON STREET,
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Has on hand the best assorted stock of
Cloths, Tweeds, &c. &c
I hope from my long experience in the trade and employing the best of workmen, to receive the support of my friends and the public.
Clothing made to Order
on the shortest notice and guaranteed to fit. Call and inspect the stock.
2 doors East of W. Acheson's harness shop. 1489ly

WELLER & MARTIN,
Pump Makers.
Wells Sunk & Repaired
on short notice.
Also, Soft water Tanks
made and repaired.
Parties requiring good work done would do well to call upon the subscribers at their shop on Victoria Street in the old marble works.
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1473 1yr

GODERICH
AUCTION MART.
JOHN STEWART
INFORMS the inhabitants of the County of Huron, that he has just received a large stock of
Dry Goods, Crockery,
GLASSWARE,
COOKING & PARLOR, STOVES,
Hardware and Fancy Goods.
And as the goods in stock were purchased at a low figure he is enabled to sell them cheaper than any other store in the place. The goods are of the very best description, and will be sold at a great sacrifice on original cost, parties wishing goods will do well to call and look at the stock.
Cash advanced on goods consigned.
Cash paid for all kinds of Household Goods.
No charge for storage of goods for sale at auction
Bankrupt and other stocks bought and sold.
Goods appraised and debts collected.
A member of Farmers and Town Lots for Sale.
Goderich, April 6th, 1875. 1468.1yr

John McKenzie,
—OF—
The Hamilton St.,
CABINET SHOP,
Has a large stock of
Sofas, Chairs, Lounges, Tables, Bureaus, Matresses
And all the usual Cabinet stock which will be sold Cheap for Cash.
Bedroom setts of all kinds and prices. Bracket ready made or made to order. Looking Glasses of any pattern.
Call and examine before selecting elsewhere. Remember the address
JOHN McKENZIE,
Next door to Trueman's Auction Mart, Hamilton Street.
Goderich, March 1st, 1876. 1515-1y

Wm. M. HILLIARD
Is prepared to receive on comission
FARM PRODUCE OF ALL KINDS.
Be has on hand, from Thompson & Currie, Oatmeal, Cornmeal, Split Peas and Pearl Barley; also Flour and Mill Feed, from Saunby. Have also for sale a choice lot of
Red Scotch Fall Wheat
from the farm of Mr. Porter, Colborne.
Pearl and Hominy Grits.
These excellent articles kept on hand, and directions given to purchasers for using. White cornmeal, from Missouri, on hand.

WM. DICKSON
FRUIT TREE AGENT,
representing
GEORGE LESLIE & SON'S
TORONTO NURSERIES.
Persons wishing to procure reliable stock, will receive perfect satisfaction by dealing with this firm. Orders sent through me will receive prompt and careful attention, and the cost of carriage from Toronto saved to the purchaser. Also, agent for the
BROCKVILLE CHEMICAL AND SUPERPHOSPHATE WORKS,
manufacturers of the best fertilizer in use. Send for catalogues and circulars. Address, box 47, Goderich.
WM. DICKSON.
Orders may be left at SIGNAL Office.

NEW DOMINION
BAKERY,
on the corner of
NORTH STREET,
OPPOSITE DETLOR'S STORE.
If you want to get first class
BREAD, CAKES, PIES, BISCUITS
AND CONFECTIONERY
go to the
NEW DOMINION BAKERY.
For Oranges, Lemons, and all kinds of Fruits in season. Oysters prepared in every style. Parties supplied on short notice. Wedding cakes made to order.
WM. DOCHERTY

Poetry.

The Sailor's Thanksgiving.

Written for the dedication of the Seaman's Bethel at Quebec, and never published in any Upper Canada paper.

Thou, who on the whirlwind ridest,
At whose word the thunder roars,
Who, in Majesty, presidest
O'er the oceans and their shores;
From those shores and from the ocean,
We, the children of the sea,
Come to pay thee our devotions,
And to give this house to thee!

When, for business, on great waters,
We go down to sea in ships;
And our weeping wives and daughters
Hang, at parting, on our lips,
This, our Bethel, shall remind us,
That there's One who heareth prayer,
And, that those we leave behind us
Are a faithful pastor's care.

Visions of our native Highlands,
In our wave-rock'd dreams embalm'd,
Winds, that come from spicy islands,
When we long have lain becalm'd,
Are not to our souls so pleasant
As the offerings we shall bring
Hither to the OMNIPRESENT,
For the shadow of his wing.

When in port, each day that's holy,
To this house we'll press in throngs,
When at sea, with spirit lowly
We'll repeat its sacred songs.
Outward bound, shall we, in address,
Lose its flag beyond the seas;
Homeward bound, we'll greet with gladness
Its first floating on the breeze.

Homeward bound! with deep emotion,
We'll remember, Lord! that life
Is a voyage, on an ocean,
Heav'd by many a tempest's strife.
Be thy statutes so engraven
On our hearts and minds, that we,
Anchoring in Death's quiet haven,
All may find a home with thee.

HIBERNICUS.
Chicago, 24th Aug., 1876.

The New Magdalen.

Grace's hand closed tighter and tighter round the rail of the chair. Without witnesses, without means, without so much as a refuge—thanks to her own course of language and conduct—in the sympathies of others, the sense of her isolation and her helplessness was almost maddening at that final moment. A woman of finer sensibilities would have instantly left the room.

'For the present,' she thought, 'there is but one way of being even with your ladyship. I can cost you as much as possible.'

'Pray make some allowances for me,' she said. 'I am not obstinate—I am only a little awkward at matching the audacity of a lady of high rank. I shall improve with practice. What advance is your ladyship (delicately) prepared to offer me?'

Lady Janet opened a drawer, and took out her check-book. The moment of relief had come at last! The only question now left to discuss was evidently the question of amount. Lady Janet considered a little.

Gravely, on her side, Grace began.

'I am afraid I should want more than a hundred pounds,' she said.

Lady Janet made her first bid. 'I think so too.'

'More, perhaps, than two hundred?'

Lady Janet made her second bid. 'Probably.'

'More than three hundred? Four hundred? Five hundred?'

Lady Janet made her highest bid. 'Five hundred pounds will do,' she said.

In spite of herself, Grace's rising color betrayed her ungovernable excitement. There was something horrible in the greedy eagerness of her eyes as they watched Lady Janet, to see if she was really sufficiently in earnest to give away five hundred pounds sterling with a stroke of her pen.

Lady Janet wrote the check in a few seconds, and pushed it across the table.

Grace's hungry eyes devoured the golden line, 'Pay to myself or bearer five hundred pounds,' and verified the signature beneath, 'Janet Roy.' Once sure of the money whenever she chose to take it, the native mildness of her nature instantly asserted itself. She tossed her head, and let the check lie on the table, with an overacted appearance of caring very little whether she took it or not.

'In the event of my deciding to receive the check,' she said, 'I can not, consistently with my self-respect, permit it to be delivered to me otherwise than inclosed. Your ladyship will (if necessary) be so kind as to inclose it. Good evening.'

The instant the door was closed Lady Janet rose from her chair. Reckless of the wintry chill in the outer air, she threw open one of the windows. 'Pah!' she exclaimed, with a shudder of disgust, 'the very air of the room is tainted by her!'

She returned to her chair. Her mood changed as she sat down again—her heart was with Mercy once more. 'Oh, my love!' she murmured, 'how low I have stooped, how miserably I have degraded myself—and all for You!' She snatched a sheet of note-paper from the case and wrote her second message to Mercy. This time the note bearing a familiar form of address.

"MY DEAR CHILD: I have had time to think, and compose myself a little, since I last wrote, requesting you to defer the explanation which you had promised me. I already understand (and appreciate) the motives which led you to interfere so early in the day, and I now ask you to entirely abandon the explanation. It will, I am sure, be painful to you (for reasons of your own into which I have no wish to inquire) to produce the person of whom you spoke, and as you know already, I myself am weary of hearing of her. Besides, there is really no need now for you to explain any thing. The stranger whose visits here has caused us so much pain and anxiety will trouble us no more. She leaves England of her own free will, after a conversation with me which has perfectly succeeded in composing and satisfying her. Not a word more, my dear, to me, or to my nephew, or to any other human creature, of what has happened in the dining-room to-day. When we next meet, let it be understood between us that the past is henceforth and forever buried in oblivion. This is not only the earnest request—it is, if necessary, the positive command of your mother and friend. JANET ROY.

"P. S.—I shall find opportunities (before you leave your room) of speaking separately to my nephew and to Horace Holmcroft. You need dread no embarrassment when you next meet them. I will not ask you to answer my note in writing. Say yes, to the maid who will bring it to you, and I shall know we understand each other."

After sealing the envelope which inclosed these lines, Lady Janet addressed it, as usual, to 'Miss Grace Roseberry.' She was just rising to ring the bell when the maid appeared with a message from the boudoir. The woman's quick eye looks showed plainly that she had been made the object of Grace's insolent self-assertion as well as her spite.

'If you please, my lady, the person down stairs wishes—'

Lady Janet, frowning contemptuously, interrupted the message at the outset. 'I know what the person down stairs wishes. She has sent you for a letter from me?'

'Yes, my lady.'

'Any thing more?'

'She has sent one of the men servants, my lady, for a cab. If your ladyship had only heard how she spoke to him!'

Lady Janet intimated by a sign that she would rather not hear. She at once inclosed the check in an undirected envelope.

'Take that to her,' she said, 'and then come back to me.'

Dismissing Grace Roseberry from all further consideration, Lady Janet sat, with her tablet to Mercy in her hand reflecting on her position and on the efforts which it might still demand from her. Pursuing his train of thought, it now occurred to her that accident might bring Horace and Mercy together at any moment, and that, in Horace's present frame of mind, he would certainly insist on the very explanation which it was the foremost interest of her life to suppress. The dread of this disaster was in full possession of her when the maid returned.

'Where is Mr. Holmcroft?' she asked, the moment the woman entered the room.

'I saw him open the library door, my lady, just now, on my way up stairs.'

'Was he alone?'

'Yes, my lady.'

'Go to him and say I want to see him here immediately.'

The maid withdrew on her second errand. Lady Janet rose restlessly, and closed the open window. Her impatient design to make sure of Horace so completely mastered her that she left her room, and met the woman in the corridor on her return. Receiving Horace's message of excuse, she instantly sent back the peremptory rejoinder. 'Say that he will oblige me to go to him, if he persists in refusing to come to me. And, stay!' she added, remembering the unsealed letter. 'Send Miss Roseberry's maid here, I want her.'

Left alone again, Lady Janet paced once or twice up and down the corridor—then grew suddenly weary of the sight of it, and went back to her room. The two maids returned together. One of them, having announced Horace's submission, was dismissed. The other was Mercy's maid, with Lady Janet's letter. In a minute or two the messenger appeared again, with the news that she had found the room empty.

'Have you any idea where Miss Roseberry is?'

'No, my lady.'

Lady Janet reflected a moment. If Horace presented himself without any needless delay, the plain inference would be that she had separated himself from Mercy. If his appearance was suspiciously deferred, she decided on personally searching for Mercy in the reception rooms on the lower floor of the house.

'What have you done with the letter?' she asked.

'Left it on Miss Roseberry's table, my lady.'

'Very well. Keep within hearing of the bell, in case I want you again.'

Another minute brought Lady Janet's suspenses to an end. She heard the welcome sound of a knock at her door from a man's hand. Horace hurriedly entered the room.

'What is it you want with me, Lady Janet?' he inquired, not very graciously.

'Sit down, Horace, and you shall hear.'

Horace did not accept the invitation. 'Excuse me,' he said, if I mention that I am rather in a hurry?'

'Why are you in a hurry?'

'I have reasons for wishing to see Grace as soon as possible.'

'And I have reasons,' Lady Janet rejoined, 'for wishing to speak to you about Grace before you see her; serious reasons. Sit down.'

Horace started. 'Serious reasons?' he repeated. 'You surprise me.'

'I shall surprise you still more before I have done.'

CHAPTER XXIV.

LADY JANET'S LETTER.

The narrative leaves Lady Janet and Horace Holmcroft together, and returns to Julian and Mercy in the library.

The minutes followed each other; and still the warning sound of Horace's footstep was not heard on the marble pavement of the hall. Presently the door from the hall was softly and suddenly opened. Was it Horace? No—not even yet. The person who had opened the door was Mercy's maid.

'My lady's love, miss; and will you please to read this directly?'

Giving her message in those terms, the woman produced from the pocket of her apron Lady Janet's second letter to Mercy, with a strip of paper oddly pinned round the envelope. Mercy detached the paper, and found on the inner side some lines in pencil, hurriedly written in Lady Janet's hand. They ran thus:

'Don't lose a moment in reading my letter. And mind this, when Mr. H. returns to you—meet him firmly; say nothing.'

Enlightened by the warning words which Julian had spoken to her, Mercy was at no loss to place the right interpretation on those strange lines. Instead of immediately opening the letter, she stopped the maid at the library door. 'Wait!' she said. 'I don't understand what is going on up stairs; I want to ask you something.' The woman came back—not very willingly.

'How did you know I was here?' Mercy inquired.

'If you please, miss, her ladyship ordered me to take the letter to you some little time since. You were not in your room, and I left it on your table—'

'I understand that. But how came you to bring the letter here?'

'My lady rang for me, miss. Before I could knock at her door she came out into the corridor with that morsel of paper in her hand—'

'So as to keep you from entering her room?'

'Yes, miss. Her ladyship wrote on the paper in a great hurry, and told me to pin it round the letter that I had left in your room. I was to take them both together to you, and to let nobody see me. 'You will find Miss Roseberry in the library' (her ladyship says), 'and run, run, run! there isn't a moment to lose!' Those were her own words, Miss.'

'Did you hear anything in the room before Lady Janet came out and met you?'

The woman hesitated, and looked at Julian. 'I hardly know whether I ought to tell you, miss.'

Julian turned away to leave the library. Mercy stopped him by a motion of her hand.

'You know that I shall not get you into any trouble,' she said to the maid. 'And you may speak quite safely before Mr. Julian Gray.' Thus reassured, the maid spoke.

'To speak the truth, miss, I heard Mr. Holmcroft in my lady's room. His voice sounded as if he was angry. I may say I never was faithfully served, Miss, if my poor lady (who turned to ashes!) And just before he indeed came out, sir, I heard your name, as if it was you they were having words about. I can't say exactly what it was; I hadn't time to hear. And I didn't listen, miss; the door was ajar, and the voices were so loud nobody could help hearing them.'

It was useless to detain the woman any longer. Having given leave to withdraw, Mercy turned to Julian. 'Why were they quarrelling about you?' she asked. Julian pointed to the unopened letter in her hand.

'The answer to your question may be there,' he said. 'Read the letter while you have the chance. And if I can advise you, say so at once.'

A strange curiosity made her opened the envelope. With a sinking heart she read the lines in which Lady Janet, as 'mother and friend,' commanded her absolutely to suppress the confession which she had pledged herself to make in the sacred interests of justice and truth. A low cry of despair escaped her, as the cruel complication in her position revealed itself in all its unmerited hardship. 'Oh, Lady Janet, Lady Janet!' she thought, 'there was but one trial more left in my hard lot—and it comes to me from you!'

She handed the letter to Julian. His pale complexion turned paler still as he read it.

'Has Lady Janet shaken your resolution?' he asked.

'She has strengthened my resolution,' Mercy answered. 'She has added a new bitterness to my remorse.'

She did not mean it harshly, but the reply sounded harshly in Julian's ears. It stirred the generous impulses which were the strongest impulses in his nature. With persuasive gentleness he drew a little nearer, and laid his hand on her arm.

'Don't judge her harshly,' he said. 'She is wrong, miserably wrong. She has recklessly degraded herself; she has recklessly tempted you. Still, is it generous—is it even just—to hold her responsible for deliberate sin? Think of her wounded heart and her wasted life—and say to yourself forgivingly, She loves me!' Mercy's eyes filled with tears.

'I do say it!' she answered. 'Not forgivingly—it is I who have need of forgiveness. I say it gratefully when I think of her—I say it with shame and sorrow when I think of myself.'

He took her hand for the first time. He looked, guiltlessly looked, at her downcast face. He spoke as he had spoken at the memorable interview between them which had made a new woman of her.

'I can imagine no crueler trial,' he said, 'than the trial that is before you. The benefactress to whom you owe every thing asks nothing from you but your silence. The person whom you have wronged is no longer present to stimulate your resolution to speak. Horace himself (unless I am entirely mistaken) will not hold you to the explanation that you have promised. The temptation to keep your false position in this house is, I do not scruple to say, all but irresistible. Sister and friend, can you still justify my faith in you? Will you still own the truth, without the base fear of discovery to drive you to it?'

She lifted her head, with the steady light of resolution shining again in her grand gray eyes. Her low, sweet voice answered him, without a faltering note in it:

'I will!'

'You will do justice to the woman whom you have wronged—unworthy as she is; powerless as she is to expose you?'

'I will!'

'You will sacrifice everything you have gained by the fraud to the sacred duty of atonement? You will suffer any thing—even though you offend the second mother who has loved you and sinned for you—rather than suffer the degradation of yourself?'

Her hand closed firmly on his. Again, and for the last time she answered, 'I will.'

His voice had not trembled yet. It failed him now. His next words were spoken in faint whispering tones—to himself; not to her.

'Thank God for this day!' he said. 'I have been of some service to one of the noblest of God's creatures!'

At this moment steps were heard in the hall, and Horace opened the library door.

(CONTINUED.)

How they Make Pins.

A snappish, voracious little dwarf of a machine pulls in the wire, bites it off by inches incessantly, one hundred and forty bites a minute, and just as it seizes each bite a saucy little hammer with a cocked hat on strikes the end of the wire three taps and "upsets" it to a head while he grips it in a countersunk hole between his teeth and lays it sideways in a groove, where levers and springs, playing like lightning, point the pins, and whence they are dropped into a box. The pins are then polished, and two very intelligent machines reject every crooked pin. Another automaton assorts half a dozen lengths, and a perfect genius of a machine hangs the pins by the heads and transfers them to slips of paper, and by one movement sticks them all through two corrugated ridges in the paper when the work is finished. The pin machine is one of the nearest approaches to the dexterity of the human hand that has been invented. It is about the size of a sewing machine, which it closely resembles.

THOSE WHO WOULD KNOW for themselves the best treatment of diseases relative to the generative faculty in man and woman, should procure the valuable medical works published by the "Peabody Medical Institute," Boston, now become famous the world over. In "The Science of Life, or Self-Preservation," the causes and cure of nervous debility, impotence, sterility, &c., are discussed in a masterly manner, and the volume should be read by everybody.—Another exceedingly valuable work published by the Institute is "Sexual Physiology of Woman and Her Diseases," which should be in the hands of every young woman and matron. "Disease of the Nerves and Nervous Maladies" is the title of another work published by the Institute—an exhaustive treatise on these subjects. A Gold Medal has recently been presented to the author of these popular medical works by the National Medical Association. Read the advertisement.

A lot of boys were recently trying to ascertain to which class of trees the Tree of Knowledge belonged, when one little fellow gave it as his decided opinion that it must be a *birch* tree.

James Howe, farm manager for Mr. James Fonton, near Belleville, committed suicide by hanging himself to a post in his own kitchen during the night of the 22nd.

A Community of Spinsters.

A traveller in India gives the following interesting account of a remarkable community of women visited by him:—During the time we remained at Goa, we made an excursion along the coast to the neighboring village of Sereda, inhabited by a remarkable race of women, who are celebrated throughout the western part of India for their great beauty and unusually fair complexion. They are Hindoos of the Cankany caste, but differ in many respects from any other tribe. They are not allowed to marry, nor do we say most, except the priests belonging to the pagoda—of which there are several in the village—allowed to reside within its precincts. They are, however, encouraged to become mothers, and are very particular in selecting fathers likely to perpetuate in their children the fair complexion and classical features for which they themselves are justly celebrated.

I was not able to ascertain how the male children were disposed of, but I believe they are dedicated to the temples and become priests; while the females—or perhaps only the finer specimens, for all the children we saw were strikingly handsome—are reared with the utmost care to sustain the character of the village to tourists. Their origin is involved in mystery. They never leave their native village—which they appear to think the most delightful spot on earth—and have a superstitious belief that if they were to ascend above the Ghauts they would immediately die. On landing near the village, we pitched our tents on the beach, and, in accordance with the etiquette of the place, we dispatched a messager to announce our arrival.

We were soon after waited upon by a deputation of smiling nymphs, who, in a most graceful manner, expressed their thanks for the honor we had done them, and informed us they were charged with a message from the matron of the village, requesting the pleasure of our company to a nautch (dance) and after throwing a garland of flowers around each of our necks, they returned to the village. I was much struck with the grace and beauty of these young creatures. They were nearly as fair as Europeans, with beautifully regular features, and their deep-blue, melting eyes, filled with long, silken eye-lashes, were perfectly bewitching. Their figures were more stately and their limbs fuller and better rounded than those of the Indian females generally are; and their peculiar dress—a flowing robe, confined round the waist by a silver zone, and looped on side so as to expose the leg to a little above the knee—closely resembles the drapery of an ancient Greek statue.

Their hair simply braided, was entwined with wreaths of jessamine, and secured with a golden bodkin. And the general effect of their charms was not a little hightened by the unaffected sweetness and simple modesty of their demeanor; for, notwithstanding their strange customs—shocking to our ideas of propriety, but considered perfectly proper by them—the poor things retain all the native modesty of their sex, and are not by any means meretricious in their behavior. In the cool of the evening we proceeded to the village, on the outskirts of which we were met by another deputation of the fair inhabitants, and conducted to the house of the head matron.

The village is beautifully situated in a grove of orange, citron and palm trees, through which the soft sea-breeze comes, laden with perfume; a beautiful seawater lagoon, wooded to the edge, sweeps by in front of it, and in the background the dark-blue mountains appear to form a barrier between this enchanting spot and the remainder of the world. We were received with great ceremony by the matron and all the beauties of the village, in a large, open apartment, where we were sprinkled with rosewater and regaled with tea. We then seated ourselves round the room to witness the performance of some nautch-girls belonging to the temple; and departed at a late hour, after distributing some little presents, such as embroidered slippers, spangles, etc. among the fairest of our entertainers, and taking a sketch of a beautiful creature named Biaca.

Suggestive Incident.

The following is a very suggestive incident: A saloon keeper, in Ohio, was standing in the door of his elegant saloon, "a gin palace." Playing on the steps was a lovely little boy about six years old, handsomely dressed, with rosy cheeks, clear eyes, white forehead, wavy hair—just such a little fellow as many of you have in your homes, and love to pet and caress. After looking at the child for a moment, the saloon keeper went to his counter, mixed a tempting drink of wine, water, and sugar, with a few drops of something stronger, such a drink as he knew well to prepare, and handed it to the child. The little fellow thanked him and commenced to drink. A gentleman who stood by (the same who told the incident) said to the saloon-keeper: "That child did not pay for that drink,' 'Oh,' he replied, 'I shall get my pay.' The gentleman did not understand it. 'What do you mean? The boy did not intend to pay you. How will you get it?' 'I consider that a safe investment. The money is out at interest. That child belongs to one of the wealthiest families in the neighborhood. What was the man's intention as he stood and looked at the innocent child, and mixed the drink at the counter? It was to start him on the road that leads by way of the dramshop to drunkenness, and ends, only too soon, at the devil.

The Smallest of the Girls.

LUCIA ZARATE BEFORE THE WONDERING PHYSICIANS—HALF THE SIZE OF TOM THUMB.

A large number of physicians went to Tony Pastor's Theatre yesterday to see the Mexican dwarf, Lucia Zarate. They measured her, and ascertained her hight to be twenty-one inches, her feet three inches long, her legs below the knee four inches in circumference, and her hands an inch and a quarter broad. Her mother, who is robust and of medium size, says that Lucia is twelve years old. Her face is older than that. Her features are Spanish, and her complexion dark. Her activity is incessant She played pranks with the physicians and talked fast in Spanish. She stepped into a high silk hat, crouched down and was out of sight, excepting her head. She squeezed one of her pliable little hands through a rather large finger ring. The hand of an adult made an ample seat for her. Standing on a chair, and holding to the back of it, her fingers stuck through the spaces in the canework—holes that just admitted the passage of a small pocketholder. She was not weighed, but her weight is said to be five pounds, and, poised in the hand, she does not seem heavier. Her clothing is comically small, as though intended for a doll, the shoes and stockings especially being toylike.

Chip Basket.

A rejected lover in Virginia City blew up the offending woman's house with dynamite.

The Japanese have arranged for an international exposition, to take place shortly after that of France