# Huron Signal.

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

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## The Huron Signal,

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## Poetry.

### Sebastopol, a Reminiscence.

No military event of modern times more deeply engrossed the attention of the whole world than the siege of this comparatively insignificant Crimean town by the allied English, French, Sardinians and Turks, and its protracted and wonderful defense by the Russians under Gortchakoff. The war began on the Danube in 1853. The battle of the Alma, which has furnished so many poets with themes, was fought on September 20, 1854. The Russians fell back upon Sebastopol. On the 25th, Balaklava fell and two weeks later the formal siege of Sebastopol began. Vessels were sunk in the harbor by the Russians so that no assault could be made by water. The final bombardment was begun nearly one year later, Sept. 5, 1855, and after three days' steady cannonading, the Malakoff was stormed and captured. The allies did not retire until the summer of 1856, when the treaty of Paris was brought about by the present chancellor and such a settlement made of what has been known as "the eastern question" as precisely suited the temporary conditions in which the unfavorable results of the war had left Russia.

It would be a palpable omission to omit, while writing of Sebastopol, that most pleasing of all Bayard Taylor's poems:

A SONG OF THE CAMP.

"Give us a song!" the soldiers cried,
The outer trenches guarding,
When the heated guns of the camp allies
Grew weary of bombarding.

The dark Redan, in silent scoff,
Lay grim and threatening under,
And the tawny mound of the Malakoff
No longer belched its thunder.

There was a pause. A guardsman said,
"We storm the forts to-morrow;
Sing while we may; another day
Will bring enough of sorrow."

They lay along the battery's side,
Below the smoking cannon;
Brave hearts from Severn and from Clyde,
And from the banks of Shannon.

They sang of love, and not of fame;
Forgot was Britain's glory;
Each heart recalled a different name,
But all sang "Annie Laurie."

Voice after voice caught up the song,
Until its tender passion
Rose like an anthem, rich and strong,
Their battle-eve confession.

Dear girl, her name he dared not speak,
But as the song grew louder,
Something upon the soldier's cheek
Washed off the stains of powder.

Beyond the darkening ocean burned
The bloody sunset's embers,
While the Crimean valleys learned
How English love remembers.

And once again a fire of hell
Rained on the Russian quarters,
With scream of shot and burst of shell,
And bellowing of the mortars!

And Irish Nora's eyes are dim
For a singer dumb and gory;
And English Mary mourns for him
Who sang of "Annie Laurie."

Sleep, soldiers! still in honored rest
Your truth and valor wearing;
The bravest are the tenderest—
The loving are the daring.

Sebastopol has been slowly rebuilt, its fortifications are in every essential respect stanncher than when they yielded at last to the battering of the allies, and the town is now the principle naval arsenal of the empire. During another war it would constitute as it did then the gate to the conclusion.

# Warning a Serpent;

OR,

## GRYLE DASKAM'S TREACHERY.

*BY LEON LEWIS.*

Upon the plateaus above, the air was temperate and the vegetation was akin to that of the temperate zone. At the top of the mountain the air was cold. The climate of the island, therefore, could be regulated to suit the inhabitant, who, by ascending or descending a few rods, could range from an intensely tropical to a temperate region.

The island had been settled only a few years previous to the date of our story by a party of runaway slaves from Cuba, half a dozen persons in all, who had escaped from Cuba in an open boat, drifted about at the mercy of the winds and the waves for several days, and at last, caught in a terrific norther, had been wrecked upon the island.

Here they had since lived a lazy, savage sort of existence, raising only enough crops to secure them against starvation and nakedness. Half the number were males, half females, and all of them had been brought in slave-ships from Africa. Having regained their freedom, they had reverted to their early barbarism, and practiced upon this lonely West India island many of the rites and ceremonies of their old-time, heathenish worship of idols.

It was these people whom the voyagers had seen flocking upon the beach, and they were full of eager excitement over the unprecedented visit of a boat.

As young Heath sailed near enough to mark their black and animal visages, their low, narrow foreheads and flat heads, and the sinister aspect of each and all the brutish countenances, he felt an impulse to retreat. Better the open sea than this island, with its inhabitants.

But a glance at Garnet's pale, patient face, from which the bloom had gone during those two days of fierce heat and blazing sunshine, at her wearied attitude, and exhausted air, decided him to land and remain on the island over night, which would soon be upon them. He had spent his early years in Jamaica, surrounded by blacks, and, after his first unpleasing impression regarding these settlers of Mountain Island, he easily persuaded himself that these blacks were like all others, and that no harm was to be apprehended from them.

Yet he asked Garnet for her opinion in the matter, resolving to leave the decision to her.

'I would like to land,' replied the girl, wearily. 'I feel so cramped and tired. I would give much to be able to step on solid land once more. We can go on in the morning, you know! And perhaps these people can direct us in regard to our course.'

Saul Heath turned his sail, and the boat skimmed lightly over the waters towards the land. The inhabitants ran along the shore, crying out to him, and directing him to the little harbor. He entered the boat in the narrow passage, and sailed in under the shadow of the mountain into the bulbous-shaped bay.

Unringing the sail and stowing it with the mast, where he had found it, in the bottom of the boat, young Heath took out the oars and rowed ashore.

As the boat grated on the beach, the settlers, with their groups of half-naked children, swarmed around them, welcoming them with cries and ejaculations in Spanish, and demands as to whence they came and why they were here.

Heath answered them briefly and satisfactorily. The blacks seemed harmless, inoffensive creatures, kindly disposed, and he bestowed upon them a few stores from the boat, which they received with manifestations of delight.

The new comers were then invited to ascend to the plateau, and as the air at the base of the mountain was malarious they accepted the invitation with alacrity, and the blacks led the way by a steep and well-beaten path to the first terrace.

The huts were discovered to be of the rudest description, without windows, of course, ill-kept, mere accumulations of dirt and evil odors.

Garnet clung to Saul Heath, resolved not to enter one of the dwellings. He explained to the chief of the little community that the young lady desired to remain by herself, and the chief responded by offering to build a hut for her occupancy, and gave his orders to that effect upon the instant.

Materials for the building were at hand in readiness for use. The settlers, male and female, set to work, and in the course of an hour the hut was finished, with an overhanging thatch roof and a door, complete.

While the building was in progress, young Heath and Garnet, followed by old Phebe, sauntered about the plateau, examining the gardens and fields, and seeing everywhere evidences of utter thriftlessness and laziness. The crops were poor and scanty, and it seemed that the negroes subsisted upon the products of the sea and the fruits of the trees rather than upon the effects of their labor.

Tired with rambling, they sat down and surveyed the broad stretch of sea, now glooming over in the twilight. The black women, having finished their share of the work upon the hut, hastened to bring forth their stores of provisions and set them before their guests. They brought fish fresh from the sea, soft shell crabs, and a great green turtle, which lay on its back and sprawled its legs in the air. They had turtles' eggs also, and oranges, figs, and bread-fruit.

Young Heath made a fire and boiled over it a steak cut from the turtle. Yams were roasted in the hot ashes; a fish was dressed wrapped in leaves, and baked in hot ashes also; and the blacks looked on, sharing in it, or bringing fresh offerings to the feast.

Soon after supper Garnet and old Phebe retired to their hut, bundles of hay having been given them for their beds.

Young Heath made a fire and boiled over it a steak cut from the turtle. Yams were roasted in the hot ashes; a fish was dressed wrapped in leaves, and baked in hot ashes also; and the blacks looked on, sharing in it, or bringing fresh offerings to the feast.

Soon after supper Garnet and old Phebe retired to their hut, bundles of hay having been given them for their beds. And Saul lifted the girl's head to his lips with reverent tenderness, and his eyes spoke the words his lips dared not yet utter.

The girl comprehended that mute language, and blushed like any rose.

The two were lovers, and an understanding had been arrived at between them, although no word of love had ever been addressed to the girl by young Heath. He had determined to take her to Jamaica and place her under his father's guardianship before avowing his love for her, and asking her to become his wife. He had grown to love her with all the ardor of a great and generous young soul, but he could not tell her this while she was dependent upon his care and protection, lest he should be taking advantage of her helplessness.

He turned away, hurrying into the shelter of the surrounding trees and descending to the beach by a circuitous route, while Garnet, the blush still burning on her cheeks, went into the hut.

The islanders kindled a great fire and gathered about it, roasting fish and yams in the hot ashes or before the blaze, while they kept up their lamentations and arguments in loud voices.

About an hour after our hero's secret departure there arose a great outcry from the blacks, a tremendous yell that startled Garnet and old Phebe. A stampede of the islanders ensued—they all rushed down the pathway to the beach.

Garnet, believing that Heath had returned with the boat and that the blacks had seen him approach, opened her door and came flying out upon the plateau in wild dismay, followed by old Phebe.

They beheld, not the small boat, not the skiff, not young Heath returning, but a handsome vessel, a stately, schooner-rigged ship, gracefully rounding the southern side of the island and heaving-to a little distance outside the harbor.

A small boat was lowered and a dozen men, including rowers, descended into her and pulled for the shore, where the islanders awaited them.

It is not the yacht!' cried Garnet, joyfully, 'It is not Gregory's vessel, Phebe. We are saved! Oh, if Saul had but waited until now! He'll soon be here, and we shall go away in the schooner! Saved! Thank God!'

The schooner was the John Darrel, and in that boat, pulling so lustily for the shore, was Gryle Daskam!

## CHAPTER XXVI.

IN BAD HANDS

Capt. Lang was nominally commander of the John Darrell, but he had not been at sea two days before he discovered that he was simply the sailing master, and that Gryle Daskam was actual commander. Yet, as Mr. Heath was half owner of the vessel, and as the planter had been Lang's patron for years, and as Daskam was believed to be Mr. Heath's son and heir, the Captain bore his annoyances as best he could, hoping that the cruise would be short, and his troublesome passenger soon be returned to Jamaica.

He was amazed at the appearance of Tom Garley on board in the character of stowaway, and still more amazed at the deep intimacy that existed between Daskam and the reprobate Garley, whose bad character was well known to him as to others by report.

The seamen, as Mr. Darrell had observed, were not all that could be desired. Some of them were honest fellows, frank and hearty as sailors proverbially are, but the larger number of them were reckless fellows, not actually bad, but still easily led by a stronger will into evil ways. They all desired to stand well with "young Mr. Heath." Believing that occasion might arise when his supposed son might require all their devotion and assistance in some conflict with Gregory and his aids, Mr. Heath had enjoined them all, from the captain down, to do whatsoever Mr. Saul bade them do, and he, the planter, would be responsible for the consequences.

It was expected, therefore, that some fighting might be required of the men, and there was not one who was not ready to take part in it.

From the very hour of the sailing of the vessel, Daskam went to work in an underhand manner to attach the crew to himself. He gave them drink privately, visiting them in the forecastle with bottles of brandy, and making merry with them, and he gave them cigars and tobacco also, and flasks of rum, so that within two days after leaving Kingston the crew were his sworn allies, and would have obeyed his bidding whatever that bidding might be.

Gayley coveted his evil efforts, and Capt. Lang, uneasy and vaguely conscious that something was wrong, had yet no idea of the secret influences at work on the crew. He saw that some of the sailors were inclined to be insubordinate but that 'young Mr. Heath' was the cause of their being so never entered his mind.

But there was one on board who watched Gryle Daskam with lynx eyes—one who knew of his every visit to the forecastle, who overheard his confidence with Tom Garley, and who even penetrated something of Daskam's mind—and that one was Jock. He went about with downcast eyes, like a beaten hound, humble and submissive and cringing, jeered at by Garley and Daskam continually on account of the flogging the latter had given him, yet never showing resentment; the butt of their jokes and recipient of blows and kicks; but Gryle Daskam would have been appalled if he had known the seething hatred in poor Jock's soul, the fiery longing for revenge, the bitterness and cursing hidden under that humble and cringing exterior.

But Jock was biding his time with a deadly patience that would lose nothing of its object by delay.

The schooner had touched at several lonely islands, one or two of which were uninhabited. Capt. Lang taking an out-of-the-way course, in pursuance of Mr. Heath's instructions. It was believed that Gregory, if he were detaining Miss Palm in his custody against her will, would choose some lonely islet far off the usual course of travel to serve as her prison, but none on board the John Darrell, as the schooner rounded Mountain island, expected to find the object of their search there.

The boat touched the shore, and Gryle Daskam was the first to leap out. The male islanders, fearing that the visitors might possibly have come from Cuba, and that they might be apprehended as runaway slaves, slunk away into the rank undergrowth, but the women and children stood their ground. Gryle Daskam addressed them in English, which they did not understand, and in Spanish, which they did understand.

He asked them if a man named Gregory was on the island.

They replied by vacant looks, and not speaking.

Then he asked if there was a white woman on the island.

One of the black women assented and pointed up the path to the plateau.

Daskam turned to Capt. Lang, Garley and others.

'Wait here on the beach,' he said, 'till I come back. I'll go up the mountain to that ledge where the houses are, on a little scout, you know, and be back within five minutes.'

He hurried up the path, whistling as he went, and presently gained the plateau.

And here he found himself face to face with Garnet Palm!

She was waiting with old Phebe to learn the character of the intruders before descending to the beach.

The stars were glowing, and a soft radiance pervaded the scene. The girl's bright, brunette beauty had never appeared to better advantage than at this moment, in spite of her pallor and anxieties. Her great, dusky eyes were lustrous as stars, her hair was unbound and flowing in a dusky cloud over her shoulders, her slender figure, straight as a palm, was full of grace and dignity. She looked to Gryle Daskam, as she had looked to Saul Heath, the most beautiful girl he had ever beheld.

He drew his breath hard as he gazed upon her, and a wild hope came to him that this might be the missing heiress of whom he was in search.

His bold admiration caused Garnet to draw back a little, flushing.

'Who are you, lady?' inquired the villain in the softest tone he could command.

'I am Miss Palm, an English lady—' The villain's face flamed with joy.

'By my soul,' he ejaculated, but this is marvelous! Are you Miss Garnet Palm, of England, on your way to Jamaica?'

'Yes,' assented the girl wonderingly. 'You have heard of me?'

'Indeed I have,' cried Daskam, with enthusiasm. 'You see the schooner down yonder? She is on a cruise in search of you! I am here for no other purpose than to look for you—'

Garnet uttered a cry of delight.

'Mr. Heath has sent for me!' she exclaimed. 'I thought he might do so! He suspected the truth, God be praised.'

Old Phebe eschoed the devout utterance.

'Come down to the schooner, Miss Palm,' said Daskam. 'You will receive a royal welcome. Let me help you down the mountain side—'

'Who are you, sir?' inquired Garnet, hesitating, not liking the flaming look in his eyes. 'Tell me more—'

'Can you not guess who I am?' demanded Daskam. 'Whom would your guardian be likely to send upon a mission like this—whom but his own son?'

The girl recoiled.

'Are you Mr. Heath's son?' she exclaimed.

'His own and only son, Miss Palm. I am Saul Heath, at your service,' and he bowed courteously, standing with bared head before her.

Garnet's face expressed her agitation.

'You Saul heath!' she ejaculated in amazement.

'The same, Miss Palm,' the villain answered, easily. 'You have heard of me, I see. I was a great favorite with your poor father. I am come to take you to Jamaica and put you under my father's guardianship. Where is your enemy—the man Gregory? I am impatient to teach the scoundrel a lesson!' and he put his hand significantly to his bosom.

'Mr. Gregory is not here,' she answered, excited and agitated. 'We escaped from him and landed here last night—'

''We?' 'You and this servant?'

'And another,' said Garnet, her eager glances devouring the villain's face.—'It is very strange, sir—there is some mystery—but the gentlemen who rescued me from Gregory's hands was also Mr. Saul Heath, the only son of my guardian!'

Had a bomb shell exploded at the feet of the villain he could not have been more overwhelmed.

He fairly gasped for breath, and put his hand out blindly to steady himself.

Saul Heath alive! Saul Heath here! He felt he stood upon a mine of gunpowder that might explode beneath his feet on the instant, and overwhelm him with destruction.

'Where is he? Where?' he gasped, looking around him.

'He will be here soon,' the girl answered.

The villain began to recover himself.

'Let me see him!' he ejaculated, in a voice that trembled in spite of himself. 'Let me see the base villain that dares assume my name and identity. Where is the impostor, that I may unmask him?'

Under all this bombast, the girl read a guilty soul, a trembling alarm that betokened a cowardly spirit.

'Mr. Heath will soon return,' she replied. 'If you will wait here for him, I have no doubt that it will soon become apparent which is the real Saul Heath!'

But Daskam did not care to wait for Saul's return in her presence.

'Come to the schooner,' he said, 'and we will wait for the return of this impostor. Let me make you comfortable, Miss Palm, and then I will see this high and mighty individual who dares to usurp my name.'

Garnet did not like Daskam. Her pure soul revolted from contact with his guilty one. She was disquieted, anxious and strangely troubled. What could all this mean? Two Saul Heaths? The mystery frightened her, and she longed for the return of her lover, that he might confront this man with the sinister eyes and evil face.

She glanced towards the sea, but saw no sign of Saul or his boat.

'I will not go down to the schooner with you, sir,' she declared. 'I shall wait here for the return of Mr. Heath.'

'But you must go. Your Mr. Heath is a rascal, an impostor. What do you know of him? Who vouched to you for his identity?'

'He is sufficient voucher for himself. He was cast ashore on an island where I was about three weeks ago on the night of the hurricane—'

Daskam paled. He knew that his cousin Saul Heath, whom, until this moment, he had believed murdered, was alive and near at hand.

'I must kill him,' he thought, all his wicked passions writhing like serpents in a mass. 'I must destroy him or be destroyed! He shall die to-night. As for the girl, by Jove, she's a beauty! I mean to possess her, if I can do so without ruining myself. If I can make her mine before returning to Jamaica, if I can win her love, then I need not fear to take her to Heath House.'

Garnet shrank further from him, the evil glow on his visage frightening her.

'Miss Palm,' said the young villain, softly, 'let me take you out to my vessel, and then I will return and see this person who calls himself by my name.'

'I have given you my answer, sir,' replied the girl, firmly. 'I will not take one step from this place until Mr. Heath returns.'

Hot words arose to Daskam's lips. He had hard work to repress them and conquer his violent temper; but he did so, displaying a suavity and gentleness that covered well his brutal anger.

'My dear young lady, pardon me,' he said, still softly, 'but as your temporary guardian, in the place of my dear father, I feel that I must think and decide for you. This island, with its brutish inhabitants, is no longer a place for you. This impostor whom you await is no associate for you. Come with your servant to the ship, and your late protector shall be seen to.'

Garnet again refused, more resolutely than before, to stir from the island.

Daskam retreated a few paces to the edge of the plateau and called to Garley and the seamen.

They came hurrying up, Garley foremost, Jock next, half a dozen seamen, all inflamed with secret potations, and Capt. Lang in the rear.

'Our search for Miss Palm is ended!' said Daskam. 'And here she is.'

Garley and the seamen cheered lustily.

'We must take her at once to the ship,' said Daskam. 'The villain we are after is lurking about and can be seen to afterwards. Assist Miss Palm down the hill, you lubbers!'

Garley and two or three seamen rushed to the young lady and hurried her forward in the spite of her expostulations and resistance. It is doubtful if they were aware of either in their zeal and the confusion of ideas consequent upon too much drink.

Miss Palm was hurried precipitately down the hill to the boat. It is needless to say that old Phebe ran after her young mistress in anxiety and terror.

On arriving at the beach, Garnet was lifted into the boat and Daskam took his place by her side. The girl preserved her coolness and firmness. The whole occurrence seemed to her singularly mysterious, and she scanned the faces of all in the boat, seeing only one to reassure her. That one was Captain Lang's. She was about to appeal to him, when Daskam, reading her intention, bade the sailors strike up a song, which they did, and in the loud noise her voice would not have been heard.

On arriving at the ship, Miss Palm was hurried up to the deck and down into the cabin with her attendant, and Daskam locked the door on her, and put the key in his pocket.

He then drew Captain Lang aside, and told him that the girl had been living on the island with Gregory, and that the villain had taken refuge in the woods, and was in hiding.

'I am going ashore with a few men,' continued Daskam, 'to find the villain. He shall go with us to Jamaica, and the law shall deal with him.'

Capt. Lang approved this resolve, and Daskam, taking Garley and certain of the crew, set out again for the shore.

'Saul Heath shall die this night!' he said to himself. 'And I shall kill him! There'll be no slip on this occasion. I am in an awkward position, but I am able to get out of it! I have got murder in my heart to-night, and I will do murder before I sleep! Saul Heath, you escaped me once, but this night you shall die!'

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### Welcome to Alexis.

*(From the Burlington Hawk-Eye.)*

Son of Kalmuck from over the sea,
Alexis!
We want, all of us, starters to welcome of he,
Alexis!

Welcome him, sidewalks encrusted with sleet,
Slip up the Antartic overshoed feet;
Snow plows and shovels his coming shall greet,
Alexis!

What if the girl you are coming to see,
Alexis!
Shall to! de rol teed'le um tumity dee,
Alexis!

Nevertheless, when thy coming shall come
Out of the riddety rol de dum dum,
Ever the tural li tural li rum,
Alexis!

[At this Mr. Tennyson was suddenly called into the press-room by the foreman to wash the forms and bring in some coal, and the interrupted strain of poesy was so rudely jarred that it was found impossible, when he resumed his place at the table, to recall the divine afflatus that night. And before he could resume the broken train of thought, word came that the Duchess of Edinburgh had another one, and a poem was wanted immediately, so we paid the laureate $850 for what he had done and he left for home on the next train. Mr. Bayard Taylor has been secured, at a great expense, to finish the poem, at the conclusion of which task we have a truckman engaged to finish him.]

In Paris everything in feminine fashions is as tight as nature can endure. The rage even extends to husbands in some cases.

### Some Pertinent Queries.

*From the Globe.*

In the Public Accounts for 1876-5 presented to Parliament to day (13th) appears one item which will attract general notice and suggest some more or less pertinent enquiries. It is the sum of $25,579, entered as Balance Secret Service money received from Sir John A. Macdonald. Viewed in the light of various occurrences during the last two years of the Macdonald regime, the appearance of the entry at the present time is not a little mysterious. In the first place, if Sir John A. Macdonald had a balance of any public money in hand when he resigned office in November, 1873, why was he content to wait two years before paying it over to its lawful custodians? The Secret Service Fund was supplied from time to time—to be administered by the Government on their responsibility to Parliament, not to Sir John A. Macdonald in his private capacity. From the moment he ceased to be Premier he ceased to be responsible for the peace of the country, and therefore to have any voice or legal control over this money. In May, 1872, he told the Public Accounts Committee that the payments were made frequently without anybody but himself knowing how they were applied; that no record was kept of their application; and that he would rather cut off his right hand than give any account of them. Is it possible that nobody but Sir John knew that there was then a large balance in his hands—that he kept the secret absolutely to himself; and that when he went out of office he hoped still to keep the secret until some happy chance made him once more the lawful custodian of the Secret Service money? Or does the refund at this late hour come under the head of conscience money? Or has some gentle pressure been necessary to induce him to hand it over? These are points the curious will desire to have cleared up, and all the more so because, if not in express terms, certainly by implication, Sir John gave the world to believe that the fund had been exhausted before May, 1872. He met Mr. Young's motion on that occasion for a Select Committee to audit the Secret Service expenditure by consenting to any such regulation as the House might make as regarded the future, but not as to the past; the impression left on every mind at that meeting of the Public Accounts Committee was certainly not that he had many thousands of dollars still at command. Then, again, when Mr. Donald A. Smith made application for the sum of $3,000 which he had paid on behalf of the Government, in addition to the $1,000 Sir John admitted having paid from the Secret Service fund, to get Messrs. Riel and Lepine out of the country, Sir John put him off, referred to the difficulty of obtaining the amount, and although he promised from time to time to pay it, ultimately quitted office without doing so, and left the amount to be paid (after the North-west disclosures had taken place) by a vote of Parliament. Now, if Sir John had twenty-five thousand dollars or more at the bank at that time, why did he not pay the $3,000, as he had paid over $1,000 for the same meritorious object? The public will not feel less anxious for light on this subject in view of the fact that the $1,000 in question illustrated the peculiar views held by Sir John Macdonald of his duty in regard to this fund, or the very easy political morality exhibited in his recent defence of his financial operations, and, as Dr. Tupper would say, with the most patriotic motives, in connection with the elections of 1872. Categorical answers to the following questions might be desirable: 1st, What balance of the Secret Service fund had Sir John A. Macdonald in hand, say in May, 1872? What change in the condition of that balance occurred between May, 1872, and November, 1873? Where was this money kept, or how was it invested, during that period? Why did he not pay it over immediately when his successors were appointed? Under what circumstances did he pay it over at last? Has he rendered as he was bound to do, to his successors an account in general terms of the disposal of the two hundred thousand dollars of which this $25,000 is supposed to be the balance? Has he paid any claims on the fund since he went out of office? Seeing that he seems to have kept control of the money for two years, there is a very general impression that the country has not even now got to the bottom of the doings of the Macdonald Government, and a little gentle prodding may supply some interesting developments yet.

### A Will and a Pot of Gold.

*[From the Galveston News.]*

In the year 1865, just after the breaking up of the Confederate armies, a young soldier, a member of Joe Shelby's command, accompanied by his father, arrived in Corsicana. The old gentleman had with him a large sum of money in gold. After providing liberally for his boy, who was then on his way to America, the old gentleman, whose name was Bently Irving, sadly and sorrowfully journeyed back to his home in Charleston county, Missouri. The son remained abroad until a short time since, when upon the receipt of letters, and his father's last will and testament, together with the announcement of his death, he returned to the home of his father. It seems that the old gentleman had enclosed a brief description of the spot on Richland creek where he had taken the precaution to hide his treasures for the benefit of his absent boy. After a mournful visit to the desolated homestead in Missouri, the young man came on here, and soon found the treasure—a pot of gold—amounting to nearly $8,000, exactly in the spot described in his father's directions.

### "Old Reliable."

There are many reputed remedies for that very prevalent disease, Chronic Nasal Catarrh, but none which have given general satisfaction and become acknowledged standard preparations, except Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. It continues to