Huron Signal.

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

VOL. XXVII. NO. 11. GODERICH, ONTARIO, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 1, 1874. WHOLE NO. 1415.

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

J. J. BELL,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS—$1.50 per annum, in advance, $2 if credit is given. 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 two cents per line for each subsequent insertion.

Business cards not exceeding 6 lines, $4 per annum, from 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 until forbid, and charged accordingly.

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Eighth "	1 year	12
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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. 1311-ly

John Campbell, M.D., C.M.,
(Graduate of McGill University, Montreal),
SEAFORTH.
OFFICE and residence—One door south of Rollo's hotel, Main street, and opposite McCallum's hotel.
Seaforth, April 23rd, 1873. 1367

G. C. Shannon M.D.
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c., &c., Goderich, Ont. 13:40-ly

DR. McLEAN,
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, CORONER, &c. Office and Residence third door east of Central School

Dr. Cassady,
McGill College
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c., Office, Hamilton Street, Goderich, Ontario. sw102

Ira Lewis
BARRISTER AND ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, AND Solicitor-in-Chancery, County Crown Attorney, Goderich, Ont. Office in Court House.

Cameron & Garrow.
BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY, &c. Office, Market Square Goderich.
M. C. CAMERON w52 J. T. GARROW.

H. L. DOYLE,
BARRISTER AND ATTORNEY, SOLICITOR-in-Chancery, &c., Goderich, Ont. 1357

ELLIOTT & WATSON
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, SOLICITORS, In Chancery. Conveyancers, &c. Crabb's Block, Goderich.
MONEY TO LEND. 1273

Sinclair & Seager
BARRISTERS, &c., Goderich.
J. S. SINCLAIR. CHAS. SEAGER, Jr
Goderich, Dec. 1st, 1871. ly.

W. R. SQUIER.
BARRISTER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, SOLICITOR in Chancery, &c. Goderich, Ont.
Office, Acheson's Block, West Street, Goderich. 1358

P. F. WALKER,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW AND SOLICITOR-IN Chancery, Conveyancer, Notary Public, &c. Office, opposite the Post Office, West Street, Goderich, Ont. 1378-6m

G. CAMPAIGNE
LAW CHANCERY AND CONVEYANCING. Office at Dixie Watson's, Official Assignee.
sw7-tf Goderich, Ont.

Malcomson & Keating,
BARRISTERS, ATTORNEYS, SOLICITORS, &c. &c., Clinton, Ont. w35
MONEY TO LEND.

HUGH HAMILTON
CONVEYANCER AND GENERAL LAND Agent, Crown Lands Office, Goderich, Ont.
Money to Lend. 198

JAMES SMAILL,
ARCHITECT, &c., &c., COURT HOUSE SQUARE Goderich. Plans and Specifications drawn correctly. Carpenters', Plasterers' and Masons' work measured and valued. 1907-ly.

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 AND STABLES,
Newgate Street, Fifth House East of Colborne Hotel.
N. B.—Horses examined as to soundness. 1313

PATENTS
FOR INVENTIONS
EXPEDITIOUSLY & PROPERLY
secured in Canada, the United States and Europe.
PATENT guaranteed or no charge. Send for printed instructions. Agency in operation ten years.
HENRY GHIST,
Ottawa, Canada,
Mechanical Engineer, Solicitor of Patents and Draughtsman.
Feb. 11th 1871. w4-1y—

NOTICE.
MISS BARNES in returning thanks to her friends in Goderich for past patronage, begs to say that she is now prepared to give Lessons on the Pianoforte and Cabinet Organ and in Singing. Residence opposite Mr. Savage's, Colborne St. 1363

CARD.
MISS SKIMMINGS, Teacher of Music on Piano Forte and Organ. Terms as usual in advance. Residence, Stanley Street, Goderich.
January 5th. 1874. 1403

RESTAURANT.
JAMES VIVIAN
HAS RENOVED HIS RESTAURANT TO Acheson's New Block, West Street, where he will be glad to see all his customers and the public generally.
FRUIT, VEGETABLES, OYSTERS, &c., &c. in their season.
HOT AND COLD MEALS AT ALL HOURS.

THE ACADEMY
FOR YOUNG LADIES UNDER THE direction of the Sisters of St. JOSEPH will be re-opened on
WEDNESDAY Jan. 7th 1874.
TERMS

Tuition per quarter	$3 00
Music, Instrumental	7 00
" Vocal	5 00
Guitar	5 00
French	2 00
Drawing	4 00

Payment quarterly and in advance. Plain and ornamental needle-work do not form extra charges to pupils.
Jan. 6th 1874. 1403-6m

Meetings.

GODERICH LODGE NO. 33
G.R.C., A.F. & A.M.
THE REGULAR COMMUNICATION is held on the first Wednesday of each month at 7.30 p. m. Visiting brethren cordially invited.
W. DICKSON, Sec.
Goderich, 4th May, 1871. sw73-1y

Hotels.

BRITISH EXCHANGE HOTEL,
MARKET SQUARE GODERICH.
CAPT. W. COX, - PROPRIETOR
LATE OF THE HURON HOTEL.
A continuance of the favor and support of the Commercial and Travelling public that was accorded before the fire, respectfully solicited. 1334

Money to Lend.

$25,000
TO Loan on Farm or Town property at 7 per cent. Apply to
G. CAMPAIGNE, Solicitor, &c.,
Oct. 30th, 1871 41tf Goderich.

MONEY TO LEND.
ON IMPROVED FARM PROperty, at 8 per cent simple interest per annum. Apply to
SAMUEL SLOAN,
Colborne Hotel.
Goderich, 8th Oct., 1872. 1338

MONEY TO LOAN
AT LOW RATES OF INTEREST.
FREEHOLD Permanent Building and Savings Society of Toronto.
For particulars apply to
A. M. ROSS.
Agent at Goderich.
Secretary and Treasurer,
CHAS. ROBERTON,
Toronto. 1343.

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 favourable terms of repayment, payable by yearly instalments; rate of expenses will defy competition.
HORACE 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. 30th 1870. w36-1y.

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 demurrer. 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

ANCHOR LINE.
STEAMERS FROM NEW YORK EVERY TUESDAY, THURSDAY AND SATURDAY.
PASSENGER ACCOMODATION UNSURPASSED
Rates of Passage from Sun, Bridge or Buffalo to Glasgow, Liverpool, Londonderry, Queenstown or Belfast: Cabins $65, $75 and $80 Gold, according to location. Intermediate $29; Steerage $24
DRAFTS ISSUED AT LOWEST RATES.
For passage or further information, Apply to
HENDERSON BROTHERS,
7 Bowling Green N. Y.
Or their Agent MRS. E. WARNOCK,
1419 Goderich.

ALLAN LINE.
STEAM TO
Liverpool, Londonderry and Glasgow
EVERY SATURDAY from PORTLAND during winter and from QUEBEC in summer.
NOTICE TO PERSONS WISHING TO SEND FOR THEIR FRIENDS.
PERSONS wishing to send for their friends can obtain Passage Certificates at lowest rates. The tickets are good for one year and the amount is refunded, less a small deduction, if not used.
REMEMBER.
Passengers by the ALLAN LINE are landed direct from the Steamships on to the Grand Trunk Wharves at South Quebec and Portland, and are forwarded on at once to destination. By this arrangement passengers avoid all incidental expenses and moving of Baggage.
The first Steamer for Quebec will leave Liverpool on 16th April.
For Tickets and every information apply to
P. H. CARTER,
1414 3m Grand Trunk Station, Goderich.

GODERICH AGENCY
OF THE
Trust and Loan Company of
CANADA.
Incorporated by Royal Charter.
CAPITAL—ONE MILLION POUNDS STERLING.
Funds for Investment.
LOANS made on the Security of approved Farm Lands or Town Property for periods of Five years or to suit the convenience of Borrowers, and either repayable at expiry of time or by annual instalments. Payments in reduction of Loans will be accepted at any time on favorable terms.
☞ Approved Mortgages purchased.
G. M. TRUEMAN,
Agent
1317 rbst Sqa c. Goderich

NEW CONVEYANCING & LOAN
Agency Office, Blyth.
W. H. G. COLLES,
Conveyancer, Solicitor in Chancery, and Attorney of the Law and Equity Courts of Ireland, Genealogist, Land, Loan and Estate Agent, Law, Life and Fire Insurance, and General Agent.
Has opened an office in Blyth, at the late residence of Dr. Hutchinson, next door south of the Registry Office. Deeds, Wills, Mortgages, &c., carefully prepared; Titles and claims to Irish Estates investigated, and Law Business in Ireland transacted in connection with a First-Class Dublin Firm. Genealogies Traced and Pedigrees prepared; Forty Years Experience in Genealogical Money to Loan—private funds, and for Public Companies. Debts collected. Notes protested and collected.
☞ Office next house south of Registry Office. 1347

ARE YOU SICK?

IF SUCH IS THE CASE CALL ON
J. BOND,
PHARMACEUTICAL CHEMIST, of 26 years Practice, where thousands have been relieved of various diseases incidental to the constitution.
NOTED FOR PURE DRUGS.
SIGN OF THE RED MORTAR,
East Side Market Square.
GODERICH.
Where you can get Pure Drugs and Chemicals compounded by a first-class Chemist. Open night and day. A large and well selected stock arriving weekly from European and American markets, viz:

Drugs,	Patent Medicines,
Sponges,	Shoulder Braces,
Trusses,	Sea Salt for Baths,
Perfumery,	Hair Oils,
Essences, assorted,	Hair Brushes,
Tooth Brushes,	Combs, &c., &c.

A LARGE LOT OF
DYE STUFFS FRESH AND GOOD.
The Medicine prepared by J. Bond for purifying the blood far surpasses all other preparations.
Bond's Tonic Bitters,
For Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Palpitation of the Heart, Indigestion, Constipation, Headache, Bilious Diseases, &c., &c., still maintains its superior reputation above all others, both in Ontario and the United States.
A Call is respectfully solicited.
Goderich, March 2nd, 1874. 1411

THE
Very Thing Wanted
NEW HARDWARE STORE
In GODERICH
OPPOSITE MARKET HOUSE
SIGN OF THE CIRCULAR SAW
THE SUBSCRIBERS BEG TO SAY THAT THEY have just completed opening out an Entire New and
COMPLETE STOCK OF
HARDWARE.
of all kinds which will be sold at prices that defy competition. Before purchasing elsewhere, Please give us a call.
B.—List of Goods sold, next week
G. H. PARSONS & CO
Opposite The Market House
Goderich, June 23rd 1873.

DOMINION
CARRIAGE WORKS.

R. J. WHITELY
BEGS TO THANK THE PUBLIC for the liberal patronage accorded him in the past and to announce that he still carries on Carriage and Sleigh making in all its branches, at the old stand, opposite E. Martin's Colborne Hotel. Carriages Buggies, Waggons, and everything else in his line kept on hand or made to order of the best material and in the most workmanlike manner.
REPAIRING PROMPTLY EXECUTED.
Goderich, 25th Feb. 1873. 1358

HURON CARRIAGE WORKS,
HAMILTON STREET, GODERICH.

KNOX & ROTHWELL
Beg to inform the public that they are in a position to fill all orders with which they may be entrusted, in a style which cannot be surpassed in the County. The vehicles turned out of their establishment are finished in a very superior style, and will bear comparison with any.
ORDERS SOLICITED.
Goderich, 16th Feb. 1874. 1709

OPENED OUT AGAIN.

DOUGLAS McKENZIE
Watchmaker & Jeweller,
DESIRES to return his sincere thanks to the public for the patronage extended him in the past, and to announce that he has removed to the new premises in Acheson's Block, West Street, Goderich. He will call specially attention to the
RUSSELL WATCH
For the sale of which he is the sole agent, in Goderich. A large stock of Watches, Clocks, Rings and Pins, Watch Guards in Gold and Silver cases, Rings and Pins. He has also a large and well selected stock of
JEWELLERY
of all kinds which he will sell cheap.
REPAIRING DONE AS USUAL.
A CALL SOLICITED.
D. McKENZIE.
Goderich, November 11th 1872. 1365

Dr. S. S. Fitch's Family Physician
Containing descriptions of Diseases and rules for their treatment, will be sent by mail, free of all charge, to any one sending their address to
714 Broadway, New York.

Poetry.

Suppose.

Suppose, my little lady,
Your doll should break her head,
Could you make it whole by crying
Till your eyes and nose were red?
And would it not be pleasanter
To treat it as a joke,
And say you're glad "Twas Dolly's,
And not your head that broke?"

Suppose you're dressed for walking,
And the rain comes pouring down,
Will it clear off any sooner
Because you scold and frown?
And wouldn't it be nicer
For you to smile than pout,
And so make sunshine in the house
When there is none without?

Suppose your task, my little man,
Is very hard to get,
Will it make it any easier
For you to sit and fret?
And wouldn't it be wiser
Than waiting like a dunce,
To go to work in earnest
And learn the thing at once?

Suppose that some boys have a horse,
And some a coach and pair,
Will it tire you less while walking
To say, "It isn't fair?"
And wouldn't it be nobler
To keep your temper sweet,
And in your heart be thankful
You can walk upon your feet?

And suppose the world don't please you,
Nor the way some people do,
Do you think the whole creation
Will be altered just for you?
And isn't it, my boy or girl,
The wisest, bravest plan,
Whatever comes or doesn't come,
To do the best you can?

Watchwords of Life.

Hope,
While there's a hand to strike!
Dare,
While there's a young heart brave!
Toil,
While there's a task unwrought!
Trust,
While there's a God to save!
Learn,
That there's a work for each!
Feel,
That there's a strength in God!
Know,
That there's a crown reserved!
Wait,
Though 'neath cloud and rod!
Love,
When there's a foe that wrongs!
Help,
When there's a brother's need!
Watch,
When there's a tempter near!
Pray,
Both in word and deed!

KATIE'S LANTERN.

Truth to tell, the comfortable, old-fashioned farm-house, at the foot of the narrow and rocky ledge, had a most picturesque position. Away to the southward wound and smiled the fertile valley, a goodly proportion of whose acres appertained to Grandfather Crowninshield, and along the edge thereof swept the curves of the railway, after what seemed its birth in the clover ledge so very near Katie Crowninshield's home. As for Katie herself, with her sweet fresh face, and her merry brown eyes, the little valley and her nestling home were all the world to her—ah, indeed, that she had ever known, for she had been but a wee thing when Grandfather and Grandmother Crowninshield became father and mother to her, in place of those whose faces she could hardly now remember. Neither did it ever occur to her that she was in any sense an heiress, for she seemed rather to belong to the valley than the valley to her; while the idea if anything had brought it to her mind, that her good old grandparents were not to live forever, would have turned the brightest June day to the gloomiest December.

But, in these latter years, one great entity had painfully struggled into Katie's world, with an apparent mission to unite the valley with that great unknown, which lay beyond the hills and ledges. Katie had seen the ragged rift cloven in the granite wall, watching it curiously from door or window, and listening for the dull reports of the blasting charges, until the barrier was pierced and the railway crept out and found its way down through the valley; and, ever since the trains began to run, she had connected with them the idea of a life that was almost human. She had waved her handkerchief enthusiastically to the very first train, and had been liberally responded to by passengers and conductor; and, although she had been then a little girl and was now a young lady, she never yet dreamed of any unmaidenly boldness in giving the same white signal of welcome, at times, when the great railway mystery came rushing out of the clover wall. There was one train in particular to which Katie's attentions were at last pretty well restricted—a through express that went by at eight o'clock in the morning, and at eight o'clock at night. With the latter, for a very long time, Katie had felt no sort of sympathy, since it could, as she thought, neither see nor acknowledge courteous greetings, while from the former, just as easily as her own dainty "good morning!" fluttered above the garden gate, so certainly would there be a fleeting flash of white to answer her from the platform of one of the cars, or even from the engine itself, for that, too, happened. And Katie knew very well that, in these latter days, at least, her answer had always come from the same hand. A tall, erect, manly fellow he was, dressed in dark blue cloth; and Katie had been well aware, for a good while, that he was the conductor of the train, but she had never yet been near enough to speak to him, or get any clearer notion of his face and its meaning than might be given her in those swift but almost daily glimpses. When or how he found his way back to the beginning of his perpetual journey, was a question that Katie never asked even of herself. It was enough that every morning the swift train brought him out of the unknown country beyond the hills, and added a something, that has grown to be very pleasant, to the peace and the quiet of her day.

There was something very noteworthy even to railway men, about the manner in which the road broke in upon the valley. A deep cut, a sharp curve, and a heavy down grade, combined to make the precise point where the conductor had learned to look for Katie's greeting an interesting one; and her white handkerchief may even have seemed to wave a species of congratulation at his repeated safe passage of what might at any time have shaped itself into a danger.

Be that as it may, the "cut" had brought to Katie Crowninshield, among other results, a shorter and easier path to the home of her aunt, her mother's sister, who lived just a little way beyond the ledge, and who was never satisfied if too many days passed by without bringing the sunlight of Katie's face across her threshold. And as Katie had gone and returned, many and many a time, by the narrow path between the granite walls.—She had learned to walk the rails like a rope dancer, and she knew the time of every train too well, as she often told Aunt Betsy, never to get herself caught in the cut. Even if she should, she said, there were ever so many places where she could clamber up on the rocks at the side, and be entirely safe. Nobody in that peaceful region dreamed of fear at being "out after dark;" and again and again had good Aunt Betsy detained her pet until night had fallen, although her only company homeward was her little star of a lantern. It was a neat little lantern with a sort of piquant and winning character of its own, like everything else that belonged to Katie Crowninshield, and she herself was half inclined to make a confidant of it.

In fact, Katie's lantern found its own occasion for putting on almost the semblance of a personal friend. There came a day when Katie's handkerchief fluttered in vain, and then another, when even the reply she received from the train convinced her that there had been a change of some kind, and that she would receive no more signals from the same hand. It was odd enough, but her long accustomed bit of morning pleasure seemed suddenly turned into something childish and uninteresting, a worn-out amusement that it was time to put aside with her discarded dolls. And so she sadly prepared to give it up, in the first fit of genuine blues she had ever indulged in; but, a few evenings afterwards she lingered at the garden-gate a little, after her return from Aunt Betsy's, to see the night-express go flashing by. It was a grand sight when it came, incomparably more interesting and mysterious in the darkness than ever in the day, and Katie wondered she had never thought so before; but she almost unconsciously raised her little lantern, and swung it around her head as she had used to wave her handkerchief.

Could she believe her eyes?

She almost refused to give them any faith at first, but then there followed a quick flush in her cheek and a warm glow at her heart; for she was sure there had been an answering light, and she could almost picture a tall form in dark blue clothing, standing on the platform between two of the cars.

She knew very little of railway matters, but was not so dull as to think that there was any special mystery in a change of trains by a conductor. She did not let Grandfather and Grandmother Crowninshield see her, however, the next evening when she again crept out to the gate, almost smothering her little lantern; for she had a half fluttering sort of dread that this second experiment might fail.

Fail? No; the greeting from the train was as ready as was Katie's own "good evening," and the little lantern was likely thenceforth to be the very foremost of prime favorites with its mistress. And now, while the October days grew cooler and the glorious evenings longer, Grandmother Crowninshield began to grumble a little at the disposition her darling evinced to pay so many visits to Aunt Betsy.

"It's a long walk for you, child," she said; and it's through the cut, too. What if a railway train should come along before she could get out?"

"O grandmama, that will never happen," laughed Katie; "the railroad and I are very good friends."

"You output to be," said grandmother. "I never saw a living being care more for a dumb thing than you're always done for that there train."

But grandmother was nearer right than Katie; for only a night or so after that—it must have been that Aunt Betsey's clock was slow—for Katie was in the very middle of the cut when her ears were suddenly filled with the shriek and roar with which the train flashed in at the upper end.

Her heart beat quickly for a moment, but not with fear, as she sprang lightly upon a projecting rock that she had often before noted as an available perch, she gathered her fluttering dress more closely about her and exclaimed:

"There, I'm safe enough; but to think of it's coming so near!"

Near enough indeed; and Katie leaned hard against the crag behind her, for it seemed as if she could feel the breath of the iron monster on her cheek. In one hand she clutched more tightly the folds of her shawl, and in the other she raised her lantern, as if the feeble star could be of some protection, and then her grasp of it grew suddenly very tight indeed, for, leaning out a little from the platform of the car, and looking forward, as if anxious for the train to clear the cut, stood, a tall, handsome bearded man in dark blue clothes, with a lantern in his hand, and his eager, watching, expectant face came so very close to her own!

It was like a flash of lightning; but Katie knew the face, and she knew also that she herself had been seen, and she even marked the swift paling of the bronzed visage as it recognized her, and then swept on into the darkness beyond.

"He was afraid I would be hurt," she thought; and then she said aloud: "But he must have seen how safe I was up here on the rock. I don't believe he swung his lantern at our garden gate to-night."

Katie did not even relate her adventure to her grandmother, and on her next visit to her Aunt Betsey's she was careful to come away in time.

"I don't want to get home so very much too early," she said to herself as she finished her visit and hurried her departure, "but I don't like being caught in the cut at all. I'm glad I'm so sure not to meet anybody. I believe I'd want to hide away from a stranger to-night, almost as much as from a railway train."

It was, indeed, an unusually dark and gloomy night, but Katie was destined to be disappointed in her hope of getting through the cut without seeing anybody. As has been said, the granite ledge had necessarily been pierced in a curved line, so that no one standing at one end of the cut, moderate as were its dimensions, could see more than half way through.

Aunt Betsey's house was some little distance from the upper entrance, and the approach of the latter was gloomy enough that night, even for one who knew every inch of the way as well as Katie did; but her little lantern shone out cheerily against its bright reflector, throwing its radiance ahead, as if it were trying to tell her; "There, dear, that's it; don't be afraid, I'll show you the track!" But Katie remembered just then that it was getting later every minute, and she tripped briskly into the cut, wondering why the lantern light should make it look so strangely high and narrow. She had not gone far, however, before the granite walls brought to her ears all the way from the end around the curve, as if the cut had been a speaking tube, the sound of voices, and Katie could not make out more than a word here and there, but there was something about it all that startled and frightened her. At first she was half inclined to turn and make the best of her way back to Aunt Betsey's; but that seemed foolish, and Katie was a courageous little soul. She hid her lantern under her shawl, however, and stepped lightly and briskly forward, trying to remember if there were not some rock or hollow where she would be safe from the train. She did not think of or find any such place, and, after all, the persons whose voices troubled her were not in the cut, nor were they coming to meet her. She was very nearly through herself before she could make out what it all meant; but as she paused in the deep shadows of the rocks and peered timidly out toward the low, dull and muffled sounds, with which the voices were no longer mingled a broad, quick gleam, as from a lantern suddenly shaded or extinguished, shot across the track not many yards below, and then all was darkness and silence.

But that one moment of illumination had revealed the most extraordinary things to the keen, excited vision of Katie Crowninshield.

There were men, three or four, she could not say how many, but rough, fierce, wild and anxious looking, and before them on the railroad track, from which the rails had been pried away just there, was a confused heap of heavy granite boulders and fragments. Katie understood it as clearly as if those men had taken her into their confidence, and had told her in words.

It was a plot to wreck the train!

No matter why—whether for revenge or plunder, or in the utter malignity of their souls—Katie never paused so much as to ask herself a question, but turned and fled back through the cut as for life or death, for both were with her, side by side, and hurrying step by step. She had no thought or dread that the wreckers had seen her or would follow. Neither was it at all likely; but Katie's brain was too full of her purpose to admit a thought of self, and she held out her lantern fearlessly enough now, that she might be doubly sure of her footing on the ties and gravel.

And now she was out in the open air, beyond the upper entrance, and she could see the peaceful light still shining from Aunt Betsey's window. But there was no time to go there for help.

The train must be so very near!

Katie did for a moment think of kindling a bright fire on the track, but that would take too long, and the great ruin horror would come before even a small faggot would be well ablaze.

"There's nothing but my own little lantern," almost sobbed poor Katie, "Maybe he will know it when he sees it, but he must be warned before he reaches the cut."

The lantern shone like a frosty little star, determined to be seen as Katie sprang forward up the track. She had not far to go, for the train was ahead of time that night instead of being behind, as would have been more desirable under the circumstances. Never had anything appeared to Katie Crowninshield more suddenly than did the great glaring eyes of the locomotive head-light that now glowed upon her out of the overshadowing night, and her lantern seemed instantaneously vanished.

"It is so small," she cried in agony, "and he will never see it."

Nevertheless, on a low mound of earth and stones, close by the side of the track, Katie took her post of charity and danger, and swung her little lantern frantically to and fro, while she now tried to make her sweet girlish voice heard through the rear and clamor of the rushing train.

On came the railway giant, tugging with him his precious freight of human life, and it flashed upon Katie Crowninshield's mind what an awful capacity for suffering the train might have on board. On, with the great glare and the all-absorbing torrent of sound, and almost before Katie knew it, the object of her hope and fear had dashed ruthlessly past her, and was quickly swallowed up from her sight in the rocky jaws of the deep cut. With a cry of grief and disappointment on her lips, and a strange thrill of pain at her heart, the poor girl sank upon the ground and buried her face in her hands, while the little lantern dropped neglected beside her.

Only for one brief instant, however, did Katie yield to the terror and trouble of it, for in another she had picked up her starry friend, sprang to her feet and darted away from the railroad track toward the cut. She was light of foot as any fawn, and there were sad wings to her speed, but it seemed to her as if she should never get through the cut. She paused a moment when the lower end was reached, to gather breadth, and to brush the salt mist from her eyes before she looked upon the awful scenes she knew must be prepared for her.

And then—why, there was the train, the rear car rising close in front of her, while two others (and there were but few of them that night) stood all erect upon their wheels beyond—not all upon the track, to be sure, but all apparently safe—all except one dark mass, whose polished metal glittered in the varying lights that flashed upon it, and whose hoarse throat screamed angrily with the escaping steam, for the locomotive had come to grief pretty decidedly among the granite boulders that were heaped on the track by the fiends who had planned the wreck. The passengers were swarming out of the cars, and none of them seemed to be hurt at all, nor did Katie hear the sound that told her of pain as she swiftly threaded her way among and past them. She had caught a glimpse of a group away beyond even the shattered locomotive however, which forbade her lingering even for a single instant. Right down toward her own garden-gate, four men were carrying a heavy burden, and others were following, and Katie heard them say, as she darted by—

"Who is it?"

"Why, it's the conductor. He was thrown from the platform of the forward car."

"Is he killed?"

"They say so. Nobody else was hurt. He was a splendid fellow."

A tall, handsome, bearded man, in dark blue clothing, but his face was ghastly pale when they laid him upon Grandfather Crowninshield's own bed, and the surgeon, who had been among the passengers, bent gloomily over him.

"Head all right," muttered the man of science. "Only a cut or so. Ah, there's a rib, two of 'em, and his left arm below the elbow. Struck the ground so, that's clear, and the other bones are likely to be all right. Must have been leaning out to look ahead, I should say—hallo, what's that light on his face?"

The light in the room, what with the crowd and the country candles, had been none of the brightest, but just at that moment a clear, golden gleam was poured down on the face of the injured man, and slowly, as if the radiance itself had awakened him, he opened his eyes and looked dreamily about him.

The surgeon heard a sigh that was half a sob close behind him, and looked up to see that that and the sudden light came from Katie and her lantern, but just then the questioning eyes of the wounded conductor fell upon her face, and he exclaimed, faintly but earnestly:

"I knew it was you. There was hardly room to stop the train in, but we'd have gone all to pieces if it hadn't been for you and your light. You've saved them all. God bless you!"

And so Katie Crowninshield suddenly found herself a heroine, with a swarm of grateful people around her, very much to her discomfort. They would have made her a present if she had allowed them, but the only really welcome words she heard from any one were those of the surgeon:

"What, killed? A man like him!—nonsense! He'll carry his arm in a sling for a month or so, but he'll be up again in a fortnight."

Of course no time was lost in repairing the track, and in forwarding the passengers, and a few hours only saw the old farm house as quiet and peaceful looking as ever. Even the surgeon had done his work and gone. The engine lay battered among the boulders, where it had forced its wilful way. The conductor lay still on Grandfather Crowninshield's bed, and the fitful slumbers the surgeon's opiate gave him were starry with signals that white fingers held up before his dreaming eyes. As for Katie and her lantern, the latter had fairly burned itself out, and was asleep on the table in Katie's own room, and she herself had by no means comprehended as yet the happy consequences of her railway signalling. It was very much like a dream to her, for Katie was no prophetess, nor could even her lantern throw any light on the future. She could not see, just then, and yet the days that followed brought it all to pass, that neither she herself nor Grandfather and Grandmother Crowninshield, would consent to any more railroading or signalling. It was much better indeed, they all declared, nor did he himself pretend to deny it, that Katie's husband should farm broad acres of the fertile valley, than that he should be at the mercy of train wreckers and wayside lanterns. And when the question was decided to her liking, such a hug and kiss was that which Katie Crowninshield gave—

To whom?

Why, to her lantern, of course.

The Railway Bridge at the Falls.

The Railway Suspension Bridge below the Niagara Falls has long been pointed to as a wonder of mechanical and engineering art. At the time of its construction the suspension principle was the only one that could be adopted for bridging the chasm, but since that time, now twenty years since, such improvements have been made in the arts of iron casting and welding as to render it possible to construct a rigid iron bridge over the boiling waters of the Niagara River. Besides, the traffic on the main line of the Great Western has accumulated to such an extent that the single track across the bridge does not offer sufficient facility for the business that presents itself, which is circumscribed still farther by the fact that it is not deemed to be prudent to pass more than six cars and a locomotive over the bridge at one time. Hence, long trains have to be broken up in parts, and a large amount of time lost in thus passing the rolling-stock in detachments over the suspended wire rope structure. The idea of building an iron and stone bridge of sufficient breadth to admit of a double track has been for some time broached, and on Thursday Mr. Keunedy, Chief Engineer of the Great Western, in company with the celebrated railway engineer, Mr. Clark, made a professional examination of the river and its banks with the view to prepare plans for the erection of the proposed structure. It is believed that the plan that is likely to commend itself is to construct an immense stone arch, built up from the level of the river, the keystones of which will consist of solid blocks of welded iron, in order to resist the crushing influence which the weight of such an arch would throw upon the crown of it. The arch once got into position a trestle-work bridge of iron would be constructed from either bank to the centre, the whole forming a permanent rigid structure sufficient to accommodate an immense amount of traffic, and enabling the trains to be worked over without resorting to the detachment expedient. The plan is a daring one, for the span would be one of very great extent. Nor would it be possible, we apprehend, in the absence of the iron key-stone expedient, which promises to retain in position the immense blocks of stone-work that would press against it from either side. The span of the present bridge if 821 feet, and it hangs at a height of 254 feet, above the river. It is sustained by strands composed of 14,560 ropes of iron wire, firmly attached to the virgin rock, after passing over four towers of great strength. It has been calculated that the strength of the bridge is equal to a strain of 12,000 tons, but care has always been taken to keep the load upon it down to a minimum point. Since its completion, in 1855, a gang of men has been constantly engaged upon it in tightening up the bolt-nuts, examining the wires and keeping the whole well painted, so as to prevent corrosion from the effects of the atmophere and the spray from the Falls, which is carried down by the wind. Recent examinations have showed that the whole is in as good condition, so far as the eye can detect, as it was upon the first day of its erection, while the tests to which it has been subjected during the last nineteen years have grounded the public faith in its complete security. But there is a theory afloat that the particles of iron undergo in the course of time, a "molecular change," by which the original strength becomes greatly impaired, and which has sometimes led to disaster. At what particular period this action presents itself to such a degree as to impair the cohesive or attractive forces of the particles is not decided, as it varies according to varying conditions, arising from the quality of the iron, the method of its manufacture, and, possibly from magnetic influences, which are but imperfectly understood. If considerations of this kind have been at work to suggest the construction of a solid railway bridge at the Falls, the indication would be that the Great Western Company are looking to the safety of the public as well as to their own interests in anticipating any such natural action which time may, at some future but indefinite period, bring about. The cost of the bridge now under consideration would be small compared with that of the existing Suspension Bridge, which is undoubtedly the finest one of its kind in the world. The public will await with great interest further developments in this matter, but will draw the conclusion from what is going on, that the Great Western anticipates an immense additional traffic over their main line, and will putforth all necessary exertions in order to accommodate it.—*London Free Press.*

The Five Great Lakes.

The following interesting statistics are from an elaborate report upon the great lakes, compiled by Mr. D. Farrand Henry of Detroit:—

"The length of Lake Superior on a curved line is 400 miles; greatest breadth 150 miles; area, 38,875 square miles; area of water-shed, 51,630 square miles; discharge at outlet, 90,783 cubic feet per second; length of coast line, 1,700 miles; temperature of surface water in summer, 50 to 55 deg. Fahrenheit; of the water below 200 feet, 39 deg.; deepest soundings, 1,014 feet; elevation of its surface above the sea, 600 feet. The length of Lake Michigan is 360 miles; greatest breadth—from Milwaukee to Grand Haven—84 miles; area, 20,838 square miles; area of water-shed, 36,078 square miles; deepest sounding, 870 feet; elevation of surface, 578 feet. Lake Huron's length is 250 miles; greatest breadth, 100 miles; area, 20,383 square miles; area of water shed, 21,712 square miles; discharge at outlet, 253,726 cubic feet per second; deepest sounding, 702 feet; elevation of surface, 578 feet. Lake Erie—Length, 240 miles; greatest breadth, 60 miles; area, 9,522 square miles; area of water-shed, 21,371 square miles; discharge at outlet, 242,894 cubic feet per second; deepest sounding, 204 feet; elevation of surface above the sea, 565 feet. Lake Ontario—Length, 180 miles; greatest breadth, 55 miles; area, 7,181 square miles; and of water shed, 21,587 square miles; discharge at outlet, 325,509 cubic feet per second; greatest depth, about 600 feet; elevation of surface above the sea, 232 feet. The grand total of the lakes (including several smaller lakes) is 103,631 square miles; of the water-sheds, 175,571 square miles, showing that our lakes constitute about one-third of all the fresh water on the globe."

CANADA.

A return shows that $13,000,000 are used in banking operations in Halifax.

Laborers are getting only sixty cents a day, and mechanics