Huron Signal.

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

VOL. XXIX. NO. 28. GODERICH, ONTARIO, WEDNESDAY, JULY 26, 1876. WHOLE NO. 1536.

The Huron Signal.

(ESTABLISHED 1848.)

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ALLAN & DICKSON
PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

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112 BAY STREET, TORONTO. 1429

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G. ELLIOTT,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, SOLICITOR, Solicitor in Chancery, Conveyancer, &c. Crabb's Block, Goderich.
MONEY TO LEND. 1379

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Goderich, April 28th, 1876. 17-1y.

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N. B.—Horses examined as to soundness. 1313

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JAMES VIVIAN
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FRUIT, VEGETABLES, OYSTERS, &c., &c. in their season.
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Manufacturers of
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Terms Reasonable.
1530-1yr

STAR BAKERY,
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GODERICH, Ont.
HARRIES, ARTHUR & CO.
BAKERS and Confectioners. Wedding and Parties supplied on short notice. Also, Vessels supplied. Flour and Feed constantly on hand. Good delivered in any part of the town.
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PRIVATE FUNDS ON REAL ESTATE at Moderate and reasonable charges. Interest from eight to ten per cent according to security.
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HARTFORD of Hartford.
PROVIDENT of Toronto.
BRITISH AMERICA, of Toronto.
Fire & Marine business done at the lowest possible rates
HORACE HORTON
Office Market Square, Goderich.
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Money to Loan.
THE CANADA LANDED CREDIT COMPANY, TORONTO.
JOHN LAING ELAKIE, ESQ., President, MONEY is lent by this Company to individuals upon the same system as to municipalities.—Send for Circulars
HUGH HAMILTON,
1405 1y C. L. Agent, Goderich.

Money to Lend.
$50,000 00.
Rusting for want of Applicants
Best terms yet offered to the public.
B. L. DOYLE, Solicitor, &c., Goderich
1509-1yr

$20,000.
PRIVATE FUNDS to lend on Farm and Town property at lowest interest. Mortgages 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

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THE LIVERPOOL & LONDON And Globe Insurance Company.
A valuable 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 $23,000,000, are being liquidated as fast as adjusted without vexatious 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. & C. SMITH, Resident Secretary, MONTREAL
A. M. ROSS, Agent for Goderich

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Live Stock
INSURANCE Co'y,
Head Office, Toronto.
HORSES AND CATTLE
Insured against death from any cause. For rates apply to
R. RADCLIFFE, Agent, Goderich.
BEVERLY ROBINSON, Manager.
1466—6mo

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.
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The subscribers having commenced the manufacture of Artificial Stone, are prepared to receive and execute orders for
WINDOW CAPS,
KEYSTONES,
WINDOW SILLS,
DOOR SILLS and all kinds of ORNAMENTAL WORK
required for buildings. This Stone is as durable as any other, and can be furnished at half the cost of cut stone. We invite the public to inspect the same at the factory, in the Drill Shed, or at the Town Clerk's Office, where specimens will be kept on view, and orders received. As this is a new enterprise, we trust the people of Goderich will give us proper encouragement.
Orders received and shipments made to any point in Canada.
J. & G. W. THOMSON,
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ALL KINDS OF
SEWING MACHINES
repaired and put in good running order before taken from the shop or no charge. Remember the place. McIntosh's Gunshop, in rear of F. Jordan's Drugstore.
Goderich. Aug. 18, 1874. 1435

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Terms of Tuition for 1876.
THE usual English branches, pencil drawing, French and fancy work of all kinds included per quarter $3 00
Instrumental Music, ... 7 00
Vocal, ... 7 00
Painting and Crayon each 7 00
For further particulars, apply at the Convent, North Street, Goderich.
Goderich, 18th Jan. 1876. 1509-1yr

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Turning Shop and Bedstead Factory,
On the corner of Waterloo and Lightburn Streets,
In the shop formerly used as an axe factory, I am now prepared to do all kinds of TURNING, PLANING, SAWING and general JOB WORK.
All very cheap for Cash and on the Shortest Notice.
Give me a call, and support home manufacture.
SAMUEL CURRAN.
Goderich Sept. 22, 1875. 1499-1yr

H. DUNLOP,
Merchant Tailor,
WEST STREET,
HAS RECEIVED A LARGE STOCK OF
Spring & Summer Cloths, Tweeds, &c.
READY-MADE CLOTHING
always on hand.
Gents' Furnishings
A large and well selected stock to select from, and as cheap as any house in the Dominion.
CLOTHING MADE TO ORDER.
On the shortest notice, and a good fit guaranteed.
Hugh Dunlop.
Goderich, May 2, 1876. 1506

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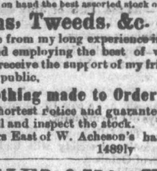
MERCHANT TAILOR,

HAMILTON STREET,
GODERICH,
Has on hand the best assorted stock of
Cloths, Tweeds, &c. &c
I hope from my long experience in the trade and employing the best of workmen, to receive the support of my friends and the public.
Clothing made to Order
on the shortest notice and guaranteed to fit. Call and inspect the stock.
2 doors East of W. Acheson's harness shop. 1489ly

WELLER & MARTIN,
Pump Makers.
Wells Sunk & Repaired
on short notice.
Also, Soft water Tanks
made and repaired.
Parties requiring good work done would do well to call upon the subscribers at their shop on Victoria Street in the old marble works.
Weller & Martin.
1473-1yr

GODERICH
AUCTION MART.
JOHN STEWART
INFORMS the inhabitants of the County of Huron, that he has just received a large stock of
Dry Goods, Crockery, GLASSWARE,
COOKING & PARLOR, STOVES,
Hardware and Fancy Goods.
And as the goods in stock were purchased at a low figure he is enabled to sell them cheaper than any other store in the place. The goods are of the very best description and will be sold at a great sacrifice on original cost, parties wishing goods will do well to call and look at the stock.
Cash advanced on goods consigned.
Cash paid for all kinds of Household Goods.
No charge for storage of goods for sale at auction
Bankrupt and other stocks bought and sold.
Goods appraised and debts collected.
A number of Farms and Town Lots for Sale.
Goderich, April 6th, 1875. 1469-1yr

John McKenzie,
OF
The Hamilton St.,
CABINET SHOP,
Has a large stock of
Sofas, Chairs, Lounges, Tables, Bureaus, Matresses
And all the usual Cabinet stock which will be sold Cheap for Cash.
Bedroom setts of all kinds and prices. Bracket ready made or made to order. Looking Glasses of any pattern.
Call and examine before selecting elsewhere. Remember the address.
JOHN McKENZIE,
Next door to Trueman's Auction Mart, Hamilton Street.
Goderich, March 1st, 1876. 1515-1y

Wm. M. HILLIARD
Is prepared to receive on commission
FARM PRODUCE OF ALL KINDS.
He has on hand, from Thompson & Currie, Oatmeal, Cornmeal, Split Peas and Pearl Barley; also Flour and Mill Feed, from Sunnyside. Have also for sale a choice lot of
AUSTRALIAN OATS,
from the farm of Mr. Jas. Letourd.
Pearl and Hominy Grits.
These excellent articles kept on hand, and directions given to purchasers for using. White cornmeal, from Missouri, on hand.

WM. DICKSON
FRUIT TREE AGENT,
representing
GEORGE LESLIE & SON'S
TORONTO NURSERIES.
Persons wishing to procure reliable stock, will receive perfect satisfaction by dealing with this firm. Orders sent through me will receive prompt and careful attention, and the cost of carriage from Toronto saved to the purchaser. Also, agent to the
BROCKVILLE CHEMICAL AND SUPERPHOSPHATE WORKS,
manufacturers of the best fertilizer in use. Send for catalogues and circulars. Address, box 47, Goderich.
WM. DICKSON.
☞ Orders may be left at SIGNAL Office.

NEW DOMINION
BAKERY,
on the corner of
NORTH STREET,
OPPOSITE DETLOR'S STORE.
If you want to get first class
BREAD, CAKES, PIES, BISCUITS AND CONFECTIONERY
go to the
NEW DOMINION BAKERY.
For Oranges, Lemons, and all kinds of Fruits in season. Oysters prepared in every style. Parties supplied on short notice. Wedding cakes made to order.
WM. DOCHERTY.

Poetry.

Bluebellen.

Two little maids went wandering,
Over a meadow of May,
Hand in hand in one sunny morning,
Down the dandelion gay;
Gay little happy flowers,
That laugh up out of the grass,
The maidens gladdest welcome
To the children as they pass.

Margery pondered and pondered,
"They are bright, like the stars up in heaven;
Perhaps they are stars, Janey,
That have dropped down from the sky,
O, perhaps this is one of the places
Where they go to love and play,
When the sky is all blue and empty,
And the dark night gone away."

That night, when the daylight faded,
Two little maids stole out
Into the still gray meadow,
And eagerly searched about,
Not one gay, golden blossom—
Not one left to be ransomed,
The countless stars were shining,
All wonderful, instead.

The New Magdalen.

Mercy started, and faintly flushed, as the second voice answered the first. She stood irresolute close to the billiard-room, hesitating what to do next. After an interval the second voice made itself heard again, advancing nearer to the dining-room. 'Are you there, aunt?' it asked, cautiously. There was a moment's pause. Then the voice spoke for the third time, sounding louder and nearer. 'Are you there,' it reiterated; 'I have something to tell you.' Mercy summoned her resolution, and answered, 'Lady Janet is not here.' She turned as she spoke toward the conservatory door, and confronted on the threshold Julian Gray. They looked at one another without exchanging a word on either side. The situation—for widely different reasons—was equally embarrassing to both of them.

There—as Julian saw her—was the woman forbidden to him, the woman whom he loved. There—as Mercy saw him—was the man whom she dreaded, the man whose actions (as she interpreted them) proved that he suspected her. On the surface of it, the incidents which had marked their first meeting were now exactly repeated, with the one difference that the impulse to withdraw this time appeared to be on the man's side, and not on the woman's. It was Mercy who spoke first.

'Did you expect to find Lady Janet here?' she asked, constrainedly.

He answered, on his part, more constrainedly still. 'It doesn't matter,' he said. 'Another time will do.' He drew back as he made the reply. She advanced desperately, with the deliberate intention of detaining him by speaking again.

The attempt which he had made to withdraw, the constraint in his manner when he had answered, had instantly confirmed her in the false conviction that he, and he alone, had guessed the truth! If she was right—if he had secretly made discoveries abroad which placed her entirely at his mercy—the attempt to induce Grace to consent to a compromise with her would be manifestly useless. Her first and foremost interest now was to find out how she really stood in the estimation of Julian Gray. In a terror of suspense that turned her cold from head to foot, she stopped him on his way out, and spoke to him with the piteous counterfeit of a smile.

'Lady Janet is receiving some visitors,' she said. 'If you will wait here, she will be back directly.'

The effort of hiding her agitation from him had brought a passing color into her cheeks. Worn and wasted as she was, the spell of her beauty was strong enough to hold him against his own will. All he had to tell Lady Janet was that he had met one of the gardeners in the conservatory, and had cautioned him as well as the lodge-keeper. It would have been easier to write this, and to send the note to his aunt on quitting the house. For the sake of his own peace of mind, for the sake of his duty to Horace, he was doubly bound to make the first polite excuse that occurred to him, and to leave her as he had found her, alone in the room. He made the attempt, and hesitated. Despising himself for doing it, he allowed himself to look at her. Their eyes met. Julian stepped into the dining-room.

'If I am not in the way,' he said, confusedly, 'I will wait, as you kindly propose.'

She noticed his embarrassment; she saw that he was strongly restraining himself from looking at her again. Her own eyes dropped to the ground as she made the discovery. Her speech failed her; her heart throbbed faster and faster.

'If I look at him again (was the thought in her mind), shall I fall at his feet and tell him all that I have done?'

'If I look at her again (was the thought in his mind), I shall fall at her feet and own that I am in love with her!'

With downcast eyes he placed a chair for her. With downcast eyes she bowed to him and took it. A dead silence followed. Never was any human misunderstanding more intricately complete than the misunderstanding which had now established itself between these two. Mercy's work basket was near her. She took it and gained time for composing herself by pretending to arrange the colored wools. He stood behind her chair, looking at the graceful turn of her head, looking at the rich masses of her hair. He reviled himself as the weakest of men, as the falsest of friends, for still remaining near her—and yet he remained. The silence continued. The billiard-room door opened again noiselessly. The face of the listening woman appeared stealthily behind it.

At the same moment Mercy roused herself and spoke: 'Won't you sit down?' she said, softly, still not looking round at him, still busy with her basket of wools. He turned to get a chair, turned so quickly that he saw the billiard-room door move, as Grace Rosenberry closed it again.

'Is there any one in that room?' he asked, addressing Mercy.

'I don't know,' she answered. 'I thought I saw the door open and shut again a little while ago.'

He advanced at once to look into the room. As he did so, Mercy dropped one of her balls of wool. He stopped to pick it up for her—then threw open the door and looked into the billiard-room. It was empty. Had some person been listening, and had that person retreated in time to escape discovery? The open door of the smoking-room showed that room also to be empty. A third door was open—the door of the side hall, leading into the grounds. Julian closed and locked it, and returned to the dining-room.

'I can only suppose,' he said to Mercy, 'that the billiard-room door was not properly shut, and that the draught of air from the hall must have moved it.'

She accepted the explanation in silence. He was, to all appearance, and quite satisfied with it himself. For a moment or two he looked about him uneasily. Then the fascination fastened its hold on him again. Once more he looked at the graceful turn of her head, at the rich masses of her hair. Once more he felt the temptation to put the criminal question to her, whether that she had heard him or not, she had ever with her own consent, as busy as ever with her work—too busy to look at him; too busy to speak to him. The silence became unbearable. He broke it by making a commonplace inquiry after her health.

'I am well enough to be ashamed of the anxiety I have caused and the trouble I have given,' she answered. 'To-day I have got down stairs for the first time. I am trying for a little more.' She looked into the basket. 'The poor one specimens of wool in it were partly in balls and partly in lamentations. The choice were mixed and tangled. "Here is confusion!" she exclaimed, cheerfully, with a faint smile. "How am I to set it right again?"

'Let me help you,' said Julian.

'Yes?'

'What for?' he asked, with a momentary return of the quaint humor which she remembered so well. 'You forget that I am a curate. Curates are privileged to make themselves useful to young ladies. Let me try.'

He took a stool at her feet, and set himself to unravel one of the tangled skeins. In a minute the wool was stretched on his hands, and she, leaning back in the twilight, looked at him in the homely attitude that is implied, which in some degree quieted her fear of him. She began to roll the wool off his hands into a ball. Thus occupied, she said the daring words which were to lead him little by little into betraying his suspicions, if he did indeed suspect the truth.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE GUARDIAN ANGEL.

'You were here when I fainted, were you not?' Mercy began. 'You must think me a sad coward, even for a woman.'

He shook his head. 'I am far from thinking that,' he replied. 'No courage could have sustained the shock which fell on you. I don't wonder that you fainted. I don't wonder that you have been ill.' She paused in rolling up the ball of wool. What did those words of unexpected sympathy mean? Was he laying a trap for her? Urged by that serious doubt, she questioned him more boldly.

'Horace tells me you have been abroad,' she said. 'Did you enjoy your holiday?'

'It was no holiday. I went abroad because I thought it right to make certain inquiries—' He stopped there, unwilling to return to a subject that was painful to her.

Her voice sank, her fingers trembled round the ball of wool; but she managed to go on.

'Did you arrive at any results?' she asked.

'At no results worth mentioning.'

The caution of that reply renewed her worst suspicions of him. In sheer despair, she spoke out plainly.

'I want to know your opinion—' she began.

'Gently!' said Julian. 'You are entangling the wool again.'

'I want to know your opinion of the person who so terribly frightened me. Do you think her—'

'Do I think her—what?'

'Do you think her an adventuress?'

(As she said those words the branches of a shrub in the conservatory were noiselessly parted by a hand in a black glove. The face of Grace Rosenberry appeared dimly behind the leaves. Undiscovered, she had escaped from the billiard-room, and had stolen her way into the conservatory as the safer hiding-place of the two. Behind the shrub she could see as well as listen. Behind the shrub she waited as patiently as ever.)

'I take a more merciful view,' Julian answered. 'I believe she is acting under a delusion. I don't blame her; I pity her.'

'You pity her?' As Mercy repeated the words, she tore off Julian's hands the last few lengths of wool left, and threw the imperfectly wound skein into the basket. 'Does that mean,' she resumed, abruptly, 'that you believe her?'

Julian rose from his seat, and looked at Mercy in astonishment.

'Good Heavens, Miss Rosenberry! what put such an idea as that into your head?'

'I am little better than a stranger to you,' she rejoined, with an effort to assume a jesting tone. 'You met with that person before you met with me. It is not so very far from pitying her to believing her. How could I feel sure that you might not suspect me?'

'Suspect you?' he exclaimed. 'You don't know how you distress, how you shock me. Suspect you! The bare idea of it never entered my mind. The man doesn't live who trusts you more implicitly, who believes in you more devotedly, than I do.'

His eyes, his voice, his manner, all told her that those words came from the heart. She contrasted his generous confidence in her (the confidence of which she was unworthy) with her ungracious distrust of him. Not only had she wronged Grace Rosenberry—she had wronged Julian Gray. Could she deceive him as she had deceived the others? Could she meanly accept that implicit trust, that devoted belief? Never had she felt the base submission which her own imposture condemned her to undergo with a loathing of them so overwhelming as the loathing that she felt now. In horror of herself, she turned her head aside in silence, and shrank from meeting his eye. He noticed the movement, placing his own interpretation on it. Advancing closer, he asked anxiously if he had offended her.

'You don't know how your confidence touches me,' she said, without looking up. 'You little think how keenly I feel your kindness.'

She checked herself abruptly. Her fine tact warned her that she was speaking too warmly—that the expression of her gratitude might strike him as being strangely exaggerated. She handed him her work-basket before he could speak again.

'Will you put it away for me?' she asked, in her quietest tones. 'I don't feel able to work just now.'

His back was turned on her for a moment, while he placed the basket on a side-table. In that moment her mind advanced at a bound from present to future. Accident might one day put the true Grace in possession of the proofs that she needed, and might reveal the false Grace to him in the identity that was her own. What would he think of her then? Could she make him tell her without betraying herself? She determined to try.

'Children are notoriously fascinable if you once answer their questions, and women are nearly as bad,' she said, when Julian returned to her. 'Will your patience hold out if I go back for the third time to the person whom we have been speaking of?'

'Do what you please,' he said, with a smile. 'Suppose you begin at once by telling me what sort of woman Grace Rosenberry is?'

'Yes?'

'Suppose you believed that she was wickedly bent on deceiving others for a purpose of her own, and that you had discovered a way to put the criminal in your power?'

'Yes?'

'Suppose you believed that she was actually in your power, and that you could force her to do what you wanted her to do?'

'She hardly dared write herself to her father. You would still pay her for the purchase, would you?'

'Why should I?'

'Why? Because I ask you in warning. The tones of his voice, the look that filled his eyes as he spoke, and the sudden change in the aspect of the man, gave the faith in which she had trusted, the shock of a terrible doubt. She stared at him in silence.

'No!' he cried. 'Don't say that! Say that I may for ever trust implicitly in myself. What hold on Thy servant have the evil fancies of a woman? Let me be the sport of every idle breeze that blows, so long as I can be sure of Thee! Let me be the mockery of my foes, so long as I can be true to my God! Let me be the weak among women, to-morrow, the first Christian among the virtuous which never stumbled in a fellow-creature. The true Christian faith believes in man as well as in God. Fruit and fallen as we are, we can rise on the wings of repentance from earth to heaven. Humanity is sacred. Humanity has its immortal destinies. Who shall say that the worst among us, while there is hope in us, is not the best among us, set on it the stamp of the Creator's hand?'

He turned away for a moment, struggling with the emotion which she had aroused in him. Her eyes, as they followed him, lighted with a momentary enthusiasm—then sank wearily in the vain regret which comes too late. Ah! if he could have been her friend and her adviser on the fatal day when she first turned her steps toward Mablethorpe House! She sighed bitterly as the hopeless aspiration wrung her heart. He heard the sigh; and, turning again, looked at her with a new interest in his face.

'Miss Rosenberry,' he said.

She was still absorbed in the bitter memories of the past; she failed to hear him.

'Miss Rosenberry,' he repeated, approaching her. She looked up at him with a start.

'May I venture to ask you something?' he said, gently. She shrank at the question.

'Don't suppose I am speaking out of mere curiosity,' he went on. 'And pray don't answer me unless you can answer without betraying any confidence which may have been placed in you.'

'Confidence!' she repeated. 'What confidence do you mean?'

'It has just struck me that you might have felt more than a common interest in the questions which you put to me a moment since,' he answered. 'Were you by any chance speaking of some unhappy woman—not the person who frightened you, of course—but of some other woman whom you know?'

Her hand sank slowly on her bosom. He had plainly no suspicion that she had been speaking of herself; his tone and manner both answered for it that his belief in her was as strong as ever. Still these last words made her tremble; she could not trust herself to reply to them. He accepted the bending of her head as a reply.

'Are you interested in her?' he asked next. She faintly answered this time. 'Yes.'

'Have you encouraged her?'

'I have not dared to encourage her.' His face lit up suddenly with enthusiasm.

'Go to her,' he said, 'and let me go with you and help you.'

The answer came faintly and mournfully. 'She has sunk too low for that!'

He interrupted her with a gesture of impatience. 'What has she done?' he asked.

'She has deceived—basely deceived—innocent people who trusted her. She has wronged—cruelly wronged—another woman.'

For the first time Julian seated himself at her side. The interest that was now roused in him was an interest above reproach. He could speak to Mercy without restraint; he could look at Mercy with a pure heart.

'You judge her very harshly,' he said. 'Do you know how she may have been tried and tempted?' There was no answer.

'Tell me,' he went on, 'is the person whom she has injured still living?'

'Yes.'

'If the person is still living, she may atone for the wrong. The time may come when this sinner, too, may win our pardon and deserve our respect.'

'Could you respect her?' Mercy asked, sadly. 'Can such a mind as your's understand what she has gone through?'

A smile, kind and momentary, brightened his attentive face.

'You forget my melancholy experience,' he answered. 'Young as I am, I have seen more than most men or women who have sinned and suffered. Even after the little that you have told me, I think I can put myself in her place. I can well understand, for instance, that she may have been tempted beyond human resistance. Am I right?'

'You are right.'

'She may have had nobody near at the time to advise her, to warn her, to save her. Is that true?'

'It is true.'

'Tempted and friendless, self abandoned to the evil impulse of the moment, this woman may have committed herself headlong to the act which she now vainly repents. She may long to make atonement, and may not know how to begin. All her energies may be crushed under the despair and horror of herself, out of which the truest repentance grows. Is such a woman as this all wicked, all vile? I deny it! She may have a noble nature; and she may show it nobly yet. Give her the opportunity she needs, and our poor fallen fellow-creature may take her place again among the best of us—honored, blameless, happy, once more?'

Mercy's eyes, resting eagerly on him while he was speaking, dropped again despondingly when he had done.

'There is no such future as that,' she answered, 'for the woman whom I am thinking of. She has lost her opportunity. She has done with hope.'

Julian gravely considered with himself for a moment.

(CONTINUED.)

☞ Is your throat sore, or are you annoyed by a constant cough? If so, use promptly "Bryan's Pulmonic Wafers."—They relieve the air passages of phlegm or mucous, and allay inflammation, and no safer remedy can be had for coughs, colds, or any complaint of the throat or lungs, and if taken in time their efficacy will soon be proved. Sold by all Druggists and country dealers. Price 25 cts. per box.

'Did any of you ever see an elephant's skin?' inquired a teacher of an infant class. "Yes, sir." "Where?" "On an elephant."

The Resurrection of a Purse.

It was my good fortune to witness a few nights since the great crowding of people, and consequent confusion, at one of the principal theatres of London. I had taken my place in the dress circle, and was quietly enjoying the play, when I found that I was sitting next to a very fashionable lady, who was evidently in great distress. However, the opportunity soon found me at the rescue.

Quite a number of surgeons and physicians were present, and formed a remarkable group. There was Dr. D., his face built with age, his half-closed white with the snows of many winters, but his mind built so vigorous and elastic as in youth; and Dr. G., looking coldly on the world to find his fellow-creatures and worshippers. Near the greatest living experimentalist, and the inventor of machinery, and a host of others, all brilliant, save a few of our youngest. But towering above all in giant intellect stands Sir. A. C. His form erect, his high broad forehead, firmly compressed lips and cold blue eyes glittering with determination, all proclaim the master mind. And there he stands, at the head of the table, in the pride and prime of manhood, ready to undertake that which heretofore has been ascribed to the Creator alone, and willing to risk life and reputation on this experiment.

After a few moments' silence, he speaks: "GENTLEMEN: I am aware that the experiment which I am about to attempt, the resurrection of the dead, has always been regarded as a miracle, as an exercise of power only possible to the God who made all things. It is a well ascertained fact that the ancients believed in the resurrection of the dead, not the idea that a new body will be raised to life in the future, but that the body that died could, before decay, be restored to life and once again exist on earth. It is in the Bible, however, that we find most of these miracles. If this Book be true, the prophets of the Old Testament possessed this power, which they claimed was God given. Thus, we have it recorded that the mere contact of a corpse with the bones of a dead prophet restored the lost life to the corpse. Another prophet does not hesitate to intimate that, with the assistance of God, he could restore to life the dry bones in the valley of Chebar. Paul brought back to life the dead Eutychus; and there are numerous other instances. I cite these to show that the belief prevailed among the ancients. I leave you to judge of their worth. There is, however, one instance that is stronger than any of these, since it is witnessed by both sacred and profane history. I allude to the resurrection of the saints at the crucifixion. This I think possible. If it happened, it was largely due to electricity. A great convulsion of nature threw open the place of sepulture and the undecayed bodies, to which life had been restored by agencies which we cannot now examine, walked forth. Be this as it may, many of the beliefs of the ancient world have proved true, and impressed with the idea that this was not a mere superstition, I am about to essay an experiment that I have every reason to believe will be successful.

"The body on the table is that of a man who bled to death. One of the large arteries in his arm was severed, and the blood, 'which is the life,' flowed out faster than the organs could produce it. Here is a mere cessation of life, because the blood was diverted from its natural channels. I can discover no injury save the severed artery. It is absolutely necessary to the success of this experiment that the organs of the body be uninjured, for any material injury to any organ, I mean vital organs, would preclude the possibility of its performing its functions, since science cannot restore the organ. But where the action of an organ is interrupted by some cause that does not materially injure the organ, then I believe that the organ may be again compelled to perform its duty—just as the great wheel of a mill may be stopped by shutting off the Turn the water on, and again the wheel revolves. Remove the buckets, and the wheel ceases to perform its duty. This is precisely the case with the body; the blood which turns the wheels of the body having been diverted, the wheels stopped. I claim that this body may be brought to life. Whether the soul has departed and can be brought back, or whether the mind may be restored I cannot tell; but I believe I can again set at work every material organ of this body. I have carefully closed up the several arteries. Professor, I shall ask the assistance of yourself and Drs. C. and G."

He ceased speaking, and you may well imagine the interest with which we gathered around the table. A look half of wonder, half of incredulity was written on every face, but it quickly changed to one of the deepest interest as Sir A. C. began his operations. An incision was made in the body just above the heart and the cava vena and great coronary vein were burst open. In these openings were inserted small tubes. On the left of the table stood two large galvanic batteries. A slight cut was made just above puxns of the four inferior cervical nerves, and another about the first dorsal nerve. The conducting wires of the respective batteries were placed in connection with these cuts. A small pair of bellows was inserted in the mouth of the corpse, and Dr. G. took charge of them. Prof. H. was placed in charge of the batteries. Dr. C. now connected the tubes that had been inserted in the vena cava and great coronary vein with the large arteries of two full grown living sheep. It was a breathless moment, and as we leaned forward our interest was painful. The three tubes throbbed as the blood of the sheep bounded through them. Dr. G. commenced to work the bellows and the lungs of the body slowly responded. Three or four minutes of the most anxious suspense ensued as Sir A. C. bent over the body, pale with excitement. No movement could be seen save the slow rising and falling of the chest of the body. Two minutes more and one of the sheep staggered and fell. Rising erect and seizing some instruments Sir A. C. called: "Now professor!" In an instant the powerful current of the two batteries was turned on, and with a sudden jerk the corpse sat upright. Quickly forcing it back, Sir A. C., with the assistance of some of the younger men withdrew the tubes from the veins and closed up the small perforations. The wires were disconnected, the bellows removed. The respiration still continued! The pulse beat faintly! The corpse was alive!

The incision above the heart was closed up, and the body carefully removed to a bed in an adjoining room. Loud and enthusiastic were the congratulations offered to Sir A. C. But the work was not over. All that long night we sat in the room, Sir. A. C. feeling the pulse of the now living man, and at times administering small quantities of stimulant. His patience was well rewarded, every moment the pulse grew stronger and the breathing deeper. Several times the man opened his eyes, but apparently took no notice, and at daylight we left him sleeping.

It has been more than a week since the above took place and the man's still living. His wounds are healing and he is able to move about the room. He eats and drinks; seems to be affected by the heat and cold; seems to be slightly afraid of other people, or more curious than afraid. But he can neither read nor write, does not know the use of books, plates, or knives, or forks. Is not able to talk, but cries out very loudly, or jabbers in an inarticulate manner. Once in a while a word can be distinguished, but the man does not appear to perceive any difference between it and his