Huron Signal.

WEEKLY EDITION.

W. T. COX, Editor and Proprietor.] "The Greatest Possible Good to the Greatest Possible Number."

$1.50 PER ANN. IN ADVANCE, } $2.00 AT END OF YEAR. } GODERICH, ONTARIO, D. C., THURSDAY, SEPT. 17, 1868. } VOL. XXI.—NO 34

Business Directory.

GRAIN, FLOUR, FEED, AND PROVISION STORE.

ARCHIBALD HODGE,

PRODUCE MERCHANT,

Cameron' Block, Kingston Street,

GODERICH.

GRAIN, FLOUR, OATMEAL, CORNMEAL, Bran, Shorts, Potatoes, Bacon, Butter, &c. Highest market price paid for grain and all kinds of produce. w4tf

G. BARRY & BRO.,

CABINET MAKERS, WOOD-TURNERS! AND UNDERTAKERS,

Hamilton St., Goderich,

KEEP constantly on hand for sale all articles in their line, such as

Bedsteads, Chairs, Tables, Sofas, &c.,

☞ All kinds of wood-turning done, such as Nool posts, stair bannisters, neckyokes, &c. Always on hand, a complete

ASSORTMENT OF COFFINS

and a HEARSE to hire on reasonable term

Goderich, May 3rd, 1866 15w6m*

GODERICH FANNING MILL AND Pump Factory!

THE SUBSCRIBER BEGS TO INFORM the inhabitants of the Counties of Huron and Bruce that he is still Manufacturing, and has on hand a number of his

SUPERIOR FANNING MILLS & PUMPS.

He would particularly draw attention to his Mills, as he will warrant them to free Wheat from oats, cockle, chess, &c. Pumps made to order and warranted.

Factory on Nelson st., between Victoria street and Cambria Road

Also, agent for the sale of Morgan's premium and patent CULTIVATOR, which has never yet failed to give general satisfaction to farmers who have used them.

HENRY DODD.

Goderich, April 22nd, 1864

W. M. SAVAGE,

BUYS and sells New York Drafts—Greenbacks—National currency—State notes, and uncurrent money at current rate of exchange.

19th Dec., 1865. w47-1yr

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

CIRCLEWORK,

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.

JAS BUCHANAN,
DAVID LAWSON,
WM. ROBINSON.

Goderich, March 4th, 1867. sw55

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, " " " £47,763

" 20th year, 1856, " " " £222,279

" 30th year, 1866, " " " £839,332

One year later, 1867, " " " £818,055

The Fire Reserve Fund is now $4,727,864

The Life Reserve Fund is now $9,282,468

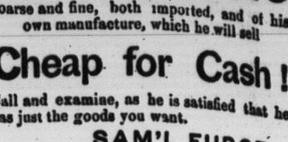
The company is represented throughout Ontario and Quebec, by influential Agents, to whom application for insurance may be made.

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

LOOK HERE



THE subscriber having REMOVED to the store lately occupied by WM. DUNCAN, first door south of Bingham's, Market Square, wishes to inform his friends in the Town of Goderich and surrounding country, that he now has the largest and most complete stock of Fall and Winter

Boots and Shoes

of any house in the country, containing every style of Ladies' and Children's goods, and that he has also a very large assortment of GENTLEMEN'S

WINTER BOOTS

coarse and fine, both imported, and of his own manufacture, which he will sell

Cheap for Cash!

Call and examine, as he is satisfied that he has just the goods you want.

SAM'L FURSE.

Goderich, Sept. 24, 1867. w4

Business Directory.

ALLAN P. MACLEAN,

TAILOR & CLOTHIER,

HAS JUST RECEIVED A LARGE

ASSORTMENT OF CLOTHS

Consisting in part of West of England Broad cloths, Beavers, Whitneys, Bearskins, Fancy English, Scotch, and French Tweeds, Cashmeres, Doeskins, and a variety of Canadian Cloths; Plain, Satin, and Flowered Vestings, Shirts, Gloves, Caps, &c., &c.

He feels confident of giving satisfaction to all who may favor him with their orders.

TWEED SUITS (all wool) $12 and upwards.

☞ N. B.—Cutting done to Order. ☜

Goderich, Sept 25th. 1866.

JAMES SMAILL, ARCHITECT,

PLANS AND SPECIFICATIONS of Buildings, &c., got up in a neat and correct style ☞ Office at the Huron Auction Mart, Market Square, Goderich. sw v1n71yly

LUCKNOW HOTEL AND STAGE OFFICE.

R. S. CUNNINGHAM, Proprietor.

SITUATED on the corner on the Northern Gravel Road, Lucknow, Stages leave every morning for Goderich and Walkerton. The hotel is fitted up with every accommodation for commercial travellers. A large Hall attached.

June 24, 1867.

CABINET WAREHOUSE

THE OLDEST IN THE COUNTY.

D. GORDON, CABINET MAKER AND UNDERTAKER,

Manufactures and has now on hand a complete assortment of Furniture, at his Warerooms,

WEST STREET, GODERICH,

SUCH AS

Sofas, Bureaus, Tables, Bedsteads, Hair, Cane and Wool-seated Chairs, Gilt Moulding and Looking Glasses, in variety, of

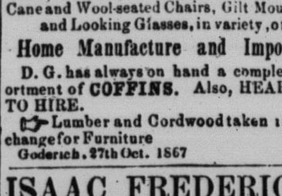
Home Manufacture and Imported

D. G. has always on hand a complete assortment of COFFINS. Also, HEARSES TO HIRE.

☞ Lumber and Cordwood taken in exchange for Furniture

Goderich, 27th Oct. 1867 w2

ISAAC FREDERICK



WATCHMAKER & JEWELER,

WEST ST., GODERICH,

Next door West of Mr. Stotts' Saddlery.

And one door East of the Post office.

ALL KINDS OF

WATCHES CLOCKS AND JEWELERY REPAIRED ON SHORT NOTICE.

In the best Style & Warrented.

ALSO A GOOD ASSORTMENT OF

Gold and Plated Jewelr Watches, Clocks, &c. &c.

Constantly on hand and warranted to be as represented, if not money refunded.

The stock will be sold cheap to make way for fresh goods. If you want a really good clock go to I. Frederick's.

Goderich, Oct. 22, 1867. w39,

GODERICH MILL FLOUR AND FEED STORE,

Crabb's Block Kingston Street.

FLOUR, Oat-meal, Corn-meal and Mill Feed.

ALSO, a lot of prime Sugar Cured HAMS and Rolled Bacon.

Just received this morning,

500 Bushels prime Potatoes.

1000 " oats.

T. B. VANEVRY & Co.

Goderich June 7, 1867. w20tf.

CHEESE! CHEESE!

Shephard & Strachan,

GROCERS, GODERICH.

HAVE been re-appointed 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. w18tf

VALUABLE PROPERTY FOR SALE.

THE undersigned offers for sale lot 6, con. 3, Goderich township.—88 acres, 55 cleared, frame barn, good land. The property is only a mile from present salt wells, and as the railway runs through it, better salt territory cannot be found.

WILLIAM ELLIOT, Goderich.

March 24, 1868. s.w 60 tf

Money to Lend,

ON very reasonable terms. Apply to

B. L. DOYLE, Savage's new Block.

Goderich, 9th Jan 1865.

MONEY TO LEND.

EASY TERMS.

J. B. GORDON.

Goderich, Jan. 14th, 1868. w51tf

NEW GOODS AT BUTLER'S Stationery, Toy, & Fancy Goods Store.

BABY CABS!

of all kinds, styles and prices, excellent quality and first-class finish.

The Dominion Clothes-Wringer!

The best in use; wholesale and retail.

50 Reams of Blue line cream-laid letter Paper. 150 Reams Cream laid, Blue laid, and

Variously Tinted Note Papers.

50 Reams Blue and Cream laid

FOOLSCAP!

OF ALL WEIGHTS AND PRICES.

75,000 ENVELOPES!

All Colors, Quality, Sizes and Kinds.

☞ All the Popular Magazines received as soon as published.

Miscellaneous Books

on hand always. Also, an extensive stock of the

Various School Books!

A very large and varied stock of Ladies' and Gentlemens'

FANCY & SPORTING GOODS

always on hand, all of which are bought and imported direct from the Best European and American Manufacturers.

Everything in Stock will be sold at a very small advance on cost.

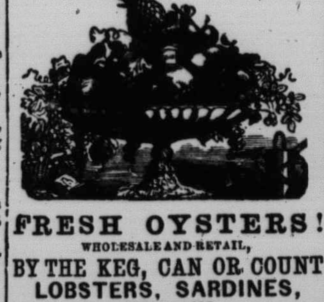
All the Popular Ballads

Songs, Vocal and Instrumental Music, procured in two days' notice, and sold at Publisher's Prices.

At BUTLER'S.

Goderich, June 28th, 1867. w48

BY EXPRESS!



FRESH OYSTERS!

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,

BY THE KEG, CAN OR COUNT

LOBSTERS, SARDINES, AND CLAMS.

FRESH LEMONS, ORANGES, DATES, Cocoanuts Figs Grapes, &c., &c., &c., at

E. BINGHAM'S,

Westside of Market Square,

Goderich, Nov. 30, 1865. sw99

THE RIDGE PROPERTY FOR SALE.

THE RESIDENCE OF THE LATE JOHN GALT, Esq.

THIS property is beautifully situated opposite the Town of Goderich, on the North Bank of the

RIVER MAITLAND,

and on the Banks of Lake Huron. It contains 31 7-10 acres of Land more or less, with Dwelling House, Outhouses, Stables, &c., with large Garden, Vinery and Orchard. The Wood Land consists principally of Oak and the flowering Linden, Cherry, Maple, &c. The Grounds are in very good order. There are three never failing springs of pure water on the Property. The situation for a private residence cannot be surpassed in the Province.

For terms apply to

THOS. GALT, Esq., Barrister, Toronto

D. SHADE GOODING, Barrister, Goderich.

Goderich, 6th July, 1866. sw90tf

NEW GROCERY! AND Flour and Feed Store.

WM. ROBINSON

BEGS respectfully to announce to the inhabitants of Goderich and vicinity that he has commenced in the above line in Mr. Smaill's old stand,

CORNER OF SQUARE & NORTH ST.

In the Grocery Department he will keep on hand good articles, and sell as cheap as the cheapest.

Particular attention paid to the line of

FLOUR AND FEED!

and as the advertiser has had many years' experience in that branch of business, he feels confident that he can give satisfaction.

Goderich, Feb. 7, 1868. sw47t

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP, For Children Teething,

greatly facilitates the process of teething, by softening the gums, reducing all inflammation—will allay ALL PAIN and spasmodic action, and is

Sure to Regulate the Bowels.

Depend upon it, mothers, it will give rest to yourselves and

Relief and Health to your Infants.

We have put up and sold this article for years, and Can Say in Confidence and Truth of it what we have never been able to say of any other medicine—Never has it Failed in a Single Instance to Effect a Cure, when timely used. Never did we know an instance of dissatisfaction by any one who used it. On the contrary, all are delighted with its operation, and speak in terms of commendation of its magical effects and medical virtues. We speak in this matter "WHAT WE DO KNOW," after years of experience, and Pledge our reputation for the fulfilment of what we here declare. In almost every instance where the infant is suffering from pain and exhaustion, relief will be found in fifteen or twenty minutes after the syrup is administered.

Full directions for using will accompany each bottle. None genuine unless the fac-simile of CURTIS & PERKINS, New York, is on the outside wrapper

Sold by druggists throughout the world.

PRICE ONLY 25 CENTS PER BOTTLE.

OFFICES

215 Fulton Street, New York; 205 High Holborn, London, England; 441 St. Paul Street, Montreal Canada. sw2w32 1y4

THE TIPPERARY MURDERS.

Correspondence of the London Times.

DUBLIN, Aug. 17.—The puplic mind is filled with horror at the horrid tragedy in the county Tipperary. The first brief notice of it which reached town communicated but a very faint impression of its character, but the details which have since been received show that since the memorable scence at Carrickshock an agrarian outrage so desperate and sanguinary has not been committed in the south of Ireland. We have as yet no clear information as to the dealings of Mr. Scully with his tenantry, or the reasons which induced him to resort to the extreme of eviction in order to enforce his views of the "rights of property." In his present state, suffering as he is from dangerous wounds, he is of course unable to offer any explanation of his proceedings, and the statements which are in circulation reflecting upon his conduct are, perhaps, capable of being refuted, and must be received with some distrust. The property of Ballychoey, about 300 acres, is situate about two miles south of the Limerick Junction; it originally formed part of the Portarlingt estate, which was one of those dismembered by the operation of the Encumbered Estates Act. It was purchased in 1855 by Mr. Charles Grey, J. P., then agent over the estates of the Earl of Derby, and was sold by him in 1866 to Mr. Scully. There were 22 tenants on the property, to whom, it is said, he offered leases contaning stringent and singular covenants, to the effect that they were to give up their farms on receiving 21 days' notice, and resign a claim to growing crops on compensation. It is difficult to believe that the leases he professed to give were of so illusory a character. Whatever the exact terms were, the tenants refused to accept the leases, and he determined to eject them. A few of them had not paid their half year's rent, but had lodged the amount and were ready to pay on the settlement of the pending dispute. A feeling of exasperation was existed by Mr. Scully's determination, and, apprehending personal danger he applied to the magistrates for protection, and was allowed an escort of police to accompany him to the lands. On Tuesday, as already stated, he only partially succeeded in serving the notices. On Wednesday and Thursday the weather was very inclement, and he was induced to postpone the service of the rest, sixteen or eighteen in number, until Friday. He sent out from his residence at Ballinclough about 7 o'clock in the morning, accompanied by Jeremiah Gorman, his steward, an intelligent young man, and Maher, a herd, and proceeded to the Bansha station, on the Waterford and Limerick Railway. Two constables, named McGrath and Kelly, who have guarded him by night and by day for some time past, also went with him, and on arriving at the Limerick Junction the escort was reinforced by constables Cleary, Collison, Cahill and Morrow. They walked down the line as far as the "Ice House," and then turned off into the fields to cross over to Ballycohey which they reached about half-past nine, o'clock. They were immediately observed, scouts having probably been on the watch, who knew by the arrival of the train the time at which he might be expected. Shouts and whistling caught up from hill to hill, instantly conveyed intelligence of his approach, and from every side the peasantry came trooping down in a promiscuous throng of men, women and chidren. From 100 to 150 people were soon collected on the spot, and as the excitement spread far and wide the numbers were constantly increasing. They pressed round the party as closely as they could, but were kept in check by the little band of constabulary. Mr. Scully was assailed with shots of "Murderer" and "Robert," by the people, who seemed excited to frenzy, and vowed that they would have his life and that he would never enjoy Ballycohey. One man said, "*We* might as well be dead as alive—what can we do?" Armed with a double barrelled gun and a revolver, Mr. Scully disregarded their menaces and maledictions, and, with a dogged courage which he retained to the last, he went from house to house to serve the notices, with his steward and herd in attendance to witness the service. The houses, however, were empty, and he was baffled. He coolly took some luncheon which he had brought with him, and was about to resume his search for the tenants, but constable Cleary, who was in charge of the police force, seeing the crowd still increasing and the risk of a collision more imminent, strongly advised him not to proceed further. He agreed at first to this judicious counsel, and they were on their way back to the station, when, unhappily, as they approached the farm stead of a man named Dwyer, he determined to make an effort to serve him. It will be remembered that on Tuesday a person of the same name—whether actually the same or not does clearly appear—used his influence to induce the people to return peaceably home, but then they were unarmed and unprepared. It was not so now, as Mr. Scully and his party soon learnt to their terrible cost. They fell, in fact, into a fatal ambuscade. the place was so situate as peculiarly to favor a premeditated plan to lure Mr. Scully and his assistants to their destruction. The farmyard is a large quadrangle one side of which is occupied by the dwelling house, and at right angles to this range of out-offices; the other two sides are enclosed by hedges. It is approached by an narrow lane through an entrance near the gable of the house. Constable Cleary, with four of his men, remained at the end of the lane to keep back the persuing and threatening crowd, while Mr. Scully, along with Gorman and Maher, went in. All seemed deserted, but it was not so. The instant they entered two shots were fired from the dwelling-house and one from a rude loop-hole specially made in an out house commanding the door of the house. Poor Gorman was near the threshhold when he fell mortally wounded. The shot aimed at Mr. Scully came from a loft over the kitchen, where a feather-bed had been set up to screen the assassin. He received three wounds in the head, one bullet passing right through his throat. He fell on his knees, but immediately regaining his feet hurried towards the gate, and, under shelter of the pier, fired his revolver towards the house. While this exchange of shots was going forward, Cleary, at the head of his men entered the enclosure, and observing smoke issuing from the port-hole, he fired into it, and it is supposed with some effect. Mr. Scully returned to the attack, led the way into the dwelling house, followed by the constables, and as they entered the kitchen, which open into the yard, they stumbled over the prostrate body of Gorman, who raised his head as if to be lifted, and was raised by one of the constables. The place was found to be empty, the occupants having escaped through a hole made in the wall at the back. Constables Cahill and Collison meanwhile found Maher lying wounded in the foot, and Collison stooped to raise him, and while doing so was shot in the back of the head. In the angle, between the house and out-offices, they found Morrow lying dead, having been, like Garman, shot from the loop-hole. He was, as the accounts say, riddled with bullets.—One had gone through his heart, two others had penetrated his breast, and he had received others in the left arm and left leg. He was 30 years of age, and had been 14 years in the service. Kelly was shot in the thigh and severely wounded, and Cahill had a narrow escape, a ball having grazed his left breast after passing through his coat. Mr. Scully retained his presence of mind throughout, and, amid the terrible scene, did not forget the object of his visit; but, taking some papers and a revolver from his steward he proceeded, in company with two constables, to Ballykirteen, the residence of Mr Bolton, Lord Derby's agent. On the way the constables wanted to leave him and return for their dead comrades, but he made the characteristic remark that they could do no good to dead men, it was better to protect a living one. At Ballykirteen he received shelter and medical attendance,—one of the two bullets which had lodged in his face was extracted; the other is still in his left jaw.—He was brought home about 7 o'clock in the evening, under a strong escort of constabulary, and is likely to recover. Collison was conveyed to the Limerick Junction, and received medical treatment. Cleary and another constable remained with Gorman until he died, about 6 o'clock. He had succeeded his father in the agency, and was educated at Mr. Scully's expense in a veterinary college in Edinburgh. On searching the farmhouse the police found near the loophole a blunderbuss, which had burst, and and a revolver; and in the loft over the kitchen a four barreled revolver with three chambers loaded, and a bottle half full of brandy. In the opening through which the assassins escaped a pistol was found. The police lost no time in endeavoring to track them, and arrested some men on suspicion. An inquest was held on Saturday at 2 o'clock before Mr. Morrissy, the coroner. After hearing the evidence of the constables and medical gentlemen, the jury found the following verdict:

"The jury find that sub-constables Sam'l Morrow and Darby Gorman came by their deaths on the lands of Ballycohey from the effects of bullet wounds inflicted on Friday, the 14th of August, 1868, by some person or persons to us at present unknown. The jury are further of opinion that the conduct of Mr. Wm. Scully, as regards proceedings towards his tenants at Ballycohey, is much to be depreciated, and the sooner legislative enactments be passed to put a stop to any such proceedings the better for the peace and welfare of the country."

A magisterial inquiry was afterwards held, and Patrick and John Dwyer, who are cousins, Tully Hefferpan, and James Greer were detained in custody. The other prisoners were discharged.

JOSH BILLINGS SAYINGS.

Don't mistake douncast eyes for modesty; douncast eyes are often on the lookout sideways.

If you are looking after happiness, don't take the turnpike, take one ov the by roads; you will avoid the tollgates and find it less crowded and dusty.

Hipokrasy is one ov the vices that you kaint konvert; you might as well undertake to git the wiggle out of a snake or the greese out ov fat pork.

We should be kerful how we encourage luxurys; it is but a step forward from hoecake to plum puddin, but iz a mile and a half, by the nearest road, when we have to go back again.

Thar izjist as much jealousy (it is only less dangerous) among the lowly as among the ritch; the poor devil with a hole loaf under his arm is the lord ov his neighbourhood, and the half-loaves look on with wonder while he struts up and down the alley.

The best condishun in life iz not to be so ritch as tew be envyed, nor so poor as to be dammed.

Is it charity tew giv tew a thankless cuss in need? Certainly; jest as much as it would be to save a drowning cow.

Revenge is just as natral as milk; you will see little bits of boys club the post that they bump their heads against.

A Succession of Horrors.

The old proverb that "misfortunes never come singly" was curiously illustrated in England during the week of the Abergele Railway disaster. While the frightful details of this slaughter were fresh topics of talk in Liverpool, its citizens were startled by an explosion which killed four men on the spot, and so fearfully wounded sixteen more that two have since died, and two more are dying. The victims of this casualty were yet unburied when one of the most destructive storms known for years suddenly swept along the northwestern coast of Englan d and strewed it with wrecks. So violent and unexpected was the gale that whole crews were lost, and no one left to tell the story. The extent of the loss of life will probably never be known, but it was certainly very large. Such a rapid succession of horrors, all occurring within three days, has naturally created a profound sensation all over England.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Sept. 5th.—A scout came into Hays city last evening from Fort Dodge. He reports that a Mexican train was attacked on the 28th of August at Pawnee Fort, on the old State free route 37 miles south west from Fort Dodge, by a large party of Arrapahoe and Cheyenne Indians. They killed 16 Mexicans, scalping them and and burning their bodies with the wagons. Another train a few miles beyond was successfully resisting the efforts of the Indians to capture them. Another train loaded with 75,000 pounds of wool was attacked at Cameron Crossing, 25 miles from Fort Dodge on the same road. The men fought untill their ammunition gave out, and then abandoned the train, saving what stock they could.

☞ Grashoppers are so numerous in the w[illegible] that, having eaten everything else, th[illegible] on the fences and be[illegible] tobac[illegible]

FOUL PLAY.

BY CHARLES READE AND DION BOUCICAULT.

CONTINUED.

"Ah, madam," said Michael, "that must have been some other Robert Penfold; not my son. He could not come home. His time was not up, you know.

"It was Robert Penfold, son of Michael Penfold."

"Excuse me a moment," said Michael; and he went to the drawer, and brought her a photograph of Robert. "Was it this Robert Penfold?"

The girl took the photograph and eyed it, and lowered her head over it.

"Yes," she murmured.

"And he was coming home in the ship with you. Is he mad? More trouble! more trouble!"

"Do not alarm yourself," said Helen; he will not land in England for years,"—here she satisfied a sob,—"and long ere that we shall have restored him to society."

Michael started at that, and shook his head.

"Never," said he; that is impossible."

"Why impossible?"

"They all say he is a felon."

"They all shall say that he is a martyr."

"And he is; but how can that ever be proved?"

"I don't know. But I am sure the truth can always be proved, if people have patience and perseverance."

"My sweet young lady," said Michael, sadly, "you don't know the world."

"I am learning it fast, though. It may take a few years perhaps, to make powerful friends, to grope my way amongst forgers, and spies, and wicked, dishonest people of all sorts, but so surely as you sit there I'll clear Robert Penfold before I die."

The good feeble old man gazed on her with admiration and astonishment.

She subdued her flashing eye, and said with a smile, "And you shall help me. Mr. Penfold, let me ask you a question. I called here before; but you were gone to Edinburg. Then I wrote to you at the office, begging you to let me know the moment you returned. Now, do you think I am angry; but pray tell me why you would not answer my letter."

Michael Penfold was not burdened with *amour propre*, but who has not got a little of it in some corner of his heart? "Miss Rolleston," said he, "I was born a gentleman, and was a man of fortune once, till false friends ruined me. I am in business now, but still a gentleman; and neither as a gentleman nor as a man of business could I leave a lady's letter unanswered. I never did such a thing in all my life. I never got your letter," he said quite put out; and his wrath was so like a dove's that Helen smiled and said, "But I posted it myself. And my address was in it; yet it was returned."

"Well, madam, it was not delivered. I assure you."

"It was intercepted, then."

He looked at her. She blushed, and said "Yes, I am getting suspicious, ever since I found I was followed and watched. Excuse me a moment."

She went to the window and peered through the curtains. She saw a man walking slowly by; he quickened his pace the moment she opened the curtain.

"Yes," said she, "it was intercepted, and I am watched wherever I go."

Before she could say any more a bustle was heard on the stairs, and in bounced Nancy Rouse, talking as she came. "Excuse me, Mr. Benfold, but I can't wait no longer with my heart a bursting; it is! it is! O my dear, sweet young lady; the Lord be praised! You really are alive and well Kiss you I must and shall; come back from the dead; there—there—there?"

"Nancy! my good kind Nancy," cried Helen, and returning her embrace warmly.

Then followed a burst of broken explanations; and at last Helen made out that Nancy was the landlady, and had left Lambert long ago.

"But, dear heart!" said she, "Mr. Penfold, I'm properly jealous of you. To think of her coming here to see you, and not me!"

"But I didn't know you were here, Nancy." Then followed a stream of inquiries, and such warm-hearted sympathy with all her dangers and troubles, that Helen was led into revealing the cause of it all.

"Nancy, said she," solemnly, "the ship was wilfully cast away; there was a villain on board that made holes in her and sank her."

Nancy lifted up her hands in astonishment. But Mr. Penfold was far more surprised and agitated.

"For Heaven's sake, don't say that!" he cried.

"Why not, sir?" said Helen: "it is the truth; and I have got the testimony of dying men to prove it."

"I am sorry for it. Pray don't let anybody know. Why, Wardlaw's would lose the insurance of £150,000."

"Arthur Wardlaw knows; my father told him.

"And he never told me," said Penfold, with growing surprise.

"Goodness me! what a world it is!" cried Nancy. "Why, that was murder, and no less. It is a wonder she wasn't drownded, and another friend into the bargain that I had in that very ship. O, I wish I had the villain here that did it, I'd tear his eyes out!"

Here the mite of a servant bounded in, radiant and giggling, gave Nancy a triumphant glance, and popped out again, holding the door open, through which in slouched a seafaring man, drawn by Penfold's advertisement, and decoyed into Nancy's presence by the imp of a girl, who thought to please her mistress.

Nancy, who for some days had secretly expected this visit, merely gave a little squeak; but Helen uttered a violent scream; and upon that; Wylie recognized her, and literally staggered back astep or two, and these words fell out of his mouth;

"The sick girl!"

Helen caught him:

"Ay!" cried she; "but she is alive in spite of you and to punish you."

She darted forward, and her eyes flashed lightning.

"Look at this man, all of you," she cried. "Look at him well; this is the wretch that scuttled the Proserpine!"

CHAPTER LXII.

'O Miss Helen, how can you say that?' cried Nancy, in utter dismay. 'I'll lay my life poor Joe never did no such wickedness.'

But Helen waved her off without looking at her, and pointed at Wylie.

'Are you blind? Why does he cringe and cower, at sight of me? I tell you he scuttled the Proserpine, and the great augur he did it with I have seen and handled. Yes sir, you destroyed a ship, and the lives of many innocent persons, whose blood now cries to Heaven against you; and if I am alive to tell the cruel tale, it is no thanks to you; for you did your best to kill me, and what is worse, kill Robert Penfold, this gentleman's son for he was on board the ship. You are no better than an assassin.'

'I am a man that's down,' said Wylie, in a low and broken voice, hanging his head. 'Don't hit me any more. I didn't mean to take any body's life? I took my chance with the rest, lady, as I'm a man. I have lain in my bed many's the night crying like a child with thinking you were dead. And now I am glad you are alive to be revenged on me. Well, you see, it is your turn now; you have lost me my sweetheart there; she'll never speak to me again, after this. Ah, the poor man gets all the blame! You don't ask who tempted me; and if I was to tell you, you'd hate me worse than ever; so I'll delay. If I'm a sinner, I'm a sufferer. England's too hot to hold me. I've only to go to sea, and get drowned the quickest way.' And with this he ventered a deep sigh, and slouched out of the room.

Nancy sank into a seat and threw her apron over her head, and rocked and sobbed as if her heart would break.

As for Helen Rolleston, she still stood in the middle of the room burning with excitement.

Then poor old Michael came to her, and said, almost in a whisper,—

'It is a bad business; he is her sweetheart, and she had the highest opinion of him."

This softened Helen in a great measure. She turned and looked at Nancy, and said,

'O dear, what a miserable thing! But I couldn't know that.'

After a while, she drew a chair, and sat down by Nancy, and said,—

'I won't *punish* him, Nancy.'

Nancy burst out sobbing afresh.

'You *have* punished him,' said she, bruskly, 'and me too, as never did you no harm. You have driven him out of the country, you have.'

At this piece of feminine justice Helen's anger revived. 'So, then,' said she, 'ships are to be destroyed, and ladies and gentlemen murdered, and nobody is to complain or say an angry word, if the wretch happens to be paying his addresses to you.—That makes up for all the crimes in the world. What! can an honest woman like you lose all sense of wright and wrong for a man? and such a man?'

'Why, he is as well made a fellow as ever I saw,' sobbed Nancy.

'O, is he?' said Helen, ironically,—her views of manly beauty were different, and black eyes a *sine qua non* with her,—'then it is a pity his soul is not made to correspond. I hope by my next visit you will have learned to dispise him as you ought. Why, if I loved a man ever so, I'd tear him out of my heart if he committed a crime; ay, though I tore my soul out of my body to do it."

"No, you would n't," said Nancy, recovering some of her natural pugnacity or "few are all tarred with the same stick, gentle or simple.'

"But I assure you I would,' cried Helen; 'and so ought you.'

'Well, miss, you begin,' cried Nancy, suddenly firing up through her tears. 'If the Proserpine was scuttled, which I've your word for it, Miss Helen, I never knew you to tell a lie, why your sweetheart is more to blame for it than mine.'

Helen rose with dignity.

'You are in grief,' said she. 'I leave you to consider whether you have done well to affront me in your own house.' And she was moving to the door with great dignity, when Nancy ran and stopped her.

'O, don't leave me so, Miss Helen,' she cried; 'don't you go to quarrel with me for speaking the truth too plain and rude as is a plain spoken body at the best; and in such grief myself, I scarce know what I do say. But indeed, and in truth, you must'nt go and put it abroad that the ship was scuttled; if you do, you won't hurt Joe Wylie; he'll got a ship, and fly the country. Who you'll hurt will be your own husband as is to be,—Wardlaws.'

'Shall I, Mr. Penfold?' asked Helen, disdainfully.

'Well, madam, certainly it might create some unworthy suspicion.'

'Suspicion?' cried Nancy. 'Don't you think to throw dust in my eyes. What had poor Joe to gain by destroying that there ship? you know very well he was bribed to do it; and risk his own life. And who bribed him? Who should bribe him, but the man as owned the ship?'

'Miss Rouse,' said Mr. Penfold. 'I sympathize with your grief, and make great allowance; but I will not sit here and hear my worthy employers blackened with such terrible insinuations. The great house of Wardlaw bribe the sailor to scuttle their own ship, with Miss Rolleston and one hundred and sixty thousand pounds' worth of gold on board! Monstrous! monstrous!'

'Then what did Joe Wylie mean?' replied Nancy. 'Says he, 'The poor man gets all the blame. If I was to tell you who tempted me,' says he, 'you'd hate me worse.' Then I say, why should she hate him worse? Because its her sweetheart tempted mine, I stands to that.'

This inference, thus worded, struck Helen as so droll that she turned her head aside to giggle a little. But old Penfold replied loftily,—

'Who cares what a *Wylie* says against a great old mercantile house of London City?'

'Very well, Mr. Penfolds,' said Nancy, with one great final sob, and dried her eyes with her apron; and she did it with such an air, they both saw she was not going to shed another tear about the matter.

'Very well; you are both against me; then I'll say no more. But I know what I know.'

"And what do you know?" enquired Helen.

"Time will show," said Nancy, turning suddenly very dogged,—"time will show."

Nothing was to be got out of her after that; said Helen, soon after, made her a civil, though stiff, little speech; regretted the pain she had inadvertently caused her, and went away, after leaving Mr. Penfold her address.

On her return home, she entered the whole adventure in her diary. She made a separate entiry to that effect:—

Mysterious.—My letter to Mr. Penfold at the office intercepted.

Wylie hints that he was bribed by Messrs. Wardlaw.

Nancy Rouse suspects that it was Arthur, and says time will show.

As for me, I can neither see why Wylie should scuttle the ship unless he was bribed by somebody, nor what Arthur or his father could gain by destroying that ship. This is all as dark as is that more cruel mystery which alone I care to solve.

CHAPTER LXIII.

Next morning, after a sleepless night Nancy Rouse said to Mr. Penfold, "Have not I heard you say as bank-notes could be traced to folk?"

"Certainly, madam," said Michael; "but it is necessary to take the number of them."

"Oh! And how do you do that?"

"Why, every note has its own number."

"La; ye don't say so; then them fifties are all numbered, belike."

"Certainly, and if you wish me to take down the numbers, I will do so."

'Well, some other day you shall. I could not bear the sight of them just yet; for it is them as has been the ruin of poor Joe Wylie I do think.'

Michael could not follow this; but, the question having been raised, he advised her, on grounds or common produce, not to keep them in the house without taking down their numbers.

'We will talk about that in the evening,' said Nancy.

Accordingly, at night, Nancy produced the notes, and Michael took down their numbers and description in his pocket-book. They ran from 19,444 to 16,463. And he promised her to try and ascertain through what hands they had passed. He said he had a friend in the bank of England, who might perhaps be able to discover to what private-bank they had been issued in the first instance, and then those bankers, on a strong representation, might perhaps examine their books, and say to whom they had paid them. He told her the notes were quite new, and evidently had not been separated since their first issue.

Nancy caught a glimpse of his meaning, and set herself doggedly to watch until the person who had passed the notes through the chimney should come for them. 'He will miss them,' said she, "you mark my words.

Thus Helen, though reduced to a stand still herself, had set an inquiry on foot which was alive and ramifying.

In the course of a few days she received a visit from Mrs Undercliff. That lady came in, and laid a prayer book on the table, saying, "I have brought it you back, miss; and I want you to do something for my satisfaction.'

"O, certainly," said Helen. "What is it?"

"Well, miss, first examine the book and the writing. Is it all right?"

Helen examined it, and said it was: Indeed," said she, "the binding looks fresher if anything."

"You have a good type," said Mrs. Undercliff.

'Well, what I want you to do is—of course, Mr. Wardlaw is a good deal about you.'

'Yes.'

'Does he go to church with you ever.'

'No.'

'But he would if you were to ask him.'

'I have no doubt he would; but why?'

'Manage matters so that he shall go to church with you, and then put the book down for him to see the writing, all in a moment. Watch his face and tell me.'

Helen coloured up and said, 'No; I can't do that why, it would be turning God's temple into a trap! Besides—'

'The real reason first if you please,' said this horribly shrewd old woman.

'Well, Mr. Arthur Wardlaw is the gentleman I am going to marry.'

'Good Heavens! cried Mrs. Undercliff, taken utterly aback by this most unexpected turn. 'Why, you never told me that?'

'No,' said Helen, blushing. 'I did not think it neccessary to go into that. Well of course it is not in human nature that Mr. Wardlaw should be jealous, in my good work or put himself forward; but he has never refused to lend me help that was in his power; and it is repugnant to my feelings to lay a trap for him.'

'Quite right, said Mrs. Undercliff; of course I had no idea you were going to marry Mr. Wardlaw. I made sure Mr. Penfold was the man.'

Helen blushed higher still, but made no reply.

Mrs. Undercliff turned the conversation directly.

'My son has given many hours to Mr. Hand's two letters and he told me to tell you he is beginning to doubt whether Mr. Hand is a real person, with a real handwriting at all.'

'O Mrs. Undercliff! Why, he wrote me two letters! However, I will ask Mr. Penfold whether Mr. Hand exists or not. When shall I have the pleasure of seeing you again?'

'Whenever you like, my dear young lady but not upon this business of Penfold and Wardlaw. I have done with it forever; and my advice to you miss, is not to stir the mud any more.' And with these mysterious words the old lady retired leaving Helen deeply discouraged at her desertion.

However she noted down the conversation in her dairy, and made this comment People find no pleasure in proving an accused person innocent; the charm is to detect guilt. This day a good, kind friend abandons me because I will not turn aside from my charitable mission to suspect another person as wrongfully as he I love has been suspected.

Mem; To see or make inquiries about Mr. Hand.

General Rolleston had taken a furnished house in Hanover Square. He now moved into it, and Helen was compelled to busy herself in household arrangements.

She made the house charming; but unfortunately stood in a draught whilst heated, and caught a chill, which a year ago would very likely have gone to her limbs in violent neuralgia pains, and confined her to her bed for fortnight.

She suffered severely, but had the consolation of finding she was tenderly beloved. Arthur sent flowers every day, and affectionate notes twice a day. And her father was constantly by her bedside.

At last she came down to the drawing-room, but lay on the sofa well wrapped up, and received only her most intimate friends. The neuralgia had now settled on her right arm and head, so that she could not write a letter; and she said to herself with a sigh, 'O, how unfit a girl is to do anything great. We always fall ill just when health and strength are most needed.'

Nevertheless, during this period of illness and inaction, the circumstances occurred that gave her joy.

Old Wardlaw had been long exerting himself in influential channels to obtain what he called justice for his friend Rolleston, and had received some very encouraging promises; for the General's services was indisputable: and, while he was stirring the matter, Helen was unconsciously co-operating by her beauty, and the noise her adventure made in society. At last a gentleman, whose wife was about to visit the queen promised Wardlaw one day, that if a fair opportunity should occur, that lady should tell Helen's adventure, and how the gallant old General, when everybody despaired, had gone out to the Pacific, and found his daughter, and brought her home. This lady was a courtier of ten years standing, and waited her opportunity; but when it did come, she took it, and she soon found that no great tact or skill was necessary on such an occasion as this. She was listened to with ready sympathy, and