darkness had set in, and the glare lit the sky for twenty miles around. Forest after forest was swept away, and the smoke and flame was in compact volume some six miles ong and measureless so far as the eye could see as to width. Still men stood their ground and battled with it. They tore down their fences, ripped up the burning roads, threw dirt upon a spot here and pulled down a hen-coop in another place. Many remained fighting the advancing element until the last hope was consumed, and then sought safety in flight—a most difficult movement. None dared retire to bed, and if the wind changed, they would have to make desperate efforts to save themselves. All night long the fire burned. House after house, and barns filled with the best crops known for years, were destroyed. When the fugitives were all counted it was found that there were eleven persons missing, not one of whom was thought would escape, as a sea of fire, it was supposed, cut off all the roads mentioned. The next morning, however, one after another came in, until nearly all were accounted for. Many were badly burned. The worst fears were realized, however, as to some of them. By nine p.m. everything that could be burned was destroyed.

A TOUCHING STORY.

A rare example of constancy, courage and devotion combined has just been furnished by a brave young pleasant woman, born and bred in a remote hamlet of the Vosges. Marie Hagart this heroine in humble life, bade adieu to her husband some months since, and saw him start for the great city of Paris in the hope of obtaining employment there. But a month upon his arrival in the capital he fell ill, and being without either funds or friends was taken to the Hospital de la Pitie. The news of his illness reached the hamlet where his wife lived in course of time, and the latter, listening only to the promptings of her heart, determined to join her sick husband at once. She was utterly destitute. To travel by rail was, therefore out of the question; so she started on foot with a with a baby in her arms, just two francs in her pocket and a journey of a hundred and three leagues before her. Braving hardships of every description, sleeping by the roadside or in the fields and living on what scraps of food she could obtain on the way she pressed onward nothing daunted for the city where her husband lay sick. She had lost her way several times, her clothing was in rags her shoes were gone, but her courage remained undiminished, until a few evenings ago, when, footsore and weary, she found herself at Charentin, when she sunk down in the streets overcome by her sufferings, exhausted from want of food, exclaiming faintly "Mon Dieu I can go no further." Mother and child were conveyed to the police station, revived, warmed and tended, after which the poor woman related in a few simple words her touching story, seemingly astonished that those who listened to her should have been moved to express admiration for her conduct. Kindly persons offered the young woman the assistance and shelter her forlorn position required, but her absorbing thought was to obtain news of the man for whom she had travelled so far. The police commissary undertook to satisfy her on this point, and a few hours later she learnt that he whom she had walked so many leagues to see had expired in the hospital ward twenty-four hours before her arrival.—*London Evening Standard.*

REPORTED TREACHERY TO THE FRANKLIN SEARCH PARTY.

The New Bedford *Mercury* states that the United States Deputy Marshal has been ordered to arrest Capt. T. F. Barry, master of the whaling schooner *Eothen*, which took the Franklin search party from New York to Camp Daly in Hudson's Bay. The charge against him is robbery on the high seas, and the circumstances are said to be these: On leaving Camp Daly for the prosecution of their search the party took all the provisions they could carry and directed Capt. Barry to deposit the remainder of their supplies on Depot Island. On returning from Backs River however, and proceeding to Depot Island, they discovered to their indignation and disappointed, that the provision had not been delivered, and they were forced to depend altogether on the supplies of a small party of Hillick Esquimaux, who had themselves parched through a most severe winter, having been obliged at one time to kill a portion of their dogs for food. When they arrived at the village there was not over ten pounds of fresh meat in the settlement. The natives shared with them what provisions they had, but they endured much suffering from a lack of food. At one time a terrible storm set in from the north which prevented walrus hunting, and they went seven days without receiving anything more nourishing than seyiskins and refuse matter. Lieut. Schwalka, seeing that the situation was becoming exceedingly dangerous, set out for Marble Island, knowing it to be the winter quarters of the *George* and *Mary* with two natives for guides, the best dogs that remained, and a few small pieces blubber and walrus hide for provisions. They reached there in safety, and through the kindness of Captain Baker the party was taken to New Bedford. Captain Barry gives the severity of the winter as an excuse for not landing the bread and other things that belonged to them at Depot Island, but it is charged that he took the provisions to fit out an occasional whaling voyage.—*Evening Telegram Nov. 2.*

A PERFECT HEROINE.

A perfect heroine is the name by which I am known in Lincoln, among my friends; with it, I associate pride and shame.

I am proud of the flattering prefix; but am ashamed because I do not deserve it. My conscience tells me I am one of the most nervous, cowardly bodies in existence. Why then am I wrongfully called a "perfect heroine?" That has been my secret. I am about to make it no longer one, and show how, by the veriest of foolish acts, I gained not only the above title, but a small fortune.

It was during the winter, many years back, that I was invited to spend some week at Colonel Henderson's. There I was ever welcomed as one of the family. Circumstances caused me at first to refuse; but the obstacle being unexpectedly removed, I retracted, and, assured of a hearty reception started for Lincoln.

On my arrival, however, I perceived a slight embarrassment in the Hendersons' greeting, and charged myself with being *de trop*.

"My dear child, that you could never be," remarked the old Colonel; "but the facts is, we have had such an influx of guests, that every apartment is occupied. Our own girls are huddled into the garrets. Yet if you would not object, we would have a bed in the housekeeper's room, which is seldom used."

I was for flying back to town, rather than create such inconvenience, but they would not hear of it. So, finally, I consented to the proposal though with some internal misgiving, when I remembered the chamber was on the ground floor away from the others sleeping apartments. But there is a strong feeling than fear—dread of ridicule. Therefore I submitted, comforted by the assurance that the Lloyds left in two days, when I should have their room.

The pleasant evening that ensued made me forget the prospect of my solitary quarters; until, candles appearing, Nella Henderson conducted me to my apartment. We had to go through two long passages to reach it; and I found it had been made as comfortable as possible in the brief space. A bright fire burnt in the grate, and it would have been agreeable enough of it had not been so lonely.

'You are sure you are not nervous dear?' asked Nella, kissing me.

'Not in the least,' I answered, all the while longing for sufficient courage to confess the truth and entreat to sleep in any corner upstairs rather than alone here.

Pride withheld me and she departed. I listened to the last fall of her footsteps, locked the door, looked under the bed and into the cupboard; searched every corner I know not how often; then hurried to bed—but not to sleep. The state of my nerves prevented that and I laid awake starting at every crack of the old furniture; listening to the wind which in malice had risen and moved like stealthy fingers over the window pane.

I had at last fallen into a doze when I was awakened by something moving in the room, what I could not tell; but sounded like the patter of many little feet, then the 'shir' of articles being cautiously dragged here and there.

Quaking in every limb, I yet ventured to look around. The fire set only a dull, red glow into the room, reflected on the ceiling; all else was darkness visible. I could see nothing; yet the sound continued. Then the curtains of my bed rustled, as though shadowy hands were drawing them. It was just the kind of old rambling house that might be the refuge of ghosts. Was that the reason the room was so seldom used?

A cold perspiration came over me. I covered my head on my pillow with an involuntary dread when abruptly all was silent. However, the sounds were renewed, but altered. Now they were without my window, upon which came two distinct taps, such as no human hand could give. I laid, half terrified with fear. Again it came, tap, tap! followed by the light pattering of feet on the floor. What should I do? I sprang up, threw on my dressing wrapper and fled to the door.

Before reaching it, the fire falling together cast forth a brighter glow and I looked around; the room was empty; suddenly there flashed across my brain the thought of the ridicule; must bear die I arouse the house for some foolish cause.

I stood irresolute, when tap, tap! came on the window, accompanied by a long drawn sigh. Summoning my small stock of courage, I approached. There being no blind the curtains had been drawn over it, taking one in each hand, I quickly flung them back. A moan burst from my lips; for, before me, was veiling in the red firelight which gleamed on the panes, was the shadowy outline of a woman, clothed in white, with her hair streaming on her shoulders, and her dilated orbs staring into mine, while her arms were extended to clutch me. I waited no more, but fled from the room along the corridors, calling for help determining to arouse the whole house.

On turning into the second passage, I perceived before me an open window and a man standing by it. I fancied is one of the servants, and renewing my cries, rushed forward. I saw him move back—there was a flash of light—a report—and I fell, shot in the shoulder, to the ground.

Of course, you guess my secret now? The noises about the room were mice, converted into spirits by my fears. The tapping was the ivy, and the woman was my own reflection. Ah, but the man—the pistol? Ah, dear reader, accounted for. Some of the sounds in the garden had really excited, for that very night an attempt had been made by burglars, who had just effected an entrance when my shrieks alarmed them. The latter was making his escape by the window when I rushed to arrest him, causing to fire.

Well directly my senses returned I found myself overwhelmed by praises and eulogisms for my courage in, single-handed, so bravely attacking the burglars.

The Colonel declared he owed the preservation of his plate-chest entirely to me. Indeed, before I could explain they made me out such a heroine, that, for very shame I dared not admit the coward I had really been, but, with a guilty conscience, accepted my ill-merited laurel.

Some little while after, Uncle Guy died, and to my surprise, instead of leaving his money to build almshouses, willed it to me for having proved myself a girl of spirit!

A twelvemonth later, Herbert Lesie asked me to be his wife; but, before saying 'Yes' I had the justice to reveal to him the truth, and never in my life did I see a man laugh more heartily to this day the colour flies to my cheek on meeting my husband's merry, quizzical glance when my friends relate the event which won for me the title 'A Perfect Heroine.'

AGENTS FOR HERALD

The following gentlemen have kindly consented to act as our agents all intending subscribers will therefore confer a favor by sending in their names and subscriptions that they may be forwarded to this office.

Brigus—Mr. P. J. Power, School Teacher
Bay Roberts—Mr. G. W. R. Hemeday.
Heart's Content—Mr. M. Moore.
Bell's Cove } Mr Richard Walsh, Post
Little Bay } Office Little Bay.
Twillingate—Mr. W. T. Roberts.
Fogo—A. Joseph Rendell.
Tilton Harbor—Mr. J. Burke Sr.
King's Cove and Keels—Mr. P. Murphy
Bonavista—M. P. Templeman
Catalina—Mr. A. Gardner.
Bay de Verds—Mr James Evans
Collier—Mr. Hearn
Conception Harbor—Mr. Kennedy
Harbor Main—Mr. E. Murray.
Salmon Cove—Mr. Woolford
Holyrood—Mr. James Joy.

NOTICE.—This paper will not be delivered to any subscriber for a less term than six months—single copies four pence.

All correspondence intended for publication must be sent in not later than Tuesday evening.

THE CARBONEAR HERALD

Honest Labor—our noblest heritage.

CARBONEAR, NOV. 6.

GRATULATORY.

IN returning our most grateful acknowledgements to our worthy contemporary the St. John's *Register* for the very generous notice of that Journal with regard to our editorial efforts in the promotion of the interests of Carbonear and its people, we would avail of the opportunity to state, that any benefit which has accrued or shall in the future accrue to those interests through the medium of our Journalistic efforts we shall feel amply compensated by the consciousness that those efforts have been gratefully appreciated by an enlightened people. That our advocacy of the interests of Carbonear and its generous-hearted people has in the instance referred to been attended with success is indeed to us a source of sincere gratification and shall but tend to nerve us to still further efforts in the same direction.

REPORT

On Proposed Graving Dock and Harbor Improvements at St. John's Newfoundland by Messrs. Kimipple & Morris Engineers London & Greenock.

3, Westminster Chambers, S.W., London and Greenock, N.B. 13 Sept. 1880.

To His Excellency Sir John H. Glover G.C.M.G., Governor of Newfoundland.

(Concluded)

The graving dock works are so laid out that the present bridge can be removed and a swing or opening bridge substituted without interfering in any way with the dock works; and further, that at any time a quay wall could be built immediately in front of the reclaimed land and the river dredged opposite to such quay to give a depth of water capable of accommodating vessels of a moderate draft lying along side.

In fact it becomes a question for consideration whether it would not be better to carry out this scheme and use the dredge materials from the river to fill up the space between the existing and proposed promenade rather than go to the expense of spending £5 000 in getting material from the hills opposite for the purpose.

Should this proposition be entertained and we think it should, we would propose a quay wall of about 1,000 feet in length with a depth of water alongside, at high water ordinary spring tides, of from 12 to 12 or 14 feet, if the level of the surface of the rock below the bed of the river will admit of it at the same time we would propose to deepen the channel-way of the river for a width of about 200 feet for the full length of the quay and to the same depth or 12 feet below high water ordinary spring tides. Our data for forming a close estimate of this work is not very exact, but we think the following approximate estimate may be found sufficient:—

Length of quay wall, say 1,100 feet	£7,500
60,000 cubic yards of dredging in deepening the channel-way of the river, the dredged materials to be deposited in the space between the existing and the proposed promenade	5,000
Total	£12,500

For the expenditure of £12 500 a double purpose is accomplished, for it would provide a quay, a deep water channel-way in the river for moderate draft vessels, and sufficient materials for filling up the vacant space between the existing and proposed promenade; whereas by the previous proposition the sum of £5,000 was proposed to be spent in merely filling up the same vacant space.

The cost of the harbor improvements under this suggestion, would stand thus:—

Cost of large dock of full length	£103 500
Cost of quay wall and deepening the river channel-way, opposite reclamation land, and filling in intermediate space between the existing and the proposed promenade with the dredged materials	£12,500
Total	£116,000
Cost of large dock and reclamations as previously estimated	£118,000

These figures show, that for an extra expenditure of about £5,000 or £7,000 at, by you the former estimate a quay could be obtained of about 1000 feet in length, a dredged channel-way 200 feet broad for the full length of quay and materials for filling up the vacant space between the promenades.

We shall be happy to forward any further information you may require.

We have the honor to be, Sir,
Your obedient servants,
KIMIPPLE & MORRIS
Register.

Correspondence.

To the Editor of the Carbonear Herald

CARBONEAR, Nov. 4.

Dear Sir,—

In looking over the columns of the last issue of your valuable paper, I was not a little surprised on reading an article where great eulogy is poured forth concerning the extraordinary merits of our recently arrived Fire Engine. Now, Mr. Editor, the Engine was placed on a wharf not above fifty-five or forty yards from the premises of Messrs. J. & R. Madlock, the scene of the late conflagration. Attentively observing all that took place, I heard a policeman tell the young man in charge of the nozzle-pipe to direct the pipe on the smouldering embers and do what was doleful. There was a flow of water for about a minute, but it did not reach the fire. If the Engine possesses such extraordinary capabilities as a Fire extinguisher, why was not the fire quenched? The fact of its having flooded the debris of a conflagration, fraught with circumstances so momentous would establish an epoch in its history worth transmitting to future generations.

About twilight on the day in question I heard a gentleman call the attention of the Sergeant to the fact that the posts about the premises were still burning, and likely to freshen up, while a fire was burning on Mr. Howell's premises. Men were then hired by the Sergeant to put out the fire, which was done. Now, what was the cause of all this? Simply, lack of strength to work the engine. Now then, young men of Carbonear, never sully your time, honour and reputation, for bravery and daring none are equal to the Carbonearmen, let us hear your stentorian voices at the engine with the good old song.

Johnny fill up the Bowl.

Yours, &c.,
OBSERVER.

To the Editor of the Carbonear Herald,

CARBONEAR Nov. 5.

Dear Sir,—

While passing by the Police Court of Carbonear at 7 o'clock on the morning of Tuesday last, my attention was attracted to the piteous bleating of a sheep or lamb, coming from the inside of the fence enclosing that premises. In looking to see what the matter was, I saw in an enclosure (not a sheep-fold, certainly, from its appearance) an innocent looking lamb of last spring's yeaning in a condition most deplorable. It appeared to have been there all night, the wettest we have experienced, I may say, for years. I am curious to know what is the matter, and who is accountable for this cruelty to the poor animal.

Yours, &c,
CURIOSITY.

To the Editor of the Carbonear Herald

NORTH SHORE, Nov. 5.

Dear Sir,—

Some three and a half years ago, the Board of Education of Carbonear appointed and placed a Teacher at Spout Cove. There has been a real reformation since she went there and it is to be sorely regretted that she has been taken away from it. If the vacancy is not filled, no doubt but that the Spout Cove people will all become Wesleyans. It was noted for bad dogs before she went there, but since, (even the dogs have been taught to be still.) There is no doubt that if Spout Cove is left without a Teacher like Miss Mills the loss will be one that will be sorely felt by the people

Yours, &c.,
NORTH SHORE TRAVELLER.

Local and other Items

In our local column of last issue we cautioned an individual to "mind his stripes." In using this phrase we did not allude to any official the word being simply used as a bye-word.

Say, Charlie, what causes this smell in the Post Office? enquired Doctor ——— a few days ago. Can't say, Doc; replied Charlie, unless 'tis the dead letters. Then I have not seen any list of these dead's published in the papers, said the Doctor. How is that?

In our next issue we hope to be enabled to give the names of the officers and men who are to constitute the volunteer fire brigade which is being organized in town. We are glad to find that some of our mercantile employers united with their fellow townsmen in volunteering for the great public benefit.

The exasperating thing about revenge is that it never satisfies, but leaves one at the end as angry as at the beginning. After all, one might just as well forgive at once. The lady of *refinement*, who was heard to say that "the proprietor of the *Herald* ought to be tarred and feathered," would do well by taking a lesson from the above sound advice, and mind her goslings.

Some eight or ten of the Labrador fleet have arrived here, during the week, and we have much pleasure in noticing the arrival of our old friend Captain Thomas Geary, whom we were happy to see keeping up the usual whole man appearance. Captain Geary we are informed, has brought home a new importation from Labrador, some say it is a frenchman, but friend "Reynard" maintains that it is a stray-ed "Conroy."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—The letter "A Volunteer," received, but we deem its publications unnecessary, as the principal point to which you make reference, viz: "why is it that our mercantile clerks are not called upon to join the fire brigade, is answered in a local item in this days issue, and to which we refer our correspondent. You need not fear the clerks will volunteer and will work also, and harmonious too, with their fellow members.