Huron Signal.

DIEU ET MON DROIT

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

VOL. XXV. NO. 11. GODERICH, ONTARIO, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 3, 1872. WHOLE NO. 1311.

The Huron Signal

(ESTABLISHED 1848.)

One of the Largest Papers published in Canada West, and published at Goderich, Ontario, every

WEDNESDAY MORNING,

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

J. J. BELL,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Terms—$1.00 per annum, in advance, $2 if credit is given. No paper discontinued till all arrears are paid, except at the option of the publisher.

RATES OF ADVERTISING:

Eight cents per line for the first insertion, and two cents per line for each subsequent insertion.

Business cards not exceeding 6 lines, $5 per annum, from 6 to 10 lines, $8.

The number of lines to be reckoned by the space occupied measured upon a scale of solid Nonpareil.

Advertisements without specific directions, will be inserted until forbid, and charged accordingly.

YEARLY AGREEMENTS:

The following rates will be charged to merchants and others who advertise by the year:—

One Column	1 year	$60
"	6 months	35
"	3 months	25
Half "	1 year	35
"	6 months	25
"	3 months	15
Quarter "	1 year	25
"	6 months	15
"	3 months	10
Eighth "	1 year	15
"	6 months	10
"	3 months	5

This agreement is to be confined to the actual business of commercial firms, and for such it will not be held to include Auction Sales, Removals, Co-Partnership Notices, Private Advertisements of Individual members of firms, houses to let or other desk, &c.

☞ The above rates will in all cases be strictly adhered to.

Advertisements intended for insertion in any particular issue should reach the office 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 promptly attended to.

Business Directory.

DR. P. A. McDougall

WILL BE AT HOME FOR CONSULTATION up to 9 o'clock a. m. every day. Will visit patients at any hour afterwards, night or day. 4v

G. C. Shannon M. D.

PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c., Goderich, Ont. 12:40-1y

DR. McLEAN,

PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, CORONER, &c. Office and Residence same door east of Central School.

Dr. Cassidy,

McGILL College

PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c., Office, over his Drug Store, Goderich, Ontario. 1w12

J. Campbell, M. D., C. M.

(Graduate of McGill University, Montreal.)

PHYSICIAN, SURGEON AND ACCOUCHEUR. Doctor for the County. Office and residence over the "Farmer's Store," (old post office building) Main Street, Seaforth. 1:50-1y

Ira Lewis

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

Cameron & Garrow,

BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY, &c. Office, Kingston street, Goderich.

M. C. CAMERON w52 J. T. GARROW.

Doyle & Squier,

BARRISTERS AND ATTORNEYS, SOLICITORS in Chancery, &c. Goderich, Ont.

S. L. DOYLE. w6 W. R. SQUIER, B.A.

Meeks & Elliott

BARRISTERS, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, SOLICITORS in Chancery, &c., Goderich.

Sinclair & Seager

BARRISTERS, &c., Goderich.

J. S. SINCLAIR. CHAS. SEAGER, Jr

Goderich, Dec. 1st, 1871. 1y.

G. CAMPAIGNE

LAW CHANCERY AND CONVEYANCING. Office at Dixie Watson's, Official Assignee. Goderich, Ont.

Goderich, 15th Sept., 1871. sw72tf

J. S. Macdonald,

BARRISTER, ATTORNEY, SOLICITOR, &c., &c. Office, Ont. w36

MONEY TO LEND.

Strong & Squier,

ESTATE AND INSURANCE AGENTS, Commercial Buildings, Buffalo, N.Y.

W. R. Strong, Jr. H. B. Squier.

Buffalo, 1st May, 1871. w26

C. H. Ronnis,

ARCHITECT AND SURVEYOR, LAND Conveyancer, Kincardine.

WM. CARLYLE, Agent, Goderich.

FIRE INSURANCE.

The following first class reliable Fire Insurance Companies represented:

Queen, of England.
Phœnix, of London.
Royal, of Liverpool.
Liverpool, London and Globe.
Lancashire, of England.
Imperial, of London.
Western, of Toronto.
Ætna, of Hartford.
Hartford, of Hartford.

Losses promptly adjusted and paid here without reference to any other office in Canada.

Farm for Sale

Crown Land Patents taken out. Debts Collected.

Goderich, Aug 16, 1871. w1 JAS. GIBBE.

A Registered Assistant Apothecary and Will Lands for sale.

Goderich, Aug 5 1870. w1 J. TRUEMAN

CLINTON MUSIC EMPORIUM.

PIANOS, ORGANS, MELODEONS, WHOLESALE and Retail. Sole agents for the Celebrated Bell Organs, Boston. Pianos from Manufacturers in Toronto, Hamilton, Boston and New York. Sheet Music and Music Books, Musical Merchandise of all kinds. Pianos Tuned and Organs Repaired. Address W. DOHERTY, Clinton, Ont. 16th, 1871. sww17w521y

Auction & Commission

GODERICH & CLINTON

Estd. A.D. 1852.

SALES of Stock every Saturday, at Goderich; every Saturday at Clinton every Wednesday. Advances made on Consignments at reasonable rates. Returns made immediately after sales.

JOHN MCKINTOSH, Auctioneer, Goderich.

Meetings.

GODERICH LODGE NO. 33

G. R. C., 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.

W. DICKSON, sec. sw52-1y

Goderich, 4th May, 1871.

I. O. OF G. T.

FAITH, HOPE AND CHARITY.

GODERICH TEMPLE NO. 223, OF THIS ORDER hold their meeting in the Temperance Hall, West St., every Monday evg., commencing at 8 o'clock. Visiting brethren cordially invited.

G. CAMPAIGN, Secretary. sw37-6

June 24th, 1871.

Huron Division No. 1 S. O.

SONS OF TEMPERANCE.

THE REGULAR WEEKLY MEETING OF THE Sons of Temperance is held every Friday evening at 8 o'clock in their Hall on West St. Brethren of other Divisions of Sons of Temperance and Friends of Temperance are cordially invited to attend.

D. CAMERON R. S. J. T. GARROW W. P.

Goderich 4th July 1871 sw30-1

I. O. O. F.

HURON LODGE, No. 22 Meets at their Hall, Albion Block, Goderich, every Thursday evening at 7 o'clock. Entrance on Kingston street. Visiting brothers are cordially invited.

G. F. STEWART, Secretary.

Goderich, Feb. 3d, 1871. w5-1y

Hotels.

ZURICH HOTEL.

H. Hayek, Proprietor.

GOOD ACCOMMODATION FOR COMMERCIAL Travellers, having the best of sample rooms in Huron. Choice liquors, cigars, &c. Stabling and attentive hostlers. Zurich, Sept. 7th, 1871. w7-1

HURON HOTEL,

SEAFORTH.

JOHN FRANCIS, Proprietor.

This house is fitted up with every convenience for the travelling public.

☞ Good stabling and prompt attendance.

Aug 8, 1870 w19-tf

PORT ALBERT HOTEL,

PORT ALBERT.

GEO. WILSON, - - Proprietor.

GOOD accommodation. Ample stable room.

☞ This is admitted to be a first-class hotel, and kept in good style.

Port Albert, Dec. 1st, 1871

GOLBORNE HOTEL,

GODERICH.

E. MARTIN Proprietor.

Good Accommodation. Ample Stable Room.

☞ This is admitted to be a First class house kept in Good Style.

August 19th, 1870

Insurance.

THE TRAVELERS INSURANCE CO.

INSURES AGAINST ACCIDENTS CAUSING Bodily injury or loss of life, guaranteeing payment of the sum stipulated, from $5 to $30 per week, from $5 to $1,000 for the payment of the principal sum insured in case of injury cause death within 90 days.

LIFE INSURANCE.

Low rate, slowment terms at low Cash Rates. Full information obtained of

S. H. DETLOR Agent.

Goderich 2nd Mar. 1871.

TREATED RISK

FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY

Of Canada.

HEAD OFFICE:

Corner King Street and Church, Toronto.

CAPITAL DEPOSITED WITH GOVERNMENT, $500,000 $50,000

G. C. SHANNON, M.D., President.

ALEXANDER MACKENZIE, Esq., M. P., Vice President.

JOHN HOSKIN, Jun., Q.C., LL.D., Vice President.

(Late Assignee of the Western Assurance Co.)

BANKERS—The Bank of Commerce.

ADVANTAGES OFFERED.

1st—Absolute security to Policy Holders, in the shape of a very large Capital.

2nd—The Security is more introduced by the Company of Policies being made payable only on proof, being the most liberal form. Policy Holders every low rates on Mutual Premiums, &c.

3rd—The Solicitors, Adjusters and Agents, paying all residents in Canada, losses will be adjusted without delay, and paid at this office.

J. RADCLIFF, Agent for Goderich and vicinity.

1 yr.—sw19

WESTERN ASSURANCE COMPANY.

HEAD OFFICE TORONTO.

CAPITAL STOCK $400,000
SURPLUS FUNDS 208,369.00
RECEIPTS FOR THE YEAR ENDING JUNE 1st, 1871. 357,838.00

HON. J. McMURRICH President.

B. HALDAN Managing Director.

FIRE & MARINE INSURANCE AT Lowest Current Rates.

SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO INSURANCE ON Dwellings, Churches and School Houses in Cities, Towns and Country Districts, with contents, on terms especially favorable to the assured. Parties taking out Policies in this Company are entitled to the Share Earnings of the Company.

First Class Agents wanted in all unrepresented Towns. Apply for the Agency of this Company, stating in writing what influence or business you can bring to the business in the Post Office.

D. WATSON, Local Agent.

Goderich, 17th Sept. 1871. sw72

ÆTNA FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY

HARTFORD CONN.

Capital $3,000,000.00
Cash Assets 5,729,653.00
Losses paid in 28 years 28,000,000.00

Cash Capital,
Cash Assets
Annual Income

ÆTNA LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF AMERICA.

Combining with the Domestic Policy the security in the benefit of Canadian Policy Holders.

☞ Report of Insurance Companies shows the impossibility of the most reliable indemnity and the value of an Ætna Policy must be apparent.

☞ Special attention given to the Insurance of Dwellings, Churches, School and Public Buildings for terms of three and five years, at rates as low as they can be made safe to the Company.

DIXIE WATSON,

Goderich, Jan. 20th, 1871. w1

Insurance.

THE LIVERPOOL & LONDON AND GLOBE INSURANCE COMPANY.

Available Assets, $27,000,000.

Losses paid in the course of Thirty-five years exceed

FORTY MILLIONS OF DOLLARS!

Claims by CHICAGO FIRE estimated at nearly $23,000,000, are being Liquidated as fast as adjusted without compromise. 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

Money to Lend.

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 expenses will defy competition.

HORACE HORTON

Appraiser for the Canada Permanent Building & Savings Society, of Toronto.

INSURANCE CARD.

The Subscriber is agent for the following first-class Insurance Companies:

PHŒNIX of London, England.
HARTFORD of Hartford.
PROVIDENCE of Washington.
BRITISH AMERICA, of Toronto.

Fire & Marine business done at the lowest possible rates.

HORACE HORTON

Office Market Square, Goderich.

Oct. 26th 1870. w36-1y.

$30,000 TO LEND ON THE SECURITY OF Real Property IN THE COUNTY OF HURON, at 6 per cent. by DOYLE & SQUIER, Barristers, Goderich. w36 tfn

Aug 16, 1870.

MONEY TO LEND

ON EASY TERMS

INCORPORATED 1854. THE A. D. 1871

HURON & ERIE SAVINGS & LOAN SOCIETY.

CAPITAL, $700,000.

THIS SOCIETY ADVANCES MONEY ON SECURITY of Real Estate, and on Terms very favorable to Borrowers.

NO LAWYERS' COSTS ARE CHARGED

The Society pays the Solicitor's charges. Any sum of money, from $200 upwards, is lent 5 yrs; number of years, frames 20 blocks. Money may be repaid at any time with little or no delay beyond the time occupied in investigating the title and preparing the Mortgage, the cost of which is paid by the society. The full amount of the loan is advanced—no deduction being made for commission or other charges, which often add so materially to the cost of a loan from other societies or from individuals. The borrower can repay his loan by yearly, half-yearly, or monthly payments. The periodical instalments include, besides interest, a small sum for principal, and they are so divided that by their payment the debt is entirely extinguished, and the mortgage discharged as the end of the time stipulated.

EXAMPLE.—A Borrower obtains $500 for 15 years; he pays $66.70 each year, and at the end of the time his Mortgage is paid off. The rapidly increasing business of this Society is just publicity—the manner in which it is regarded by the farming community, and its popularity will become greater as the merits of its system of lending become better known and understood. By the small payments of principal included in the yearly instalment, the borrower gradually, and without trouble, pays off his loan—thus avoiding the risk of losing his property, which too often happens when the principal falls due in a large sum at the end of the term.—He can, at any time, pay off his loan in advance on favorable terms which can be settled at any monthly meeting by the Directors, on the application of the borrower, and interest at six per cent. per annum will be allowed on all payments in advance.

Full particulars and loan table may be obtained at the Society's Office, or by letter post paid, addressed to the Secretary, or from any of the Society's valuators.

CHARLES FLETCHER, Valuator, at Goderich

Money to Loan on Real Estate,

APPLIES to the Trust and Loan Company of Upper Canada.

G. M. TRUEMAN, Market Square Goderich

$25,000

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

G. CAMPAIGNE, Solicitor, &c.,

Oct. 27th, 1871 41tf Goderich.

MONEY TO LEND

AT EIGHT PER CENT. SIMPLE INTEREST, for 5 or 10 years. Interest repayable either yearly or half-yearly. Apply to

HENRY MATHERS, St. Helens.

1309-tf.

W. HICK, ARCHITECT

JORDAN'S BLOCK, Market Square, Goderich ONT.

ELEVATIONS, SPECIFICATIONS, PLANS AND DETAILS.

SOMETHING NEW FOR GODERICH.

ALL kinds of sewing machines repaired by a first-class machinist from New York. Orders may be left at McIntosh's gun shop. All kinds of guns made and repaired at J. McIntosh's.

☞ REMEMBER THE PLACE!

in rear of F. Jordan's Drug Store.

Goderich, March 1st. 1307

CALL AT THE

HURON FOUNDRY, Goderich, and get one of those A. 1. straw Cutters before they all go.

Goderich Jan. 8, 1872. w51.

Poetry.

Advertise.

A man's business increases in ratio according to the amount of advertising that he does."—HORACE GREELEY.

Let dogs delight to bark and bite,
Let salesmen tell us wrong is right,
Let lawyer loons swear black is white—
As sometimes they will do—
And 'local editors' get tight,
For 'tis their nature too.

Let poets, when they're making rhyme,
Rush from ridiculous to sublime;
Let railroad trains be run on time,
(Something not always done),
And maidens marry in their prime,
(Say when they're twenty-one.)

Let those whose hearts are filled with fears
Retire to more congenial spheres,
And leave us in this 'vale of tears'
To toil and work away,
Rejoicing that the coming years
Will bring 'nine hours a day.'

Let parsons preach and scribblers scrawl,
The world is wide—there's room for all;
Let justice—at the City Hall—
Unerringly be done;
Yes, even though the heavens fall
On this our county town.

Let those who wealth and power would find,
No longer try to 'go it blind;'
Or in the race they'll lag behind,
And lose the wished-for prize,
Unless they always bear in mind
Their 'biz' to advertise.

That man will be held up to scorn
By generations yet unborn,
Who does not daily 'blow his horn'
Throughout the public press.
Burns said that 'man was made to mourn;'
It is not so, I guess.

If man had only sense to see
The true road to prosperity,
Then printer's ink would flow more free,
And each and every one
Would flourish like a green bay tree,
That's basking in the sun.

This moral of all this is plain—
That he who is not quite insane,
In idleness will not remain,
While goods lie on his shelf;
But ADVERTISE, then wealth he'll gain;
You know how 'tis yourself.

After Three Thousand Years.

"Do you remember the last request you made of me, when we parted in Paris, you to return homeward, and I to bury myself in the tombs of the Pharaohs?" asked Vance, the latest lion of Eastern travel, of Marion Harleigh, as he took her down to dinner.

"Perfectly. I asked you to bring me some personal ornament from the mummy of a princess," replied the young lady with *sang-froid*.

"And you promised to wear it, remember," pursued Vance maliciously watching for the pallor that did not come.

"Exactly. I promised to wear it, and I am ready to keep my promise. Did you bring me the opportunity?"

"Could I have ventured to present myself before you without it?" replied the traveller with smiling courtesy.

"And what is it?"

"May I come to-morrow and offer it?"

"I shall be very glad to see you."

The next morning Vance called at Mr. Harleigh's, and, upon inquiring for Miss Harleigh, was shown at once to the drawing-room, graced by that young lady's presence. She came to meet him with outstretched hand.

"Afterwards, my dear," said she.

Millard Vance held the hand she offered long enough to dart the piercing glance of his hazel eyes into the heart of the young lady, and then releasing it; said softly,

"You are kind; but I have no home, you must remember."

"You should interpret the word more widely, and feel that your native land is enough for home, and your countrymen and women enough for family, at least in the present," said Marion, hating herself for the blush she could not retain. Turning hastily, she added,

"This is Mr. Vance, Juliette, my cousin, Miss Randolph, Mr. Vance."

A little figure rose from the great arm chair where she had been almost buried, and bowed smilingly in answer to the stately bow of the traveller. Then she seated herself upon the sofa beside Marion, and unconsciously offered her misty golden curls, pure complexion, and sweet blue eyes, in contrast to her cousin's trained and statuesque brunette beauty.

Vance, studying the trio without looking at either, found it impossible to award the palm to either, and gave both credit for arranging a contrasting tableaux—a manœuvre for which Juliette was as yet too innocent, and Marion too proud.

After ten minutes, Vance drew a little Indian casket from his pocket, and placed it in Miss Harleigh's hand.

"There is the Pharaonic spoil you have kindly allowed me to bring for you," said he.

Marion opened the box, and uttered a little cry of surprise. It appeared filled with golden beetles sparkling with phosphorescent gleams. Immediately she closed the lid upon them, and looked up into Vance's laughing face.

"They will not harm you; they are securely chained," said he, opening the case as it lay upon Marion's lap, and taking from it a necklace of golden scarabei, with diamond eyes and green enamelled wings. Each insect was linked to each by a tiny chain, but so loosely as to admit of perfect freedom of movement. The necklace was clasped by a medal of symbols of characters, not easily to be deciphered even as to form.

"Oh, the darling, lovely, odd thing!" exclaimed Juliette Randolph, while Vance lightly swung the glittering toy from his finger; but Marion turned pale, and slightly shivered.

"Where did it come from, Mr. Vance?" asked she.

"From the neck of a Pharaonic princess, as you desired that it should," returned Vance, watching with boyish zest the effect of his announcement.

"Oh, tell us all the story, please, Mr. Vance!—how you got it, how she looked, and all," pleaded Juliette, settling herself in the sofa-corner with the impatient delight of a child about to listen to a fairy tale.

Vance looked at her appreciatively, then suffered his regard to linger for a moment upon the proud, dark eyes Marion Harleigh had almost unconsciously fixed upon his own, but he gaily answered—

"Oh, yes; we travellers are but too happy in finding audience for our adventures, you know; and this one in a manner belongs with the necklace. I wintered upon the mill last year, partly, no doubt, for my own pleasure, but partly, as I hope you will not refuse to believe, Miss Harleigh, in the hope of fulfilling your permission more certainly than a mere passing visitor could have done, for a new mummy is not to be met with every day, even upon the mill; and I promised, you will remember, to take the ornament you were so kind as to ask for, directly from the person of its original possessor. My inquiries, bribes, false hopes, and opportunity of allowing myself to be cheated in the nearest possible manner, were unlimited, so also was my patience and my faith in its final reward. That faith was justified upon the day when my dragoman mysteriously introduced into the cabin of the Sphynx a rascally-looking Arab calling himself Sheith of El Kab, the village off which we lay, and who offered for a compensation to conduct the illustrious lord, of whom he had heard as desirous of opening a new tomb, to the door of one discovered only a few days previously by himself and his son, who had resolved to sell their secret to the magnificent nobleman "Inglis," instead of to their own government, to whom it properly belonged.

After hearing this story, I quietly remarked to my friend the Sheikh that I had been so many times imposed upon by the same account, and had lost so much time, patience, and money in consequence, that I had resolved to revenge myself upon the very next impostor for all that I had suffered at the hands of his fraternity, and that it was but fair to give him timely warning that I intended keeping to my resolution, and to offer him the chance of reconsidering his proposition.

Without any pretence of being hurt in his feelings or wounded in his honor—pretences at which I should have only laughed—my Sheikh repeated his assertion that the tomb he mentioned was, and had been for ages, fast sealed, and that, from its situation and certain characters wrought upon the stone closing its door, he had no doubt it contained the remains of some person of consequence. Beyond this he knew nothing, and professed nothing, and stipulated that, in all events, he was to receive a certain sum for admitting me to the tomb, let the results be what they might. Should they prove considerable, of course the reward was to be augmented.

Rather pressed, after all, with the fellow's apparent honesty, I acceded to his terms; and that night, accompanied only by my two servants, I met him punctually at the village, and followed to the catacombs performing like the cells of a honey-comb the sandstone cliffs behind the town. The scene was wild enough, and, were I an artist either in words or colors, I would give it you, with all the accessories of swarthy Arabs in snow-white drapery and turbans, flashing torches, gloomy subterranean passages, sculptured walls, and paintings yet glowing with all the richness of the original color. Sparing this, however, I will merely say that the old Sheikh proved himself a man of his word, and even 'builded better than he knew;' for the tomb whose door he had discovered hidden behind the pile of bones and dust half-filling an outer tomb, rifled ages ago, had never been opened, to all appearance, since it was first sealed up, perhaps three thousand years ago."

"Three thousand years!" softly exclaimed Juliette Randolph, opening her great blue eyes. "How the world lasted so much longer than three thousand years, Mr. Vance."

Miss Harleigh's downcast eyes glittered impatient scorn; but Vance smiled with the indulgence rarely refused by men to a pretty woman's ignorance, while he replied,

"For perhaps four times three thousand years, Miss Randolph, woman's beauty and man's devotion, too, have enacted upon this earth of ours the same old-new story that makes it to-day so beautiful and fresh, to fresh and beautiful eyes."

A little quivering smile emphasized the look not yet died out of Miss Harleigh's haughty eyes; but Juliette, blushing like a rose, lifted her innocent gaze to meet the meaning Vance rather looked than spoke, and then she said,

"But the story, Mr. Vance."

Yes, the story. We penetrated the tomb at last, although not without much difficulty and hard word, for the comment was like the text, and the stone like—what? like stone itself. At last, however, we stood within the little chamber beside the single sarcophagus it contained. At the head, lay upon a sculptured pedestal, a lamp, burned dry, but with the wick still clinging to the lip, and, at the foot, an exquisite vase of alabaster, three feet high.

We lost no time, for the adventure was not without its peril had we been discovered by the Turkish authorities in opening the sarcophagus, and removing the innumerable folds of mummy-cloth swathing the occupant by the expeditious means of slitting the whole series from neck to heel with a sharp knife, and leaving back like the covers of a box. Within lay a slight, elegant figure, very dark in color, as mummies nearly always are, but retaining sufficient beauty of outline, both in face and form, to prove to my mind that a rare loveliness of the days gone by lay before me, neither preserved nor quite destroyed: and in my heart I wished that the too careless love that had left it there had rather given that beautiful form to Nature, who would in these three thousand years have produced and reproduced from that germ, flowers enough to beautify the whole earth.

But Miss Randolph's eyes are exclaiming, "The story! the story!" and I return, contritely. "This mummy, I expected, would be richly decorated with amulets and ornaments, for such was the rule in the interment of women of the higher class among the Egyptians, but to my surprise there was absolutely no ornament about it, with the exception of the necklace you now hold, and a small square box or réliquary of gold suspended from it, and containing a bit of parchment inscribed with a brief hieroglyphic sentence. Carefully removing these, I folded the ceremets once more about the silent figure, replaced the cover of the sarcophagus, and left my Pharaonic princess to resume the slumber so rudely disturbed. Let us hope that no evil dream connected with her lost necklace has marred her rest.

Vance ended smilingly; and Marion, who had listened with the utmost intentness, although never raising her eyes, suddenly looked at him demandingly.

"And what was written on the slip of parchment, Mr. Vance?"

"Hieroglyphics."

"But they can be read by modern science," replied Marion, a little impatiently.

"Yes; and the parchment, with an impression from the clasp of the necklace, is now in the hands of the man best qualified to decipher them, one of our cryptic scholars. I left them with him last night, and am to learn his decision to-day. You shall know it almost as soon as I."

"Thanks," said Marion, breathing a little more freely. "It would be horrible to me to have a three-thousand-year-old secret hung like a mill-stone about my neck, if I could never hope to solve it."

"Then you will wear the necklace?" asked Vance, smiling down upon her, for he had risen to take leave.

"Certainly. Shall you be at Mrs. Lane's to-night?"

"May I hope to meet you there?"

"We are going, and I shall wear the necklace of scarabei, with many thanks to the giver."

"It is not a gift; it is a commission. You sent for it by me, as you send to Paris through your *modiste* for a new dress. It is a debt."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Marion, a little superbly. She had walked beside Vance the length of the drawing-room, and now stood near the door out of earshot from the sofa.

"Yes," replied Vance, pausing in his leave-taking, and slowly adding—

"The price is already fixed. Do you wish to know it?"

"Perhaps I should know it before accepting the necklace. It may be beyond my means," said Marion, struggling for an indifferent look and tone.

"I think not—I hope not; I cannot tell, you know what that price is,—but you will wear the necklace to-night?"

"Yes," murmured Marion, and felt glad to see him go.

"What a splendid man, Marion, dear; and his is so clever! One really feels quite ashamed of ignorance beside him," prattled little Juliette, and her cousin, with a flattering smile upon her lips, made some vague reply, and bid the true sower in her heart.

That evening at nine o'clock came an imperative ring at the Harleigh door, and a message earnestly requesting Miss Harleigh to see Mr. Vance for one moment on important business.

"Your business is very urgent then, Mr. Vance," said she, a little haughtily.

"Thank God!" muttered Vance, staring at her regal neck and shoulders.

"For what?" That you have some important business at last?" asked Marion Harleigh, one of the women who instinctively resent, even upon the man they love, the attempt to reconcile them to lure and jest. It was upon one of the profoundest truths of feminine nature that mythologists founded their fable of Atlanta, of the sleeping princess—yes, of the Sphynx herself. He who approaches such a woman's heart with intent to win, must wholly subdue it, or she will turn upon him and slay him with her eyes for daring to make the attempt.

But Vance was too engrossed to note the antagonism so flattering to his vanity which had replaced Miss Harleigh's ordinary suavity.

"You have not put on the necklace!" exclaimed he at last.

"I was interrupted before my toilet was complete," said Marion.

"I can never be sufficiently thankful. I went from here to call upon the friend whom I mentioned this morning. He had gone out—as I afterwards discovered, had gone to find me. I went to the club and dined there. On my way home I wrote a few lines upon the *savant*, whose first words were—

"Have you parted with that necklace?"

I said that I had presented it to the lady for whom it was procured.

"She will not wear it!" exclaimed he.

"She has promised to do so to-night," said I.

"Great Heaven! You have killed her, man!" thundered he, and then went on to show me the translation of the hieroglyph taken from the breast of the mummy. It was—

"See me, the beloved of a king. accursed him for a lesser love, and thus I lie."

"Upon the clasp of the necklace were engraved the words,

"The gods who give life also take it."

"In some way that illefitful—by pardon, but I could not help it—necklace was the cause of that unhappy woman's death. Probably it is poisoned, and I—I brought it to you, and urged you to wear it—for my sake!"

His emotion was as unfeigned as it was evident; and Marion Harleigh forgot even her antagonism—forgot the danger she escaped,—and dropped her happy eyes, lest her lover should read them too easily.

But a lover reads his lady's eyes even through the lids, and, five minutes later, Millard Vance had presented Miss Harleigh with a girdle in the place of the rejected necklace—a girdle formed of his own right arm; and she, her pride forgotten, submitted to its tender compulsion, nestled close to his heart, and even replied to his kiss, as meekly as the simplest country maiden could have done.

What wonder then that Marion forgot them, or allowed them to repose in ignorance the half-revealed secret of the necklace hidden in the depths of her well-stocked jewel box.

The winter passed, and the spring, and Mr. Harleigh took his daughter, the niece who was to him almost another daughter, and the good-natured cousin who matronized them, to the little cottage by the lake they always spent a portion of the year.

Vance went also, finding quarters in a farmhouse close at hand, and spending all his time with the two girls. Marion, at first, had taken occasion to think and to command herself, was the most capricious and shyest of fiances; and poor Vance never knew from day to day if he should be permitted to quietly lay his homage at her feet, or if he must watch to see it spurned, ridiculed, or rejected. Seldom, indeed, could he obtain a tete-a-tete, and not infrequently Marion declined altogether to see him, pleading to-day a severe headache, to-morrow a dressmaker, the next day an imperative engagement in town compelling her to leave with her father in the morning, not to return until his return at night.

In all his sufferings, at first poignant, but, alas! as time went on more endurable, from these various caprices and desertions, Vance found comfort always awaiting his acceptance in the pitying eyes and tremulous smile of Juliette Randolph, who, single-hearted darling that she was, could never understand how her cousin found pleasure in tormenting thus the man she loved—and such a man!

"Perhaps she does not love me, Juliette," suggested Vance, in disconsolate reply to this wonder, naively expressed on one occasion.

"Not love you, Millard! Why, of course she does! How could she—" began the child, and there stopped, blushing like the dawn.

Vance, a master in heart-lore as in books, finished the sentence, read the blushing face, and his own grew suddenly pale. Then his gloomy eyes wandered across the sea to the horizon line, and rested there so long that Juliette, who had as yet guessed neither his secret nor her own, gaily asked of what he was dreaming.

"I was thinking what a pity I came home last winter," said Vance, simply.

"Oh, don't talk like that! Marion will be well to-morrow, and perhaps gay and bright. And on those days, you know, you do not wish that you had not come home," said Marion's cousin, with a smile as tender as it was arch.

Vance glanced at her, then away, and leading her back to the house, excused himself from entering, and spent half the night pacing up and down the beach with the wild sea breaking whitely at his feet.

"I must have an explanation with Marion; and useless she will consent to an early marriage, I shall leave this for some time. I will travel again or—

But if she night brings counsel, it also puts to sleep and benumbs the counsel that came before; and when next morning Vance found his lady-love genial, beautiful, and even affectionate, he said nothing of the explanation of the journey, and the day went on as many a day had gone before.

And other days, and weeks, and months, while still the little party lingered at the shore, held by the warm dry autumn days, as sweet as summer, and even richer in their gorgeous beauty.

And still the explanation had not come, and still Vance lingered; and still Juliette, the simple, loving child, all innocently sought to soothe the wounds inflicted by her haughty cousin, and all unconsciously gathered poison to herself from the wound she sought to heal.

At last there came a day when Marion, suddenly arraigning her own heart for judgement, found it guilty of hypocrisy, ingratitude, cruelty, and all uncharitableness toward the one creature upon earth for whose sake life was worth the living. She stood aghast at the record placed by memory before eyes too long and too wilfully blinded, and then took a resolve in strict accordance with her fault. As the sin had been a sin of pride, so the reparation was born of a profound and sweet humility—child of pride wedded to love.

"I will go to him this morning," whispered Marion, "and telling him how dearly, how wholly I love him, I will beg forgiveness for my fault, and if he wishes still to take me all to himself, I will—"

So, on the moment she went. It was the night of the full moon, the harvest moon, and all earth and ocean lay glowing and quivering in a bath of golden splendor. From the woods and fields came rich autumnal odors, from over the sea, sighing breathe of a dying tropic breeze—night-birds and insects on the one hand, the long wave of dreaming waves sliding up the sands, and breaking in music, upon the other.

Marion stopped to raise her face to heaven.

"Thank God for life, for this beautiful world, and for love," murmured she, and then went smiling on.

Her light feet made no noise upon the sand; the moon and the wind threw her long shadow and the rustling of her draperies behind her; and so she came all unconsciously along the beach to the spot where Vance and Juliette sat in the deep recess of a hollowed cliff.

Hearing her lover's voice, Marion paused. She could not speak indifferently to him just then, nor could she say what was in her heart to other ears than his. She hesitated, wondering how to act, but soon wondered no more, for Vance spoke again in answer to words which Marion did not hear.

"You do comfort me, darling; who else?" asked he passionately, and Marion, turned to stand as she stood, knew as if she had seen it, the embrace and kiss that accompanied the words.

Then Juliette murmured sobbingly.

"Oh, Millard, you must not—you ought not! It is Marion whom you love, and she loves you. Let me go away from both of you—and die."

"No, you shall stay with me, and live, cried Vance, ardently. "She does not love me now, if ever she did. Has not she been trying to prove how little she cares for me ever since we came here? And I—oh, darling it is a simple, trusting, loving heart like yours that a man should give his own for. Marion is a grand woman—a woman of grand intellect, passions, and possibilities; but you, Juliette, you are the dove whose nest is in my heart. Come to me, dove-ling—come to your home forever. Trust me; you have the right, and Marion will never suffer."

Then, in the pause that followed, she turned first with her way, careless if she were seen and heard, or not. Turning her back upon the man that had wooed her to her doom, she saw her shadow stretching black and ominous along her path, and set her feet within it at every step. The dreaming sea, no longer whispering of love and hope, moaned wearily among its grasses; the sighing wind brought an odor of decay from the woods and fields; of chill unrest from the distant sea. The sands, that had seemed the golden dust of Pactolus, were of a sudden filled with flints and shards. All nature showed a change, and yet nowhere was change like that in the heart of Marion Harleigh carried home from the little journey she had made to find her love.

The next morning Vance was awakened in the early grey by the farmer's wife, who, standing at his bedside, laid a letter in his hand.

"It was brought by the Squire's man. He said you was to have it last night, but it was so late when he got here that we were all a-bed, and so he called again first thing this morning and made me come right up with it."

"Yes, thank you. That will do Mrs. Brown," said Vance, who holding the unopened letter, had turned of a sudden numb and chill, with a horrible indefinite foreboding.

So soon as he was alone, he tore open the envelope with fingers almost too impatient and too tremulous to reach their object.

It contained the slip of parchment Marion had begged of him soon after their engagement, and a sheet of paper exhaling the violet perfume Marion loved, and with Marion's monogram on the top. It brought him this message:

"Your friend did not interpret the hieroglyph aright. This is my reading, 'Behold me, who fancied myself the lover of a king among men. He scorned me for a lesser love and thus I lie.'"

In ten minutes Vance with death at his heart, was on his way to her who thus summoned him. The early morning was fresh and sweet and delicate in its beauty as a young girl's first dream of love, but Vance knew it no more than Cain, who fled from the wrath of God and the eyes of man with a brand upon his brow.

Arrived at the cottage, and finding only the servants astir, he ordered Marion's maid to go and ask if she could see him in half an hour.

The woman went, and when her shrill shriek rang through the house, one listener at least was neither started or doubtful of its meaning.

Striding up the stair, and past the frightened servant who ran to call her master, he entered the chamber alone, and stood beside the bed where lay his mistress, royal in death. She had dressed herself in the bridal robes given her only a few days previously by her doting father, and magnificent in silk and lace and embroidery of oriental pearls. The bridal veil, fastened to her glorious coronal of hair, swept down at either side, but no flowers encircled it, or lay upon the quiet bosom, or were clasped in the icy fingers. No flower, no jewel, no ornament of any description entered into that strange bridal toilet, save such as formed part of the dress itself, and the necklace of golden scarabei about the throat.

With a groan, such as the rack might at last wring from the strongest heart, Vance bent to examine this necklace, which had, as the merest glance showed, undergone some strange transformation.

Strange, indeed! The beetles, no longer mere toys and images, appeared to have suddenly assumed life, and the power attributed to them by the men who worshipped them as gods. Standing erect upon the myriad legs hitherto folded unobserved beneath their bodies, with open wings, and upraised antennæ, with their diamond eyes flashing and glittering in the ray of the rising sun, the creatures appeared so fearful and so unearthly that Vance drew back a pace in terror from the sight. Recovering his manhood almost instantly, however, he snatched at the necklace with the shrinking hate of human nature in presence of the fiend, and would have torn it from its resting-place, although late, for its work was done. But with a strange, new thrill of horror, he found the effort in vain. Each of these thread like legs ended in a minute claw, and each of these claws, fastened deep in the flesh beneath, held to its prey