Huron Signal.

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

VOL. XXVIII. NO. 24. GODERICH, ONTARIO, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 30, 1875. WHOLE NO. 1480.

The Huron Signal, (ESTABLISHED 1848,) The Largest Paper Published in Canada, and published at Goderich, Ontario, every WEDNESDAY MORNING, from Office, Montreal Street, adjoining the Market Square, by ALLAN & DICKSON, PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

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Eight cents per line for first insertion, and two cents per line for each subsequent insertion. Four lines or less, 50 cents for first insertion, and 25 cents for each subsequent insertion. Longer advertisements in proportion. Advertisements without specific directions will be inserted until forbidden, and charged accordingly. Contracts for definite terms are made at low rates.

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The large circulation of the SIGNAL makes it an unsurpassed advertising medium.

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Business Directory.

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John Campbell, M.D., C.M., (Graduate of McGill University, Montreal), SEAFORTH. Office and residence—One door south of Ross hotel, Main street, and opposite McCallum's hotel. Seaforth, April 23rd, 1873. 1507

T. C. Shannon M.D. PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c. Office, Goderich, Ont. 1420-1y

Dr. Cassady, McGill College PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c., Office, Hamilton Street, Goderich, Ontario. 8w192

HOMŒOPATHY. DR. CAMPBELL, PRESIDENT of the late Homœopathic Medical Board, now receives his patients between 10 a.m. and 1 p. m. Other hours by special appointment. 112 BAY STREET, TORONTO. 1430

Cameron & McFadden. BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY, &c. Office, Market Square, Goderich. M. C. CAMERON. W. H. MCFADDEN.

B. L. DOYLE, BARRISTER AND ATTORNEY, SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY, &c., Goderich and Seaforth, Ont. 1307

ELLIOTT & WATSON ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, SOLICITORS, &c. Chancery, Conveyancers, &c. Crabb's Block, Goderich. MONEY TO LEND. 1373

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

W. R. SQUIRE, BARRISTER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, SOLICITOR in Chancery, &c. Goderich, Ont. Office, Acheson's Block, West Street, Goderich. 1353

GARROW & WALKER BARRISTERS, ATTORNEYS, SOLICITORS IN Chancery, &c. Office on West St. opposite the Post Office. J. T. GARROW. * F. F. WALKER.

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

S. Malcomson, BARRISTER, ATTORNEY, SOLICITOR, &c. &c., Clinton, Ont. w33 MONEY TO LEND.

CHAS. J. WILSON, BAYFIELD, ONT. COMMISSION AGENT AND ACCOUNTANT. Any commissions promptly attended to. 1443-1y

REV. C. FLETCHER, ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES Office, West side of St. Andrew's Street, Goderich 1438-1y

JAMES SMAILL, ARCHITECT, &c. &c. Plans and Specifications drawn correctly. Carpenters', Plasterers' and Masons' work measured and valued. Office over F. Jordan's Drug Store, Goderich. 1307-1y.

Buchanan, Lawson & Robinson HAVE on hand all kinds of Sashes, Doors, Blinds, Mouldings, and Dressed Lumber, at the Goderich Planing Mill. 1309.

J. T. DUNCAN, V. S. GRADUATE OF ONTARIO VETERINARY COLLEGE. OFFICE, STABLES & RESIDENCE, St. Andrew's Street, back of D. Ferguson's Store, and directly opposite the residence of Horace Horton, Esq., M.P. N. B.—Horses examined as to soundness. 1313

GEORGE LEMON, VETERINARY SURGEON, GODERICH, Of 19 years practice, GRADUATE of the Colleges of Lexington, Kentucky, and Toronto, has opened an Office at Elijah Martin's Colborne Hotel, where he can at all times be consulted, night or day, on all diseases of Horses and Cattle. 1444 1y

BLAIKIE & ALEXANDER WILLIAM ALEXANDER. JOHN STARK. MEMBERS of the Stock Exchange, Stock Brokers and Estate Agents, Stocks, Bonds, and Debentures Bought and Sold.

Money Loaned on Mortgage. NO COMMISSION CHARGED. Existing Mortgages purchased on reasonable terms. Orders by letter or telegraph will receive prompt attention. 10 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO. 1440

PATENTS For Inventors expeditiously and properly secured in Canada, the United States and Europe. PATENTS guaranteed or no charge. Send for printed instructions. Agency in operation ten years. HENRY GRIST, Ottawa, Canada. Mechanical Engineer, Solicitor of Patents and Draughtsman. Feb. 11th 1871. w4-1y

$20,000. PRIVATE FUNDS to lend on Farm and Town property at lowest interest. Mortgages purchased, no Commission charged, conveyancing fees reasonable. N. B.—Borrowers can obtain money in one day if title satisfactory. DAVISON & JOHNSON, Barristers, &c. Goderich 1441-1y

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

STAR BAKERY Victoria St., foot of Hamilton St., GODERICH, ONT. HARRIES, ARTHUR & CO. BAKERS and Confectioners. Weddings and Parties supplied on short notice. Also, Vessels supplied. Flour and Feed constantly on hand. Goods delivered in any part of the town. Goderich, Nov. 25, 1874. 1449-1yr

$5 to $20 PER DAY.—Agents Wanted! All classes of work up for one of either sex, young or old, make more money at work for us in their spare moments, or all the time, than at anything else. Particulars free. Send card to States costs but one cent. Address G. STINSON & CO., Portland, Maine. 1447-1yr

Meetings.

GODERICH LODGE NO. 33 G. R. C., A. F. A. A. M. THE REGULAR COMMUNICATION is held on the first Wednesday of each month at 7.30 p. m. Visiting brethren cordially invited. W. DICKSON, Sec. Goderich, 4th Mar. 1871. sw79-1y

Money to Lend.

$25,000 TO LOAN on Farm or Town property at 7 per cent. Apply to H. CAMPAIGNE, Solicitor, &c. Oct. 28th, 1871. 1318 Goderich.

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

MONEY TO LEND At Greatly reduced Rates of Interest THE undersigned has any amount of money to loan from ten to fifteen years, at a low rate of interest and favorable terms of repayment, payable yearly instalments at rate of expense will defy competition. HORACE HORTON Appraiser for the Canada Permanent Building & Savings Society, of Toronto.

INSURANCE CARD. The Subscriber is agent for the following first-class Insurance Companies: PHŒNIX of London, England. HARTFORD of Hartford. PROVINCIAL of Toronto. BRITISH AMERICA, of Toronto. Fire & Marine business done at the lowest possible rates. HORACE HORTON Office Market Square, Goderich. Oct. 26th 1870. 636-1y.

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THE LIVERPOOL & LONDON And Globe Insurance Company. Available Assets, $27,000,000 Losses paid in the course of Thirty-five years exceed FORTY MILLIONS OF DOLLARS! Claims by CHICAGO FIRE estimated at nearly $3,000,000, are being liquidated as fast as adjusted without compromise. Security, Prompt Payment, and Liberality in adjustment of its losses are the prominent features of this wealthy company. FIRE and LIFE POLICIES issued with very liberal conditions. Head Office, Canada Branch, Montreal. G. F. C. SMITH, Resident Secretary, MONTREAL. A. M. ROSS, Agent for Goderich

ANCHOR LINE. UNITED STATES MAIL STEAMSHIPS Sail every Saturday from NEW YORK AND GLASGOW Favorite route for Tourists. Finest approach to Great Britain. Passenger accommodations unsurpassed. RATES OF PASSAGE From NEW YORK to GLASGOW, LIVERPOOL, BELFAST, or LONDONDERRY. Cabin—$75, $65 & $80—Currency. Return tickets at reduced rates. Steerage always as low as by any other FIRST-CLASS LINE. COMPANY'S OFFICES: 7 Bowling Green, N. Y. Or their Agent MRS. R. WARNOCK, 1469 Goderich

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

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

St. Joseph's Academy. FOR YOUNG LADIES UNDER THE DIRECTION of the SISTERS OF ST. JOSEPH will be re-opened on On Monday, 4th of Jan., 1875, TERMS.

Tuition per quarter	$3.00
Music, Instrumental, Vocal and Guitar, each per quarter	8.00
French	3.00
Drawing, Pencil	5.00
" Crayon	5.00

Payment quarterly and in advance. &c. &c. For further particulars apply at the Academy. NORTH STREET, Goderich. Dec. 30, 1874. 6m

GEORGETOWN ACADEMY. WINTER SESSION WILL OPEN ON THE 4TH OF JANUARY, 75 JOHN TAIT. 1453tf

Artificial Stone. The ubscribers having commenced the manufacture of Artificial Stone, are prepared to receive and execute orders for WINDOW CAPS, KEYSTONES, WINDOW SILLS, DOOR SILLS and all kinds of ORNAMENTAL WORK required for buildings. This Stone is as durable as any other, and can be furnished at half the cost of cut stone. We invite the public to inspect the same at the factory, opposite Neibergall's Salt Works, or at the Town Clerk's Office, where specimens will be kept on view, and orders received. As this is a new enterprise, we trust the people of Goderich will give us proper encouragement. Orders received and shipments made to any point in Canada. J. & G. W. THOMSON, 1473—3m Goderich, Ont.

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

HENRY GILKES, PAINTER, PAPER-HANGER, MARBLER Paper Manufacturer, Wallsetting done on shortest notice. Residence, Cameron Street. 1450-1yr

J. BOND, NOTED FOR PURE DRUGS. EAST SIDE MARKET SQUARE, SIGN OF THE RED MORTAR, GODERICH. BEGS TO INFORM THE PEOPLE OF GODERICH THAT HE HAS JUST RECEIVED A large consignment of the Messina Lemonade Powder. Potato Bug Destroyer. A certain and effectual Remedy. ALSO, Lady's London Supporters, Lady's Shoulder Braces, Gents' do do. Bond's Blood Purifier for Horses and Cattle. Condition Powders &c. a large stock on hand. A Call is respectfully solicited. LARGE STOCK OF DYE STUFFS. 1450-1yr

Autumn and Winter GOODS. H. DUNLOP Merchant Tailor, WEST STREET, GODERICH, BEGS to direct attention to his very full stock of AUTUMN AND WINTER GOODS, which he is prepared to make up in the most fashionable style and at the lowest rates. Gents' Furnishings of all kinds kept on hand as usual. Goderich, 28th Oct., 1874.

DANIEL GORDON, CABINET MAKER, UPHOLSTERER, AND UNDERTAKER. HAS now on Hand a large and complete stock of Furniture such as BEDROOM, DINING ROOM, AND PARLOR SETTS. All of which he will sell cheap for Cash. Picture framing a specialty. Has always on hand a complete assortment of coffins, shrouds, caps and Hearses to hire.

THE UNDERSIGNED HAS ARRANGED WITH Wholesale dealers and Manufacturers, so that he can supply Canadian, American and English Cottage Pianos from $225 upwards. Also the new celebrated Canada Organ Co. and American Cabinet organ at lowest price. Terms to suit purchasers payable monthly, quarterly, or a liberal discount for cash. Parties purchasing would do well to give me a call. 1440 DANIEL GORDON.

CLOTHING FOR THE

MILLION. now is your time to prepare for FALL AND WINTER. Gents' Furnishing Goods. Hats, Caps, Cloths and Clothing is now complete. Can suit both young and old from head to feet. In regard to prices can't nor won't be beat. A large assortment of DRESS OVER COATS, PEA JACKETS, PANTS & VESTS, all must be sold and will be sold! CHEAP FOR CASH & CASH ONLY. Remember the Stand On the Square next door to A Savage and near A Cook, just pop in and give us a look. L. WELLS. N. B.—Clothing made to order on Short Notice. We always send our Customers away in style, either in a good fitting suit, which we prefer, or fits a laughter. Goderich, Oct. 26, 1871. 1445

Something New

ALL KINDS OF SEWING MACHINES repaired and put in good running order before taken from the shop or no charge. Remember the place, McIntosh's Gun-shop, in rear of F. Jordan's Drugstore. Goderich, Aug. 18, 1874. 1435

BELL FOUNDRY. ESTABLISHED IN 1860. Bells from 45 lbs. to 700 lbs. For Farm, School, Town and Church purposes with steel settings in the larger sizes. 5000 BELLS NOW SOLD. Incourage home manufacture. All bells warranted for one year. Send for Catalogue. L. JONES & Co., Markham, Ont. 453-1yr

Poetry.

An Emigrant Ballad.

Air: 'Youghal Harbor.'

An' so yer moment has come for sailin'—
A bitter moment, oh, Willie, dear!
But where's the use of your mother's wailin'—
There's nothin', darlin', to howld ye here.
There's little labor that's worth the doin',
An' happy are they can rise an' go—
The poor ould countthre has gone to ruin;
But och, it's hard man, to leave herso!

The patch of groun' that we've still the pride in,
Is but a patch dear, when, when all is done,
And the cowld bare walls, that yer father died in
Can barely siqual the wauts of one.
'Tis true that Jemmie, yer elavin' brother,
Has still a home there, however low;
But when he shares with your poor old mother,
God knows there's little to come or go.

But time is passin'—oh, Willie—Willie!
An' I, dear help me, what can I say?
Ough! you'll be kind to that weeping lily,
That's lavin' all for yerself the day!
An' whether, jewel, ye sweat an' shelther,
Or march a pince through your marble halls,
Ye won't forget, man, the poor ould shelter,
An' her that rocked ye within its walls!

From that big brow, then, my yellow carlin',
One curlin' sunbeam to faste my eye;
And when they've waked me, my Willie darlin',
I'll take it with me to where I'll lie—
To where I'll lie! But for the last lyin',
Though God's sthrong angels should come an' care,
Who'd kiss the cowld lips of her a-dyin'
Like him, achora, who can't be there?

Don't kill yer mother with axin' pardon—
Is't you, my snowflake—my spotless child!
Ough, cowld wide worl', yer his pratie garden,
Who never grieved me with gloom or guile!
One kiss—the last one! Ah, God, movourneen,
How like this moment the face that's gone!
Yer father's dear, at yer every turnin'—
Yer father's eyes, an' yer father's han'!

A moment, Willie—I'm feelin' wakely—
I'll lane a thrifle upon your arm;
God help them, dear, that be old an' sickly—
They need the han' that's both true an' warm!
For what yer own was, the Lord reward ye,
An' be yer keeper both night an' day—
May all the angels in heaven guard ye!
Now, lave me jewel!—AWAY—AWAY!

The Lone Cabin.

I had ridden hard and fast, and was astonished to find myself coming into a straggling settlement. On the course which I should have take there was nothing of the sort. Somewhere I had crossed the right trail and taken the wrong one. Almost any traveller in the border sections would have been glad to thus stumble upon a place for food and refreshments. Not so with myself. In the breast pocket of my coat I carried $6,303, United States money. I had received the amount from Major-Gen. T. M. Lacy, and it was to be carried through to Fort L——, and placed in the hands of Col. Ass F. Southard, to defray the necessary army expenses.

'Get through at your best gait, Carnes,' said the Major, 'the money is long since over-due, and Southard's rather irascible temper must have been tried to the utmost. You know how the soldiers get to growling if uncle is at all delinquent in paying up. Ride in scareless manner, but be careful. I don't think that any one dreams of the arrival of this money—save, of course, the mail agent and the clerk who delivered me the packages.'

I was directed over an unfamilar section, hence my losing of the right route. I considered it my safest plan, so long as I had blundered upon the verge of the settlement, to boldly enter and rest as an ordinary traveller would do. Should I push hurriedly on, I might by that act excite suspicion.

There were only two men in the barroom when I entered: the landlord and the hostler. Under his familiar cordiality the landlord eyed me in a manner that made me wish I was well done with my job; but I reassured myself with the thought that it was the consciousness of the responsibility reposing upon me that caused his glance to disturb me. Before I had finished my supper two more travellers rode up, called out for the hostler, and ordered drinks, or rather, one of them came in with the orders, and the other threw himself down on a bench outside and began loading a huge pipe. Strolling carelessly about the room I managed to glance out of the window. My heart leaped into my throat, for in the man outside—I recognized—from the description of him—Bill Wolf—one of the most desperate characters that ever figured in the annals of border ruffianism. There was the huge red moustache, the thick, hairy throat, and the shoulders hunched up around his head, suggesting the shape of a mammoth clam—and the voice with a deep down intenation like a plop, plop, plop of water hurriedly leaving the jug. If the description of the notorious renegade is inelegant, it has the merit of truthfulness, and must, therefore be excused.

I went through with my supper in form, but whatever appetite I might have felt on my entrance into the inn had vanished with my discovery. After a time the other fellow came in, having been out, he said, to look after the animals, and they also ordered supper. Now was my time to leave, which I did in a careless manner, passing some common-place remarks with the two men as I crossed the dim, smoky bar-room. As they seemed to take no notice of me whatever, I felt my spirits rise with hope that I should make a safe transit. It was quite duskish outside, but the hostler was flitting about the stable with his lantern, which emitted but a little more effulgent light than a white bean would have done, but he graciously brought out my steed at the door, and mounting, I thankfully trotted away. The moon—a little past full—would make her debut in something more than an hour after sunset, and I pushed along at a smart trot so as to get out upon the plains and into the right trail before that time. The animal went along at an easuring gait and I was feeling infinitely relieved at my providential escape from contact with the desperate characters whom I had left at the settlement, when my acute, trained, ever alert ears detected the sound of swift riding. In which direction? From behind me, as the mildly floating breeze blew from that quarter. The face of the prairie in this section was a little rolling, but not so as to afford any shelter; and not a shrub or bush dotted the expanse for miles.

I drew up my horse one moment to listen. No chance travellers ever rode like that. It meant pursuit.

I gave my steed a galling lash, and she broke into a convulsive gait, hove her body up with one or two convulsive plunges, stumbled, going down from her knees to her nose, and pitched me literally head over head. For an instant I was paralyzed with astonishment, the next seized the bit to fetch up the fallen animal, which had in the brief mishap undergone a strange metamorphosis. She had lost her white face on or in the grass, and, passing my hand between her eyes, I found the hair was wet. In an instant I was examining the white legs—my horse had been peculiarly marked with white legs and face—and I found these sticky with whitewash. What then? Simply, my trappings had been transferred to another animal, gotten up to exactly represent mine in the evening. This discovery brought an appalling interpretation of the incoming horsemen. I gave the horse the whip as soon as his unstable legs were under him, and sent him scouring on ahead, while I ran off to the right, making for a little hollow near a shallow, dry ravine. Here, to my profound astonishment, I discovered a lone cabin, or hut, about the dimensions of an ordinary country log-house, and impulsively dashing up to this, I gave a rapid succession of knocks. A shrinking, pale and cowering woman opened it.

'What is it?' was her first question, noticing my breathless haste.

Had I stopped for a moment's reflection upon the strangely isolated position of the cabin, I should not have pushed in by her with the explanation:

'Is there any chance to hide? My horse has thrown me, and I believe a party of desperadoes are close up with me.'

I noticed that the moon was coming up dry and red it the East, when she mechanically closed the door behind me, and before I had finished my explanation.

'No, no; there is no place,' she gasped, her quick ear now catching the sound of the coming horsemen. 'This is all the room there is, and there is neither cellar nor attic.'

'But this?' I exclaimed, rushing for a dark object in the corner.

'It's a coffin,' was her quick response, 'but there is no other chance—they are turning up to the door—get in.'

I had merely time to place myself in this receptacle for the dead, when a hoarse voice, one that I knew by the description which I had of it, called out:

'Here you, Dick.'

The woman threw her apron over her head and opened the door.

'Where's Dick?'

'He has not come back yet,' returned the woman.

'Oh, he ain't; Jen, hav yer hurd a horse go by to-night?'

'Yes, only a little while ago—a small man?'

'Yes; driving like the devil.'

'I guess,' she said, and then paused, 'you can hear the horse now,' feigning to listen.

But Bill Wolf must have been of a suspicious nature. I heard him leap from his horse and strike with a jarring plunk upon the sod. A smouldering fire was burning on the stone hearth. I could imagine Bill's attitute—he had a hand on each door casing, his brutal head was thrust inside the room; he was peering about the apartment.

'What in h—ll is that?' he questioned, and my heart stood still, for I knew he spoke of my retreat.

'It's Stauffer's coffin; Dick is going to carry it over to-night.'

'Stuff!' ejaculated the desperado. 'As he made his bed so let him lay—buzzards are the sextons for the likes o' him.'

The woman groaned, and then I heard Wolf go up and juggle the rain-barrel at the corner of the cabin, and finally go away with the remark:

'He ain't far off; he couldn't stick to that blind critter when he began ter hurry.'

'What shall I do? What shall I do' gasped the woman. 'They will be back it twenty minutes, for I believe your horse is in sight, not more than three-quarters of a mile off, and my husband is liable to come at any moment.'

'But, with him inside the house, we might——' I could now make out only two horsemen following. One of these had discharged his rifle at me, the other I knew was held in rest for them to come up just a few yards nearer.

A momentary dizziness lopped me over upon my horse's neck. The ruffians yelled triumphantly behind, but a distant echo brought me up, and, giving my poor beast a stinging blow, I settled the wild, long, fierce yell of the border rangers and speed on again; but my horse had that peculiar squirm now and then in his gait that told me he was faltering.

Again that echo reached me, swelling out on the rising wind; it was the shrill squeal of the fife and the rum-diddle-um, did-e-um-dum-dum, dum of infantry returning from some expedition to Fort L——. Again I sent out that long, wild, border yell, and I knew by the quicker breathing of the fife and the rapid pulsing of the drum that the soldiers had broken into the "double-quick" in heed of my cry.

A parting shot fired at random, and the two desperadoes turned; but one of them at least, I was not done with. I called my horse with a peculiar whistle; I repeated and repeated it, and I heard him crashing again in pursuit, while his rider shouted and lashed him, and tried to pull him round the other way. For a brief time the desperado wrestled with the animal, lashed, goaded and roared at her, but my incessant, jerky whistle call kept her mind and head toward me. He only gave up the fruitless struggle and leaped from her back when a squad of infantry dashed over a hillowy swell of prairie and rushed down toward us at that steady, measured run which is so effective in contrast with a disorderly gait.

"It's Wolf, boys," I exclaimed, as they came up with me—for I know his voice. I had no need to tell them that there was a price set upon his head, as it had been clearly proved that he had stirred up the savages to commit and a dozen of them, uttering a yell of fury, started in pursuit; while the others, noticing my swaying about on the animal which I rode, began to think that I had found something serious in my race for life. In fact, the plain was rising and falling and shuffling about so my knife I found that it was missing along with the belt to which it was attached. In the sudden jostle of the falling steed had given me, the girdle had been snapped and lost without my knowledge. The horses of the three renegades—my own, which had been returned by the hostler at the inn, among them—were hitched on the farther side of the door, where the moonlight, striking by the end of the cabin, rested fully upon them. It was suicide to seize one of them; but as the woman with some purpose in her mind, sang out to the men to come back and get the last slopper-full of liquor which she had mixed, I seized my only alternative: I sprang lightly into the waggon, lifted the coffin lid, and again crawled into the long, narrow prison.

There was no choice. The food of moonlight had swept so far toward my hiding place that only a part of my body was concealed by the barrel, and I knew that discovery was inevitable, for the man's house stood in such a position that in order to recover the reins he must have trodden upon me; and there was no earthly thing, as far as the eye could reach over the plain, behind which a man could hide. Ah! but what if he should re-adjust his freight? Can you think how my heart jumped away at that thought? You wonder what my plan could be? I had none, only that the hope of having only one man to deal with, if he went on his way as he calculated. The three ruffians were mounted and all were about to start, when the woman run out with some sort of a of a blanket, and muttered something about covering the coffin. The man yelled out to her to mind her own business and let the thing alone.

She retreated with the cloth, but she had accomplished her purpose. In its folds she had concealed a bowie-knife, under its cover she had raised the lid and dropped the weapon inside risking given me a cut as it fell upon me; but in the momentary noise and confusion I had got the weapon in my hand, and with its point raised the heavy lid of the rough box the fraction of an inch, so that breathing was easy if my position was cramped.

The three horsemen spread out, remarking to each other: 'Beat up the game now speedily before, by any miracle he gets into the wooded belt by Buford's Springs.'

They continued to halloo at each other for some time; their liberal potations surmounting their discretion.

'Dick,' they called back, as they were driving off; 'a cool 1,200 apiece; throw out your old shell and join the hunt.'

The driver mumbled something, but the liquor had thickened his speech so that it was unintelligible to me.

If he did attempt to move the coffin, I was lost.

They kept within hailing distance for the length of some three or four miles. Dick smashing the heavy waggon along at a stunning gait; and I expected every moment that my shell would be jostled out.

By and by, there was a shout off to the right; a "tally ho," as if the huntsmen had sighted the quarry. Nothing but an unwarrantable amount of liquor could have influenced them to conduct themselves as the did, for no sooner had they called out from the right, than Dick came to a sudden halt, leaped from the seat and ran off toward those who were halloeing.

For one instant my heart stopped beating at the thought of the hazard which I was about to run. The next moment I sprang from the coffin to the ground. A few lightning-like strokes and I had severed the traces and the hold-backs of the harness.

The whole scene is vividly pictured in my mind. The moon-lighted prairie, the little ravine toward which the renegades were dashing, the waggon standing in the trail—then the rattling of the falling thills reached the ears of the party, and with a wild shout they turned toward me. I was on the horse's back, but defined by the moonlight.—There was the sharp report of two rifles. I felt a sting in my foot, another in my shoulder, but the horse was unharmed and the race for life began.

There was a disheartening disadvantage for me, for I had no saddle, but I was riding for my life, and I held my steed between my knees, and took the broad trail with the fury of a tornado. But the issue would rest mostly with the horses. I knew nothing of the one which I rode; I knew nothing of those that were pursuing me, excepting my own white-faced mare. She could run like an antelope and out-wind a hurricane.

On and on my steed, desperately spurred with the point of my knife, bore ahead, and not 200 yards in the rear rode my would-be murderers.

On the rolling prairie now, and my animal took the declivities with a plunge, and the elevations with a sure, fierce stride—across the brawling ford—but crack came another rifle echo, and again a stream of fire seemed to strike my shoulder. They were closing in—closing up. I could now make out only two horsemen following. One of these had discharged his rifle at me, the other I knew was held in rest for them to come up just a few yards nearer.

A momentary dizziness lopped me over upon my horse's neck. The ruffians yelled triumphantly behind, but a distant echo brought me up, and, giving my poor beast a stinging blow, I settled the wild, long, fierce yell of the border rangers and speed on again; but my horse had that peculiar squirm now and then in his gait that told me he was faltering.

Again that echo reached me, swelling out on the rising wind; it was the shrill squeal of the fife and the rum-diddle-um, did-e-um-dum-dum, dum of infantry returning from some expedition to Fort L——. Again I sent out that long, wild, border yell, and I knew by the quicker breathing of the fife and the rapid pulsing of the drum that the soldiers had broken into the "double-quick" in heed of my cry.

A parting shot fired at random, and the two desperadoes turned; but one of them at least, I was not done with. I called my horse with a peculiar whistle; I repeated and repeated it, and I heard him crashing again in pursuit, while his rider shouted and lashed him, and tried to pull him round the other way. For a brief time the desperado wrestled with the animal, lashed, goaded and roared at her, but my incessant, jerky whistle-call kept her mind and head toward me. He only gave up the fruitless struggle and leaped from her back when a squad of infantry dashed over a hillowy swell of prairie and rushed down toward us at that steady, measured run which is so effective in contrast with a disorderly gait.

"It's Wolf, boys," I exclaimed, as they came up with me—for I know his voice. I had no need to tell them that there was a price set upon his head, as it had been clearly proved that he had stirred up the savages to commit and a dozen of them, uttering a yell of fury, started in pursuit; while the others, noticing my swaying about on the animal which I rode, began to think that I had found something serious in my race for life. In fact, the plain was rising and falling and shuffling about so

this is done a great amount of nerve and exposure to all I ought. They got me into Fort Lesanie, however, with uncle's promissory notes all safe in my breast pocket; while my boot full of blood, and the galling flesh-wounds in my shoulder, accounted for the old mauceuvrings of the plain while I was on horseback.

After a brief but desperate conflict, Bill Wolf was brought in, and passed over to the proper officers "to have and to hold" until there should be meted out to him the measure he had given to others.

The Grasshopper Plague.

A correspondent writing from Brownville, Neb., on the 16th inst., thus graphically describes the devastation by grasshoppers:—

Nemaha is one of four counties so terribly damaged by grasshoppers this year and I assure you nothing has been written which equals the frightful reality of this plague.

All along the river bottom the ground is bare and barren as if swept by fire, and on ascending the bluffs I found the trees stripped of their leaves and the points of the limbs white as a bone. Not a spear of green was visible in any of the yards, nor was there a flower or shrub to be seen anywhere. The people here prided themselves on their beautifully laid out and well-kept grounds, and a few weeks ago the yards were green as an emerald, and the trees covered with luxuriant foliage. Flowers bloomed everywhere, and the houses nestled among the green trees. All is now a barren waste. Thousands on thousands of grasshoppers crawled about the streets, covered the fences and lined the sidewalks. The stench from dead grasshoppers at one time became so great the people feared disease, and cleaned the town of their carcasses. They crawled everywhere, lighted on my clothes, and even in my face. If the plagues of Egypt were any worse than these, then the Egyptians ought yet to be remembered with pity and sympathy by all civilized nations. Countless millions have been passing overhead all day high in the air, but the people seem to care very little whether they descend or not, as all is taken, and I think the farmers would rather delight to see the disappointment of the millions who would come down only to find their ravenous predecessors had eaten up all there was for even a grasshopper's supper.

To-day I rode out to Gov. Furna's place about two miles from the city. He had a beautiful farm, well stocked, hedged, and the best nursery in the country of 160 acres in fruit, and not a tree escaped. Twenty acres of peach-orchard on which a few days ago hung 5,000 bushels of peaches, is completely ruined. Not a peach remains, and the trees are leafless as if in mid-winter. Many of them are badly eaten, and will die. They look white as picked bones, and many of them are already dying. She nursery plants are eaten down to the ground. The Governor's loss is over $20,000, and it will take him five or ten years to replace his fine orchards. Millions of grasshoppers were still at work on the trees eating the bark and soft wood. They rise in swarms around us at every step of the horses, and we could distinctly hear the whirring noise of their wings. I witnessed a grasshopper-rise, as it is called. I could liken it to nothing but bees swarming. They filled the air in countless millions and then struck off north-west. In the corn they were still at work. Not a spear was to be seen above the earth, but on going to the hills I found them sticking in the ground eating the roots. Some had burrowed over an inch deep in search of green plants. I rode over four miles and saw no a living green thing but a little milkweed and some sumach bushes, and here and there a patch of prairie-grass. All the tame grass seemed to be taken. One farmer was at work replanting, but most of them were at home waiting results, and those I spoke to seem discouraged.

A Palace of Delights.

A London correspondent of the Chicago *Inter-Ocean* says of the Crystal Palace: Entering the great nave one might imagine oneself transported to fairy land. A more complete realization of an Eastern poet's gorgeous dream could scarcely be found in this mundane sphere. Objects of beauty surround us on all sides. Around the graceful columns which support the lower gallery are twined roses and trailing plants of every hue and description, many of them of such luxuriant growth that, after covering the columns and the gallery railing, above, they fall in festoons several yards long. On both sides of the nave, along its entire length, are some rare flowering shrubs and full-grown trees, and interspersed with these are statues—or groups of statuary—on massive pedestals, all being copies of the finest works by ancient and modern sculptors. In the centre are several fountain basins, richly ornamented with shrubs and flowers, and in the direct vista is the beautiful Monti fountain, in the midst of a miniature lake covered with water lilies and other aquatic plants, and surrounded with banana trees lifting their long broad leaves high in the sunny air—rightly named by botanists *musa paradisiaca*, "paradise of calm delight," fan palms and gigantic ferns of the tropics. A very fine effect is produced by the great number of foreign birds which are distributed around the fountain, each secured to its perch by means of a long steel chain, their brilliant plumage contrasting admirably with the rich tropical foliage which surrounds them. Behind the statuary and shrubbery are the "Fine Art Courts," every court being a treasure house in itself, enriched with the works of art which have been gathered into this wonderful structure from nearly every country under the sun. One is an exact representation of an Egyptian temple; the roof is supported on three rows of eight pillars, each pillar being twenty feet high and five in diameter.—The walls are covered with hieroglyphics, and around them are ranged colossal statues, all possessing certain unmistakable characteristics: the long face, round nose, drooping underlip, a serene, grand expression peculiarly Egyptian.

The Marie-Henrietta which arrived at Quebec, on the 8th, from Anticosti brought up seveteen men of the crew of the ship Giants' Causeway, ashore at that place, one of them a young man named Feming, aged 21 years, accused of murdering one of the crew, a Greek known as Frank, was arrested and lodged in jail. The act it is alleged was committed in self defence. The two men had an altercation about relieving each other, which culminated in the Greek drawing a knife, kissing it and making signs of the cross with it on the deck, at the same time swearing he would have Fleming's life. The latter thereupon believing his fate sealed if he did not act energetically, picked up a belaying pin and threw it at the Greek, striking him and wounding him so badly that he died at midnight. The ship is a total wreck — the bottom being knocked out.

Coal Fields in Michigan.

A short time ago an important discovery of a large coal bed in Michigan was announced, which created much excitement amongst the people of that State. In the New York Tribune we glean some information of the case, as furnished by Mr. Ed. Hill, of Bay City:

"Some time in November last Ira Bennet, a former resident of Black Creek, Penn., while walking along the bank of the river, found in several places deposits of coal, and communicating the fact to Messrs. Culver and Sovereign, men largely engaged in the lumbering business here, they at once began mining in as scientific a way as the nature of the season would permit, keeping all information regarding the discovery to themselves. They secured the title to about 3,000 acres of land, and as soon as the snow melted away procured the services of several experienced miners, bought drilling apparatus, and went to work. On March 13 last a vein of coal 2½ feet thick was found only 11 feet below the surface. Under this there were five feet of black slate, and below the slate a vein of coal 5½ feet in thickness. The machinery was then moved farther down the stream, and 15 feet below the surface a vein of coal 9 feet in thickness was found. The Company immediately began sinking a shaft 12 feet square. After an excavation through clay and slate the vein was opened, revealing a strata of coal resembling English channel coal, and free from sulphur. From the shaft 15 tons of coal have been mined, and sent as specimens to different parts of the State. Blacksmiths have used it in their forges, and railroad engineers in their engines. The coal was found to burn freely and to be exempt from smoke and sulphur."

This is a very important discovery and will have considerably influence upon Goderich. The coal which is evidently of very good quality will be much nearer to us and Western Ontario than any other coal bed. Goderich will naturally become a port of entry for coal to supply places along the lines of railway connecting with this place.

CANADIAN NEWS.

Bush fires are doing great damage in the neighborhood of