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HOLMBY HOUSE.

"From intelligence I receive at sure and friendly hands, I learn that Wilmot is wavering; and some speech is even abroad of a treasonable correspondence with Essex, and an intercepted letter from Fairfax, which is to be laid before the Council.

"Such treachery would merit a summary dismissal from his office, and clemency in this case could scarcely be extended to an officer of so high a rank.

"Digby, too, is far from being unsuspected; and should these two commands become vacant, it would be a fertile opportunity for the uniting of his Majesty's whole body of horse under one independent head, acting conjointly with Prince Rupert, who would still remain Commander-in-Chief, but deriving his authority direct from the hand of his blessed Majesty himself.

"Should events walk in this direction, I can safely confide in your discretion to select a proper time at which to whisper in the Queen's ear the humble name of, sweet Mistress Mary,

"Your most passionately-devoted
"and faithful knight and humble slave,
"GEORGE GORING.

"*Post scriptum.*—The dispatches alluded to in 106 Cipher have arrived. They are duplicate, and were delivered to me yesterday by an honest serving-man, who narrowly escaped with his life and his letters from a party of Waller's horse.

"His master, it seems, was sorely wounded, and led off prisoner into Gloucester. This is of less account as his dispatches are in cipher, and the duplicates are safe. He is one Master Bosville, with whom I am personally well acquainted, and whom Mistress Mary may deign to remember when lying wounded by the weapon of her own true knight and slave.

"He is a good officer, and a mettlesome lad, too. I would fain have him back with us, but have nothing to exchange against him but a couple of scriveners and a canting Puritan divine; the latter I shall probably hang. Once more—Fare thee well!"

It was the *post scriptum*, written in her correspondent's own natural off-hand style, and very different from the stilted and exaggerated form of compliment and inuendo contained in the body of the letter, which drove the blood from Mary's cheek, and caused her bosom to heave so restlessly beneath her bodice, her slender foot to beat so impatiently upon the floor. Wounded and a prisoner!—and this so soon after his illness, when weak and scarcely recovered from the consequences of his duel. And it was her doing—hers!—whom he loved so madly, the foolish boy!—who counted his life as nothing at the mere wave of her hand. Why was she so eager to get him this majority, for which she had implored her unwilling and bantering mistress? Why had she sent him off in such a hurry, before he was half recovered, and hardly strong enough to sit upon his horse? And then of course, he had fought—so like him! when his servant wisely ran away. And the stern Puritans had struck his weakened frame to the earth! Ah! he was a strong bold horseman when he was well, and a match for the best of them; but now his arm was powerless, though his courage was as high as ever. And perhaps they had slashed his handsome face—how handsome it was! and what kind eyes those were that used to meet hers so timidly and gently—and he was a prisoner—wounded, perhaps dying. And she shut her eyes and fancied she saw him, pale and faint, in his cell—alone, too, all alone. No, that she should never be! She picked the letter up, and read once more she read it through from beginning to end, scarcely noting the fulsome compliments, the strain of selfish intrigue, and only dwelling on the ill-omened and distressing *post scriptum* which Goring had written so lightly; but in which, to do him justice, the reckless General showed more feeling than he generally did; and even as she read she would fain have given utterance to his grief, and wrung her hands and wept aloud.

Self-command, however, we need not now observe, was a salient point in Mary Cave's character. Whatever she may have known, or whatever she may have suspected, she looked at Grace's pale face and dejected attitude and held her tongue. There was a sisterly feeling between these two far stronger than was warranted by their actual relationship. Ever since their late intimacy, which had grown closer and closer in the quiet shades of Boughton, Mary had seemed to take care of her gentle friend, Grace in return looking up to her protectoress with confiding attachment; and yet there was a secret between them—a secret at which neither ventured to think, yet with which each could not but suspect the other was acquainted. But they never came to an explanation, notwithstanding. We believe women never do. We believe that, however unreservedly they may confide in a brother, a lover, or a husband, they never lay their hearts completely bare before one of their own sex. Perhaps they are right; perhaps they know each other too well.

There was yet another difficulty in Mary's path, for to succor Bosville at all hazards we need hardly say she had resolved, even on her first perusal of the letter. In whom was she to confide? to whom could she entrust the secret of his failure and capture without letting the bad news reach Grace's ears? Sir Giles?—the stout old Cavalier never could keep a secret in his life; his child would worm it all out of him the first time she sat on his knee for two minutes after supper. The Queen?—that volatile lady would not only put the very worst construction upon her motives, but would detail the whole of the confidence reposed in her to each of her household separately, under strict promises of secrecy, no doubt, which would be tantamount to a general proclamation by the herald king-at-arms.

Of the courtiers she could scarcely bethink herself of one who was not so busily engaged engaged in some personal and selfish intrigue as to have no room for any other consideration whatsoever, who would not scruple to sacrifice honor and mercy and good feeling merely to score up, so to speak, another point in the game. What to do for Bosville and how to do it—this was the problem Mary had to solve; and resolute as she generally was, full of expedients and fertile in resources, she was now obliged to confess herself fairly at her wit's end.

It so fell out, however, that the blind deity whom men call chance and gods Destiny, who never helps us till we are at the very utmost extremity, befriended Mary through the meditation of the very last person about the Court in whom she would have dreamt of confiding—an individual who perhaps was more selfish, intriguing, and reckless than all the rest of the royal circle put together, but who, being a woman, and consequently born an angel, had still retained a scarce perceptible leavening of the celestial nature from which she had fallen.

As Mary sat that evening, pensive and graver than her wont, in the Queen's withdrawing-room, Lady Carlisle crossed the apartment with her calm brow and decorous step, and placed herself by her side. She liked Mary Cave, as far as it was in her nature to like one of her own sex. Perhaps she recognized in Mary somewhat of her own positive character—the uncompromising force of will that for good or for evil, marches directly on towards its purpose steadfast and unwavering, not to be moved from the path by any consideration of danger or of pity, like the volume of a mighty river forcing its way through every obstacle with silent energy.

She sat quietly down by Mary's side and heaved a deep sigh, with a sympathizing and plaintive expression of countenance, like a consummate actress as she was.

"It is bad news I have to break to you Mistress Cave," she whispered, bending her graceful head over the other's work, "if indeed you know it not already. That handsome Captain Bosville who was stabbed by Goring has fallen into the hands of the rebels! Jermyn only heard it this evening; I think he is telling the Queen now. They have got him in prison at Gloucester, as far as we can learn. He must be saved by some means Heaven forfend he should be sacrificed by those villains!"

Mary's heart was full; she could only falter out the word "exchanged."

"Exchanged!" repeated Lady Carlisle, now thoroughly in earnest. Do you not know—have you not heard? Since they hanged our Irish officers in the north the Council has ordered reprisals. Fairfax, Ireton, Cromwell—all of them are furious. They will hang every Royalist prisoner they take now! It was but last week Prince Rupert strung thirteen Roundheads upon one oak tree; they must have heard of it by this time. Poor Bosville is in the utmost danger. We talked of it but now in the presence-chamber. Even Jermyn is in despair, Alas! 'tis a sad business."

Mary turned sick and white! Was it even so? The room seemed to spin round with her, and Lady Carlisle's voice was as the rush of many waters in her ear.

"It is hopeless to talk of exchanges," proceeded her ladyship in a tone of real pity for the too obvious distress of her listener. She had once had a soft place in that corrupted heart, ay, long before she was dazzled with Stafford's fame, or lured by Pym's political influence; before she had sold her lovely womanhood for a coronet, and bartered the peace she could never know again for empty splendor. "Interest must be made with the Parliament. Some of the rising rebels must be cajoled. Essex is in disgrace with them now, and Essex is of no use, or I had brought the prisoner safe off with my own hand in a week from this day. But they are all alike my dear. Courtiers and Puritans, generals and statesmen, Cavaliers and Roundheads, all are men, weak and vain, all are alike fools and all are alike to be won. An effort must be made, and we can save him."

"What would you do?" gasped poor Mary, her self-command now completely deserting her.

"Do!" repeated her ladyship, with her soft lisping voice and dimpled smile; "I would beg him a free pardon if I dragged Cromwell round the room on my bare knees for it, or die with him," she added beneath her breath, "If I really cared one snap of the fingers about the man"

She was no coward, my Lady Carlisle, and there was more of the tigress about her than the mere beauty of her skin.

CHAPTER XX.

THE MAN OF DESTINY.

In an open space, long since built over by an increasing population, but forming at the time of which we write alternately a play and drill-ground for the godly inhabitants of Gloucester, is drawn up a regiment of heavy cavalry, singularly well appointed as to all the details of harness and horseflesh which constitute the efficiency of dragoons. The troopers exhibit strength, symmetry and blood to execute the forced marches and rapid evolutions which are the very essence of cavalry tactics. The men themselves are worthy of a close inspection. Picked from the flower of England's yeomanry, from the middle class of farmers and petty squires of the northern and eastern counties, their fine stature and broad shoulders denote that physical strength which independent agricultural labor so surely produces, whilst their stern brows, grave faces, and manly upright bearing distinguish them from such of their fellows as have not yet experienced the inspiration derived from military confidence mingled with religious zeal. These are the men who are firmly persuaded that on their weapons depends the government of earth and heaven; that they are predestined to win dominion here and glory hereafter with their own strong arms; that their paradise, like that of the Moslem enthusiast, is to be won sword in hand, and that a violent death is the surest passport to eternal life. Fanatics they, are and of the wildest class, but they are also stern disciplinarians. Enthusiasm is a glorious quality, no doubt, but it has seldom turned the tide of a general action when unsupported by discipline; it is the combination of the two that is *invincible*. Thus did the swarms of the Great Arab Imposter overrun the fairest portions of Europe, and the chivalrous knights of the Cross charge home with their lances in rest at Jerusalem. Thus in later times were the high-couraged Royalists broken and scattered at Marston Moor, and the tide of victory at Naseby turned to a shameful and irrevocable defeat. Deep as in the influence of religious zeal, doubly as is that man armed who fights under the banner of righteousness, it is over life and not death that it exercises its peculiar sway. A high sense of humor, a reckless spirit of ambition, the romantic enthusiasm of glory, will face shot and steel as fearlessly as the devout confidence of faith; and the drinking, swaggering, unprincipled troopers of Goring, Lunsford, and such as they, for a long time proved a match, and more than a match, for the godly soldiers of the Parliament. It was the "Dagoes Right!"—the steady confidence inspired by drill, that turned the scale at last, that confidence and that drill the grim Puritan dragoons are now acquiring on the parade-ground at Gloucester.

They sit their horses as only Englishmen can, the only seat, moreover, that is at all adapted to the propulsive power of an English horse, a very different animal from that of any other country. They are armed with long straight cut-and-thrust swords, two edged, and basket-hilted, glittering and sharp as razors, with large horse-pistols of the best locks and workmanship, with the short handy musquetoon, deadly for outpost duty, and hanging readily at the hip. Breastplates and backpieces of steel enhance the confidence inspired by faith, and the men ride to and fro in their armor with the very look and air of invincibles. Yes, these are the Ironsides the famous Ironsides that turned the destinies of England.

They are drawn up in open column, waiting for the word of command. Their squadrons are dressed with mathematical precision; their distances correct to an inch—woe be to the culprit, officer or soldier, who fails in the most trifling of such *minutiæ*. The eye of the commander would discover him in a twinkling—that commander sitting there so square and erect on his good horse. Like all great men, he is not above detail; he would detect a button awry as readily as the rout of a division.

He scans his favorite regiment with a quick, bold, satisfied glance—the glance of a practised workman at his tools. There is no peculiarity in his dress or appointments to distinguish him from a simple trooper; his horse is perhaps the most powerful and the speediest on the ground, and he sits in the saddle with a rare combination of strength and ease; in every other respect his exterior is simple and unremarkable. He even seems to affect a plainness of attire not far removed from sloth, and in regard to cleanliness of linen and brightness of accoutrements presents a striking contrast to Fairfax, Harrison, and other of the Parliamentary officers, who vie with their Cavalier antagonists in the splendor of their apparel.

It is the man's voice which arrests immediate attention. Harsh and deep, there is yet something so confident and impressive in its tones, that the listener feels at once its natural element is command, ay, command, too, when the emergency is imminent, the storm at its greatest violence. It forces him to scan the features and person of the speaker, and he beholds a square, powerful man of middle stature, loosely and awkwardly made, but in the liberal mould that promises great physical strength, with coarse hands and feet, such as the patrician pretends are never seen in his own race, and with a deep chest which readily accounts for the powerful tones of that authoritative voice. This vigorous frame is surmounted by a countenance that, without the slightest pretensions to comeliness, cannot but make a deep impression on the beholder. The scoffing Cavaliers may jeer at "red-nosed Noll," but Cromwell's face is the face of a great man. The sanguine temperament, which expresses, if we may so speak, the material strength of the mind, is denoted by the deep ruddy coloring of his skin. The strong broad jaw belongs to the decided and immovable will of the man of action, capable of carrying out the thoughts that are matured beneath those prominent temples, from which the thin hair is already worn away; and although the nose is somewhat large and full, the mouth somewhat coarse and wide, these distinguishing characteristics seem less the brand of indulgence and sensuality than the adjuncts of a ripe, manly nature almost always the accompaniment of great physical power. Though the eyes are small and deep-set, they glow like coals of fire; when excited or angered (for the General's temper is none of the sweetest, and he has more difficulty in commanding it than in enforcing the obedience of an army), they seem to flash out sparks from beneath his heavy head-piece. A winning smile is on his countenance now. The Ironsides have executed an "advance in line" that brings them up even and regular as a wall of steel to his very horse's head, and the reflection steals pleasantly across his mind, that the tools are fit for service at last, that the tedious process of discipline will ere long bring him to the glorious moment of gratified ambition.

A new officer has at this moment been appointed to the regiment. He seems thoroughly acquainted with his duty, and manœuvres his squadron with the ready skill of a veteran. Already George Effingham has caught the Puritan look and tone. Already he has made no little progress in Cromwell's good graces. That keen observing eye has discovered a tool calculated to do good service in extremity. A desperate man, bankrupt in earthly hopes, and whose piety is far exceeded by his fanaticism, is no contemptible recruit for the ranks of the Ironsides, when he brings with him a frame of adamant, a heart of steel, and a thorough knowledge of the duties of a cavalry officer. Pale, gaunt, and worn, looking ten years older than when he last saw these same troopers at Newbury, Effingham still works with the eager, restless zeal of a man who would fain stifle remembrance and drive reflection from his mind.

The line breaks into column once more—the squadrons wheel rapidly, the rays of a winter's sun flashing from their steel head-pieces and breastplates—the horses snort and ring their bridles cheerily—the word of command flies sonorous from line to line—the General gallops to and fro, pleased with the progress of the mimic war—the drill is going on most satisfactorily, when a small escort of cavalry is seen to appreach the parade-ground, and remains at a cautious distance from the manœuvres. An officer flaunting in scarf and feathers singles himself out, gallops up to the General, and salutes with his drawn sword as he makes his report. Cromwell thunders out a "Halt!" that brings every charger upon his haunches. The men are permitted to dismount; the officers gather round their chief, and Harrison—for it is Harrison—who has just arrived, sits immovable upon his horse, with his sword-point lowered, waiting to learn the General's pleasure as to the disposal of his prisoner, whose sex makes it a somewhat puzzling matter to decide.

"They have made reprisals upon us," said Cromwell, in his deep, harsh tones, patting and making much of the good horse under him. "Man or woman, let the prisoner be placed in secure ward. Verily, we are more merciful than just in that we spare the weaker sex. The Malignants deal more harshly with the saints. Their blood be on their own head!" he added solemnly.

Harrison turned his horse's head to depart. Little cared he, that reckless soldier, how they disposed of the lady he had taken prisoner; he was thinking how he should billet the men and horses he had brought in, not of the fate of his unhappy captive.

"Stay," said Cromwell, "dismiss the soldiers, and bring the Malignant woman hither. I will myself question her ere she be placed in ward."

As he spoke he dismounted, and entered a large stone building converted into a barrack, attended by a few of his officers, amongst whom was Effingham, and followed by the prisoner under escort of two stalwart troopers, who "advanced" their musquetoons with a ludicrous disinclination thus to guard an enemy of the softer sex.

The prisoner was a fair, handsome woman in the prime of her beauty. She was dressed in a lady's riding-gear of her time, which, notwithstanding its masculine character, was powerless to diminish her feminine attractions; and looked thoroughly exhausted and worn out by physical fatigue. Yet was there a haughty turn about her head, an impatient gesture of her gloved hand, that denoted the spirit within was dauntless and indomitable as ever.

The instant that the short cloak she wore was removed, and the beaver hitherto slouched over her face taken off by Cromwell's orders, an operation which allowed a profusion of rich brown hair to fall nearly to her waist, Effingham started as if he had been shot. He would have spoken, but an imperious glance from the prisoner seemed to freeze the words upon his lips. He held his peace, and stood there, deadly pale, and trembling like a child.

Harrison's report was soon made, and amounted to this:—

That in his duty of patrolling the open country lying nearest to Goring's outposts, and visiting his videttes, he had espied a lady, mounted on a good horse, who had ridden boldly into the centre of his escort, and demanded to be conducted at once to Gloucester, and brought before Cromwell—that she avowed she belonged to the Royalist party, but had abandoned their cause, and was the bearer of important papers, which were to be laid before Cromwell alone—that on his proposition that he should be searched for these papers, and a corporal's attempting to do so, she had snapped a pistol in the sub-officer's face, which providentially flashing in the pan, only singed his beard and eyebrows—that out of respect to Cromwell he had brought her on without further violence, "though that she has not some evil intentions I never can believe," concluded Harrison, "for she is the very first woman I ever came across yet that could ride nearly a dozen miles and never open her lips to speak a word, good or bad."

The General scanned his prisoner carefully. His usual tact and discernment were here at fault. "Woman!" he said, rudely and sternly, "what want you here—whence came you—and why venture you thus amongst the people of the Lord?"

"I would see Cromwell alone," replied Mary Cave (for Mary Cave it was, as Effingham too surely knew), and she no longer looked exhausted and fatigued, but the blood came back to her cheek, the haughty turn to her head and neck, the indomitable curve to her lip, as she felt the crisis had come, and her spirit mounted with the occasion. "I have ridden far and fast to see you, General," she added, with a certain tone of irony in her voice; "you will not refuse to grant an interview when a lady asks it."

Effingham felt a strange thrill to hear her voice. How it took him back to that which seemed now some other stage of existence, albeit so short a time ago. How associated she was in his mind with that other one. To him, though "she was not the Rose, she had been near the Rose," and he would willingly at that moment have given a year of his life to ask tidings of her whose name was still nestling at his heart.

Cromwell hesitated. Bold schemer, undaunted soldier as he was, he entertained a morbid dread of assassination, a dread that in later days, when in the full flush of his prosperity, and seated on the throne, caused him to wear proof armor on all public occasions under his clothes.

He had read, too, of women who would not hesitate to sacrifice their lives in a political cause; his own enterprising spirit told him how readily it was possible to encounter certain death for a great object; and this lady did not look as if she was likely to shrink from any desperate deed because of its danger. And yet to fear a woman! Pshaw! it seemed absurd. He would grant her the interview she desired; though, according to Harrison's report, she had been so ready with her pistol, she was now obviously disarmed; besides, he was well guarded, surrounded by his troopers and his friends. He looked upon his officers, for the most part trustworthy, fearless veterans, whose courage and fidelity he had already tried in many a well-fought field. Effingham alone was a new acquaintance, and his quick eye caught the expression of Gerge's countenance watching the prisoner's face.

"Do you know anything of the lady?" said he, in short, imperious tones, and turning sharply round upon his new officer, with a frown of displeasure gathering on his thick brows.

"You may speak the truth, Captain Effingham!" said Mary, with a look of quiet contempt.

Thus abjured, Effingham hesitated no longer to acknowledge his acquaintance with the beautiful "Malignant."

"Mistress Mary Cave is too well known at the Court, not to have won the respect and confidence of all who have ever breathed that polluted atmosphere. I will answer for her faith and honesty with my head. If she fail you, my life shall be for the life of her."

Mary thanked him with a grateful glance.

"I have a boon to ask of you, General; a bargain to drive if you will. Grant me the interview I require, and bid me go in peace."

Cromwell signed to her to follow him into a smaller apartment, in which a fire was burning, and which contained a chair, a writing-table, and a few articles of rough comfort.

"Captain Effingham," he said, in his short, stern tones, "place two sentries at the door. Remain yourself within call. Madam, I am now at your service. Speak on; we are alone."

He doffed his heavy head-piece, placed it on the writing-table and was about to throw himself into the chair. The General was no polished courtier—above all, no woman-worshipper—but there was that in Mary Cave's bearing which checked his first impulse, and bade him stand up respectfully before his prisoner.

Never in all her life before had Mary such need to call up the presence of mind and resolution that formed so important a part of her character. Here she stood, a gentle, soft-nurtured lady, brought up in all the exaggerated refinement of a court, before her bitterest enemy, the most uncompromising as he was the most powerful champion of her adversaries' party. Completely in his power, dependent on his generosity for immunity, from exposure, insult—nay, death itself (for, alas! the exasperated feelings aroused by the cruelties practised on both sides were not always restrained by consideration for age or sex); and, save for her accidental meeting with Effingham, whom she had little expected to see here, utterly friendless in the rebel camp. This was the interview that she had been looking forward to for days, that she had so prayed and hoped might be accomplished; that, seeming tolerably easy when seen from a distance, had been the gaol to which all her schemes and wishes tended; and now that she was actually face to face with Cromwell, she shook from head to foot as she had never trembled in her life before—but once.

His manner, though reserved, became less stern than at first. Show us the man of any profession, soldier, statesman, Puritan, or archbishop, from eighteen to eighty (a fair margin), on whom beauty, real womanly beauty, makes no impression, and we will show you the eighth wonder of the world.

"Reassure yourself, madam," said Cromwell, with a tone of kindness in his harsh voice; "I do not to-day hear the name of Mistress Mary Cave for the first time. I can safely affirm I would long ago have given much to obtain possession of the lady who thus voluntarily surrenders herself as a prisoner. I have yet to learn what brings her into the very stronghold of the enemy. Had she been a man, there had been a price on her head."

These words were alarming; but the smile that stole over the General's face was softer and kindlier than his wont.

Mary began her answer with a degree of composure far too obvious not to be affected.

"I am come," said she, "to negotiate the exchange of a prisoner. A messenger might have lingered, letters been intercepted, even a white flag outraged, so, General—so—I came myself. Major Bosville is languishing, perhaps dying, in Gloucester jail. May he not be ransomed, can he not be exchanged? Any sum of money, any number of prisoners—say, ten for one."

Cromwell's brow grew dark. "You ask too much, madam," he replied, shaking his head sternly. "That officer lies even now under sentence of death. He has refused to give any information concerning the strength or movements of the enemy. A confirmed Malignant, he shall die the death! Hath not Rupert slain in cold blood thirteen godly warriors taken with arms in their hands? The blood of the Lord's anointed cries aloud for vengeance! God do so to me, and more also, if I smite not root and branch, till the Amalekite is destroyed out of the land!"

He was chafing now—angry and restless, like some noble beast of prey.

Mary fitted the last arrow to her bowstring. "You know me, General," she said, with something of her old proud air. "You know my power, my influence, my information. Listen, I will buy Bosville's life of you. You shall make your own terms."

Cromwell smiled. Perhaps he had his private opinion of these lady politicians, these fair intriguers with the Queen at their head, who hampered the counsels of their friends far more effectually than they anticipated the designs of their enemies. He was perfectly courteous, but somewhat ironical in his reply.

"You cannot bribe me, madam," said he, "valuable as I doubt not is the price you offer. Your information may or may not be far superior to my own—your talent for intrigue doubtless many degrees finer. I am a simple soldier; my duty lies plain before me. I will have blood for blood, and I have the warrant of Scripture for my determination."

Poor Mary! she broke down altogether now. The bold warrior-spirit, the craft of statesmanship, the artificial pride of rank and station, all gave way before the overwhelming flood of womanly pity and womanly fear. She seized the General's rough coarse hand in both her own, so white and soft by the contrast. Ere he could prevent her she pressed it to her lips: she bent over it, and clung to it, and folded it to her bosom. Down on her knees she implored him, she besought him, she prayed to him, with tears and sobs, to spare the prisoner's life. Her pride was fallen altogether now, her humiliation complete. It was no longer the stately Mary Cave, the Queen's minion, the adviser of statesmen, the ornament of a Court, but a broken-hearted woman pleading for life and death.

"Save him, General," she gasped, gazing wildly up in his face; "save him, for mercy's sake, as you hope to be saved yourself at the last day! What is it to you, a life the more or less? What is your authority worth if you can hesitate to exercise it for so trifling a matter? Is Cromwell so completely under the orders of Fairfax, so subservient to Ireton, such a sworn slave of the Parliament, that in his own camp he cannot extend mercy to whom he will?"

Her woman's instinct told her through all her distress and all her confusion where lay the weak point in the fortress she assailed; bid her attach him through his pride, his self-respect, his jealousy of command; and dimmed as were her eyes with tears, she saw she had shot her arrow home.

Cromwell flushed a deeper red up to his very temples, the scowl upon his bent brows, and the conspicuous wart over his right eye lending an ominous and sinister expression to his whole countenance. He spoke not, but the hand she grasped was rudely withdrawn, and the high-born, gently-nurtured lady was fain to clasp him round the knees, cased in those wide, solid riding-boots, with their heavy spurs, that rang and jingled as he stamped twice in his passion against the floor.

"Save him, General!" she repeated. "Is there no consideration you will listen you, no appeal you will respect? Hear me. I sent him on his errand. I got him his appointment. I bade him go forth wounded and helpless into the very jaws of your troopers, and now if he is to die his blood is on my head. Oh! think of your own mother! think of your own child! think of any one that you have ever loved! Would you see her kneeling as I do now? would you see her lonely, helpless, amongst strangers and enemies, pleading for dear life, and bear to know that she was refused? Think better of it, for the love of mercy, General, think better of it. Grant me this one boon, and I will pray for you, enemy though you be, night and morning, on my bended knees, till my dying day."

His voice sounded hoarser than usual, and he loosened the plain linen band around his throat as he muttered the word—"Reprisals!"

She sprang fiercely from her knees, flung his hand, which she had again taken, away from her in scorn, and flashed at him such a glance as made even Cromwell quail.

"Reprisals!" she repeated. "It is the Puritan's English for murder. You have refused me—refused Mary Cave on her bended knees, who never knelt before to mortal man—beware of my revenge! Oh! I meant it not—forgive me!" she added, her whole manner changing once more to one of the softest, the most imploring entreaty, as the impotence and impotley of her anger struck chill and sickening to her heart; "forgive my hasty words, my pride that has never yet learned to stoop. You talk of reprisals, General; one life is worth another—take mine instead of his. Lead me out now—this minute—I am ready, and let him go free."

She had touched the keystone now; the sympathy for courage and devotion which every brave man feels. He turned his face away that she might not see his emotion, for there were tears in Cromwell's eyes. She took the gesture for one of refusal, and it was in sad plaintive tones she offered her last despairing request.

"At least grant me one last boon I have ridden so far to ask. It is not a little thing that will tempt a woman to the step I have taken. You cannot refuse me this—if I cannot save him, at least I can die with him. Shot, steel, or hempen noose, whatever penalty is exacted from Humphrey Bosville shall be shared by her who sent him here to die. I ask you no more favors—I claim it as a right—he shall not suffer for my sake alone. Do not think I shall flinch at the last moment. See! there is not a trooper of all your Ironsides that fears death less than Mary Cave!"

She had conquered triumphantly at last. The brave spirit could not but recognize its kindred nature. He had made up his mind now, and not a hair of Humphrey's head should have fallen had the whole Parliament of England voted his death to a man. Kindly, courteously, nay, almost tenderly, the rough Puritan soldier raised the kneeling lady to her feet. With a consideration she little expected, he placed her carefully in the chair, sent an orderly trooper for food and wine, and even bestirred himself to ascertain where she might be most safely lodged till her departure with a safe conduct under his own hand.

"I grant your request, Mistress Mary Cave, and I attach to my concession but two conditions. The one, it is needless to state, is that Major Bosville passes his *parole* never again to bear arms against the Parliament, and the other"—his glance softened more and more as he proceeded—"that you will not quite forget plain Oliver Cromwell, and that hereafter when you hear his harshness censured, and his rustic breeding derided, you will not be ashamed to say you have known him to show the courtesy of a gentleman and the feeling of a man!"

With an obeisance, the respectful deference of which could not have been outdone by any plumed hat that ever swept the floors of Whitehall, Cromwell took his leave of his fair suppliant, consigning her to the care of George Effingham for the present, and promising her a written pardon in his own hand, and safe conduct through his outposts for herself and Humphrey Bosville, by the morrow's dawn.

Her spirit had kept her up hitherto, but fatigue, watching, and anxiety were too much for her woman's strength; and as Cromwell's massive figure disappeared through the doorway, she laid her head upon the coarse deal table and gave way to a passion of tears.

CHAPTER XXI.

"UNDER SENTENCE."

Condemned to die! Reader, have you ever realised to yourself all that is contained in those three words? Have you ever considered how large a share of your daily life is comprised in what we may term the immediate future, in the cares, so to speak, of "what you shall eat, and what you shall drink, and wherewithal you shall be clothed?" Have you ever reflected how your own petty schemes and intrigues—equally petty when viewed at the supreme moment, whether you be a politician on the cross benches, or a grocer behind your counter—fill up the measure of your hopes and wishes? how your own financial budget, whether it affect the revenues of a kingdom or the contents of a till, is the subject that occupies most of your thoughts? and how, when sagacity and foresight upon such matters become superfluous, there is a blank in your whole being, which you feel, perhaps for the first time, ought to have been filled up long ago with something that would not have deserted you at your need, that would have accompanied you into that *terra incognita* which the most material of us feel at some moments is really our home?

And yet at the crisis, it seems as though the spirit-wings were weaker than ever, and instead of soaring aloft into the blue heaven, can but flap heavily and wearily along the surface of earth, as though the mind were incapable of projecting itself into the Future, and must needs dwell mistily and inconclusively on the Past; and there is no proverb truer than that 'the ruling passion is strong in death,' as will readily admit those whose lot it has ever been to look the King of Terrors in the face.

Humphrey Bosville lay condemned to death in Gloucester gaol. His examination, after a short imprisonment, had been conducted by Cromwell himself, with the few rude formalities extended to the trial of a prisoner-of-war. He had been questioned as to the strength of the King's army, and the deliberation of his councillors; like a soldier and a man of honor, he had steadfastly declined to divulge even the little he knew. The court that tried him was composed simply enough, consisting, besides Cromwell, of Harrison and another. The former of these two vainly endeavored to persuade his prisoner, for whom he had taken a great liking, to turn traitor, and save his own life. Humphrey, however, was immovable, and Harrison liked him all the better. The proceedings were short, and not at all complicated. "You refuse, then, to answer the questions put to you by the court?" said Cromwell, folding a sheet of paper in his hands with an ominous frown.

"I do, distinctly," replied the prisoner, regardless of a meaning look from Harrison, and a strenuous nudge from that stout soldier's elbow.

"Sentence of death recorded. His blood be on his own head!" commented Cromwell; adding, with a look that lent a fearful interest to the simple words, "to-morrow morning, at gun-fire."

"God and the King!" exclaimed Humphrey, in a loud, fearless voice, placing his plumed hat jauntily on his head, and marching off between his gaolers, humming cheerfully the Royalist air of "Cuckolds, come, dig!"

So the court broke up. Cromwell went to drill his Ironsides; Harrison to visit his outposts, with what result we have already learned; and another Cavalier was to die.

They placed food and wine in his cell; the grim troopers who guarded him looked on him no longer as an enemy. Already he was invested with the fearful interest of the departing traveller; he who ere twenty-four hours have elapsed will be in that land of which all of us have thought, and which none of us have seen. They were soldiers, too, and they liked his pluck, his gallant bearing, his cheerful good humor, his considerate courtesy even to his escort; for Humphrey was a gentleman at heart, and one essential peculiarity of the breed is that it never shows its purity so much as when *in extremis*. Not a rough dragoon in the guardroom, including Ebenezer the Gideonite, who was still black and blue from shoulder to hip, but would have shared his ration willingly, 'Malignant' though he was, with the Cavalier officer.

He ate his portion of food with a good appetite, and drank off his wine to the King's health. The winter sun streamed in at the grating of his cell, and heavy tramp of the sentry at his door rung through the silence of the long stone corridor. It was all over now. It was come at last, and Humphrey sat him down to think.

Yes, he looked upon Death as a near neighbor for years; he had fronted him pretty often in Flanders before this unhappy civil war, and had improved his acquaintance with him since at Edge-Hill, Roundway-Down, Newbury, and elsewhere; nay, he had felt the grasp of his icy hand but very lately, when he failed to parry that delicate thrust of Goring's. What an awkward thrust it was! and should he not have met it in carte, rather than tierce, and so gone round his adversary's blade? Pshaw! how his mind wandered. And what was the use of thinking of such matters now?—now that he had not twenty-four hours to live—now that he should fix his thoughts on the next world, and pray ardently for the welfare of his soul? Ay, 'twas well that he had not neglected this duty, and put it off till to-day; do what he would he could not control his mind, and bid it obey his will. Thoughts after thoughts came surging in like ocean waves, and bore him on and swamped him, so to speak, in their resistless tide. Might he but have chosen, he would not have died quite like this. No! he had hoped to go down in some victorious onset, stirrup to stirrup with hot Prince Rupert, the best blood in England charging madly behind him to the old war-cry that made his blood boil even now—the stirring battle-word of "God and the King!"—sword in hand, and the sorrel pulling hard!—the poor sorrel. Harrison had promised his prisoner to take care of the good horse; there was some comfort in that, and Harrison was a soldier, though a Roundhead. Ay, that had been a glorious death; or, better still, to have dragged his wounded frame to Mary's feet and laid his head upon her knee,—and died there so peaceful, so happy, like a child hushing off to its sleep. Mary would think of him—mourn him, surely—and never forget him now. How would she look when they told her of it in the Queen's chamber? He tried to fancy her, pale and wobegone, bending to hide her face over the embroidery he knew so well—the embroidery he had told her playfully was to be finished ere he came back again. He would never come back to her now; and the large tears that his own fate had failed to draw from him gathered in his eyes as he thought of that glorious lady's desolation, and fell unheeded on his clasped hands. Well, he had promised her, if need were, to give his life ungrudgingly for the Cause—and he had redeemed his word. Perhaps in another world he might meet her again, and be proud to show her the stainless purity of his shield. He thought over his past life—he was no casuist, no theologian; his simple faith, like that of his knightly ancestors, was comprised in a few words—"*Fur Gott und fur ihr*," might have been engraved on his blade, as it was emblazoned on the banner of the chivalrous Lord Craven—he whose romantic attachment to the Queen of Bohemia was never outdone in the imagination of a Troubadour, who worshipped his royal ladye love as purely and unselfishly as he risked life and fortune ungrudgingly in her cause. So was it with Humphrey—"For God and for her" was the sentiment that had ruled his every action of late—that consoled him and bore him up now, when he was about to die. It was not wisdom, it was not philosophy, it was not perhaps true religion; but it served him well enough—it stood him in the stead of all these—it carried him forward into the spirit-life where, it may be, that some things we wot not of in our worldly forethought are the true reality, and others that we may have worshipped here faithfully and to our own benefit—such as prudential considerations, external respectability, and "good common-sense"—are found to be the myths and the delusions, the bubbles that the cold air of death has dispelled for evermore.

At least, Humphrey knew he had but another night to live; and when he had prayed, hopefully and resignedly, with but one small grain of discontent, one faint repining that he might not see her just once again, he drew his pallet from the corner of his cell, and with folded arms and calm placid brow, laid him down peacefully to sleep.

So sound were his slumbers that they were not disturbed by the armed tread of the captain of the ward, a fierce old Puritan, who ushered up the corridor the cloaked and hooded figure of a woman, accompanied by an officer of the Ironsides, who had shown him an order signed by Cromwell's own hand, which he dared not disobey. The grim warder, however, influenced by the prisoner's gallant and gentle demeanor, would fain have dissuaded the visitors from disturbing his repose.

"If you be friends of the Major's," said he in the gruff tones peculiar to all such custodians, "you won'l act more kindly to let him be; they mostly gets their little snooze about this time of night; and the nearer he wakes to gun-fire, the better for him. You'll excuse my making so free, madam; the Major's got to be shot at daybreak. But if you're come to examine of him, or to get anything more out of him than what he told the Court, I tell ye it's no use, and a burning shame into the bargain. I can't keep ye out, seeing it's the General's order—and Cromwell's a man who will be obeyed; but I can't bear to see the Major put upon neither, and he such a nice, well-spoken gentleman, and the last night as he's to be with us and all." So grumbling, the old gaoler, who was not without a sort of rough coarse kindness of his own, opened the cell door, and admitting the visitors, set his lamp down on the floor for their service; after which civility he returned to cough and grumble by himself in the passage.

Mary looked on the face of the sleeper, and for the first time since she had known him realised the unassuming courage of that honest heart. Could this be the man who, ere twelve hours should elapse, was doomed to die; this calm and placid sleeper, breathing so heavily and regularly, with a smile on his lips, and his fair brow smooth and unruffled as a child's? She turned proudly to Effingham. "Is he not worthy of the cause?" was all she said; and Effingham, looking there upon his comrade and his rival, wiped the dew from his forehead, for the conflict of his feelings was more than he could bear.

Mary bent over him till her long hair swept across his face.

"Humphrey," she whispered, in the sweetest of her soft caressing tones, "Humphrey, wake up; do you not know me—wake up."

The sleeper stirred and turned. The well known voice must have called up some association of ideas in his mind; perhaps he was dreaming of her even then and there. He muttered something. In the deep silence of the cell both his listeners caught it at once. Mary blushed crimson for very shame; and Effingham felt his heart leap as it had never leapt before.

The sleeper had but whispered three words—"Mary, Loyalty, Mary," was all he said; and then he woke and stared wildly upon his visitors.

In another instant he had seized Mary's hand, and was folding it to his heart in a transport of affection and delight. He knew not that his life had been spared—he still thought he was to die; but he believed his prayers had been answered—that, whether in the body or out of the body, he was permitted to look on her once again — and that was enough for him.

Effingham did as he would be done by, and let the cell. If 'he jests at scars who never felt a wound,' on the other hand he is wondrously quick-witted and sympathizing who has himself gone throug the *peine forte et dure* of real affection

LISTOWEL STANDARD.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1879.

THE Dominion Parliament will be summoned to meet for the despatch of business early in February, probable on the 6th.

MR. BLAKE wil not be opposed in West Durham, consequently his election by acclamation on Monday next may be expected. The Conservatives in the Riding have wisely resolved not to entail the expense of an election contest, the hope of victory not being sufficient to warrant it.

SIR LEONARD TILLEY is again in the west on a tour of inspection among the manufactories. He is expected in Guelph to-day, where is to be tendered a banquet. Sir Leonard will no doubt give an able account of the observations which he has taken the trouble to make personally of the effects of the National Policy upon the industries of the country. None but the most abdurate partisan will gainsay that Canadian manufactories are being very materially aided and developed by the Government protection which has been granted them.

Says the Montreal *Post*:—"The decision of the Supreme Court in the Great Seal case will deprive a great many legal gentlemen in Canada of the right to wear a silk gown, but, as the honor of Queen's Counsellor was becoming a reward for political services, the country generally will not be sorry, and really able lawyers, actually deserving of the distinction, will rejoice. The title Q. C. was becoming almost as common as J. P. and Official Assignee; so common indeed that it was no longer coveted by legal gentlemen of merit."

The London *Times*, discussing the emigration question, remarks:—The Dominion of Canada has always invited emigrants, but, till recently, that splendid country had nothing to offer which could rival the prairie States of the Far West. All this is changed, however, and the emigrant can now find in Canada as great inducements to settle there as Minnesota, or any other State in the Union, can offer. The Canadians, if more scrupulous, are less energetic in advertising their country than the citizens of the North American Republic. Conterminous with Minnesota is the Province of Manitoba. All Mr. Andrews has said in praise of the former may be truthfully repeated with regard to the latter. The area of Manitoba is but small in comparison with some of the Western States; yet it is twice as large as Massachusetts, and it can support many millions of people and furnish a large surplus of grain for exportation. Yet Manitoba is but a single province in the territory which is open and ready for settlement—a territory covering 380,000 square miles, exceeding in extent France and Germany combined, and equal in fertility to any corresponding tract on the globe. In the Canadian North-West there is a Homestead Act under which the settler is treated still more generously than in the United States. He pays but $10 for his title to the 160 acres which are granted to him on condition that he resides there three years, and he can obtain another piece of equal area on paying one dollar an acre. At the period of obtaining the land absolutely he must be a British subject by birth or naturalization. Our fellow-countrymen who are discontented with their lot, who may have a practical knowledge of farming, who possess, a little capital, and who are resolved to emigrate, will do well to inquire whether the prairie lands of Canada are not superior in some respects to those of the United States.

THE LORD MAYOR'S BANQUET.

Beaconsfield on the Situation.

London, Nov. 10.—At the Lord Mayor's banquet at Guild Hall to-night nearly 900 guests were present. Among them Her Majesty's Ministers, the German Ambassador, United States Charge d'Affairs, and Lord Chelmsford. The Ministers and Lord Chelmsford were greeted with cheers.

The German Ambassador, in replying to a toast, declared that none were more desirous than Germany and the German Emperor to see the peace of the world maintained.

Beaconsfield, rising to reply to the toast of the evening, the health of Her Majesty's Ministers, was received with three times three cheers. He said the aspect of affairs was much more satisfactory than when he last spoke on a similar occasion. Business is now being done which three months ago would have been deemed impossible. The only question now was whether the revival was temporary or permanent. The opinion of Her Majesty's Government was that the revival was of a permanent character. He thought the official returns demonstrated that fact, because they showed the revival was not local but universal. For instance, the great iron industry had doubtless, in a great measure revived, owing to the demands from the United States, but the returns prove that the purchases of iron were not limited to the United States or the various European countries, but were occasioned by the miscellaneous demands of our native industries. Every article of tropical produce had risen in value. The chemical trade, which was a great index of prosperity, has been unable to execute its orders. The rise in the value of silver would in all probability relieve the Indian statesmen of one of their greatest perplexities. During the unprecedented depression there had not been a single meeting to express discontent with the national institutions. He wished that our brilliant brethren in Ireland would be a little emulous of this example. He was at a loss to comprehend how the Irish people had brought themselves to believe that the best remedy for economical distress was political agitation and social confusion. (Loud laughter and cheers.) Doubtless there were portions of Ireland where there would be considerable suffering if a remedy was not offered. The Irish people should remember they never appealed to English sympathy in vain. It would be the duty of Her Majesty's Ministers to watch the condition of Ireland with the anxiety required by the situation. The Irish people should condescend to remember that their harvest, though bad, and although they were much more dependent upon it than are the English people on theirs, still it was much better than the harvest of England.

Addressing the Lord Mayor, Beaconsfield said:—When I addressed your predecessor I informed him that the Government was contemplating large military operations in Central Asia, the object being to strengthen and render secure the north-western boundary of the Indian Empire. These operations have be ensignally successful, and British influence is fully established in Central Asia. (Loud cheers.) Here Beaconsfield warmly eulogized Lord Lytton and the avenging army in Afghanistan. Referring to South Africa, he said the recent war there taught the colonists something of the art of self-defence, on which they must in future chiefly rely. We are about to effect some changes there which will contribute to the increased happiness of the population amongst which the colonists dwell. As to external relations generally, I would say notwithstanding Europe may be covered with millions of armed men, we have not merely the hope, but the belief, that peace will be maintained. In assuming peace will be maintained, I assume that no great power would shrink from its responsibilities.

If the most extensive and wealthiest empire in the world, with a perverse interpretation of its insular character, turns an indifferent ear to the feelings and fortunes of Contential Europe, I believe the country is endangered, and it is to such indifference that I attribute many fatal wars. But if the power and advise of England are felt and heard in the councils of Europe, I have a conviction that peace will be maintained for a long time. (Loud cheers.) If England deserts her natural post in the councils of Europe, war is too probable. A celebrated Roman on being asked, what was his policy? replied, "*Imperium et Libertas.*" That is a short programme, but it would not disgrace a British Minister, and it is one on which the existing Ministry will always act. In proposing our Lordship's health I shall this time next year, in all probability, have the pleasure of congratulating you on your skillful administration. (Loud and prolonged cheers.)

Sir Stafford Northcote also addressed the company, and in the course of his speech declared that the financial position of the country need create no alarm.

STRATFORD & HURON RAILWAY.

Rapid Progress of the Work.

(*From the Wiarton Echo.*)

Since letting the contracts for grading the Stratford & Huron Railway the contractors have been favored with very fine weather, and have taken every advantage of the same; in consequence we are enabled to report that the grading of the Railway is being pushed forward satisfactorily. Commencing at Listowel, sections 1 to 6, contractor John Carrol, we learn that the grading as far as Palmerston (through the township of Wallace) is well advanced, and that the contractor has gangs of men between Palmerston and Harriston clearing and grubbing. About 200 men and seventy to eighty teams are employed on these sections. The contract calls for the completion of the grading, a distance of 17 miles from Listowel, in time for track laying by the 1st of May next.

Section 7, 4½ miles, J. E. Bullock, contractor, has considerable work done, and is employing about 60 men and a number of teams. He expects to complete his part of the grading this fall.

Sections 8 and 9, Stewart & Edington, contractors, are employing about 100 men and 30 teams. On this section the work is very heavy, and will take some time, but the contractors hope, should the fine weather continue, to complete their contract about Christmas.

Sections 10, 11 and 12, nine miles, Rodgers & Kennedy, contractors, have several miles graded, and are employing about 75 men and 20 to 30 teams.

The next contractor is our friend Andrew Clarke, who is pushing his work with great vigor. He has sections 13, 17 and 18, nine miles, and is employing about 100 men and 40 or 50 teams. About 4 miles on these three sections are graded.

Sections 14, 15 and 16 are under contract to Parry & Lamb, who are employing from 80 to 90 men and about 30 teams. They have done a large amount of work, and have a considerable quantity graded—at least one-third.

J. & S. Irwin have sections 19, 20, 21 and 25, and have about 60 to 70 hands employed on section 19, which they have about completed, and are getting ready to commence work on section 20.

The last contractor is our well-known and highly-respected Reeve, Mr. Jas. Allen, who has sections 22, 23 and 24, and is employing about 30 to 40 men and a number of teams.

About 700 men in all are now employed in grading, clearing and grubbing the line from Listowel to this village.

The contractor for the bridges is busily engaged in getting ready for his part of the contract. The Company are asking for tenders for ties, fence posts and snow fences. The tenders are to be in by the 15th inst. Those intending to tender for this work are requested to apply to A. D. Wright, Harriston, for information and forms of tender.

The railway is not yet fully located from Hepworth here, but we are assured that the Engineers expect to complete this part of the work within a week or two.

DEATH OF MR. JOSEPH DRAPER OF ARTHUR.

The *Arthur Enterprise* (7th inst.) contains the following obituary notice. Deceased was a brother of Mr. George Draper of this town. "We regret to notice, this week, the death of one of our most prominent citizens, Mr. Joseph Draper. He passed away quietly on Tuesday morning, after a very brief period of three days' illness. He never rallied from the first attack, which he had on Saturday morning last, though he had every attendance that kind friends and medical skill could give. Deceased was born in the county of Tipperary, Ireland, in the year 1837, and emigrated to Canada in 1854, being in his 16th year. Gifted with a strong physical constitution, and apparently a hale man, he might reasonably have looked forward to a long life. But such is life. "In the midst of life we are in death." Having received a liberal education in his native country, and being naturally of active, energetic habits, and gifted with more than ordinary business tact and ability, and having, even at the early age of 16, four years' experience, he resolved, on coming to this country, on turning his acquirements to account, and, if possible, to improve his circumstances. With this determination he entered the mercantile life as salesman in a first-class establishment in Paris. Mr. Draper moved to Arthur village twenty-one years ago, it being at that time a small hamlet, began business by opening up what was considered then a large general store, and with his every energy directed to accomplish "the thing he willed and bear it through," he succeeded in building up a good business. He was well and popularly known by all classes in the community; and in his business relations he had the full confidence of those with whom he had connection. He took a very active part in all that concerned the interests and advancement of the agriculturists, being one of the most active promoters and supporters of our township agricultural show, and at his death held the position of treasurer. He very early identified himself with the educational interests of our village, being for many years treasurer of our school board as well as a most active member of that board. In politics, Mr. Draper was a staunch Conservative, though he never was ambitious for position but chose rather to be among the rank and file where he had frequently done yeoman's work. The deceased was a member of the honorable and ancient Masonic order, by whom his remains were escorted to their last resting place. Mrs. Draper and her family have the sympathy of the entire community in their sudden and and sad bereavement."

SHOCKING ACCIDENT AT TORONTO.

Heartless Parents.

On Saturday morning a shocking accident happened to a young woman named Margaret Baker, by which she lost both feet. The unfortunate woman went to the morning train on the Northern railway for the purpose of bidding good-bye to her father and mother, who, after a short visit to the city, were going to their home at Barrie. She accompanied her parents on the train as far as Simcoe st., where she attempted to leave the train, while it was in motion. On jumping off her clothes caught on the platform and her limbs were dragged under the wheels. Both feet were crushed to a jelly. Her screams attracted the attention of those at the station and she was taken up and driven to the Hospital. Miss Baker boarded with a Miss Shaw at No. 18 Sheppard st. Her father and mother continued their journey homeward, the cruel father remarking that he counld do nothing for her. The unfortunate young woman, was taken to the General Hospital, where amputation below the knees was performed shortly afterwards. When leaving the train Miss Baker remarked to the conductor, "please take care of father and mother," and strange to say she was repeating this while under the influence of ether. She is getting on remarkably well, considering the terrible nature of the accident.—*Mail.*

TERRIBLE DISASTER IN KANSAS.

A Candy Factory Falls and Buries Several Persons—Thirty Girls' Terrible Position—Another Starch Explosion.

Kansas City, Mo., Nov. 8.—A terrible disaster occurred at the corner of Second and Main street yesterday. The extensive cracker and candy manufactory of Carl & Sons occupying four brick three story buildings, tumbled down completely and was burned. One hundred and seven persons, mostly boys and girls, from 12 to 20 years, were at work in the factory, and all escaped except seven. The cause of the accident has not yet been determined, but it is supposed to be a repetition of the mysterious Barclay street explosion in New York last year, namely, a starch explosion. As soon as the walls fell the building took fire. The firemen were on hand in five minutes and by their efficient service the flames were kept from extending to the adjoining buildings. As soon as the news spread the parents and friends of those employed flocked to the scene with anguish on their countenances. When the firemen subdued the flames they commenced digging for the dead. Up to midnight they had got out three, Emma Kemper, Anna Becker, and Charles Schurz; those still missing and supposed to be in the ruins are, Louis Hammel, Andy McConnell, George Kemper and John Kemper. The building's contents were valued at $70,000, which is a total loss.

Another account says: In the second story about thirty girls were cut off from the stairs by the timbers blocking the doorway. They ran to the windows, and, before anyone could stop them, several had jumped, receiving terrible wounds. At last the door of the stairway was battered down, and the girls released. In less than five minutes the whole was a mass of flames. Within could be heard the calls and prayers of the imprisoned girls and boys. The flames were so fierce that nothing could be done for nearly half an hour. Only one person, a girl, was released. It is supposed the great amount of stock caused the walls to crumble. The building was considered perfectly safe.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

Millbank is troubled with chicken thieves.

Fruits of all kinds in season kept at G. T. Kidd's California fruit store (late Barnes').—42.

A Belleville firm of cattle dealers has an order for two thousand head of beef cattle for the English Christmas market.

Mr. George Wood sold his farm of 100 acres, 2nd con., Downie, to Theobald Stoopskof, for the handsome sum of $7,500.

A son of Mr. Francis Hamilton, of Downie, got one of his fingers crushed. No fears were anticipated, but lockjaw supervened, proving fatal.

A new grain warehouse at Napanee collapsed on Friday evening, and a foundry adjacent was buried under about ten thousand bushels of barley.

VENISON.—On Thanksgiving day Messrs John Scown, John Blatchford and Alex. Easton shot a fine buck deer of 223 lbs. weight, in the swamp three miles north of Stratford.

The Stratford libel suit, Corcoran vs. Robb, which was to have been heard at the Brant Assizes was withdrawn by consent, the case having been settled out of Court.

SENTENCE COMMUTED.—The sentence of death passed upon Susan Kennedy, the Montreal murderess, has been commuted to imprisonment for life in the Penitentiary.

The finances of France are in so flourishing a condition that for the ten months of the present year ending the last of October the excess of revenue over estimates is 123,000,000 francs.

The traffic receipts of the Grand Trunk for the past eighteen weeks exceed those of the corresponding period of last year by the unprecedented figure of $203,979. The Companiys sheds at Montreal are overflowing with produce.

A MILLION PAIRS OF SHOES.—Mr. J. G. Ross of Quebec, has received from Paris a contract for a million pairs of shoes, which are to be made by Fortin, Contant & Co. A new factory, to employ eight hundred hands, is to be built in St. Saveur.

The girl Esther Cox, who created so much interest about a year ago relative to a spiritual manifestation, has been committed to Cumberland jail for trial in the Supreme Court for theft from her employer's house, and also for setting fire to the outbuildings.

Mr. Wheeler has been unsuccessful in his appeal to the Supreme Court to reopen the North Ontario election case, in which he was unseated and disqualified by Mr. Justice Armour for corrupt practices. A new election will, therefore, be held in that constituency.

ANOTHER TRAIN.—On Tuesday last the T., G. & B. Ry. put another train on the road, to run between Orangeville and Teeswater, on alternate days—Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday. One going west, at Harriston, 9.00 a. m., 2.50 p. m.; Fordwich 9.30 a. m., and 3.20 p. m. Going east, at Harriston, 7.40 a. m., and 1.25 p. m.; at Fordwich, 7.10 a. m., and 12.55 p. m.

The Windsor, N. S. *Mail* says:—The State of Maine sugar beet refinery has offered to invest capital to the amount of $400,000 in erecting a refinery in Nova Scotia, provided that the counties of Annapolis, Kings, Hants, and Colchester will guarantee each to put under cultivation 1,000 acres of land for raising sugar beets. The order of Grangers have the movement in hand.

RAISED BILLS.—A few raised $1 are again making their appearance, which though they would not be taken by any one accustomed to handling money, might deceive the unwary. The figure 1 is pricked with a needle until it is a fair imitation of a 4 and the bill is passed off hurriedly in a crowd—probably by some of the gamblers and low characters which have infested the agricultural fairs in great numbers this year.

The Guelph *Herald* says:—The model farmers had some model fun on Hallowe'en. They procured a cow and put a board over her horns. The name of the owner was painted upon the board, and the cow was driven to the Market Square. The funny practical jokers then went home to read up Shakespeare, Captain Mayne Reid, and other agricultural authorities, on the subject of sowing Southdown sheep.

EATEN BY BEARS.—Intelligence has been received at Quebec of the frightful death of a farmer in the county of Port Neuf at St. Casemir. Two hunters, while going their rounds a few days ago in the wild county at the head of Lake of Seven Islands, in St. Casemir, came upon a portion of the remains of the unfortunate man in a bear trap, which held him by the arms, while a good portion of his body had been eaten by bears.

An incendiary fire in the town of Emerson, on the boundry line at an early hour on Monday morning last, destroyed Carney's block, including the premises and stock of Carney and Chamber's lumber and hardware merchants; the *Western Journal* office, and Armstrong's photograph establishment. The damage will probably reach $20,000, partially insured. An incendiary attempt to burn this block was frustrated two weeks ago.

An organized body of two or three thousand regulators have risen to assert the majesty of law in Kentucky, and in two or three counties the Courts have been notified that if certain offenders are not punished by the ordinary process, the regulators will administer the law of Judge Lynch three days after the court adjourns. The organization is said to include the better class of citizens, and they declare that they mean business with robbers, house-burners, wife-slayers, and men handy with their pistols generally.

Prof. Macoun has discovered a large tract of valuable agricultural land southwest of the Battleford region, out of the ordinary routes of travel. There is no timber, but there are unlimited supplies of excellent coal throughout the region, which has been tested at many camp fires. He denies the stories of disaffection among the Indian tribes, but gives them great praise for patience while undergoing privation, hunger, and want of every conceivable description.

Toronto *Telegram* (Independent): Sir Leonard Tilley is still hard at work pushing his investigations in the factories. Whether he is doing any good or not may be a question with the *Globe*, but it cannot be denied that he has shown a great deal of interest in all that pertains to the important subject of Canadian industry. This is a great deal more than can be said of his predecessor, who excused himself from taking the trouble to investigate the grievances under which the manufacturers were suffering on the ground that the Government was a mere fly on the wheel—which could do nothing but buzz.

Irishmen turn up the wide world over and are beginning to distance the Scot in that respect. Some years ago a castaway crew found a native of Westmeath teaching a number of amused Patagonians how to play hurley. Cetewayo's chief of staff was one Denis McCarthy, at one time a soldier in the British Army; and now it appears that John Dunn, the Zulu who rendered such signal service to the British commanders, and has been rewarded by Sir Garnet Wolseley with a small principality, is a native of the Emerald Isle. During the American war he served in Corcoran's Legion, and, when peace was proclaimed, left for San Francisco, whence he sailed for Europe. Nothing more was heard of him for years, until his father received a letter from him, saying he was trading with the Zulus and making a good thing out of it.

The Paris Bourse has been thrown into a tremendous state of excitement by the sudden disappearance of Philliport, one of the most gigantic speculators in that city. He seems to have had a career both remarkable and brilliant. Bursting like a comet upon the financial horizon of Paris in 1874, he soon became prominently connected with many companies, created the Banque Franco-Hollandaise, and became President of the Credit Mobilier. But with the suddenness of a comet his success came to an end; he failed, with liabilities to the extent of twenty-eight million francs. Four years of seclusion had almost cast this into oblivion, when he again appears, creates the Bank Europeanne, raises a capital of a hundred million francs, and then throws himself into all kinds of speculations, which end by his flight, with debts amounting to nearly seven million francs against him.

THE BOSS TRAVELLER. — Conductor Joseph Draper, of the G. T. R., is one of the most travelled men on record. He has been railroading now for over 27 years, 23 of them on the Grand Trunk, and during that period of time he has averaged 900 miles per week—46,800 miles per year, representing for the 27 years a grand total of one million two hundred and sixty-three thousand six hundred miles (1,263,600,) and it speaks volumes in favor of Mr. Draper's career on the railroad, that none of the trains under his charge have ever met with a serious accident. Every person who travels on the Toronto division of the G. T. R.—man, woman and child—knows Joe. Draper, whose brusque, cheery demand for tickets as each station is approached is music in the traveller's ear. We hope our friend may live to travel another million of miles unless he is some day promoted to a higher position, which he has long since earned by his faithful services to the company.—*Stratford Times.*

EXTRAORDINARY SLAUGHTER OF BEARS.—On Wednesday last Mr. H. R. A. Ely, jr., son of the proprietor of the Commercial Hotel, shouldered his rifle and left the village about 11 o'clock a. m. in quest of game. About 3 o'clock in the afternoon he came upon four bears, the largest of which would weigh about two hundred lbs., which he immediately dispatched with a single shot. One of the others is probably a year and a half old, the remainder being last spring's cubs. These he succeeded in killing without much difficulty, and after skinning the largest bear, returned home about dark. Yesterday he procured an ox team and brought his prizes into the village. He says he saw four others, but had not time to follow them. Yesterday a party started out on a hunt for the bears, but returned unsuccessful. The bears were killed on lot 12, in the 21st con. of Amabel, about 4 miles from Wiarton. We think Mr. Ely is the champion bear slayer in this part of the country; at any rate we must congraulate him.—Wiarton *Echo.*

The award of merit at the recent London dairy show was carried away by Canadians and Americans. The products exhibited comprised a full representation from every continental nation. Speaking of the Canadian cheeses, the London *Telegraph* says:—"The price of these splendid transatlantic products is, roughly speaking, about one-half of those of British make. In appearance they are as good, and a narrow inspection does not tend to lower them in the estimation of those who understand their merits. When tasted, however, the formidable nature of the competition they offer with English cheeses is most apparent. It is not too much to say that there are in the hall, exhibited as American and Canadian produce, many cheeses which would do credit to the finest British dairies, and which will bear comparison with anything English makers can show." The *Telegraph* mournfully adds:—"If in the opening of the attack, and it can scarcely be said to have developed as yet, the fight is so keen as we now see it to be, the struggle in years to come must increase in intensity and importance."

PALMERSTON.

NEW AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.—A meeting of farmers and others interested in the formation of an agricultural society for the parts of Wallace and Minto lying near to Palmerston, was held in the Council Chamber on Tuesday last. T. McDowel, Esq., was voted to the chair, and Mr. Potts acted as secretary. Amongst the speakers were Messrs. S. Elliott and R. Craig, Wallace; and Messrs. R. Andrews, J. Best, and W. Fawcet, Minto. The general opinion of the meeting was that a strong society could be formed in the district, and a number of those present volunteered to get subscriptions. It was agreed to meet again in the same place on December 5, for the purpose of organizing the new society. As there is already a tenacre park fenced in, and suitable buildings for holding agricultural shows erected thereon, in the centre of the district, the new society would start under the most favorable circumstances possible.—*Telegraph.*

HOWICK.

The Collectors rolls for the township of Howick will be ready for the Collectors in a few days, when they will visit the various parties entitled to pay taxes throughout the township. The amounts to be collected this year are as follows:—For township purposes $2,317.43, for railway purposes $1,112.34, for county purposes $4,171.38, and $80 in the village of Gorrie for sinking fund on a sectional bonus on the T. G. & B. R. R., and $60 interest on said bonus; and a dog tax on the whole—where dogs are to be found—which will raise a sum of $400 and upwards, say in round numbers, exclusive of school taxes $8,141.17.

MARYBOROUGH.

FIRE.—About 3 o'clock on Monday morning last, the barns on the premises of Mr. John Tait, 8th line, Maryborough, were discovered to be on fire, and in a short time were totally destroyed. One of the barns was old, the other a frame, was comparatively new; there was also, we learn, an amount of grain therein, but no stock or farming implements were lost. There was considerable insurance on the premises, so that Mr. Tait's loss is not likely to be heavy. The fire is supposed to be the work of an incendiary.

CARTHAGE.

The following officers of Forest Home Lodge, No. 54, I. O. G. T., were duly elected and installed for the current quarter:—T. J. Watson, W. C. T.; Maggie Moore, W. V. T.; H. H. Rines, W. S.; J. D. Watson, W. F. S.; Thomas Giveney, W. M.; R. H. Watson, W. D. M.; Maggie Taggart, W. I. G., Robert Giveney, W. O. G.; J. N. McDonald, W. C.; Jessie Rines, W. R. H. S.; Hannah Taggart, W. L. H. S.; J. M. Watson, P. W. C. T.

ROTHSAY.

STOLEN.—On Wednesday night, 12th inst., a new buggy was stolen from the premises of Mr. David Kilpatrick of this place. No clue to the perpetrators so far as we have learned.

THE FIFTH.—The Orange celebration on the 5th Nov. was a grand success. There were three visiting lodges present, which, in company with the Rothsay Orangemen and Young Britons, assembled at the Wellington Hotel, and partook of dinner, which was got up in splendid style by Mr. Little, the new proprietor of this hostelry. The Palmerston band was also present, and contributed largely to the pleasure of the occasion. The usual loyal toasts were given and heartily responded to. Everything passed off in the most pleasing manner. In the evening the Young Britons enjoyed themselves with dancing, which was kept up till nearly morning.—COM.

ELMA.

BAD ACCIDENT.—On the 7th inst., as Mr. Frank Studdard was assisting at a threshing on the farm of Mr. C. McMain, he met with a very severe accident. It seems that Mr. Studdard was on the horsepower driving and in getting off for some purpose his foot caught in the gearing and was almost cut in two. Dr. Rutherford was called in as quickly as possible and dressed the wound. Much sympathy is felt for Mr. S., as his other leg is disabled, and this accident will lay him up for a long time.—COM.

The trustees of U. S. S. No. 1, Elma and Mornington have re-engaged Miss Ayers as teacher for the incoming year at a salary of $280.

WALLACE.

Mr. Beatty, of the 6th con. Wallace, lost a valuable cow last week. The animal was tied as usual, but during the night she contrived to throw herself on her back and in the morning was quite dead. Mr. Beatty had just purchased her a few days before at Mr. Walton's sale.

The farmers are busy just now raising their turnips. The weather is very favorable for it.—COM.

Revival meetings are being held in the Zion C. M. Church, 6th con., conducted by the Rev. H. Berry.

COUNCIL.—The Municipal Council of the Township of Wallace met at Dominion Hotel, Gowanstown, Oct. 25, pursuant to adjournment. All the members present; the Reeve in the chair. The minutes of last meeting were read and confirmed. Communications were received from S. S. Fuller, Esq., sending cheque for expenses under By-law No. 203; from A. L. Wilson, Clerk of York, relative to conducting the business of municipal councils, &c. J. Willoughby moved, seconded by T. Speers, that John Kergus be paid $8.50 for gravel and the Reeve issue an order for the same—Carried. J. Willoughby moved, seconded by T. Speers, that the Collector's book be lodged in the hands of the township treasurer, for safety.—Carried. J. Willoughby moved, seconded by W. Ferguson, that the clerk be paid the sum of $29.80 for office expenses and postage—Carried. W. Ferguson moved, seconded by J. Mills, that Hugh Tippin be paid $40 for repairing Ash's bridge, on con. 2; and the Reeve, &c.—Carried. J. Willoughby moved, seconded by W. Ferguson, that George Rowley be paid $4.35, for building a stone culvert on the gravel road; also that John Shy be paid $2 for repairing two culverts on the gravel road.—Carried. J. Mills moved, seconded by T. Speers, that Wm. Gommerson be paid $2.50 for himself and team one day on the gravel road.—Carried. J. Willoughby moved, seconded by W. Ferguson, that James Kines be paid $7 for building a stone culvert and making a ditch on the gravel road.—Carried. J. Mills moved, seconded by T. Spears, that John Warren be credited the sum of $9.10, on account of W. H. Campbell's income tax for the year 1878, said Campbell having absconded—Carried. Moved, seconded, and resolved, that the Reeve and Council attend a convention to be held at Harriston, Tuesday, Oct. 28th, to consider the question of a new county. On motion the Council adjourned to meet at the Queen's Hotel, Gowanstown, on Nov. 28. R. G. ROBERTS, Clerk.

MORNINGTON.

To the Editor of the STANDARD.—SIR.—In a late issue of the *Banner* I noticed an article, from the Burns correspondent of that paper, on a debate which took place at a meeting of the North Mornington Literary Society a few weeks ago. A number of the statements made by this correspondent were untrue; and if he was in little nettled by not having his own way about what the subject for that evening's debate, he should not have taken such a cowardly way of redressing his grievances. Protection is not only as high, but much higher in the estimation of the Conservative party in this part at the present time than it was during the corresponding period of last year. Last Autumn the people of Canada were only told what its effects would be, but now they see in almost every branch of business the grand effects resulting from a Protective Policy. I think this correspondent has but little room to boast, as he did, of the large number (?) who represented the negative side of the question; and, I presume, you will think so too when I tell you that it was represented by only two—the President and Vice-President; and they are parties who are expected to be present at all meetings. Two of the gentlemen who were called on the affirmative side of the question were present, but one of them takes no part in debates; the other suggested that the debate should be postponed as the captain of the affirmative side was not present. This the opposition would not agree to. One of the debators, of whom it is said spent a "solid" week preparing and drying" his speech, appeared to think that if it were postponed his speech would be lost forever. If it were the intention of this correspondent to break in upon society by writing such an article, it is my opinion that he took a very good way of doing so. X. Y. Z.

COUNCIL.—The council met on Monday, Nov. 3rd, at Henderson's Hall, according to adjournment; members all present. The minutes of last meeting were read and adopted. The clerk laid before the Council a communication from the secretary of the Educational Department, Toronto, which was read and filed. The Reeve was authorized to issue the following orders: Wm. White $2.25, repairing culvert on 7th line; P. Rothermel $7, lumber and work on N. G. Road; Wm. Burgman $5.10, lumber for bridges and culverts; C. Duck 75c., repairing Black Creek bridge; G. Clark $8, ditching on townline Ellice and Mornington, being Mnington's share; John Kennel $5, for gravel; J. Hallback $15 00, ditch on 9th line; A. Holmes $5, culvert on 2nd con., lots 3 and 4; H. Bark $4, culvert on sideline 12 and 13, con. 1; J. Smith $21, ditch and culvert on Elma townline; John Welsh $5, culvert on sideline 3 and 4, con. 14; T. Scott $4.10, cleaning out ditch on con. 14; Wm. Kerr $1.64, plank to pathmaster; H. Albrecht 75c., timber for culvert; John Nutt $11.82, ditching in Elma townline; John Routston $2.50, under drain across 5th line; James Maddess $4, ditching on Elma townline; John Ducklow $15, ditching on Elma townline; Fanny Torrance $8.00, indigent relief for November and December; V. Kertcher, John Watson, John Turnbull and Wm. Loney, $3 each for selecting jurors; Mr. Whitehead $5, indigent relief; D. McMillan, Dunnin & Co., $142, building two bridges on 9th con.; A. Zimmerman $18.20, ditching on townline Ellice and Mornington. Moved by W. R. McCormick, seconded by James Kines, that the clerk be instructed to levy five per cent. for expenses for levying and collecting the School Tax in Maryborough, Peel and Wellesley, for U. S. S. No. 20—Carried. Council adjourned to meet again on Monday, 22nd December, at Henderson's Hall.

JOHN WATSON, Tp. Clerk.

Health is Happiness.

NERVOUSNESS.—A very great number of those in the middle and higher classes of society, who, without being ever actually sick, never know what real health is; who live constantly in a lower plane of living than is normal in man, who are weak all over, though not specially and constantly weak in any one organ, who may not experience piercing and grinding pain, yet suffer at times if not always, that profound exhaustion which in many respects is worse than pain. Those in that lamentable state have always been relieved, and many permanently so by using the Victoria Syrup of Hypophosphites, it being practically adapted for those cases. For sale by all dealers.

Among the Luxuries of Life.

But a brief period has passed since a month's time was necessary to accomplish a journey a few hundred miles and then we went lumbering over the rough country highways on springless seats. Now the same journey is made in sumptuous drawing room cars, with all the comforts and many of the luxuries brought to you by servants. Once upon a time when we found it necessary to our health to set apart a brief period to "doctor up" and then came a struggle with that awful Castor Oil. Now we sip it from the bottle while we continue regularly at our vocations. But it is **Scott & Bowne's Palatable Castor Oil** we take. It is one of the luxuries of life that is afforded at 25 cent.

No More Despair for the Debilitated.

Where Consumption—not always the fatal tubercular consumption of the lungs, but general decline of vital energy, and wasting away without renewal of the tissues of the body. When this surely shows itself the doctor stops his usual prescriptions and orders **Cod Liver Oil.** Three times a day the patient tries to swallow the nauseous dose, and as often feels, that the repulsion it causes weakens the power of nutrition and digestion, far more than it supplies nourishment to the debilitated system. It is only by mingling the Oil as in **Scott's Emulsion** with the **Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda** that the disgusting taste and smell of it can be entirely removed. This mixture is pure and smooth and palatable as sweet milk, and not only restores digestive vigor to the fluids of the stomach, but it enriches the blood, and subdues all of its scrofulous symptoms.

LOCAL NOTICES.

Ladies kid gloves for 50c. per pair at Bean & Gee's.

Thorley's food increases the flow of milk in cows. Try it; at J. A. Hacking's.

The cheapest place to buy groceries, wines and liquors is at the Toronto tea store. McMillan, Dunnin & Co.

PAINTS, OILS AND COLORS.—For the largest stock, best material and lowest prices, go to HACKING'S Drug Store.—21.

Coal oil, 20 cts. 5 gallons 90 cts; medium size crimp top chimnies, 5 cents; good burners, 10 cents; at Hacking's drug store.

GLASS, GLASS.—I have just received spring stock of window glass, all sizes, which will be offered at very low prices. Call and see.

J. A. HACKING.—21.

Winceys at 6c. per yard and upwards at Bean & Gee's.

FIRE! FIRE!—Mr. R. F. Brook being determined to rebuild the Listowel Woolen Mills, and needing capital, desires all persons who are indebted to him, to call and settle accounts within two months; otherwise his accounts must be placed in other hands for collection.—22.

STEEL ENGRAVINGS.—A fine collection of steel engravings are on view at the warerooms of Messrs. Hess Bros. Parties wishing to embellish their rooms with really handsome engravings, should inspect this collection. A large variety of Chromos are also on exhibition, and will be sold very cheap. Call early.

SHIRTS! SHIRTS! SHIRTS! Made to order at Bean & Gee's.

COMMERCIAL INTELLIGENCE.

DAIRY MARKETS.

London.—The offerings on Saturday last were 4 000 boxes. Sales were made as follows:—Delaware, 275, at 12½; Devizes 400, Iona and Erie 325, Proof Line 600 and West Nissouri 1,100, all on private terms, a very undesirable element of secrecy having crept into the market. We believe that the first mentioned sale, however, may be taken as a fair average price, and more than the Liverpool quotation of 58s. which a declining market would seem to justify. Next market, Nov. 15th, will be the closing market of the season.

Utica, N. Y., Nov. 10.—2,500 boxes of cheese were sold to-day. The leading price was 12½c. average 12¼c.

Little Falls, N. Y., Nov. 10.—Market dull; 2,500 boxes of factory cheese offered; 5,000 sold, at 11c. to 13c.; 350 boxes of dairy cheese sold at 11½c. to 12½c.; 170 packages of butter sold at 28c. to 35c.

Ingersoll, Nov. 11.—Six factories registered 3,641 boxes. One car load of September make sold at 12½c., and one car load of October make sold at 12½c. The cable rose 2s. to-day, opening at 60s. and at 5 p. m. it was 62s. Next week will probably be the last market this season.

LISTOWEL MARKETS.

Nov. 13, 1879.	
Wheat, fall, per bush.	1 10 to 1 12
Spring Wheat, "	1 08 1 10
Barley, "	0 45 0 50
Peas, "	0 55 0 57
Oats, "	0 25 0 27
Flour, per cwt.,	1 12½ 1 13
Oatmeal, "	2 75 3 00
Cornmeal, "	0 00 2 00
Butter, per lb.,	0 15 0 16
Eggs, per dozen,	0 14 0 15
Potatoes, per bag,	0 40 0 45
Hay, per ton,	7 00 8 00
Wood, long,	1 75 2 00
Wood, short,	1 00 1 10
Hogs	5 00 5 50

STRATFORD.

Nov. 13, 1879.	
Wheat, fall, per bush.	$1 18 to 1 20
Wheat, spring, "	1 14 1 16
Barley, "	0 50 0 55
Oats, "	0 30 0 32
Peas, "	0 59 0 62
Flour, per brl	6 00 6 00
Potatoes, per bag,	0 45 0 55
Butter, lb. rolls,	0 16 1 17
Eggs, per dozen,	0 14 0 16
Hides, per cwt.,	6 50 7 50
Hay, per ton,	8 00 8 50
Wool, per lb.,	0 00 0 00

TORONTO.

PRICES AT FARMERS' WAGONS.

Nov. 13, 1879.	
Wheat, fall, per bush.,	1 19 to 1 21
Wheat, spring, "	1 16 1 20
Barley, "	0 50 0 70
Peas, "	0 55 0 65
Oats, "	0 35 0 36
Rye, "	0 70 0 71
Dressed hogs, per 100 lbs.,	5 00 5 50
Beef, hind qrs., "	4 00 5 50
Mutton, by carcase "	5 00 6 00
Butter, per lb.,	0 20 0 22
Butter, large rolls,	0 00 0 00
Butter, tub, dairy,	0 17 0 19
Eggs, fresh, per dozen,	0 18 0 20
Potatoes, per brrl,	0 80 1 00
Hay, per ton,	9 50 10 50
Wool,	0 00 0 00

PALMERSTON.

| Nov., 13. |

LISTOWEL STANDARD.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1879.

TOWN AND COUNTRY.

The best assortment of Trays in town at Smith's.

Wiarton is ambitious and wants to be incorporated as a village.

FERGUSON'S Great Healing Oil for sale at Dr. Michener's book and drug store.

Canned fruits, biscuits, cigars and tobacco kept at Kidd's California fruit store.—42.

THE ladies of the M. E. Church gave a honey social on Monday evening in aid of the Church fund.

SEASONABLE.—A new supply of patent medicines just to hand at Dr. Michener's book and drug store.

THE next meeting of the North Perth Teachers' Association will be held in Listowel sometime in February.

MR. GREIG, from Knox College, Toronto, occupied the pulpit in Knox Church, in this town, on Sabbath last.

Mitchell politicians observed Thanksgiving day by having a contest at ninepins—a peculiar way of manifesting their thankfulness.

TENOR WANTED.—A tenor singer can obtain the privilege of belonging to a select quartette company by application to B. B. Sarvis.—42.

TO RENT.—A commodious two-storey brick cottage; with cellar, wood shed and other conveniencies; $6 per month. Apply to J. & J. Large.—41.

For oysters fresh from the beds, go to G. T. Kidd's California fruit store. Oyster parlor in connection, and the delicious bi-valves served up in all styles.-42.

STATIONERY. — For Sabbath School libraries, school books, music, and stationery of all kinds, go to Dr. Michener's book and drug store, where they can be procured at lowest prices.

A WIFE WORTH HAVING.—Miss Amy Hosteller, the daughter of a Pittsburg patent medicine manufacturer, was married the other day. It is said that her father gave her $1,000,000 in bonds.

A CURE FOR DARKNESS.—Received at Smith's this week a large consignment of lamps. Nothing like them. Fine Bronze lamps, fancy glass lamps, hand lamps, bracket reflectors, &c. Call and see them.

THE London *Free Press*, the leading morning paper of Western Ontario, is on sale at Dr. Michener's book and drug store. The *Free Press* arrives in Listowel several hours earlier than its Toronto contemporaries.

We will always be obliged to any of our friends for items of news, personal or pertaining to business matters. An editor is not ubiquitous, neither is he omniscient; so if any items of news escapes him it may not entirely be his fault.

RESIGNATION.—At the recent meeting of the Presbytery of Stratford Rev. Mr. Johnston tendered resignation of the charge of Molesworth and Trowbridge. It w s agreed to ask the congregations to appear for their interests at next ordinary meeting.

NOTARY.—We notice by the official Gazette that Mr. Freeborn Kee, of Palmerston, has been appointed a Notary Public in and for the Province of Ontario. Mr. Kee is highly competent to discharge the functions pertaining to the appointment.

MR. DUNCAN MCFARLANE has removed to Toronto, with the intention, we understand, of prosecuting his studies at the Normal School. On the evening previous to his leaving, a number of his friends met at his residence and spent a very sociable parting.

WASH AND BE CLEAN.—Dr. Michener has a large stock of toilet soaps which he intends disposing of at about cost; no one therefore need go unclean for want of a cheap article in the soap line. He invites the public to call and ascertain the low prices at which he is offering his stock of soaps.

AGR'L SOCIETY.—A Directors' meeting of the Elma and Wallace Agricultural Society will be held at the Albion hotel to-morrow (Saturday) afternoon at 3 o'clock. Prize takers at the recent exhibition who have not as yet received their prize money are requested to attend.

THE weather, which has been of a decidedly moist character during the past few days, gives promise of an Indian summer in the near future; but in view of the desultory state of the atmosphere it would be risky to stake one's reputation as a weather prophet on the duration of said prospective Indian summer.

LEG BROKEN.—On Saturday last, while Mr. James Conger of this town was engaged at work on the new school house now being erected at Trowbridge, the scaffold gave way, precipitating him to the ground, resulting in breaking one of his legs. He is under medical treatment and is doing as well as can be expected.

NEW TIME TABLE.—The winter time table came into effect on the Great Western Railway on Monday last. There has been a number of minor changes made in the table for the Southern Extension W. G. & B. division, which will be noticed by consulting the Railway directory published in another column.

Monsieur Camille Flamanon, a French savant or lunatic, says that this earth of ours will freeze to death. At first sight the statement looks as if the savant had put up a job with the manufacturer of ulsters; but when he states that the catastrophe will occur in 9,873,604,123,827 years and three months he gives himself away, and people don't scare worth a cent.

A FINE DISPLAY.—Dr. Michener has lately received a very fine stock of ornamental goods, including a large variety of cut-glass ink-stands, china vases, and a host of other articles, very suitable for presents. These goods make a capital display, and are well worthy the attention of anyone wishing to invest in something that is in reality "a thing of beauty," and useful as well.

U. S. No. 1, ELMA & WALLACE.—Honor roll for the month of October in Union School No. 1, Elma & Wallace: Fourth class, Lavina Deavitt. Senior second class, George Dickson, Henry Landerkin, Eliza Gordon. Junior third class, Maggie Hall, David McMinn, Charles Heron, Robt Nixon. Sr. second class, George Nixon, Fanny Stubbs, Freddie Kopas. Jr. second class, Lillie Reid, Henry Fallis, Thomas Stewart.

BIBLE SOCIETY.—The annual meeting of the Listowel branch Bible Society will be held on Monday evening next in the Congregational Church. Information regarding the work done during the past year and a report of the financial status of the Society will be laid before the meeting; addresses will also be made by resident clergymen. It is desirable that there should be a good attendance, and we trust that all who can conveniently do so will make it a point to be present.

A CLOSE CALL.—One night last week Constable Hemphill came across a man lying apparently asleep on the track of the Great Western Railway near the the Main street crossing. He had barely time to get the fellow off the track before the "mixed" from the west drew in sight. The rescued individual had evidently been the worse of liquor, and in his stupor had chosen this very dangerous place for a nap. Such a "close call" should be warning enough to keep him sober the rest of his natural life.

THANKSGIVING DAY.—Places of business generally were closed on Thursday last, it being Thanksgiving day, and the town wore a quiet Sunday aspect. The union services held in Knox and the C. M. churches were attended by large congregations. Rev. Dr. Fowler and Rev. A. F. McGregor preached appropriate discourses at the respective services, the former in the morning and the latter in the evening. About $21 were contributed in aid of the poor of the town by the collections which were taken up.

Choice confectionery—large stock just received at G. T. Kidd's California fruit store (late Barnes').—42.

L. L. A.—There was a fair attendance at the meeting of the Listowel Literary Association on Monday evening. In addition to the programme announced, the President, Mr. Rothwell, gave an excellent address, which contained a deal of sound and practical information concerning literary associations and the purpose they are designed to fulfil. The Association will meet at the usual hour, eight o'clock, on Monday evening next, when the programme for the evening will be made known.

CATTLE FAIR.—The November cattle fair was in some respects the best of the season. The number of cattle brought out was not as large as on the previous fair day; but the presence of more than the usual number of buyers, and a desire on the part of the farmers to get rid of stock which they did not wish to winter, had a tendency to make the market lively. About one hundred sales were effected, and at fair prices, considering the quality of the animals. On an average 2 year olds brought from $22 to $25; other grades were in about the same proportion. The buyers were principally from Waterloo county.

IT is rumored that Mr. W. Corbould, manager of the Bank of Hamilton, will shortly be removed to Wingham, to take charge of the new branch which is about to be opened in that town. Should the rumor prove true, and we understand that it is well founded, this town will lose one of its most highly respected citizens, and a gentleman whose business connections with the community through his management of the Bank have given as complete satisfaction as could well be desired. We are sure that Mr. Corbould's removal would be a matter of general regret, and if it were possible to obviate it, the feelings of the community would heartily endorse the action.

CLOTHES LINE THIEVES.—On Wednesday night the clothes lines at Dr. Dillabough's residence were stripped by some thief or thieves, who carried off about $40 worth of goods, consisting of underclothing, table-covers and other very useful articles. Other residents of the West Ward have also suffered within the past few weeks from the depredations of clothes line thieves, from which it is evident that there are some parties in the neighborhood who require to be looked after, and when caught they should be treated to a protracted term of imprisonment. Until the authorities succeed in disposing of these nocturnal marauders it might be well for citizens to be on the alert, or else not risk any valuables out of doors over night.

PURCHASED.—Mr. W. McMillan, of the firm of Messrs. W. & J. McMillan, "Glasgow House," has purchased the fine brick residence on Dodd street, the property of Mr. John Large. We understand that $1,800 was the price paid, which is a very reasonable figure for so fine a property. We are pleased to see that this new firm have met with such encouragement since establishing themselves in Listowel as to warrant them in investing in town property. The manner in which the business of the "Glasgow House" is being conducted conveys the impression that the Messrs. McMillan are gentlemen of sterling principles and thoroughly qualified for their calling; it is therefore the more gratifying to witness this evidence of permanent location.

THE GOWANSTOWN FRACAS.—A number of parties were summoned to appear before the Stratford Police Magistrate on Monday last to answer to charges of assault committed during the late fracas at Gowanstown. Of those summoned, three persons filed an appearance, namely, John Moore, James Simpson and Robert Turnbull. The *Herald* furnishes the following account of the proceedings at the trial: "Mr. Simpson is a highly respectable looking old gentleman, who was arrested in mistake for another party of the same name. He was discharged. The other two were bound to appear when required, and the case was enlarged pending further arrests. Some of the witnesses in the case were anxious about getting paid, and upon being informed that they were not paid because they were serving the Queen, seemed to consider that type of loyalty altogether too practical. Mr. Idington conducts the prosecution, and Mr. J. P. Woods has charge of the case for the defence."

CANADIAN MONTHLY.—The contents of the November number of the *Canadian Monthly* are: American and Canadian Sonnets, by John Lesperance, Montreal; Ballads of Fair Faces, by C. P. Mulvany; A Phase of Modern Thought, by Prof. John Watson, Kingston; Winnipegoosis, by W. F. Munro, Toronto; Time, a Sonnet, by George E. Shaw, B. A., Toronto; Architecture in Canada, by R. C. Windeyer, Toronto; Autumn Rain, by J. R. Wilkinson, Leamington; The Diary of Samuel Pepys, Esq., by the Rev. J. S. Stone, Toronto; "Give me thy Hand forever!" from the German, by A. W. G.; The Fallen Leaves, Chaps. XXV.-XXVII., by Wilkie Collins; Education and Co-Education, by Principal Grant, D. D., Kingston; The Powers of Canadian Legislatures, by S. J. Watson, Toronto; Somewhere, a Poem; Some Last Words on the Woman Question, by Our Old Friend of "Newfangle;" Under One Roof, Chaps. XXXIII.-XXXVII., by Jas. Payn; Round the Table—Eccentricities of Loyalty—Unitarianism and Roman Catholicism—J. G. W. on Dr. Newman; Book Reviews—Life of Charles J. Mathews; Music and the Drama.

BE very careful what you say to the telephone. A Guelph merchant who has a telephone in his residence and at his store, received a call at his shop recently from an acquaintance. After the customary salutations had passed, Mr. B—— extended to his visitor. Mr. C——, a cordial invitation to dine, which was readily accepted. Stepping to the telephone, he signalled to his wife at home, to inform her that C—— was to dine with them on that day; and on C——'s remarking that he had never seen the instrument in use, he remarked, "Just step here and tell her yourself." He did so and said in his blandest tone, "Our friend Mr. C—— will dine with us to-day." Judge of his amusement when promptly there came back to him over the wire the following cheerful response, "Now, what do you want to bring that old fool up here again for when you know I hate the sight of him?" It is perhaps needless to add that it suddenly occurred to Mr. C—— that on account of another engagement, he should be unable to accept Mr. and Mrs. B——'s hospitality, after all.

ANOTHER VENNOR.—Moses Oates, Galt, prognosticates as follows for the coming winter and spring: November will be slightly colder than usual, but, nevertheless, a fine month with several uncommonly warm days for the season. December will be during its first part cold, with little snow, but good sleighing for a couple of weeks. About Christmas or New Year there will occur a very mild spell of considerable duration. January will be very changeable, with frequent rains, and at times icy roads. February will, for a couple of weeks, somewhat resemble January. March will be a genuine winter month, with much heavy snow. Spring will open about March 25th. The first part of April will be warm, the latter part unseasonably cold. In venturing upon details M. O. thinks he is treading on dangerous ground, but his general impression is that the winter will be long and changeable, sunny towards its close and broken towards the middle by many warm days and considerable rain. The *Reformer* says that Moses made predictions last autumn for the whole winter and spring, and that though these at times directly contradicted Vennor, they were verified to the letter.

Anticknapp, who was recently convicted of the murder of his wife at Arthur, has been removed from the Guelph jail to the lunatic asylum at London, he being hopelessly insane.

GRAND CONCERT.—We have been requested to announce that a grand concert will be given by a committee of ladies of Knox Church on Tuesday evening next, 18th inst., the proceeds of which are for the laudable object of procuring chandeliers for the church. The concert will take place in Bricker's hall; chair to be taken at 8 o'clock by Mr. D. D. Campbell. The following excellent programme will be rendered:

PIANIST.....Miss Bella McKenzie.
Opening Chorus.....The Choir.
Address.....Mr. J. Crozier.
Solo..."A man's a man for a' that," (with introductory remarks.) Mr. A. C. Black.
Solo....."Selection,".....Mrs. J. H. Barnes.
Reading.....Mr. F. W. Gearing.
Juvenile Solo and Chorus..."Watercresses,"... By Ten Voices.
Address.....Mr. B. B. Rothwell.
Quartette..."Trip it lightly and with grace,"... Miss McKenzie, Miss Waterbury, Mr. McKelvie, Mr. Campbell.
Solo, Recit. and Aria..."Death of Nelson,"... M. A. C. Black.
Reading.....Mr. D. B. Dingman.
Juvenile Chorus....."Ring the bells,"..... By Ten Voices.
Solo....."The Englishman,"..... Mr. McKelvie, and Mr. D. D. Campbell.
Solo and Chorus....."Bonnie Charlie,"..... Miss Bella McKenzie, and Company.
Solo..."Maid of Athens,"...Mr. A. C. Black.
Auld Lang Syne.....Company.

Tickets of admission, 25cts., children 10cts. The following ladies form the Commmittee: Mrs. Barber, Mrs. Sutherland, Mrs. Nichol and Mrs. McDonald. We bespeak for them a bumper house.

BIRTHS.

GRIFFIN.—At Milverton, on the 9th inst., the wife of W. W. Griffin of a son.

STEELE.—At Millbank, on the 10th inst., the wife of A. C. Steele of a daughter.

LILLICO.—In Listowel, on the 10th inst., the wife of Peter Lillico, Esq., of a son.

BUNDSCHO.—At Milverton, on the 5th inst., the wife of James Bundscho of a son.

HAMMOND.—In Elma, on the 11th inst., the wife of Mr. Wm. Hammond, of a son.

WINTERS—In Listowel, on the 10th inst., the wife of James Winters, of a daughter.

KARN.—At Milverton, on the 31st ult., the wife of Mr. Jacob Karn, of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

BOGGS—BOWYER.—At the Royal Hotel, Harriston, on the 4th inst., by the Rev. John Campbell, B. A., Mr. Chas. Boggs, to Miss Anna Bowyer, all of Gorrie.

AYRES—DUNCAN.—On the 12th inst., at Greenbank Farm, the residence of the bride's father, by the Rev. R. Renwick, Mr. Thos. Ayers, to Jessie R., eldest daughter of Mr. James Duncan, both of Elma.

SHORT—PATULLO.—At Woodstock, on Wednesday Nov. 5th, at the residence of the bride's brother, Mr. Andrew Patullo, by the Rev. W. T. McMullen, Mr. J. G. Short, hardware merchant, to Miss Mary Pattullo, all of Woodstock.

MCDOWELL—ADAMS—Nov. 12, at the residence of the bride's parents, by the Rev. J. McDonagh, Mr. Wm. Jas. McDowell, eldest son of the Mayor of Palmerston, to Miss Elizabeth Adams, third daughter of Mr. John Adams, of Kincardine.

TABBERNER—DOAN.—In Listowel, on the 12th inst., by the Rev. Dr. Fowler, at the residence of Lewis Bolton, Esq., brother-in-law of the bride, Christopher, youngest son of the late John Tabberner, of Westminster, to Emmeline, youngest daughter of the late Amos Doan, of Wallace.

MCKAY—STEWART.—At the residence of the bride's father, on Wednesday, Nov. 5th, by the Rev. M. A. McKay, B. A., brother of the bridegroom, assisted by Rev. John Baikie, Rev. J. Campbell, B. A., Harriston, and Rev. R. Hamilton, of Paris, Rev. D. G. McKay, of Bluevale, to Miss Marion J. Stewart, daughter of J. D. Stewart, Esq., and sister to A. J. Stewart, Esq., Treasurer of the Town of Harriston.

DEATHS.

BONNER.—At Milverton, on the 5th inst., the wife of Mr. James Bonner, in the 72nd year of her age.

ROTH.—In Listowel, on the 10th inst., Laura, beloved wife of Mr. Robt. Roth, aged 20 yrs., 3 months and 5 days.

CRAWFORD.—At Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan, on Oct. 22nd, Mrs. Sarah Strong Crawford, late of Howick, and grandmother of Mrs. Lot Roe, of Harriston, aged 105 years.

STRAW CUTTERS.

Cash Prices at Listowel Foundry.

GERMAN BOX, for hand or power, $19, same style sold by other makers at $24.

NO. 3. HAND STRAW CUTTER, 2 knives on fly wheel and 2 handles, $17, sold by other makers at $20.

ROOT CUTTER, 2 knives on fly wheel plate $9.

A. McILWRAITH,
42-f. Prop. Listowel Foundry.

Intercolonial Railway.

Riviere Du Loup Branch.

SEALED Tenders addressed to the undersigned, endorsed, "Tenders for Cars," will be received at this office up to noon on TUESDAY, the 25th inst., for the supply of—

Four Snow Ploughs,
Three Flangers,
Three Wing Ploughs,
Two First Class Cars,
Two Second Class Cars,
Two Smoking and Postal cars,
Two Baggage cars.

Plans, specifications and forms of tender can be had at the Mechanical Superintendent's office at Moncton.

The Department not bound to accept the lowest or any of the tenders.

By order,
F. BRAUN,
Secretary.

Dept. Railways and Canals,
Ottawa, 7th Nov., 1879.

The Best Paper! Try It!!

BEAUTIFULLY ILLUSTRATED.

35TH YEAR.

The "Scientific American."

THE *SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN* IS A large first-class weekly newspaper of sixteen pages, printed in the most beautiful style, profusely illustrated with splendid engravings, representing the newest inventions, and the most recent advances in the Arts and Sciences; including new and interesting facts in Agriculture, Horticulture, the Home, Health, Medical Progress, Social Science, Natural History, Geology, Astronomy. The most valuable practical papers, by eminent writers in all departments of Science, will be found in the *Scientific American*.

Terms.—$3.20 per year, $1.60 half year, which includes postage. Discount to agents. Single copies, 10 cents. Sold by all newsdealers. Remit by postal order to MUNN & Co., Publishers, 37 Park Row, New York.

Patents.—In connection with the *Scientific American*, Messrs. Munn & Co. are Solicitors of American and Foreign Patents, have had 35 years' experience, and now have the largest establishment in the world. Patents are obtained on the best terms. A special notice is made in the *Scientific American* of all inventions patented through this agency, with the name and residence of the patentee. By the immense circulation thus given, public attention is directed to the merits of the new patent, and sales or introduction often easily effected.

Any person who has made a new discovery or invention, can ascertain, free of charge, whether a patent can probably be obtained, by writing to Munn & Co. We also send free our hand-book about the Patents, Caveats, Trade-Marks, their cost, and how procured, with hints for procuring advances on inventions. Address for the paper, or concerning patents,

MUNN & CO.,
37 Park Row, New York.
Branch Office, cor. F & 7th-sts., Washington D.C.

A. MORROW,

WEST END GROCERY!

has got a

LARGE STOCK OF TEAS,

Bought Cheap and will be sold

CHEAP FOR CASH.

—ALSO—

FRESH GROCERIES!

of all kinds, which he will sell at

BOTTOM PRICES.

SALT always on hand in any quantity—kept under cover.

A large number of

SEWING MACHINES

six kinds of the very best patterns to choose from, will be sold at

Greatly Reduced Prices for Cash.

Save your money by buying from

ALEX. MORROW,
Main street, Listowel, Ont. 42.

LISTOWEL FOUNDRY!

Implements in stock—One large Pitt's Power, lot of small Pitt's Powers and sawing machines, large Paris Straw Cutter, German box, and hand Straw Cutters, Root Cutters &c. Drag saws supplied and fitted to machines.

A. McILWRAITH, Prop.
Listowel, 1879. 41.

SEE BRICKER'S

Immense Stock of

HARDWARE, STOVES & TINWARE!

at Very Low Prices.

—:o:—

40 Dozen Axes From 75c. Up.

SAWS OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS.

200 BOXES HORSE NAILS, pointed and finished $3.50 per box, in quantity $3.25.

—:o:—

6,000 Gallons Coal Oil, Wholesale.

PARIS PLASTER, WATERLIME &c.

S. BRICKER & CO.

LISTOWEL, 1879. 40.

TO CONSUMERS!

GO TO

MOORE'S GROCERY

—FOR—

First-Class Groceries and Provisions!

at prices to suit the times.

A large stock of TEAS just received—bought before the late advance in prices, and will be sold as cheap as heretofore. Big inducements to CASH BUYERS. A complete stock of

GLASSWARE AND CROCKERY

on hand. Goods delivered promply—And don't you forget it that the spot for CHEAP GOODS is at

MOORE'S GROCERY, Wallace Street.

Listowel, 1879. 40.

PROTECTION TO OUR CUSTOMERS!

MESSRS. TALLMAN & LENENTINE

—of—

THE MAMMOTH CHINA HALL AND GROCERY

anticipating the late advance in all classes of groceries, bought very heavily at the former low prices, and are now prepared to supply their customers with goods in some cases at less than present wholesale prices. We have now on hand an immense stock of

CROCKERY, CHINA & GLASSWARE,

BOHEMIAN, SILVER & GILT VASES,

TOILET SETS, STAPLE & FANCY GROCERIES AND CONFECTIONERY, PAILS, TUBS, BROOMS, MATS, WILLOW, ROOT, AND CLOTHES BASKETS.

We have many classes of goods never shown before, and earnestly request every reader to call and see what we have. This will cost you nothing and is no trouble to us.

We are buying Butter, Eggs, Lard, Tallow, Poultry, &c., always paying the very highest market price.

LOOK FOR THE SIGN OF

"The Mammoth China Hall and Grocery,"

Next to Livingstone's Drug Store, Wallace Street, Listowel.

Listowell 1879. 42.

DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP.

As the term of partnership of the firm of

CLIMIE, HAY & CO.,

Expires on the first of NOVEMBER, they have decided to offer the whole of their

IMMENSE STOCK OF DRY GOODS,

GROCERIES,

BOOTS & SHOES,

READY-MADE

CLOTHING,

HATS & CAPS,

AT COST FOR CASH!

As this is a genuine clearing sale every person desirous of

SECURING BARGAINS,

should call at once while the

STOCK IS COMPLETE.

Sale to Commence on MONDAY, the 22nd inst.,

and continue until the whole stock is cleared out. Butter and eggs taken at cash value. Butter graded.

N. B.—We beg to remind our customers that their accounts become due on the 1st of October, and must be paid promptly; also all past due accounts.

CLIMIE, HAY & CO.

Listowel, 1879. 34.

VIENNA BAKERY!

PARTNERSHIP DISSOLVED.

The partnership of MESSRS. BELL & DAVIDSON having been dissolved.

D. M. DAVIDSON

Begs to inform the public that the business will in future be carried on by him, and thankful for the liberal patronage in the past trusts that the public will continue their dealings at the Vienna Bakery. Bread delivered daily to all parts of the town.

Cakes, Fruit, Biscuits, Confectionery, Fancy Goods, Toys, &c.,

Always kept on hand.

WEDDING CAKES MADE TO ORDER.

Socials and entertainments supplied at reduced rates.

Everything Got up in First-Class Style,

And prices moderate. Give the Vienna Bakery a call.

D. M. DAVIDSON.
Main St., Listowel.

N. B.—Parties indebted to the late firm will please call and settle their accounts immediately. 35.

MILNE'S

New Door and Sash Factory

now in

FULL BLAST!

The undersigned having compeleted the new building is now prepared to offer inducements to builders and contractors, in

DOORS, SASH, BLINDS,
MOULDINGS, Etc., Etc.

Custom Planing Done.

Contracts for all kinds of Buildings taken.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

LUMBER.

A Lumber Yard in connection with the Factory, where a full assortment of

Lumber, Lath, Shingles, Etc.,

Will be kept.

ORDERS SOLICITED

FACTORY—Elma street, near Climie's Mills.

E. B. SUTHERLAND, Manager. WM. MILNE, Proprietor.
Listowel, Sept. 5th, 1879. 32.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS

This Great Household Medicine ranks among the leading necessities of Life.

The famous Pills purify the BLOOD, and act most powerfully, yet soothingly on the

Liver, Stomach, Kidneys

and BOWELS, giving tone, energy, and vigor to these great MAIN SPRINGS OF LIFE. They are confidently recommended as a never failing remedy in all cases where the constitution, from whatever cause, has become impaired or weakened. They are wonderfully efficacious in all ailments incidental to Females of all ages; and as a GENERAL FAMILY MEDICINE, are unsurpassed.

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT

Its Searching and Healing Properties are known throughout the World.

For the cure of BAD LEGS, Bad Breasts,

Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers,

it is an infallible remedy. If effectually rubbed on the neck and chest, as salt into meat, it cures SORE THROAT, Diphtheria, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds, and even ASTHMA. For Glandular Swellings, Abscesses, Piles, Fistulas,

Gout, Rheumatism,

And every kind of SKIN DISEASE, it has never been known to fail.

The Pills and Ointment are manufactured only at

533 OXFORD STREET, LONDON,

And are sold by all Vendors of medicines throughout the civilized world; with directions for use in almost every language.

The trade marks of these medicines are registered in Ottawa. Hence, any one throughout the British Possessions, who may keep the American Counterfeits for sale, will be prosecuted.

Purchases should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533 Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.

MONEY TO LEND.

PRIVATE FUNDS, terms easy, better than any Company.

SMITH & GEARING.
16. Barristers, Listowel.

FIRST-CLASS FARM

FOR SALE!

The subscriber offers for sale a splendid Farm of **200 ACRES**, being lot No. 4, in the 4th con. of Elma; 70 acres cleared, free of stumps and in good state of cultivation; 15 acres of fall wheat in the ground; 125 acres of hard-wood timber; 5 acres of excellent cedar. On the premises are two frame dwelling houses, large barn, stables and shed; large orchard of apples, pears and plum trees in bearing; well watered; 5 miles from Listowel, ½ mile from Trowbridge. The property will be sold in one or two parcels to suit purchasers. Title indisputable. Terms easy. For further particulars call on or address,

WHITFIELD McCORMICK,
Lot 11, 7th con. Elma.
Newry Station, P. O. 34.

NEW MILLINERY!

MRS. M. A. BULLOCK

Has received a very elegant stock of

Millinery and Fancy Goods!

For the Fall and Winter Trade, and thanking the ladies of Listowel and vicinity for their generous patronage in the past, would invite them to call and see her new stock.

—Prices Very Moderate!—

Two Doors East of Bank of Hamilton.
Listowel Oct. 9, 1879. 37.

LIME FOR SALE.

The Subscriber, thankful for the liberal patronage of his friends in the past, begs to inform the public that he has now on hand at his Kilns, near

NEWRY,

any quantity of

FIRST-CLASS LIME!

Price at Kiln, 10 cents per bush. until other arrangements are made. Will be delivered at LISTOWEL at 14 cents per bushel.

J. McCARTY,
Lime Burner, formerly of Galt.
Newry, July 22, 1879. 26

FRAMERS WANTED.

A NUMBER of workmen wanted to frame. Apply immediately to

F. G. LIGHTHART.

Parties wishing to have barns or outhouses built, or any description of framing done, will find it to their advantage to call upon Mr. Lighthart.

Corner Hay & Main streets, Listowel. 25.

PROPERTY FOR SALE.

A commodious wagon shop, nearly new, also ¼ acre lot in connection, in the village of Molesworth; a good stand for business; will be sold cheap.

Also house and two lots for sale in the town of Listowel, corner of Inkerman and Division streets; house, rough-cast; one-fifth acre in each lot; stables on premises, also a number of fruit trees. For further information apply to JAMES McELVENEY, Molesworth, or at the STANDARD office. 51

R. MARTIN,

REAL ESTATE

AND

INSURANCE AGENT.

Buys and sells Lands, loans money and does a general insurance business.

$1,800 Will purchase lot number 37 in the 2nd concession of the township of Minto, containing 100 acres, 35 cleared balance rolling land. There is 6 acres of fall wheat on the lot, good hewn log house. Terms of payment $700 cash, balance to remain on interest for 11 years at 8 per cent. Apply to

R. MARTIN.

$3,300 Will purchase lot No. 5 in the 1st concession Wallace. 100 acres—50 cleared and in a good state of cultivation, balance hardwood bush. Frame house and log barn with about one acre of orchard bearing. One thousand dollars cash, balance to remain on interest for 5 years at 8 per cent.

R. MARTIN.

One hundred acres will be sold by the undersigned, situated in the township of Mornington. 75 acres cleared and free of stumps, 25 acres of good hardwood bush; frame barn 40x60, shed, frame, 26x30, frame house, with stone cellar, 24x36. This farm is close to a railway station, within ½ mile. Two acres of orchard. Apply to

R. MARTIN.

MONEY TO LEND.

PRIVATE FUNDS to Lend, in sums from $200 to $2,000 at 8 per cent. Interest payable yearly, with the privilege given to the borrower of paying off the whole loan or any part, at any time. On such payments of Principal, Interest shall cease. Apply to

R. MARTIN.

INSURANCE.

The best Companies represented, such as the WESTERN, LANCASHIRE &C.

Apply to R. MARTIN

Office on Main St.,

LISTOWEL,

Opposite the Grand Central Hotel. 51

FARM FOR SALE.

Lot No. 10, 14th con. of MORNINGTON, containing about 100 acres; 65 acres cleared and in an excellent state of cultivation; balance covered with good hardwood timber. Good frame buildings, orchard and other conveniences. About 8 miles from Listowel, on the boundary line. Terms easy. For further particulars apply to the owner.

PETER LILLICO,
26 Listowel.

HOUSES AND BUILDING LOTS

FOR SALE!

ON

MILL AND WELLINGTON STREETS.

Terms to suit buyers.

10 GEORGE DRAPER.

500 TOWN LOTS FOR FOR SALE.

Also a number of

PARK LOTS

situated in the best part of the town.

14 Apply to PETER LILLICO.

WAR! WAR! WAR!

Come to JOHN A. TREMAIN

For Good Building Lots,

and save fifty per cent.

CLOSE TO THE P. D. STATIOI

14 JOHN A. TREMAIN.

OUT OF THE FIRE!

LISTOWEL WOOLEN MILLS.

MR. BROOK desires to inform his customers that the wool in his charge at the time of the fire has been saved, and that all orders will be filled with the least possible delay. He has effected arrangements whereby he will be able to continue the business as formerly, and all orders left at his office on Wallace Street, for

Roll Carding, Carding & Spinning

will receive prompt attention.

He also desires to inform his customers and the farming community generally that his stock of

CLOTHS, FLANNELS, ETC.,

was saved, and will be exchanged for wool as formerly. Orders are solicited.

B. BROOK.
Listowel, June 12, 1879. 20

TO THE FARMERS AND OTHERS.

Go to the

PORK PACKING HOUSE,

for your

Sugar Cured Hams & Sides,

GREEN AND SMOKED.

Cheap for Cash

Remember the place

F. CHAPLIN,
Main street, opposite the Commercial Hotel.
Listowel, Aug. 8, 1879 28

GLASGOW HOUSE!

CAMPBELL'S BLOCK, LISTOWEL.

—)o(—

NEW FIRM.

—)o(—

W. & J. MACMILLAN,

IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN

STAPLE AND FANCY DRY GOODS

READY-MADE

CLOTHING,

HATS & CAPS,

BOOTS & SHOES,

CROCKERY & GLASSWARE,

GROCERIES and PROVISIONS.

—)o(—

The public can rely upon getting

GOOD VALUE FOR THEIR MONEY.

Remember the Stand, and Call Early.

W. & J. MACMILLAN

Glasgow House, Campbell's Block, Main St., Listowel.

Listowel, 1879. 36.

BEAN & GEE

Beg to call attention to their

NEW STOCK OF COLORED LUSTRES

in all the

LATEST FALL SHADES

from 12½c. per yard and upwards. These goods are

EXCEPTIONALLY GOOD VALUE

and will repay your early inspection.

DON'T FAIL TO SEE THEM.

Listowel, 1879.

R. McMILLAN & CO.,

Invite inspection of their

Large Fall Importations!

consisting of

DRESS GOODS!

LUSTRES, in large variety and splendid value. CASHMERES, a choice lot and at lowest prices. Ladies' Ulster Cloths, &c., &c.

COTTONS—both Grey and White, Flannels, Ticking &c. A splendid stock of

TWEEDS, READY-MADE CLOTHING,

HATS & CAPS, BOOTS & SHOES,

GENTS' FURNISHINGS, &C.

Orders for GENTS' SUITS filled promptly and satisfaction guaranteed.

—o—

A choice stock of GROCERIES on hand. Our goods are all genuine, and we offer them as prices that must satisfy the closest buyers.

CALL EARLY—NO TROUBLE TO SHOW GOODS.

R. McMILLAN & Co.

Campbell's Block—East Store, Main St., Listowel.

Listowel, 1879. 39.

GLORIOUS NEWS!

—o—

NATIONAL POLICY TRIUMPHANT!

Good Times Returning Under Good Government.

—o—

NEW FALL AND WINTER GOODS

AT THE

ONTARIO HOUSE.

—o—

I cordially thank my customers and the public for the liberal support I have received from them for the past eighteen years, and solicit a continuance of the same, I have now received my

FALL & WINTER GOODS

—IN—

Staple and Fancy Dry Goods,
Millinery, Ready-Made Clothing,
Furs, Groceries, Crockery, Glassware, Boots and Shoes, &c, &c,

And as I intend going out of some branches of my business on the 1st JANUARY next I will commence on

MONDAY, 6TH OCT.,

—TO—

SELL OFF MY WHOLE STOCK OF GOODS

AT COST FOR CASH. PRODUCE OR APPROVED CREDIT

At three months, until my whole stock is disposed of.

—o—

A Grand Display of First-Class New Millinery.

—o—

LIQUORS—WHOLESALE & RETAIL.

GEORGE DRAPER,

LISTOWEL, 1879. 36.

HURRAH! HURRAH! HURRAH!

—WE ARE OFF TO THE—

M—A—N—C—H—E—S—T—E—R — H—O—U—S—E—!

NEWRY STATION.

J. L. MADDER is rushing off his Stock at FEARFUL PRICES, consisting of Dry Goods Groceries, Crockery, Glassware, Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps and Ready-Made Clothing, at better Bargains than ever.

Crowded House from morning till night. Everybody satisfied, and say that MADE gives

THE BEST BARGAINS AND THE BEST VALUE!

WEST OF TORONTO.

—NEW GOODS ARRIVING DAILY.—

J. L. MADER.

NEWRY STATION, May 21st 1879. 17

THE HOUSEHOLD.

Interesting Reading for the Home Circle —Hints to the Housewife—A Letter for Mothers—Family Order—Valuable Recipes.

Hints to the Housewife.

Always have lobster sauce with salmon,
And put mint sauce your roasted lamb on.
Veal cutlet dip in egg and bread crumb,
Fry till you see a brownish red come.

In dressing salad, mind this law:
With two hard yolks use one that's raw.

Your mutton chops with paper cover,
And make them amber-brown all over.

Broil lightly your beefsteak—to fry it,
Argues contempt of Christian diet.

Buy stall-fed pigeons; when you've got them,
The way to cook them is to pot them.

To roast spring chickens is to spoil 'em—
Just split 'em down the back and broil 'em.

It gives true epicures the vapors
To see boiled mutton minus capers.

The cook deserves a hearty cuffing
Who serves roast fowl with tasteless stuffing.

Egg sauce—few make it right, alas!—
Is good with bluefish or with bass.

Nice oyster-sauce gives zest to cod—
A fish, when fresh, to feast a god.

Shad, stuffed and baked, is most delicious;
'Twould have electrified Apicius.

Roasted in paste, a haunch of mutton
Might make Apoctica play the glutton.

Imperfect Mothers.

"E. L. V." writes as follows to the Detroit *Post* on the subject of "Imperfec Mothers": Why will women who are supposed to be well-bred, sweet tempered, and all that goes to make a charming person, treat their tender babes in the way they sometimes do? I saw the other day a sight that moved with indignation every drop of blood in my body. A young and pretty mother came out of a fine house, equipped for a walk, dressed to conquer. Her hat, a miracle of lace, filigree and feathers, was balanced on a mound of hair, coiled, puffed, braided and frizzed. Much time, toil and money looked forth from every fold and ruffle of her elaborate costume. She was followed out of the gate by her little boy of 2 or 3. She told him to go back; he would not. A girl came out and tried to force him in. She jerked his tender arms and got him in the yard somehow. He screamed and shrieked and tore round the yard like one mad, and he was for a time no doubt insane with disappointment and rage. But my lady go back and take her poor, weary babe in her arms, carry him in and soothe him to rest? Nothing of the kind. Along she leisurely sailed, never turning her head in the direction of the shrieks that must have rung in her jewelled ears till far down the street. While, perhaps, exchanging vapid common places with the friends on whom she was to call, or looking over the voles of gay stuffs spread before her by the dry goods clerk, her sobbing little one was led up and down the street by the angry child who had him in charge. No doubt she had told him to quiet him that he should overtake his mother, but he soon found out that fraud, and then more cries, more jerks and more scolding. This went on for a long time, till I turned away sick at heart at the cruelties done to the victims laid before thy altar, O Fashion! 'Children are always in the way.' Sure enough, they do have wants, many of them of the most prosaic kind. They can't be strapped to a board and hung up conveniently on one side, like the little Flatheads or Egyptian mummies. They are apt to be exacting, particularly when we mothers want to do something else than attend to them. They will beg for our company, which may seem a trifling thing to us, but is of immense value to them. It is nature's own voice that thus calls to us, and we cannot slight it with impunity. Children are social beings; they need a mother's care in their dawning years. Her society should not be begrudged them. Her best treasures of mind and heart should be poured out with unstinted hand for her babe, who should be dearer than fine raiment or fine houses. They perish with the using, but the being that is hers to make or mar for eternity—should not this rouse every instinct of her nature? Now-a-days young ladies know better how to arrange a bouquet than to take proper care of young children. They are taught everything under heavens but that which should concern them most to know. "Why," said a mother of her fashionable young married daughter, "M. didn't even know how to dress the baby." And she laughed as if that was something funny, or a great joke. She could do wonders in wax flowers and other fancy work, but to know how to clothe and properly care for this tender human flower that was utterly helpless and dependent for health, happiness and life itself upon the knowledge was considered as of no account. Nor is this ignorance confined to those mothers who are in the higher walk of life. Waile in the cars the other night we were kept awake by the cries and coughing of a child. The mother, a strong German woman, of the working class, tried to hush its cries by giving it cookies. A kind lady went and offered her services to keep it quiet. She asked what was the matter. "I not know; I think she not well; I give her cookies, but still she cry." It was very warm and close in the car, the mother had not left her place for hours. A inspiration seized the stranger; she brought a cup of water, and the thirsty child drank with such gulps as made the tears come to my eyes. The woman actually had not thought of giving her child, sick and fevered with a cold, a drink, and was stuffing it with cake to keep it still. A young child is very like a little animal in its needs. It also wants mother love and a plenty of it to thrive. The mother who ignores this in her treatment of her children, will, be she high or low, sinning through ignorance or real neglect, sometime feel in her heart the bitter smart which oceans of remorseless tears cannot heal.

Family Order.

What a delightful thing it is to know that from cellar to garret there is not a hiding place for the smallest piece of rubbish, that everything about you is in a cleanly condition, that every piece of clothing is in its usual and proper place, and that of all the multitudinous articles of domestic convenience and necessity there is not one which is not fit for immediate use, not one searcher that could not have laid hands on it at any hour of the day or night; to have children and domestics so well drilled that none of them will fail in a month to put things in their place the moment it ceases to be used; that nothing upon the floor (however accidentally it may have gotten there) will be stepped over and left for the next one to pick up; that each one studies to spare labor to another; that children be self denying to one another, willing to sacrifice for each other's comfort and convenience. To have these things requires a wife who is orderly, systematic and industrious. It requires patience and love to develop these traits in children. Make yourself an example for them. Practice yourself what you preach to them, and they will soon follow. Many a young man is heartless and discouraged when matters go on loosely and in disorder in his home; and now let me quote from a familiar author: "Let mothers, therefore, as the best means of saving their sons and daughters from wreck and ruin, make it their daily care to bring them up in such a manner that when they enter practical life they may be able to perform well the responsibility of wife, mother or matron; such a mother honors herself, lays a broad foundation for the happiness of her children's children, and is one of society's best benefactors."

Recipes by Aunt Kate.

CHICKEN PUDDING.—Cut up as for fricasse, and parboil, season well with salt, pepper and a piece of butter the size of an egg to each chicken. The fowls should be young and tender, and divided at every joint. Stew slowly for half an hour; take them out and lay them on a dish to cool. Set aside the water in which they were cooked for your gravy. Make a batter of one quart of milk, three cups of flour, three tablespoonfuls of melted butter, two scant teaspoonfuls of baking powder and four eggs well beaten, and a little salt. Put a layer of chicken in the bottom of the dish, and pour about half a cup of batter over it; then more chicken and more batter until the dish is filled, covering the top with the batter. Bake about half an hour or longer, depending upon the heat of the oven. Beat an egg and stir into the gravy which is set aside; thicken with two teaspoonfuls of rice or wheat flour, add a little chopped parsley or celery; boil up and serve with the dish of pudding.

CAULIFLOWER SAUCE.—One small cauliflower, three tablespoonfuls of butter, one onion, one small head of celery, a pinch of mace, salt and pepper, one teacup of water, one teacup of cream or milk. Boil the cauliflower in two waters, changing when about half done, and throwing away the first, reserve one cupful of the last. Take out the cauliflower, drain and mince. Cook in another saucepan the onion and celery, mincing them when tender. Heat the reserved cupful of water again in the saucepan; add the milk; when warm put in the cauliflower and onion, the butter and seasoning—coating the butter thickly with flour; boil slightly until it thickens. This is a delicate sauce for any boiled meats.

CRANBERRY SAUCE.—Pick and wash a quart of ripe cranberries and put into a saucepan with one teacupful of water. Stew slowly, stirring often, until they are as thick as marmalade; cook them for at least an hour. When you take them from the fire sweeten them abundantly with white sugar. If sweetened while cooking the color will be bad. Put into a mould and set aside to cool.

ALL WOOL dress goods or colored flannels should be washed out quickly in tepid water, rinsed in water of the same temperature, wrung dry and then folded up for a time, together with one or two sheets, so that the moisture may be extracted by the cotton or linen; they should then be ironed till dry. A patent wringer (made of India rubber rollers which can be adjusted) is almost indispensable in washing. It does not wear the clothes like the twisting and wrenching of hand wringing, saves the most exhausting part of the wash, besides leaving the clothes drier than can be the case with ordinary hand wringing.

SALT or beef's gall in the water helps to set black. A tablespoonful of spirits of turpentine to a gallon of water sets most blues, and alum is very efficacious in setting green. Black or very dark calicoes should be stiffened with gumarabic—five cents' worth is enough for a dress. If, however, starch is used, the garments should be turned wrong side out.

WASH FLANNELS in lukewarm water, and rinse in water of the same temperature. Avoid rubbing soap upon the flannels. Stretch them when thoroughly clean, snap them energetically and hang them up immediately—by the fire if the weather is bad. Two waters are enough for flannels.

DEATH OF LADY GOOCH.

In Saturday's SPECTATOR a cable dispatch announced the death of Lady Gooch, who once tried to palm off a spurious child on her husband. Thus ends the strange history which startled London a year ago. Lady Gooch has not died unpitied. Ever since the December morning when the Recorder of London said that the law did not care to deal with her offence and the Grand Jury refused to find a true bill against her, public opinion has been veering in her favor, and, while it could not justify, has yet declined to condemn. English society has come to believe that she was more sinned against than sinning. To the foreigner the case was mainly interesting for the light it threw on the decadence of a very old English family. The Gooches were not ennobled, but for centuries they had been lords of Suffolk domain. They had given judges to the bench, generals to the army and bishops to the church. Their founder had in 1727 been created Lieutenant-Governor of Virginia, and it is said of him that neither inhabitants nor merchants ever complained of his administration. Sir Francis, the eighth Baronet, succeeded to the title and estates when he was barely of age. His brother had suddenly died, leaving a young widow, and from the position of a penniless younger son he became at a bound owner of Benacre Hall and a magnificent rentroll. His first step was to marry Miss Annie Sutherland, to whom he had for a year been engaged. She was a country squire's daughter, pretty and lovable. For a while all was happiness, Sir Francis bought his younger brother a commission, took his sisters and mother to live at the Hall, and in the summer of 1873 Lady Gooch gave birth to a son. On the same day Lady Eleanor, the dowager, married again. Then their joy died, and the new found happiness gradually melted away. The young baronet, believing that no other heir could be born to him, estranged himself from his wife. "Somehow or other," said her advocate at the trial, "her husband's love was gone—gone with the little child that was then laid in the grave. She became possessed of one idea. Night and day she cherished one dream. If she had another child to take to him—another child who she could persuade him was his own—then she might win back the love that was lost." Sir Francis went off for months on yachting expeditions; his sisters had married; Lady Eleanor, who was now once more regarded as his heiress, treated her with undisguised bitterness, and she was left alone in the Hall with a certain Miss Garrod, an elderly companion, not unlike Miss Briggs, in "Vanity Fair." In the morbid mood thus engendered she first formed the idea of getting a child from the Foundling Hospital. She made little secret of her intention. She asked the aid of the meek Miss Garrod, of the Hospital matrons, of various doctors at various seaside resorts, and, when they all refused, hired the services of a compassionate nurse, who conveyed the baby at night into the Grosvenor Hotel. Next morning the deception was discovered, and her husband, burning to avenge his wounded family honor and vindicate the claims of Lady Eleanor, summoned his half crazy wife into a police court. Everybody will remember the rest. The magistrate, feeling that his court was not a tribunal for the adjustment of private rights, sent the case for trial, and the Grand Jury as expeditiously threw it out. But Lady Gooch's life was ruined beyond redemption, and in dying she has made the only expiation in her power.

A MONUMENT TO ADAM.

(New York Sun)

Of all the distinguished men who have lived and died, none has waited longer for monumental commemoration than Adam. Perhaps he could afford to wait, since he was sure to be remembered for what he was, for what he did, and—above all—for what he didn't. Adam was the first man, the first husband, the first father, and for several hundred years the oldest inhabitant. Dispensing with the formalities of birth, teething, chicken-pox, measles, whooping cough, he began existence as an able-bodied man, and his career was one of unprecedented success. Still, if he had received credit for what he didn't in proportion to the credit received for what he did, he would have been given a place among the constellations by his pagan progeny, and among the saints by his Christian posterity. He didn't play baseball, walk for championship belts, or play the accordion; he didn't wear a velvet coat with wide braid, or go home late at night in a hack; and the life of a man who had the rectitude not to do these things must have been adorned all though with praiseworthy omissions.

It is pleasant, therefore, to learn that a monument to Adam is to be erected in Elmira, one-half of the cost of which has already been raised by subscription, without presenting the paper to any one outside the circle of the lineal descendants of the deceased patriarch. We are promised that there shall be an "appropriate inscription" on the shaft; but it is to be feared that in the exuberance of their filial feelings the residents of Elmira have not considered the difficulty of preparing an inscription appropriate for Adam's monument. The wanderer among the gravestones of those long dead seeks first the date of our hero's birth. But Adam was never born. What other line in the inscription can compensate for this disappointment? What shall satisfy the void in the hearts of the thousands who will read the name and then wander forth inquiring, "Adam who?". These are but the beginning of the perplexing questions that will arise when the Elmira descendants of Adam sit down with paper and pencil to write out their inscription.

Why not, therefore, shun these difficulties by cutting deep into the shaft the first words, according to tradition, ever spoken on earth—those words in which Adam introduced himself to Eve: "Madam, I'm Adam?" His last words, unfortunately, have not been preserved; then let the first words be the inscription on the monument. The children of Adam from the lands where they read from right to left will come and spell out this reversible inscription and feel that there tastes have been consulted; and thus the nations of the earth will be drawn closer together at the foot of the monument reared to their common ancestor.

After the people of Elmira have built and enveiled their monument to Adam, they will meet, and wear the palm for far-reaching filial impulses—unless, indeed, their example shall lead the scientific persons of the Materialist school to rear a still taller and costlier shaft to the beloved memory of Protoplasm.

—The Municipality of Vienna has resolved to take into public care the tombs of the great composers who repose outside the city walls. Beethoven, Schubert, Haydn, Mozart and Gluck are among the names read by the wanderer through the cemeteries of Vienna, and not a few visitors to these memorable shrines have been pained to observe the neglected aspect of some of them. It is not long since sacrilegious hands defaced the memorial erected to Mozart by the town, which permitted him to be buried in the common fosse, and two or three years ago the tomb of Schubert, at a Wahring, was fast falling into a ruinous state. Vienna will henceforth guard the monuments of the masters who in life did her so much honor, and make them bright with flowers.

—The daughter of a wealthy couple at Hartford, with the full consent of her parents, has gone out to learn a trade to fit herself for the ups and downs of life, especially the downs.

—Porous plasters were marked down to 15 cents, by a Danbury druggist yesterday. This is much cheaper than an undershirt, to say nothing about the saving in washing. Besides, you always know where it is.—*Danbury News.*

FOREIGN GRAIN MARKETS.

The following are the latest mail advices respecting the grain markets in foreign countries:

GREAT BRITAIN.

A finer, drier and more favorable week has just passed, and the arrears of harvest work are being rapidly brought up. The weather was very cold, which was the only drawback to field operations, except fog or mist in the morning, which in some measure retarded the drying of exposed corn. Some stacks are in a very bad state from heating and sprouting, and there is little hope of any great improvement in the quality or condition of future threshings. In Scotland a change for the better has taken place, dry, breezy weather having been experienced, which, although cold, greatly assist farmers. In the uplands very little grain is yet cut, but reaping is general, and two or three weeks of fine weather are much required.

FRANCE.

The agricultural work of the season and the in-gathering of the last of the autumn crops had been, this week, favored by fine and excellent weather. Maize had arrived at its maturity in the Eastern departments, and will yield more than it gave promise a couple of months ago. The buckwheat crop has been carried under good conditions, but if the quality is fair, the yield will, it appears, be unsatisfactory. The colza plants are coming up well. At Paris, the supply of farmers' wheat was rather more liberal, owing to the elevated range of prices attracting increased offers; but foreign produce, on the contrary, was very much scarcer. Values exhibited an improvement of at least 2 francs on the se'nnight. Consumption marks flour has gained 4 francs per sack on the week. The following are the average prices for "Eight Marks" flour at Paris in September for a series of years:

	France per 159 kilos.		Francs per 159 kilos.
1879	63.55	1874	56.69
1878	67.60	1873	88.04
1877	71.10	1872	70.09
1876	58.75	1871	85.19
1875	60.42	1870	71.00

RUSSIA.

The following are the shipments of wheat and oats from Cronstadt in the week ending 14th October, 1879:

	Wheat. qrs.	Oats. qrs.
For orders	4,250	8,760
For London	25,133	22,740
For Continent	14,960	10,060
Total	44,333	41,560

BELGIUM.

At Antwerp a very large business had been done in American wheat at an advance of 75c to 1f, the bulk of the transactions effected being for export. Rye of all descriptions was 1f higher, and barley and oats continued very firm, at low rates, with an active trade in spot and for delivery, both for home consumption and for exportation. At Brussels a firm market was reported for wheat, at a further improvement in values.

GERMANY.

During the se'nnight rather seasonable weather had been experienced and much progress had been made in agricultural operations. Potato lifting had greatly advanced, but results are not satisfactory, as the tubercles in general are small. At Berlin wheat on the spot had been quiet; the briskness of the trade has been concentrated upon wheat for future delivery. Rye had likewise shared in the upper movement.

AUSTRIA.

In the Vienna corn market wheat had advanced in value in spite of the reserve of buyers, and consequently not so much animation had been remarked in the trade.

ITALY.

After being somewhat threatening in character, the weather had turned finer, and in so far conduced to the maturation of the remnants of the crops still ungarnered, more especially the vines.

INDIA.

According to an official dispatch, it is stated that last month had been very favorable to the crops in general. Inundations and heavy rainfalls have caused damage in some of the Bengal districts and the North-west provinces, but, on the whole, present appearances were satisfactory, and even excellent in some localities. The value of cereals had submitted to a slight retrogression.

A NIHILIST'S ESCAPE.

Remarkable Adventures of a Russian Revolutionist.

Fomin, the Nihilist, who escaped from the citadel of Wilna a few days ago, was no ordinary conspirator. When only 17 he joined the revolutionary association, although little is known of his operations until his arrival at Odessa in 1877. He then went by the name of Matveeff, and acted as Deputy-Chief to Capt. Tchubaroff, the Nihilist leader, who was hanged at Odessa a few weeks ago. One of his early escapades was an attempt upon the life of Gromovitch, the spy, which resulted in the recovery of the wretched victim—who was beaten and then drenched with vitriol—and a confession which led to the arrest of 300 revolutionists. Fomin escaped, being included in this number, and shortly afterward was sent by his "Captain" to Kharkoff to release the conspirator Voinoralsky. Assisted by several members of the revolutionary Bague, Fomin established an ambush outside the town, and when the Cossack convoy passed by with the prisoner, the Nihilists poured several volleys into them. Some of the gend'armes fell dead, others set spurs to their horses and darted back to Kharkoff for assistance, and Voinoralsky, disguised in the clothing of one of the victims, rode off with the Kharkoff Nihilists, and effected his escape. Fomin returned to Kharkoff, and was arrested while in the act of taking a return ticket to Odessa. After his incarceration in the Kharkoff prison a series of audacious attempts were made to obtain a release. A band of Nihilists came to succor him from Kieff, and two of them dressed as gend'armes, presented themselves at the door of the jail with an order to convey him to the Governor. The chief warder was on the point of removing Fomin from his cell, when, by a curious coincidence, two real gend'armes arrived with a genuine order and exposed the plot. The Nihilists then hired a house opposite the prison, and began burrowing under the road to Fomin's cell. This was discovered during the mending of a drain, and the excavators had to fly to escape arrest. Fomin himself now tried to break out of prison, and, with the aid of some of the seventy criminals who shared a room with himself, he dug out the inside of the chimney, and climbed up the chimney to the roof. Six of his companions escaped with him, but the entire party was recaptured a few miles from Kharkoff. Last March Fomin was put on his trial, and the day that the order was signed summoning the court-martial, the Governor, Prince Kradotkin, out of revenge, was assassinated. The trial ended in the condemnation of Fomin to the mines of Siberia for life, but, as it was imagined that the careless transport officers would not keep him in safe custody, he was removed to perpetual imprisonment in the citadel at Wilna. From this confinement he has now successfully escaped, and by this time has probably joined the Nihilist refugees in Switzerland.—*London Examiner.*

A REMARKABLE ACCIDENT.

A Miner Thrown From a Cage Six Hundred Feet From the Bottom and Safely Landed.

The Virginia, Nev., *Chronicle* says: A most remarkable accident happened at the Hale & Norcross mine last night. A cage with six men was coming up the shaft at 11 o'clock—the hour for changing shifts. When about 600 feet from the bottom, at a point where there is an irregular place in the guides, the cage suddenly lurched to one side, throwing the men to the other. Patrick Holland, who was on the outside, was crowded off. Instead of falling to the bottom and being dashed to pieces, he was safely lodged on a wall plate. The other men on the cage supposed he had fallen into the sump, of course. When they reached the surface they got the usual sacks and boxes and started back to the sump to gather up the fragments of the body. As they approached the place in the shaft where the man was thrown off they heard a voice below them telling them to go slow. They did not know what to make of the strange discovery, never supposing it possible for Holland to be anywhere else than at the bottom. When they saw him safe on his narrow perch they could scarcely believe their eyes. Any one who has ascended a shaft knows how rapidly the wall plates flit by when the lantern is held so as to bring them to view. The cage from which Holland was thrown was coming up at the usual rate of speed. How the man could possibly have been lodged on one of these pieces of timber without being jammed by the cage or knocked off as it went past him is a wonder. The wall plate is a square timber, fourteen by sixteen inches, so that there was very little standing room for Holland while he was waiting for the cage to come down and rescue him. If the shaft had been so light that he could look down any considerable distance of the 600 feet between him and the bottom he would scarcely have had the nerve to cling to his narrow footing. The darkness of all mining shafts is a point in favor of the miners preserving their coolness when placed in ticklish positions. A couple of pump men will throw a foot-wide plank across a shaft 2,000 feet from the bottom and work upon it as though they were not five feet from the bottom. The darkness of the shaft prevents the thought of the awful abyss below from being constantly present.

BOTH SEEKING DIVORCE.

The Story of an Irish Girl who was Married to her Father's Coachman.

(New York Sun.)

Bernard Smith, a bar-room keeper at 327 Market street, Newark, N. J., was formerly a coachman in the service of Chidley Coote Barnes, Esq., a police magistrate and wealthy farmer in the county Meath, Ireland, whose only daughter, Eliza J. Barnes, he married. Mr. Barnes expected to give his daughter in marriage to the son of a neighboring gentleman, but the intended bridegroom died before this hope was fulfilled. Nine years ago the brothers and friends of Miss Barnes, who was then only 18 years of age, were grieved by her marriage to Bernard Smith, the coachman, who was 24 years of age and rather good looking, but uneducated. The young couple were privately married by a registrar in Dublin, where they lived in seclusion for a few months. Then they emigrated to the United States. They settled in Newark, where Smith procured employment as a hostler for a wealthy wholesale ale and liquor dealer. Subsequently he opened a bar-room and boarding house, in which business he has been engaged ever since. The marriage proved unhappy, and in July last they both applied to the New Jersey Chancery Court for divorce on mutual allegations of infidelity. Mrs. Smith also applied for alimony and the custody of her only child who is now, by direction of the Court, under charge of a third party. Testimony in all the suites was taken before Vice-Chancellor Van Fleet in Newark yesterday.

"My father was a civil and police magistrate," said Mrs. Smith to a reporter of the *Sun* last evening, "and he was highly respected in the County Meath and in the city of Dublin. Besides his own entailed property at Manorstown, he managed two estates at Newcastle and Turkstown, near Dublin. Every year he and my brother spent several months in London, Scotland and the South of Ireland, but they seldom took me with them in these excursions after I was ten years old. I had a governess, a dancing master, a music teacher, and an instructor in riding. I could follow the hounds across fields, hedges, and ditches with the best horseman in the county, but I was not permitted to attend public gatherings unless my brother went with me. I had four brothers—Chidley Coote, Richard Adolphus, Caleb Chidley Coote, and Chidley. The two eldest are dead, and the two youngest are now agents for large estates near Dublin. Caleb Chidley now manages, I am told, an estate for the Marquis of Headford. Richard Adolphus, was cashier of the Hibernia Bank, and Chidley has my father's estate.

"When I was 14 years old Bernard Smith, a likely lad, was taken into my father's service as coachman, groom, and fancy gardener. He was very kind and attentive to me, and after my father and mother died I was thrown very much in his company, because my brothers were at college. One attended Anglesea School, in England, and another was graduating at Ballinasboe College. My eldest brother did not give up much of his time to me, and I was therefore permitted to follow my own inclinations. Bernard Smith used to drive me out in the family carriage whenever I cared about taking an airing, and he also rode beside me when I went out for a canter with my saddle horse. Then I was fond of directing him in the garden. We were both young, and I was an innocent country girl, knew nothing about the world, and had little company at our house. I became fond of the coachman, and finally we consented to elope. I went to Dublin on a morning train. He followed in the afternoon. We expected to get married at once, but no priest would perform the ceremony, because Smith was a Roman Catholic and I an Episcopalian. Therefore we had to give twenty-one days notice to a Registrar in Dublin, and during that long wait we lived in out of the way apartments in Dublin. My brothers and friends were very angry when they learned that I had married our coachman. I was afraid to meet my brothers, for I feared they would shoot me or Smith, they were so angry. Therefore, four months after our marriage, Smith and I took passage for America. I sold my mother's and my own jewellery to get money. I was not an hour married until I was sorry for what I had done, but I was afraid to go back to my brothers. My life in Newark has not been pleasant. Every year since I left Ireland my brothers have sent me the interest on my mother's marriage settlement, and a few months ago the lawyers sent me $650, which they said was the last I would get. My brothers and my relatives have my father's property, but they would not help me while I lived with Smith."

Mr. Smith said that he did not elope with his wife, but that they were openly married in Dublin. Her father's family was, he said, an old and honorable one, but they were now in reduced circumstances, but they were very proud. The difference in their religion, he said, had caused much of their trouble.

STORIES OF BISMARCK AT VIENNA.

Two good stories are told of Prince Bismarck in connection with his recent visit to Vienna, where the unexpected cordiality of his reception by the good-natured Kaiserstadter appears to have kept him in an unusually cheerful temper. During a lively luncheon party at the palace on the Ballplatz, the name of Gambetta cropped up in the course of the conversation, and one of Count Andrassy's guests expressed his surprise that the ex-Dictator of France should have accepted the diploma of L. L. D. from the University of Athens, seeing that he had previously been created a Doctor of Laws by the Paris University. "Yes, that is indeed odd of him," remarked the Prince; "it is just as if he had got down from horseback in order to mount the back of a jackass." Upon another occasion Prince Bismarck was introduced to a lady celebrated in Viennese society for her keen wit and quickness of repartee, who, to his conventional question of "How do you do, madame?" smilingly replied, "Very badly, Prince, you cannot, I feel sure, imagine what a curious woman must suffer when she has the honor of being in Prince Bismarck's society without daring to ask him what he has really come to do in Vienna." "Indeed, I would not for the world see you in pain," rejoined the Chancellor, with a laugh, "so I will tell you all about it. I came to Vienna to search with my friend Andrassy for the magnetic needle which shall be gifted with power to attract to us all the pacific elements in Europe—a needle magnetized by peace." "Really!" answered Countess K——, "but the needle, you know, always points to the north!" "Just so," said the Prince: "*mais, madame, c'est juste le fin mot de l'histoire!*"—London *Telegraph.*

SIX PERSONS IN A THREE DAYS' TRANCE.

The Rev. S. T. Galbraith, a local preacher, found at Elkhorn, Ia., three women and two men in a highly-excited condition, which ended in their falling upon the floor in a trance. He soon followed and had the most ecstatic visions. In a few hours they awoke and told each other their heavenly dreams. One of the sisters began prophesying that they must remain three days and nights without food. They soon fell into a trance again, alternately waking and sleeping for several days. They saw a large, bright beautiful star in one corner of the room and lights passing to and fro. One of the sisters began singing the doxology to a tune she had learned during the trance and all the others joined in, "making the most delightful melody ever heard on earth." Subsequently the Rev. Mr. Galbraith saw a pillar of salt, and was tortured by fierce and racking pains as if the devils had got hold of him, but the good spirits gained the victory. The prophesying sister who said she was a servant of the Lord then bid them go forth and preach the gospel.

—Faint and unwilling praise is oftentimes equivalent to bitter censure. A man can say that it is so in such tones that you know at once he believes the contrary, but does not propose to commit himself. When you ask concerning a certain person, "Is he reliable?" the answer may be, "W-e-l-l, y-e-s," but the inflection of this affirmative answer is such that you are led to suspect the person spoken of as guilty of all the crimes in the calendar. You ask again, "Is he truthful?" and the answer, "W-e-l-l, y-e-s," makes you sure that his chief occupation consists in telling falsehoods. It is easier, and far more diabolical, to malign a man's character with a knowing wink or a wise nod than by proclaiming your accusation in such loud tones that the whole earth shall hear.

—Teamsters along the Gila River, Arizona, complain of the large herbs of wild camels that have of late taken possess ion of the main road to the consternation of horses and mules.

LEADVILLE RELIGION.

The Remarkable Sermon of Faro Bill and its Sensational Result.

(Leadville Letter to the Carbon Times.)

I was standing in front of the hotel when my attention was attracted by a dilapidated, antiquated-looking specimen of a saloon bummer, who was passing along the street ringing a bell. At intervals he would cease ringing, and shout:

"Religious racket right away at the big tent! Boll up, tumble up, or slide up on ye y-ears, for we'll have a bang up dish o' gospel talk from Faro Bill; and d-o-o-o-n't you forget it!"

Turning to a dapper little gambler who stood near, I asked:

"Who is this Faro Bill?"

"Who is he? Well now, if that ain't the boss play fur high. You kin break me right here if I thought there war a bloke in the mines that didn't know Bill. He used to be one of the boys, but got capped into a religious game by a slick-tongued gospel sharp about two months ago. He's chopped on all his old rackets, an' don't stand in with nothin' now that don't show up a Bible or prayer-book in the lay-out. Billy used to be the boss gambler of the camp, and wasn't afeared to sit in a game with the flyest sports that ever slung a card; but he's clean gone on the pious lay now, and seems to have lost all good there was ever in him. The boss mouthpiece of the heavenly mill has gone down to Denver, an' Bill is agoin' to stand in an' sling gospel to the boys as well as he can."

This explanation, given in the most earnest tones, started me instanter for the big tent. It was used at night for a variety theatre, where artists (?) of questionable character performed acts of still more questionable decency, and was rented for religious services every Sunday morning. I found the tent filled to its utmost capacity. Many had, no doubt, come through curiosity to see how Bill would deport himself in this, his initial sermon. Upon the stage sat a burly red-faced man, with arms folded in a careless manner, who looked over the large audience with an air of most decided independence. This was Faro Bill, the speaker of the occasion. When he arose he glanced around the tent for a moment, evidently collecting his thoughts, and began:

"Fellow-citizens: The preacher bein' absent, it falls on me to take his hand and play it for all its worth. You all know that I'm just a larnin' the game, an', of course, I may be expected to make wild breaks, but I don't believe that thar's a rooster in the camp mean enough to take advantage of my ignorance, an' cold deck me right on the first deal. I'm sincere in this new departure, an' I believe I've struck a game that I can play clear through without copperin' a bet, for when a man tackles such a lay-out as this, he plays every card to win, an' if he goes through his deal as he orter do, when he lays down to die, an' the last case is ready to slide from the box, he can tell the turn every time."

"I was readin' in the Bible to-day that yarn about the prodigal son, an' I want to tell yer the story. The book don't give no dates, but it happened long, long ago. This prodigal son had an old man that put up the coin every time the kid struck him for a stake, an' never kicked at the size of the pile either. I reckon the old man was pretty well fixed, an' when he died intended to give all his wealth to this kid an' his brother. Prod gave the old man a little game o' talk one day and induced him to whack up in advance o' the death racket. He'd no sooner got his divy in his fist than he shook the old man an' struck out to take in some o' the other camps. He had a way-up time for awhile, an' slung his cash to the front like he owned the best payin' lead on airth; but hard luck hit him a kick at last an' left him flat. The book don't state what he went broke on, but I reckon he got steered up agin some brace game. But, anyhow, he got left without a chip, or a four-bit piece to go an' eat on. An' old granger then tuk him home and set him to herdin' hogs, an' here he got so hard up an' hungry that he piped off the swine while they were feedin', and he stood in with 'em on a husk lunch. He soon weakened on such plain provender, an' says to himself, says he: 'Even the old man's hired hands are livin' on square grub while I'm worrying along here on corn husks straight. I'll take a grand tumble to myself an' chop on this racket at once. I'll skip back to the governor and try to fix things up, and call for a new deal,' so off he started."

"The old man seed the kid a-coming, and what do you reckon he done? Did he pull his gun and lay for him, intending to wipe him out as soon as he got into range? Did he call the dogs to chase him off the ranch? Did he rustle around for a club and give him a stand-off at the back gate? Eh? Not to any alarming extent he didn't. No, sir. The Scripture book says he waltzed out to meet him, and froze to him on the spot, and kissed him, and then marched him off to a clothing store and fitted him out in the nobbiest rig to be had fur coin. Then the old gent invited all the neighbors, killed a fat calf, and give the biggest blow-out the camp had ever seed."

At the conclusion of the narrative the speaker paused, evidently framing in his mind proper application of the story. Before he could resume, a tall, blear-eyed young boy, I asked the cause of his strange actions. Directing my attention, I discovered that the rays of the sun through the glass formed a focus in the middle of a large and valuable chromo, which just commenced to smoke at this identical point, and would evidently soon be in flames. The boy stated that he was a clerk in the store, but had not his key, and discovering the state of things, he planted himself as a patent living fire screen to protect the picture from the sun's rays.

A well-known Hartford adjuster, while recently sitting in his room in one of our finest business blocks, saw his silk umbrella, standing in the corner, quietly take fire and consume before his very eyes, and with no little difficulty he stopped the fire from spreading. Investigation proved it to have caught from the concentrated rays of the sun reflected from his graphoscope innocently resting on his table. Without a doubt, we do not understand many actual cases of fire, and numerous conflagrations are due to far different causes from these suspected or guessed at. In the case mentioned had the fire occurred during the absence of the owner, and the block consumed, as it might easily have been, it would have remained one of those unsolved mysteries which surround so many fires.

HOW PARIS LADIES DRESS.

London *Daily News*: "The whirligig of fashion is bringing round an old fashioned decoration, which has its merits. Ladies are wearying of mono rams, and are adopting emblems and mottoes. The fourteenth and early sixteenth centuries were the time when mottoes and fanciful emblems flourished most abundantly. Besides his hereditary bearings every knight had some symbol of fantasy, and every lady her symbol which might be changed at pleasure. When these were embroidered on dresses the effect was quaint and variegated, and gave each costume a kind of originality. Parisians have discovered this, and birds and mottoes are embroidered all over dressss. A well graced (and well puffed) actress, who is the reverse of stout in figure, appeared lately with the device of ravens on her array. Her rival, who is not slim, observed that 'where the skeleton is the ravens are gathered together.' Swallows are more common than the sombre bird of the Danish banner—perhaps to indicate that the wearer intends 'flying, flying south.' Gold swallows are worn on a blue satin ground, though a naturalist might prefer to reverse the colors. Ladies of fashion, if the fashion prevails, will soon look as quaint as did Jacqueline de la Grange in her costume broidered with pink eagles and black ducks, or Anne of Bohemia with the crowned ostrich. The mottoes may slip from writing paper into wider use, and poets once more style themselves on their title pages, *le banni de liesse.* The old motto woula serve many of the new poets very well, and the fashion will at least add some variety to existence, till the thing is overdone, and ceases to be an outward sign of inward mediævalism."

THE full narrative of the revelations in regard to the Milwaukee prison-house exceed in horror the meagre details sent by telegraph. The slow murder of sick prisoners, tortured with red-hot irons, the sustenance of hard-working men upon food from which the stomach recoiled with loathing—such are some of the features of the Milwaukee House of Correction, as revealed by a former inmate, for whose trustworthiness and general good reputation the *Sentinel* of that city is willing, after careful inquiry, to vouch. The narrative bears the impress of truth, although the narrator is evidently unable to wholly suppress the indignation burning in his breast. Nothing short of a thorough and rigorous investigation, and the punishment of the guilty, can redeem the State of Wisconsin from this dark strain.

—An Iowa farmer fired at a quail and shot a tramp in the leg and paid $50 to settle the case. It is getting so that it is really dangerous to even chase the butterfly.

CULTIVATING MUSHROOMS.

How the Spawn is Transplanted.

(J. A. Palmer in Boston Transcript.)

A few years ago the banks of the lot opposite the Brunswick Hotel, in this city, were sodded and the land levelled to its present grade. As the pick of the workman broke up the soil, a white substance ran through every piece. Starting with large branches, it divided and subdivided like the veins on the back of the hand. The mycelium was very strong, quickly noticed on the opposite side of the way. This mycelium, white vein—for it had that appearance—was nothing but hidden part of the Coprinus comatus, a mushroom freely eaten now, although twenty years ago thought to be poisonous. The common name of this substance is "spawn." Just as a cutting of the grapevine placed in conditions favorable to growth will shoot up, put forth branches, and bear fruit, so a part of coprinus vine transplanted will continue to ramify and in time show the result in the form of mushrooms. The whole earth beneath your feet, on a country walk, is alive with vegetation to a great depth.

This vegetation is just as real, and the various vines—or, in other words the thousand varieties of mushroom spawn—are just as distinct as the hop vine and the woodbine, the ivy and the virgins' bower that twine their tendrils above your head. Just where grew this year a peculiar kind of toadstool, there, next year, and so on for successive harvests, will you find the same plant. There is no more mystery about its appearance than in the growth of the chestnut on the tree that shades it. Rapidity of growth is not near as general as it is thought to be. The common mushroom and many others form for days just below the soil. A heavy dew or an evening shower straightens the stem of the fungus and expands its top. It breaks the earth in the night, and the gatherer is able to find in the morning the white buttons where he could see nothing the day before. So, popular error has made mushroom growth proverbial for a superficiality which, by the fungi at least, is undeserved. Further, the various varieties of toadstools succeed each other in rotation just as the bloodroot and anemones of spring are followed by the roses of summer and the cardin