Huron Signal.

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

VOL. XXVIII. NO. 21. GODERICH, ONTARIO, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 9, 1875. WHOLE NO. 1477.

The Huron Signal,

(ESTABLISHED 1848.)

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

WEDNESDAY MORNING,

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

ALLAN & DICKSON

PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

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Office—Market Square, West street, over Mrs. Eliza Eccles' office.
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Seaforth, April 23rd, 1873. 1367

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PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c., Office, Hamilton Street, Goderich, Ontario. sw109

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ELLIOTT & WATSON
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, SOLICITORS IN Chancery, Conveyancers, &c. Crabb's Block, Goderich.
MONEY TO LEND. 1273

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

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BARRISTER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, SOLICITOR in Chancery, &c. Goderich, Ont. Office, Acheson's Block, West Street, Goderich. 1324

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J. T. GARROW. P. F. WALKER.

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MONEY TO LEND.

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1482-1y

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N. B.—Horses examined as to soundness. 1313

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VETERINARY SURGEON, GODERICH,
Of 19 years practice,
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Money Loaned on Mortgage.
NO COMMISSION CHARGED.
Existing Mortgages purchased on reasonable terms. Orders by letter or telegraph will receive prompt attention.
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For Inventors expeditiously and properly secured in Canada, the United States and Europe.
PATENT guaranteed or no charge. Send for printed instructions. Agency in operation ten years.
HENRY GRIST,
Ottawa, Canada.
Mechanical Engineer, Solicitor of Patents and Draughtsman.
Feb. 11th 1871. w4-1y—

$20,000.
PRIVATE FUNDS to lend on Farm and Town property at lowest interest. Mortgages purchased, no Commission charged, conveyancing fees reasonable.
N. B.—Borrowers can obtain money in one day if title satisfactory.
DAVISON & JOHNSON,
Barristers, &c.
1441-1y Goderich

RESTAURANT.
JAMES VIVIAN
HAS REMOVED HIS RESTAURANT TO Acheson's New Block, West Street, where he will be glad to see all his customers and the public generally.
FRUIT, VEGETABLES, OYSTERS, &c., &c. in their season.
HOT AND COLD MEALS AT ALL HOURS.

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

$5 TO $20 PER DAY.—Agents Wanted! All classes of working people, of either sex young or old, make more money at work for us in their spare moments, or all the time, than at anything else. Particulars free. Post card to States costs but one cent. Address G. STINSON & CO., Portland, Maine. 1447-1yr

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GODERICH LODGE NO. 33
G. H. C., A. F. & A. M.
THE REGULAR COMMUNICATION to be held on the first Wednesday in each month at 7:30 p. m. Visiting brethren cordially invited.
W. DICKSON, Sec.
Goderich, 4th May, 1871. sw19-1y

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$25,000
TO Loan on Farm or Town property at 7 per cent. Apply to
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AT LOW RATES OF INTEREST.
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For particulars apply to
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Secretary and Treasurer,
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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 lateral repayment, payable by yearly instalments; rate of interest 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. 20th 1870. sw54y.

Insurance.

THE LIVERPOOL & LONDON
And Globe Insurance Company.
Assets, $27,000,000
Losses paid in the course of Thirty-five years exceed
FORTY MILLIONS OF DOLLARS!
Claims by CHICAGO FIRE estimated at nearly $2,000,000, are being liquidated as fast as adjusted honor honorably. 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,
Cabin—$70, $85 & $90—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,
1499 Goderich

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

GODERICH AGENCY
OF THE
Trust & Loan Company of Canada,
Incorporated by Royal Charter.
CAPITAL—ONE MILLION POUNDS STERLING.
Funds for Investment.
LOANS made on the Security of approved Farm or 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.
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St. Joseph's Academy.
FOR YOUNG LADIES UNDER THE DIRECTION of the SISTERS OF ST. JOSEPH will be re-opened on
On Monday, 4th of Jan., 1875.
TERMS,

Tuition per quarter	$3 00
Music, Instrumental, Vocal and Guitar, each per quarter	8 00
French	2 00
Drawing, Pencil	5 00
" Crayon	8 00

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

GEORGETOWN ACADEMY.
WINTER SESSION
WILL OPEN ON
THE 4TH OF JANUARY, '75
JOHN TAIT.
1453tf

Artificial Stone.
The ubscribers 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 Netherwood'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.

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. Rodderow, Cameron Street. 1550-1yr

ARE YOU SICK?
If such is the case call on
J. BOND,
PHARMACEUTICAL CHEMIST, of 27 years Practice, whose thousands have been relieved of various diseases incidental to the constitution.
NOTED FOR PURE DRUGS,
EAST SIDE MARKET SQUARE,
SIGN OF THE RED MORTAR,
GODERICH.
Where you can get Pure Drugs and Chemicals compounded by a first class Chemist Only proprietor of
Bond's Renowned Pulmonic Syrup
that cures Colds, Coughs, Asthma, Whooping Cough, Hoarseness, Bronchitis, &c. &c., never fail to relieve and (actual) cure, it has cured thousands when all other remedies have failed, also
BONDS CELEBRATED TONIC BITTERS
which is superior to any ever introduced to the public for dyspepsia, Constipation, Headache, Indigestion, Palpitation of the Heart, Billious Diseases and General Debility, one of the best remedies in connection with Bond's Pulmonic Syrup for Chest and Lung Diseases known. Try it, it has no rival; marvelous in its effects to restore tion.
Just received a large and assorted stock of English, German and American Perfumes, Hair Oils, &c. &c. Also one gross of the best Hair Brushes, Tooth and Nail do. in any quantity. All the most popular Patent Medicines constantly on hand.
Bond's Blood Purifier for Horses and Cattle, Condition Powders &c. a large stock on hand.
A Call is respectfully solicited.
LARGE STOCK OF DYE STUFFS.
1450-1yr

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

DANIEL GORDON,
CABINET MAKER,
UPHOLSTERER,
AND UNDERTAKER.
HAS now on Hand a large and complete stock of Furniture such as
BEDROOM,
DINING ROOM,
AND PARLOR SETTS.
All of which he will sell cheap for Cash. Picture framing a speciality.
Has always on hand a complete assortment of coffins, shrouds, caps and Hearses to hire.

THE UNDERSIGNED HAS ARRANGED WITH Wholesale dealers and Manufacturers, so that he can supply Canadian, American and English Cottage Pianos from $226 upwards. Also the now celebrated Canada Organ Co. and American Cabinet organ at lowest price.
Terms to suit purchasers payable monthly, quarterly, or a liberal discount for cash.
Parties purchasing would do well to give me a call.
1440 DANIEL GORDON.

Something New

ALL KINDS OF
SEWING MACHINES
repaired and put in good running order before taken from the shop or no charge. Remember the place. McIntosh's Gunshop, in rear of F. Jordan's Drugstore.
Goderich, Aug. 18, 1874. 1435

Extensive New Premises
AND
Splendid New Stock.
NEW SHOP
C. Barry & Bro.
Cabinet Makers, Undertakers & Wood Turners,
HAMILTON ST.
Have removed across the street to the store next door to W. Acheson's Harness Shop, where will be found
A GOOD ASSORTMENT
of Kitchen, Bedroom, Diningroom, and Parlor Furniture, such as
TABLES,
CHAIRS hair, cane and wood seated)
CUPBOARDS
BEDSTEADS,
WASH STANDS
MATTRESSES
LOUNGES.
SOFAS.
WHATNOTS, LOOKING GLASSES
GILT FRAMING.
C. B. & B are prepared to sell everything in their line
Cheap for Cash.
N. B A complete assortment of Coffins and Shrouds always on hand and a Hearse to hire; at on reasonable terms.
A CALL SOLICITED.
Goderich, 15 Aug 1870

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, 1875. 1468-1yr

Daily Matches;

OR

WOMAN AGAINST WOMAN.

CHAPTER LVII.

Lady Clara Delaney remained at the ville, and as she retreated indoors after the departure of the best friend her happiness life had ever known, she uttered a low moan of pain.

When evening came, Lady Clara rang for lights and ordered to have dinner served in her own room. She had Ursula stay with her.

Lady Clara went to bed, but she could not sleep. She lay tossing and turning from side to side long after her companion had passed into dream land.

The house seemed to her in her nervousness horribly still.

'I wish Ursula would even snore a little,' she thought, as she lay watching the flicker of the lamp on the table.

Suddenly a sound broke the dead silence—a sound like the click of a door latch.

In an instant every nerve in Lady Clara's body thrilled, and she lay as still as if turned to a corpse. Only her eyes moved, and they turned intuitively toward a door which led from this room directly into the garden. It was open! She had locked it herself early in the evening, but it was open now. She had barely time to grow chillier than before at this sight, when a figure glided across the threshold—a figure in a black velvet jacket and wearing a velvet cap.

It did not need the greenish lustre of those strange eyes, turned glittering upon her, to tell Lady Clara who this midnight-comer was. Some instinct of horror and aversion always revealed to her the deadly presence of her remorseless enemy.

She fell back upon the pillow from which she had half lifted herself, fainting with terror. She tried to cry out, to rouse the house, to wake Ursula, but she could not breathe a sound. She was paralyzed with fear.

She saw the disguised widow bend over the sleeping Ursula, and hold something to her nostrils while she averted her own face, as if in fear of inhaling any of that strange perfume, whose sickening sweet odour floated even to where Lady Clara lay.

In a few moments the figure in the velvet jacket approached Lady Clara's bed.

The eyes of the wicked widow scintillated with evil light and exultation, as she stood and gazed down upon the shrinking girl.

'Why don't you scream or something?' she sneered. 'I see you know me, and know what you have to expect. I'm going to have it out with you now for all the trouble you've made me, you little whitelivered thing, without spirit enough to fight a mouse. How dare you cheat me so long?'

Lady Clara drew a long gasping sigh, and her eyes moved a little. That was all the sign of life she gave.

'What a soft-hearted, credulous old thing your fine countess is to be sure, and how greedily she swallowed dear Percy Arnault's letter. I don't mind telling you, my sweet, that it was all a hoax. I wrote that letter. Percy Arnault is safe in Venice at all. He is somewhere in the mountains picnicking with some little Italian brigands, to the pleasure of whose society I had the honor of introducing him. I found paper, ink and pen in his valise, and his signet one of the robberts borowed for me from his finger.'

Lady Clara spoke at last.

'What will they do with him?' she asked in a piteous voice.

'So you have not lost your tongue then? I don't know or care what they do with him. I hope they may roast and eat him. One thing is sure—you will never see him again. Come, get up and dress; I can't wait any longer. The servants will be coming back.'

Lady Clara wrung her little childish hands together.

'Where are you going to take me?' she pleaded. 'Did—did my husband—does Bruce ——'

'Did your husband send me for you?' sneered the widow. 'Oh, yes, of course he sent me. He wants to see you uncommon bad. Come, be lively.'

Ghastly pale, with her teeth chattering, Lady Clara got out of bed.

Mrs. Bazel went to a closet and selected a short black silk dress for her, and a velvet sacque trimmed with fur.

She had helped Lady Clara on with her clothes. She put on her shoes for her, and laced them, all the time keeping up that sneering fire of taunts.

More dead than alive, Lady Clara submitted silently.

Mrs. Bazel took Lady Clara by the arm and led her unresistingly to the door which led through the garden, and by which she had entered.

'One of your own servants unlocked this door for me when he brought in your dinner to-night. He thought I was a lover of yours.'

And Mrs. Bazel laughed again.

CHAHTER LVIII.

"There shall be no slip this time," Mrs. Bazel said to herself. "I will take Clara Delaney where no one can interrupt till all is over. Then I will wait till she sleeps, and drop between her lips one of Manzoni's precious globules.—If I am even seen with her or traced, they will not look for me but for a young fellow in a velvet cap and jacket. Beside, there will not be likely to be any suspicion of foul play. Manzoni said the symptoms were like those of heart disease."

This was why the bold and cruel woman was taking her victim away with her. She had taken possession of a lonely, deserted hut near the sea shore, and she calculated upon being able to finish her awful work before morning dawned.

* * *

It was Victor, the acrobat, who was shot. He was killed almost instantly. He had mistaken the window, and helped the wrong man to escape. The name of this man was Steven Prowl. He was to be tried at the coming session for house breaking. He had obtained a file somehow, and by slow degrees had severed the bars of his window, and was all prepared to make the attempt to escape when the stone discharged by Victor entered his room. He immediately concluded a confederate had come to his aid, and in the darkness and storm explanations were not to be expected. Steven Prowl reached the ground outside the prison wall in safety, and, just as the fatal shot struck Victor, was speeding off into the darkness as fast as his legs could carry him.

As it chanced, he went to the left because it looked gloomier in that direction, which was just the way Carroll Beauchamp had bidden Vershon go.

Beauchamp was waiting near, as he had promised, with a close carriage, and hearing the firing ran forward in great alarm to see if Vershon was hurt. He met Steven Prowl running, and in the darkness easily mistook him for Vershon.

'This way,' he said, eagerly. 'I have been waiting more than an hour. The carriage is close by.'

Steven Prowl had begun to suspect that he was profiting by some chance not intended for him, but he held his peace and suffered the deceived Beauchamp to conduct him to the waiting carriage. Once their hands touched, and without uttering why the coward, housebreaker shuddered as if he had touched the fingers of a corpse.

'You will find food and wine in a basket inside,' Beauchamp said, as he held the door of the close carriage open for the other to enter. 'We shall be several hours in reaching our destination.'

Steven Prowl entered the carriage without speaking. Beauchamp closed the door carefully and mounted the box. As he gathered the reins in his hand a sort of groan burst from his lips.

'I wish it was over,' he muttered. 'How shall I endure the time till it is over.'

He drove off at a sharp pace. Suddenly he stopped and got down from the box.

'He may be still suspicious,' he said as he did this. 'I should have taken some of the food also, to deceive him.'

He opened the carriage and asked for a piece of the cold chicken and a bottle of wine, saying it was a bitter bad night and he felt the need of food.

As he took what he had asked for from Steven Prowl, he staggered and almost fell. He had detected the scent of the wine on the man's breath. He had already eaten and drank of the treacherous contents of the basket. Flinging away the wine and meat he banged the door of the carriage shut again, and remounted the box, shuddering more than before.

'It will soon be over now,' he said, clenching his teeth and lashing the horses into a furious gallop.

Some twenty miles away from the city Carroll Beauchamp had a small estate, on which there was a kiln for burning lime. It was toward this estate he was directing his way. It was near morning when he reached his destination, and since that one interchange of speech with the occupant of the carriage he had not spoken with him. The carriage drew up in the shadow of a wall a few paces from the lime kiln, and Carroll Beauchamp descended from his seat and looked around him. No one was in sight. The lime-kiln even was deserted by the man whose duty it was to watch it. Lord Beauchamp had hired him to be absent.

The wicked nobleman stooped and peered about him in the darkness guiltily. Then he approached the carriage slowly. He dared not linger. What he had to do must be done quickly and at once.

He undid the fastening of the door, and then, with a sudden wrench, drew it open.

'Here we are, Delaney,' he said, in a forced and unnatural voice.

There was no answer.

Shuddering violently, he leaned forward and felt within the carriage. He found what he sought. The wretch who had cute red it a few hours before, full of life and hope, was now a stiffened corpse.

Carefully averting his face, Carroll Beauchamp drew this thing forth.

It was as much as he could do to lift it out, though he was a powerful man.

Setting his teeth hard, and with a cold perspiration streaming from his face, he now essayed to drag his burden up the ascent to the crater of the lime-kiln. The night was very dark, but the glow of the furnace within showed at that gaping mouth.

Carroll Beauchamp fastened his eye there, and, laboured on with set lips. A few steps more and he stook looking down upon that bed of fire.

The deep set eyes gleamed with exultation as he looked. Then with an awful shudder he drew forward the body he had dragged up the hill from the carriage, and carefully looking away, toppled it over into the sea of flames below.

'That brand will never betray me now,' he muttered as he retraced his steps.

CHAPTER LIX.

It was very late when Mr. Danvers returned home that night after going with Sir John Frobish to see Vershon, alias Delaney. But late as it was, Vida Chandos was still up and waiting to hear the result.

He described his interview with Carroll Beauchamp, he told of his call upon Sir John Frobish, and the subsequent visit to the prison to see Vershon. He did not tell her the clever story with which Vershon's wonderful inventive powers had enabled him to delude Sir John Frobish. Neither did he tell her he had no prospect of getting Dorst permission to testify as Queen's evidence. He had a presentiment that Vershon, alias Delaney, would make them a great deal of trouble yet.

He had learned another fact during the day which he concealed from Miss Chandos. The convict ship was to sail the following Monday, and unless Sterne Beauchamp could be absolutely proven to be himself and not Vershon nothing could hinder his being shipped back to Van Dieman's Land, and the necessary action after that must be very protracted and tedious.

He kept a cheerful and sanguine face to Vida, however, and sent her to her bed almost happy. Long before she was up in the morning the lawyer was to his office.

Arrived there, he found a note waiting for him, early as it was, and the note was from Sir John Frobish. It ran thus:

'Come round and see me as soon as you get this. There is a man here from Van Dieman's Land who says he knows the real Vershon as well as he does his own face. This lucky circumstance will greatly expedite matters, I imagine.'

Mr. Danvers' face flushed. He ran out of his office with a precipitation and haste his oldest clerk had never seen him exhibit before.

As he entered the magistrate's private office Sir John Frobish was conversing with a man, the first sight of whose large, flabby features, and pale, deep set eyes struck the lawyer unpleasantly.

Sir John Frobish rose from his chair, smiling, with an air of soft exultation.

'Mr. Danvers,' he said, waving his hand gently toward the stranger, 'this is Dr. Bemis, who was in charge of the prison hospital at Launceston, Van Dieman's Land, when Vershon was there.'

Dr. Bemis bowed stiffly; the lawyer stared, and his heart sank.

Dr. Bemis was a short, small man, with a very disproportionately large head, and large, flat features. His eyes, on the contrary, were small, and so deep set and pale, beside being near together, as to give him a most extraordinary expression. The whole aspect of the man was, mean, hard and cruel.

'Ahem!' said the lawyer, cautiously. 'I have heard of you, Dr. Bemis.'

'Ah,' smiled the gentleman, the smile half a sneer.

'You were not at Launceston, I believe, at the time Vershon was branded for trying to escape, and half murdering one of the prison guards in the attempt?'

'I did not see him branded—no.'

'You did not see him—you never did see him before that time, I presume?' the lawyer, 'Vershon broke from the men who were holding him to be branding, iron from his hand, and used the weapon so effectually that he managed to force his way out of the prison, and made his escape into the woods. He was at least half an hour before the soldiers who were looking for him returned to the prison. You had come in that interval, and when the man whom these soldiers had brought in was shown to you, it was the first time you had ever seen him. Is this not so?'

Dr. Bemis' leaden face took a sickly pallor as he hesitated. 'Sir John Frobish insisted at him in surprise.

'I—I am not in the witness-box yet,' Bemis said. 'I don't choose to answer you, Mr. Danvers.'

The lawyer's eyes flashed.

'You dare not answer me in the negative. You know that you never saw the face of the man they called Vershon until he was brought to you in the hospital almost dead, and so beaten and bruised that it would have been impossible for the persons who had known him best to recognize a single feature of his face.—If you swear to anything different from this, Dr. Bemis, you will perjure yourself, and the English law is severe on the crime of perjury, as you may be aware.'

Dr. Bemis bowed again, more stiffly than before.

'I shan't perjure myself, Mr. Danvers,' he said, with his disagreeable smile. 'Whatever I swear to, when the time comes, there'll be plenty others ready to swear to, if you choose to send after them.' And then turning to Sir John Frobish, 'I am at your service, Sir John. I don't care to be cross-questioned beforehand by this lawyer.'

The lawyer stepped in front of him.

'Do you mean to swear that the man who was in your charge three years at Launceston, and who always, as soon as he came out of that long unconsciousness, called himself Sterne Beauchamp—the man you stuck in the face, like a coward, while he lay sick, but, thank Heaven! not quite helpless—the man who, sick as he was, was roused by the insult to strength enough to nearly throttle the miserable life out of you—do you mean to swear, of your own knowledge, that this man is the convict, Vershon?'

Dr. Bemis' flabby face flushed a slow purplish hue—something as it might have done when Stern Beauchamp's fingers clenched his throat. He looked at the lawyer steadily and insolently a moment.

'I do mean it!'—with an oath. 'Now, then, what?'

The lawyer looked him back steadily a level glance of scorn and contempt, that made even this villain wince and drop his eyes. Then he turned to Sir John.

'When does this matter come up?'

The magistrate hesitated a moment.

'I'm willing to give you all the time possible, Danvers.'

'Time!' echoed Danvers, passionately—'the convict ship sails on Monday—it's not to come up before that day.'

'When shall it be?'

'The sooner the better—to-morrow.'

At this moment a man entered the room with a note for Sir John. It was from the governor of the prison they had visited the night before. It brought the news that two prisoners had attempted to escape in the night. One, a housebreaker, named Prowl, had succeeded; the other, the man Delaney, who was in prison on a charge of murder, had fallen fifty feet upon a paved court, and been killed instantly.

As Sir John, after a pause, read out the note, a sick blankness came over Danvers' face. He suppressed a groan as he turned away.

'I expected he'd escape,' he said to himself, as he quitted the magistrate's presence, 'but I didn't expect it would be such an escape as this. Even the King of Terrors joins against poor Beauchamp. I dare say Vershon's face is bruised out of recognition, and if it isn't how is he to be identified after he's dead and buried? It increases our difficulties tenfold. Carroll Beauchamp will doubtless be ready to swear to the dead man now as his nephew, and there is that villain, Bemis, ready to swear that Sterne is Vershon. It's enough to drive even a lawyer out of his mind.—But I'll fight them to the death. That attempt to escape ought to convince anybody which is Vershon.'

CHAPTER LX.

Not one feeling of compunction or remorse visited Mrs. Bazel as she looked in Lady Clara's young and innocent face. She never faltered in her frightful undertaking when the poor child pleaded for her life piteously.

But Nemesis was on the wicked woman's track already. She had forgotten Ursula or else she had imagined that the stupor into which she had thrown the young girl would last longer than it did.

As she passed out into the darkness with her savage grip fastened relentlessly upon Lady Clara's arm, Ursula slipped from her couch. She had been awake and listening to this strange scene some moments.

Without stopping now for shoes, and thanking her stars that she had kept on her wrapper, and that it was of dark cloth, she stole toward the door, and guided by the sound of their steps only, followed Mrs. Bazel and her prey as noiselessly as a cat.

As she followed the two, Ursula revolved the situation in her mind. She had overheard enough to guess that murder was intended; but she had no suspicion that Lady Clara's strange and cruel captor was not a man.

She watched Mrs. Bazel and Lady Clara inside the lonely hut, and ascertained by peeping through a crack in the crazy wall that there was a fire inside, and on a rude couch were spread some clean blankets, to which Mrs. Bazel motioned her half dead companion.

'You can lie down there and sleep till morning if your like,' she heard the disguised widow say, and saw Lady Clara lift her heavy eyes with a look of startled wonder and awful questioning.

The widow met that look without blenching; and then going to one corner of the hut, produced a bottle of wine and a glass with which she approached the hapless girl.

'You had better drink this,' she said, pouring out a glass of the wine; 'it will help you to sleep.'

With a sudden and most unexpected movement, Lady Clara struck both the glass and bottle from her hand. They fell on the stone floor and were shivered to fragments.

The widow laughed queerly.

'Did you think it was poison, my sweet? Very well; sleep without it if you can. I'm in no hurry to put an end to your silly little existence. You are welcome to get all the sleep you can out of to-night.'

Lady Clara at first refused to lie down at all. She sat up on the pile of blankets shivering and staring with blank, awfully despairing looks in the fire, till Mrs. Bazel said to her:

'If I had any special interest in your sleeping, you know very well I could easily put you in two minutes just as I did that girl of yours.'

It was near two o'clock now, and nature would insist on a little indulgence from this child of luxury, and in spite of her terror Lady Clara slept.

'More to my mind, thought the widow at least sure of one thing, the tiresome creature she had been lurking waiting for this.

Ursula had gone in the direction of the city long before this. It was a strange story she had to tell, but she had faith that some one would listen.

Lady Clara had fallen into the grasp of slumber while she was resisting it, but she was too much the child of pleasure to be unhappy in the dreams even now. In her sleep she forgot—even her terrors. She smiled and murmured a name, and oddly enough, the name she smiled over in her innocent forgetfulness, was her husband's false name—Bruce.

'Can she love him still?' wondered Mrs. Bazel, passing her left hand over her dusky white face.

The right grasped the gold-stoppered vial which Manoni have given her.

There were three globules in it. She dropped one into the palm of her hand. It was very small and transparent, and looked like a drop of water.

Then she approached Lady Clara, taking the tiny pill between her fingers, and stooping, watched for the rosy lips to part one more that she might insert death between them. They opened a little. Lady Clara said distinctly and pityingly, 'Poor Bruce.' Her enemy started, and dropped the colourless globule.

'Really,' thought the widow, 'I must be getting nervous. I have only two left now.'

Not a muscle quivered this time. It was a steady, heard eye that watched the next parting of these lips. The fingers were like steel that dropped the tiny death-containing sphere between those little milk white teeth.

It was done, and at the moment a gray shadow swept up into the face of the murderess. She turned as if to flee. Bold and wicked as she was for any deed, and though she had vowed to herself that she would see the ending of this poor little life this time without any mistake, she lacked the nerve to stand coolly by at the last and watch her victim die.

'I think I'll go outside and wait,' she said, shaking like a leaf.

But when she had got as far as the miserable door of her crazy shelter she stopped as suddenly as if she had been shot.

'What if she should scream?'

She forced herself to go back and stand near where she could watch every change in the innocent face, which she imagined had already grown fearfully deathlike.

The light in the room grew dimmer. A sort of magnetism seemed on the watcher. The other lay deathly still. The murderess was almost as still. The gloom of the room seemed to be creeping up nearer and nearer to the two, and icy chills began to pervade the air.

Twice the widow shivered.

'I wonder if she is dead!' she asked herself, with an irrepressible shudder; and, after some moments of awful shrinking, she leaned nearer and turned her ear to listen for the breathing which she hoped had stopped forever.

Her eyes by chance dwelt at this moment on the darkest corner of the dim room.

What was that rising out of the thickest of the gloom? A face—the face of the girl she had murdered?

Slowly it rose up, its great, wide, pale blue, ghostly eyes staring at her glassily.

The widow tried to call it imagination, to struggle with the evidence of her own senses; but there it was—a face without a form, a dim ghostly, awful white face.

'She is dead, then, and this is her ghost,' she thought. 'Why should I be more afraid of that than I was of her?'

But she grew colder and colder. Her limbs seemed turning to stone, her tongue to stiffen in her mouth. In spite of her efforts to retain her senses, her really wonderful hardihood deserted her in this supreme moment. She was conquered literally by terror, and in the very act of trying to move, to go toward that which scared her so, she fell like a log upon the stone floor and lay there.

For the first time in her life she had fainted.

CHAPTER LXI.

The lawyer went back to his own office after that interview with Sir John Frobish and Doctor Bemis. He was getting old, and had been for several years now rather shirking the heavy business of the office, putting it on a nephew whom he meant to succeed him. He had taken up this case of Sterne Beauchamp's from a real desire to see the right prosper and villainy worsted. He had really overworked himself, and he felt the consequence now in severe depression.

He went into his private office, and without casting a glance even at his desk threw himself down upon a lounge and clasped his hands above his head

'It's a bitter, bad business,' he murmured aloud. 'I'm glad Miss Chandos doesn't know how desperate poor Beauchamp's situation is.'

He closed his eyes and lay so some moments.

Suddenly there was a little silken rustle in the room, and Danvers opened his eyes to behold Miss Chandos looking very white, very startled, but very calm.

'I suspected you were keeping something back from me,' she said, 'and I came down here as soon as I got up. I have been sitting here waiting for you some time. You didn't see me when you came in. I heard what you said. Mr. Danvers, and now you must tell me what you meant by it.'

Danvers sat up and stared at her. How quiet she was, and how desperately in earnest. He could see that, and he groaned.

'My dear child,' he said, 'what did I say? Was it something very foolish? I am very tired, and I am apt to say foolish things when I am tired. I expect I had fallen asleep and was talking in my sleep.'

'You were not You. said what was true.'

She repeated his words, and added:

'I insist upon knowing exactly how desperate Sterne's situation is. I shall stay