Huron Signal.

"Greatest Possible Good to the Greatest Possible Number."

VOL. XXVIII. NO. 52. GODERICH, ONTARIO, WEDNESDAY, JAN. 19, 1876. WHOLE NO. 1508.

The Huron Signal,

(ESTABLISHED 1848.)

One of the Largest Papers published in Canada, issued every Wednesday Morning, at the Office, Goderich, Ontario, by

ALLAN & DICKSON,

PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

Terms: $2 00 per annum strictly in advance; $2 25 if not paid within three months; $2.50 if paid within nine months, and over that time $3 00.

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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.

Municipal Elections.

The following are the municipal officers elected in the various municipalities in the County for 1876:—

EXETER.—The old members of Council returned.

CLINTON.—Mayor, A. S. Fisher; Reeve, Joseph Chidley; Councillors, St. John's ward, Jas. Miller, Henry Shears and Robt. Smart; St. George's ward, O. S. Dr. Menzies and D. Buchanan; St. Paul's ward, R. A. Barton, Jas. Scott and Wm. Cooper; St. James' ward, Thos. Hodgson, A. Johnston and D. [illegible]

[illegible] Councillors, Messrs. [illegible] and Sanderson.

[illegible] Hodgson; Coun- [illegible] Harvey, E. [illegible]

Meetings.

GODERICH LODGE NO. 33

G. R. C., A. F. & A. M.

THE REGULAR COMMUNICATION is held on the third Wednesday of each month at 7.30 p. m. Visiting brethren cordially invited.

W. DICKSON, Sec.

Goderich, 4th May, 1871. 4872-1y

Money to Lend.

$25,000

TO Loan on FARM or Town property at 7 per cent. Apply to

G. CAMPAIGNE, Solicitor, &c.,

Oct. 30th, 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 favorable terms of repayment, payable by yearly instalments; rate of expenses will defy competition.

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 business done at the lowest possible rates.

HORACE HORTON

Office Market Square, Goderich.

Oct. 26th 1870. 36-1y.

Money to Loan.

THE CANADA LANDED CREDIT COMPANY, TORONTO.

JOHN LAING BLAKIE, ESQ., President.

MONEY is lent by this Company to individuals upon the same system as to municipalities.—Send for Circulars.

HUGH HAMILTON,

1495 1y C. L. Agent, Goderich.

Insurance.

THE LIVERPOOL & LONDON And Globe Insurance Company.—

Available Assets, $27,000,000.—Losses paid in the course of Thirty-five years, 100 cent

FORTY MILLIONS OF DOLLARS!

Claims by CHICAGO FIRE estimated at nearly $3,000,000, 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.

UNITED STATES MAIL STEAMERS Sail every Saturday from NEW YORK AND GLASGOW.

Favorite route for Tourists.

Finest approach to Great Britain.

Passenger accommodations unsurpassed.

RATES OF PASSAGE

From NEW YORK to GLASGOW, LIVERPOOL, BELFAST, or LONDONDERRY,

Cabins—$60, $75 & $80—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,

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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

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OF THE

Trust & Loan Company of Canada.

Incorpoated 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.

Artificial Stone.

—o—

The subscribers 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 Neibergall'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,

1473-3m Goderich, Ont.

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

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, MARBLE Paper Manufacturer. Whitewashing done on shortest notice. Residence, Cameron Street.

1450-1yr

Goderich & Kincardine

MARBLE WORKS.

HEADSTONES,

HOUSE TRIMMINGS,

MONUMENTS.

And work of all kinds in Marble designed and executed in the best style and at most reasonable prices.

MARBLE MANTLES

KEPT IN STOCK.

GRANITE MONUMENTS, AND HEADSTONES.

Imported to order.

ALL WORK WARRANTED.

SCOTT & VANSTONE.

1482-1yr

H. DUNLOP,

Merchant Tailor,

WEST STREET,

HAS RECEIVED A LARGE STOCK of

Fall & Winter Cloths, Tweeds, &c.

Which he is selling very cheap.

READY-MADE CLOTHING

always on hand,

Gents' Furnishings

A large and well selected stock to select from, and as cheap as any house in the Dominion

CLOTHING MADE TO ORDER.

On the shortest notice, and a good fit guaranteed,

Hugh Dunlop.

Goderich, Oct. 13, 1875. 1406

SAUNDERS'

HAS THEM!

Heating Stoves

Hall Stoves,

Coal Stoves,

Cooking Stoves,

Parlor Cooks,

Hot Air

Drums.

Also on hand a large stock of

Plain and Fancy Tinware.

Toys and Fancy Goods

AT

SAUNDERS' VARIETY STORE,

Crabb's Block Market Square, Goderich.

PHILO NOBLE,

MERCHANT TAILOR,

HAMILTON STREET,

GODERICH,

Has on hand the best assorted stock of

Cloths, Tweeds, &c. &c

I hope from my long experience in the trade and employing the best of workmen, to receive the support of my friends and the public.

Clothing made to Order

on the shortest notice and guaranteed to fit. Call and inspect the stock.

2 doors East of W. Acheson's harness shop. 1489ly

WELLER & MARTIN,

Pump Makers.

Wells Sunk & Repaired

on short notice.

Also, Soft water Tanks

made and repaired.

Parties requiring good work done would do well to call upon the subscribers at their shop on Victoria Street in the old marble works,

Weller & Martin.

1475 1yr

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 debts collected.

A number of Farms and Town Lots for Sale.

Goderich, April 6th, 1876. 1458-1yr

Shirts Ready Made

OR MADE TO ORDER,

AT retail prices. Fancy and plain machine and hand sewing to order.

MRS. LEFLER,

West street,

1451-1yr A few doors west of Wellington.

Poetry.

Schemed.

Wasser marrer wi' 'im? Jakey,
Wasser marrer wi' you—eh?
Tin'n genn'le—gen'tle-manly
Lyin' round in this way.
Go'bp! Kick— Hell'n C'lumbia!
Gone to sleep? quick!—gosh!
'Sh, my babe—sh'n slumber—
Go' up! Possum-time wunk—wash!

Fas' asleep 'n bo' eyes open,
Does'n take nobody in.
Wha' you starin' at, ole feller?
Come now, Jake, it's too—ic!—thin.
Jake, I did'n go to hurt you,
Did I? I fo'give you though;
But I don' allow no feller
Call me liar—that you know.

Go' up, Jakey! I've fo'guv you—
Animos'ty—wha' y' call?—sleeps!
I don' hold no grudge hig! gin you;
All's fo'given—scuse these weeps.
Say, don' be a dam-fool, Jakey!
Lemme get you out the mud!
Well, 'f you gon' be stiff about it—
Woss all this that's wet you—blood?

Jakey, don' you hear me? Wake up!
Guess we berr' be gettin' home.
More'n likely little Tommy's
Watchin' out to see you come.
Be a man! Don' give up this way!
'Member, Jake, you've got a wife!
She'll be tired waitin' for you—
Where'd I get this bloody knife?

Blood! Blood! Blood! My hands are bloody!
He went down—what made him fall?
Steady, let me think a minute!
What's the meaning of it all?
Stony eyes, what makes you stare so?
Ghastly face with crimson stain!—
This is death! My God! It's murder!
Curses on this crazy brain!

PELEG ARKWRIGHT.

BUSINESS NOTICE.

This week we commence the publication of a very interesting temperance tale. The characters are Scottish, and the moral is opposed to the tippling habits of society. In view of the present agitation this tale may be instrumental in pointing to some individuals the way to assist legislation.

This year we have lowered the subscription price to

$1.00 PER ANNUM,

strictly in advance.

When credit is given, the following are the rates we will adhere to:—If paid within 3 months, $1.25; if paid within 9 months, $1,50; over that time, $2.00. Send on your subscriptions at once, and enclose cash. Back numbers are kept on hand.

CLUB RATES.

Having made special arrangements we are now enabled to offer the following very liberal club rates for cash strictly in advance:—The SIGNAL and WEEKLY GLOBE for $2.50 a year. SIGNAL and WESTERN ADVERTISER $2.40.—SIGNAL and MONTREAL WITNESS $2. SIGNAL and CANADA FARMER $2. SIGNAL and GRIP $2.50. Two more travelling agents wanted at once. Every subscriber to the SIGNAL and ADVERTISER gets a premium map of Ontario gratis.

ISOBEL JARDINE'S HISTORY.

BY MRS. HARRIET MILLER DAVIDSON.

'True' answered Mademoiselle. They prefer their little glasses of fire, which make them mad.'

'But,' said Mr. Jardine, ladling out his toddy into his glass, 'I do not see how all that bears on the question of total abstinence. What connection has the drunkenness which prevails at a fair with this quiet glass of toddy which we are enjoying now?'

'I do not see it yet,' answered Mademoiselle. 'It will be revealed to me.'

'Revealed to you! So you have special revelations, Mademoiselle, like Joe Smith?'

'When we try to know what is right,' said Miss Reclus, with her usual calm philosophy, 'God reveals it to us. I have not yet seen the principle on which a good man should abstain because a bad man drinks himself to a beast. But I have not yet learned all my life lessons. If it is right I shall learn it.'

Sam raised his eyebrows. He was not much given to believing in such things as 'life lessons' or the 'revelations' of which Louise spoke. He had been watching with much admiration the way in which Isobel enjoyed her toddy; he liked to see her put her rosy lips to the glass, and sip its contents slowly.

'You don't know how good toddy is, Louise,' she said. 'It makes one feel all in a glow of warmth, and happiness, and comfort. I'm sure I don't wonder,' she went on reflectively, 'that poor people get fond of it. If I were poor, and cold, and hungry, I think I would find it a cheap way of buying comfort.'

'But it is false comfort,' said Miss Reclus.

'And when you wakened from your dream you would find yourself poorer than ever. As for me, if I were so poor, I would rather work honestly for food—for fire—for clothes. I would not give away my senses when they were all my riches.'

'Let me fill your glass for you, Isobel,' said Sam.

'No, thank you. I have had enough.'

Sam finished his tumbler. He went to the open piano, and ran his fingers over the keys. 'I am longing to hear your voice again, Isobel,' he said.

She went to the instrument and seated herself, but her fingers trembled a little as they touched the notes. She sung the song that had been lying open; it was a poem of Longfellow's, then newly set to music. She had a lovely contralto voice, very rich and powerful, but with that strangely pathetic modulation which one so seldom hears.

'Your voice is as beautiful as ever,' said Sam, when she had finished. 'But how cold those words are; they make me feel chilly. Will you play the accompaniment of this for me?'

It was Beethoven's wonderful song 'Adelaide.' Sam had a sweet, flexible tenor, and as his voice wandered through the exquisite mazes of the song, Isobel could not help feeling that he was speaking its passionate words to her. When he stopped, she knew that his eyes were gazing into her face, and as he bent near her, making a pretence of arranging the music on the pianoforte, she heard a low whispered—'My darling.'

She rose hastily and went to her father. Now that Sam had really come back, and what she had so often dreamed of was actually happening, she felt almost inclined to shrink from her new happiness. She bade her father good night, and went to her own room.

She sat down in an easy chair before the fire, while Nannie, who was her maid now, as she had formerly been her nurse, busied herself at the toilet table, laying out combs and brushes. She was a stout handsome woman, with dark eyes, a brown and red complexion, and black hair coming down low on her forehead. Isobel had been her one idol ever since she had taken her, a motherless, wailing baby, into her strong, kind arms. I believe she would have died for her, and her admiration for her, and delight in her, were unbounded.

She helped her young mistress to take off her blue evening dress, and to put on a dainty white wrapper, and then with much pride she proceeded to untwist her beautiful hair, and brush out its long, silky waves.

Isobel seemed inclined to be silent; she sat looking down into the fire, her eyes gleaming soft and lustrous under their long lashes. Nannie gave one of her quick, shrewd glances at those bright eyes, and at the crimson cheeks.

'How is young Maister Elliott, Miss Isobel?' she asked.

'Very well, nurse.'

'Eh! but he'll be glad to get hame again!'

'I don't know; travelling must be very pleasant,' said Isobel, warily.

'Aye, its pleasant enough, I've nae doubt,' answered Nannie, brushing vigorously. 'But when the heart is at hame, the body will like to come after it.'

'I didn't know that his heart was at home,' said Isobel hypocritically.

'Was it no? I think it maybe was at hame though, wi' a bonny ill bairn that I ken o'.'

Isobel laughed. 'I'm not an ill bairn. Those days are past now, and I'm a woman grown.'

'Aye, ye are that, Miss Isobel. And ye'll hae a woman's joys and sorrows to dree soon, I'm thinking,' said Nannie, sighing.

'Sorrows,' said Isobel, impatiently throwing her hair back from her flushed face. 'You are as bad as Miss Reclus; she talks about sorrows too. But I don't want any in my life, I want to be all glad.'

'A'body wants that, my bonny bairn. But sorrows come till a', gentle an' semple.'

And with a grave face, Nannie left her 'bairn' for the night.

CHAPTER IV.

MISS RECLUS' WEDDING-DAY.

Every one knows what a dull affair a wedding is, except to the two people who are immediately concerned. Indeed, I hardly know anything duller to those who are left behind, except, perhaps, a funeral. First, there is the long morning to be got through, with nothing peculiar to do, and an inability to settle down to any ordinary occupation. Then there is the ceremony, which in Scotland takes up exceedingly little time; and then there is the going away of the newly-married, and a realisation of the fact that one place is empty in the household, never to be filled again exactly as it was before. Louise's wedding-day was no exception to the general rule. It was a dull, cold day, not rainy, fortunately, but with the 'cloudy sky' which the old song declares bespeaks a 'hunting gay morning.'

'Horribly cold,' said Sam, going to the fire whenever he came into the breakfast-room.

'Nonsense,' said Mr. Jardine, looking up from his paper. 'Fine bracing weather, sir. You have stayed in hot, relaxing climates till you don't know a fine day when you see one. Ah, when I was your age, wouldn't I have been up and off to the moors before your eyes were open!'

Sam warmed his fingers. 'I must say I prefer being under the blankets these cold mornings. I never can get up enough enthusiasm to turn out for the sake of a possible shot. After all, the city life is the true one in winter.'

'How do you intend to exist through the winter when you settle at Burnside?'

'Haven't thought of it,' said Sam carelessly. A slight frown contracted Mr. Jardine's brow, as he looked steadily at the young man, fixing his clear, wide open eyes on his face in a way which Sam felt to be rather disagreeable. In truth, Mr. Jardine's thoughts were not very flattering to him just then. He was noticing, for the first time, a subtle change which had come over Sam during his two years' absence. It was a change which impressed him disagreeably, and yet he would have found it difficult to describe it in words. This was Sam with all the freshness rubbed off him, with the look of purity and nobleness gone from his face—a Sam who looked older than his years, and who had lines of care on his brow. Mr. Jardine had not time to think all this definitely just then, for the ladies came in, and they went to breakfast. But he was conscious of a disagreeable impression left on his mind, and of the thought, 'I hope he has kept steady.'

Louise and Isobel disappeared immediately after breakfast, and were not visible till the ceremony. Sam sauntered about all morning, with his hands in his pockets, smoking. As for Mr. Jardine, he was never by any chance without work, and had brought with him a great bundle of papers, with which he shut himself into the library.

The afternoon was waning when they all gathered again in the drawing room. The wedding was a very quiet one, for Louise had few personal friends, and her relations were far away. Isobel was bridesmaid, and looked regal in her white robes; the clergyman of a neighbouring parish performed the ceremony, and Sam was requested to be best man. The bridegroom, always a quiet, rather silent man, seemed to feel the weight of his happiness to be subduing; and it was all so very solemn, that Sam drew a long breath of relief when it was over, and whispered to Isobel that it had made him think of all his dead relations.

They were a little more cheerful when they sat down to luncheon. The young people were going to London for a fortnight—a minister's fortnight, from the Tuesday of one week till the Saturday of the next.

'Jolly place London,' said Sam. 'I wish I were going too, though I daresay you don't want me just now, Mrs. Graeme.'

Isobel looked up, a little startled. Could it be possible that he wearied already, beside her? He caught her wondering eyes for an instant, as she glanced at him. 'Going up on my wedding trip,' he went on, still addressing Mr. Graeme. 'What a lucky fellow you are.'

Isobel's eyes went down again to her plate. Sam noted with great satisfaction the effect of his little venture.

'I think myself one, I assure you,' said Mr. Graeme, glancing at his wife. 'But it seems to me,' he added, in his simplicity, 'that it would be more comfortable to go straight home, and settle down cosily at once. But I suppose that wouldn't do, though I'm sure I don't see why.'

'Take a holiday whenever you can get one,' said Mr. Jardine. 'You work hard enough. Mrs. Graeme, your presence is much needed at the manse. The last time I called there—. Shall I tell tales?'

'If you like,' answered the minister, smiling

'It was in the evening, and your husband had been out. It was some of your communicants, who had come to support the tea meeting, with a great piece of folly on one side, and a great piece of folly on the other, and he committed them alternately.'

'That was terrible,' said Mr. Graeme adding intensively, 'and yet I think it was because he had no one to talk to.'

'Exactly,' said Mr. Graeme, gravely. 'There will be no necessity for conversing with dead divines at such unseasonable times in future.'

Of course they all drank the health of the bride and bridegroom, and Mr. Jardine made a little speech, in which he nearly broke down when he tried to thank Louise for the kindness to his motherless girl. Then Mr. Graeme made another little speech, in which he said that he and his wife would always feel grateful for the happiness of the home that she had lived in for so long, and would always keep a warm place in their hearts for Isobel.

There was a pause after the speeches, during which Louise and Isobel both had recourse to their pocket-handkerchiefs. Mr. Jardine felt glad to break the silence by asking Mr. Graeme to help himself to more wine.

'You must take care of this wife of yours,' he said lightly. 'From a discussion which we had over our toddy last night, I suspect that she has strong teetotal leanings.'

'I am not sure that I have any objection to that,' said Mr. Graeme, taking up the subject in earnest, as he usually did anything that was suggested to him. 'I am not a teetotaler myself, for I have not yet felt the need of becoming one; but I can respect those who are so from conviction.'

'Well—one mightendure them if they would keep their convictions to themselves. The worst of the class is, that they are continually wanting to force their own opinions down other people's throats.'

'Is it not a question,' asked Mr. Graeme, 'whether they may not be justified in doing so to a certain extent?—Do you think me meddling when I tell people that they are sinners, and try to show them the way of salvation?'

'Well—no—of course not,' answered Mr. Jardine. 'But that is a different sort of thing, you know. It is a vital point, which the other is not.'

'I am not quite sure of that. If I see a man ruining his body and soul through drink, I think it vital that I should try to stop him.'

'Yes, certainly. If it comes to ruining body and soul, that is a different matter. Certainly stop him if you can.—But what I object to is their perpetually pestering sober, decent people, like you and me, to join them. I can't see why I should do any such thing, sir.'

'I do not see it yet,' said Mr. Graeme, 'but I am not prepared to say that I will never see it. I am open to conviction on the matter. A minister sees so much evil which he knows to be connected with the drinking customs so prevalent in this country, that no one ought to wonder that he should set his face steadily against them.'

'Ah, there is a pair of you I see. You will convert or pervert one another, and finish by becoming teetotalers in earnest.'

Mr. Graeme's smile said that it was not impossible, and the ladies rose to leave the room.

Louise went to change her bridal robes for her travelling dress, and Isobel hovered about her, pretending to help the self-helpful little woman.—There were many kisses, and some tears, very few words, except reiterated promises to write to one another.

'I shall miss you so,' said Isobel.

Louise turned to look into her friend's face, smiling in the middle of her tears. 'Ah no, you will not. Do I not know that something's coming into your life which will do far more than fill my place? You will not miss me so much after all, dear child.'

'I'll see a great deal of you next summer, was all that Isobel said for answer.

The last good-byes were said, and the carriage drove off. Nannie was at the door with an armful of old shoes, which she throw after them "for luck," she said. She went and collected them all carefully again, and said something about putting them by.

'Why do you do that, nurse?' asked Isobel.

'To keep them for your wedding, my bonny lamb,' she answered.

Sam, who was standing on the steps looking on, laughed. 'You are quite right, Nannie. Who knows how soon they may be needed?'

Isobel went into the house, blushing like a 'red, red rose.'

She wandered into Louise's empty room, which was moved out of its usual trim neatness by the remains of packing, and the boxes standing corded in the middle of the floor, ready to be taken down to the manse. She felt rather at a loss what to do with herself, now that the bustle of the last few days was over; and there was a curiously empty feeling throughout the whole house. Louise was one of those bright, active people who make their presence very much felt in a household, and in consequence the sence of missing was all the greater.

When Isobel went back to the drawing-room, she saw from the window that Sam was pacing up and down the gravel walk, in company with a cigar. He looked up, and their eyes met. She smiled, and he came bounding up stairs and into the room.

'Come out, Isobel. I want you to come to the beech and walk with me; we used to go there so often, long ago.'

She rose, and went with him. He took a shawl from the stand in the hall, and wrapped it round her carefully before they went out. The wind had risen since morning, and blew in fitful gusts down from the moorlands. The western sky was reddening towards sunset, though the sun was hidden by mist.—The hills stood out against that wild red sky, dark and purple, but to the eastward all was cold and gray. The path that Sam had spoken of, was one to the west of the house; it led to the garden, and was well sheltered by beech trees, now swaying to and fro, and tossing their naked branches in the gusty twilight. Sam and Isobel walked slowly under them, the dead leaves crackling beneath their feet; below, death and decay—above, life, youth, and love.

Sam was the first to speak. 'I have not seen you alone till now since I came, Isobel.'

'No. The bustle of the wedding came in the way. Poor Louise, I miss her already.'

'Miss her! I didn't think you would want her just now, when I have just come home, and I've been so long away,' said Sam reproachfully.

Isobel flushed, and was silent.

'It seems so very long since we last walked here together,' he went on. 'I have longed so much to get back, and wearied so much for you. I dare say you hardly thought of me.'

Had she not? For [illegible] constantly, more faithfully than he had ever thought of her, but [illegible] him.

'Going abroad is [illegible] sort,' she said gently. 'I [illegible] must have enjoyed so [illegible] to talk.'?

'Oh yes, I suppose I did.' He really had, but did not choose to remember it just then.

'Tell me some of your adventures; I am longing to hear them, and you have barely told me anything.'

'Some other time. I didn't bring you out here to talk about that, Isobel.—Here I have been away for two whole years, and you hardly look glad to see me.'

She smiled a little. 'You know I am glad, Sam,' she said, and her voice sounded to him very sweet.

Now he had resolved beforehand that there should be no such talk between them, but Sam Elliott was not the sort of man whose resolutions are of very much consequence. He had made a great many resolutions in the course of his life that never came to anything.—He looked down at the sweet flushed face beside him, with bright hair all blown about it, and he forgot everything else.

'I don't know about your being glad. You never said so till now. Have you nothing more to say to me after such a long time?'

'What do you want me to say?' she asked, almost in a whisper.

'Oh Isobel, you know I love you. You haven't forgotten all that was between us two years ago?'

'I remember,' she said, softly.

'And you love me?' Just say you love me.' He stopped as he said this, and put his arm round her. She stood hesitating, looking away from him.

'I do love you,' she said.

And then he drew her face to him, and covered it with kisses. They were standing at the end of the walk furthest from the house, so that they were not overlooked by any of the windows.

'It is growing chilly, my darling,' he said presently, drawing her shawl more closely about her. 'I shall have to let you go.'

But he kept her lingering there till the darkness began to fall, talking fond, foolish words, which to Isobel's ears were very sweet, but which any one else would have thought meant very little. At last she got away from him, and went to her own room to arrange her wind-blown hair.

Sam lit another cigar, and continued pacing up and down, gradually cooling, and thinking as he came to himself, 'What a fool I have been making of myself. Why did I go so far? I ought not to have revived that old story now. But she is so beautiful.'

He stood for a moment, frowning at the stormy western sky, with something of its dying red fire reflected in his eyes. 'Was there ever a fellow in such a mess,' he brooded on. 'It's enough to make one mad. And that cursed money I must have. I believe I might as well go down myself.'

But instead of doing that, or anything like it, he turned into the house, and went to the empty dining-room, where he poured out one glass of wine after another, and drank them.

'That sets me right,' he muttered.—And he smoothed his brow before going into the drawing-room.

To be continued.

How to Save Money.

From the Danbury News.

This is the way Astors are made: A Munson street man being told that there were several pieces of tin which needed mending, conceived the idea of getting an iron and solder, and do the mending himself. His wife, filled with vague forebodings perhaps, said that the expense was such a trifle that it would hardly pay to do it oneself, to which he responded.

"I'll admit that in this one instance it would not pay, but there is something being in want of repair every little while, and if I have the tools here for fixing it, we are saved just so much expense right along. It may not be much in the course of a year, but every little helps, and in time the total would amount to a nice little lump. We don't want the Astors lugging off all the money in the country, by gracious."

He got the iron—one dollar—and fifty cents' worth of solder, and ten cents' worth of rosin. He came home with these things and went into the kitchen, looking so proud and happy that his wife would have been glad he got them, were it not for an overpowering dread of an impending muse. He called for the articles needing repair. His wife brought out a pan.

"Where's the rest? Bring 'em all out an' let me make one job of 'em while I'm about it."

He got them all, and seemed to be disappointed that there were not more of them. He pushed the iron into the fire, got a milk pan inverted on his knee, and with the solder in his hand, waited for the right heat.

"That iron only cost one dollar and it'll never wear out, and there is enough solder in this piece to do twenty-five dollars worth of mending," he explained to his wife.

Pretty soon the iron was at the right heat, he judged. He rubbed the rosin about the hole which was to be repaired, held the stick of solder over it, and carefully applied the iron. It was an intensely interesting moment. His wife watched him with feverish interest. He said speaking laboriously as he applied the iron: "The-only-thing-I-regret-about-it-is-that-I-didn't-think-of-getting-this-before-we—" Then ascended through that ceiling the awfulest yell that woman ever heard and the same instant the soldering iron flew over the stove, the pan went clattering across the floor, and the bar of solder struck the wall with such force as to smash right through both plaster and lath. And before her horrified gaze danced her husband, in an ecstacy of agony, sobbing, screaming and holding to his left leg as desperately as if it was made of solid gold and studded with diamonds.

"Get the camphor, why don't you?" he yelled. "Send for a doctor! Oh-oh-I'm a dead man!" he shouted.

Just then his gaze rested on the soldering iron. And he hurled it through the window without the preliminary of raising the sash.

It was some time before the thoroughly frightened and confused woman learned that some of the molten solder had run through the hole in the pan and onto his leg, although she knew from the first that something of an unusual nature had occurred. She didn't send for the doctor. She made and applied the poultices herself to save expenses. She said:

"We don't want the Astors lugging off all the money in the country, by gracious."

"Come, Maria, don't be too cunning," he sheepishly expostulated.

WHITE SOUP.—Boil a knuckle of veal, and a fowl, with a little mace, two onions, a little pepper and salt, to a strong jelly, then strain it, and steam off all the fat, have ready the yolks of six eggs, beat well, put them in (keep stirring it or it will curdle,) put it in your dish with boiled chickens, and toasted bread cut in pieces, (if you do not like the eggs, you may get in a large handful of vermicelli half an hour before you take it off the fire.

Family Matters.

Awnings can be renewed at small cost by plunging the fabric into a solution containing 20 per cent of soap, and afterwards into another solution containing the same percentage of sulphate of copper. Wash and the operation is finished.

FILLET OF VEAL.—Take a slice or two of the fillet and a few slices of pork, chop these very fine, add sweet herbs, pepper and salt; if the pork does not make it soft enough, moisten it with an egg.

CHICKEN CELERY.—Boil two chickens; when cold, take the meat from, chop it fine with the yolk of nine eggs boiled hard, two heads of celery chopped, and sweet oil, mustard, cayenne, a little salt; mix it well together.

INDIAN PUDDING.—Boil a quart of milk and stir in four tablespoonfuls of Indian meal and four of grated bread or crackers, three tablespoonfuls of sugar, four eggs a piece of butter as a walnut and a little salt. Bake it three hours.

RICE PIES.—One quart of milk, six eggs, one cup of sugar, one cup of ground rice. Cook the rice a little in the milk, stirring it constantly while on the fire, and put the eggs in when hot. The rind of two lemons and the juice of one, or any flavor you choose.

APPLE MARMALADE.—Take four lbs. of cooking apples, pare and core them, put them in an enamelled saucepan with about a quart of sweet cider, and two pounds of castor sugar. Boil them until the fruit is quite soft. Squeeze it through a colander, and then through a sieve. Put away in jars covered with oiled paper and made perfectly air tight.

Chip Basket.

In the Boston wool market a few days since several lots of Canadian fleece combing brought 59c., and for two other large lots 63c. per pound was paid.

The winter in England is severe.—Another heavy fall of snow on December 6th rendered street locomotion in London very difficult and dangerous. Many omnibuses and tram cars were compelled to cease running.

The mines at Silver Islet, Lake Superior, are now filled with water, and shares have declined to the nominal value of $15. They were worth, a year or two ago, two thousand dollars.

Nine hundred soldiers were to embark for Cuba on December 30. The *Epoca* declares that Spain is resolved to retain Cuba, even if the insurgents should obtain greater forces and could rely on some powerful protector.

The first ship that sailed round the earth, and hence determined its being globular, was Magellan's. or Magellhoen's; he was a native of Portugal, in the service of Spain, and by keeping a westerly course he returned to the same place he had set out from in 1519. The voyage was completed in three years and twenty-nine days, but Magellan was killed on his homeward passage at the Philippines, in 1521.

The Earl of Stanhope is dead. The name of Stanhope is inseparably and honorably connected with the history of the printing press. His grandfather was the inventor of the press which goes by his name, and such was its excellence that it is to this day almost unsurpassed for certain kinds of work. Although steam had not at that time been applied to printing, the principle of the Stanhope press has of late years been embodied in some of the best of those worked by steam.

About the eighteenth century a West India Captain brought some Mahogany logs as ballast for his ship, and gave them to his brother, Dr. Gibbons, an eminent physician, who was then building a house. The wood was thrown aside as too hard for the workmen's tools. Some time afterwards his wife wanted a candle-box. The doctor thought of the West Indian wood, and out of that the box was made. Its color and polish tempted the doctor to have a bureau made of the same material, and this was thought so beautiful that it was shown to all his friends. The Duchess of Buckingham, who came to look at it, begged wood enough to make another bureau for herself. Then the demand arose for more, and Honduras mahogany became a common article of trade.

The miners of the San Francisco coast have almost gone crazy over the recent discovery of a simple means of reducing refractory ore. The discoverer is a young man from Albany, N. Y. He has been at the Occidental one week, and up to the moment of his departure this afternoon his apartments have been crowded with mine owners and capitalists, who have made him a multitude of propositions, but he only listens. I have conversed with dozens of mining property holders and assayers, and the universal answer is, "He has got it." This discovery, it is said, will make a complete revolution in mines and mining stocks, and the great mass of acres on the Pacific coast that cannot now be worked by the present expensive milling process will be mastered by the Fryer process at an extraordinarily small expense. The discovery is greater than a dozen Comstock bonanzas.—Swansea and Freiberg will unquestionably lose their great trade in American ores.

In the reign of Edward III, the daily price for works of husbandry was as follows:—Five pence for mowing, either by the acre or the day; one penny for haymaking; twopence for the reaping in the first week of August, threepence in the after weeks. Threshing, twopence farthing the quarter of wheat or rye, a penny farthing for the same quantity of beans, peas, barley and oats. In all these cases this was the maximum, and neither meat, drink, nor other courtesy was to be demanded, given, or taken. Twice in the year servants to be sworn before lords, seneschals, bailiffs, and constables of every town to observe this ordinance, and not to leave their winter places of abode, for the purpose of seeking work in the summer, if employment were to be had at the fixed rates at home. There was, however, a saving for counties on this point. Stocks were to be set up in every township for the punishment of those who should refuse to take the oath, or who should break the ordinaces. They were also to be punished by fine and ransom to the king; but the pecuniary penalty was, after a few years, abolished, imprisonment being substituted and at the same time the wages of master carpenters and masons were raised from threepence a day to fourpence, and of inferior workmen in proportion. Men absconding from service were to be outlawed and burnt in the forehead, when taken, with the letter "F," in token of falsity, if the offended party choose to sue for such punishment; but this pain of burning was respited till the ensuing Michaelmas; and then was not to be executed except by advice of the justices.

A darkey who was stooping to wash his hands in a creek, didn't notice the peculiar actions of a goat just behind him, so when he scrambled out of the water and was asked how [illegible] he answered: "I dunno [illegible] But I appeared as if de shore [illegible] proved too."

An Adventure in Lake Huron.

The Hamilton Spectator says that some few weeks ago Mr. [illegible], of that city, was appointed by the Government to go to the island of [illegible] Point, in Lake Huron, the purpose of collecting specimens of natural [illegible] for the Canadian department at the Centennial, in which he was very successful. On the morning he had arranged to come home it was found that the body of water extending from the island to the mainland was covered with a thin sheet of ice, which was strong enough to prevent the passage of a boat, and too thin to sustain human beings. After waiting for about three weeks for matters to improve, during which time their provisions became exhausted, the little party, consisting of Mr. Powell, Mr. Leary, Capt. Harbort and his wife, determined to risk the passage on foot. Mr. G. Norrell's sleigh, consisting of numerous birds, labelled with [illegible] and other apparatus, was placed in the boats belonging to the [illegible] boats being loaded upon a large sleigh. Mrs. Harbout was then placed in the boat, and at daylight of Dec. 23rd, the little forlorn h