Huron Signal.

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A TERRIBLE NIGHT.

Thrilling Experience of a Detroit Girl —Lashed to the Rudworks of the Sinking Propeller Kentucky.

(From the Detroit Free Press.)

Among the passengers who arrived on Saturday night from Lake Huron was Miss Belle Johnson, principal saleslady in the crockery establishment of Thayer, Hanley & Co., of this city. She was visited on Monday by a representative of the *Free Press*, to whom she gave the following description of her experience on the ill-fated Kentucky:

"After leaving Bay City we had much heavy weather and had become rather accustomed to the tossing of the boat. Thursday night no change was observed and the lady passengers, myself among the number, collected in the after-cabin to listen to the stories of several Southern ladies, refugees from the fever epidemic, who had chosen the lake as a safe resort. I was standing within three feet of my state-room when the conversation was ended by a terrible crash which threw me headlong across the cabin. The other ladies were crowded in a corner, but was being able to speak. For some minutes no one moved, and I only heard an occasional prayer above the hoarse roar. One lady, like myself, had had experience in similar emergencies, and we with difficulty gained the deck. The night was very dark, and nothing could be seen except the lighthouse beacon, several miles away. Our steam whistle had been sounding signals of distress, but as the water dashed over the engine fire they were put out, and the only signal on board gradually died to a moan, and then failed quite. We looked for torches, but there were none on board. Our lamps had been dashed out, and we were left groping about in the darkness. Captain McGregor had been sick in bed, but I could distinguish him on deck, giving directions for the launching of a boat which was to make an attempt at landing in order to secure assistance. The boat was in the water but a minute, and then I knew by the screams I heard that it had gone over.

"We passed the night in this way, comforting each other, and assisting thirsty ones as we could. The male passengers on board had secured their life preservers and sat with them on all night, but the women had given everything up, and I refused to put one on, thinking it would only prolong my suffering. Early on Friday morning the steward came below, and insisted upon buckling on the preserver. It seemed like getting into my coffin, for I had said my last prayer and was ready. After securing the belts we were led to the upper deck, and as the boat threatened to part every minute, we were lashed, one by one, to the outer bulwarks. Whenever the sea poured over me the ropes held me fast, and I sat tied there three hours looking into the water, and wishing I could go down and have it ended.

"The captain passed by and with his glass I could see some of our men clinging to the foot of a perpendicular cliff about forty feet in height. They had drifted ashore the night before when the small boat was swamped. I also saw the life boat being launched, and the crowd of men hurrying up and down the shore as though bewildered. The life-saving boat could be seen an instant, then it would sink in the trough of the sea, and we thought it was lost. It gradually neared us, and a line was thrown out and secured by Captain Kish. Then two men were seen climbing out on the ropes and through the water toward our boat. It took them a long time, but they were at last on board, and knew how to direct our efforts for safety. Through their management the boats came near by, and we were hauled on board and then taken to land. Not until I stood on solid ground could I think that it was possible for me to escape death.

"The greatest praise is due the men in the life-boat. I visited their station on Saturday, and found the road over which they carried their boat rough and sandy. As it was about five miles from the propeller's wreck, it seemed marvellous that they could reach her at all."

SAVED BY PRAYER.

Remarkable Letter by Capt. Carey.

Capt. Carey, whose action when the Prince Imperial was killed in Zululand caused so much fuss, sends the following remarkable letter to the *Christian*:

SOUTHSEA, Aug. 25, 1879.

MY DEAR SIR,—May I ask you to kindly insert a request for prayer on my behalf in the next number of your journal. Since the first moment of my arrest I took the whole matter to my heavenly Father. I left it in His hands, reminding Him constantly of His promise to help. He has borne my burden for me. He has sustained me, my wife and family in our distress, and he has finally wiped away tears from our eyes. There were certain circumstances at first that it seemed, owing to the bewildered statement of the survivors, difficult to explain; but though my faith wavered His promises endured, and He in His good time brought me to the haven where I would be. I feel that it would be wrong to keep from my fellow believers such a wonderful example of God's goodness and power in influencing the hearts of men; and, though I hate publicity, I feel compelled to add my testimony to the power of prayer. Believe me, my dear sir, yours very faithfully,

BARRYTON CAREY,
Captain, 98th Regiment.

Table Decorations.

Table decorations are among the many matters in which the lady of the nineteenth century has asserted herself. As by degrees we weaned ourselves from the old fashioned plan of having the dishes on the table, so the ornamentation of the dinner table has gone on improving, and the tint, glasses and china receptacles have gained a beauty of design. Now quite a new notion is asserting itself, says the *London Queen*. We are beginning, at all events in appearance, to banish most of these ornamental aids, and lay our decoration on the table itself. It has taken us some time, but we have at last reconciled ourselves to the idea that it is not essential to have a large expanse of white cloth before us; and one or two housewives, more daring than the rest, have superseded them, using in their place Turkey red twill bordered with lace, on which a service of pure white sopashagen china, and an unglazing line of winter roses and green leaves carried round the table, between the dessert dishes and the plates of the company, are seen to perfection. I have come across during the year many varieties of colored dinner cloths. Pink and holland colored damasks, fringed, have found some favor; so have white, with a red, blue or pink damask upon them; and colored fringes and lace have been introduced on to white cloths. At one house, famous for the mediæval character of its decorations, a woven woollen fabric, copied from some old Italian model, was used to change with some Florentine silk damask of the fifteenth century, and some old English linen covered with white embroidery, the design reminding me too much of an altar cloth, recalling a portion of the orphy of the famous Syon cope illustrated among the South Kensington art treasures. There are two prominent features in the present fashion of table decorations. Everything is low, and there is a uniformity of color, white and green carrying off the palm.

"In Yokohama," writes a missionary, "I was surprised at seeing a native in European dress, with bright metallic buttons, harnessed to an elegant two-wheeled carriage; he politely offered his services. He was a gurrickshaw, performing a double function, that of horse and driver. It was disagreeable to me to employ a fellowman in an equine capacity; but I could not help it, for in Yokohama as well as in Tookio and Yeddo, there was not to be found a single horse with driver. In the capital of Japan, I am told, the number of gurrickshas is about 80,000. Among them are persons belonging to the nobility (samuary), whom poverty has reduced to this industry. Palanquins, which were formerly used, are not now seen. The Government has a monopoly of the gurrickshas, and a great deal of money is spent for the invention and improvement of the lightest carriage. Happily for the gurrickshaw, the streets of the Japanese cities are very smooth, and the wheeling of a light carriage is apparently not hard. As a rule, but one person is seated in the carriage, though sometimes there are two, and in rare cases a whole family is drawn by a gurricksha.

The most noticeable things nowadays in the way of entertainments in England are given by brewers. A particularly brilliant one was given a few days ago by Guinness, of London. Rank, fashion and wealth were present. The feature of the evening was the floral decoration. Even the cornice of one room was hung with garlands of summer roses to the number of ten thousand. The house, one of the finest in London, was built by the Duke of Westminster.

A half dozen drugs seem to be sufficient to combat all kinds of disease. During the last Turko-Russian war the medical staff of the Russian army ordered 38,000 pounds of quinine, 16,000 pounds of chloroform, 130,000 pounds of castor oil, and several thousand pounds of opium, gum arabic, camphor and carbolic acid. With these they felt prepared for all emergencies.

Taxation is high enough in Napanee—23 mills on the dollar.

Flowers of Speech.

Will I help you gather roses,
Help you set your morning look,
Help you find your latest lady,
Help you bind them into posies?
What a thing for you to ask!
Come along! the morn is brightsome,
Happy Nature's sunny smile,
Showing she is glad and lightsome—
Happy as myself the while.

Here's a "Standard," triple grafted,
Bearing pink and white and red;
Shaking it, the petals wafted,
Nestle on your golden head.
Dainty bud 'mid moss and flower—
Half as precious, twice as cold;
Better own a lover's power
Due to Nature than to gold.

Coame my nonesuse! Heartless maiden!
Please recall the words you said.
No! Well, here's the "Standard" laden
With the pink and white and red.
So that trio is a cluster—
Happy buds! with meaning rife;
Knowing in their colored luster
They reflect a maiden's life.

Stay! I'll pluck them. Here's the white one
Now the pink, and last the red.
Do you know their meaning, bright one?
Pray say "No," not shake your head.
Seeking from your golden tresses
Petals fondly scattered there—
Yet, I think, your cheek confesses
You suspect what they declare.

White's a heart that knows no ashing—
Yours is not the white, I think.
Pink's a heart that's just awakening,
Touched by love—is yours the pink?
Red's the heart begetting blushing,
Quiv'ring lips, and drooping head.
While the tell-tale crimson rushing—
Pretty one, your heart's the red!

Darling! Our twain hearts engrafted
On a life affection's root,
By the breath of kisses wafted,
Must produce some happy fruit.
Lone or kisses, though, are needed,
So our lips from saving meet.
While the roses, all unheeded,
Lie neglected at our feet!

MRS. CLEMENTS' HELP.

"Of all things this is the worst! If I ever in my life expected to hear such news! Why, our George has gone and got married! D'ye hear?"

Good Mrs. Clements pushed her steel-bowed spectacles off her bright eyes, and dropped her letters in her lap, as she turned round to her husband, the stout, clever old farmer, who was contentedly stroking an old white cat.

"Deacon, d'ye hear?"

This time when she asked the question there was a touch of sadness in her voice.

"Yes; what if he is married? I'm sure its natural enough. It kind o' runs in the family, 'pears to me."

But Mrs. Clements would take no notice of the little pleasantry.

"Well, if you like it, I can tell you I don't. He needn't think he's coming here with his fine city bred lady, all airs, and graces, and flounces and ruffles. There's plenty of good girls hereabout that wanted him. Blight in the middle of work, too! To talk of bringing a lady here in hog-killin' time! I do declare, I think George is a fool!"

* * * * * *

A graceful, dainty little lady, in a garnet poplin and a ruffled apron, with a small, proudly-poised head, covered with short, dusky curls, having a pair of dark-blue eyes, so wistful and tender, a tiny rosebud of a mouth, and a dimple in each pink cheek.

That was Mrs. Marion Clements. Was it any wonder that George had fallen in love with her?

She sat in the bright little parlor, close beside the lace-curtained window, watching for the loved husband's return; and then when she heard the click of the latch key in the hall, flew for the welcome kiss. Looking up, she asked—

"Haven't you the letter this time, George? I've felt sure of it all day. Indeed, I've quite decided what dresses to take with me."

He smiled and shook his head. A cloud passed over her pretty face.

"Oh, George! Isn't it too bad? And I do believe they won't write because they are sorry you married me."

He put his arm around her neck.

"And supposing such to be the case, do you think it would make any difference with me?"

"Oh, no, no! Only it would grieve me so if I knew I had alienated your own parents from you."

"And a one-sided alienation it would be, too! They have never seen you. And when they know you they can't help loving you!"

"Oh, George."

The exclamation was caused by the kiss accompanying his own flattery.

"That's true as preaching. By-the-bye, my dear, what would you say if the firm sent me off on a travelling tour of six weeks?"

A little dismayed cry answered him.

"You won't stay here alone, eh? But Marion, it would be $500 clear gain to us."

"What need we care for money? I'd rather have you."

A mischievous smile played over the young man's lips; he was more matter-of-fact than this romantic, tender little wife of his.

"I think the addition to our balance at the banker's would be very consoling for the absence. But never mind, little pet. Let's go down to dinner. I hope we'll get a letter from home soon."

And soon it was; for Marion snatched it from his pocket the very next night. But her husband's face looked grave and stern, and his eyes looked angry when she looked gleefully over the envelope.

"My dear, you must remember I care very little what the letter contains. Remember, I did not write it; that you are dearer to me than ever before. Kiss me, first, while I watch you."

A little pang of misdoubt troubled her when she glanced over the note; then tears stole from under her lashes, and George saw her tender mouth quiver and tremble; then, when she had finished it, she laid her head upon his shoulder and cried.

"It was cruel to let you see it, my wounded birdie. Let me burn it. And don't forget, darling, what our Bible says—that a man shall leave father and mother and cleave to his wife. You are my precious wife, Marion, and to you I turn for all the happiness my life will ever hold."

He dried her tears, and then they talked it over.

"Just because I am city bred she thinks I am lazy, and haughty, and dainty, and—"

"Never mind, Marion. She will find out some day. My fathr—"

"Yes, bless the dear old man! He has added: 'My love to my daughter Marion.' Oh, I know I should love him, and your mother, too, if she would let me."

"We will invite them down when I come here. By the way, Marion, I will stop at the farm on my way home and invite them down, and bring them home with me."

"George, dear, I've been thinking about that trip West. I think you had better go and leave me at home. It won't be so very long."

Marion was eating her egg while she spoke across the little breakfast table.

"Spoken like my little true Marion, and when I come back I'll bring you a present. What shall it be, dearest?"

"Your father and mother from the farm. It shall be the hope that shall bear me company when you are gone."

A fortnight after that, Marion Clements ate her breakfast alone, the traces of a tear or so on her pale cheeks; then she dashed them away with a merry, joyous laugh.

"This will never do, and now, that George has gone for six weeks, to prepare for his return. And I pray heaven that it shall be such a coming as shall delight his soul."

* * * * * *

"I'm sure I don't know what to say. The lr'nd knows I need help bad enough; but it 'pears to me that such a slender little midget as you couldn't earn your salt. What did you say your name was?"

"Mary Smith. And, indeed, if you will try me for a week, I'm sure you will keep me till the season's over."

Mrs. Clements looked out of the window at the great clouds that were piling gloomily up; and then the wind gave a great wailing shriek around the corners of the house.

"You can cook, ken you? or shake up feather beds—good big ones, forty pounders?"

A gleful little laugh came from Mary's lips.

"Indeed I can. I may not cook to suit you, but I can learn."

Mrs. Clements walked out to the huge open fire-place in the kitchen, where the deacon was shelling corn.

"What d'ye say, deacon? keep her or not? I kind o' like her looks, and the deer knows it 'ud be a good lift while we're killin', if she couldn't do no more'n set the table or make much for the hired."

"Take her, of course, Hannah. You are hard drive', I know. Let her stop a week or so, anyhow."

So Mrs. Clements came slowly back and sat down again.

"You can't get away to-night, anyhow; there's a snowstorm been brewin' these three days, and it's on us now, sure enough. See them 'wee flakes fleet and thick. You may well take your things upstairs to the west garret, and then come down and help me get supper."

Then followed directions to the west garret and when she was gone Mrs. Clements turned to the deacon and said:

"I never saw a girl before I'd trust upstairs alone. But such as her don't steal. I can tell you that, if nothing else."

Directly she came down in a purple print dress and white apron; her hair brushed off from her face into a net, a narrow linen collar, fastened with a cameo's long and narrow ribbon. It seemed as if she had life, too, so handily she flitted in and out of the pantry and then down the cellar. Then, after the meal, she gathered the dishes in a neat, quiet way that was perfect bliss to old Mrs. Clement's ears.

"She's determined to earn her bread, anyhow, and I like her turn, too."

And the deacon had "taken a shine" to Mary Smith. One by one the days wore on; the hog-killing was over and done; long strings of sausages hung in fantastic rings, arranged by Mary's deft fingers; sweet hams and shoulders were piled away in true housewifely manner, and now Mary and Mrs. Clements were sitting in the sunny dining-room, darning, patching and mending.

"I don't know what I'm going to do without you, Mary. I dread to see you pick up your clothes."

A blush of pleasure overspread Mary's face.

"I am so glad you have been suited with my work. Indeed I have tried."

"It isn't the work altogether, though, goodness knows, you're the smartest gal I've seen this many a day. As I say, it isn't the work, its you Mary—one and the deacon—"

Mary's voice trembled at the kindness of the old lady's voice, but she sewed rapidly on.

"It's so uncommon lonesome since the boy left the farm," she went on, "but it's worse since he got married. It seems like deserting us altogether."

"Have you a son? You never mentioned him?"

"No, George has gone his way, and we must go ours. Yes, he married one of those creek-headed boarding-school people, who can't tell the difference between a rolling-pin and a milk-pan."

But despite her scorn, Mrs. Clements dashed off the tears with her brown fist.

"Is his wife pretty? Leastpose you love her dearly?"

"I don't know anything about her, and never want to know. He's left us for her, and us old folks will leave him for her, too. Mary, just turn them cakes around; seems as if they're burning."

When Mary had turned the cakes, Mrs. Clements was leaning on the arm of her chair.

"Mary, supposin' you stop with us another month yet, anyhow. The deacon will make it all right."

"It isn't the money I care for, Mrs. Clements. I only wish I might stay always. You don't know how much I love you."

"Love us! do you? Bless your heart. If poor George had only picked you out, what a comfort it would be to us all! But it can's be helped now."

She sighed wearily, then glanced out of the window, looked a moment, and then threw down her work.

"Bless my soul, if there ain't my son George coming up the lane! Deacon! deacon! George is coming!"

With all her mother-love rushing to her heart, she hurried out to meet him. Oh, the welcoming, the reproaches, the caresses, the determination to love him still, despite poor, innocent little Marion! Then, when the table had been set in the next room by Mary's deft fingers, and she had returned to her "west garret," Mrs. Clements opened her heart.

"There's no use talkin', George, this fine, fancy lady o' yours 'll never suit me. Give me a smart girl like Mary Smith, and I'll ask no more. Come into supper now. Mary, Mary!"

She raised her voice to call the girl, when a low voice near surprised her.

"Oh, you dressed up in honor of my boy! Well, I must confess I never knew you had such a handsome dress, and you look like a picture with your net off, and them short, bobbing curls! George, this is Mary Smith, my—"

George came through the door and glanced carelessly at the corner where the young woman stood. Then, with a cry, sprang with outstretched hands to meet the little figure that sprang into them. The deacon and Mrs. Clements now stood in speechless amazement. Then Marion, all blushes and tearful smiles, went over to the old pair and took them both by their hands.

"I am George's wife. I was so afraid you would never love me, so I came determined to win you if I could. Mother, father, may I be your daughter."

And a happier family, when they had exhausted their powers of surprise, amazement and pride in the beautiful Marion never gave thanks over a supper table.

Mrs. Partington's Birthday.

(Hartford Courant.)

Mr. P. B. Shillaber was sixty-five years old last Saturday. Several of his friends called on him at that time to congratulate him and extend good wishes. He is hardly to be congratulated on his health, his old enemy, the gout, following him. Mr. Shillaber lives quietly in Chelsea, and is sometimes for months not able to cross the ferry to Boston. He writes to his old paper, the *Post*, often, and sometimes to the *Saturday Evening Gazette*, with which he was later connected. You may also find occasional contributions from him in the *Independent* and other weekly papers. He is a tall man, and of late years is stout and heavy in proportion. There is a good deal of fun left in him yet, but he has not worked the Mrs. Partington vein much of late years. His taste is rather for poetry and narrative. Mr. Shillaber was originally a printer on the *Post*. He began to write his "Partington" squibs after he had graduated into a reporter's position. Personally he is one of the most genial and amiable of men, holding still to his old Democratic politics, and being so eccentric as to admire especially Andrew Johnson, but too pleasant natured to get into a political argument with anybody.

SEVERE ON THE TRAMPS.—The gang of tramps that were arrested in C. S. R. cars last week received their sentences at St. Thomas on Tuesday. Michael King, Thomas White, William White, John Lockswood, James Devine, Patsy Devine, and John Wright, who were charged with breaking into bonded cars, were sentenced to three months' imprisonment each in the Central Prison at Toronto. Charles Davis and James White, who pleaded guilty to being found in a bonded car, were sentenced to ten days' imprisonment in the County jail.

GRAIN SHIPPING FACILITIES WANTED.—Sometime ago the people of Emerson, Manitoba, presented a petition to the Government asking that it would construct a spur line from the present terminus of the Pembina Branch to a point on the river where the people of Emerson intend to erect a grain elevator. It is understood that the Government has not yet considered the matter, but await the arrival of Sandford Fleming, who is to report on the request.

P. T. Barnum is said to have died from our greatest only biggest show on this earthear any other, while at St. Louis, for fear the yellow fever would make trouble in the proprietor of the unrivalled entertainment.

The child probably destined to be the greatest of American naturalists is already born. He lives in Tennessee, and is the author of the remark that "a jackass is the only animal that winks with his ears."

The expenditure of the London School Board this year is estimated at $3,000,000, involving a rate of 5½ on the pound sterling.

BLOOD TRANSFUSING.

Remarkable Experiments with Milk as a Substitute.

As long ago as 1869, in a story entitled the "Lifted Veil," George Eliot tells of a wicked woman whose agency in a mysterious murder was exposed by transfusing blood into the heart of the just-deceased victim, who revives for a few minutes under the experiment and denounces the murderer. A simple story of this character would have been revealed by some recent experiments of Prof. Thomas, of New York, whose observations on the intravenous injection of milk have attracted the general attention of the medical profession. In one of Prof. Thomas' cases, the patient was moribund when the first injection of warm milk into her veins was made, and the unanimous opinion of the assembled physicians was that death was inevitable. Life was prolonged six days by means of five injections, varying in quantity from 8 to 15 ounces. From this and other cases, Dr. Thomas concludes that the injection of milk into the circulation in place of blood is a perfectly safe and feasible operation, easier to perform than transfusion of blood, and of equal efficiency in cases of exhaustion from profuse and repeated hemorrhages. These experiments have a curious agreement with those of Dr. Wulfberg, performed on rabbits and dogs in the laboratory of Prof. Marme, at Gottingen. After bleeding the animals until all movements of respiration and circulation had ceased, Dr. Wulfberg injected milk into their veins. The operation was instantaneously followed by rythmical contractions of the heart, and finally by re-establishment of respiratory movements, and, what is more singular still, upon their cessation, after the stimulant had spent its force, life movements were excited again by repeating the injection. Some of the moribund animals were marked under the influence of the milk. The microscopic relations of this subject would be of no interest to the general reader, but the fact that life movements, whether by excitation of the nervous centres or by direct irritation of the heart, can be restored after they have ceased, in a manner at once so simple and so readily applied, is of the utmost practical importance.

Miss Braddon.

A California gentleman, who had the pleasure of a visit and a hearty reception at the house of Mrs. Maxwell (Miss Braddon), speaks in glowing terms of the home life of the family. Mr. and Mrs. Maxwell have several little children, the youngest a boy a four, all of whom took their places at table. Her works were not once alluded to by her guests. If any questions were asked regarding her writings, she answered in a plain, straightforward manner. I said, "Miss Braddon, will you allow me to ask you about your books?" "Why, certainly," said she, "if that will interest you." I asked her what was one of the days work of her literary work was done in. "At any time," she answered, "but I find my brain clearer in the early morning. I arise at seven o'clock, walk in the grounds for half an hour, then write for an hour; by that time I generally feel ready for a good hearty breakfast. During the day, if an opportunity occurs, or if I feel in the humor, I write, never longer than an hour or two at the very most. I am like a great many people, and do not like to commence, although I have thought out my work beforehand. However, I find when I set myself down to write, that my thoughts flow freely, and my pen will not write fast enough." "Does it not tire you?" "No, I never tire of writing. At one time, when I first began, I did not know what I was going to say, but now I learn that, like everything else, thoughts will be more completely expressed by having one's plan perfected beforehand." "Can you foresee your strongest chapters?" "I seem to know which they will be, and find when I get into the story deeper that I am far more interested in my characters than any of my readers can ever be. For the time being I see them, hear them speak, and note the manner in which they express themselves. In fact, to me they are living, breathing personages, my familiar spirits." "How do you plan the end? This seems always the most difficult part of them." "I do not plan them. I follow up my story as if I were reading some one else's writing. The characters and the manner in which they have figured lead me to the end; and indeed I feel a real regret at being compelled to part with them."

The Wet Weather in Scotland.

The following is from the Aberdeen *People's Journal*, and will doubtless be appreciated by our Scotch friends:

Hirs, this has been an awfu' summer—
A soor an' sulky, sunless summer;
The earth wi' rain is fairroot.condit—
If this hinder ony mair it's be droondit.
Fine weather this for snails and slugs,
An' swans, an' geese, an' ducks, an' frogs,
An' a' that thrive in pools an' bogs;
But no sae good for fouk an' fleas,
Cockroaches, gowlocks, birds an' bees,
Sawin' neeps or makin' hay,
This summer, fegs, is nae child's play.
Nae winder though fouk raise their bristles
When a' thing's gaen tae pigs an' whistles—
The sodden fields, a' soor an' wet,
The Tories rinnin' intae debt,
An' a thing in a Tory muddle,
Imperial, Beaconsfieldism puddle.

Stanley. WILL HARROW.

A letter from Mr. T. Connolly, correspondent of the London *Times*, now in Manitoba, and written to a leading official in the Interior Department, reads: This is the finest land in the world, and I never could believe it until I came here, and I presume there are many more like me who are slow to credit every honest statement in reference to the fertility of the Great Northwest. However, I will make amends for it when I go back. I will send every one I can from Great Britain to where they can get the finest land in the world on easy terms. I have been about a great deal, and visited the homesteads of men whom I find have done more in a few years towards making them selves and families comfortable than the farmers of Ontario could have done in a lifetime. This country, if settled up, will be the salvation of the Dominion—when her vast natural products can find a route to the sea over the railways and canals of the older provinces. I regret that I did not come up here sooner that I might be able to see more of the country; but, you may rest assured, I will make the most of my time.

The London critics speak very highly of the ballads and songs of Alexander Anderson, a Scotch railroad laborer, a man who, after mending roads all day, would come home in the evening and read Petrarch, Schiller, Victor Hugo, Dante, Goethe and Beranger and write verses. His strongest poems are those relating to his life as a "surface man" or track mender. He writes of the engine bounding along the track:

Yet I glory to think that I help to keep
His footsteps a little in place,
And he thunders his thanks as he rushes on
In the lightning speed of his race
And I think he knows when he looks at me
That, though shaped of clay as I stand,
I could make him as weak as a three-hours child
With a paltry twitch of my hand.

An extra of the *Canada Gazette* was issued last evening declaring the "Act for the better preservation of the peace in the vicinity of public works" in force in the following places, viz., all those portions of the Provinces of Ontario and the district of Keewatin, lying within ten miles on each side of so much of the located line of the Canada Pacific Railway, including the line itself, as is included within contract No. 25, extending from Sunshine Creek to English River; contract No. 41 extending from where contract No. 25 ends at English River to Eagle River, and contract No. 42 extending from where contract No. 41 ends at Eagle River to Keewatin or Rat Portage.

Bambe said to Walserier in a bar-room at Princeton, Ind., "Let's tip glasses, for this is your last drink on earth." Walserier thought it was a joke, although they had once been open enemies, and laughed as the glasses clinked together; but Bambe was in deadly earnest, and instantly killed him.

Tracy's Last.—Mr. Tracy Turnerelli has met Lord Beaconsfield and shaken him by the hand, and yet he is not happy. It is true he could not induce the Premier to accept his laurel, but he ought to be contented now that his lordship has taken his palm.

The Order-in-Council excluding American cattle from Canada has been extended to the 6th of October.

THE DOUBLE MURDER.

CLARK BROWN'S CONFESSION.

WEST WINCHESTER, Ontario.—After the evidence of several witnesses had been taken yesterday Clark Brown made the following statement: I will tell it for the benefit of others, I am guilty; what I did the deed for I don't know; I went up alone to bed that night, and a thought struck me that I should kill my father; I jumped up, took my pants and went downstairs, put them on and went to the woodshed for the axe, God forgive me! I came in and rapped on the door; father came down, and as he opened the door I struck him a blow on the forehead; I think to the best of my knowledge I struck at him again but missed him; he then jumped up and went into the bed-room; I followed him there and gave him several blows in the bed-room; I think that he struggled out of the bed-room on his knees; I dealt him a blow there, and I turned round and saw my sister standing on the floor; I struck her several blows as she ran to the foot of the stairs; she fell, and I then ran to my room, got a lamp, came down, and ran up the other stairway; I caught up my other sister in my arms and brought her downstairs; I do not expect mercy from man; I have no object in telling an untruth, but would say for God's sake do not accuse my mother or wife; there was no one ever said a word to me; it is an awful thing; my wife told that night before she went away, "Clark, if you get any more send for me;" I told her I would; all I am sorry for is that I did not tell it yesterday; I hope God will forgive me for it; my mother did not know anything about it till after she came back; I hope for God's sake do not blame her or my wife, or any one; do not cast suspicion on them; there was not a word spoken by my father, but he hallooed "Murder!" I had my socks on all the time; that is all I have to say; we always lived agreeably; that is all; I never thought before of committing the crime.

The verdict of the jury is as follows:

That Clark Brown, on the 2nd day of September, A. D. 1879, in the Township of Winchester, County of Dundas, did feloniously and wilfully, and of malice aforethought, murder his father, Robert Brown, and his sister Adeline, against the peace of our lady the Queen, her Crown and dignity.

(Signed) A. J. LAPLANDER,
Foreman of the Jury.

Clark Brown, the prisoner, is to be taken down on the morning train east to Cornwall Jail.

A LAKE ONTARIO DISASTER.

A Yacht Sunk in Henderson Bay and Seven Persons Drowned.

SACKETT'S HARBOR, New York.—The sailing yacht West Wind capsized and sank immediately in Henderson Bay about eleven o'clock this morning. There were nine persons on board, seven of whom, attempting to swim ashore, a distance of half a mile, were drowned. Two clung to a spar and were rescued. The lost are Byron and Nelson Westcott (brothers), Edw. Benjamin, Schuler Howard, Drake Lewis, Allen Damper and Edward Yarok. Five of the number leave families. The wind was very strong and the boat had heavy ballast, causing her to sink instantly.

A JOURNALIST DROWNED.

Mr. George Tolley, of the "Canadian Illustrated News," Meets His Death in the St. Lawrence.

KINGSTON, Ontario.—The purser of the propeller Persia, on arriving here this morning, reported that, on leaving Brockville yesterday, Mr. George Tolley requested that his sailing boat might be towed to Kingston, in which he insisted in remaining. About twenty minutes after leaving Brockville the yacht became unmanageable, which resulted in Mr. Tolley's drowning. He was here as the representative of the *Canadian Illustrated News*. He was at one time editor of the Montreal *Star*.

THE YELLOW FEVER.

A Liberal Offer from Jay Gould.

MEMPHIS, Tenn.—The following telegram from Jay Gould has been received by the Howard Association:—"I send you by telegraph $5,000 to aid the Howard Association. I am certain generous people throughout the country will contribute liberally to aid your stricken city. At any rate keep on at your noble work till I tell you to stop, and I will foot the bill. What are your daily expenses? Answer."

Railway Notes.

The number of employees of the Wabash Railway Company at present is about four thousand, eight hundred.

Mr. Chattern, a Canadian gentleman, has completed at the railway machine shops in Moncton, N.B., an automatic car brake of new design. The brake was tested one day this week on a car and engine under average speed, and brought the engine to a standstill within three lengths of itself. The brake is the invention of Mr. Chattern.

A jury in London, England, awarded a Dr. Philips $35,000 for injuries received in a railway accident, but he rejected the award as too little and asked for a new trial, which was granted. He set up that he was crippled for fifteen months, and of course $35,000 is a ridiculously small sum for a doctor to collect in that time, especially if the customer is a railway company.

The newly invented freight car, known as the Prosser car, threatens to disturb the freight question. This car is made of iron or iron, in the shape of a cylinder, with flanged wheel tyres, extending round the circumference like hoops on a barrel. The load rests almost entirely on the rail, and the weight of the frame-work only rests on the axle. It is as if a bar were placed over the hogshead of tobacco and traces attached to the extremities of the axle, the circumference of the hogshead forming its own wheel. It is claimed to have been demonstrated by actual trial that a speed of four miles per hour, and the centrifugal force caused thereby, will hold the grain firmly without interposition to the inside surface of the cylinder, and if the car be not full there will be in the centre surrounding the axle a cylindrical body of air. The framework holding these two cylinders together weighs only three tons instead of ten tons, the ordinary weight of a common car, while it takes up only one half the room on the track.

DROWNED WHILE BATHING.

Sad End of two Venturesome Lads at Newcastle.

NEWCASTLE, Ontario.—On Thursday afternoon a very sad occurrence happened at Port Newcastle. As soon as school was over eight of the pupils went down to the lake for the purpose of bathing, a recreation in which they frequently indulged. The lake was exceedingly rough and the waves were running high, but that fact did not at all intimidate the boys, and they undressed and swam out, Charlie Farncomb, who was a good swimmer, going farther than any of the rest. On returning towards the shore, it was observed that he had great difficulty in buffeting with the waves, and when he neared the breakwater he appeared to be seized with cramps, as he threw up his arms and called for help. Charlie Brent, jun., one of his companions, immediately swam to his assistance, but before he could reach him the poor boy had sunk. Another boy named Frank Garvin, who could not swim, and was standing near the shore, was also drowned, having been knocked down by a wave, and was never seen afterwards. Mr. Tinning, of Toronto, has been here all day, dragging and exploding dynamite cartridges, but up to the present writing there are no traces of the bodies. The deceased boys were respectively the sons of Frederick Farncomb, the Collector of Customs, and Mr. Mathew Garvin, General Superintendent of the Massey Manufacturing Company. The sad affair has cast a gloom over the village.

Provincial Appointments.

His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor has been pleased to make the following appointments, viz.:

Dr. Charles A. Jones, of the Village of Mount Forest, to be an Associate Coroner for the County of Grey.

Edward Noice, of the Village of Minden, to be Registrar of Deeds in and for the Provisional County of Haliburton, in the room and stead of Samuel Stanly Peck, resigned.

ENGLISH LETTER.

(From Our Correspondent.)

LONDON, Aug. 30.—The irony of fate was marvellously exemplified the other day at the race course on the water. The concert of M. Leon Gaudette was commanded by young MacMahon, a nephew of the famous Marshal of that name. Such an incident must have created no little inward merriment in the breast of the ex-dictator, as he drove to Longchamps, possibly turning his thoughts partially in the direction of the Cafe Tronde and past misery, and then in the direction of the Elysee and future greatness.

It is thought here that a *coup d'etat* will shortly take place in France, and that the "Reds" cannot prevent it even by expelling Prince Napoleon. The defeat of Jules Ferry will of course bring about a change of Ministry, but the new Government, it appears to me, will not suit everybody. It will be too Republican for Conservatives and too Conservative for Republicans. To my mind the Ministry which will succeed this next one will be brought forward in a month or two—well—we may look forward to the end coming speedily, especially if Prince Napoleon can manage to make himself popular with the army, who now have no hero or idol and are ready to worship almost any god. If he had a chance of the throne, I would be inclined to wager all Lombard street against a penny ed pie that he would be Emperor before next Christmas.

Next to standing with your gun in the heather and hearing the "whirr" of the season's first brace of grouse challenging your nerves and your skill, is to be left behind in town to unpack the first hamper that comes laden with birds and heather. Nothing to my mind is more delightful than the first fruits of the earth except it be the first spoils of the season with the grouse or hare or with the plump partridge, and will be yond in for a good "running" with the long tails. The heather is more purple than you had imagined, and the brown feathers of the dead game send your thoughts far away over moorland and stream.

The Mainwaring case has been the—or rather, one of the themes of conversation, and people who reside in Derbyshire, and who know Mainwaring and his melancholy story, speak of him as a handsome, amiable and rich young fellow. His family is well known in the county, and although his life has been saved from paying the last penalty of the law by the undignified bungling of a Derby jury he is none the less deserving of sympathy. He doubtless learned the least commendable habit of carrying a revolver in America, where for a short time I understand he resided. The inducement to draw his weapon and discharge it, I firmly believe, arose from a vague drunken prompting of chivalry. He thought the policemen were ill-treating the wretched woman for whom he has sacrificed liberty and character. The carrying fire arms, I regret to state, is becoming quite a common practice in England; possibly it may be because they are sold so cheap that they are placed within the reach of all. This, of course, did not influence poor young Mainwaring, who, in a few days of debauchery, spent over £150, but it makes many boys owners of revolvers, and the accidents from this growing habit are becoming a serious item in the statistics of death by misadventure.

Gladstone takes a more hopeful view of the depression of trade and American competition than many people in Philadelphia, although he acknowledges that we are suffering seriously from the imposition of foreign tariffs, which close many markets against us. The horse starving while the grass is growing might very aptly, yet unhappily, be applied to the condition of English trade while it is waiting for foreign opponents to accept the principles so laid down according to Cobden. Gladstone speaks of Protection in the United States as if it were of modern growth. America is establishing her trade under a protective rule, and while I would not offer an opinion on the vexed question one way or the other, I cannot overlook the rapid growth of American commerce and the rise of trade in France as worthy of a passing thought in the midst of our closed factories and languishing industries. The latest news from the United States speaks of a vital improvement in trade, more particularly in the cotton districts. Lord Beaconsfield said when things looked brighter in America affairs would improve in England. At present the facts are against this hopeful view, and the fine weather has come too late to make any great compensating change in the harvest. The outlook, without I hope being considered a croaker, is gloomy and perplexing.

Russia is offering almost unlimited advantages to those of her subjects who will proceed to Central Asia to colonize her possessions in those parts. Lord Derby—with all his shortcomings—has pronounced his opinion in favor of our own colonies and has on more than one occasion publicly stated that he would render all in his power to assist emigration. Mexico is at the moment bidding very high for British colonists, but the majority prefer Canada, New Zealand, Australia and then the States. The Marquis of Lorne could give the subject his attention I think as I hear that he is not writing a book about the American Continent, as has been reported, and it is stated that he has declared he has quite enough to do to fulfil the duties of his office without attempting any literary pursuits. I know of one or more Governors, Viceroys, etc., with more responsibility than he of Canada who can find time for literature, and a work written by him would materially aid in populating the uncleared districts of some parts of Canada. The generality of people who are emigrating, I regret to say, are those who have no work, or no prospects of it here. Whether they will better their condition by going to New Zealand, Canada, etc., I will not pretend to foreshadow, but it appears to me that our colonies will find these poor people a thorn in the side and the poor creatures themselves will awake one morning and find they have hopped out of the frying pan into the fire.

There is a revival of spiritualism in London. The new followers of this mystery (?) are of both sexes. The lady they say has a wonderful gift of "second sight," while the gentleman is a "thought reader." It is strange, after so many exposures of this kind of quackery, that the past is always forgotten when the new humbugs present themselves. It will be remembered how Dr.—save the mark—Henry Slade so irretrievably came to grief in London, but more singular still—half Germany has now gone mad about him. I could relate how a