Huron Signal.

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

VOL. XXX. NO. 8. GODERICH, ONTARIO, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 7, 1877. WHOLE NO. 1568.

Money to Lend.

MONEY TO LEND.

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Manufacturers of
Fanning Mills, Land Rollers, Horse-Rakes, Spirit Spring wagon seats, Stawcutters, drainage or salt springing 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 subscribers having commenced the manufacture of Artificial Stone, are prepared to receive and execute orders for
WINDOW CAPS,
KEYSTONES,
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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.
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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 flexible Rubber Buckets or valves working alternately and running 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 case of work.
2nd. They give 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.
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CONFESSIONS OF A VICTIM

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 rules of SELF-CURE, after having suffered long and expensive, and sent free on receipt of a stamped envelope. Address the Publisher.
J. M. DAGNALL,
3 Fulton St. New York, P. O. Box 3848.

Poetry.

For the Signal.

MR. BOTTOM,—I think (but am not sure) that I gave to the Stratford *Beacon* the following *dirge*, shortly after it was composed. As there are numerous friends and admirers of the brilliant orator, poet and statesman, who is the subject of it, in your County, you will highly gratify them by giving it a corner in the SIGNAL, i. e. if you consider it worthy of an insertion:—

In Memoriam:

HON. THOS. D'ARCY McGEE.

Written at Stratford, Ont., immediately after the receipt of the telegram, announcing his assassination.

"*Cum lugente lugebo.*"

Dead! and by a death terrific,
Hear it Erin! can it be?
The great spirit so prolific
Breathes no more in great McGee.
"*Dies iræ*" sound it gently—
Oh! let pleasure hold her breath;
For 'tis true, that tongue so mighty
Now lies cold in silent death.

Breathe his name in muffled numbers,
Gather, nations! to his bier,
Gaze upon him as he slumbers,
Starting pity's choicest tear.
Nature seems to've caught the spirit
Of his sadly mournful fall,
And through sympathy for merit
Drops to day her virgin pall.

Envy may spit all her venom—
Strike at honesty her best;
She but does his body honor
While she sends his soul to rest.
Patriot, orator, and statesman
Of unsullied purity,
With such powers were interwoven
Purest flowers of poetry.

But no longer, chain'd in wonder
Shall admiring throngs rejoice,
Or give back applause in thunder
To the music of his voice.
Hone, tho' like a paraphalion,
Cheers us in our awful gloom;
For 'tis sweet to know religion
Smooth'd his pathway to the tomb.

Noblest forms must soon or later
Mingle with their kindred dust,
While their spirits rise to brighter
Regions of the happy just.
Angels! bear his soul to heaven,
And, what's left—a glorious name,
Be it reverently given
To be canonized by fame!

Ah! but who can consolation
To his orphans now impart?
Or can soothe in dereliction
His poor widow's breaking heart?
Let us breath a "*de profundis*"
That a bright eternity
May receive the spirit of his
Own originality.

HIBERNICUS.

Chicago, Feb., 1877.

Warming a Serpent;

OR,

GRYLE DASKAM'S TREACHERY.

BY LEON LEWIS.

'My father was right, was he not, in supposing Mr. Gregory to have designed upon your hand or fortune?'

'Mr. Gregory expected to compel me to marry him, and intended to keep me a prisoner until I promised to become his wife,' said Miss Palm. 'You will excuse me, sir, if I end our interview at this point,' she added. 'I seem to have exchanged one prison for another and one jailor for another.'

'I locked you in only because I feared you might try to escape from the schooner while we were near the shore,' said Daskam, politely. 'Here is the key. I desire to place no constraint whatever upon your movements. I hope to see you at breakfast. Good-night, Miss Palm.'

He gave her the key and withdrew.—She locked her door after him and resumed her seat on the divan.

'It's all a mystery,' muttered old Phebe. 'The other Mr. Heath is a gentleman, and brave and good, but this one is backed up by proofs of identity that the other has not. I am puzzled, Miss Netta. Which is the true Mr. Heath? And which is the impostor?'

Garnet grew very pale and troubled as she exclaimed:

'One thing I feel sure of, Phebe, and that is that we are no better off on this vessel than we were on Lagoon Island. There's a look on the face of this second Mr. Heath that I don't like.—And I fear he means us harm.'

The villain, listening without, heard these words, and stole away with a devilish smile on his sinister visage, muttering:

'Her fears are not for nothing. She'll marry me, or—she will die very suddenly some fine morning before we reach port.'

CHAPTER XXIX.

PERPLEXED.

Thoroughly puzzed and bewildered as she was that two men claimed the one identity of Saul Heath, and in spite of the fact Daskam had all the proofs in favor of his claims, still Garnet Palm did not once falter in her faith in her lover, did not once doubt his word, did not once lose her conviction that he, and he only, was the son of her guardian.

Daskam had the schooner and all the men on board of it to vouch for his pretended identity: undoubtedly he had come from Jamaica empowered by Mr. Heath to find her; undoubtedly Mr. Heath believed him to be his son; yet, without understanding or even suspecting the monstrous imposture he was practicing, all his claims, and proofs, and pretences weighed as nothing in comparison in Garnet's mind against the noble face and calm and truthful eyes of her lover.

She felt instinctively the baseness and falseness of Daskam as she had felt the nobility and uprightness of young Heath.

Yet she was perplexed and greatly troubled by the mistery. What it meant she could not guess. She discussed it a long time with old Phebe after Daskam had left her and gone to his own room, and the cabin became wrapped in silence, and she talked of Saul left alone upon the island, and gave expression to her fears and forebodings, which became deeper with every moment.

'There can't any harm come to you, Miss Netta, with all these men on board,' said old Phebe, confidently. 'You'll be taken to Jamaica to your guardian. And if Mr. Heath has recovered the small boat, he's come after us. And if he does not come, we'll ask your guardian to send for him. So lie down, my dear, and try to sleep. Perhaps this snarl may untangle a little to-morrow.'

Garnet was thenceforth silent. Whether she slept or not for the next hour was problematical, but old Phebe, casting off all care, went to sleep almost immediately.

Under the cabin-divan, in the deep shadow, against the wall of her state-room, and consequently within earshot of every word spoken by Garnet and old Phebe, lay Jock, like a dog, apparently asleep.

But he was not asleep. His eyes were closed, his scarred, black visage impressive, yet he listened intently to every word spoken within the adjoining room, and a strange excitement set all his pulses throbbing.

He had flung himself under the divan, after Daskam's departure to his own room, with the intention of serving as a sort of guard to the young lady. He had seen that Daskam was greatly impressed with her beauty, and he knew that the villain meant to make her his wife.—That knowledge was enough to enlist him in Garnet's cause against Daskam, whom he so bitterly hated. He resolved to secretly defend the young lady should she need his defence, to watch over her and shield her from trouble so far as he could, and circumvent the villain's designs so far as his humble power would permit.

The revelations he had overheard filled him with amazement.

'Hum! Two Mass' Saul!' he said to himself. 'Massa, he can take his choice atween 'em. Two Mass' Sauls! I hope in de Lor' de oder Mass' Saul better dan dis yer one. Dare's somethin in dis yere fing that beats my frick skull to comprehen'. Two Mass Sauls! How can that be? Dare wa'nt but one in de fus' place. Massa he didn't have but one son. Den one of dese young mass' ain't no Mass' Saul at all, nothin' but jes' a make-believe. S'pose dis yar one is de make-believe? Hi! I could swim from here to Jamaica to carry dem yer bressed news!'

Jock said of himself that he had a thick scull, yet he possessed considerable astuteness, and the more he reflected upon the singular fact of the existence of two Saul Heaths, and put together various facts which he had laid up in his mind, the more light dawned upon him.

He remembered the story of Captain Bray that Gryle Daskam had assaulted him and flung him into the river. He remembered that thorough search had been made for Daskam and that no trace of him had been discovered. He remembered that it was the supposed Saul Heath who had crept up to Mort's hut and set it on fire, with the evident object of burning Captain Bray in it, and now by degrees the idea came to him that the pretended son of the planter might be Gryle Daskam, who had usurped the name and place of Saul Heath.

The idea fairly electrified him.

'Bress my soul!' he said to himself. 'If he really Daskam himself, I don't ask no better chance to get square with him.'

He crept nearer to the wall of the state-room, but was for a long time too excited to sleep. For hours he reasoned and speculated, and plotted and planned, and struggled with his excitement, full of impatience for the exposure he meant to bring upon the head of Daskam.

Yet he realized the subtle wickedness, the unscrupulous nature, the murderous fierceness of Daskam, and comprehended that he was far more likely to be destroyed than to detroy in the task that he had set for himself. The man who had flogged him so unmercifully for that which had not been a fault, who had committed the crime of arson, endeavoring to burn alive a good and honest man, would not scruple to make a poor black fool for sharks if he but suspected one tithe of the hatred and revengefulness in the heart of that black. It behoved him to be watchful, sly and on his guard, to be subtle as a serpent, or as Daskam himself.

When morning dawned, the schooner was speeding over the breezy, sunlit sea, under full sail, and Mountain Island was nowhere visible on the horizon.

Miss Palm did not appear at breakfast, so the steward took in a tray of food to her with a courteous message from Daskam. She made no response to the message, but made her preparations for a visit to the deck. Her yachting suit of dark blue flannel had been thoroughly drenched on the night of her escape from Lagoon Island, and was a mass of wrinkles. The steward carried it to the galley and had it ironed, bringing it back to her looking fresh and neat again. Even in the hurry and excitement of departure from Mountain Island, old Phebe had brought away her young mistress' hand-bag, to which she had clung under all the various experiences of the few past days, and clean linen collars and cuffs were thus afforded, as well as toilet appurtenances. Her dusky hair, smoothly brushed and braided and secured upon her head, Garnet put on her hat. Her own hat had been lost on the night of her escape from Lagoon Island, but one of the black women on Mountain Island had given her a broad brimmed hat made of Palmetto braid, and trimmed with dried grasses, and this had been upon her head when Daskam had hurried her on board the schooner.

Attended by old Phebe, she went on deck.

Captain Close and Daskam were pacing to and fro, arm in arm.

Captain Lang was leaning moodily against the rail with a troubled and morose expression on his rough and weather-beaten visage. He beheld her approach and started forward to greet her, but he had scarcely placed a chair for her when Daskam came forward, all smiles and courtesy.

'I am glad to see you on deck, Miss Palm,' said the villain. 'Will you take my arm for a constitutional?'

'Thank you, no,' answered Garnet, with equal politeness, sinking into the deck chair that had been placed for her.

Captain Lang made a movement to depart, but the girl detained him by a glance. His rough, red face was honest, and she felt an instinctive trust in him. She did not like to be left alone with Daskam, and felt that Captain Lang's presence would be a protection to her. He comprehended her pleading look and remained near her.

'We are now cruising about in search of the man Gregory,' observed Daskam, addressing himself to Garnet. 'The lookout saw a sail in the night which was probably the yacht of Gregory, and I hope we shall fall in with him.'

Garnet shivered, but did not answer.

'I suppose,' said Daskam, pleasantly, 'that you brought out boxes of dry goods with you, Miss Palm—clothing, enough to last years and years? English women always do that when they go to Jamaica, or India, or any other British dependency under the impression, no doubt, that nothing can be bought out of England. Where is all this luggage of your's now?'

'The larger portion of it is on the Meteor, Mr. Gregory's yacht,' answered Garnet.

'If we come across him, as I hope we shall, I shall demand it of him,' declared Daskam. 'The ladies of Jamaica will look eagerly for your display of French fashions, and they must not be balked in their natural desire to see it. This Gregory is a bold fellow. Can you describe him to me, Miss Palm?'

Garnet surveyed Daskam very closely, a strange idea occurring to her.

'He is a large man, quite stout,' she answered, slowly, 'and not like you in his general features; yet there is, after all, a singular resemblance' between you and him. Your forehead is like his, the expression of your face resembles his; and your mouth seems moulded after his.'

Daskam flushed angrily.

'You do me honor to compare me to this scoundrel, Miss Palm!' he exclaimed.

'I gave you a truthful answer to your question, sir,' replied the girl, courteously. 'That my answer does not please you is not my fault.'

Daskam forced a laugh. He was seriously angry, but Captain Lang and Garley were standing near, and he did not wish them to notice his annoyance.

'I suppose we all look alike more or less,' he remarked, with assumed jocoseness. 'We have all eyes, noses, mouths. It would be singular if no one resembled any other person in one feature. Is this Gregory an Englishman?'

'He is, and has lived in London for the past twenty years. My father liked him and believed in him. My father found him poor and befriended him, and gave him a chance to gain wealth. Yet, now that my father is dead, this man Gregory shows the vilest qualities that degrade mankind. He has been for years a hypocrite. He is ungrateful, false and cruel. He received the benefits my father heaped upon him, and then became my enemy!'

The girl's eyes flashed, and her pale, brunette face flushed as she spoke these words, and Daskam thought delightedly how spirited she was, and how beautiful she appeared in her outbreak of indignation.

'I hope I shall find this Gregory!' he exclaimed. 'He shall feel the weight of my arm, the coward! I will carry him to Jamaica in chains and deliver him up to the law. We shall see,' he added, in a fine burst of indignation. 'If such an outrage upon the liberty of a great English heiress can be permitted!'

'I wish we might visit Gregory's island,' said Garley, before whose eyes visions of plunder floated.

'Perhaps we may' said Daskam, 'we are on the lookout for it. We shall find the yacht there, too, no doubt.'

The conversation progressed in this manner for some little time, and then Garley strolled away to join Captain Close. A little later Daskam, who had vainly tried to get rid of Captain Lang, went below for his marine glass, and Garnet, old Phebe and Captain Lang were left together, with Jock standing near apparently intent upon a survey of the sea.

Garnet had detected the rank of the deposed captain from his dress and manner, and she now said to him eagerly, yet in a low tone:

'You are the captain of this vessel are you not, sir?'

'I was until last evening, Miss Palm,' replied the captain, gravely. 'I resigned my post then, and my first officer, Mr. Close, has been promoted to my place. I am now only a passenger like yourself.'

'To whom does this vessel belong, sir?' asked Garnet.

'To Mr. Lorimer Heath and Mr. John Darrel, of Jamaica.'

So much was true, then. The girl had instinctively doubted Daskam's assertions, in spite of her reasoning that he must have told her the truth.

'My name is Lang, Miss Palm,' said the deposed captain. 'Our expedition is soley upon your account. Mr Heath became very seriously alarmed about you, and dispatched us to find you.'

'And the young man who just went below,' said Garnet. 'Who is he?'

The captain looked surprised.

'Did he not introduce himself to you? he inquired. 'He is Mr. Saul Heath, the only son and heir of Mr. Lorimer Heath, the planter and shipowner.'

'You know that he is Mr. Saul Heath?' asked the girl in an agitation she could not conceal.

Captain Lang's look of surprise deepened.

'Certainly,' he answered. 'I know it. His own father introduced me to him.'

Garnet's agitation increased. She thought of Saul her lover, and she could not doubt him. She looked into Capt. Lang's honest face and she could not doubt him. What was she to think?

'Captain Lang,' she said, 'there can be no possible doubt, you think, that this is really Mr. Saul Heath?'

'No doubt whatever,' declared Capt. Lang, emphatically, believing that the young lady's trouble had turned her brain. 'I know that he is Saul Heath. He is the idol of his father; he is well known in Kingston; and he is as certainly Saul Heath as you are Miss Palm!'

'It is all a mystery!' the girl murmured. 'I don't know what to think!'

Capt. Lang was unable to question her, for at that moment Daskam came up. He had overheard Lang's concluding sentence, and smiled strangely, knowing the thoughts that were at work in Garnet's mind.

'Here is my glass, Miss Palm,' he exclaimed. 'You can look for the yacht at your leisure. Captain,' he added, in a louder voice, addressing Close, who was approaching, 'can't you rig an awning for Miss Palm?'

Capt. Close assented. The awning was rigged. Another chair was brought up for Daskam's use, and he seated himself near Garnet and proceeded to entertain her in the pleasant manner he could well assume when his purpose required it.

Nevertheless, the cloud upon her young face did not lighten, nor did her expression of perplexity vanish.

She descended with Capt. Lang to dinner, and sat next to him at the table. He having nothing else to do, devoted himself to her comfort; but during the afternoon Daskam found opportunity to privately inform him that he need not be so attentive to Miss Palm, and thereafter the deposed captain contented himself with watching her from a distance.

During the two following days Daskam devoted himself to Garnet. He was always at her side when she was on deck; he told her of his experience in England; he talked of her father, and he fancied he was making an impression on her heart.

During the three days after taking Garnet on board, they landed at two lonely, uninhabited islets, and, discovering no trace of Gregory anywhere, they had set sail again for Mountain Island, Daskam's secret object being to make sure that the black chief had obeyed his injunctions and killed Saul Heath, but his avowed errand being to search there again for Gregory.

Upon the evening of the third day, as the night was falling, Garnet sat on the deck. Her awning had been removed. The night was coming on clear and pleasant, with golden starlight. Captain Lang had gone below. Old Phebe leaned against the railing near at hand, questioning Jock concerning his Jamaica home and the elder Mr. Heath. Garnet was very thoughtful, and her bright, calm eyes were looking through the night with an eagerness that told her anxiety to reach the island.

'We shall find Saul there,' she thought. 'I am impatient to see him and this namesake of his together. I am impatient to have the mystery explained. Yet I know that he is good and true—and that this man is bad. It does not require any proofs to convince me of that!'

Daskam approach[illegible]

'How lovely she is,' he thought. 'She shall land at Mountain island to-night; she shall see Heath's dead body; and to-morrow I shall ask her to be my wife. If she accepts me, well and good. We'll be off to Jamaica. If she refuses me, woe unto her!'

CHAPTER XXX.

GREGORY'S REVENGE.

Saul Heath, hastening forth in search of the boat which had been capsized in the squall, had rowed away from Mountain island in the 'small skiff' which he had found on the shore of the little bay. He had not gone many rods before he discovered that the skiff was leaky and insecure, but as the night was pleasant and the sea moderately calm he apprehended no danger or inconvenience, and pressed on as rapidly as his own powerful arms could propel him.

He had marked well the place at which the boat had capsized. After the squall, the wind has blown steadily from the east, and the current was therefore bearing strongly to the westward. Making allowances for this current, he expected to find that the overturned boat had drifted to the westward, past the northern end of the island, and he accordingly betook himself in that direction.

Rowing around the northern portion of the island-mountain, and leaving the little village quite out of sight, he pulled to the westward, pausing now and then on his oars to scan the surface of the water with keen glances, and to make fresh calculations as to the force of the wind and current.

The island began to lessen on his view when he looked backward, and one hour passed, and the second was wearing towards its close, when he espied upon the waters an object which bore a resemblance to that of which he was in search.

Approaching it with new energy, he found that it was indeed the capsized boat!

It lay bottom upwards; its mast and sail had been torn entirely away, and were not to be seen anywhere near. He rowed up to it, and hauled himself during the next few minutes in righting it and examining into its condition.

He found that the oars had not been washed away, having been securely fastened into their places beneath the seats, that nothing remained in the lockers, and that the boat had received no injury, remaining as sound as before.

He climbed into it and fitted the oars into their locks, and abandoned the skiff which had served his purpose.

Then, wiping his forehead, he took another survey of the waters.

And now he saw what he was too busy to see before, a yacht creeping out from the shadow of the island mountain on its western and uninhabited side, and bearing down upon him under a wide spread of canvass, and seeming already close at hand.

He knew her in a moment. She was the Meteor.

She had been lying in the shadow of the mountain for the past hour, having seen the schooner, the John Darrell, at an early hour, and desiring to avoid her. And while the Meteor lay thus concealed like a spider in the shadows into which she had run for shelter, the John Darrell had sailed within two or three miles of her, and had rounded the southern point of the island and hoaved too upon its eastern side.

And at this very moment when the yacht bore down on him, the John Darrell was lying on the opposite side of the mountain, and Garnet Palm was being taken on board the schooner by Gryle Daskam.

Young Heath knew that he had been seen by those on board the yacht, and that a strong suspicion of his identity was entertained by his enemies.

His return to the island was cut off. He could not remain where he was, to be picked up an easy prey by Gregory. If he were to row away from the island, he would soon be run down by the yacht.

His dilemma was indeed terrible.

He thought of Garnet upon the island, and his anxiety for her compelled his return to her. He had not seen the schooner, she had been too far distant for his vision in the faint starlight, and he had no suspicion that any vessel lay on the other side of the island. He thought it probable that a party from the yacht had gone in search of her, and picking up his canoe pulled towards the shore, stoutly determined to reach her and die if need be in her defence.

Yet if pulling towards the shore he was also pulling towards the yacht, which had paused in her career, and now lay on the water like some great bird of prey waiting for him.

He began to distinguish the forms on her deck. He made out Gregory, who was yelling excitedly to him to stop.

He paid no heed to the command, and a long-range rifle sent a bullet whistling towards him as a gentle reminder. The bullet fell far short of the mark, but the reminder was effectual.

'This won't do!' said young Heath. 'I must pass them but how am I to do it?'

He could think of but one way, and that he adopted.

Taking the oars from the rowlocks, he secured them again in the bottom of the boat. Then he dropped overboard and swam alongside the boat, keeping one hand upon it.

This proved hard work. The yacht fluttered her sails as a bird flutters its wings preparatory to putting them in motion, and made as if about to bear down upon him. He could not get away with the boat altogether. He decided to shelter himself with her as long as possible, to avail himself of her support when needed, and to abandon her when necessary and strike out for the shore.

'Garnet and Phebe and I will have to take to the woods,' he thought, 'or ascend to the mountain peak and hold our enemies at bay. We are in a trap from which I see no way of escape.'

The yacht put herself in motion, sweeping down upon him. He abandoned the boat and took to swimming. The yacht paused again and lowered a boat with several rowers, and then crept back to her concealment.

The boat she had lowered was the mate to that in which young Heath and Garnet had escaped from Lagoon Island. Under the strong arms of the rowers she came down on the swimmer with terrible rapidity.

He made a dive coming up red and blowing, some feet distant from the spot where he had gone down. The pursuing boat, quick as a cat, changed her course and bore down upon him.

He made a second dive. The boat was quick to watch for his coming up, and was quick to come upon his track. She was between him and shore, as also was the yacht. He floated, pondering the situation.

It was impossible for him to land. To return to his boat would be to invite capture. The idea struck him to dive and swim towards the yacht, and conceal himself somewhere about her, but he saw immediately that this was impracticable. The small boat would hunt him out immediately.

His deliberations and struggles were presently cut short by an unforseen turn of affairs.

As he lay floating, gathering up his strength for some decisive movement, the small boat, approached him swiftly, coming within a distance of a few yards.

It was time for him to move, and he was about to do so when the boat made a spurt towards him, the rowers yelling like madmen.

The word they uttered, repeating it frantically, again and again, was that word so terrible to swimmers in tropical waters—

'A shark! A shark!'

Young Heath gave an involuntary bound forward, splashing the water furiously. Glancing over his shoulder, he caught a glimpse of a black object, a cadaverous maw, an upright fin, and then, shooting himself through the water with the velocity of an arrow, splashing the water as he went, he made for the Meteor's boat!

The shark, possibly frightened at the splashing and yelling of the men, possibly bewildered by the sudden animation of the quiet object it had been approaching, remained quiescent for a moment and then hurried in pursuit of its escaping victim.

Heath reached the boat and was dragged into it just in time.

The shark came up to the very side of the boat, a frightful object, of which the open maw was the principal feature, and then sank out of sight as the boat pulled for the yacht.

They were soon alongside, and the seamen ascended to the deck.

They were met by Gregory, whose face was blazing with hatred and fury.

'Curse you!' he shouted to the men. 'Why didn't you let the shark take him? Oh, you fools! You knew how I hated him!'

The seamen, bad and reckless as they were, were appalled at this manifestation of their employer's character. They had rescued Heath, involuntarily. They did not know that Gregory hated Heath, but they had not once thought to leave him to perish in so frightful a manner, nor had it occurred to them that to do so would be agreeable to Gregory.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Belcher's Vision:

A REMARKABLE STORY, IF TRUE—HOW THE CONDEMNED MAN IMAGINED HE WAS EXECUTED.

A despatch to the New York *Herald*, from Detroit, on the 27th inst., furnishes the following remarkable story:

Had Belcher, the Essex county murder been executed on the 21st of December, as sentenced, it would have been his second execution. If this assertion reads strangely, it is capable of such an explanation as will render it perfectly plain.

Belcher is a cool man. He stained his hands with human blood only after he had brooded over his wrongs for weeks and weeks, and only after he had come to the conclusion that his own life was a burden. He scarcely attempted a defence when his trial came on. He could have secured witnesses whose testimony would have influenced the jury in his favor more or less, but he would not send for them. He could have made a statement excusing his crime in a measure and showing that he had been deeply wronged, but he would not speak. When the judge put on the black cap and sentenced Belcher to be hanged, the murderer exhibited less emotion than any other person in the court-room. It was only after he had been ironed hand and foot and placed in the murderer's cell in the grim jail at Sandwich that he seemed to realize his situation.

"It's all right; I'll be there when wanted," he grimly observed, and he talked freely with the numerous journalists who sought interviews.

There were few residents of Essex county who wanted an execution to take place. Steps were soon taken to secure a commutation of sentence. Belcher was apathetic at first, being more inclined to put the noose over his head than to cast it from him. There came a reaction. Perhaps the winter sunshine pouring through the cold iron bars and warming the flagstones of the corridor, warmed his heart at the same time. He could hear the merry shouts of the boys as they slid down the hill or skated on the river below, and the musical jingle of the sleigh bells could not be kept out by the massive walls. Belcher wanted to live. He wrenched at his irons with the strength of a giant, and called out because the hours and days were flying so swiftly. He besought the press to plead his case; he called for lawyers; he remembered he had witnesses. The strong man broke down and became a child, and every day and every hour, outside of his sleep, he thought of the grim gallows, the fatal noose, and, he saw himself dangling in the air. Three days before the reprieve came he said he would die game; but he said it with a face as white as snow and every nerve trembling with fear. Had he been taken to execution he could not have walked alone, and he would have sunk down on the trap.

All Essex county were at last working in his favor. Petitions were circulated, mass meetings held, and an irresistible influence was brought to bear on the Governor General.

Belcher hoped and feared. Reprieves are not so common in Canada that murderers in the shadow of the gallows can rely on them and keep their courage up. When sheriff and warden and murderer were counting the hours the reprieve came. Belcher escaped the gallows, but the doors of Kingston were to close on him for life. It was evening when the news came, and when the telegram was read to him he could not utter a word.

An hour before the sun went down the jail was very quiet. It is always so when the shadow of death holds the keys. Belcher paced up and down, his face haggard and worn and his eyes wearing such a look as one never sees outside of prison walls. Out in the courtyard men were at work, not at the gallows, but at some repairs. Belcher believed that the scaffold from which he was to swing was being erected and his heart must have stood still as he heard the hammer and saw at work. Leaning against the wall, his eyes looking into vacancy, the murderer suffered all the pain that a real execution could inflict. Some of the prisoners were watching him. They saw him hold out his hands for the Sheriff to remove the irons. They saw him kneel in prayer. They saw him arise and look around as if following the officials to the gallows. He looked up as if surveying the swaying noose and a shudder passed over him.

The prisoners could read his thoughts as plainly as if he had written them down. In imagination he mounted the gallows. He looked at the noose again and suddenly jerked his head aside, as if the rope had touched him. He bent his head, as if to have it passed over and tightened about his neck. When he stood as if waiting for the trap to spring his face was no longer pale; it was so livid and distorted that almost every line of humanity was crushed out of sight. The trap fell, and with an awful gasp, a shout, a scream of agony, Belcher fell to the floor, his tongue protruding, his eyes open and glassy, and a froth oozing from his mouth. It was a quarter of an hour before he was fully resuscitated, and his first words were:

'Oh, God! but how the rope cut into my neck!'

It was another fifteen minutes before the man could be convinced that his execution was imaginary. He had suffered all that a hangman's victim suffers and in piteous tones he cried out, while tears ran down his face:

"Don't hang me again! Oh, my throat is so sore!'

He had on a woolen shirt, fitting loosely around the neck. They unbuttoned the collar, turned it down, and there was a bright red mark clear around the throat.

Facts only are stated here, and men may theorize as they feel inclined. That mark did not die away for thirty hours, and the murderer complained of swollen tonsils and a sore throat. His reprieve came only after he had been hanged, and yet it saved his life.

Brutal Murder.

The following are the particulars of the murder of Frederick Appel by Austin Humphrey, in Windsor, on 26th ult: The two men were walking along the sidewalk, evidently disputing about something, when suddenly they stopped and faced each other. Humphrey had his right hand in his pocket all the time. With his left hand he grabbed Appel by the collar—some say, pulled the pipe out of his mouth—and drawing a single-barrelled breech-loading pistol from his pocket, deliberately pointed it within four inches of his head and shot him. The deceased fell over on his side against the fence, and the murderer stepped back a few paces to view him. Then he commenced to rifle his pants' pockets. In the meantime a Mr. Berry, who had witnessed the whole affair, ran into Mr. Davis' house and called him out. In a very few moments Mr. Davis was within fifty or sixty feet of the murderer and murdered, the former being busily engaged in pillaging the latter's pockets, and seeing the cold-blooded murder that had taken place, he warned those near by to keep back, as there might be some more shooting. Never thinking of his own safety, however, Mr Davis advanced forward, and, to throw the villain off his guard, commenced enquiring of the man lying down was he sick, or what was the matter with him? Humphrey answered that he did not know. By this time Mr. Davis had got within a few feet of Humphrey, who had his right hand in one pocket, and was evidently feeling for something in another pocket with his left, and seeing an opportunity, rushed in, grabbed and downed him in less time than it would take to tell it. The murderer writhed and twisted, but being in the iron grasp of Davis, who was nerved up to the highest degree at seeing a fellow-citizen murdered in cold blood in broad daylight, all his efforts to extricate himself were in vain. From outside of the murderer, Mr. Davis coolly gave orders to bring a rope from the barn to tie him. This he did, and made him fast to a hydrant. He (Mr. Davis) then went and turned over the unfortunate man Appel, who was yet alive, but a few minutes afterwards breathed his last. The bullet, a small one, entered the forehead, just above the left eyebrow. The cause of the dispute between Appel and Humphrey was a balance of $3 for wages. Humphrey told several people that unless Appel paid he would kill him, and he kept his word.

The murderer who was safely lodged in Sandwich jail, is 63 years old. He was not a very agreeable person, and for his irritability was discharged from Hiram Walker Sons' employment some time ago. The deceased was a carpenter by trade, and an old and respected resident of Windsor. He was a member of G. W. Lodge, A. F. & A. M., of that town.

WINDSOR, Feb, 27.—The trial of Austin Humphrey, for the murder of Frederick Appel, was postponed this morning until Thursday, the 18th March, on account of Humphrey having attempted to commit suicide this morning, just previous to the opening of the Court. He ran across the office of the Chief of Police, and made his head to come in contact with the brick wall with great force, but was prevented from seriously injuring himself by Chief Bains, who was quite close at the moment.

Roy's Riotous Welcome to the Capital.

Ottawa, Feb. 28,

Roy, the newly elected member for Kamouraska, made his entrance into the city last night, and the demonstration was very unruly. The crowd tumbled over each other into the vestibule of the Parliament House in wild confusion. It took considerable exertion on the part of the Dominion Police to keep the mob outside. The demonstration was the most drunken and disorderly ever seen in Ottawa and a disgrace to its organizers, who should have given their hired roughs less whiskey or not have brought them to the door of Parliament. The Premier's good humoured indifference in replying to Langevin's somewhat excited request that Roy be introduced while the House was in committee of Supply, was very amusing. The galleries were crowded with people, expecting a scene, but after the usual formula of introduction was gone through and the not very demonstrative clapping of the Opposition hands had subsided, they rapidly thinned out.

Pope, of Compton, put an absurd anticlimax on the introduction by continuing the debate that had been interrupted by Roy's entrance, in these words: "I would call the attention of the House to this exceedingly small item." This unintentional absurdity caused great laughter.

Roy was immediately after taken to the saloon by his friends, where the usual libations attending Conservative victories were poured out.

Two men named De Hart and Clarrett who were among the most demonstrative in the Roy procession, were arrested last night for highway robbing a man named Boultanger of a gold watch and some money.

PROGNOSTICATIONS,—Quotations from almanacs being now in order, a word or two from the work of that renowned weatherologist, Mr. Josiah Billings, may not be out of place. Josh, as he is familiarly called, has the following in his February prognostications:—21st, "Koldness wakes;" 22nd, "Now the bull frog holds his tung;" 26th, "Snow rages," March 1st, "It blows;" 5th, "More wind;" 9th, "Wind travels around loose;" 12th, "Kold and raw;" 13th, "More windy;" 23rd, "Rain with wind." April 1st, "Pensive showers;" 4th, "More wetness." If anyone is anxious to enquire still farther ahead, we may say that Josh predicts:—"Wind bammy" for June 2nd; opposite June 21st we read, "Hotness exists." About September 29th we have, "Very slick weather," and snow storm on the 21st of November, while December 13th is to be "Dreadphul koldy."

I have finally kum to the konklusion that the best epitaff eany man kan have for all praktikal purpos is a good bank account.—*Josh Billings.*

EARLY SPRING GOODS
Arriving at
CROFTS & JOHNSTON'S.

NEW
HATS & CAPS
AT
CROFTS & JOHNSTON'S.

NEW
Tweeds & Coatings
—AT—
CROFTS & JOHNSTON'S.

NEW
PRINTS AND SHIRTINGS
—AT—
CROFTS & JOHNSTON'S.

NEW
BLACK LUSTRES
—AT—
CROFTS & JOH