Huron Signal.

WEEKLY EDITION

W. F. JOY, Editor and Proprietor. The Greatest Possible Good to the Greatest Possible Number.

$1.00 PER ANN. IN ADVANCE, $2.00 AT END OF YEAR. GODERICH, ONTARIO, D. C., THURSDAY, MAY 26, 1870. VOL. XXIII.—NO 18

Business Directory.

Dr. P. A. McDougall
WILL BE AT HOME FOR CONSULTATION up to 11 o'clock. a. m. every day. Will visit Clients at any hour afterwards, night or day w49

G. C. Shannon M. D.
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c., &c., GODERICH, C. W. 12:40-1y

DR. McLEAN,
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, CORONER, &c. Office and Residence third door east of Central School. 49

G. M. McMUCKING, M. D.
LICENTIATE COLLEGE PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS C. E. Residence, the house formerly occupied by Mr. J. F. C. Haldan, Elgin Street. w38-tf

DR. CASSADY,
(of McGill College)
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c., Office, over his Drug store, Goderich, Ontario. sw102

J. F. Dexter, M. D.
SURGEON, ACCOUCHEUR, Homœopathic Physician, and Medical Electrician.
Examining Physician of the Atlantic Mutual Insurance Company of Albany, N. Y.
☞ Office and Residence Park st., St. David's Ward, Goderich. 1yw429

Medical.
RICHARD MOORE PHYSICIAN, SURGEON AND Accoucheur, Manchester, C. W. February 7th, 1867. w8vr

M. NICHOLSON,
SURGEON DENTIST.
Rooms over the Post Office, West Street, Goderich.
November 27th, 1869. w45-tf

Ira Lewis,
BARRISTER AND ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, and Solicitor in Chancery, County Crown Attorney, Goderich, Canada West. Office in Court House. v16n49

M. C. Cameron,
BARRISTER, ATTORNEY, CONVEYANCER, &c., Kingston st., Goderich, Ont. w49

Cameron & Garrow.
BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY, &c. Office, Kingston street, Goderich
M. C. CAMERON, w52 J. T. GARROW.

John H. Gordon,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY Notary Public, Conveyancer, &c., &c., Goderich, Ont., Office, on the south side of West Street, third door from Court-House Square. w49

Isaac F. Toms,
BARRISTER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, SOLICITOR in Chancery, &c., Goderich, Ontario. Office—Crabb's block, Kingston street sw77

Doyle & Squier,
BARRISTERS AND ATTORNEYS, SOLICITORS in Chancery, &c. Goderich, Ont.
B. L. DOYLE. sw5 W. R. SQUIER, B. A.

Sayers & Elwood,
BARRISTERS, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, SOLICITORS in Chancery & Insurance Commissioners, &c. Money to Lend. OFFICE: Crabb's Block, over Mr. Archibald's Store. sw37.

William R. Bain, B. A.
CHANCERY AND LAW OFFICE, CRABB'S NEW buildings, Kingston Street Goderich.
N. B.—Conveyancing. Money lent on reasonable terms. Disputed and defective titles to real estate quieted. Goderich Dec. 24 1868. sw24

P. F. WALKER, Attorney-at-Law Solicitor-in-Chancery, Conveyancer, Notary Public, &c. Office of the Clerk of the Peace, Court House, Goderich Ontario sw94

T. B. Stokes.
AGENT FOR STRATFORD AGRICULTURAL works. (Joseph Sharman, proprietor). Residence, Anglesea Road. w11-1y-8p

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

Strong & Squier.
REAL ESTATE AND INSURANCE AGENTS. NO. 6, Arcade Building, Buffalo, N. Y.
JAMES C. STRONG, Attorney-at-Law. H. R. SQUIER. Nov. 13th 1869. w43

D. McDougall
LICENSED AUCTIONEER, BAYFIELD, County of Huron. Sales in village or country punctually attended to. w3-1yr8

L. B. Hamlin,
CIVIL ENGINEER AND SURVEYOR, LAND Agent and Conveyancer, Kincardine. 1

SMAILL & CROOK
ARCHITECTS.
PLANS and specifications of Buildings, &c. got up in a neat and correct style.
☞ Office over J. C. Detlor Co's store, Goderich, May 10, 1870

HAZLEHURST & COOKE
AUCTIONEERS,
COMMISSION AGENTS, &c., &c.
Crabb's Block, (VanEvery'sold stand)
KINGSTON STREET, GODERICH
ONTARIO.
☞ Sales in town and country punctually attended to
Goderich July 12th 1869. w24

FREDERICK ARMSTRONG,
LAND AGENT, VALUER, &c.
WEST ST., GODERICH.

MONEY TO LEND,
Agent for the Canada Landed Credit Co., and the Imperial Building, Savings and Investment Co.
Farms for Sale
Crown Land Patents taken out. Debts Collected.
Goderich, Oct. 1st, 1869. sw4-tf

Auction & Commission.

GODERICH & CLINTON
Established 1852.
SALES of Miscellaneous Property in Goderich every Saturday, and in Clinton every Wednesday.
Money advanced on Property for immediate sale and prompt returns made.
Farm Stock and other Sales punctually attended to throughout the County,
G. M. TRUEMAN'S Auction Mart, w61 Market Square, Goderich

CHEESE, CHEESE.
Shephard & Strachan,
GROCERS, GODERICH.
HAVE been reappointed sole agents at Goderich for the sale of the celebrated Exeter Factory Cheese.
Local dealers supplied at the Factory Prices.
SHEPHARD & STRACHAN.
Goderich, May 27, 1867. w194f

Agents, Read This!
WE WILL PAY AGENTS A SALARY of $90 a week and expenses, or allow a large commission to sell our new wonderful inventions. Address, w57 12 W WAGNER & CO., Marshal, Mic

Business Directory.

EDWARD SHARMAN,
BRICKLAYER,
PLASTERER AND SLATER.
STILL continues to do any work in the above branches on reasonable terms. Whitewashing and Jobbing attended to promptly. Parties building through the country who desire to put on a Substantial Covering would do well to correspond with the subscriber, and have their Houses covered with Slates, as they will find them cheaper than any other covering in the end.
Goderich, 19th March, 1870. w8-3m

S. R. M'DOUGALL,
PRACTICAL VETERINARY SURGEON Goderich. Veterinary Medicines always on hand.
Will be in Dungannon every Wednesday, and at Lucknow every Thursday and Friday.
☞ Horses examined as to soundness. ☞ sw56-2m

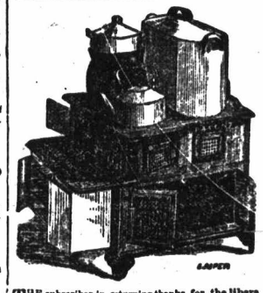
IMPORTANT NOTICE
F. R. MANN,
House Sign & Carriage Painter.
DESIRES TO ACQUAINT THE PUBLIC THAT he has fitted up a shop on North street next to the Wesleyan Methodist Church, with varnish room attached where he is prepared to fill all orders promptly, and at reasonable prices. Thankful for the patronage of the last 7 years solicits a continuance of the same.
Now is the time to Paint your Cutters, Sleighs, and arriages.
☞ Orders from country Carriage shops attended to with dispatch.
Sign Painting, Gilding, Graining, Glazing, Paperhanging, &c., &c
F. R. MANN.
Goderich, Nov. 8, 1869. w42

HURON HOTEL,
ZURICH, CO. HURON.
JOHN PRANG, - - Proprietor.
This house is fitted up with every convenience for the travelling public.
☞ Good Stabling and prompt attendance.
February 1st, 1870. w2-tf

MRS. DAYS' HOTEL
WROXETER.
ON the direct road from Seaforth to Walkerton. Every necessary accommodation for the travelling public.
HANNAH DAYS.
Wroxeter, Nov. 5, 1867. w4

GOLBORNE HOTEL,
GODERICH.
E. MARTIN, Proprietor.
Good Accommodations. Ample Stable Room.
☞ This is admitted to be a First class house kept in Good Style.
Dece 20th 1870. sw44-tf

Commercial Hotel Mitchell C. W
JOHN HICKS, Proprietor. This is the largest and best Country Hotel in Western Canada, and charges as moderate as any House in Mitchell. Stage Proprietor. Goodes Slings for 100 Horses. Horses and Carriages for Hire, on Shortest Notice. 14y7



THE subscriber in returning thanks for the liberal patronage so long bestowed upon him, begs to inform his numerous customers and the public generally that in consequence of the late fire, he has removed his business to the store formerly occupied by Mr. Booth, West street, next Bank of Montreal, where everything in his line will be found and
A.1 Kinds of Job Work will be Done
the same as usual.
G. N DAVIS.
Goderich, 29th March 1

1868.
THE LIVERPOOL & LONDON AND GLOBE INSURANCE COMPANY
has been in existence Thirty-two years, and during that period has paid Losses exceeding
Five and a half million pounds sterling,
The disbursement of this enormous sum over a wide area, has without doubt contributed to the establishment of this Institution, in the confidence of Public Corporations, Merchants, Householders, and business men generally, wherever it is represented.

In its 1st year 1836, the Fire Premiums alone amounted to	£9,970
In its 10th year, 1846, " " "	£17,763
" 20th year, 1856, " " "	£222,279
" 30th year, 1866, " " "	£879,332
One year later, 1867, " " "	£819,055

The Fire Reserve Fund is now $4,777,464
The Life Reserve Fund is now $2,242,468
The company is represented throughout Ontario and Quebec, by influential Agents, to whom application for insurance may be made.
G. F. C. SMITH, Resident Secretary, MONTREAL.
A. M. ROSS, Agent for Goderich; B. V. Elliott, for Exeter, W. N. Watson, for Seaforth
Goderich, Feb. 11, 1868. w41

NEW CABINET
AND
UPHOLSTERING SHOP.
WEST STREET,
OPPOSITE BANK OF MONTREAL,
GODERICH.
ERIC McKAY,
WOULD RESPECTFULLY ANnounce that he has opened a new shop in the above line on West Street, opposite the Bank of Montreal, where he will keep constantly on hand or make to order
FURNITURE OF ALL KINDS.
Having on hand an assortment of Upholstering material, he will be prepared to fill promptly all orders in that line.
☞ A quantity of Gilt and Rosewood Mouldings on hand.
Picture Framing to Order.
☞ He trusts by strict attention to business to merit a share of public patronage.
Goderich, Nov. 17, 1869 w44-tf

Business Directory.

NOW IS YOU CHANCE
CRABB'S BLOCK, KINGSTON STREET,

Prices to Suit the Times!
Photographs reduced to $1.00 per Doz., OR 75cts. PER HALF DOZEN.
Large Photograph Reduced in Proportion.
Also will make the largest Photographs made in Goderich, very cheap. Porcelain pictures from one dollar upwards at
D. CAMPBELL'S Photograph Gallery.
Goderich, Oct. 10th, 1869. w37

REMOVAL.

ALEX. WALLACE,
WATCHMAKER AND JEWELER,
WEST STREET,
GODERICH.
THE Subscriber having removed to the Store lately occupied by J. Naymith, West Street, opposite the Post Office, wishes to back his friends and the public, for the liberal support with which they have favored him for the last 25 years, and hopes to secure them that no effort will be spared to merit a continuance of their patronage, his business style will be to supply
Watches Clocks and Jewelery
which will give satisfaction to the purchaser, and as all work has been done by myself, customers may depend on having it well executed.
☞ A good assortment of Gold and Plated Jewelry Watches, Clocks &c., always on hand.
ALEX WALLACE.
Goderich Oct. 26th 1868. w40

SASH AND DOOR FACTORY.
THE undersigned having purchased the Planing Mill and Sash Factory owned, and occupied by Donald Cumming, are now prepared to carry on the business of manufacturing
Sash, Doors, Blinds, Mouldings, Flooring, Siding,
and all kinds of
CIRCLE WORK,
such as Circle and Gothic Sash and Frames
They think from their experience in Factory Work, that they can give satisfaction to all who may favor them with a call.
N. B.—A liberal discount to the trade.
20,000 feet of Dry inch and a quarter Flooring on hand.
JAS BUCHANAN,
DAVID LAWSON,
WM ROBINSON.
Goderich, March 4th, 1869. sw55

Stoves! Stoves!

PLAIN AND FANCY
TINWARE,
COAL OIL,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.
☞ Coal Oil Lamps, &c. &c. Old Iron, Copper, Brass, Wool Pickings, and Sheep Skins taken in exchange.
J. & J. STORY.
☞ Sign of the Large Coal Oil Barrel, Goderich, March 1st, 1867 6-

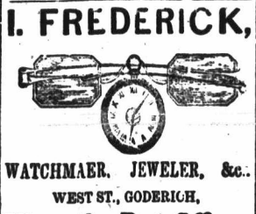
MONEY TO LOAN
At Reduced Rates, on
Improved Farm & Town Property
For Periods extending from Three to Ten Years, to suit Borrowers. Repayable in Monthly, Half Yearly or Yearly Instalments, by the
Imperial Building, Savings & Investment Co.
OFFICE—50 Church Street, Toronto.
PRESIDENT.
JOHN CRAWFORD, Esq., Q. C., M. P.
VICE-PRESIDENT.
JOHN GORDON, Esq.
DIRECTORS
JOHN CRAWFORD, Esq., Q. C. M. P.
JOHN GORDON, Esq., Messrs Gordon & Mackay.
J. G. HARPER, Esq., Manager Merchants' Bank.
JOHN TURNER, Esq., Messrs Scassons, Turner & Co.
JOHN PICKER, Esq., Messrs J. Pickers & Co.
NOAH BARNHART, Esq., Merchant
JOHN MACNAB, Esq., Messrs Lyman & Macnab.
DALHYMPLE CRAWFORD, Esq., Messrs D Crawford & Co.
SOLICITOR.
G. D'ARCY BOULTON, Esq.
SECRETARY & TREASURER.
B. MORTON, Esq.
Bankers—Merchants' Bank of Canada.
☞ The full amount of the Loan is advanced without Deduction. Conveyancing charges reduced to the very Lowest Rates. Agent at Goderich.
w10tf FRED'K ARMSTRONG, West Street.

MONEY
AT
EIGHT PER CENT
LENT ON MORTGAGE.
Apply at
WM. R. BAIN'S
Chancery and Law Office, Crabb's block, Goderich.
Goderich, March 8th, 1867. sw6

$30,000 TO LEND ON
THE SECURITY OF
Real Property
IN THE
COUNTY OF HURON,
at from 6½ to 10 per cent, by
DOYLE & SQUIER,
Barristers, Goderich.
February 23rd, 1870 sw54 6m

Mrs. S. A. ALLEN'S
IMPROVED
HAIR RESTORER
FAVORITE
HAIR DRESSING
New Style in one Bottle
BY ITS USE
Gray or Faded Hair is quickly restored to its youthful color and beauty, and with the first application a beautiful gloss and delightful fragrance is given to the Hair.
It will cause Hair to grow on Bald Spots.
It will promote luxuriant growth.
FALLING HAIR is immediately checked.
Sold by all Druggists. Price One Dollar.
Manufactured by
S. R. VAN-DUZER & CO.
Wholesale Druggists,
35 Barclay Street and 40 Park Place, New-York, and
266 High Holborn, London, Eng.

I. FREDERICK,



WATCHMAER, JEWELER, &c.,
WEST ST., GODERICH,
Near the Post Office.
BEGS MOST RESPECTFULLY TO RETURN HIS sincere thanks to the people of Goderich and vicinity for their liberal patronage during the past 8 years, and now that the holiday season has arrived with all its social enjoyments and amenities, he would state that all who wish to purchase jewelry for presents or otherwise of warranted material and workmanship would do well to buy from him at rates comparatively cheaper than that asked for worthless trash.
A.1 Jewelry Sold for Gold Warranted
☞ Repairing done in the best style of workmanship.
ISAAC FREDERICK
Goderich, Dec. 20th, 1869. w30-tf

Land Office,
A REGISTER of Improved Farms and Wild Land for Sale,
G. M. TRUEMAN,
Goderich, March 1, 1867. Market Square

MONEY TO LEND.
EASY TERMS.
J. B. GORDON.
Goderich, Jan. 14th, 1868. w51

The New York Elections.

"Repeaters" at the Polls—500 Colored Voters Personated.

THE BEAUTIES OF UNIVERSAL SUFFRAGE

New York, May 18—The *Tribune* says the legal vote of the city was about half polled yesterday, but the illegal vote was about in all its glory.

The *Sun* says repeating was the order of the day. In one of the wards eleven hundred negroes were registered; but when the newly enfranchised came to the ballot boxes judge of their amazement upon learning that white repeaters had already voted upon nearly 500 of their names. The scoundrels after voting one set of names, under certain disguises, would sally into the street, and within sight of the polling places exchange and mix up their disguises and then go back and vote again under another set of names. The regular price for spurious votes in certain localities was fifteen dollars each

The *World* says the Judiciary election yesterday resulted in an overwhelming Democratic triumph. The Republican party is virtually annihilated in New York.

KANSAS.

DIABOLICAL OUTRAGE.

Fort Scott, Ks., May 13—An account of the most diabolical affair ever recorded was published in to-day's *Monitor*. On Tuesday seven men came to the town of Lahore, a few miles south of here. After drinking all day they went to the boarding house of J. N. Roach, and asked to stay all night. Being refused on account of drunkenness, one of the party knocked Roach insensible with a revolver, and then went to the bed occupied by two daughters of Roach, aged 16 and 14, and ravished them during the entire night, using a knife to accomplish the purpose. Roach revived after a time, but feared to stir. He describes the cries of the girls as heart rending. A guard arose among the demons, and one was shot dead while satisfying his lust. At daybreak the party fled, one taking with him the youngest girl. The town was immediately aroused and parties started in search. The man with the girl was overtaken and hanged to a tree. Two others were found in the town and hanged to the same tree. The remaining three were also captured and two of them hanged. The other, at last accounts, was in the custody of the citizens, and probably will share the the fate of his companions.

A Prima Donna in a Mad House.

INTERESTING SCENE —MISS LOUISA KELLOGG IN A NEW RLE.

A correspondent of the New York *Post* says:

We do not remember to have heard of a more interesting episode in the life of any artist since the days of the great Jenny Lind than that of Miss Kellogg at the Utica Asylum, on the occasion of her concert in that city a few days since. The circumstance speaks volumes for the kindness of heart and genuine humanity of this great artist.

Not content, as some of the *genus irritabile* would have been to dole out a few notes to better classes of patients that could be assembled for the purpose, she asked the Doctor to be allowed to penetrate to the interior and sing for the most disturbed.

Accompanied by two of the faculty, their ladies and the matron, and armed only with her "light guitar," she started, like an ancient troubadour, on her novel journey. Arrived in one of the departments devoted to the most noisy destructive and disturbed of this unfortunate class, she was not long in making her power felt. A few notes from her wonderful voice was sufficient to call order out of the wildest confusion and still the troubled waters of the soul. In a moment all was quiet, and except the voice of the cantatrice, the hall was silent as the house of death.

After the first song they gathered about her like children, wondering apparently, what angel from heaven had dropped down so suddenly and unexpectedly among them. They examined her minutely, and literally "from the crown of her head to the sole of her foot," for one desired to see and examine the "pretty little foot with which she beat time to her music." This was allowed with most inimitable grace; and not only this, but every article of dress and jewellery about her person she suffered to be freely overhauled and examined minutely by these poor crazy ladies. She was turned about from side to side like a merchent's lay figure, much to her amusement, apparently, and little to her annoyance.

But the most trying ordeal was yet to come. Several, in the exuberance of their delight, came forward and desired to kiss her therefore—not sich fear, but with genuine emotion, she not only received the greeting, but returned it in kind in each instance. Such is Clara Louisa Kellogg, and some of the characteristics of genius; such the power of music and kindness over the disturbed mind.

Considerable excitement was created in London on Sunday by the arrest of fifty persons who had just arrived from Birmingham by railroad. The prisoners all had revolvers on their persons, and were plentifully supplied with money. They are supposed to be Fenians. The authorities are taking further measures to prevent disorders.

—A young lady of our acquaintance who has just had all her upper teeth extracted preparatory to getting a set of false ones, was rather startled the other day by a little five year old girl. The little one seeing the toothless state of the lady's gums inquired: 'I wonder will you be cross when you are cutting your second teeth.'

A story is told of two men who travelled together three days in a stage-coach without a word ever passing between them. On the fourth day one of them at length ventured to remark that it was a fine morning. 'And who said it weren't?' was the reply.

THE SOLDIER'S RETURN.

CHAPTER I.

The town clock of Gowanburn was striking the hour of eight, one cold and stormy New Year's Eve. The keen frosty wind blew fiercely through the streets, warning all within hearing of its voice that unless they had good and sufficient reason for being out of doors they would find it much more comfortable to stay at home. And it seemed as if the good folks of Gowanburn were willing to take the advice the wintry blast was giving them, for the streets were almost deserted.

As the last chimes of the clock died away, two men emerged from a public house in the principal street of the town. They stood for a few minutes opposite the door, and the light from Luckie Morris's window showed the one to be a young man of little more than twenty, and the other at least ten years older. They were closely engaged in conversation, the elder of the two evidently endeavoring to persuade his companion to join him in some enterprise, to which the younger man showed signs of reluctance.

'I dinna half like the job, Kinlay,' said he, 'I think I'll go back to Luckie Morris's. It's awfu' cauld, an' I've a sixpence left.'

'Weel, weel, Charlie,' replied the other, 'if ye'll no gang wi' me I'll gang by mysel'. But come up the street a bit an' we'll hae a crack about it.'

Charlie reluctantly complied, and the two companions walked slowly on, side by side. An acute observer might easily have come to the conclusion that the errand on which Kinlay seemed bent was not a good one. As they passed along the quiet street he resumed his conversation, speaking in whispers as afraid of being overheard.

'Charlie,' said he, 'ye micht never hae sic anither chance. I tell ye for a fact auld Paton is coming hame frae Ladyhill the nicht wi' a lot o' siller in his pouch. He'll be alane and he aye tak's the short road through Tibbie's Plantin'. There's nae danger. On a nicht like this there's nae fear o' onybody bein' on the road. If ye'll come wi me, an' keep your een open, I'll knock the auld villain doon, an' ease him o' his siller in a jiffey.'

Charlie made not reply, and Kinlay continued—

'Ye hae a saxpence, you say? Come wi' me, an' may be ye'll hae sax pounds to keep your New Year wi'.'

Still Charles Livingstone hesitated. In the company of Kinlay and others of like character he had often allowed himself to be led into evil courses, but a proposal to commit a deliberate robbery somewhat startled him. True, he was out of work and wanted money, but his conscience—not quite seared—revolted against obtaining it by such means.

By this time they had reached the outskirts of the town, and entered upon the high road. Charlie stopped, and turning to Kinlay said—

'I'll go back, I'm bad enough, but not so bad as to rob an auld man wha never did me ony harm. Besides there's my mither lyin' ill, maybe at the point o' death, an' if I was to be caught at a job like that the news wad kill her.'

'Charlie,' answered Kinley, 'I'll give ye the offer for the last time; an' mark what I say. I owe John Paton a grudge. He's fined me for bad work owre an' owre against, when he kens brawly there's no a better weaver in Gowanburn. Yesterday, when I took my claith hame he wadna, gie me anither wab, and tel't me to gang about my business for a ne'er-do-weel scoundrel. When I heard that he was comin' frae Ladyhill the nicht, I swore I wad hae some o' his siller though I should lie in Cupar jail for't.

'Gude nicht, then,' said Charlie; 'ye're welcome till't for me. I'll go back to the toon again.'

'Stay a bit, my man; I've something mair to say till ye. The morn's New Year's Day, an' baith you an' me'll be the better of some bawbees in our pouch. If I canna get them by fair means I'll get them by foul. If ye'll no help me to rob auld Paton, I have anither plan in which ye'll no share the benefit. Ye mind you poachin' business on Laird Grant's estate, an' ye ken there's ten pounds reward offered for the poachers? I think I ken wha they were, an' I think I'll hae that ten pound afore the morn's nicht.'

'But, hurriedly interrupted Charlie, 'ye were there yourself, an' the worst o' the lot. Ye wad be locked up wi' the rest o' us.'

'Nae fear o' that, Charlie; have you never heard o' turnin' King's evidence? An' besides, doesna the handbill say that if onyo those concerned in the depredations gi'e the information, in addition to the reward, they'll receive a free pardon?'

'An' wad ye be cooardly enough to sell your comrades, Jock?'

'A man'll dae a great deal for a wife an' four bairns, Charlie, replied the would-be traitor.

Charlie Livingstone had particular reasons for wishing that the 'poaching business' should be kept dark, and Kinlay, was well aware of this. The villain saw that he had played a good card, for Charlie talked no longer of going back to the town.

"You dinna mean to do the auld man ony harm, do ye?' he asked.

'No, no; we'll only frichten him a bit, an' gar him gie's some o' his siller.'

During this colloquy the two men had been standing on the high road just outside the town. This road led to Ladyhill junction, the nearest railway station to Gowanburn, about three miles. They now left the public road struck into a foot path which crossed some fields towards a straggling wood called 'Tibbie's Plantin.' This by-road was usually patronized by foot passengers between Ladyhill and Gowanburn, as it shortened the journey by nearly half a mile. Before they reached the 'Plantin' the snow was coming down thick and fast. Kinlay remarked to his companion that 'It was a' the better, they would be less likely to be 'kent.' As the men entered the wood they ceased talking, and pressed on silently When they reached the bend in the road Kinlay stopped; and whispered to his companion, 'This'll do; in ahint this tree,' then leaving the footpath he passed through an opening in the hedge and took his place behind a beech tree, which spread its branches over the road. Charlie quietly followed.

The young man had committed himself to the enterprise, and now he did not think of drawing back. But his conscience would not keep quiet, and he hoped, indeed he fervently wished, that Mr. Paton would take the public road home, and so their villainous plot might be frustrated. His meditations were interrupted by Kinlay—

'Charlie,' said he, 'Paton 'll sune be here noo, so we maun keep oor e'en open, for the snaw's rather thick. I've gi something here that 'll prevent him or ony ither body kennin' wha we are.'

So saying, he pulled a small parcel out of his pocket, and unfolding it, handed to Charlie a piece of crape large enough to cover his face and tie behind his his head.

'Fit that on your face, an' your ain father wudna ken ye.'

Charlie obeyed, and Kinlay having disguised himself in like manner, the twain waited for their victim.

Meanwhile a solitary pedestrian was struggling through the storm towards Gowanburn—a man past the prime of life, but still hale and hearty, and not afraid of a three mile walk on a winter night. Well wrapped up in plaid and greatcoat, with a stout oaken staff in his hand, Mr. Paton plodded on, his head bent to the storm and his brain busy with many thoughts. No thought, however, had he of robbers in ambush. Many and many a night had he gone home through 'Tibbie's Plantin,' and——to use his own words——'never met wi' onything worse than himsel'.' His thoughts were of his business; how trade was getting duller every week, and work scarce every day. He was trying to devise some plan whereby the weavers of Gowanburn could be kept in employment during the winter, when the two men came up with and seized him before he could turn round.

'We want your siller,' said one in a muffled voice.

'Ye'll no get it, though,' replied Mr Paton, who in a moment had recovered his presence of mind.

'We'll take it, then,' said the villain, and tried to throw Mr Paton to the ground. With a sudden jerk, Mr Paton released his right arm, and aimed a blow at the head of the ringleader and spokesman. He missed his aim, and Kinlay sprang at his throat, declaring with an oath that if he did not give up his money they would take his life. Thrown off his guard, he had spoken in his natural voice, and Mr Paton knew him.

'It's you, Jock Kinlay, is it? I kent ye were a scoundrel, but I didna think ye wud turn highwaman.'

Kinlay enraged at being discovered, wrenched the stick out of Mr Paton's hand, and with one well-aimed blow, felled the old man to the earth. Charlie stood helpless with horrified amazement, but Kinlay, with an adroitness worthy of a better purpose, proceeded to tear off the plaid and to open the breast of the greatcoat. But help for the victim was near. Another performer—whose approaching footstep had been unheard among the snow—now rushed upon the scene.

'Hallo! what's this? Highway robbery!' exclaimed the newcomer, a tall, powerful man, clad in the undress uniform of a sergeant in a Highland regiment.

Kinlay saw that the game was up, and with the rapidity of lightning he jamped the hedge, and vanished among the trees. Charlie was less fortunate. Before he could turn, the soldier had seized him and town the crape covering from his face.—The young man tried to free himself, but he was held in a grasp of iron.

'I want to know you again, man, so let me see your face.'

Charlie said nothing, but struggled hard to escape. His struggles were of no avail. With the ease of a giant handling a child, his assailant turned his face upwards and looked into it Dark as the night was the soldier knew the face. It was that of his younger brother

'Charlie!' he exclaimed, 'is it you?—Have I come back to Gowanburn to find my only brother turned a robber?'

Charles Livingstone implored his brother to release him. He would see him in the morning; he would promise anything, only let him get away before Mr Paton was sufficiently recovered to be able to identify him What could John Livingstone do? He felt most unwilling to connive at such a dastardly crime, and yet he could not be the means of placing his brother in prison. Meantime (for all this had happened in a few seconds) Mr Paton was giving signs of returning consciousness. John Livingstone's fraternal feelings conquered his sense of justice.

'Charlie,' he hurriedly said, 'I'll let you go if you'll tell me who was your companion.'

'I'll tell you in the morning, John, on my word as a brither.'

'Get off, then. I am ashamed to have such a brother.'

John released his hold, and in a moment Charlie was gone.

The soldier now turned to the prostrate man; and tried to help him to his feet.

'No a penny will ye get, you th'evin' blackguards,' shouted Mr. Paton, still believing himself in the hands of his assailants.

'All right, sir,' replied John Livingstone, 'the thieves have gone. Try if you can rise to your feet.

'Then, wha are you?'

'Don't you know me Mr. Paton? I have carried many a out of cloth into your warehouse.'

The old man had now got up, and was apparently little the worse. Scrutinizing the military figure that stood besides him, he said,

'Ye're no John Livingstone, are ye?'

'John Livingstone I am, sir, at your service.'

'Loch keep's a', to think that I should be indebted to you of a' men for the preservation o' my siller, an' maybe o' my life! Let me thank you, John,' said he, taking the soldier's hand; 'an' if in time past I was too hard wi' you, I'll try if I can mak' it up to you in time to come.'

'Believe me, sir,' replied Livingstone, 'I am only too happy that it has been in my power to render you assistance.'

Mr. Paton now recovered his stick, and the two started for Gowanburn.

'Do you know who the fellows were, Mr. Paton?'

'I ken aneo' them, an' he'll be in Cupar jail the morn, or my name's no John Paton'

'Is he a Gowanburn man?' Livingstone anxiously inquired.

'Deed is he. It was that drunken ne'er-do-weel Jock Kinlay. But I dinna ken wha the ither and was, as he never spak.' But ye dinna speir for Grace,' continued Mr Paton, 'You ance was fond o' her Johnnie.

'Sin ye put it so, Mr, Paton. I may assure you that I am as fond of her as ever. I hope she is quite well.'

'She's quite weel, John, and she'll be a' the better noo that her sodger's returned.'

'I am afraid that 'her soldier,' as you call me, has not returned in a manner that will make her very happy.'

'What do you mean, John?'

'Thereby hangs a tale, Mr. Patton, which I will tell you. It is now five years since I ran off and listed because you told me that I must not speak to Grace'—

'I meant it then, John.'

'I knew you did, sir, and that was why I took your words to heart. Soon after I enlisted, my company was ordered to join the rest of the regiment in India, and there I have been ever since. I have taken well with the army, and am now, as you may see, sergeant. We landed at Southampton a few days ago, and were sent on to Edinburgh. I suppose you know that my mother is very ill?'

'Ay, puir body, so I believe.'

'I had not had time to apply for a furlough when this morning I received a letter from my father, which informed me that she was not expected to live beyond another day. You may imagine how, after an absence of five years, I longed to see my mother, and how anxious I was to get to Gowanburn tonight. I immediately applied for leave. The captain of my company was absent, and the Colonel, partly from bad temper, and partly because it was really an inconvenience, refused to let me go. I went back to my room not knowing what to do. The thought of my dying mother was too much for me. I was resolved I should see her, so I left the Castle without leave, and here I am, Mr Paton, legally, if not literally, a deserter, and liable to be apprehended as such.'

They had now reached the town. As they entered the quiet street Mr. Paton said to his companion—

'I'm a' richt noo, John. Gang hame, like a gude laddie, an' see your mither. I hope you'll find her better. I'll come an' see you a' in the mornin', an' maybe I'll be able to help you out of your difficulty. Mind ye, I'm a bailie!'

This comforting assurance did not entirely relieve the soldier's mind, but nevertheless he warmly thanked Mr. Paton. They bade each other good night, and John Livingstone walked sharply off in the direction of his father's dwelling.

CHAPTER II.

In the humble abode of a Gowanburn weaver a woman lay on her deathbed. The only occupants of the scantily-furnished room—in addition to the sick woman—were her husband, James Livingstone, and a young lady—the Grace Paton whom we heard of in the former chapter. Well known in Gowanburn was Grace Paton for her deeds of love and charity. A true 'Sister of Mercy' was she, ever ready to comfort the afflicted, or to feed the hungry. She had heard of Mrs. Livingstone's illness, and knowing that the sufferer had no daughter to tend and nurse her, Grace had come to offer her services in the sick-room. James Livingstone seemed fairly stricken down with grief. The dying woman had been the partner of his joys and sorrows for many years, and was the mother of his two sons. Though every hour was expected to be her last, James Livingstone's boys were not with him to assist in cheering the entrance of their mother into the 'dark valley.' One was a soldier, and for five years his parents had not seen his face. The other lived at home, but he had taken up with evil company, and his thoughtless nature had been corrupted by his wicked associates.—Though his mother was so ill, Charlie had been absent from home all day. He had been seen during the evening at Luckie Morris's public-house. As it grew later, Mrs. Livingstone had got worse, and Charlie had been sent for, but the messenger returned with the information that he had left Luckie Morris's at eight o'clock in the company of Jock Kinlay, and no one knew where they had gane to.

About ten o'clock, Mrs. Livingstone, who had been dozing slightly, woke up, seemingly quite conscious of her approaching end. She looked eagerly round, and asked her husband if 'the laddies hadna come yet?'

'O, James, I feel that I'm gaun to die.—But I houp the Lord will grant me a sicht o' my laddies afore He tak's me awa.'

James Livingstone could not reply. He covered his face with his hands and sobbed like a child. But Grace gently soothed the sufferer, telling her that her sons would soon be here.

'Bless your bonnie face, my dawtie, for trying to comfort an' auld woman. I feel as though I couldna die afore I see my Johnnie again, an' Charlie too, poor fellow.'

A quick firm footstep on the threshold interrupted the words as they fell from her lips. James Livingstone sprang to his feet as the door opened, and his eldest son stepped into the room. For a moment his troubles were all forgotten. He grasped the hand of the stalwart soldier, saying,

'I thocht ye wad come, hoo are ye, laddie?'

'I'm quite well, father, and glad to see you again. Is mother any better?'

James Livingstone sorrowfully shook his head, and the soldier turned to the bedside He started with surprise as he recognised Grace Paton, when he had not previously seen, and held out his hand tremblingly.—They could not speak to each other, but the quiet clasp of their hands was full of loving eloquence.

'It's my Johnnie! it's my Johnnie! Bless the Lord for bringing back my bonnie laddie, I can dee noo,' said the dying mother, as she grasped the hand of her son and strove to raise herself in bed.

John kissed his mother's wasted face, telling her not to exert herself, that he was going to stay beside her now, and that she would soon get better.

'Na, John, na, I'll no get better. havena mony hours to live, but I can dee in peace noo. I ance thocht I wudna see ye again, but the Lord in His gudeness has brocht ye hame to gladden my auld e'en ance mair.—But what's came o' Charlie? He's surely bidin out owre late the nicht.'

'I maun gae an' look for him myself', said James Livingstone. 'Tak' care o your mother till I come back.'

James Livingstone quietly left the house to seek his younger son, leaving the soldier and Grace Paton together in the sick room. The lovers had been parted for five years—a long time, but it had not quenched the flame in the heart of either. In subdued voices they talked to each other, while Mrs. Livingstone lay in a quiet stupor, not seeming to notice them, and, indeed, not observing the absence of her husband. For some time she lay thus, then suddenly she seemed to revive, and began to call for Charlie.

'But whaur's Charlie a' this time? He's surely awfu' late the nicht. It's time the laddie was in his bed.'

Death was now fast approaching. At intervals, in a voice which was getting weaker and weaker, and which startled her hearers by its changing tone, she called for 'her bairn,' 'her Benjamin,' 'her Charlie.'

Her son's tears fell fast, while with increasing difficulty the words came——

'I'm waitin' for ye, Charlie. Why d've no come? It's growin' dark an' cauld. Farewell, James. Be gude tae the laddies.'

Suddenly but quietly the door opened, and James Livingstone entered, followed by his truant son. Charlie's face looked scared and death-like. He had not thought his mother's illness was so serious,