Huron Signal.

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

VOL. XXX. NO. 25. GODERICH, ONTARIO, WEDNESDAY, JULY 4, 1877. WHOLE NO. 1585.

The Huron Signal,

(ESTABLISHED 1848,)

One of the Largest Papers published in Canada, printed and published at Goderich, Ontario, every WEDNESDAY MORNING, at the Office, Montreal Street, adjoining the Market Square, by

THE SIGNAL PRINTING Co,

Terms: $1.50 per annum strictly in advance; $1.75 if paid within three months; $2 if paid within nine months; and over that time $2.50. No paper discontinued till all arrears are paid, except at the option of the publisher.

RATES OF ADVERTISING:

Eight cents per line for the first insertion, and ten cents per line for each subsequent insertion.

Local notices, ten cents per line for each insertion.

Business cards not exceeding 6 lines, $4 per annum, for 6 to 10 lines $5.

The number of lines to be reckoned by the space occupied measured by a scale of solid Nonpareil.

Advertisements without specific directions will be inserted till forbidd, and charged accordingly.

Special contracts for large advertisements can be made at low rates.

The above rates will in all cases be strictly adhered to.

Advertisements intended for insertion in any particular issue should reach the office by noon on Tuesday.

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

JOB WORK OF ALL KINDS

executed with neatness and despatch. Bills printed while you wait. Orders by mail punctually attended to.

Business Directory.

M. NICHOLSON,
SURGEON DENTIST.
Office and residence, West Street, three doors below Bank of Montreal, Goderich. 1211-1y

G. O. Shannon M.D.,
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c., Goderich Ont., will visit patients at any hour, night or day. 13:40-1y

DR. McLEAN,
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, CORONER &c., office and residence on Bruce Street, second door west of Victoria Street. 15221-yr.

Dr. Cassady,
Medill College
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c., Office, and residence corner South and Elgin Streets, Goderich, Ontario.

ALEX. TAYLOR, M. B.
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, &c., Office and residence, two doors West of the Catholic Church.
Goderich, April 11th; 1877, 1573-1y.

Cameron, McFadden & Holt.
BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY, &c. Office, Market Square, Goderich.
M. C. CAMERON, Q.C. W. H. McFADDEN, F. HOLT.

B. L. DOYLE.
BARRISTER AND ATTORNEY, SOLICITOR in Chancery, &c., Goderich and Seaforth, Ont. 1207

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

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

Sproat & McColl
BARRISTERS, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, SOLICITORS in Chancery, Notaries Public, &c. Goderich and Brussels, Ont.

Garrow, Moyer & Radenhurst
BARRISTERS, ATTORNEYS, SOLICITORS, &c. Office, corner Square and Hamilton Street, Kincardine and Wingham.
J. T. Garrow, G. A. Radenhurst
H. W. C. Meyer, Wingham.

G. CAMPAIGNE
ATTORNEY CHANCERY AND CONVEYANCING, Office—over G. Parson's Hardware store, Scheme's Block, Market Square, Goderich. 1494

E. CAMPION,
(LATE OF B. L. DOYLE'S OFFICE.)
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY, Conveyancer, &c. OFFICE—Over Fletcher's store, Market Square, Goderich, Ont. 1586 tf.

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

REV. C. FLETCHER,
ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES
Office, West side of St. Andrew's Street, Goderich 1432-1y

Buchanan, Lawson & Robinson
HAVE on hand all kinds of Sashes, Doors, Blinds, Mouldings, and dressed Lumber, at the Goderich Planing Mill. 1309.

J. T. DUNCAN, V. S.
GRADUATE OF ONTARIO VETERINARY COLLEGE. OFFICE, STABLES & RESIDENCE, St. Andrew's Street, back of D. Ferguson's Store, and directly opposite the residence of Horace Horton, Esq., M. P.
N. B.—Horses examined as to soundness. 1313

FAIRBANK'S
SCALES!—OFFICE, 371 FRONT STREET, opposite City Hall, Toronto N. Y.
Plain as a balance, and is guaranteed to give satisfaction of general management, to any part of Canada, with Freight, for Warehouse, Dwellings, Churches, Hotels or Public Buildings &c.
Agent here, The Office of the Signal, Goderich. 1505-1yr.

PATENTS
For Inventors expeditiously and properly secured in Canada, the United States and Europe. ATTENTION guaranteed or no charge. Send for print. & instructions. A agency in operation ten years.
HENRY GRIST,
Ottawa, Canada;
Mechanical Engineer, Solicitor of Patents and Draughtsman.
Feb 11th 1871. w1-1

E. WOODCOCK,
Land Broker,
CONVEYANCER AND GENERAL AGENT,
MONEY TO LEND
At Lowest Rates,
OFFICE—Acheson's Block, West Street over the Post Office, Goderich, Ont.

E. R. WATSON,
HOUSE, Sign and Ornamental Painter, Paper Decorating made a specialty.
GRAINING GILDING GLAZING
Nearly North Street opposite the Registry Office, Goderich. 1494 1y
JAS. M. ATKIN, ROBT. BATES.
ATKIN & BATES,
GODERICH, ONT.,
Builders and Contractors.
MASON WORK AND PLASTERING MADE A specialty. Estimates furnished upon buildings, &c., on application. Shop on Union Street. 1573 3 mos.

Tremendous Fall in Harness,
CHEAPER THAN EVER.
NO COMBINATION PRICE.
C. F. Straubel

WOULD invite his customers and others to come and examine his stock and be convinced that all is made up by men capable of turning out work second to none in style and durability of single and double Harness.
Made to Order on Short Notice, and repairing done neatly and promptly.
Centennial Trunks, Valises and Satchels always kept on hand and sold at prices to suit the times.
A second hand carriage of a very description at Cost Price. Parties wishing to be supplied with wood or lumber, by giving short notice, can have the favor by calling.
Remember the Old Stand, Corner Hamilton Street
C. F. STRAUBEL.
Goderich, July 12, 1876. 1301

NEW DOMINION BAKERY,
on the corner of
NORTH STREET,
OPPOSITE DETLOR'S STORE.
If you want to get first class
BREAD, CAKES, PIES, BISCUIT AND CONFECTIONERY
go to the
NEW DOMINION BAKERY.
Parties in the country supplied on reasonable terms. Oyster Suppers on the shortest notice. Wedding cakes made to order.
WM. DOCHERTY.

Money to Lend.

MONEY TO LEND.
PRIVATE FUNDS ON REAL ESTATE: Kindly and reasonable charges, Interest from eight to ten per cent according to security.
J. T. GARROW,
Solicitor &c.
January 27th, 1875. 1511 tf

Money to Lend.
ON FARM property at 8 per cent. Private funds, or Loan Society's, to suit borrowers. No delay if title satisfactory.
SEAGER, WADE & MORTON.
1501 1 yr. Goderich & Wingham.

MONEY TO LEND
At Greatly reduced Rates of Interest
THE undersigned has any amount of money to loan from two to fifteen years, at a low rate of interest and favorable terms of repayment, payable by yearly instalments; rate of expenses will defy competition.
TRACE HORTON
Appraiser for the Canada Permanent Building & Savings Society, of Toronto.

INSURANCE CARD
The Subscriber is agent for the following first class Insurance Companies:
PHOENIX of London, England
HARTFORD of Hartford
PROVINCIAL of Toronto.
BRITISH AMERICA, of Toronto.
Fire & Marine business done at the lowest possible rates
HORACE HORTON
Office Market Square, Goderich.
Oct. 26th 1870. 836-1y.

Money to Loan
THE CANADA LANDED CREDIT COMPANY, TORONTO.
JOHN LAING BLAKIE, ESQ., President.
MONEY is lent by this Company to individuals upon the same system as to municipalities. Send for Circulars.
HUGH HAMILTON,
1495 1y C. L. Agent, Goderich.

$75,000.00 TO LEND, ON REAL ESTATE
Terms Favourable.
APPLY TO B. L. DOYLE, GODERICH.

$20,000.
PRIVATE FUNDS to lend on Farm and Town property at lowest interest, No wages purchased, no Commission charged, conveyancing fees reasonable.
N. B.—Borrowers can obtain money in one day if title satisfactory.
DAVISON & JOHNSON,
Barristers, &c
1441-1y Goderich

Insurance.

THE LIVERPOOL & LONDON And Globe Insurance Company.
Available Assets, $27,000,000
Losses paid in the course of Thirty-five years exceed
FORTY MILLIONS OF DOLLARS!
Claims by CHICAGO FIRE estimated at nearly $3,000,000, are being liquidated as fast as adjusted without vexatious delay.
Security, Prompt Payment, and Liberality in adjustment of its losses are the prominent features of this wealthy company.
FIRE and LIFE POLICIES issued with very liberal conditions.
Head Office, Canada Branch, Montreal.
G. F. C. SMITH, Resident Secretary, MONTREAL
A. M. ROSS, Agent for Goderich.

GODERICH AGENCY
OF THE
Trust & Loan Company of Canada.
Incorporated by Royal Charter
CAPITAL—ONE MILLION POUNDS STERLING.
Funds for Investment.
LOANS made on the security of approved Farm or City or Town Property for periods of five years or to suit the convenience of borrowers, and either repayable at expiry of time or by annual instalments. Payments in reduction of loans will be accepted at any time on favorable terms.
Approved Mortgages purchased.
G. M. TRUEMAN,
1517 Agent
Market Square, Goderich.

Insurance! Insurance! Insurance!
THE STADACONA
FIRE AND LIFE
INSURANCE COMPANY
is one of the strongest home institutions, having a
Capital of $5,000,000.
and a deposit with the Dominion Government of
$150,000
The terms on which this First Class Company does business are of the most liberal nature and the prompt and equitable manner in which it settles all its claims are sufficient reasons to warrant its foremost position with the public as its line of business. The undersigned has also been appointed Agent for the
OTTAWA AGRICULTURAL FIRE
Insurance Comoany,
for the County of Huron. This Company has a
CAPITAL OF $1,000,000,
and a deposit with the Dominion Government of
$50,000.
The class of risk taken by this Company is all non-hazardous, only 1 per cent of farm property and private dwellings, thereby offering the public the very best security at the very lowest rates possible to take this class of risk.
The undersigned would give a cordial invitation to all who need insurance of what nature, either to call at his residence, on Nelson street, or by letter, as all applications by letter will receive his most prompt attention.
N. B.—Money to loan on the most liberal terms.
HUGH MacMATH,
1562 6m Insurance Agent.

SOMETHING NEW.
ROTARY SUCTION PUMP.
A Purifier of Water,
THE BEST WATER DRAWER EVER PUT IN A WELL OR CISTERN.
Thousands in Daily Use.
THIS INVENTION is an atmospheric or Suction Pump without Plunger, Bladder, Rubber Buckets or Valves to get out of order. At one pump gear in the bottom of the well by the top in a wooden tube, and so connected by a chain as to form a endless belt in the tubing of the pump, and the rapid stream of water. It uses a Canoe Reel for power.
ADVANTAGES OF THIS PUMP.
1st. Their ease of work.
2nd. Throws a constant stream.
3rd. Purifies the water.
4th. No expense for repairs.
5th. Warranted not to freeze.
6th. No stationary valve in the well to get out of order.
7th. A larger quantity of water drawn in proportion to the size of Cylinder than any other pump, and with less power.
WM. DICKSON, Agent
Box 47
Goderich, Ont.

Poetry.

Socrates Snooks.

Mister Socrates Snooks, a lord of creation,
The second time entered the married relation;
Xantippe Caloric accepted his hand,
And they thought him the happiest man in the land.
But scarce had the honeymoon passed o'er his head,
When, one morning, to Xantippe, Socrates said:
"I think, for a man of my standing in life,
This house is too small, as I now have a wife;
So, as early as possible, carpenter Carey
Shall be sent for to widen my house and my dairy."
"Now, Socrates, dearest," Xantippe replied,
"I hate to hear everything vulgarly say'd;
Now, whenever you speak of your chattels again,
Say our row house, *our* barn yard, *our* pig pen."
"By your leave, Mrs. Snooks, I will say what I please
Of my houses, *my* lands, *my* garden, *my* trees."
"Say *our*," Xantippe exclaimed, in a rage,
"I won't, Mrs. Snooks, though you ask it an age."
Oh, woman! though only a part of man's rib,
If the story in Genesis don't tell a fib,
Should your naughty companion e'er quarrel with you,
You are certain to prove the best man of the two,
In the following case this was certainly true;
For the lovely Xantippe just pulled off her shoe,
And laying about her, all sides at random,
The adage was verified—"Nil desperandum."
Mr. Socrates Snooks, after trying in vain,
To ward off the blows which descended like rain—
Concluding that valor's best part was discretion—
Crept under the bed like a terrified Hessian;
But the dauntless Xantippe, not one whit afraid,
Converted the siege into a blockade.
At last, after reasoning the thing in his pate,
He concluded 'twas useless to strive against fate;
And so, like a tortoise protruding his head,
Said: "My dear may we come out from under our bed?"
"Hah! hah!" she exclaimed, "Mr. Socrates Snooks,
I perceive you agree to my terms by your looks:
Now, Socrates—hear me—from this happy hour,
If you'll only obey me, I'll never look sour."
'Tis said the next Sabbath, ere going to church,
He chanced for a clean pair of trousers to search;
Having found them, he asked, with a few nervous twitches
"My dear, may we put on our new Sunday breeches?"

Mayhew, the Millspinner,

OR,

THE STOLEN WILL,

CHAPTER XIV.

LUKE BRIAR BECOMES MASTER OF THE SITUATION.

Reaching the low doorway at the east end of the ruin by which on a former occasion he and his wife and Willox and the two children had obtained access to the enclosure, Luke Briar crept forward on his hands and knees till he was fairly within the interior, then he raised himself on his two hands, stretched forward his head, and tried to penetrate the darkness, which was most profound.

He lay for some moments listening intently, and heard, as he thought a dull scraping sound at the other end of the enclosure, just at the point where he expected Sam Willox to be. Without further hesitation, therefore, he drew himself forward, still on his hands and knees, taking every precaution to render his motion noiseless. In a very few minutes he had proceeded half-way through the enclosure till he could see patches of moonlight at the other end where the trees were struggling, and where near the wall of the ruin open spaces existed. In the centre of one of these, at a spot close by the wall on which the moonbeams brightly shone, Sam Willox was on his knees busy scraping earth out of a cavity which he had made with a stout pocket knife. It was the very spot where Luke and the others had seen him dig up the parchment some weeks before; and as the earth then disturbed had not yet hardened down, its removal now was a work of no great difficulty.

After removing a farther quantity of earth, Willox bent down and lifted out a flat stone, then he threw away the loose earth which had fallen back, and the cavity seemed prepared for the purpose intended.

But he paused, raised himself up, and cast a slow, listening look round the enclosure, as if his next act was to be something decisive and eminently important.

Luke held his breath and lay as still as a stone, but when he saw Willox's eye travel towards him in their comprehensive gaze, he could hardly realize the possibility of being unseen.

Fully persuaded that he was utterly unseen, Sam drew from the interior of his vest the parchment in its oilskin cover, and stooping down deposited it in the bottom of the cavity, after which he carefully laid the flat stone above it, and filled in the earth, tramping it down at every layer.

The surface leaves and mould which he had lost of all collected in a heap he now scattered over the sacred ground, and this with a slowness and deliberation which evinced the care with which he strove to efface all signs of recent disturbance.

'He may save himself all that trouble, was Luke's inward comment on the proceeding. 'He won't be five minutes gone till I have got the will under my waistcoat.'

Sam Willox was of course profoundly ignorant of the resolution thus inwardly expressed, and went on with his work till, in the radiant moonlight which beamed on the spot, he was satisfied that no carelessness, no atom of fresh earth remained to suggest the place of the cache and having lock in hand—

His reflections at this stage were suddenly cut short by a hand being laid on his shoulder, and he was four to one. All at once he vanished from the open space, and it was such a hide-and-seek chase as the figure dimly receding towards the churchyard. Then he heard him leap the wall, heard his footsteps as he trod over the graves, heard the creaking of the iron gate as he made his exit, and again his footsteps as he directed his course towards the road.

To make the assurance of his departure doubly sure, Luke darted back and dashed through the open door way in the ruin in time to see him gain the white highway, and pass along with quick steps in the direction of Newport.

Luke wasted not a moment in going after him, but running back into the enclosure, he crossed it at a rapid pace, brushing vehemently aside the branches that intercepted his progress, till he gained the spot where Sam had been working. With the same swiftness and energy of motion he clutched and tore up the earth with his hands till he came to the flat stone, raising the edge of which, he thrust in his fingers, and with a low exclamation of triumph, seized and drew forth the packet. Then, without taking the least trouble to refill the hole he had made, he cagerly tore aside one of the ends of the oilskin to satisfy himself that it was indeed the will he had obtained. A glance sufficed to show him that it was, and with another ejaculation of triumph he thrust the packet into his bosom, made for the churchyard wall, cleared it at a bound, and was out by the gate and on to the road in the wake of Sam Willox before the figure of the latter had quite disappeared in the distance.

He was so far in advance, however, that Luke could not have overtaken him without much running; but his wandering as a tinker had made him acquainted with a bye-path leading in a direct line over the heights, by following which for a certain distance, and afterwards by crossing a field or two, he would reach a particular point of the highway ere Sam had time to arrive at it by the usual route. So into this bye-path he struck, and sped up the slope at his fastest pace.

He reached the Cupar road near the back entrance to Tayfield ere Sam Willox had done little more than pass Forgan Church—an assurance of which fact the tinker received by going on a few yards, till he had turned the sharp bend which the road takes at the spot where he had come upon it, and seeing in the far distance the dark form of the man he was about to accost moving towards the place where he stood.

'All right' he muttered, or rather gasped, for his wind was gone with the hard running. 'I'm in plenty time, as I knew I would. I'll just go round the corner again and have a seat to recover my breath and a smoke to steady my nerves afore he comes up.'

Fully five minutes had passed, and Luke's quick ear, listening in expectation, heard the footsteps of Sam Willox as he came along the road.

Very soon the sound became more distinct, till, as he looked through among the trees, Luke saw Sam almost at the corner, in a few moments they would confront each other, and in view of this Luke quietly knocked the ashes from his pipe and put it in his side pocket. Then he carelessly folded his arms and awaited the other's appearance.

Sam rounded the corner, and was within six yards of Luke ere he noticed him. At sight of a man, evidently a tramp, seated on the wall, Willox started and hesitated. The hesitation, however, was but momentary, and was occasioned more by surprise than fear.—The latter was indeed a feeling not familiar to Sam's mind, and he had no intention of giving way to it now, even to the extent of moving off the pathway—though the footpath went close past where the man sat.

So he came steadily forward at the same firm pace, but ere he could pass, Sam shuffled off the wall and stood right in front of him.

'A fine night, Mister,' he observed, as Sam drew back and eyed him suspiciously.

'Who are you?' he demanded. 'Why do you stand thus in my way?'

'Cause I want a word or two with you.'

'Be off, fellow,' was the angry rejoinder. 'I never have anything to say to tramps and beggars.'

'Maybe so,' returned Luke with perfect composure, 'but I suspect you will have something to say to me, and you won't be long doing your own rule either, for I am a tramp, but a tinker; nor a beggar neither, though I do mean to beg a bit of money from you.'

'Ha! a robber, are you! Take care. If you assail me you may find I am more than your match.'

'Oh, don't hurry with notions. A man may expect money, and get it too, without being a robber. Money is GIVEN sometimes.'

'Not by me,' said Sam, viciously.

'What! not for any valuable consideration?'

'You have nothing of value to me—nothing for which I would give you money,' returned the other in a tone decided and emphatic.

'Don't you be too sure of that,' said Luke, with a meaning smile and a significant wink of one eye. 'I rather think I have something for which you would be inclined to give a good deal.'

'Absurd; I have no time to waste on a fellow of your sort. You take me for a simple gullible country lout, who can be cheated or imposed on. But you are under a mistake. I'm wide awake to the tricks of all your fraternity, so let me—'

'There you go, jumping to notions again. Wait a bit and I'll convince you that you are on the wrong track.'

'No I shan't wait. Out of the way, you scoundrel, or I'll knock you down.'

'As you please, Mr. Samuel Willox, but take a look at this before you go.—Oh, it isn't a pistol. What it is you'll know, I think.'

And Luke with a quick gesture took the oilskin packet from his breast, and held it up in the moonlight before Sam's eyes.

It was true, as Luke said, that it was not a pistol, but we question if a pistol-shot could have had a greater effect on Sam Willox than that produced by the sight of what the other exhibited. He was in the act of bursting violently past when his glance fell on it, and instantly his motion was arrested, his eyes dilated to double their natural size, his face grew white, ghastly, and rigid, while his expression of unutterable horror and terror was such that Luke expected him to go into a fit.

Spare the muscles of Sam's face—he got to work and clutch convulsively, and he gasped out

'Are are you the devil?'

'Oh, no,' responded the other, with a chuckling laugh, 'I'm only Luke Briar, the tinker and umbrella mender.'

'Then how—how did you get that?'

'I dug it up after you buried it. I was watching you among the yews, and no sooner were you gone than I grabbed it. I came by a short round over the fields, and got here before you—that's all.'

This explanation relieved Sam of his first superstitious terror, but it was immediately succeeded by a new alarm, as the question rushed through his mind—Why did he watch me? Why did he dig it up? Does he know what it is?

He gazed at Luke as steadily as his consternation would allow, and the feature's appearance encouraged the hope that he was too ignorant to know anything of the nature or value of the paper which the oilskin enveloped. He deemed that it had been entirely owing to accident that Luke had seen him, that he had taken up his quarters for the night among the yews—had seen him come and bury the packet—had wondered much at an act so unusual—had thought it perhaps the result of some insane delusion, and had dug it up and followed him in the hope of relieving something for his trouble.

'Ha, yes; that's it,' thought Sam, the thought crossing his mind with the rapidity of lightning. 'He said he wanted some money from me and had something for which I would pay him.'

His cue was therefore taken, and with a forced laugh and an effort to regain his ease he said aloud—

'My good fellow, you no doubt think this matter very singular, but it is easily explained. The paper contained in that oilskin is—that is, it contains some family records which I wish to preserve. In a house, you know, one has no security against fire, and I resolved to place it under ground for safety. I chose the enclosure within the ruins as a place where I thought it would also be perfectly safe. It was a foolish idea, I dare say, and, on the whole, I am glad you saw me and brought it with you. You, of course, expect something for your trouble?'

'Yes, I do,' returned Luke with a grin. 'I had a devil of a run to get here afore you, and hard work needs good pay.'

'Well, well, I won't refuse it,' rejoined Sam, pulling out his purse. 'Here's a crown for you, and that is surely good pay for a quarter of an hour's running.'

'Pretty fair,' replied Luke, taking and pocketing the large silver coin which the other held out to him, but when Willox's outstretched hand sought to grasp the packet the tinker drew back again.

'Not so fast, Mister Willox, if you please. I'm paid for the run, but not for the paper. It's of value to you, isn't it?'

'Why, yes, of some value as a family record. That is why I have paid you so liberally for bringing it.'

'Oh, it's a family record, is it? and you were burying it for preservation.'

'Just so—for preservation.'

'Ah; and had it been buried for the same reason when you dug it up at the same place four weeks ago.'

This was a stunner, and Luke grinned again as Sam's face again grew ghastly and horror stricken. By a desperate effort he recovered himself, and extemporized more fiction to meet the new necessity.

'What, you saw me then also, did you?'

'Yes.'

'Oh, the yew tree enclosure must be a regular haunt of yours. You lodge, I daresay, in one of the archways of the old ruin. The fact is, I first buried the paper a considerable time ago, but not feeling sure of its safety I dug it up on that occasion to satisfy myself that it was still there.'

'And when you found it there, why didn't you put it back—why did you take it away and keep it above ground till to-night?' asked Luke, his grin becoming broader and broader.

'To—to put it into a new oilskin covering,' stammered Sam, as he inwardly cursed the tinker's pertinacity.

'Mister Samuel Willox,' said Luke, the grin suddenly giving place to a partly angry, partly contemptuous sneer, 'you are a clever liar and a devilish cunning fellow, but you are no match for me. Listen and you'll quickly know it. When I saw you dig up the paper four weeks ago, that was by accident; but what I saw you do to-night wasn't by accident, for I followed you every foot of the way from Newport.'

Willox started violently.

'You followed me?' he exclaimed.

'I did.'

'And why?'

'Because I have been watching you every day—almost every hour since that first time, and know exactly the game you are playing. I know what this paper is. I know it's the last will of Jonathan Huntly in favor of Lawrence Mayhew and Rachel Carsbrook. I know you have bargained with Mayhew, the millpinner, to keep it secret, because it cuts him out. Does you, I see, I know a good deal. I know you had been hurled to the ground, and was lying there stunned and shaken, with the conviction forced on him that physically he was as weak as a child against this Luke Briar.

'Now, Mister Willox,' said Luke, as he stood over him, 'that will teach you to try no more such tricks with me.—And after that foul turn I've a great mind to deal with young Mayhew in the humanest method of you. Hard—give a deal, I know, to obtain the will.'

'I—I was hasty, Luke,' answered Sam, for the pain and the sense of defeat had quite cowed him, while the tinker's alarming threat showed how necessary for him it was to temporize. 'You—you took me so greatly by surprise that I was angered and acted rashly, but—of course we'll come to terms now that I understand your meaning.'

'Very good. That is talking reasonably at last. Nothing like a good bribe for letting a man see exactly how he stands' and he he should go.'

Sam painfully rose to his feet, rubbing his elbows, the back of his head, and other parts of his body which had sustained injury by the overthrow. His hat, which had rolled off, Luke picked up, and dusting it carefully, handed it to him, but with a mischievous twinkle in his small grey eye, caused by his own easy triumph and the sight of Sam's discomfiture.

'We had better move on to Newport, and talk by the way,' suggested Willox, beginning to limp forward.

'All right, I haven't no time to lose, or I won't catch the last boat, and I haven't no notion of an open air lodging to-night, though you did think I might be roosting under the yews. I've slept in a worse place many a time, but 'tain't just far enough on in the season yet for sky lodging, so I goss in for rattered quarters at present.'

'Now, look here, Briar,' said Sam, whose practical faculty had come uppermost, 'no use for fencing or beating about the bush, so let us come to the point. From what you say I quite understand your object. You have been ferreting in this matter that you might be paid for secrecy.'

'In a word, then, what's your price?'

'Well, I've made up my mind on the point, for you see I knew I was bound to win, and have had time to think of it. It ain't so much, either, as I might fancy.'

'Well, the sum—the sum name it?'

'Easily done. Ten pounds whenever I turn up to seek it, and that I'll engage shall be oftner than once a quarter. I don't mean to give up the tramp, you see, Master Willox. Folks of my kind can't take to living in one place, only I want to have meat, backey, and drink sure without radging for work more than I like, and ten pounds a quarter will do that prime.'

'Ten pounds a quarter—forty pounds a year! Why Luke, that's extortionate.'

'Nothing like what you get from Mayhew for the same thing,' retorted Luke; 'and more than that, Mr. Willox, nothing like what I could force from you if I had a mind. Only I don't want more, for I've no use for it, and it would only bring me into trouble. However, don't agree unless you like, and I go to young Mayhew. Then, in course, your snug pickings are at an end. So good night, Mister Willox, and——'

'No, no. I don't mean that, Luke. I agree to your terms. Of course you swear to be true—you swear to keep the secret?'

'Mum's the word, and when Luke Briar says that 'tis as true as the sun.'

'Then 'tis settled.'

'So be it. Tip me the first ten now if you've got your pocket-book with you.'

'Ah; well, I do happen to have it upon me.'

'Thought so,' remarked Luke. 'I guessed it was it I saw sticking out under your coat. Ah, and a full and fat one it is, too,' he added, as Sam pulled it forth and opened it, not without keeping a suspicious eye on his companion.

'Don't be afraid, sir,' remarked the latter, who noticed and understood the glance. 'I ain't a robber; an umbrella maker on tramp has no use for much money.'

Sam silently counted the first instalment of Luke's subsidy, and handed him the notes, which Luke received with the remark

'Thank you, Mister Willox. I like such a pleasant off-hand way of doing business.'

'Now then, the will,' said Sam, holding up his hand.

'The what?' echoed Luke.

'The will. You hand it up of course.'

'Not if I know it,' cried Luke as he thrust the oilskin back into his bosom.

'Good heaven! you don't mean to keep possession of the will?'

'In course I do, and for the very reason that you wouldn't give it up to Mayhew. I hold it as security.'

'Security for what? I have no reason to destroy it.'

'I know that, but you might take it into your head to destroy it, make Mayhew and make a bargain with the other side, in which case I would be sold.'

'No, Luke, no. That would be the last thing I should think of, or I would have done it at the first. I pledge you my word—swear any oath you chose to impose.'

But Luke cut all solicitations short, answering this servile speech with a mocking laugh. 'I must hurry up,' he said, 'and catch the last boat for Dundee; it mout be nearly due. I shall take good care of the will, you may be sure. Good night, sir.' And he hurried away to the boat landing, leaving Sam greatly agitated and too enraged to know how to act.

CHAPTER XV.

LUKE BRIAR HAS A NIGHT WANDERING AND BEHOLDS A FEARFUL APPARITION.

When Luke Briar rushed away from Sam Willox, it was with the professed object of catching the last boat for Dundee; but he had no such intention. Having run far enough on the road to the pier to be certain that he was out of the other's sight, he suddenly pulled up under the shadow of the high ground opposite the hotel, and a look of alarm amounting to terror came into consternation upon his face as he took from his bosom the oilskin covering which enveloped the will.

Or, rather let us say, that had enveloped it, for, on drawing forth the sheet of stiff white paper which Willox had wrapped round the document for an inner covering, he found it to be empty—the will was not there.

'I was sure of it,' he muttered; 'I knew by the feel that the will wasn't there. Well, there's a business. If I can't find it, I'm done for.'

The absence of the will was easily accounted for. It had dropped out as he ran at headlong speed across the fields to intercept Sam on the highway. It will be remembered that on digging it out of the earth under the yew, where Sam had just buried it, Luke tore open the end of the oil skin to assure himself that it was really the deed; then in haste he thrust it into his bosom and ran off at his swiftest speed, as we have already related. At some point of his way the parchment must have fallen through its covering, for when Luke pulled it up in Sam's sight with such dismaying effect on the latter, he felt by its thinness that the will was gone. This discovery, however, he kept to himself, and through all the interview with Willox on the highway he betrayed no signs of the perturbation which it had secretly caused him.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

About one o'clock on Wednesday morning a fire broke out in a frame house situated in the western suburbs of Ottawa, occupied by a family named Lafleur. The father had not been absent from the city. The mother saved four of the children, but in endeavoring to rescue the fifth, a girl of twelve years, she was overcome by the smoke and flames and was forced from the burning building unconscious and terribly burned, she is not expected to live. Her boy was burned to a cinder in the flames. The fire is thought to be the work of an incendiary. An hour and a half was taken to set fire to Parley A. Patter's lumber yard, at the time, but without success.

War News.

WEDNESDAY.

A Rustchuk despatch, dated Monday, says the entire population are flying into the neighboring villages. Twelve shells have fallen upon the military hospital, five upon the city hospital, and two upon the Orphan Asylum. The patients were seized with panic, and have left their beds. The Turks in return partly destroyed Giurgevo. The Russian battery has been dismounted.

A Vienna correspondent says: On the shore behind Pyrgos three Russian batteries are encamped, with two field battalions and a large mass of cavalry. Ever since Wednesday last dense columns of troops belonging to the new Russian army corps from Kischeneff have been passing through Jassy.

The Turks evacuated and the Russians occupied Hirzova. Up to Monday, 28,000 Russians had crossed the Danube to Ibrail.

In the Hungarian Diet to-day, during the debate on the question of maintaining the integrity of Turkey, Premier Tisza said that Austro-Hungary would not suffer a neighboring territory to be taken by a foreign power.

The London *Standard* publishes a paragraph, in official form, stating that despite the assertions to the contrary, the Government sees no necessity as yet for asking the House to grant a supplementary vote.

THURSDAY.

A formidable insurrection has broken out among the Bulgarians. Russia diplomatically states that the terms of peace are the cession of the Batoum district, the independence of Bulgaria, and the free passage of the straits. The Porte declines.

A Berlin despatch states that the Czar has ordered another army corps from the interior to the lower Danube.

It is reported that the whole bank of the Danube from Herzova to Tuccha is occupied by Russians. It is rumoured that the Russians are also crossing near Sistova.

The bombardment of Rustchuk continues. The Governor of Erzeroum telegraphs "the Russian army, consisting of 5,000 horse, 16 battalions of infantry, and 33 guns attacked our camp at Zewin, with the object of occupying Soghanli. The enemy opened fire from 19 guns in front of the entrenchments of our right wing. In the afternoon the Russian infantry and cavalry attacked our left wing, commanded by Chefket Pasha. The engagement lasted until evening, and resulted in the repulse of the Russians, who, however, recommenced the fight at night to no purpose. The Russians were routed and returned to their fortified camp. The Turks lost 400 killed and wounded; the Russians' loss was 3,000. The Russians are preparing for another attack.

The Turks have advanced in Montenegro to the river Moratscha and burned 1,540 houses on the upper and lower Moratscha, but spared the churches and monasteries. They encountered 5,000 Montenegrins, and after six hours' fighting defeated them with the loss of 1,500. The Turks lost eighty-nine killed and seventy-nine wounded.

At a Council of Ministers yesterday Redif Pasha promised to raise 200,000 more men in two months, provided the Porte furnished the money.

The commandant at Totokran Turkual telegraphs that the enemy established on Tuesday morning three fresh batteries near the mouth of the river Ardibi, and landed four batallions on the islands opposite. Twenty boats with Russians were sent to attack the right bank. A brisk fire was simultaneously opened against Totokran, and the monitor Chefket Nimas. The enemy was vigorously repulsed and forced to evacuate the island. The boats retreated towards Ispalicho, three hours distant from Totokran. The engagement was hotly contested, but the Turkish losses were small.

A Russian official despatch dated Katzsubina, near Batoum, the 25th, says the Turks attacked the right wing of the Samebah position on the 24th. The battle lasted eight and a half hours. The Turks were repulsed with great loss. The Russians lost 150 killed and wounded. Telegrams from Turkish sources report this engagement in quite the reverse manner.

A special from Kupriksi says the affair on the 21st near Delibaba was very severe. The Russians fell back the following morning with heavy loss. The Turks had about 400 killed and wounded. Upwards of 1,000 with undressed wounds are on the road to Erzeroum.

A dispatch from Kustendje, says the Russian cavalry are spreading over the interiore of the Dobrudscha, but the infantry are preparing to evacuate.

General Grant in England

HIS RECEPTION AT THE AMERICAN EMBASSY.

Olive Logan telegraphs to the New York *Herald*, June 7, a full account of the reception held by General Grant at Minister Pierrepont's. She says:—

At the moment of my approach I find the ex-Premier of England, Mr. Gladstone, being presented to the ex-President, and warmly pressing his hand and congratulating him, while the stately and even beautiful Mrs. Gladstone, dressed in a delicate costume of blue and white, with a cluster of fine diamonds setting off the long blue plume in her hair, is discoursing with Mrs. Grant.

Scarcely has the ex-Premier passed on when the imposing head of John Bright, Quaker, reformer, Liberal leader, and out-spoken friend of the Union in its dark days, is seen. Crowned with a wreath of snowy hair which surmounts the massive, cheery face, the head of this man would be notable in any gathering, and is doubly so here, as the grand old Quaker shakes hands with the General.

Hither comes the solemn-faced Earl Derby, without the weights of the Eastern Question on his shoulders; after him the Earl of Shaftsbury, of beneficent doings; and then the Marquis and Marchioness of Westminster, perhaps the richest peer in England; nay, half the peers and peeresses of the realm.

Oh, but for time and space to tell the tale of the gorgeous pageantry which moves before the eyes, now shifting into brilliant groups, now breaking into spots of color, changing and mingling in charming perplexity, but all dazzling the sense not alone by gorgeous tints or subtle tones, but in the added thought that the men and women who give being to the throng are the essence of the wealth, the beauty, and the might of Old England. It is perhaps the most brilliant social episode in the history of the American nation.

General Grant is attired in a plain evening dress, which is conspicuous in its plainness amid the stars, garters, and ribbons worn by many of lesser note; even the Japanese Minister is more gorgeous.

Mrs. Grant wears a toilet of claret colored stamped velvet and cream satin, high-necked and with long sleeves.

Mrs. Pierrepont is clad in an elaborate costume of scarlet and black.

Perhaps the most conspicuous person after General Grant is the Lord Mayor of London, rigged out in the odd paraphernalia of his office, with his long cloak and massive gold chain. It is as good as a feast to see this rosy, good-natured potentate gossiping pleasantly with those presented to him, and not seeming a bit proud, though only to be lord for a twelvemonth—a fact one would imagine enough to stiffen him into the seventh heaven of arrogance. He easily makes his way through the crowd which is so dense that other people have to be motionless; but is he not Lord Mayor—a king sitting where all is money—and High Cockolorum of Temple Bar, through which even the Queen may not pass without his high and mighty permission.

Every one remarks how the General looks. Surrounded by fine specimens of English manhood, through whose sturdy veins courses the bluest blood, the robust form and rosy face of Grant are conspicuous in their healthy appearance. Mr. Gladstone's complexion had the hue of illness when his face was near Grant's, and Mr. Bright's pallor was noticeable.

"He looks like a soldier," said a vis-countess by my side to a right honorable with a scarlet ribbon at his neck.

"