Huron Signal

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

VOL. XXVIII. NO. 5. GODERICH, ONTARIO, WEDNESDAY, FEB. 17, 1875. WHOLE NO. 1461.

The Huron Signal,

(ESTABLISHED 1848.)

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

WEDNESDAY MORNING,

at the Office, Montreal Street, adjoining the Market Square, by

ALLAN & DICKSON
PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

TERMS—$1.50 per annum, in advance, $2 if not paid in advance. No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the publishers.

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

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

JOB WORK OF ALL KINDS

executed with neatness and despatch. Bills printed while you wait. Orders by mail punctually attended to.

Business Directory.

M. NICHOLSON,
SURGEON DENTIST.
Office and residence, West Street. Three doors below Bank of Montreal, Goderich. 1811-1y

C. CARTWRIGHT, L. D. S.,
SURGEON DENTIST,
GODERICH, ONT.
Office,—Market Square. West street door to the Express office.
Teeth with Exposed Nerves, can be treated and Filled with Gold, and made as good as ever at once. Teeth inserted in the most improved style. All operations performed with Ease and Skill. 1441 1y

John Campbell, M.D., C.M.,
Graduate of McGill University, Montreal,
SEAFORTH.
OFFICE and residence—One door south of Ross hotel, Main street, and opposite McCallum's hotel.
Seaforth, April 23rd, 1873. 1367

G. C. Shannon M.D.
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c.&c., Goderich, Ont. 1340-1y

Dr. Cassady,
McGill College
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c., Office, Hamilton Street, Goderich, Ontario. sw102

HOMŒOPATHY.
DR. CAMPBELL.
PRESIDENT of the late Homœopathic Medical Board, now receives his patients between 10 a. m. and 1 p. m. Other hours by special appointment.
112 BAY STREET, TORONTO. 1410

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

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

B. L. DOYLE,
BARRISTER AND ATTORNEY, SOLICITOR in-Chancery, &c., Goderich and Seaforth, Ont. 1357

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

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

W. R. SQUIRE,
BARRISTER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, SOLICITOR in Chancery, &c. Goderich, Ont.
Office, Acheson's Block, West Street, Goderich. 1359

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

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

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. 1445-1y

REV. C. FLETCHER,
ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES
Office, West side of St. Andrew's Street, Goderich 1489-1y

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

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

Henry Gilkes.
PAINTER, PAPER - HANGER, MARBLE Paper Manufacturer. Whitewashing done on shortest notice. Residence, Cameron Street. 1159-1yr

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 Commercial Hotel, where he can at all times be consulted, night or day, on all diseases of Horses and Cattle. 1444 1y

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

Money Loaned on Mortgage.
NO COMMISSION CHARGED.
Existing Mortgages purchased on reasonable terms. Orders by letter or telegraph will receive prompt attention.
10 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO 1149

PATENTS
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. w49-

$20,000.
PRIVATE FUNDS to lend on Farm and Town property at lowest interest, No agent 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 Acheson's New Block, West Street, where he will be glad to see all his customers and the public generally.
FRUIT, VEGETABLES, OYSTERS &c., &c. in their season.
HOT AND COLD MEALS AT ALL HOURS

$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 States costs but one cent. Address G. STINSON & CO., Portland, Maine. 1447-1yr

Meetings.

GODERICH LODGE NO. 33
G. R. C. of A. F. & A. M.
THE REGULAR COMMUNICATION is held on the first Wednesday of each month at 7.30 p. m. Visiting brethren cordially invited.
Goderich, 4th May, 1871. W. DICKSON, Sec. sw73-1y

Money to Lend.

$25,000
TO Loan on Farm or Town property at 7 per cent. Apply to
G. CAMPAIGNE, Solicitor, &c.,
Oct. 20th, 1871 41tf Goderich.

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

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

Insurance.

INSURANCE CARD.
The Subscriber is agent for the following first-class Insurance Companies.
PHOENIX of London, England.
HARTFORD of Hartford.
PROVINCIAL of Toronto.
BRITISH AMERICA, of Toronto.
Fire & Marine business done at the lowest possible rates
HORACE HORTON
Office Market Square, Goderich.
Oct. 20th 1870. w36-1y.

THE LIVERPOOL & LONDON
And Globe Insurance Company.
Available Assets, $27,000,000
Losses paid in the course of Thirty-five years exceed
FORTY MILLIONS OF DOLLARS!
Claims by CHICAGO FIRE estimated at nearly $2,000,000, are being liquidated as fast as adjusted WITHOUT REDUCTION. Security, Prompt Payment, and Liberality in adjustment of its losses are the prominent features of this wealthy company.
FIRE and LIFE POLICIES issued with very liberal conditions.
Head Office, Canada Branch, Montreal.
G. F. C. SMITH, Resident Secretary, MONTREAL
A. M. ROSS, Agent for Goderich

ANCHOR LINE.
STEAMERS FROM NEW YORK EVERY SATURDAY.
Passenger Accomodation Unsurpassed.
Rates of passage from New York To GLASGOW, LIVERPOOL, LONDONDERRY, QUEENSTOWN or BELFAST:
Cabin $50 to $70 gold, according to accommodation.
Return tickets issued at reduced rates.
Intermediate and Steerage as low as any other line.
For passage or further information apply to Henderson Brothers, 7 Bowling Green, New York, Or their Agent MRS. E. WARNOCK,
1418 Goderich.

ALLAN LINE
STEAM TO
Liverpool, Londonderry and Glasgow
EVERY SATURDAY from PORTLAND during winter and from QUEBEC in summer.
NOTICE TO PERSONS WISHING TO SEND FOR THEIR FRIENDS.
PERSONS wishing to send for their friends can obtain Passage Certificates at lowest rates. The tickets are good for one year and the amount is refunded, less a small deduction, if not used.
REMEMBER,
Passengers by the ALLAN LINE are landed direct, from the Steamships on to the Grand Trunk Wharves at South Quebec and Portland, and are forwarded on at once to destination. By this arrangement passengers avoid all incidental expenses and moving of Baggage.
The first Steamer for Quebec will leave Liverpool on 16th April.
For Tickets and every information apply to
P. H. CARTER,
1414 3m Grand Trunk Station, Goderich.

GODERICH AGENCY
OF THE
Trust & Loan Company of Canada.
Incorporated by Royal Charter.
CAPITAL—ONE MILLION POUNDS STERLING.
Funds for Investment.
LOANS made on the Security of approved Farm 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 Convent 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	8.00
French " "	2.00
Drawing, Pencil	5.00
" Crayon	5.00

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

STOCK'S EXTRA
MACHINE OIL
Has been in general use for the past two years and giving the best satisfaction, as may be seen by testimonials from many of the leading houses in Ontario. It will not congeal in the coldest weather, it is therefore suitable for the lightest and fastest, as well as the heaviest machinery in use.
TESTIMONIAL
From the Joseph Hall Machine Works, &c.
I consider Stock's oil cheaper at $1.00 per gallon than olive oil at 90 cents. Yours respectfully,
F. W. GLEN, President
For sale only by
G. H. PARSONS & CO., Hardware Merchants, Goderich.
SOLE AGENTS,
1312.

GLASS
SIZES from 7x9 to 32x46, Star and Diamond Star.
—ALSO—
Colored Glass for Side Lights For Sale Cheap by
GEO. H. PARSONS
Market Square, Goderich
August 21st, 1874. 1436

AGENTS WANTED.
Men or women $34 a week. Proof furnished. Business pleasant and honorable with no risks. A 16 page circular and valuable Samples free. ☞ A postal card on which to send your address costs but two cents. Write at once to
F. M. REED, 8TH ST., NEW YORK.

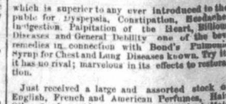
STAR BAKERY
Victoria St., foot of Hamilton St.,
GODERICH, Ont.
HARRIES, ARTHUR & CO.
BAKERS and Confectioners, Weddings and Parties supplied at short notice. Also, Vessels supplied. Flour and Feed constantly on hand. Goods delivered in any part of the town.
Goderich, Nov. 23, 1874. 1449-1yr.

WANTED
A GOOD FIRE PROOF SAFE APPLY AT this office.
Goderich, Nov. 10, 1874. t.b.

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.
EAST SIDE 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., never fails a certain and effectual remedy, it has cured thousands when all other remedies has failed, also
BONDS CELEBRATED TONIC BITTERS
which is superior to any ever introduced to the public for Dyspepsia, Constipation, Headache, Indigestion, Palpitation of the Heart, Bilious Diseases 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 restoration.
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. in any quantity. All the most popular Patent Medicines constantly on hand.
Bond's Blood Purifier for Horses and Cattle, Condition Powders &c. a large stock on hand.
A Call is respectfully solicited.
LARGE STOCK OF DYE STUFFS.
1450-1yr

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

DANIEL GORDON,
CABINET MAKER,
UPHOLSTERER,
AND UNDERTAKER.
HAS now on Hand a large and complete stock of Furniture such as
BEDROOM,
DINING ROOM,
AND PARLOR SETTS.
All of which he will sell cheap for Cash. Picture framing a 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 now 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, Diningroom, and Parlor Furniture, such as
TABLES,
CHAIRS hair, cane and wood seated)
CUPBOARDS
BOOKSTANDS,
WASH STANDS,
MATTRESSES
LOUNGES,
SOFAS.
WHATNOTS, LOOKING GLASSES
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, 14 Aug 1870

PUMPS, PUMPS,
PUMPS.
THE SUBSCRIBERS HAVING commenced the manufacture of Pumps are prepared to furnish any kind, at short notice, and on reasonable terms. Having had 9 years experience with Mr. Dodd they can promise satisfaction. Give us a call.
Place of business—Corner of Cedar and Maple streets, near the Huron Road.
JAMES MARTIN & CO.
Goderich, June 19th, 1874. 1427

WHY
DON'T you use "GLINES" Slate Roofing Paint and keep your roof from leaking? It is economical, durable and fire proof. Testimonials free. Local agents wanted. Huron and Bruce Counties
S. A. RUSSELL & CO.,
Agents for Ontario,
1441 6 m 60 King street East, Toronto.

WORK At home, male, and female; $5 per week, day or evening. No Capital. We send valuable packages of goods by mail free. Address with ten centreturn stamp, M. Young, 173 Greenwich St., N. Y. 1446-6m

Poetry.

Song of Rosalee.

BY WM. BANNATYNE.

O send him hither! Heaven! safe back to his home,
For rude is his track thro' the wild sea's foam;
And the dangers he braved on the trackless deep,
Mid the howling waves and the Tempest's wild sweep,
Are the tests of his Truth, when he vowed to be
The guardian and stay of his Rosalee.

When I listen at night to the storm's rude glee,
As it raves forth its frantic minstrelsy,
The sad voices of moans of my sailor depart,
And wild are the throbs of my restless heart,
Wake in Fancy's ear I hear the shock
Of his bark's first dash on some ocean rock.

O would that you spoke on the far blue main
Were his sail fair spread for the land again;
Then the stern, cold dreams th' my rest doth cry
Would flee to give room to the songs of Joy;
And no heart in the land more blest could be
Than should beat in the bosom of Rosalee!

From the dawn of morn till the nightfall dim
I gaze o'er the ocean and sigh for him;
When the glowing sigh ends the ardent prayer
Oft I write his name on the velvet air;
Then with midnight moonbeams flight the sea
To the vigil I keep for his Rosalee.

O Love! why lingered thou so long
On thy perilous path the waves among?
Were the neatest mariners the air, alas! I ?
Tho' the gathering gloom of a Tempest sky;
O spread thy white sails and from danger flee
To the home and the heart of my Rosalee.

Badly Matched!

OR

WOMAN AGAINST WOMAN.

Lawyer Danvers sat in his private office, when a clerk announced a gentleman on important business, at the same time presenting a card.

The lawyer hastily glanced at the card, and stared violently.

"Sterne Beauchamp, Earl of Coradon," he read. "What jest is this? Show him in. Mr. Simmons.

A tall and extremely distinguished-looking man shortly entered the private office.

The lawyer regarded him intently and with curiosity, as Simmons withdrew.

The stranger appeared a man about thirty years of age, with a pale, strikingly-handsome face. As he sat down he made a slight gesture towards the card which the lawyer still held.

"You are surprised to see me?" he asked.

"I don't even know who you are," returned the lawyer, curtly.

"That is my card which you have in your hand. I am Sterne Beauchamp, Earl of Coradon."

"Indeed!" The lawyer smiled slightly. "Sterne Beauchamp died at sea more than three years ago."

"Are you positive of that?" asked stranger, politely.

"Entirely so. We had perfectly authentic information of the fact."

"Nevertheless, he lives; and I am he."

"All of which it will be perfectly easy for you to prove, I presume, said the lawyer, sarcastically.

"What proof is necessary? I know who I am myself."

Danvers looked irritated.

"I presume you do; I presume also it would be easy enough for others to find out *who you are*; and really I should not advise you to try this game any farther. The proofs of Sterne Beauchamp's death are absolutely beyond question."

"I don't care what the proofs are of my death, since I am, after all, alive," said the stranger angrily.

The lawyer studied him some moments with a severe and stern yet puzzled expression.

"The man must be crazy," he thought. "He can't be Sterne Beauchamp."

Suddenly the stranger started from his chair.

"Mr. Danvers," he said, passionately, "I am Sterne Beauchamp."

"You have only to prove it," said the lawyer again. "If you are that gentleman, others must know it besides yourself. You have only to produce people who know you well enough to be able to swear to your identity. It is very simple."

"Simple! Good heavens! why did I not think of this! Has suffering destroyed my mind?" muttered the stranger. Then to the lawyer: "I have never been in England before. I only landed in Dover twelve hours ago. I was born in India, and I have been away from there so long, and have changed so much in that time, that I doubt if any one who knew me then would recognize me now. Your letter, informing me of my uncle's death and my consequent succession to the Earldom, did not find me in India. It followed me, however."

"Ah, it followed you, did it? May I ask where it found you?"

The stranger hesitated, his face whitening. Then he said, with a visible effort:

"It found me in Van Diemen's Land."

The lawyer's lip slightly curled.

"*In Van Diemen's Land!* Three years ago and more it must have been. You have waited a long time to answer the summons that letter contained. I presume you have no objection to tell me why you have waited so long?"

A look of agony crossed Beauchamp's face.

"I—I could not come sooner."

The look of perplexity deepened on the lawyer's grave face. He was interested in this handsome, haughty and mysterious stranger, in spite of his reason, which told him he could be nothing but the boldest and most ridiculous of impostors.

"You have been in Van Diemen's Land all the time?"

For his life Beauchamp could not control the shudder that shook him from head to foot.

"Pardon me," he said, "I can tell you no more of myself at present. My cause is desperate enough I find, without putting weapons in the hands of my enemies."

The lawyer bowed gravely as he said:

"If you were Sterne Beauchamp himself, in truth, your case would be desperate, as you say. The proofs of his death were accompanied by all his private papers and letters, even to the one I myself sent him. A passenger on the same vessel with him saw him die, and brought his dying message to his friends, together with a leather wallet containing all his papers."

Beauchamp started.

"The wallet was made of vellum, and had a purple lining, embroidered at the corners with gold thread. My mother made it for me. Shall I tell you, paper by paper, all that wallet contained? I can."

The lawyer shook his head.

"It would effect nothing. The wallet is not here, and I do not remember the contents so particularly as that."

"Where is it?"

"I saw it at Charlton Towers. Lord Beauchamp has it in charge."

"Lord Beauchamp!" exclaimed the other, incredulously.

The lawyer bowed gravely.

"Upon receiving proof of the death of Sterne Beauchamp, the title and possessions passed to Carroll, the next heir—the still younger brother of Sterne Beauchamp's father."

Sterne Beauchamp's handsome face flashed with a sudden lofty wrath and scorn.

"To him!" he uttered bitterly. "I have heard my father speak of him. It was through Carroll Beauchamp's machinations that he was driven to make his home in India. I owe it to him that I am this moment an alien on the soil that should have been my native land. And now he has possessed himself of my birthright. He shall not have it! I will wrest it from him, or die in the attempt. I am a stranger in my own land, Mr. Danvers. Will you tell me how to go to Charlton Towers? I will soon prove to Carroll Beauchamp who I am."

"If you wish to see Lord Beauchamp, you will have to go to Southwold. The best way is to take the train at Paddington."

Sterne Beauchamp knew his kinsman to be bad and unprincipled, but his heart in spite of all, yearned to behold one of his own blood, and he did not believe that, once made aware of his existence, his father's brother would attempt to keep him out of his inheritance.

It was about sunset when he reached Southwold. He knew it for one of the proudest possessions of the Beauchamps for generations. As Sterne Beauchamp ascended the broad marble steps leading to the turretted mansion his heart beat loudly. The hall seemed thronged with lackeys. A tall footman, in a magnificent gold livery, conducted him to a grand parlor on the first floor.

Beauchamp hesitated an instant as the footman waited, and then gave him a plain card with his name pencilled upon it—"Sterne Beauchamp."

Carroll Beauchamp did not utter a sound for full five minutes after receiving that card. His face turned like chalk, and he covered it with his hand as he leaned upon the arm of his silken chair, stricken with a dismay too profound for words.

Presently he dismissed the staring footman with a gesture of his white hand.

"Sterne Beauchamp," he muttered, as the door closed. "Can it be he? I wish now I had destroyed those papers, every scrap of them. Shall I see him? I must! Shall acknowledge him? If he insits he had better be dead!"

CHAPTER II.

In one of the most picturesque localities of the West Riding in Yorkshire, was, a great many years ago, a very handsome country seat, known as Longmere.

The house was built of lime-stone, and was rich in pointed arches, clustered columns and oriel and mullioned windows peculiar to the Gothic style of architecture.

On an afternoon about the middle of June, a little later than the date of Sterne Beauchamp's arrival in England, two ladies were in the drawing-room at Longmere.

A childish figure stood at one of the windows looking upon the lawn—a slight, almost painfully slender shape to belong to one of her years. She was twenty—the daughter of one Earl, once the wife of another. She had been married twice—the first time to Lord Hasbrook, whose widow she was when her present husband, the master of Longmere, married her—for her money, but she did not guess that.

"I wish Bruce would come!" she said, in a sweet though petulant voice. "It seems as if all he cared for was to get away from home. I know he might come back sooner if he wanted to."

Her companion, a superbly handsome woman, half-reclining in an easy chair across the room, laughed lightly, thus displaying a set of very brilliant pearl-white teeth.

"What a goose you are about your husband, Clara," she said, in a slightly contemptuous tone.

"I'm not!" Clara cried, passionatsly. "You're always trying to make me think Bruce doesn't love me, Mrs. Bazel."

"I, my sweet Clara! who knows better than I how he dotes on you?"

"He would if it were not for you," Clara muttered almost inaudibly.

"Hist! were not for me!—How he will laugh when I tell him! You do tell him, said Clara, sullenly. "You two are always talking secrets."

Julia Bazel started slightly, and looked keenly at her.

"Secrets!" she said. "What secrets can your husband and I have, Lady Clara Delaney? What makes you think we have secrets!"

"I know why I think it, and that is enough," answered Clara Delaney, sharply.

Mrs. Bazel reflected a moment her fair face clouding a little.

"You were in the fernery the day before yesterday," she said, fixing a basilisk gaze on the slender, sensitive creature by the window.

Clara threw up her hands defiantly.

"If I was I had a perfect right. I am in my own house, I believe."

"My dear Clara, did you ever read the story of Blue Beard, and do you know how he came to have so many wives?"

"Yes, I do," burst forth Clara; he killed them for trying to find out his secrets. You wicked, wicked woman, to insinuate that my husband has any such secrets as that, I'll tell him see if I don't."

"She knows nothing," said Julia Bazel to herself; and aloud. "Do tell him my dear."

Then she rose and sauntered carelessly away through the low French casement upon the terrace.

"Mr. Delaney is coming. Clara, dear; I hear steps on the ground," she said, turning.

The pretty, sullen face did not brighten.

"I hate you," she said, clenching her little hands and setting her white teeth, "and I will know what this secret is which my own husband tells you and keeps from me."

She did not look out as the carriage containing her husband drew up before the stone steps.

Bruce Delaney got out and came leisurely in.

He was tall, well-shaped, elegantly and fashionably dressed. He had black eyes and hair, a long black beard, and would have been called by most persons an extremely handsome man. The only drawback was a sinister expression in the bold, bright eyes, and a treacherous, cruel look about the mouth, with his drooping moustache nearly hid. He passed along the trasselated hall, swiftly glanced into the drawing-room, and frowned at seeing only his dainty wife. He went on without stopping to speak to her. Clara had turned her back to the door, and was pouting industriously. She was only a pretty, spoiled child, shallow and vain, but far too good and innocent to deserve the dark fate that was in store for her. She loved a handsome, wicked man with a blind, unreasoning, and fatal devotion.

"He is angry now, because I did not go to meet him," she whispered. "I'm always vexing him."

Bruce Delaney hurried through the house, which he had entirely traversed.

Julia Bazel was entering among the trees beyond the glass doors at the extremity. He joined her.

"What made you run away?" he asked crossly.

"To keep you from letting out something foolish before Clara. She is already suspicious."

"Let her be suspicious, curse her. To think I've tied myself to my doll face for nothing! Every stiver of the money went away from her when she married me, and she knew it too. She must have known it—but I'll make her wish she had never seen me."

The woman's handsome face darkened, too, with a malevolent expression.

"It's abominable," she said. "Does the money go to that cousin of his?"

"To the cousin or her children. Nobody knows whether she is living or dead, and he always hated her say way. It shows how bent he was on preventing his wife marrying again, to will his money, in the event of it, to a woman he hated as he did Vida Merlin."

Mrs. Bazel started violently.

"What—who did you say?"

"The cousin's name was Vida Merlin."

"And they can't find her or her children?"

"No."

Mrs. Bazel was white with excitement and agitation.

"Oh, Bruce!" she said, "if you had only known it. I believe I know where to find that cousin's child. She is dead, and there's one child—a girl. She must be eighteen now. They'll never find her. Who will get it then?"

"Some charity—I don't remember what."

Julia stood still, thinking.

"You may possibly get the money yet, Bruce," she said, in her false, silvery tones. "No one knows where to find this lost heiress—no one, that is, who is likely to know she is the heiress—and we can keep it secret. If your wife dies soon—and she is very delicate—you may marry the heiress yet."

Delaney looked round at her sharply. Their glittering eyes met for one moment. Delaney drew his breath quick. Then he turned angrily away.

"Bah!" he said "What are you talking about. Clara will outlive you and me fast enough."

He went swiftly back to the house.

Lady Clara Delaney had passed out upon the front terrace. She stood looking straight before her, seeing nothing for her tears. As he heard her husband's step she wiped her eyes furtively. She had already learned that he hated to see a woman cry.

Bruce Delaney came straight to her side, and putting both hands upon her slight sanoulders, with no gentle touch, wheeled her about, and so stood looking some moments at the pretty, drooping, tear-stained, quivering face.

He hurt her, but she was used to rough caresses from him. As yet she had not looked up, in her confusion at being caught crying. But presently she stole a sly glance at him. That glance had turned her sweet face whiter than snow, and the pretty eyes dilated widely.

"Oh, Bruce!" she cried, "what is it? What has happened?"

He gave her another malignant look, and his fierce and cruel grip tightened on her tender arms.

"Why did you never tell me," he said, in a sort of hiss, "that if you married me you would lose all your money?"

She tried to answer him, but no sound came. She was literally so scared she could not utter a word.

"I'll tell you why," he went on, brutally. "You thought I wouldn't marry you if I knew it, and I wouldn't if I had known it."

(To be continued.)

Something like a Cat.

"Talking about cats," said Uncle Tim, a regular Yankee, "puts me in mind of a cat I once owned. Let me tell you about her. She was a Maltoe, and what that cat didn't know wasn't worth knowin'. Here's one thing she did:—In the spring of '46 I moved into the little old house on the Crooked River. We put our provisions down in the cellar, and the first night we made our beds on the floor. But we didn't sleep. No sooner had it come dark than we heard a tearin' and a squeakin' in the cellar that was awful. I lit the candle and went down. Jerusalem! Talk about rats! I never saw such a sight in my born days. Every inch of the cellar bottom was covered with them. They ran up on me, and all over me. I jumped back into the room and called the cat. She came down and looked. I guess she sat there about ten minutes, looking at them rats, and I was waitin' to see what she would do. By and bye she shook her head, and turned, and went up stairs. She didn't care to tackle 'em. That night, I tell you, there wasn't much sleep. In the mornin' I could not find her. She'd gone. I guess the rats had frightened her; and to tell the plain truth, I didn't wonder much. Night came again, and the old cat hadn't come. Says Betsy Ann (that's my wife) to me, 'Tim, if that old cat don't come back, we'll have to leave this place; the rats'll eat us up.' Says I, 'Jyat let the old cat be.' I didn't believe she left us for good and all. Just as Betsy Ann was puttin' the children to bed we heard a scratchin' and wauin' at the outside door. I went and opened it; and she stood our Maltoe on the doorstep, and behind her a whole army of cats, all paraded as regular as any soldiers! I let our old cat in, and the others followed her. She went right to the cellar door and scratched there. I began to understand. Old Maltoe had been out for help. I opened the way to the cellar; she marched down, and the other cats tramped after her in regular order—and as they went past I counted 56 of 'em! Oh, if there wasn't a row and a rumpus in that there cellar that night, then I'm mistaken! The next morning the old cat came up and caught hold of my trousers' leg, and pulled me towards the door. I went down to see the sight. Talk about yer Bunker Hill and Boston massacres! Mercy! I never saw such a sight before nor since. Betsy Ann and me, with my boy Sammy, were all day as hard'at work as we could be, clearing the dead rats out of that 'are cellar. It's a fact—every word of it."

"CATCHING COLD."—This inconvenient malady is so easily overtaken that there is little need to give any hints to its pursuers; yet we give them nevertheless. One way to catch cold is to "bundle up" in furs, or mufflers, tight about the neck; take a brisk walk, go into a warm room—church, lecture room, or concert—sit with your things all on, get warm perspire freely, breathe vitiated air for an hour or two, and when thoroughly relaxed, the pores of the skin open, go into the cold, damp air, and you will soon begin to shiver. After having a chill, send for the doctor, and he will dose you with something hot; then go to bed; then, if left alone long enough, you may get up in a day or two, and in a fortnight or so you may repeat the imprudence. There are several other ways to take cold. We will mention but one, and that is to "over eat." Stuff the stomach with improper food, more than it can digest, and you will soon find yourself "all clogged up" with cold. You will cough or sneeze, blow your nose, and "wonder how in the world you took such a cold."

Communications.

DERBY, LUCAS CO., IOWA,
Feb. 2d, 1875.

To the Editor of the Huron Signal.

DEAR SIR,—I am a "Yankee," but related to Goderich by marriage. I have among your citizens some near and dear friends, and while paying them a visit a few years ago, I found there was a prevailing opinion that the country west of the Mississippi river was a wild waste of prairie, inhabited by wild and reckless characters, the scum and offsourings of civilization. With your permission, I wish to submit to your readers a few facts and figures for the purpose, if possible, of correcting this wrong impression. If agreeable to you and of interest to your readers, I may in the future give a few discriptive sketches of the State of Iowa, together with some information as regards her institutions, mineral, &c.

The State of Iowa covers a surface of about three hundred miles from east to west, and about two hundred miles from north to south. It contains 55,034 square miles, or 35,228,200 acres. The parallel of 43 degrees 30 minutes, is her northern boundary. Her southern limit is the northern boundary line of the State of Missouri; upon the parallel approximately of 40 degrees 35 minutes. The Missouri and Big Sioux rivers bound the State on the west, while upon the east rolls the great father of waters, the mighty Mississippi. In addition to the vast water courses that form the boundary of the State, there are seven large rivers flowing east into the Mississippi, and five flowing west into the Missouri and Big Sioux, while four flow south beyond her borders into the State of Missouri. Owing to there being so many large rivers, each with their tributaries distributed over the State, the general surface of Iowa is rolling, with a more plentiful supply of timber and water than any of the other priarie States.

With a population of 22,859, Iowa was organized as a Territory the 12th of June, 1838, but was not admitted into the Union until the 28th of December, 1846, when her population had increased to 97,588. I give these figures that you may note her remarkable growth, when I inform you that our last census, taken in 1870 gives her a population of 1,174,020. Remarkable as has been the progress of the State in point of the numbers of its people, in all other respects she has kept pace with the most flourishing countries of the world. Her agricultural resources have been so developed, that she stands ahead of most all of her sister States in the production of the staple articles for the world's subsistence.

The corn crop for the year 1874, is estimated at 60,000,000 bushels, and the wheat crop at 35,000,000 bushels, with the assurance that these figures will rather fall below than rise above the actual facts.

Pace by a Chicago paper that it was estimated by intelligent judges that Iowa's pork sales in the Chicago market alone would this season reach $10,000,000. The Patrons of Husbandry, a protective association existing among the farmers, at a late meeting in Des Moines, the capital of the State, made the following statement of Iowa's surplus products for 1874. After deducting for full subsistence for the population and live stock, we have the following for sale and export:—Corn, 72,254,563 bushels; wheat, 20,054,000 bushels; oats, 14,022,285 bushels; potatoes, 4,350,997 bushels; butter, 13,788,449 lbs.; cheese, 543,879 lbs.; honey, 425,697 lbs.; beeswax, 2,225 lbs.; tobacco, 71,792 lbs.; flax, 695,578 lbs.; wool, 2,957,043 lbs.; beef, 212,982,759 lbs.; mutton, 6,599,000 lbs.; pork and bacon, 553,044,500. This exclusive of a large produce of horses, mules and hogs, or an aggregate weight of surplus products equal to 3,291,153 tons.

As a grain growing and grazing State, Iowa has no equal when we take into account the extent of her area and her acres under actual cultivation. Manufactories are being established, and increasing from year to year as the State grows older. Her schools, churches and charitable institutions will compare favorably with those of the most enlightened portions of christendom.

To the traveller, the State presents a highly varied aspect. Approaching from the east, he first beholds the rugged bluffs that lift their heavy wooded crests all along the Mississippi river. But, he will find much to admire as he passes through the State; broad and seemingly almost boundless prairies, thriving villages, fruitful fields and verdant meadows, churches and school houses, groves and streams will claim his attention in endless and varied succession.