THE WEEKLY TIMES.

Vol. 4, No. 9. ST. THOMAS, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1876. Price $1.50 per year.

THIS PAPER IS ON FILE WITH
GEO. P. ROWELL & CO. ADVERTISING AGENTS 41 PARK ROW, N.Y.
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Travellers' Guide.

Canada Southern Railway.

AUGUST 1876.

ON AND AFTER THIS DATE Trains will leave the Depot at St Thomas as follows:

FOR THE EAST.

ATLANTIC EXPRESS, 8 55 a m. for all the stations on the line and Buffalo.
DAY EXPRESS, 1 25 p m, arriving at Buffalo at 8 10 p m.
NEW YORK AND BOSTON EXPRESS 11 50 p m, arriving at Buffalo at 4 a m.

FOR THE WEST.

MAIL, 11 50 a m, for all Stations on the line and Detroit.
PACIFIC EXPRESS, 5 25 p m, for Detroit and Toledo.
CHICAGO EXPRESS, 5 35 a m, for Detroit and Toledo.

ST. CLAIR BRANCH.

At 3 25 p m for all stations, arriving at Courtright 7 30 p m.

J. WEBSTER, Div Supt. W K MUIR, G Manager.
August 15, 1876.

Business Cards.

HENRY F. ELLIS, Attorney-at-Law, Solicitor in Chancery, &c. Office in the Arkell Block, over the Red Star House; entrance two doors east of the Merchants' Bank. January 26, 1875.-ly

D. McLARTY, M. D., M. R. C. S. Eng., L. R. C. P., Edin; L M Eng and Edin. Late resident Accoucheur St Thomas Hospital London. Office in the Hutchinson Block St. Thomas, Ontario. January 28, 1875. ly

C. W. MARLATT, M. D., M. R. C. S. England, M. C. P. S. Ontario. Office and Residence, Elgin St., 1st house from Talbot St., St. Thomas. Oct. 3, 1876-ly.

J. B. TWEEDALE, M. D., PHYSICIAN, Surgeon, &c. Office and residence house formerly occupied by the Rev Mr Cuthbertson, Talbot Street, St. Thomas. October 17, 1873.

C. O. ERMATINGER, BARRISTER, Attorney, Solicitor-in-Chancery, &c. Office—Arkell Block, two doors east of Merchants' Bank, St Thomas.

J. McLEAN, Barrister and Attorney-at-Law, Solicitor-in-Chancery, Conveyancer, Notary Public, &c. Office—Free Trade Buildings, Talbot Street, St Thomas. June 1873.

H EVELY, VETERINARY SURGEON, Graduate of Ontario Veterinary College. Terms moderate. Office—D Barnes' Livery Stable, William Street, St Thomas. May 22, 1874.tf

JAMES A. BELL, PROVINCIAL Land Surveyor and Civil Engineer. Office in Free Trade Block, Talbot Street. St Thomas, March 16, 1876.tf

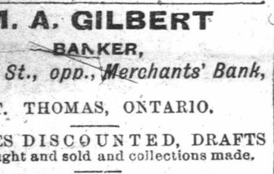
MARRIAGE LICENSES ISSUED BY William McKay, Court House, Saint Thomas; Residence—Corner of Elgin and Center Street.

EDWARD HORTON, BARRISTER and ATTORNEY AT LAW. Office—second floor in Opera Block, St. Thomas. Mony loaned on Real Estate. Terms reasonable. Sept. 26, 1876tf.

Architects.

EDWIN WARE & SON, ARCHITECTS and Civil Engineers—Office in the first storey of the Opera House, are prepared to make drawings, specifications and estimates for every description of church, house and bridge erection with correctness and despatch. Also to take the superintendence thereof, and by giving strict and dilligent attention hope to merit and obtain a share of the public confidence. Specimens of various designs can be seen by those who will favor them with a visit. May 16, 1876. tf

D. KILPATRICK, Architect, &c. St. Thomas, Ont. OFFICE, on St. George's Street one door North of Talbot st. Plans and specification of every description of BUILDINGS executed on the shortest notice.



September 29, 1874-ly

Financial.

M. A. GILBERT
BANKER,
Talbot St., opp. Merchants' Bank,
ST. THOMAS, ONTARIO.

NOTES DISCOUNTED, DRAFTS bought and sold and collections made.

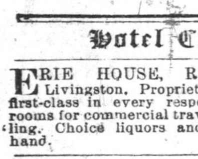
American Currency exchanged at the best current rates.

INTEREST ALLOWED ON DEPOSITS
May 2, 1876.tf

Meetings.

L. O. L. NO. 257.
The regular meeting is held on first Monday in every month at the Lodge Room, Arkell Block.
W. H. HINDMARSH, W. M

THE REGULAR COMMUNICATION of the St. Thomas Lodge No. 44, A F & A M—G R C—is held on the first Thursday of each month. For information concerning emergencies apply to W. A. COOPER. Secretary.



THE REGULAR communication of the Elgin Lodge, A F & A M—G R C—is held on the first TUESDAY of each month. For information concerning emergencies apply to W. R. TRAVERS. Secretary.

Hotel Cards.

ERIE HOUSE, RODNEY—JOHN Livingston, Proprietor. This house is first-class in every respect. Good sample rooms for commercial travellers. Large stabling. Choice liquors and cigars always on hand. ly

YARMOUTH CENTRE HOTEL.—J. Marlatt, Proprietor, Situated four miles east of St Thomas, on Talbot street. First class accommodation for the travelling public Yarmouth Centre, June 30, 1874-ly

MORPETH.—NEW DOMINION House, Morpeth, George Addeman, Pro. First-class accommodation for commercial travellers. Finest brands of wines, liquors and ale always on hand. The best cigars in Ontario. Good stabling and an attentive hostler. The patronage of the travelling public is respectfully solicited. Prices reasonable. Morpeth, Oct. 12, 1875-tf.

BRITANNIA HOUSE, CORNER OF York and Wellington Streets, London. Very best accommodation for the travelling public. Charges $1 per day. Free Omnibus from the Hotel to and from all trains. Loyd's No. 1 Livery Stables, the best in the Province, are located on Wellington Street, between York and King. The most reliable Horses and best Carriages in the city, covered and open. Commercial Travellers' Rigs, Single and Double, also a splendid band waggon for driving parties.
THOMAS LOYD, Prop.
Orders can be left at the hotel.
London, Dec. 30, 1875-tf.

Lambert's Hotel
(Late Cole's)
Corner of Talbot and William Streets,
ST. THOMAS.

Mr. James Lambert, formerly of Port Burwell, having taken this old established house is prepared to provide first-class accommodation to the travelling public. Farmers will please take notice that meals can be had at all hours. Good stabling.

GILLINGHAM'S
SEWING MACHINE EMPORIUM.
has been removed to the opposite side of the road facing the TIMES OFFICE BLOCK, Talbot Street.

The proprietor tenders his best thanks to his customers and the public for the liberal patronage extended to him since his advent to St. Thomas, and hopes with increased facilities, good workmanship and honest business principles to merit a continuance of the same. A large stock of all the first-class Machines on hand, including the Raymond, Royal, Singer and also a number of second hand machines in good running order of every variety which have been taken in exchange to be sold at very low figures.

Machines repaired and adjusted as heretofore; Needles, all kinds; oils, &c., always on hand.

CAUTION—S. G. having been repeatedly informed that some unprincipled persons make use of his name, for the purpose of inducing the sale of inferior machines, would hereby inform the community that he employs no pedlars preferring rather to do business on more straightforward and upright principles. June 15, 1876.-tf

MISS CORLIS,
TALBOT ST., CORNER PORT STANley St. & Victoria Block, Hat and Bonnet Bleacher and Presser. Is prepared to alter, dye, bleach and press straw, leghorn, chip and neapolitan hats and bonnets to the latest style. Also gentlemen's felt hats cleaned and remodelled. Ladies' hats pressed into the latest styles.
September 12, 1876-1w.

ST. THOMAS TIMES.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 2nd, 1876.

ON A SPRIG OF HEATHER.

Mrs. Grant, the author of the following verses, was born in 1754. Besides verse, she wrote several able and interesting prose works, her *Letters from the Mountains*, and *Essays on the Superstitions of the Highlanders*, displaying a lively and observant fancy, with considerable powers of landscape-painting. Her writings first drew attention to the more striking and romantic features of the Scottish Highlands, afterwards so fertile a theme for the genius of Scott.

Flower of the waste! the heath-fowl shuns
For thee the brake and tangled wood—
To thy protecting shade she runs;
Thy tender buds supply her food;
Her young forsake her downy plumes,
To rest upon thy opening blooms.

Flower of the desert though thou art!
The deer that range the mountain free,
The graceful doe, the stately hart,
Their food and shelter seek from thee;
The bee thy earliest blossoms greets,
And draws from thee her choicest sweets.

Gem of the heath! whose modest bloom
Sheds beauty o'er the lonely moor;
Though thou dispense no rich perfume,
Nor yet with splendid tints allure,
Both Valour's crest and Beauty's bower
Oft has thou decked, a favourite flower.

Flower of the wild! whose purple gow
Adorns the dusky mountain's side,
Not the gay hues of Iris' bow,
Nor garden's artful varied pride,
With all its wealth of sweets could cheer,
Like thee, the hardy mountaineer.

Flower of his heart! thy fragance mild
Of peace and freedom seem to breathe;
To pluck thy blossoms in the wild,
And deck his bonnet with the wreath,
Where dwelt of old his rustic sires,
Is all his simple wish requires.

Flower of his dear-loved native land!
Alas, when distant far more dear!
When he from some cold foreign strand,
Looks homeward through the blinding tear,
How must his aching heart deplore,
That home and thee he sees no more!

THE BROKEN HOME,
OR
The Wolf in the Fold,

(The following is a synopsis of that portion of "The Broken Home" which has been published in the TIMES. After reading this synopsis, *new* readers can go on with the rest of the story just the same as if they had read the whole of it. The story opens in 1867. Mr. Preble, the father of the heroine, was at that time a rich banker in San Francisco His home was broken by the carrying off of his little daughter, Jessie, fourteen years before, when she was only three years old. This fiendish act had been perpetrated by a half-brother of Preble's, named Trevil Hardwick. At the opening of the story, Hardwick calls at the banker's house, and tells him how, fourteen years before, he had carried off the little Jessie out of revenge, and that she had grown to be beautiful, and that he (Hardwick) was going to marry her, and break her heart, and then compel her father to pay him a prodigious sum to save her from further cruelties. They did not dare molest the wretch, for fear they should forever lose all chance of finding a clue to their child; but Mrs. Preble, who was an energetic woman, at once set out, attended by Adrian Thorne, Mr. Preble's confidential clerk, in search of the missing daughter. They had got belated by the sudden death of their horses, and had to stop at a place known as the Five-Fork Tavern, kept by a family named Greddley, where it was supposed many a traveller had been murdered. From this very tavern, Hetty Greddley, the alleged daughter of the house, a beautiful girl only seventeen years old, had fled to the forest but a short time before, on account of her horror of the life she saw there. She was attacked by a grizzly bear, and rescued by a strange man called Yip, the Squirrel Tamer, and by him taken to his home in a huge and hollow pine-tree. The following chapters show how it fared with Hetty in her forest refuge.)

That will be a sweet hour for you, poor Hetty, said Yip softly, the tears wetting his cheeks. I remember my mother. She was a plain woman, large of frame, with high cheek-bones, and a gaunt face, but her soul was beautiful. She was so kind, so gentle, so patient, so smiling. I was a rude boy, always in scrapes; but my mother shielded my faults from the gaze of others, and she always encouraged and upheld me, when others made little of me. Ah, she was a grand woman, and Yip's tears fell fast and thick. I'm getting old, and she died thirty years ago, but somehow I think a good deal about her when I'm alone with these innocent squirrels. It's natural, I suppose.

But why do you live here alone, Yip? asked Hetty.

Yip smiled mournfully.

I loved a girl at the East, where I was brought up, he said. We were engaged, when my brother, who was very handsome, and a clerk in the city, came home on a visit. That ended my love affair. She liked him better; and on the morning appointed for our wedding, I walked up to find that my intended bride had eloped with my brother. I went away from home, and wandered about for years. At last I drifted out here. I have lived for years in this forest-dwelling, and perhaps I shall die here among my honest little pets. You see, Hetty, he added, "mine is like yours, a simple story. But like yours, it covers a great deal.

He said nothing of his long agony and despair, but Hetty comprehended all that he did not say. She held out her hand and pressed his in a mute sympathy that was very sweet to him.

There are tears in your brown eyes, Hetty, he said in a trembling voice—tears for me. Thank you, child. Every one of those bright drops is a link to bind you and me together. In the hour of your anguish and desolation—if that hour should ever come to you—you will find me your true friend.

That hour has come; it is here, cried Hetty. O, Yip, I am all alone in the world. I believe these people at the Five-Fork Tavern to be thieves, perhaps murderers, and her voice took a tone of horror. Mrs. Greddley brings out now and then books and clothing, which she says their owners left at the Tavern to pay their bills, they having no money. I have seen many travellers come to the inn, but though I have watched closely, there are two travellers whom I have never seen go away And I have heard cries in the night, Yip, and I have seen blood on the floor. Yip, the tavern is a den of assassins. I cannot go back—I cannot.

You shall not, ejaculated Yip. You shall live here with me and be my daughter. I like you and the squirrels like you. See how Cheer and Chirp are making up to you, the little rascals. I've got money buried in the corner. I must have been saving it for you, for I've no use for it. Will you stay, Hetty?

You are very kind, said the girl gratefully. But I have received the advantages of education, and it seems to me that I ought to earn my own living. I can teach—

And run against that dark visitor of yours, the first thing, interposed Yip It wouldn't be safe, Hetty. A young girl with enemies hasn't much chance—especially with such enemies as yours. You will stay for the present, at least!

Hetty hesitated, and at the same instant the barking of a dog was heard without.

In an instant the squirrels had flown to cover.

Yip and Hetty went to the door, and beheld visitors approaching, at sight of whom the girl was transfixed with horror.

Oh Heaven, she cried, in accents of utter terror. It is Mrs. Greddley and her lame son? My little dog has led them here. What will become of us? I am lost—lost.

CHAPTER X.

HETTY AND YIP IN TROUBLE.

The new comers were indeed Mrs. Greddley and her lame son, Ben. Greddley.

They had searched for Hetty during the previous day without obtaining a trace of her. On the morning of the second day the restlessness of Hetty's little dog had suggested to them a new idea. The animal had been shut up in Hetty's room by his owner, in order to keep him out of Mrs. Greddley's way, and that personage had resolved that he should guide her to the maiden, if there was such a thing as canine instinct. She had therefore attached a cord to his neck, and set out with her son under the dog's guidance, the little fellow soon seeming to comprehend what was required of him.

At sight of his young mistress in the opening of the hollow pine, the dog set up a joyful barking, and strove to break away from the hold of Mrs. Greddley. But that personage silenced his clamors with a few well-directed blows, crying out.

So there you are, Miss Hetty. I see you in that hollow tree. Come here. Come here directly.

The sound of that harsh voice accomplished what the sight of the cruelly gleaming eyes could not. It endued Hetty with new life and vigor. She sprang back into the dwelling—if the home in the tree may be so called—and the next moment Yip, equal to the emergency, shut fast the stout door and barricaded it.

We're inside, Miss Hetty, he cried, trembling with excitement, and they are outside. And what is more, he added, they will stay out.

At this moment a loud crash was heard against the door, as if Hetty's enemies were hurling themselves with full force against it.

Yip smiled.

They can work at that as long as they please, he said. The squirrels are all safely hidden, and it will take a dozen strong men to break in here.

But can they not climb the tree and drop down into the upper chamber? asked Hetty, pale with alarm. Can they not break in on us at any point?

No, we are well barricaded. But I'll just look out and see what they want, and warn them to be off, said Yip.

He crossed the floor, pulled at a knob in the side of the tree, and drew out a neatly fitting circular piece about the size of a tea-cup. Then he calmly looked out from this loop-hole, and surveyed the outward scene.

Mrs. Greddley and her son had withdrawn a few paces from the door, and were consulting in low tones, their glances fixed menacingly on the hollow tree.

They did not observe the loop-hole, nor the keen eye peering from it, until Yip called out to them:

Well what do you want? What are you here for?

The two started, looked around them in every direction, and their glances encountered the loop-hole.

I want my daughter, cried Mrs. Greddley, glaring at Yip, expecting to intimidate him. She ran away from home yesterday, and we have tracked her here with the help of her dog.

Your daughter isn't here, said Yip coolly.

Not here, ejaculated Mrs. Greddley in amazement. Why, we jest saw her in your door-way didn't we, Ben.?

Ben. uttered an emphatic affirmative.

The young lady wasn't your daughter, said Yip in the most exasperating manner. She lived with you for years it is true, but she is no Greddley.

Mrs. Greddley's face flamed with wrath.

So she's been telling you that romantic nonsense, has she? she exclaimed. The girl is half crazy. I not her mother, Indeed! Perhaps she'll tell me who is her mother, if I am not.

Though you are not her mother, you may be able to tell who is better than she can, said Yip. She has left you for good. She won't go home with you, so I warn you off my premises.

Premises, said Mrs. Greddley, scornfully. I have heard of you before as the tree-hermit. And I can tell you that I've as much right to this holler pine as you have. Premises. Let the girl come out at once, or we'll destroy your 'premises.'

The girl won't come out, said Yip. She likes it here, and is going to stay here. Now let us see you destroy my premises.

We'll cut a hole in your tree with axes, cried Ben. Greddley fiercely.

Yip laughed, with something of a squirrel's chatter in his merriment.

You'll have a nice time at it, he observed coolly. And we are armed in here.

We'll smoke you out, said Mrs. Greddley, in a paroxysm of wrath.

Yip laughed again.

Try it, he advised.

We'll climb up into your tree and come down upon you that way, foamed the lame son.

That course is open to objections as well, said Yip. We are armed, as I told you. And we have got a rousing big fire in here that would singe you.

A fire in that tree, ejaculated Mrs. Greddley incredulously. Impossible.

She stepped back a few paces further, and looked upward. And then she detected what she had not before seen, a faint blue smoke curling upward through the branches of the pine.

Threats having failed to intimidate Yip, and a resort to force proving useless, Mrs. Greddley had recourse to entreaty.

See here, she exclaimed, as if desirious of reasoning the matter. That's only a foolish notion of the girl's that I am not her mother. The truth is, sir, that I am a poor, ignorant, hard-working woman, with no education. Hetty's been to school at Sacramento, and has learned music and lots of fine things. And she's ashamed of me, and her father and brother, because we are not learned like her. That's the truth, sir, as I am a living woman.

She looked at Yip with a stolid countenance, which she strove to render frank and truthful in appearance.

Yip might have been staggered at this declaration, but for a glance into the innocent brown eyes of the girl at his side.

I don't believe a word you say, Mrs. Greddley, he answered stoutly. Miss Hetty looks at the heart, and not at the outside. If she don't like you, I am sure you don't deserve to be liked.

Mrs. Greddley's eyes snapped. She began to feel all her cunning no match for the straightforward simplicity of the tree-hermit.

The girl can't stay here, she said, after a pause. She has no clothing save what she has on.

I'll take her to Sacramento and fit her out, replied Yip.

Think of her reputation, urged Mrs. Greddley, growing desperate. What will people say to her living here alone with you? And in a tree too.

I'll adopt her, responded Yip coolly. I am not afraid that her reputation will suffer, for I am old enough to be her father As to people's talking, we have no neighbors—only the birds and the squirrels and such innocent things, and innocent dumb creeturs all love Hetty. And as to the tree, I have known houses that were worse. I should think, he added, that it would be worse for her reputation to live at the Five-Fork Tavern, if all her suspicions are true.

Mrs. Greddley and her son grew pale and agitated, and under this emotion flamed a terrible anger.

The jade, cried the former, in a deep tone of menacing. The girl is crazy, and should not be allowed her freedom. Give her up to us, sir, and we will pay you well.

Never. Cease your parleying, and be off. Hetty is safe with me, and I shall not give her up.

The Greddleys pleaded and even wept, but Yip would not yield to their demands. Then they withdrew to a little distance and consulted together, soon returning to the charge with renewed threats and entreaties.

It's of no use, said Yip. You can stand there six weeks if you wish to, but you'll be no nearer gaining your object then than now.

We can't do anything, mother, said Ben. Greddley, in a hoarse voice. Let us go. Father is alone, and unable to move, even if the house should take fire. If any travellers should stop at the tavern, there would be no one to wait on them. Let the girl go. If she chooses to fling us off, why should we cry after her?

True, said Mrs. Greddley, with reluctant assent. And your father is alone, and there's no one to wait on travellers—yes, we'll go home. But I've got one last word to say to Hetty. She's an ungrateful child, and such children are always cursed. She thinks she's had trouble at the tavern. Mark my words, and the old woman's gray locks floated on the air and a sinister look gleamed from her eyes, her trouble has not fairly begun yet. There are dark times before her—dark and terrible times. Let her tremble.

The old woman raised her hand as if invoking imprecations on Hetty, and then turned and sullenly departed, attended by her lame son, and leading Hetty's unwilling dog.

She's gone, said Yip, with a breath of relief. I declare, she reminds me strangely of a hyena. She's an ugly customer, woman though she is. If there's any man who ever wanted to marry that woman and didn't get her, he had a narrow escape, and I'd like to 'gratulate him on it.

Gone, cried Hetty, her voice thrilling with joy. Are you sure. She is very cunning, Mr. Yip. She may be only pretending to go.

I'll find out, said Yip. You let me out, Hetty, and I'll track them a way. You can bar the door after me, and keep watch through the loop-hole.

He unfastened the door and slipped out without waiting for Hetty's reply, and the next instant he was on the trail of the Greddleys. Hetty barred the door again, and took up her station at the look-out.

She was in time only to see Yip vanishing into the shadows of the forest in swift pursuit.

The minutes passed slowly. The Greddleys did not return. The squirrels within the home began to peep shyly and questioningly from their coverts, and outside, among the fallen leaves and the tall grasses and the thick bushes, bright, glancing eyes peeped out, and an occasional inquiring chatter cleft the still air.

At length footfalls were heard, and the loud chatter of the squirrels and their boldness assured Hetty that the comer was Yip. And an instant later, Yip, panting yet radiant, appeared before the loop-hole.

Hetty hastened to admit him.

You can leave the door open, Hetty, said Yip, wiping his brows. They're really gone. I tracked them a mile on their way. They were cross enough, you may be sure, but they've given up all hope of regaining you.

Hetty felt unconvinced at heart of the reality of these good things. She knew that the Greddleys were of all people the most cunning and artful, and she knew that they would sooner lose their right hands than allow her to escape them, now that she had declared her suspicions concerning their treatment of travellers. Yet she tried to smile and to feel reassured, and to fling off the weight of foreboding that seemed suddenly to settle down heavily upon her soul.

You are very good to me, Mr. Yip, she said gratefully. You are the only true friend I have in the world. I do not distrust your judgment, but I cannot help fearing that they have gone away to get up some new plan, and that they have by no means abandoned hope of regaining me.

I am sure that they have given up all hope of having you back, Hetty, said Yip earnestly. It's natural you should feel so, after your recent excitement, but I think you unconsciously exaggerate their enmity and power. Don't worry, Hetty. Leave the door open, and let the sunshine in. The squirrels will soon set you up. Yip.

At that shrill cry, but little used by the tree-hermit during the earnest talk and excited parley of the morning, the flock of gray squirrels appeared tumultuously, chattering and frolicking, and looking like a drove of autumn leaves scudding before the wind.

The precious little fellers, muttered Yip, in a glow of perennial enthusiasm, which fairly bubbled over like one of the bottling springs. There are comforters for you when you feel low-spirited, Miss Hetty. Whenever I feel gloomy and troubled, I've only to look at those two there—Delight and Gay—to laugh all over. Frolic is another interesting little creetur—as full of play as a humming-bird. Look at 'em.

He tossed them some wheat, as he was in the habit of doing often, and grew so absorbed in watching the peculiarities of his pets, and pointing out his favorites—they all seemed to be his favorites without exception—that Hetty, listened to him and watching him, forgot her cares and apprehensions in his enjoyment.

Take them altogether, he said, after a pause, I doubt if there was ever such a nice family of squirrels as mine. They are so affectionate and generous. Some of them lived in this tree—at least their ancestors did—when I took possession, but, instead of turning them out of house and home, I made myself their friend and shared it with them. These little fellows were born here, and they've grown up under my own eye. They love me as I love them. You ought to see one of their jubilees when I get home from Sacramento. Yip.

The squirrels swarmed about him, rubbing themselves against his legs, filling his bosom, and sitting upright on his shoulders, manifesting a continual delight in his friendship and companionship.

What comfort we shall take here, Hetty, with each other and the squirrels, said Yip. You shall have all the clothes and ribbons you want. We'll start tomorrow after them. And we'll have books and a guitar, and you shall play and sing, and we will read and talk. I'll buy you things to sew with and write with, and coffee and tea, and all those things to eat. And to begin with, he added, I must get you a good dinner as soon as possible. I don't think much of that bear's meat. I could get you a nice game-bird, though it's a pity to kill them, and I will get one. Yip.

He arose, dispersing his tiny admirers, and took down a rifle from hooks on the wall, a regretful look crossing his face as if the task before him pained his gentle heart.

Don't kill a bird for me, said Hetty. And don't leave me, Mr. Yip. Please don't.

I won't go out of sight, Miss Hetty, he answered. And as to the bird, I'll pick out a big, full-grown one, and I dare say I shall like it as well as you. If you'll stir up the fire, and put the potatoes in the ashes, I'll soon be back with the bird.

He hurried out on his hunting expedition, fully resolved not to stir out of sight of his own tree. Yet in the excitement of hunting, he was soon quite a distance away, with a forest of thick pines between him and his home.

Hetty stirred up the fire, and completed her preparations for dinner. She had scarcely finished, when the scampering of the squirrels warned her of an approach.

Before she could gain the open door, two persons appeared on the threshold, menacing and triumphant and evilly exulting.

They were Mrs. Greddley and her lame son.

Their departure had been only a feint to throw Yip off his guard, and in this they had succeeded.

At sight of them Hetty uttered a wild shriek.

The next instant they were upon her, like wild beasts of prey.

She was but a child in their fierce, strong hands. In a few seconds they had bound her with cords they had brought for the purpose, and then, fiercely exulting, they hurried her out into the forest, carrying her between them.

CHAPTER XI.

A CHOICE BETWEEN SCYLLA AND CHARYBDIS.

Hetty's enforced journey back to the Five-Fork Tavern was not accomplished without many and fierce struggles on her part, but she might as well have struggled with wild beasts of the jungle. Mrs. Greddley and her lame son never once loosened their hold upon her, and Hetty wondered, even in her anguish and despair, at the power and strength in the hands of the woman and her lame son.

Her captors maintained an ominous silence during the journey, rarely speaking save to exchange a half sentence, or to gruffly bid the girl resign herself to her fate.

Hetty hoped with the wildness of utter desperation that they might encounter Yip in the forest, or that Yip, returning home and missing her, might suspect the truth and follow and rescue her.

Her hopes were in vain. Yip, in all the ardor of his hunting expedition, was still shooting birds for the dinner they had expected to share together, and was yet unconscious of her peril.

As if apprehensive of the tree-hermit's pursuit, the Greddleys pressed forward swiftly, now and then glancing over their shoulders, and finally emerged [illegible] of the roads which led [illegible] near which their tavern was located.

I am tired, said Hetty wearily, her limbs trembling with fatigue. Let me rest a little.

Mrs. Greddley laughed mockingly, and hurried her on.

The Five-Fork Tavern was gained at last. The door was open and the afternoon sun was shining into the room. A great fire was burning on the hearth, and before it sat the paralytic, muttering and mumbling to himself after a strangely imbecile fashion.

As his wife and son entered the room, dragging in their half-bound captive, a fierce gleam shot from his eyes, and an exultant smile glowed on his sinister face.

You have captured her, eh? he exclaimed. That is well. I had begun to think that you had got yourself into trouble.

No travellers here, and none been here, I suppose? said Mrs. Greddley, looking sharply around.

The paralytic replied in the negative.

Hetty, now nearly lifeless from fatigue and terror, was deposited in the great rocking-chair, which was then drawn up in front of the paralytic.

It was as if the apartment had been transformed into a court-room, and Hetty was the prisoner under trial, and these three were her accusers and judges.

The summer sunlight strayed in through the plants vailing the western windows, the soft and warm yet damp breath of the surrounding forest floated in at the open door-way, bringing with it, the gay music of birds, and Hetty, pale and fearful, hearing and seeing nothing save her enemies, cowered in her chair, the sunlight falling upon her and lighting up her hair as with a halo. She looked like a young martyr on the eve of sacrifice.

Let us settle this business before any one comes, said Mrs. Greddley, eyeing the girl with a cold and pitiless gaze. We found Hetty at the tree-hermit's. The dog led us directly there, after he had once made out the trail. She refused to come home with us, and that Yip, as he calls himself, defied us. As we could not take her away by force, we pretended to give up the battle, and to set out for home. We did come a mile in this direction, but then turned and went back. We watched our opportunity, and, as we had expected the hermit went off hunting something for dinner. Ben. and I then slipped into the tree-room and seized my lady, and here we are.

Cleverly done, exclaimed the paralytic, regarding his wife admiringly. Has the girl been telling any of that stuff she got off to you yesterday, about not being our daughter?

Yes, and more. She has said that she believes that we rob and murder travellers.

The paralytic muttered a fearful curse, and his eyes glared fiercely at the captive.

She says that, does she? he said. She suspects too much. People with such tongues as yours, Miss, should have them tied. What had we best do with her, Peggy?

Mrs. Greddley looked around her cautiously, more from instinct than because she feared an approach, and whispered hoarsely:

I know of but one way to quiet unruly tongues.

It was impossible to mistake her meaning. Her stealthy manner, her voice, her looks proclaimed that she meant the girl should die.

Hetty comprehended the woman's full meaning, and she struggled to uplift her shrinking figure, and an accusing look leaped from her eyes as she cried:

And this woman pretends that she is my mother. The wolf is kinder to her cub, the tiger is tenderer to his young, than she ever was to me. And now she would kill me. And yet she pretends to be my mother.

Language would fail to express the scornful incredulity with which Hetty uttered these words. Lightning seemed to leap from her brown eyes as from twin clouds, and her lovely mouth was curled into an expression of withering contempt, mingled with defiance.

The Greddleys contemplated her in a speechless rage.

You hear? cried Mrs. Greddley in a concentrated voice. We are not safe while she lives. Let her die.

Let her die, echoed the paralytic savagely. She suspects too much. There's an old saying, and a true one, 'Dead folks tell no tales.'

The old woman moved toward Hetty, her fingers working nervously.

The girl gave one glance into her face, and then, with a wild and startled shriek, looked at Ben. Greddley with agonized pleading. He was the only one of the three who had ever shown her a kindness, and bad as he was, she turned instinctively to him now.

Back mother, cried Ben., responding to the girl's mute prayer. Don't lay a finger on her. I'll manage this business.

Very well, said Mrs. Greddley; only it must be managed as we can all agree.

The lame son did not answer, but directed his attention to Hetty.

Jest listen to me, girl, he said. You seem to have got awful ideas in your head about us. You seem to think we are thieves and murderers. Now did you ever see us murder anybody?

No, said Hetty tremblingly.

Then what do you mean by your foolish suspicions? Speak out.

I have heard cries in the night, answered Hetty, pale as death, and there are two travellers I never saw go away, and Mrs. Greddley has things that belonged to them.

The lame man laughed boisterously.

And it is on such grounds as these that you believe us murderers? he demanded. I can explain them in an instant. The cries were nothing but the whistling of the wind through the pines. The travellers left before daybreak, being in haste to resume their journey, and the things you saw mother have, they left to pay their lodgings, being out of money.

Hetty was unconvinced, but she tried to school her face that her real sentiments might not be seen.

The lame man looked at her keenly, and continued:

I have no doubt you were honest in your belief, Hetty, but you've had your head turned by your long stay in Sacramento. You can't understand our rough ways, and so think badly of us.

Hetty did not turn her gaze from Ben. Her face was startlingly pale, and her brown eyes looked like two stairs. Unconsciously to herself there was in their clear and honest depths an expression that betrayed that her doubts and suspicions were still alive, under all her fears.

(*To be continued.*

AN OLD man named William Buckter, 74 years of age, of East Whitby, hung himself in a barn on Saturday week last. Cause—poverty and drink.

ARREST OF A POLISHED SWINDLER.—London, Oct. 25.—A clever confidence man, who has victimized many persons in Canada, was arrested last evening at the residence of a clergyman, where he was engaged with a select circle of ladies, and brought before the Police Court to-day. He gives his name as Henry Stayner, representing herself as a son of the organist of St. Paul's, London, England. His progress here from Quebec, it is stated, has been a series of impositions on musical and clerical people whom he made the acquaintance of only to betray. He has a wide knowledge of musical men in England, which, added to pleasing address, gave him "open sesame." On Sunday last he was allowed to play on the organ of St. Paul's here, and made a sad exhibition of his powers. He was introduced to the family of the staff officer of pensioners and took from his residence a large number of photographs and an opera glass. He also obtained $10.50 from Mr. Jones, organist of the Queen's avenue Methodist church, on false premises. He pleaded guilty to both charges at the Police Court to-day, and was remanded pending further revelations. Further enquiries have elicited the following facts:—that the real name of the swindler is William Molesworth Kerr. He is the son of an English clergyman, and was born and educated in the north of Ireland. He got his musical education in Paris, but has all along caused his parents trouble.

EUROPEAN.

CURIOSITIES OF THE WIRE.

Telegraphy affords ample room for the occurrence of curious and remarkable incidents, and these, it may be explained, arise generally from a variety of causes. In its early infancy the telegraph, as can well be imagined, was like the railways at first, a source of much wonder to many who came under its influence; and even at the present day there exists a great deal of imperfect knowledge and misconception concerning it. I remember a lady friend apologising not long ago for faults, &c. in a telegram she had sent me, offering the excuse that it was the first she had ever sent. I assured her there was no occasion to apologise, since the original document did not, of course, come into my hands. The following, kindly supplied to me by a telegraphist in the London Central Station, to whom it really occurred, is also a case of patent misconception as to the powers of telegraphic communication. An old lady presented a telegram at the counter duly addressed. Telegrams being not unfrequently sent to the counter-clerk in that manner, my informant began to open it. 'What are you about?' exclaimed the lady in surprise. He, of course, explained that it was impossible to send a message *without first seeing it*. 'Then,' replied the female, in evident ire 'do you suppose I'm going to let all you fellows read my private affairs? I won't send it at all;' and therewith she bounced out of the office in high dudgeon.

One of the chief eccentricities of the telegraphic wire is frequently to refuse to do its duty altogether, and pile on the battery power as you may, probably not a vestige of current reaches the distant end. Before the transfer of the 'telegraphs' to government, it was no uncommon thing for the companies occupying the roads and canals to have half-a-dozen 'repeaters' or 'automatic clerks' between London and the North, in order to get their traffic through. Practically, in fair weather there is no limit to the distance the current will travel; but in bad fogs and wintry weather, the loss of current at the supporting poles is so considerable that the greatest difficulty is sometimes experienced in keeping up the communication with distant centres. Spiders are the bane of the telegraph; they choke up the cups of the insulators with their webs and nests, and in foggy weather render them conductors rather than insulators.

Blunders occasionally take place from the imperfect writing of the receiving clerks.

We have had telegrams delivered to us utterly unintelligible. A celebrated doctor was once sent on a fruitless journey by receiving a telegram worded—'Don't come too late.' As originally handed in to the telegraph office, the message ran: 'Don't come, too late;' but in the transmission, the signal denoting the comma was omitted; and hence the considerable inconvenience, to which the recipient was put. This instance shows, however, what care telegram-senders should exercise to avoid the least ambiguity, since the mere reversing of the phrases thus: 'Too late, don't come, would in the case in point have dispelled all doubt as to the meaning which was to be conveyed. At the same time, of course, it also shows that the telegraphist in receiving and transmitting telegrams cannot give too much attention to apparently the most trivial matters.

Another instance is taken from Mr. Scudamore's lengthy Report of 1871 on the 'Telegraphs.' A London firm telegraphed to a country agent: 'Send rails ten foot lengths.' The letters 't' and 'e' are in the Morse code represented by a dash — and a dot respectively; but in transmitting this message, the instrument in recording the word 'ten' signalled two dots instead of the dash and dot, and the word was thereby converted into 'in,' the message reading: 'Send rails in foot lengths.' Mr. Scudamore adds, however, that 'if the senders had been less chary of their words, and had written: "Send rails *in* ten foot lengths,' which would have cost no more, the blunder would never have occurred.' In somewhat the same manner, in a message where the sender asked for a 'hack' to be waiting him at the station, the letter 'h,' which is signalled on the Morse instrument by four dots, was converted into 's,' the signal for 's' being three dots; the wayward instrument having failed in one dot, the consequence was that the traveller found a 'sack' awaiting his arrival.

We can imagine the astonishment of a butler who received a telegram from his master—a certain nobleman—asking him to send at once '*ten bob*,' as he was 'greatly in need of it.' Of course the message had been wrongly transmitted, 'ten bob' having originally been 'tin box.' This story, which happened not many years ago, was told me by a gentleman who was in the telegraph service at that time, and had to deal with the complaint which was made about the matter. The following also comes from the same source. At one of the gatherings held periodically at Braemar, some years ago, a certain earl telegraphed to Edinburgh for a 'cocked hat' to be sent to him at once. In transmitting the message, the article mentioned as wanted was converted into 'cooked ham,' which was actually forwarded forthwith, greatly to the surprise and indignation of the nobleman.

A telegram was once received as follows: 'Please send your *pig* to meet me at the station.' Of course it should have been 'gig,' the instrument having made what, in telegraphic phaseology, is called a false dot, by recording — — —. (P) instead of — — —. (G). In fact, it is almost necessary to state, for the credit of the telegraph, that the treachery complained of is, after all, not intentional, but arises mainly from a difficulty which it appears to have in distinguishing the difference between certain letters. This is plainly so in the letters 'y' and 'x,' which the electric wire constantly confounds one with the other. Over and over again jaded railway officials have been caused fruitless searches after a missing 'black boy' through this want of power, on the part of the telegraph, to discriminate between 'y' and 'x.' The stories current on this point are numerous, but the best I have yet heard is the following: Some time ago, a station-master received a telegram from a lady, stating that she had left at his station 'two black boys' in the waiting-room, she believed, and tied together with red tape; would he please forward them at once. The astonished official caused search to be made; but instead of 'boys' he found two 'boxes' in the waiting-room, as described, which were duly forwarded. From a similar cause on the part of the electric fluid, a lady received from her son-in-law a telegram which astonished her not a little. It stated that his wife had presented him with a 'fine box.'

Sometimes, however, the telegraph takes it into its head (metaphorically) to substitute in messages passing along the wires, words altogether different from the original; more by way of a joke, let us conjecture, than anything else. But in some cases the joke fails to be appreciated by the victim. For instance, a gentleman who recently telegraphed for some ice was more wroth than amused by the playfulness of the instrument, which converted 'ice' into 'tea,' and thereby caused a box of the same to be sent at once.

In the same manner, the sense of a message sent over the wire by a gentleman who had left his 'wig' in the train, and desired it searched for, was unmercifully altered, the word 'wig' having become 'wife' when the telegram was received at its destination. Diligent inquiry and search was of course made for the missing lady, but without avail. The mistake was, however, ultimately discovered, and the lost article recovered. Another story tells of exactly the reverse, where a gentleman, being detained out on business, telegraphed for his wife, but was strangely surprised to receive by the next train a 'wig' instead. Let us hope that when he returned home his explanation of the trick the telegraph had played him was accepted by his wife as sufficient excuse for his 'absence without leave,' and saved him from a wigging.

During the lectures by the Anti-Papist Murphy at Bury, Lancashire, he was severely handled by a mob, and according to a telegram, 'seven of the men charged with an assault on Mr. Murphy were 'boiled' (bailed).

Here is a curious mutilation of a telegraph message hardly to be accounted for. Not long ago the clerk of a small telegraph station near Burton-on-Trent was surprised to take from his instrument a message addressed to the *Master of Miseries*. He was naturally puzzled how to effect its delivery, and only succeeded by receiving from his head office the information that the message was really intended for the 'Master or Mistress' of a school (*not* a Dotheboys) in the vicinity. Let us add that it was only in the short distance between Burton-on-Trent and the telegraph station referred to, that the message became so equivocally altered!

A large number of the erronious messages which pass over the telegraph arises through some fault of the senders themselves. The most common fault of senders at present is that of making their telegrams too short, for which there is really no need, when a uniform rate of so liberal a character has now been conceded by the government to the public. Another too frequent fault upon the part of the sender is bad penmanship. If the caligraphy is nearly illegible, mistakes must continue to exist. The person who telegraphed to a broker with reference to a certain stock which he desired to have transferred, was alone responsible for the mutilation which occurred to his message, in which, with graphic brevity, he described the transferee as of 'Largo, Fife, widow.' The broker received it as 'large fine widow.' Again, the curt instructions, 'Sell three orels five' contained in a telegram proved disastrous to the sender, for it was transmitted to the addressee: 'Sell three *or else* five.' If the sender had availed himself of the sixteen words which were still at his disposal in this case, the mistake had surely never taken place. A firm of brewers at Burton-on-Trent recently received an order by telegraph to send 'six casks of butter;' but inquiry elicited the discovery that bitter ale was meant. Again, less brevity would undoubtedly have prevented the error.—*Chambers' Journal.*

THE KEY OF THE GATE OF INDIA.

THE NAVIGATION OF THE BLACK SEA—THE BOSPHORUS AND THE DARDANELLES—ENGLISH INTERESTS IN THE MEDITERRANEAN SEA.

From the Pall Mall Gazette.

There is a cardinal physical fact which may control the intercourse between Great Britain and India, and which seems to have been left out of sight by most writers in this country. It is a fact of which Russian statesmen are fully aware, and it is one deserving of the quiet attention of Englishmen. We are accustomed to regard Constantinople as a position the master of which holds the key of the Mediterranean, and thus, in case of need, can give passage to the fleets of the Black Sea, and arrest, or at least very greatly imperil, our maritime intercourse with India. This, however, is not exactly the truth. That the master of the Bosphorus holds the key of the southern entrance of the Black Sea is, of course, a matter beyond dispute. The powers directly interested in that fact are those which are dependant on the navigation of the Black Sea. In the present state of Europe it is those States and districts which find an outlet for their produce by the Danube, to whom it is of the first moment that the Bosphorus should be practically neutralized, or held by a non-aggressive power. The occupation of Constantinople by a first-class power, of possible aggressive disposition, would be a checkmate to the Empire of Austria. It is thus a matter which chiefly concerns Austria, and not to be tolerated by that State, unless as the result of a disastrous war. But while the master of the Bosphorus can prevent a single vessel from escaping through the southern entrance of the Black Sea, he cannot send a single vessel of his own into the Mediterranean without the permission of the master of the Dardanelles. To show that this is not a mere rhetorical assertion, it is worth while to devote a few minutes' attention to the physical condition of the two inter-ocean communications in question.

The Bosphorus is a strait, the length of which the irregularity of the shores makes something over forty marine miles. Narrow throughout, it is chiefly constricted at two points. At the northern entrance, opposite Fil Barnu, the width narrows to about one thousand four hundred yards. The channel is of regular form, though shelving more precipitously (under water) on the Asiatic than on the European coast. The depth mid-channel is forty-eight fathoms. At the south entrance of the Bosphorus the total width is 1,800 yards. From Seraglio Point to Leander's Tower it is only 1,620 yards. For the greatest part of this width the depth does not exceed twenty fathoms; but a depth of thirty-four fathoms is found to run through at about four hundred yards east of Seraglio Point. It is evident, therefore, that the southern entrance of the Bosphorus can be readily defended by torpedoes, and the northern entrance by artillery by any power commanding the shore. At a distance of 150 marine miles southwest of Seraglio Point, a vessel navigating the Sea of Marmora arrives at the first construction of Galipoli Strait, opposite Tchardak. The width from Europe to Asia at this point is 3,800 yards. The greatest depth of the channel, about the middle, is forty-six fathoms. About five and one-third miles southwest of Tchardak, we arrive at a point called the Narrows, between Kilia Bahr on the European and Chanak Kelensi on the Atlantic coast. The extreme width at this point is 1,460 yards. The bottom of the channel declines, at first rapidly, and then more gradually, on each side, till it reaches a depth of fifty-three fathoms. This place is the key of the Mediterranean, as far as navigation to or from the Black Sea is concerned. The great constriction of the passage is the more serious (as far as any attempt to force it is concerned) from the plan of the channel, the axis of which in this locality, for about a mile and a half, lies directly north and south, thus exposing any vessel to both a sweeping and a concentrated fire from properly arranged batteries. Three miles to the south-east of the Narrows occurs the constriction usually known as the Dardanelles. Here the width from Seddul Bahr in Europe to Koum Kaleh in Asia is 4,000 yards, and the extreme depth of the channel is fifty fathoms. The line of narrowest width at Koum Kaleh is nearly at right angles to that at Chanak Kalehsi. It is thus clear that while three points exist in the channel leading from the Sea of Marmora to the Mediterranean, the passage of either of which by a fleet without permission from the master of the shore would be a matter of the greatest danger, the central strait, that of the Narrows, is one that might be rendered absolutely impassable. It is the real key of the Mediterranean, as far as the navigation of the Black Sea and the Sea of Marmora is concerned. While the master of Constantinople can bar egress from the Danubian Provinces as well as from the Black Sea, the master of the Narrows can bar not only these lines of maritime communication, but that of Constantinople also. English interests in the Mediterranean and in the highway throughout the Mediterranean would be comparatively unaffected by any territorial changes to the north-west of the Archipelago provided that the peninsula of Galipoli, or an adequately designed military post on either shore, or, better still, one on each shore, commanding the Narrows, be in our possession. If these matters were secrets, it might be well to keep our own counsel. But they are physical facts, ascertainable by those who take the proper steps, and well known to Russian surveyors. From one point of view they are of a very reassuring nature. At all events they ought to be well known to those who have anything to say as to English policy in the East and as to the key of the road to India.

ANOTHER ROW AMONG HOME RULERS.—There was a riot at a Home Rule meeting held in the Lecture Hall, Deptford. When Lord F. G. Osborne, who presided rose to address the meeting, he was interrupted by cries of "O'Donovan Rossa," "Total separation," and "Three cheers for Mulcahy," and the disorder was so great that he was compelled to resume his seat. Mr. F. H. O'Donnell then rose to propose a resolution pledging the meeting to support a Home Rule candidate, but was met by continued interruptions which were said to come apparently from an organized body of disturbers. A subsequent speaker similarly interrupted, and a remark that "he had no objection to conspiracy or to physical force, but that he believed the men who came to public meetings to shout about fighting would be the last to fight," led to a *melee*. The Nationalists rushed at the Home Rule banner, but were repulsed, and a general fight ensued. After a series of skirmishes the rioters were ejected. From one of them a dagger eighteen inches long was taken, and several life preservers were also taken by the Home Rulers. The rioters are stated to have come from London by train, and it is said that several of them returned wounded to Charing-cross.

A BIG SWINDLE.—A man named Scott, about twenty years of age, from Toledo, Ohio, has been arrested in Hamilton, charged with having embezzled the sum of $2,330 belonging to a partner named Knox. Scott and Knox carried on what is known in the States as a "scalping" business—investing in railroad tickets and selling them retail. They also got up excursions to different points in the United States, hiring special trains for the purpose. Knox furnished all the money and Scott did the running round. The other day Scott suddenly disappeared, and on inquiry being made it was discovered that he had absconded with about $330 worth of railway tickets, and about $2,000 in cash belonging to Knox. Detective Hanks, of Toledo, was put upon the scent, and with true professional acuteness followed his man directly to Hamilton. He asked the assistance of Detective Rousseaux, and the two detectives went round to the different exchange offices where Scott had been trying to dispose of his tickets, and soon arrested him. The most painful part of the case is that Knox had raised Scott from comparative poverty, and had made him his partner in a thriving business. No money was found on Scott. Scott also took Knox's overcoat and gold watch.

UNITED STATES.

PRESIDENT GRANT has proclaimed Thursday, Nov. 30th, as a day of Thanksgiving in the United States.

FENIANS PREPARING.—Boston, Oct. 27.—A despatch from St. Albans says, secret preparations are going on in Northern Vermont for another Fenian invasion of Canada, this fall or early in the spring.

GRASSHOPPER CONVENTION.—Omaha, Oct 26.—The convention of Governors closed after adopting resolutions urging the Legislatures of States interested to pass laws offering bounties for the collection and destruction of eggs and unfledged grasshoppers, and the repeal or modification of the game laws, so as to prevent the destruction of birds which feed on insects. Congressional action is also recommended.

BRIDES AT THE CENTENNIAL SHOW.—Of all the people who live at the Centennial hotels I think the newly married couples—Philadelphia is full of them, by the way—are the only ones who are thoroughly contented and happy. It makes no difference to them whether the potatoes are watery, the meats dry, or the soups thin; and they don't care a pin whether people talk to them or not. They live in a little world of their own, need no conversation but their own, and have no thought but for each other. They all act as though being married was an old story to them, and still for the life of them they can't help taking each other's hands every five minutes. The brides nearly all wear new watch chains.

SALES OF CENTENNIAL EXHIBITS.—Over half of all the good in the foreign sections of the Exposition have been sold, and it is improbable that more than one-third of all such exhibits will remain to be taken home, says the New York World. Only a small portion of the Mexican display has been disposed of, as it is mainly illustrative of the mineral wealth of the country. Holland will take little home except the representations of her public works. American representatives of Swiss firms have purchased nearly all the Swiss exhibits. France will take back the most of her exhibits. Not more than one-third of the Belgian display will be reshipped across the Atlantic. The exhibitors from Great Britain and Ireland have found a market for the greater portion of their wares. Brazil will present one half of her display—the Government exhibit—to public institutions of this country, and will exchange the remainder for scientific apparatus of domestic manufacture. Italy's art sales have been trifling, but the sales of her exhibits in the main building have been satisfactory. The entire agricultural, piscatorial, and mineralogical exhibit of Sweden has been presented to the Smithsonian Institute, and the remainder of her display has been disposed of. Canada sold nothing except about $5,000 worth of furs. About fifteen per cent. of the German exhibit will remain unsold, while one-third of the Austrian display will be taken home. Russia has sold about one-half of her goods and Spain a somewhat less proportion. Turkey has sold little, except her mats and carpets. Only a small portion of the Egyptian display was purchased. Probably two-thirds of the Japanese goods will be left in this country. One-third of the Chinese goods will remain unsold. These estimates do not include instances where donations were made to the Pennsylvania Museum by exhibitors, or where purchases of special articles were made by that institution.

CHARLIE ROSS.

THREE PRISONERS ON TRIAL FOR THE ABDUCTION.

Philadelphia, Oct 27 — Samuel A. Benners, James Pickett and Sarah Brown alias Dutch Sal, arrested in Harrisburg, were given a hearing yesterday on the charge of aiding and abetting in the abduction of Charles Brewster Ross. The principal witness against them was Nelson Parker a colored man. He identified Benners' hand writing, and then letters were introduced. In those letter allusions is made to a new jewel, the owner of which would be required to come down handsomely in order to receive it. Mosher and Douglass are spoken of as running a powder wagon. The death of Mosher is referred to, and the Jewel is reported safe. The Jewel alluded to is believed to represent the lost boy. All the evidence was in the form of hints, dark intimations, &c., but nothing explicit was proved. The prisoners, however, were all committed for trial.

PARALYZED ON THE STAGE.

THRILLING SCENE IN A BALTIMORE THEATRE—DEATH OF AN ACTOR.

There was a startling scene at Holiday Theatre last night, which for a time greatly excited the audience. Mr. John Ferris was playing the part of George Talboys in "Lady Audley's Secret." At the close of first act he said to Mr. Collins, the stage manager, as he went off the stage, "I am feeling very badly; just feel my arm. I fear it is paralysed." Mr. Collins thought he was low-spirited, and made a pleasant reply. When the time arrived for Ferris to go on the stage he told him to go on and he would feel better. Ferris went on in the second scene of the first act, known as the well scene, and he began to stagger round the stage so much that the audience, thinking he was intoxicated, laughed and shouted. Miss Stella Mortimer, who was playing "Lady Audley," rushed towards him to push him into the well, as required by the play, when he said, "Leave me alone." She then perceived that he was in a semi-conscious state, and that he was frothing at the mouth. He was carried off the stage by several of the other actors, and the curtain fell upon a scene of great excitement. He was conveyed to his residence—Lutz's Hotel on West Fayette street—and Dr. J. W. Houck was sent for. He found that Ferris was badly paralysed down his entire left side, and was in a depressed condition generally. He administered the proper remedies, and informed his friends that he was in no immediate danger of death, and would probably improve under treatment. Mr. Collins announced what Dr. Houck stated from the stage, in order to remove the impression upon the minds of the audience that Ferris was intoxicated. One man in the gallery interrupted the explanation, and was rebuked by Mr. Collins, who stated that he had known Ferris for twenty years, and there was no more reliable man in the profession. The audience applauded Mr. Collins heartily, and the truth being thus made known, much sympathy was expressed for the unfortunate man.

Ferris was about thirty-eight years of age, and his wife was recently travelling with a company in New York. He had been in good spirits all the evening previous to the attack, though he had been suffering from some mental worry during the week by the receipt of a letter from his wife, informing him that the company she had been travelling with had failed, and left her without means, in the northern part of New York. He is a man of regular habits, and is very popular with his friends and fellow-performers, a number of whom volunteered their services. At 1.50 o'clock this morning Ferris died.

A TERRIBLE CRIME.

A BRUTAL WRETCH CONFESSES TO THE MURDER OF A YOUNG GIRL.

NEW YORK, Oct. 26.—Frank McConachi, under arrest for the murder of Maggie Brauer, a twelve-year-old girl on Long Island, August 15 last, was yesterday taken to the scene of the murder, when he broke down and made a full confession of the crime and the manner of its commission. The following is his story:

On the afternoon of the 14th of August he was in a cornfield when Maggie went to show Kate Hoffman the way through the woods to the Valley Stream depot. He saw them both go past the cornfield, watched Maggie return, and as she got opposite to him, he sprang out on her and grappled her by the throat to prevent her from making a noise, the poor child, meanwhile, crying "Ma, ma!" At this point of the confession the mother of Maggie, who was present, sprang upon the prisoner with the ferocity of a tigress, and grappled him by the throat. The officer took her off.

McConachi added that after choking Maggie he kept his grasp upon her throat, and carried her through the corn-field to the woods, where he attempted violence, and crammed leaves and the corner of her bonnet into her mouth, tying the strings together about her neck. He also took her waist-ribbon and tied it tightly around her neck which completed the murder. He afterwards broke down some cedar limbs so that he could find the body after dark for the purpose of hiding it more effectually, but when darkness came on he was afraid to go near the place.

After McConachi had made this terrible confession he was taken by the officers to the Valley Stream depot to take a train back to Jamaica. The confession being noised about, a crowd soon gathered with a rope and the prisoner was saved with great difficulty from immediate death by lynching, the officers threatening to shoot the first person that approached him. He was returned in safety to his cell at Jamaica. McConachi was twenty-seven years old and was born in this country.

CANADIAN ITEMS.

—Tom Thumb and his "little fingers" are giving entertainments at Quebec.

—Mayor Morrison, of Toronto, while at Philadelphia, purchased a $400 fountain which he has presented to the city.

ALEXANDER BUNTIN, the well-known paper mills proprietor, has purchased the residence of Mr. Joseph Tiffin, of Montreal, for $80,000. The handling of paper is profitable until type touches it.

EXPRESS ROBBER SENTENCED.—The man Weir, or Ward, the Toronto burglar, who entered the American Express Office at Brantford and broke open the safe on the 16th, has been sentenced to four years' imprisonment.

ANOTHER VACANCY IN THE CABINET.—An Ottawa dispatch says:—The resignation of Hon. Mr. Geoffrion was accepted yesterday very reluctantly by Mr. Mackenzie, but no other course was possible, as Mr. Geoffrion's health will not allow him to continue the cares of office. A large number of friends bade him good-bye at the station yesterday evening.

RETIRING FROM POLITICS.—A Toronto telegram to the Montreal *Star* says: "It is reported that the Hon. Edward Blake has expressed his determination to retire altogether from politics at the conclusion of the next session, being entirely wearied of office. It is further said that he will not again allow himself to be tempted out of his seclusion, except it may be to accept the presidency of the Supreme Court on retirement of Chief Justice Richards."

AN EPIZOOTIC has broken out in the southern part of London Township amongst the horses of a most peculiar character. The tongue becomes paralyzed, and swells to such an extent that the animal is unable either to eat or drink. From the peculiar seat of the disease, the tongue, medical aid affords little relief. The animal is in the most excruciating pain, the tongue turning perfectly black. The veterinaries have not yet clearly defined the disease.

LOCK-JAW.—Recently a daughter of Mr James Owens, farmer, residing about two miles from Warkworth, whilst running over to the barnyard, ran a nail into her foot between the large and second toe. She got it pulled out and ran around the same as usual until the end of the week, when she complained of being sick. Nothing serious being excepted, she received no special notice until Monday, when she appeared worse. A doctor was called in, but it was too late for medical aid, as the child died next morning from lock-jaw.

DOGS NOT ALLOWED TO RIDE IN A PASSENGER CAR.

At the York Assizes on Wednesday a case of considerable importance to the travelling public was tried, which may prove interesting to our readers. It was an action brought by Daniel Doran, a brakeman in the employ of the Grank Trunk Railway, against Mr. J. T. Anderson, formerly of Bowmanville, now of Brampton, for damages sustained by the plaintiff in consequence of a letter written by the defendant to W. J. Spicer, Esq., Superintendent of the G. T. R'y., complaining that Doran, who was then a baggageman, had thrown a small English rat and tan pet dog, belonging to the defendant's sister, out of a train while it was running, whereby the dog was destroyed. In the letter $20 was claimed as the value of the dog, and that amount had been deducted from the plaintiff's wages and paid to the defendant. In addition to this Mr. Doran had been reduced from the position of baggageman to that of brakeman. The plaintiff testified that in March, 1876, he found a dog in the passenger car; he told the lady who had it that it was against the rules to allow dogs to be carried in the passenger coaches; he asked her if she had a ticket for the dog; she refused to pay for the dog, and told Doran it had followed her to the train and he could put it off; he took the dog and put it on the ground at the Don station while the train stopped there for fuel; the Superintendent had punished him for the cruelty alleged in the letter, and had fined him $20; he had also been ruduced from the position of baggageman to that of brakeman, and in consequence his wages were reduced ten cents a day.

His Lordship Chief Justice Hagarty, in reviewing the case, regretted that owing to oddities or eccentricities some people could not travel often without getting into trouble with conductors or other railway men, while many persons could travel for fifty years without any trouble whatever. It was a very good rule on the part of the railway companies not to allow dogs to be carried in passenger cars. He was quite aware that it was not the paltry sum of fifty cents that the railway company was concerned about, but the comfort of other passengers. From all that had been brought out, it appeared that Doran had suffered considerable injury in consequence of Anderson's complaint, and it only remained for the jury to say what amount they considered sufficient. Verdict for plaintiff, $200.

BETRAYAL OF TRUST.

No one not wholly uninterested in passing events can fail no have noticed the increase in embezzlement. Daily, almost, the telegraph flashes the intelligence that an officer of a bank, or a company, has misappropriated the funds and absconded. Not many months ago, Montreal was roused by disclosures of this, character in reference to the Mechanics, and Jacques-Cartier Banks; and now a more gigantic swindle is unearthed in connection with the Dominion Building Society. The facts of the case seem to be as follows: For the past few weeks a band of men called "officers" of the company, received monies from hundreds of people composing the middle or lower classes.—A large dividend was promised. But a short time since a deficit was announced, and an investigation commenced. In this it was found that of the cash received, there would be a loss of $116,000. It was found that this loss was caused by loan grants on insufficient security, by a monopolization of the funds of the society, by speculations or appropriations, by bad management on the part of the Secretary-Treasurer, by a shameful neglect of duty by the Board of Directors. A sad exhibit, this, surely, for the many whose hard earnings have for years gone to the institution. Yet the cruel wrong is not much noticed. It has caused no wide-spread feeling of indignation at the perpetrators. Beyond the parties directly interested, beyond the city in which it occurred, we hear of no open denunciation of the crime, no demand for punishment of the guilty. The general apathy indicates that the occurrence itself is general. Toronto and Hamilton, and other cities and towns, think that it is little use in raising a howl at such proceedings in Montreal, when within their own boundaries frequently may be witnessed like transactions. Betrayal of trust is notorious amongst us. Of bribes, of pilfering, of carelessness, of using other's money for personal purposes, how many Canadian public servants are free from guilt?—From the far west to the far east rolls the dark tide of corruption. At the threshold of our public offices stand the emissaries of evil, luring the occupants to pleasure, or pride, and then to plunder, hypocrisy and lying. Men do not now seem to know that a position in which they have control, direct or indirect, of other's property is a sacred position. That that over all property entrusted to their hands, they are bound to watch and care, by the simple requirements of honor, by the golden rule of religion, by the demand of an eternal law. But where there is so much ignorance, wilful or unwilful, of right, and so much persistence in wrong, there ought to be stringent law. Our plunderers get off too easy. When it is known that one of these fellows has pocketed $20,000, a cry is raised, an arrest is made, and then? A compromise is effected; $15,000 is returned on one side, and on the other perfect liberty is guaranteed, or at most a year or two only at hard labor is given by way of punishment. Let there be a wholesale coming down on the culprits. We suggest that each municipality resort to the old pillory. And hear we will give Webster's definition of it for the benefit of those who may not be familiar with it, and who might wish to carry out our suggestion. "The pillory," says Webster, "is a frame of wood erected on posts, with movable boards and holes, through which the head and hands of the criminal were formerly put to punish him." Fasten the offender in this, set him in the most public place, and subject him to the scorn and contumely of an indignant people. A few such exhibitions would, if we mistake not, effectually cleanse our places of trust of all rottenness.—*St. Catharines Journal.*

THE KENNEDY FAMILY.—This popular family have been giving a series of very attractive entertainments in the Music Hall, Edinburgh, to large audiences. In noticing the programme of the one given on Saturday, the 7th inst., the *Scotsman* says: The burden of the evening's work fell, of course, upon Mr. Kennedy himself, and all he undertook he performed with characteristic ability and success, telling with racy humor the Scotch stories here and there introduced, giving such songs as "Caller herrin" and "There cam' a braw lad to my daddie's door" with happy appreciation, and displaying due vigor with no mean dramatic power in "Scots wha hae" and the "Macgregor's Gathering."

THE ROMAN PONTIFFS.—The whole number of Popes from St. Peter to Pius IX. is 257. 82 are venerated as saints, 33 having been martyred; 104 have been Romans and 103 natives of other parts of Italy; 15 Frenchmen, 9 Greeks, 7 Germans, 5 Asiatics, 3 Africans, 3 Spaniards, 2 Dalmatians, 1 Hebrew, 1 Thracian, 1 Dutchman, 1 Portuguese, 1 Candiot and 1 Englishman. The name most commonly borne has been John. Nine Pontiffs have reigned less than one month, 30 less than one year, and 11 more than 20 years. Only 5 have occupied the Pontifical Chair over 23 years. Pius IX celebrated his 30th in the Pontifical Chair June 16, 1876.