Huron Signal.

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

VOL. XXIX. NO. 43. GODERICH, ONTARIO, WEDNESDAY, NOV. 8, 1876. WHOLE NO. 1551.

The Huron Signal,

(ESTABLISHED 1848.)

One of the Largest Papers published in Canada, this (Saturday) Morning at Nine o'clock, is issued every WEDNESDAY MORNING, at the Office, Kingsbridge Building, Opposite the Market Square, by

ALLAN & DICKSON

PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

Terms $1 00 per annum, strictly in advance; $1.25 if paid within three months; $1.50 if paid within nine months, and $2 if not paid before the end of the year.

No paper discontinued till all arrears are paid, except at the option of the publisher.

RATES OF ADVERTISING:

Eight cents per line for the first insertion, and two cents per line for each subsequent insertion.

Business cards not exceeding 6 lines, $1 per annum, from 6 to 12 lines $2.

Transient advertisements to be prepaid by the parties occupied whenever or a week of solid Nonpareil.

Advertisements without specific directions, will be inserted continuously and charged accordingly.

Contracts for Space for Some Time can be made at low rates.

Advertisements intended for insertion in any particular issue should reach the office by noon on Tuesday.

The Publishing Office of the SIGNAL, unless an unusual amount of job work is on hand, is open from 8 a.m. to 6 p.m.

600 WORK OF ALL KINDS

executed on the shortest notice and cheapest. Bills printed while you wait. Orders by mail promptly attended to.

Business Directory.

M. NICHOLSON,
SURGEON DENTIST
Office and residence, West Street, Three doors below Bank of Montreal, Goderich. 1211-1y

G. C. Shannon M. D.,
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c.&c., Goderich, Ont. 1146-1y

DR. McLEAN.
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, CORONER &c., office and residence on Hume Street, second door west of Victoria Street. 1421-1y

Dr. Cassady,
McGILL College
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c. Office, and residence, corner South and Eight Streets, Goderich. a table. 1509

A. TAYLOR, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c. Residence opposite Mrs. McKid's, next door to the Old Kirk, Nelson Street. 1510-1yr

Drs. Campbell & Harness,
PHYSICIANS, SURGEONS & ACCOUCHEURS, Office, Main Street, Seaforth, near the station. JOHN CAMPBELL, M. D. Coroner for the County. JOHN A. HARNESS, M. D., C. M.

Cameron, McFadden & Holt,
BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY, &c. Office, Market Square, Goderich. H. C. CAMERON, Q.C. W. H. McFADDEN. F. HOLT.

H. D. DOVE,
BARRISTER AND ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, SOLICITOR IN Chancery, &c., Goderich and Seaforth, Ont. 1487

G. ELLIOTT,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, SOLICITOR, IN Chancery, Conveyancer, &c. Crabb's Block, Goderich. MONEY TO LEND. 1378

Seager & Wade
BARRISTERS, &c., Goderich. C. Seager Jr. E. E. Wade Goderich. April 26th, 1876. 1y.

Squier & McColl
BARRISTERS, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, SOLICITORS in Chancery, Notaries Public, &c. Goderich and Brussels, Ont.

Garrow & Radenhurst
BARRISTERS, ATTORNEYS, SOLICITORS &c. Office, corner Square and Hamilton Street, Goderich. J. T. GARROW. G. A. RADENHURST

P. S. WALLACE,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW AND SOLICITOR IN Chancery and Insolvency, Conveyancer, Public, &c. West Street, Goderich. 15-2-1yr

G. CAMPAIGNE,
LAW CHANCERY AND CONVEYANCING. Office—Over G. Farrow's Boot and Shoe store, Acheson's block, Market Square, Goderich. 1493

S. Malcomson,
BARRISTER, ATTORNEY, SOLICITOR, &c. Clinton, Ont. w35
MONEY TO LEND.

REV. C. FLETCHER,
ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES Office, West side of St. Andrew's Street, Goderich. 1432-1y

Buchanan, Lawson & Robinson
HAVE on hand all kinds of Sashes, Doors, Blinds, Mouldings, and Dressed Lumber, at the Goderich Planing Mill. 1869.

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. 1215

J. W. GAMBLE,
AGENT for Canada Fire and Marine Insurance Co.; Beaver and Toronto Mutual Fire Insurance Co., and for Canada Live Stock Insurance Company. Manager for Western Canada Permanent Building and Saving Society. Issuer of Marriage Licenses. Commissioner in B. R., Conveyancer. Amherley, May 17, 1876.

PARFITT BROS.,
ARCHITECTS—OFFICES 305 FULTON STREET, opposite City Hall, Brooklyn N. Y. Plans and specifications furnished by sending us size of ground, an aspect, to any part of Canada, at usual rates, for Villas, Dwellings, Churches, Hotels or public buildings &c.
REFERENCES—The Editors of the SIGNAL, Goderich. 1538-1yr.

PATENTS

For Inventors expeditiously and properly secured in Canada, the United States and Europe. PATENT guaranteed or no charge. Send for printed instructions. Agency for Patents ten years. HENRY GRIST, Ottawa, Canada, a chemical Engineer, Solicitor of Patents and Draughtsman. Feb 11th 1871. w6-1

E. WOODCOCK,
Land Broker,
CONVEYANCER AND GENERAL AGENT,
MONEY TO LEND
At Lowest Rates,
OFFICE—Acheson's Block, West Street over the Post Office, Goderich, Ont.

E. R. WATSON,
HOUSE, Sign and Ornamental Painter. Paper Decorating made a specialty.
GRAINING GILDING
Shop on North Street opposite the Registry Office, Goderich. 1494 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

Tremendous Fall in Harness,
CHEAPER THAN EVER.
NO COMBINATION PRICE.
C. P. Straubel

WOULD invite his customers and others to call and examine his stock and be convinced that all is made up by men capable of turning out work second to none in style and durability of single and double Harness.

Made to Order on Short Notice, and repairing done neatly and promptly.

Centennial Trunks, Valises and Satchels always kept on hand and sold at prices to suit the times. Also childrens carriages of every description at Cost Price. Parties wishing to be supplied with wood or hemlock lumber, by giving short notice, can have their orders filled.

Remember the CHEAPEST HARNESS SHOP, on Hamilton Street.

C. P. STRAUBEL.

Goderich, July 12, 1876. 1534tf

Money to Lend.

MONEY TO LEND.

PRIVATE FUNDS ON REAL ESTATE. No delay. Apply to the undersigned, Solicitor, Goderich. J. T. GARROW. Goderich, January 27th, 1876. 1511-1f

MONEY TO LEND

At Greatly reduced Rates of Interest

WHITE undersigned has any amount of money to lend on Mortgage on Farm Property, at a low rate of interest, on terms to suit the convenience of borrowers, payable by yearly instalments; rate of expense will pay for the transfer.

HORACE HORTON
Appointed agent for Canadian Permanent Building & Savings Society, of Toronto.

INSURANCE CARD.

The following are agent for the following first-class Fire Insurance Companies:
PHOENIX of London, England.
WESTERN of Canada.
FIRE ASSOCIATION of Philadelphia.
PROVIDENCE Washington of Montreal.
BRITISH AMERICA, of Toronto.
Also agent for Manchester steamers direct from Liverpool.
HORACE HORTON
Office Market Square, Goderich. Oct. 20th 1876. 1529-1y.

Money to Loan.

THE CANADA LANDED CREDIT COMPANY, TORONTO.

JOHN LAING SEARTH, ESQ., President.
MONEY lent by this Company on hundreds of up-to-date loan system as to model patterns. Apply at the Office, or to
HUGH HAMILTON,
1460 1y C. L. Agent, Goderich.

Money to Lend.
$50,000.00.
Rusting forward of Applicants
Best terms yet offered to the public.
B. L. DOYLE, Solicitor, Goderich.
Jan. 18th, 1876. 1509-1y

$20,000.

PRIVATE FUNDS to lend on Farm and Town property at Lowest interest, No charge for 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

Insurance.

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 $2,000,000, are being adjusted as fast as adjusted arrives, otherwise, 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

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,
1217 Agent,
Market Square, Goderich.

Artificial Stone
AND MARBLE.

The subscribers having commenced the manufacture of Artificial Stone, are prepared to receive and execute orders for

WINDOW CAPS, WINDOW SILLS,
KEYSTONES, DOOR SILLS and all kinds of ORNAMENTAL WORK

required for buildings. This Stone is as durable as any other, and can be furnished at half the cost of cut stone. We invite the public to inspect the same at the factory, in the Drill Shed, or at the Town Clerk's Office, where samples 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,
1475-3m Goderich, Ont

SOMETHING NEW.

ROTARY SUCTION PUMP.

A Purifier of Water.

THE BEST WATER-DRAWER EVER PUT IN A WELL OR CISTERN.

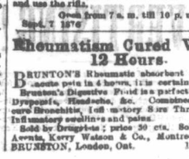
Thousands in Daily Use.

THIS INVENTION is an atmospheric or Suction Pump with three Elastic Rubber Buckets or valves working air-tight and running from the bottom of the well to the top in a wooden tube, and so connected by a chain as to keep one always in the tube, and throwing an interrup ed stream of water. It uses a crank or Reel for power.

ADVANTAGES OF THIS PUMP.

1st. Their ease of work.
2nd. Throws a constant stream.
3rd. Purifies the water.
4th. No expense for repairs.
5th. Warranted not to freeze.
6th. No stationary valve in the well to get out of order.
7th. A larger quantity of water drawn in proportion to the size of Cylinder than any other pump, and with less power.

WM. DICKSON, Agent
Box 47
Goderich, Ont.



Shooting Gallery.

Every day almost a death by people not knowing how to use firearms.

J. C. McINTOSH,

Has fitted up a shooting gallery in connection with his shop where parties will be taught how to shoot and use the rifle.
Open from 7 a. m. till 10 p. m.
Sept. 7 1876 1553.

Rheumatism Cured Within 12 Hours.

BRUNTON'S Rheumatic absorbent will relieve in one pain in 4 hours, it is certain and sure. Brunton's Digestive Pills is a perfect remedy for Dyspepsia, Headache, &c. Combined they will cure Bronchitis, Diffi culty Sore Throat and all Pulmonary ailments and pains.
Sold by Druggists; price 50 cts. Sole wholesale Agents, Kerry Watson & Co., Montreal, or W. T. BRUNTON, London, Ont. 1546-1yr

Poetry.

The Bivouac of the Dead

The muffl'd drum's and roll has beat
The soldier's last tatoo;
No more on Life's parade shall meet
Those brave and fallen few.
On Fame's eternal camping ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And Glory guards with solemn round,
The bivouac of the dead.

No rumor of the foe's advance
Now swells upon the wind;
No troubl'd thoughts at midnight haunt
Of lov'd ones left behind;
No vision of the morrow's strife
The warrior's dream alarms;
No braying horn or screaming fife
At dawn shall call to arms.

Their shiver'd swords are red with rust,
Their plumed heads are bowed;
Their haughty banner, trail'd in dust,
Is now their martial shroud;
And plaintive funeral tears have wash'd
The red strains from each brow;
And the proud forms, by battle gash'd,
Are free from anguish now.

Like the fierce Northern hurricane
That sweeps his great plateau,
Flush'd with the triumph yet to gain,
Comes down the serried foe.
Who heard the thunder of the fray
Break o'er the field beneath,
Knew well the watch-word of the day
Was victory or death!

Some on the dark and bloody ground!
Ye must not slumber there,
Where stranger's steps and tongues resound,
Along the heedless air;
Your own proud land's heroic soil
Shall be your fitter grave;
She claims from war its richest spoil,
The ashes of the brave.

Thus 'neath their parent turf they rest,
Far from the gory field,
Borne to a Spartan Mother's breast,
On many a bloody shield.
The sunshine of their native sky
Smiles sadly on them here,
And kindled hearts and eyes watch by
The hero's sepulchre.

Rest on embalm'd and sainted dead!
Dear are your graves to us;
No impious footsteps here shall tread
The herbage on your grave;
Nor shall your glory be forgot
While fame her record keeps,
Or honor points the hallow'd spot
Where valor proudly sleeps.

Yon marble minstrel's voiceless stone
In deathless song shall tell,
When many saints have flown,
The story how ye fell;
Nor wreck, nor chance, nor winter's blight
Nor time's remorseless doom
Can dim one ray of holy light,
That girds your glorious tomb.

HIBERNICUS.

Chicago, Oct., 1876.

Warming a Serpent;

OR,

GRYLE DASKAM'S TREACHERY.

BY LEON LEWIS.

CHAPTER III.

AT KINGSTON.

The sight of that white sail afar off, glittering in the sunshine, and bearing down upon him as he lay floating upon the waters, raised Gryle Daskam from the madness of a profound and awful despair, to the madness of a delirious joy.

He struck out involuntarily, swimming in the direction of the approaching sail until he was exhausted. Then he floated, creating his head and staring over the glaring waters with eyes shaded by one dripping hand, eyes wild and strange and bloodshot, and full now with savage eagerness and fierce impatience.

'How slow!' he muttered. 'Will she never come? She's surely water-logged—she's—Can she be going in some other direction? Have I mistaken her course? Or is she some phantom of my heated brain? Is she a mirage, a will-o'-the-wisp, an illusion?

The very possibility that the sail had no existence save in his distorted imagination brought him indescribable torture. He shrieked and yelled and blasphemed as might have done a fiend in hell. He invoked curses upon himself; shaking his clenched fist at the great,—hot yellow sun, which blazed unshadowed above him, and poured fierce heat upon the glaring sea.

But when tired with this outburst of passion and delirium, he raised his head and stared again over the heaving waves with their white caps, he saw the sail again, larger, nearer, whiter than before, and unmistakably bearing down upon him.

He could not doubt longer. It was no illusion, but an actual ship, and he was lying in her very path.

He sopped his head with more water and wrung out his handkerchief. With the near approach of possible rescue he grew calm and collected.

He preserved his strength as well as possible, chaffing his legs and arms by turns, keeping a vigilant lookout for sharks, splashing the water frequently, and, above all, watching that gleaming sail which came nearer still and nearer.

When the ship had approached sufficiently near so that he thought his signal might be seen, he raised his handkerchief, holding it as high above his head as his arms would permit. The mimic flag fluttered in the light breeze that rippled the sea, and more than once it nearly escaped his weakening hold. He held it first in one hand, then in the other, and looked continually for some sign of recognition from the ship.

None came. The vessel approached looking grand and stately in her proportions, to the floating wretch, with a forest of gleaming sails, and a hull lying low in the water. How near she was! He could hear faintly the singing of the sailors on her deck as they gave yet another bit of canvas to the breeze. Would she pass him by? Must he be left a prey to starvation, or to sharks? The long, horrible night would soon come on. Not much longer could he endure his present situation. Death, in some form, would soon snap him up.

He waved his handkerchief frantically, raising himself as high out of the water as possible. He yelled with a loudness that deafened his own ears. Into the next few moments he crowded and expended the energies that would have supported a year of ordinary life.

And still he was not seen.

The ship was very near now—as near as she would be. He could see the men on her decks. He could hear the singing of the sailors. There came a chanting. He improved it, waving his handkerchief wildly, and yelled with all his strength.

He was conscious of hurrying figures upon the deck of the vessel; he comprehended that the ship was hove to, and a boat was lowered, and then all became a blank to him.

When he recovered his consciousness, he found himself in a berth in a stateroom, with anxious faces bending over him, and kindly hands ministering to him. He could feel the motion of the vessel, which was under weigh. The port-hole of the state-room was open, and the breeze came in softly, deprived of its fierce heat, and seeming strangely refreshing.

His blood-shot eyes roved from one to another of the faces beside him. A black cook, a rough but honest looking seaman or two, and, finally, a little back from the others, the captain of the vessel that had rescued him—a man with rugged but kindly visage—these were those whom he beheld in that first moment of joy and bewilderment.

'Saved! saved!' he muttered.

And then overcome with exhaustion both physical and mental, he dropped back heavily upon his pillow and closed his eyes in sleep.

The captain and seamen went back to the deck, leaving the black cook in charge of the rescued man.

Daskam slept profoundly until the next morning. He was awakened by the trampling of feet on the deck, and the song of the sailors at their work. It was about the middle of the forenoon. The port-hole of his room was open. He could see through it the glittering white-capped sea, and he shuddered as he remembered how nearly that same sea had been his grave.

The black cook came in as he moved restlessly and brought him a bowl of strong broth. Having consumed this, he asked for his clothes, which had been taken to the cook's galley to dry. They were brought to him. He dressed himself, not without effort, and made his way to the deck.

The captain came forward to greet him. Daskam sat down wearily upon a great coil of rope. He looked haggard in the sunlight, and his complexion had a grayish tint, and his eyes were still streaked with red veins.

In the course of a few minutes he had ascertained that he was on board the brig Serintha, Captain Williams, bound from New York to the Antilles, with merchandise in exchange for mahogany, logwood, Jamaica rum, and other productions peculiar to the West Indies.

He learned also that the captain was part owner of the vessel, and sharer in her venture; that the Serintha had stopped at Barbadoes and Trinidad, and would stop at St. Domingo, Jamaica, and Cuba, besides calling at certain smaller islands, as might be deemed profitable.

Gryle Daskam made return of confidence, speaking wearily, for his strength had not fully returned to him, but maintaining his pretence to his cousin's name and identity with an air and manner which seemed truthfulness incarnate.

'I am Saul Heath,' he explained, 'the only son and heir of Mr. Mortimer Heath of Jamaica. My father is a sugar-planter. I have been for ten years in England, and have just finished my school education, and was on my return home in the ship Messenger, in which my father owns an interest, when we encountered a hurricane, night before last. The vessel was stripped of her rigging, sprung a leak and foundered just before daybreak yesterday morning. I am the sole survivor of all those who were on board of her.'

Capt. Williams and his officers evinced interest in this narration. They had encountered the tail end of the hurricane and lost a few spars. They made enquiries concerning the captain and crew of the Messenger, and Capt. Williams finally asked:

'Were you the only passenger, sir?'

Daskam's features quivered a little as he answered:

'I was not. I had with me my cousin—my almost brother—Gryle Daskam.—He was with me at school and at the university, the dearest friend, the noblest, truest soul, that ever lived. He perished with the rest.'

He covered his face with one trembling hand. The captain whispered to his first mate:

'Poor fellow! How he loves him!'

Gryle Daskam was silent for some minutes. His listeners, with true delicacy, believing him overcome by sorrow for his lost cousin, turned away to their tasks that they might not look upon his supposed anguish.

Capt. Williams presently returned and Daskam talked with him further, and soon after turned into his berth.

His exposure had greatly weakened him. He was nervous, uneasy, and had a bruised sensation in every joint of his body. Therefore, he kept his stateroom for some days thereafter, with brief visits to the deck.

The Serintha made her call at St. Domingo, and exchanged a portion of her merchandise for mahogany, lignum vitæ, fustic and tobacco, and then, pursued her course toward Jamaica.

It was a bright August morning and the tropical sunshine was fierce and hot, and the sea, like a vast mirror, reflected its glare and heat, when the Serintha came in view of the tall cliffs of the southern coast of Jamaica.

Gryle Daskam was on deck. His visage was pale. His pulses were stirred with a keen agitation. For the first time doubts of the success of his imposture obtruded themselves on his mind—Would his uncle receive him without suspicion as his son? Would no subtle instinct warn the the old man of the treachery sought to be practiced upon him?

'It's worth the scheming for,' the young villain said to himself, his mind reverting to the wealth of his uncle. 'I run the risk of exposure; but after all, I am his own sister's son, and he can't send me to prison.'

The risk is nothing in comparison with the advantages to be gained if I succeed. My uncle is tremendously rich, and lives like a prince. His son is dead, and I ought by right to be his heir. I am only claiming in another character, what ought to come to me in my own.'

Nevertheless, in spite of these sophistries, he was uneasy. The shadow of his great crime was upon him. He had murdered in cold blood the brave and noble cousin who had befriended him all his life. He had gratified his life-long hatred, and he did not repent his act.—Still he was not as happy as he had expected to be made by the commission of his horrible and treacherous deed. Even while he exulted, he felt a singular dread, an apprehension of coming evil, a fear lest his uncle's keen eyes should read his guilty secret, and his uncle's denunciations bring him to judgment.

His path of guilt he had thought strewn with flowers. And already under the roses he felt the piercing of the thorns!

The wind was fair and brisk and the brig neared her destined port rapidly.—It was nearly noon when she reached Port Royal and passed onwards, gliding past the forts into the land-locked basin of Kingston harbor.

The vessel cast anchor. A small boat came off from the shore with certain officials in it. A few preliminaries were disposed of and then a boat was lowered from the Serintha and Gryle Daskam was taken to the shore.

He had been born on the island, and had spent his earliest years there, but he had left it at the age of thirteen, and it looked very strange to him after his long residence in England.

The town is situated upon a gentle slope and is laid out with regularity. Daskam had no difficulty in finding a hotel, and did not need to call for the services as guide of one of the barefoot boys, of whom he saw large numbers, and who were wearing themselves in the wild day sunshine.

At the hotel he was ushered into a lounge of Saul Heath. He called for a room, and ordered the latest newspapers to be sent up to him with a dinner.

His orders were promptly executed.

He knew that his uncle had a house in town as well as a magnificent country residence upon his plantation on the slope of the Liguanea Hills, the highest of the Blue Mountain range. He had intended to present himself at once at his uncle's town house in his character of Saul Heath, but he desired, first of all to learn if the captain, or any of the crew, of the ill-fated Messenger had possibly been rescued and brought to Jamaica.

In the Kingston Mercury and other newspapers, he found no allusion to the loss of the Messenger. When he had finished his dinner, he summoned the landlord to his presence and made cautious inquiries, and learned, to his infinite relief, that the loss of the Messenger had not been known until he himself had reported it.

'It's all safe, then!' he thought, exultantly. 'Captain Bray and his officers and crew are all drowned—as I should have been had I not taken the precaution to put on my life-preserver. I need not fear exposure. I can safely go to my uncle's.'

He called for a guide and set out at once for Mr. Heath's town house.

This was a stately residence of brick, two stories in height, situated in the most aristocratic part of the town in the midst of a great garden, and commanding a fine view of the harbor.

Daskam's ring at the garden bell brought a turbaned negress to the gate. In response to his inquiries, she told him that her master was at the plantation during the hot weather, and that the town house was closed.

This was the report Daskam had expected to hear, although he had thought it possible that his kinsman might be in town temporarily on business.

'Nothing remains but for me to go out to the plantation and surprise them,' he muttered.

He returned to his hotel, waited until the heat had somewhat abated, and the hour was near sunset, and then, procuring a horse and declining the services of a guide, he mounted and set out for the Heath plantation.

CHAPTER IV.

MR. HEATH.

The Heath estate comprised some twelve hundred acres of the best land in Jamaica, situated upon the inclined plane which rises from the sea to the Laguarea Hills, and very near to the mountains. It was some eight miles distant from Kingston, with which town it was connected by good roads, nine or ten miles in length, a veritable Paradise. Upon its lower lands sugar was very extensively cultivated; upon the higher ground, upon which the family mansion was situated, coffee of fine quality was produced, and here also were luxuriant groves of oranges and lemons, here the pine apple, the pomegranate, the fig and the granadilla flourished, as also, on still higher ground, the grape and the apple of the temperate zone.

At a distance from the highway, and approached by a wide and winding avenue bordered with the palmetto royal, the cocoanut, and other varieties of palm trees with their tall trunks and plumed crests, stood Heath House, a stately, two-storried dwelling of a construction peculiar to a tropical climate.

With encircling verandas on a side, two-storied verandas, which was further protected by jalousie shutters on every side, thus forming cool and delightful galleries where the inmates of the house might lounge in delicious ease and coolness upon the hottest day known to the people of the West Indies.

The house itself was built of brick in the most substantial manner, to resist the hurricanes which occasionally devastate the island, but the brick walls were not seen behind the outer structure of wood.

Fragrant groves surrounded this dwelling, flower-gardens lay under its windows, a small forest of giant cedars lay to its windward side, and great trees of ebony-wood, of mahogany, rosewood, and palms, sheltered the smooth and velvety English-looking lawn.

At sunset of the day on which Gryle Daskam arrived at Kingston, and at about the hour when the villain quitted the town to put his imposture into practice, a man was reclining in a bamboo chair in one of the cool and wide verandas of Heath House.

He was dressed in white linen, which was immaculate in its freshness. A broad-brimmed Panama hat lay on the floor beside him. At first glance, one could have seen that he was English-born and a gentleman.

He had a portly figure, and a fresh and rosy complexion, which had withstood the climate in spite of his thirty years' residence on the island. He looked what he was, noble and kindly, brave and true, and honorable; a genial, courtlike gentleman, who, incapable of wrong-doing himself, was not apt to suspect wrong-doing in others.

The floor of the veranda was of marble, white and black, in equal proportions and beautifully tesselated. The jalousie shutters were ajar, and a delicious fragrance was wafted through the long, dim gallery. A small bamboo table at his elbow contained a little Venetian glass jug with iced sherbet, in which the golden rind of lemon, chips of transluscent ice, and slices of pineapple mingled in harmony. A goblet of Venetian glass stood beside the jug, and books and newspapers were scattered about, showing that, mental as well as physical comfort was considered.

The newspaper had dropped from Mr. Heath's knees, and he was perusing a letter, the latest one his son had written to him before sailing on the ship Messenger.

'Strange that the ship is not in,' the planter said to himself, uneasily. 'She's ten days overdue. Can anything have happened to her?'

He had asked himself that question a dozen times during the past few days, and had sent a messenger daily to his ship's agent at Kingston to make inquiries. He sighed heavily, trying to repress the torturing anxieties that preyed upon him, and touched a little silver hand-bell on the table.

A colored servant, dressed also in linen, and with bare feet, appeared, and Mr. Heath ordered him to ascend to the look-out—a sort of observatory on the top of the house which commanded a magnificent view of the sea and harbor—and see if any ship had arrived since the morning.

'Strange that my messenger doesn't come back from Kingston,' he muttered. 'There was no ship to be seen from the look out when I went up this morning.'

The servant politely stepped out of hearing, but within ready call, and gazed out upon the sea with a vague wonder, showing all the contrast between the intelligence of his master and himself. He was a negro of the African type, of the purest blood, and had been born and bred in the island, and had never been beyond its shores. He had never seen the ocean except from the shore, and was as much a child of nature as the wild deer that roamed the mountain fastnesses.

Mr. Heath sprang from his chair and made a rush up stairs to the look-out. A minute or two passed, and the negro returned to his post, and reported that there was no ship in sight.

'And he behaved like a madman when he had entered the harbor on Monday,' the Serintha, which had arrived and brought back to him the account that he warmed and fostered in his bosom for so many years.

'The brig had foundered and all hands all lost' had been the tidings that had reached him. 'But why should my boy be frightened with the news' he had thought, 'if he was the Messenger? A sudden darkness covered his vision. He reeled and sank into a chair that was close at hand.

'Oh, my boy! my boy!' he shrieked. 'I had begun to fear, but that must be the Messenger. But why is my messenger here? Why does not Jock come with the news?'

His look turned from the sea and fastened on the country road and on his own drive, and discerned Jock speeding up the avenue at a rate seldom seen in this climate.

Mr. Heath hurried down stairs to his retreat in the jalousied verandas. He had barely resumed his seat, and was very pale and agitated when Jock, on foot, came hurrying into his presence once.

'It was a minute before the black could speak. It was plain that he had news of the utmost importance, and his manner indicated that the news was of mingled good and evil.

'What is it?' cried Mr. Heath unable to restrain his impatience. 'Is the Messenger in, you stupid?'

'No, massa; it's the Serinthy, an American hole, sah!'

'Not the Messenger? Not the Messenger?' cried the planter, in a voice of mingled amazement and bewilderment.

'No, sah. It's the Serinthy,' repeated Jock, struck by his master's manner, and not daring to communicate all the news that trembled on his tongue's end.

'Did you go to the ship agent's office?' demanded the planter. 'Is there no news?'

'I went to the agent's office, sah,' said Jock, cautiously, startled at his master's agitation and pallor. 'And there's news sah!'

'News. She has been signalled?'

'No, sah. You remember that hurricane we had two weeks ago, massa? Well the Messenger met that there hurricane right in her teeth, and she foundered and went under—'

'Oh, my God!' came in one wild quivering groan from the planter's lips.

He fell back in the chair. Jock thought that a fit had seized him, and ran to him in terror, loosening his white neck-cloth, and pouring sherbet down his throat.

'Don't go for to die jes' for nothin, Massa Heath,' cried poor Jock. 'Young massa ain't dead—'

The words were like a fresh supply of life to the fainting planter.

'Not dead?' he whispered.

'In course not, massa,' cried Jock. 'The ship went under, and Massa Saul, he jes' put on a life-preserver and floated off as gay as a sword-fish. Yes, God, it's so, massa, I ain't foolin'. Don't look so strange massa!'

'He's saved? Saved?'

'Yes massa. I went into the ship agent's office and the captain of the Serinthy was in there a-telling of a his story as how the Messenger went down with all on board except one, and he rescued that one. An' he brought him ashore and to Kingston—'

'But are you sure that it was my son who was rescued?' demanded the planter. 'My nephew was on board—'

'It's Massa Saul as was saved, sah!' declared the servant, positively. 'The Merican captain he told his story, and I heard it. And I went up to the town-house, and old Mell she said that a young gentleman had been there and as how he favored you, massa, and it cowed to her a'ter he was gone as how he must be young massa!'

Gryle Daskam had not foreseen that the tidings of his rescue would precede him to Heath House, and that the way would be prepared for the success of his imposture. But it was so. Jock's story seemed at first incredible to Mr. Heath. It did not seem possible that the officers and crew of the Messenger should all have been lost, and his son, alone of all on board the ship, should have been saved. But that which we longingly desire to believe we soon believe, and Mr. Heath was not an exception to the rule. It did not seem to him incredible, after a little, that God should have spared to him his only son, the intended prop of his declining years, the idol he had enshrined in his inmost soul, even if all others on the ship had gone down to a watery grave.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Dreadful Torpedo Explosion.

The river Hooghly was the scene of a terrible accident lately. Last year the ship British Viceroy sank at her moorings off the strand road, with in 200 yards of the crowded streets in the business quarter of the town. The wreck impeded the navigation, and the Torpedo Commission undertook to blow it up. Two fruitless attempts, says a Times telegram, were made. A torpedo boat containing 1,000 lbs. of gunpowder was anchored on the spot, preparing for a third attempt. Sergeant Harrison, Royal Engineers, and 13 natives were on board. About 2 o'clock, Harrison was seen hammering a wooden plug with a fuse through into an iron cylinder containing 400 lbs., of powder. He called for some melted wax to make the plug watertight. A native melted some wax in an iron ladle in the jolly boat alongside, and handed the ladle to Sergeant Harrison, who twice again called for more. As the ladle was being handed to him for the third time an explosion occurred. No traces have been found of Harrison and eight of the crew. Four others and some persons in neighboring boats and on shore were injured, and one is since dead. Together with 200 lbs. of powder blown uninjured into the strand road, half a human trunk and a head was found in Hare street. Fragments of flesh and limbs and pieces of iron were scattered along the strand. All the windows in the vicinity were broken, and some walls were cracked, but no very serious damage done to property. The torpedo boat sank at once. Until it is raised it is impossible to say whether the whole cargo of powder in the hold has exploded, but probably not, or the damage would have been much more serious. The total killed consists of Sergeant Harrison and eight natives. There were twelve natives injured, one of whom has died in the hospital. The explosion was heard all over Calcutta, and a thick volume of smoke was seen for a long distance.

—A B. C. Church has been commenced at Hensall, and an Episcopal Church is to be built at a cost of $900.

City Items.

The late Abdul Aziz, to vary the tenor of his hours, once bought 100,000 parrots.

English capitalists have lost $500,000,000 by the depreciation in value of Turkish, Spanish and Egyptian bonds.

Twenty people were killed to death in Monday night in a Chinese theatre in San Francisco during a fire alarm panic.

An Episcopal throne costing $5,000, has been erected in Christ Church Cathedral, Oxford, as a memorial of the late Bishop Wilberforce.

Spurgeon admits that there are "Christians who should never go to church, because they carry with them their squeak and bellow whose unmusical tones are always falling down with a snap."

The dying of animals is now quite a common branch of the dyer's art. Some time ago a French woman, of the first rank, actually drove in Paris her gray horses dyed a brilliant magenta.

The Sultan's network in Ireland was taken this week, and the prisoners are now within Queen's Bench. Michael Davitt and Thomas Brennan arrested recently in Canada.

Miss Jane Park, a citizen of Mount Pleasant, Michigan, is living in extreme destitution in Scotland, and 12 years, and a subscription is being taken up for her benefit.

A French chemist makes the remarkable announcement that the mere presence of an iron line in a box of goods thereunder and the like will prevent bedbugs and attacks of insects. It is not an expensive experiment, anyway.

The Danish and Norwegian Consuls at Hartlepool, England, has within the last four years received letters from his country, on the strongest of which the name of that ancient English town has been spelled in fifty eight ways, varying from Hartlepool to Vitlepool.

There is a constant commotion in beds between Toronto and Kingston. Good cedar bits are in the fall condition will fetch about 22 cents in the London market, and a dozen of the extra quality are worth $5. Market gardeners employ them to keep down insects.

The two dwarfs brought by Dr. Schweinfurth from Central Africa are being educated in Verona. They already read and speak Italian fluently, and are making progress in Latin. The elder one has a musical taste, but the younger is surly and peevish.

Among the efforts made to utilize the grape crops of California, no scheme seems to promise better at present than that of making the juice into syrup for the table. It is estimated that two tons and a half of grapes will be required for a hundred gallons of good syrup, and the syrup is said to be equal, if not superior, to the article known as the best golden syrup.

One of the most wonderful cities in the world is Bangkok, the capital of Siam. On either side of the wide, majestic stream, moored in regular streets and alleys, extending as far as the eye can reach, are upward of 70,000 neat little houses, each one floating on a compact raft of bamboo; and the whole interpenetrated by a network of long narrow canals of ship, junks, and boats of every conceivable shape, color and size.

As an example of the almost incredible prices paid for good building sites in London, a transaction just completed is cited. The demolition of Northumberland House and the formation of a new approach to the Thames embankment at Charing Cross have left two plots of eligible land vacant. The plot on the east side of the new avenue has been let on a building lease for 99 years at a rental of £56,000 a year. The land comprises nearly an acre, and is triangular in shape though only two sides could at best be used for shops.

The Judge the other morning asked a prisoner charged with drunkenness what he intended to do. He replied frankly, that he "wasn't his own boss that morning."

Death of D. B. Boyd.

HE FALLS DEAD WHILE IN SUNDAY SCHOOL.

One of the saddest and most melancholy events which it has ever been our duty to record occurred on Sabbath last, namely the death of Mr. D. B. Boyd, editor of the Lucknow *Sentinel*. The circumstances of the sad affair are briefly these. Mr. Boyd came to town on Saturday last on business, and was spending Sunday with his friends, he and his wife accompanying some of them to the Methodist Sabbath School in the afternoon. The teacher of one of the classes being absent the superintendent appointed the deceased to teach, and while in the act of talking to the scholars he was seen to suddenly change color and fall upon the floor. Everyone at first thought he had only fainted, and restoratives were applied, while the doctor was being sent for. Dr. Martyn was speedily summoned, and after having listened in vain for the least faint breathing of the heart, he pronounced him dead. The scene which followed this announcement baffles description, and will never be effaced from the minds of those who witnessed it. The agonizing shriek of the heart-broken widow still rings in the ears of those who heard it. The mother was sent for, and as she looked upon all that was mortal of her son she wrung her hands in an agony of despair which was most distressing to behold. A sister came and her moans and cries mingled with those of wife and mother. A number of school scholars gathered round the corpse, others sat sorrowfully down in an out-of-the-way pew and silently wept. Strong men, who had not shed a tear for years came in, and as they gazed upon the motionless form, so lately full of life and vivacity, their feeling overcame them and tears trickled down their cheeks. The body was removed to the old homestead, and in the evening the occasion was improved by the Rev. H. Christopherson, who preached a powerful and effective sermon from the words, "What will you do when you come