Huron Signal.

"The Greatest Good to the Greatest Number."

VOL. XXVIII. NO. 19. GODERICH, ONTARIO, WEDNESDAY, MAY 26, 1875. WHOLE NO. 1475.

The Huron Signal,

(ESTABLISHED 1848.)

One of the Largest Paper published in Canada, printed and published at Goderich, Ontario, every

WEDNESDAY MORNING,

at the Signal Building, Square, Goderich.

ALLAN & DICKSON

PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

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The large circulation of the SIGNAL makes it an exceedingly desirable medium.

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Executed with neatness and despatch, and printed while you wait. Orders by mail promptly attended to.

Business Directory.

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GODERICH, ONT.
Office:—Market Square, West street over the Express office.
Such W. A. Etched Nerves, can be operated on without Pain, with Gas, and Sets of teeth on gold plate. Teeth Extracted in the most improved manner. All operations performed with Ease and Skill. Teeth extracted at course every day from 8 to 9 a.m., and 1 to 4 p.m. 1344-1y

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Graduate of McGill University, Montreal,
SEAFORTH.
OFFICE and residence—One door south of Bank of Montreal, Main street, and opposite McCallum's hotel.
Seaforth, April 21st, 1875. 1207

G. C. Shannon M.D.
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c.&c., Goderich, Ont. 1246-1y

Dr. Connolly,
McGill College
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c., Office, Hamilton Street, Goderich, Ontario. ow199

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113 BAY STREET, TORONTO. 1440

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M. C. CAMERON. N. R. MCFADDEN.

D. L. DOYLE,
BARRISTER AND ATTORNEY, SOLICITOR, Chancery, &c., Goderich and Seaforth, Ont. 1337

ELLIOTT & WATSON
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, SOLICITORS, &c. Chancery, Conveyancers, &c. Crabb's Block, Goderich.
MONEY TO LEND. 1272

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

W. R. SQUIRES,
BARRISTER, ATTORNEY AT-LAW, SOLICITOR in Chancery, &c., Goderich, Ont. Office, Anderson's Block, West Street, Goderich. 1288

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

G. CAMPAIGNE
LAW CHANCERY AND CONVEYANCING. Officer Dixie Watson's, Official Assignee, Goderich, Ont. ow7-tf

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

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

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

JAMES SMAILL,
ARCHITECT, &c., &c. Plans and Specifications drawn correctly. Carpenters', Plasterers' and Masons' work measured and valued. Office over F. Jordan's Drug Store, Goderich. 1267-tf.

Buchanan, Lawson & Robinson
HAVE on hand all kinds of Sashes, Doors, Blinds, Flooring, and dressed Lumber, at the Goderich Planing Mill. 1209

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

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

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WILLIAM ALEXANDER. JOHN STARK.
MEMBERS of the Stock Exchange, Stock Brokers and Stock Agents, Stocks, Bonds, and Debentures Bought and Sold.
Money Loaned on Mortgage.
NO COMMISSION CHARGED.
Existing Mortgages purchased on reasonable terms. Orders by letter or telegraph will receive prompt attention.
10 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO 1440

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

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

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

STAR BAKERY
Victoria St., foot of Hamilton St.,
GODERICH, Ont.
HARRIES, ARTHUR & CO.
BAKERS and Confectioners. Weddings and Parties supplied on short notice. Also, Vessels supplied. Flour and Feed constantly on hand. Goods delivered in any part of the town.
Goderich, Nov. 23, 1874. 1449-1yr

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

Meetings.

GODERICH LODGE NO. 33
G. R. C., A. F. & A. M.
THE REGULAR COMMUNICATION is this evening, Wednesday, 26th inst., at 7.30 p. m. Visiting brethren cordially invited.
Goderich, 24th May, 1875. W. DICKSON, Sec. 1475-1y

Money to Lend.

$25,000
TO Loan on Farm or Town property at 7 per cent. Apply to
O. CAMPAIGNE, Solicitor, &c.,
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AT LOW RATES OF INTEREST.
FREEHOLD Permanent Building and Savings Society of Toronto.
For particulars apply to
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Secretary and Treasurer,
CHAS. ROBERTSON,
Toronto. 1342

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

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The Subscriber is agent for the following first-class Insurance Companies:
PHŒNIX of London, England.
HARTFORD of Hartford.
PROVINCIAL of Toronto.
BRITISH AMERICA, of Toronto.
Fire & Marine Insurance done at the lowest possible rates
HORACE HORTON
Office Market Square, Goderich.
Oct. 20th 1870. 695-1y.

Insurance.

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

ANCHOR LINE.
UNITED STATES MAIL STEAMERS
Sail every Saturday from
NEW YORK AND GLASGOW.
Favorite route for Tourists.
Direct approach to Great Britain.
Passenger accommodation unsurpassed.
RATES OF PASSAGE
From NEW YORK to
GLASGOW, LIVERPOOL, BELFAST, or LONDONDERRY,
Cabin—$75, $65 & $50—Currency.
Return tickets at reduced rates.
Steerage always as low as by any other FIRST-CLASS LINE.
COMPANY'S OFFICES: 7 Bowling Green, N. Y.
Or their Agent MRS. E. WARNOCK,
1469 Goderich

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

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

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

Tuition per quarter	$3.00
Music, Instrumental, Vocal and Guitar, each per quarter	5.00
French " "	2.00
Drawing, Pencil " "	3.00
" Crayon " "	3.00

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

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

Artificial Stone.
The ubscribers having commenced the manufacture of Artificial Stone, are prepared to receive and execute orders for
WINDOW CAPS,
KEYSTONES,
WINDOW SILLS,
DOOR SILLS and all kinds of ORNAMENTAL WORK
required for buildings. This Stone is as durable as any other, and can be furnished at half the cost of cut stone. We invite the public to inspect the same at the factory, opposite Norbergill's Salt Works, or at the Town Clerk's Office, where specimens will be kept on view, and orders received. As this is a new enterprise, we trust the people of Goderich will give us proper encouragement.
Orders received and shipments made to any point in Canada.
J. & G. W. THOMSON,
1479-3m Goderich, Ont.

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

HENRY GILKES,
PAINTER, PAPER - HANGER, MARBLER and GLASSIER. Window Glass on shortest notice. Residence, Victoria Street. 1459-1yr

ARE YOU SICK?
If such is the case call on
J. BOND,
PHARMACEUTICAL CHEMIST, of 27 years practice, where thousands have been relieved of various diseases incidental to the constitution.
NOTED FOR PURE DRUGS.
EASTSIDE MARKET SQUARE,
SIGN OF THE RED MORTAR,
GODERICH.
Where you can get Pure Drugs and Chemicals compounded by a first class Chemist Only proprietor of
Bond's Renowned Pulmonic Syrup
that cures Colds, Coughs, Asthma, Whooping Cough, Hoarseness, Bronchitis, &c., &c., and is a certain and effectual remedy. It May cure Consumption when all other remedies has failed.
BONDS CELEBRATED TONIC BITTERS
which is superior to any ever introduced to the public for Dyspepsia, Constipation, Headache, Indigestion, Palpitation of the Heart, Biliousness and General Debility one of the best remedies in connection with Bond's Pulmonic Syrup for Chest and Lung Diseases known. Try it. It has no rival; marvelous in its effects to restore life.
Just received a large and assorted stock of English, French and American Perfumes, Hair Oils, &c. &c. Also one gross of the best Hair Brushes, Tooth and Nail do., many quantity. All the most popular Patent Medicines constantly on hand.
Bonds Blood Purifier for Horses and Cattle, Condition Powders &c., a large stock on hand.
A Call is respectfully solicited.
LARGE STOCK OF DYE STUFFS.
1450-1yr

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

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

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

Something New

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

Extensive New Premises
AND
Splendid New Stock.

C. Barry & Bro.
Cabinet Makers, Undertakers & Wood Turners,
HAMILTON ST.
Have removed across the street to the store next door to W. Acheson's Harness Shop, where will be found
A GOOD ASSORTMENT
of Kitchen, Bedroom, Dningroom, and Parlor Furniture, such as
TABLES,
CHAIRS hair, cane and wood seated)
CUPBOARDS
BEDSTEADS,
WASH STANDS
MATTRESSES
LOUNGES,
SOFAS.
WHATNOTS, LOOKING GLASSES
OIL & GILT FRAMING.
C. B. & B are prepared to sell everything in their line
Cheap for Cash.
N. B. A complete assortment of Coffins and Shrouds always on hand and a Hearse to hire; all on reasonable terms.
A CALL SOLICITED.
Goderich, 15 Aug 1870

GODERICH
AUCTION MART.
JOHN STEWART
INFORMS the inhabitants of the County of Huron, that he has just received a large stock of
Dry Goods, Crockery,
GLASSWARE,
COOKING & PARLOR, STOVES,
Hardware and Fancy Goods.
And as the goods in stock were purchased at a low figure he is enabled to sell them cheaper than any other store in the place. The goods are of the very best description and will be sold at a great sacrifice on original cost, parties wishing goods will do well to call and look at the stock.
Cash advanced on goods consigned.
Cash paid for all kinds of Household Goods.
No charge for storage of goods for sale at auction.
Bankrupt and other stocks bought and sold.
Goods appraised and Sales collected.
A number of Farms and Town Lots for Sale.
Goderich, April 6th, 1875. 1458-1yr

Daily Matched;

OR

WOMAN AGAINST WOMAN.

As she rose to meet the countess, she said:

'Miss Chandos has been very much surprised with her studies. Perhaps that is her reason for not writing, for she may have felt reluctant to reveal that she was ill, lest her mother, if that quite a servant, with your ladyship.'

'Vida Chandos was never my servant. I'm a cross and tyrannical old woman, and I was worse than that in those days, but I loved Vida Chandos like my own child, and she knew it. I don't believe that's the reason she hasn't written.—What's she going to do with all that money that's income to her from that old fool, Heabrook?'

The widow gave a start of surprise. How had the Countess Beauvoir learned that? She remembered distinctly that she had not told her.

'Oh, I find out everything!' cried the old countess, shrilly, reading Mrs Bazel's thoughts.

'I hope she will make a good use of the money, my lady,' said the widow, cheerily.

She was meditating how to introduce her real errand. It was so safe, she concluded, to make no mystery of the matter.

'My lady,' she said, watching the countess keenly, 'I come to you on a very sad errand. Some months since I lost a very dear friend, under most painful and aggravating circumstances.'

'What was your friend's name?' interrupted the countess. 'What have I got to do with her? I don't know you or your friends, Miss Marrill.'

The ex-actress' handsome face turned a vivid crimson at sound of the name belonging to her stage life—the name she had not heard for so long. Her eyes shot fire at the malicious chuckling countess.

'Do you wonder where I heard that, too? the old woman asked, nodding swiftly as she leaned on her crutches.—She had not offered to sit down. 'I've seen you before the foot lights twenty times at least, and I never forget a face, no matter where I see it or how you make it over. Your face was all you had; you were not a decent actress.'

The crimson faded from her face, leaving it a deadly pallor, still more significant of deep rage, and her eyes glittered still, but her voice was perfectly calm as she said:

'I have been married since that time, Lady Beauvoir, and have lost my husband; my name is Bazel now, and the friend of whom I was speaking was Lady Clara Delaney.'

'Ah,' grunted the old woman, with her eyes cast upward to the frescoes of the ceiling, 'and you lost her. Humph singular that you should lose her, eh?'

The widow still kept her temper.—'My lady,' she said, calmly, 'I lost her in this way. She was a little out of her mind, and we were afraid she would become quite insane. She had taken a violent aversion to the husband she had previously dearly worshipped, and accordingly, I, with a trusty servant, was taking her by easy stages to a place where her malady could receive that care and attention so essential to recovery. In the course of the journey she contrived to elude our anxious watch over her, and wandered away.—We searched for her days but we never found her. There was a river near in which she must have drowned herself.'

'Really!' queried the countess. 'Well, what is it to me? Are you soliciting funds for a monument to her memory?' she asked, in her most impertinent manner.

'But the widow gave no sign that she noticed that.

'We never found her body, she said gravely. 'Perhaps she is not dead.'

The countess gave a little start, and condescended to look at the ex-actress.

'A few days since,' continued Mrs. Bazel; 'I saw a ring belonging to Lady Clara in the possession of an awkward country fellow, who pretended that you had given it to him. I have come all the way, Countess Beauvoir, to ask you if you did give him the ring, and if so where you obtained it?'

CHAPTER XLIX.

The countess lifted her large gold eye glasses and leisurely surveyed Mrs. Bazel through them. It was done to gain time. She was studying how she had best answer that question regarding the ring.

'I remember the ring perfectly,' she said at last, in her shrillest tones. 'It had five small but handsome saphires set in the form of a triangle.'

'Yes,' the widow uttered breathlessly, a sort of ashy whiteness creeping round her lips, and a sort of tiger-ish light coming in spite of her into her greenish blue eyes.

'And he said I gave it to him?' repeated the countess.

'Yes.'

'Well, I did not. I know where he got it though.'

Mrs. Bazel could scarcely breathe in her excitement.

'I entreat you to keep me no longer in suspence,' she said. 'In Lady Clara —' alive, she was going to say, but checked herself.

'What do I know of your Lady Clara?' responded the countess, tartly. 'I was travelling through Cornwall, and came by an old shant up castle, which belonge to an eccentric relative of mine, Lord Eldon—has been abroad years and years, somewhere in the east—and I had a fancy to see the castle, and I got that plow-jogger to break open one of the shutters for me. What are you jumping about?'

The startled widow had made a convulsive movement of terror. She guessed what was coming.

The countess put up her glasses again, and stared at her deliberately before she resumed. Mrs. Bazel did not try to speak.

'Well, when we got in there what do you think we found?'

Mrs. Bazel shivered.

'We found the dead body of a young woman; and that sapphire ring I saw Jack Bristol take off from her dead finger with my own eyes.'

The Countess Beauvoir uttered this brazen falsehood with the most unwinking effrontery.

Mrs. Bazel was as near hysterics as her strong-mindedness ever got. She had buried her ghastly face in her hands. The malicious old countess chuckled silently.

'I've no doubt myself,' she went on, 'that the poor young thing had been murdered, or as good as that. She never got inside that gloomy old castle without help. Why the bones were just coming through her skin with starvation. Such a pretty creature, too, with short yellow curls all over her head. Was that your Lady Clara, Mrs. Bazel? If it was, how did she come there? That is the question.'

Mrs. Bazel was still silent. She was reluctant to acknowledge what she supposed to be the truth, that she and Dorst had left Lady Clara in the castle. She did not like to own that they had stopped there with her, to this terrible, choke-humpered old woman. But she must out at last.

'This terrible,' she said, in a hoarse and struggling voice. 'It must have been Lady Clara, but how came she there? I am as unable to guess as you, my lady.'

While Mrs. Bazel spoke she experienced, in spite of her horror, a thrill of joy that Lady Clara was really dead. She had been full of misgivings before. The; she rose to go. Her mission was accomplished.

But no. In her wicked joy the cruel woman had forgotten one thing—the body—the starved and murdered body of the hapless Lady Clara. How did it happen that she had never heard of the Countess Beauvoir's discovery? Why had there been no stir, no excitement on the subject, as would be natural? A vague doubt rose again. She turned and questioned the imperturbable old woman anxiously.

For a moment the Countess Beauvoir was at her wits' end what to say. If she said she had left the body as she found it, the widow could go the castle, look for herself, and find out the lie.—She did not know of course that she came right from the castle now.

'I don't know as I shall tell you,' she said. 'I've told you too much already. You'll be bringing the matter into court, and I shall have to go before it on my crutches, beside dragging that poor dead creature out of her grave.'

Mrs. Bazel shuddered.

'I will do nothing, my lady, that will cause you to act in any manner; but you cannot expect my anxiety concerning my darling friend to be satisfied without knowing more.'

The old countess shrugged her shoulders.

'Oh, well then, if you must know, I had Jack Bristol dig a grave in the grounds, and we made a bed of moss and leaves in the bottom and laid her on them. Then we scattered flowers thickly over her, and Jack filled in the dirt. You see I hate a fuss, and then I didn't know but they might suspect me of knowing something about her death.'

If Mrs. Bazel had been in her usual cool and self-possessed frame of mind, this fantastic and improbable coinage of the whimsical countess' brain would not have imposed upon her for a moment. But all her usually iron nerves were unstrung by the excitement of the strange story of Lady Clara's death, the corroboration of those wicked wishes whose awful fulfilment yet struck terror to her soul.

As she was leaving the hotel she encountered an English acquaintance, one Sir Lewis Croft. He lifted his hat obsequiously, glancing back at the magnificent portal she had just passed through.

'You have been to call upon the beautiful Lady Avice Beauvoir?' he questioned eagerly.

The widow smiled sweetly. Sir Lewis Croft had once been so devoted to her as to excite strong hopes that he might ask her to become Lady Croft.

'I have been to call on my old friend, Lady Beauvoir,' she said, with an air which was meant to impress Sir Lewis with the idea that the countess and the ex-actress had been bosom friends.

'I was unable to see the Lady Avice—she had not yet risen. My dear friend, the countess, regretted it very much. She says her niece is greatly admired.'

'Oh, greatly,' the Englishman exclaimed. 'She is the loveliest creature in Paris, the loveliest I ever saw.'

'Really!' said the widow, as she moved toward her carriage. 'Do come with me for a drive, Sir Lewis, and tell me more about this charming creature.'

Sir Lewis readily consented to enter the handsome widow's carriage. He was affected, as she meant he should be, by her allusions to her 'old friend, the countess.' Beside, he had always liked her. If she could win him even now, she would have dropped that other wicked scheme of hers forever. But that was not to be.

Sir Lewis kept talking of Lady Avice, and, for the sake of keeping him beside her, Mrs Bazel patronized the subject also.

'Did you say she was fair or dark?' she asked, hiding a yawn behind her lavender-gloved hand.

'Oh! fair, fair as a lily, with blue eyes; and yet she has black hair, short and curly, like a child's, and such lovely black eye-brows. I will tell you who she looks like, though so very different. You remember the 'Baby Countess,' Lady Hasbrook? Why, what's the matter, Mrs Bazel?'

The countess had bidden Lucille, her maid, go and sit with the Lady Avice till it pleased her to retire, and to remain with her all night.

The warm-hearted French girl was very fond of pretty Lady Avice, whose clinging dependence on those about her was always accompanied by such demonstrations of affection and gratitude as endeared her to them in spite of her caprices and waywardness.

This evening Lady Avice would have much preferred being alone for this reason—She experienced a constant and invincible desire to lock the door of the sitting room, and she was ashamed to do that in the presence of the maid. It would look so very foolish. What would the girl think of her? But still she could not get over the fancy. It seemed to her as if something evil was beyond that door, between which and her nothing could avail but a strong bolt. She did not seem at her ease, as Lucille noticed. She kept rising and going toward the door, then back to her chair again. She took a book in her hand, but over the top of it her dark blue eyes watched the door with a singular expression of foreboding and apprehension, which puzzled the maid not a little. Once when Lucille herself lifted the heavy velvet curtains which shrouded the windows, and looked out a moment into the night, Lady Avice cried out sharply with terror.

'Put them down quick, Lucille, put them down.'

The girl obeyed, but she looked greatly surprised.

Lady Avice forced a smile.

'I'm such a horrible little coward, Lucille,' she said. 'Haven't you found that out?'

Lucille smiled in her turn.

'Yes, but what is there to fear, love? I've heard of people being shot at through a window,' said Lady Avice, doubtfully.

'But, who would want to shoot you or me?'

Lady Avice shook her head.

'I don't know,' she said, slowly; 'but there are very wicked people in this world, and when I get thinking of them sometimes, I can't bear to sit in a room without the door locked. I'm that way to-night, and so, if you'll bolt the door, Lucille—of course, it's all nonsense, but I'll feel better if it's locked.'

Lucille laughed.

'Do you mean it, my lady?'

There was the slightest sound outside, perhaps in the street, but Lady Avice started violently.

'Do lock the door, Lucille.

Lucille, still smiling, approached the door. Her very hand was on the bolt, when, before she could slip it, the door was opened from the other side, and, to Lady Avice's horror, the creature she had feared on earth, came forward into the room and stopped, her form graceful, her eyes fastened upon the

The following day the widow went again to the Hotel de Rome, but she asked to see the Lady Avice, but she was too late. The Countess Beauvoir and her lovely niece had left Rome, and could not be traced.

Pity is was the Countess Beauvoir had not never seen Mrs Bazel, who came out of the hotel, and entered her carriage. It was a pity, too, that her large eyes shone with a strange and fierce lustre.

She ordered the man to turn the carriage and drive to her hotel.

'If Clara Delaney is not alive,' she said to herself, 'there is but one place she would go to from Paris. I remember very well how she used to rave about Rome, and the happy weeks she spent there once with Lord Hasbrook.'

At the hotel she left orders for her trunks to follow her, and drove to the railway.

It would be vain to attempt to tell what Clara Delaney endured during the absence of Lady Beauvoir, while she was holding that strange interview with Mrs Bazel.

As has been seen, the whimsical and cunning old woman had contrived to send the widow away completely deceived.

She returned to Lady Clara, who unlocked and opened the door for her with hands that trembled so they could scarcely move the bolt.

CHAPTER LI.

The Countess Beauvoir and her reputed niece, the Lady Avice, arrived in Rome without accident, and secured apartments.

Lady Clara was not so happy. She had not recovered herself since the shock of Mrs. Bazel's sudden appearance in Paris though she had not herself seen her. She brightened a little on their first arrival in Rome, and rode out with the countess closely veiled. But presently, she fancied she saw a face in a carriage they met, which resembled Julia Bazel's, and she not only insisted upon returning at once, but refused to go out any more.

The countess was in despair. She had no fears of Mrs. Bazel herself; she did not believe she had even a suspicion of the truth, and even if she had, and followed them here, what could she do.

Lady Clara shuddered.

'I believe the very sight of her would kill me with fear!'

'Pe, child, what folly! If Mrs Bazel were to enter the room this moment, you could defy her to prove you any other than the Lady Avice Beauvoir, with your changed look, if you could only be a little brave yourself.'

'But I can't I'm such a horrible coward!'

'But you have met others who knew you as Lady Clara Hasbrook, and they have never recognized you.'

'Every one has spoken of the marvelous resemblance,' said Clara, with a heavy sigh.

'True, but only as a resemblance.'

'Mrs Bazel will see more in it than that.'

'She can only suspect, and if you brave it out and refuse to recognize her as any one you have ever seen, you can silence any suspicions she could have of the truth. Come, Clara, go with me to the Princess Fabbroni's to-night. This wicked Mrs. Bazel will not be there. She could not even obtain entrance into, or recognition by that fastidious circle, in which the princess moves.'

'I can't go' she said. 'You must go without me, Lady Beauvoir.'

'Yes child, I will. To please you, mind, I will go,'

It was already time to dress.

The Countess Beauvoir hobbled away to her own apartments to make her toilet.

'I am almost tempted to stay at home after all,' she said to herself. 'I believe that foolish child has infected me with her fears. What can have come over me?—Why do I suddenly feel such a reluctance to go to the Princess Fabbroni's to night?'

She finished dressing in the same uncomfortable frame of mind.

She was lifted into her grand carriage, and driven to the magnificent residence of the princess; but all the way her old heart, which loved gaiety so was heavy in spite of her, and even after she entered the brilliant and glittering apartments of the palace, the sweet face of Lady Clara haunted her.

Lady Clara, meanwhile, was trying in her feeble, uncertain way to reason herself out of these foolish terrors, which she was ready enough to acknowledge were without any real foundation.

The countess had bidden Lucille, her maid, go and sit with the Lady Avice till it pleased her to retire, and to remain with her all night.

The warm-hearted French girl was very fond of pretty Lady Avice, whose clinging dependence on those about her was always accompanied by such demonstrations of affection and gratitude as endeared her to them in spite of her caprices and waywardness.

This evening Lady Avice would have much preferred being alone for this reason—She experienced a constant and invincible desire to lock the door of the sitting room, and she was ashamed to do that in the presence of the maid. It would look so very foolish. What would the girl think of her? But still she could not get over the fancy. It seemed to her as if something evil was beyond that door, between which and her nothing could avail but a strong bolt. She did not seem at her ease, as Lucille noticed. She kept rising and going toward the door, then back to her chair again. She took a book in her hand, but over the top of it her dark blue eyes watched the door with a singular expression of foreboding and apprehension, which puzzled the maid not a little. Once when Lucille herself lifted the heavy velvet curtains which shrouded the windows, and looked out a moment into the night, Lady Avice cried out sharply with terror.

'Put them down quick, Lucille, put them down.'

The girl obeyed, but she looked greatly surprised.

Lady Avice forced a smile.

'I'm such a horrible little coward, Lucille,' she said. 'Haven't you found that out?'

Lucille smiled in her turn.

'Yes, but what is there to fear, love?' 'I've heard of people being shot at through a window,' said Lady Avice, doubtfully.

'But, who would want to shoot you or me?'

Lady Avice shook her head.

'I don't know,' she said, slowly; 'but there are very wicked people in this world, and when I get thinking of them sometimes, I can't bear to sit in a room without the door locked. I'm that way to-night, and so, if you'll bolt the door, Lucille—of course, it's all nonsense, but I'll feel better if it's locked.'

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'The porter told me I should find the Countess Beauvoir in this apartment,' she began; and lifting her great, starting eyes she looked full at the Lady Avice.

'The porter lied, then,' exclaimed Lucille, sharply, for she was frightened at the expression of Lady Avice's face; 'and this is not a place to which visitors ever come. Permit me, madame, to conduct you to the saloon.'

Mrs Bazel did not look at Lucille; her eyes were fastened on Lady Clara.

For a breathless moment she stood transfixed by that blinding revelation; for recognition it was to her. She was too shrewd a woman, and had too much at stake, to be deceived by the mere change in the colour of Lady Clara's hair and eye-brows. Even if the unmistakable and unmutterable terror in the eyes of the poor frightened child had not betrayed her, she would have known her. The widow's own fears were like instinct, and so startled was she by this recognition, notwithstanding her complacency, and notwithstanding she had come so far to see if Lady Avice were not Lady Clara, that she forgot to be cautious. In the first breathless moment, her cruel glance had told Lady Clara the truth—that she knew her. Then those treacherous eyes dropped again.

She did not seem as if she had heard or seen Lucille, who stood holding the door for her to go out again.

'I note, sir, that you call this honorable, you sneaking, spying scoundrel!' he gasped, in those hoarse and shaken accents. 'How many of your fellows would uphold you, I wonder, in serving two masters at the same time—in taking my money, and at the same time working with all your might to advance the impostor, who claims my fortune and title?'

'I serve the Lord of Beauchamp,' said the lawyer, proudly; 'my obligations are to the true and rightful owner of the Beauchamp,' lands and moneys. I have never taken a penny of your money, or held an account against you. Mr. Beauchamp, since the true lord entered my office and told me his pitiful story of shameful wrong and outrage My obligations to you ceased with the return of your nephew to claim the possession which had lawfully descended to him through his father.'

Carroll Beauchamp was breathing in hoarse pants, like some half strangled and vicious animal.

'You pretended to be still in my employ—you made use of your confidential position to spy upon my secrets, and betray them to my enemy,' he said, snarlingly.

'I was never in your confidence, Mr. Beauchamp. I never, think Heaven, occupied any confidential relation to you and this shameful secret which for three years consigned your own blood to a felon's situation and sufferings.'

Carroll Beauchamp took out his fine cambric handkerchief and wiped his face, on which the perspiration stood in large drops. Mr. Danvers had never seen him so agitated.

'You call me Mr. Beauchamp,' he said, presently. 'Am I to understand by it that you are convinced beyond any changing concerning the identity of this man? Are you satisfied beyond the reach of argument that the title has passed from me?'

'The title never was yours rightfully.'

'You believe that?'

'I do most solemnly.'

'And no arguments—nothing—could alter your belief, not even the changing the title deed of certain valuable properties in Surrey from my name to yours?'

The lawyer's face flushed.

'Your cause is a desperate, indeed, when you insult me with such talk as that.'

Carroll Beauchamp laughed aloud, but it was not a pleasant laugh.

'I was only jesting,' he said. 'I know your sterling integrity, Danvers, too well to be in earnest.'

He jumped up and took his hat.

'If you don't mind,' he said, 'I'll take till to-morrow at this time to look at the situation. If I've been deceived, and this fellow is my nephew, and can prove it, I shan't stand in the way. I don't want what is not my own, though it's devilish hard times to have to turn out of so good a nest at my time of life, and with my family, too, and my daughters——'

He stood still, scowling down at the floor, muttered something that sounded like an oath, and then jamming his hat on his head, rushed out of the room.

From the lawyer's office he walked swiftly in the direction of Hol